

The Santiam News.

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NO. 24

ONE TAXPAYER'S VIEWS

Scio, Ore., Jan. 1, 1912.

Editor Santiam News:—

As a taxpayer of Road Dist. No. 16, I deem a little explanation should be made, why there was no tax voted at Saturday's meeting.

First, the taxpayers of the district feel they have not been given a square deal either by the Honorable County Court, or by our own supervisor.

Upon several occasions the taxpayers of the district sent in a long petition, signed by more than three-fourths of the taxpayers, asking the county court to appoint a man of our own selection as road supervisor, whom the court turned down. This we think unjust and unfair on the part of the court. If we levy a tax and pay our money for roads, we think we have a right to say who shall manage it, and where it shall be put. We think our county officials are put there as servants for the people, and not as their bosses or masters.

In the management of our road district by our present supervisor, the majority of the taxpayers think he has been unfair and unjust in his distribution of the road work and road funds, belonging to the district, by spending all of the county levy of tax for the past three years on the roads in his own immediate neighborhood, to the total neglect of all other portions of the district. It is true some good parts of roads have been built by people living near them, by donation and subscription, and the court has been generous enough to put up dollar for dollar when such work has been donated. But with our supervisor's general management of the roads in our district, the taxpayers of the same are displeased, and it will be impossible to vote a special tax under his present system of management.

A TAXPAYER.

Do you want to stop that pain? If so get one of Dr. D. P. Ordway's plasters from Mrs. J. A. Richardson for 25c. It will relieve all classes of rheumatism, lung complaints and bronchial troubles, cramps, kidney complaint and all other aches and pains. 24pd

ROAD TAX MEETINGS

The meeting of taxpayers in Dist. 15 was called to order at 2 o'clock Saturday in the city hall, John Simanek being elected chairman and R. Shelton secretary. Motion made to levy no additional road tax failed by a vote of 16 to 9. Motion made to levy 3 mill tax carried by vote of 15 to 6.

Resolution passed that the funds available for road work in 1912 be expended equally on the road towards West Scio and on the one leading east from town. Meeting then adjourned.

Road Dist. No. 16 does not want a special road tax. A proposal, at the meeting held Saturday, to levy a 2 mill special tax, was defeated by a 47 to 13 vote.

The meeting of taxpayers in Dist. 25 held at Jordan last Friday voted to levy a 10 mill tax for road purposes.

An Obvious Error.

She had written on the blackboard the sentence, "The toast was drunk in silence," and turned to her class for them to discover the mistake.

Little Bessie Sheridan waved her hand frantically and going to the board, scrawled the correction, "The toast was eaten in silence." Metropolitan Magazine.

OUR SALE

is keeping us going at such a rate that we haven't time to say anything, only that we have another big assortment of calicoes and gingham that will be in Saturday or on day.

Our assortment of Ladies, Misses and Childrens Coats, Suits, Shoes, Hats Underwear, Sweaters, Macknaw coats, Wool Shirts, Blankets, Comforts and other things too numerous to mention, is still good, but going fast.

Wesely & Cain

Our Motto

ONE PRICE TO ALL

DADDY LONGLEGS.

Thirty Different Tribes, of Which Only Three Harm Vegetation.

Probably no insect is treated by the ordinary observer with less respect than daddy longlegs, and his good natured readiness to leave various legs as souvenirs with those who handle him adds nothing to his personal dignity nor his good standing in society.

His short snatches of flight across the grass are not remarkable for grace, and he possesses neither the personal attractions of the butterfly, the terrific aspect of the spider nor the glaring imperfections of the blue bottle.

Daddy longlegs' figure is rather more blunt and corpulent than that of madam his wife, and among his thirty different tribes only three do serious damage to trees, cabbages, potatoes, lawns and grass lands. The females are said to lay their eggs as they fly and are sometimes literally stuffed full, carrying as many as 300 at a time, a fact which ought to cause Topknot to blush for shame with her boastful cackle and one egg a day cleverness.

The larvae are footless things, with black heads and excellent jaws, and change to pupae from August to September. They are furnished with spiny rings, which enable them to work their way to the surface of the ground, and when their emerging time comes thousands of empty cases may be seen sticking half out of the earth among the grass.

The tongue is a queer specimen of the blowfly order, and on each side of its entire surface is a thick, fleshy cushion.—Detroit Free Press.

CONTRARY CROCKERY.

Dishes Do Play Queer Pranks at Times, as Though Bewitched.

Housewives, think twice before scolding your maids. You know crockery is often said to be bewitched, and veritably this is so.

The best tea service will smash itself to a cup and saucer. Then, the last of their line, they linger on through stress and storm as if bearing a charmed life. Your special set of dowered jugs will all rush to their fates with maddening tendencies to suicide, except one. That hangs on its hook, cracked, but still alive to mock you with memory of its fair sisters. Notice, too, the everyday dinner service with the dark blue border and the gilt edge. It flourishes like the proverbial bay tree. But the very first time you bring out your best set, purchased by painstaking thrift, the soup tureen hurls madly to the ground. "How dreadfully careless of you, Mary Anne!" you exclaim fretfully. But it isn't the little maid at all. It's witchcraft.

But a much more weird and wonderful proof of sorcery at work in crockery occurred the other day. An ordinary china jug suddenly refused to hold water. It leaked badly. Banished to the kitchen shelf, it stood for months. Unexpectedly one day it was taken down and used by a stranger and behaved in a perfectly exemplary manner. Explain it by anything else than witchcraft if you can.—London Ladies' World.

Partial Eclipse of the Honeymoon.

In early American households maternal authority was not lightly to be defied. When Charlotte Fenwick, a southern beauty of the Revolutionary period, was fifteen years old she took advantage of the absence of her mother in England to fall in love with a northerner, Major William Leigh Pierce, and to marry him. On Mrs. Fenwick's return to Savannah, which had been hastened by news of the approach of the English army to Charleston, she was highly indignant to find her daughter married to a stranger.

"And who is this Major Pierce?" she demanded.

"A gentleman, madam," young Mrs. Pierce haughtily replied.

"Go to your room, madam," commanded Mrs. Fenwick severely, "and stay the rest of the day!"

And the little bride meekly obeyed.—Youth's Companion.

Pretty Dirty.

Once a year the newsboys of London are given an outing some place on the Thames river where they can swim to their hearts content. As one little boy was getting into the water his friend said:

"Johnnie, you're pretty dirty!"

"Yes," replied Johnnie, "I missed the train last year."—Success Magazine.

WESELY & CAIN'S SALE

For pastime, being new in Scio, and anxious to see what was going on in town we attended the Annual Clearance Sale of Wesely & Cain last Tuesday and to our surprise, we found their large department store filled with customers and it appeared to us more like being in Portland at a department store during their sale days than at Wesely & Cain's at Scio, considering the size of the town. We cannot help but say that this is a remarkable achievement by this firm to have a store packed with customers every day. It undoubtedly shows that good goods at right prices are sold and liberal advertising and good management lead this firm to their success.

The citizens of Scio and vicinity should feel proud of such a institution as this and should patronize it still more as no doubt that their success proves that their business is conducted strictly on business principles.

WILL BUY PRODUCE

Roy MacDonald has gone into the produce business in connection with the meat market, and is now buying poultry, veal, pork, eggs and hides. It will pay you to see him before disposing of your produce. He will endeavor to make Scio one of the best market points in the valley. Fair treatment and highest market price always guaranteed.

Preparing His Speech. A reply very characteristic of the statesman and diplomat who made it is given in the "Autobiography of Alfred Austin." Lord and Lady Salisbury were among the guests at Havel Grange. Lord Salisbury had come to speak at a public meeting. On the morning of the day when the speech was to be delivered, seeing Lord Salisbury passing into the study, I said to him:

"I suppose you are going to think over what you will say tonight?" "No," he said in his ironical way. "Rather to think over what I must not say."

To Meet an Emergency. "Madam, have you any old clothes to give away?"

"I have a suit belonging to my bus band, but I fear it is too big for you." "Oh, that will be all right. You just set me out a square meal and watch me eat enough so that I can fill it!"—Washington Times.

Inference Easy. Dixon—"My wife is fearfully cross. It's a sign she's getting better. I suppose." Enigma (resignedly)—"My wife is always in robust health."—Stray Stories.

It is easy enough to forgive your enemies if you have not the means to harm them.—Helarich Heine.

Courage in Elephants. An elephant with a good mahout gives perhaps the best instance of disciplined courage—courage, that is which persists in the face of knowledge and disinclination—to be seen in the animal world. They will submit day after day to have painful wounds dressed in obedience to their keeper and meet danger in obedience to orders, though their intelligence is sufficient to understand the peril and far too great for man to trick them into a belief that it is nonexistent. No animal will face danger more readily at man's bidding.—London Spectator.

Careful. He would have gathered her in a warm embrace, but she waved him back. "No," she said imperiously. "You crush my heart," he protested. "Better thy heart," she answered. "Than my gown."—London Fit Bits.

Skin of the Turbot. The skin of the turbot, cleaned, stretched and dried, is used by the Siberian peasants to form window panes.

Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds.—George Eliot.

Reversed. Rodrick—Say, old man, you have been through the ordeal of proposing. What does a fellow do after he pops the question? Vat Albert—Why, he questions pop, of course.—Chicago News.

The "Tawdry Saint."

St. Etheldreda has been unfortunate, inasmuch as her memory is perpetuated in the disagreeable adjective "tawdry," and she is sometimes even referred to as the "tawdry saint." In the tale of Ely, where she died, a fair was formerly held in her honor, at which a peculiar kind of cheap but showy lace was sold, which, as St. Etheldreda's or St. Audrey's lace soon became proverbial and tawdry, an easy corruption of the saint's abbreviated name, was used to denote all things more gaudy than valuable.—London Chronicle.

Economics.

Mr. Nubridge—Why do you do all your shopping at this store? Mrs. Nubridge—It's the grandest place I ever found. They sell all their goods by the foot instead of by the yard, and the price is only a third as much.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Suffering.

There is no finer chemistry than that by which the element of suffering is so compounded with spiritual forces that it issues to the world in gentleness and strength.—George S. Merriam.

Extreme.

Miss Fewiox—Are you ready to dress my hair, Celeste? Celeste—Oh, mees, Miss Fewiox—Then turn my fiancé's photograph to the wall and begin.—Chicago News.

The Natural One.

"Do you know of any good remedy for a headache?" "I should suggest a key to the attic nation!"—Baltimore American.

A Surprise For Her.

He returned to the automobile in triumph, bearing a big pitcher of sweet milk and two glasses, says the Cleveland Leader. It was more than the party was able to consume. When he returned the glassware and asked for his bill the good woman who seemed to boss the place said, "Oh, bout a nickel will be enough, I reckon." But the urbane figured that a quarter was much more commensurate with the service and produced the coin in evidence of his sentiment. The woman took it, not without some hesitancy. "Land sakes!" she exclaimed. "Did it taste that good?"

Putting It Mildly.

"That man seems to be proud of his stupidity," said the impatient person.

"I wouldn't put it that way," replied the conservative friend. "I'd merely suggest that when it comes to a thirst for wisdom he's a prohibitive!"—Baltimore American.

Why Point It Out?

At the art museum the sign "Hands Off" was conspicuously displayed before the statue of Venus de Milo.

A small child looked from the sign to the statue.

"Anybody could see that," she said dryly.—Ladies Home Journal.

Give and Take.

Hawell—Does he take things philosophically? Poreen—Yes, but he doesn't part with them philosophically.—Woman's Home Companion.

True merit is like a river—the deeper it is the less noise it makes.—Hartlett.

Vineyards of Paris.

Though it does not, of course, take very great proportions, Paris has an annual vintage season which cannot be entirely ignored. Many gardens of the French capital shelter fine vines, and some of these have quite a reputation. One of the best known of the city's miniature vineyards is that of the chamber of deputies. This was created in the reign of King Louis Philippe when vines were planted in the Arnessean and Montesquieu courtyards of the Palais Bourbon. The Church of St. Louis has a very productive vineyard, and there is also a good yearly harvest in a garden close to the Sacre Coeur.—Paris Presse.

As It Works Out.

"He called him crazy as a loon."

"What happened?"

"He resented the insult by drawing a revolver and shooting."

"And now?"

"Now he has hired three lawyers and a staff of expert witnesses to prove that he really was crazy as a loon."—Detroit Free Press.

PERPETUAL MOTION IDEAS.

Efforts of Inventors Who Strain After the Unattainable.

Perpetual motion, like the philosopher's stone, is one of those things regularly sought after. Years ago it was proved that the idea was absurd, yet only a week or so ago another inventor came forward with a new perpetual motion notion.

Some of these perpetual motion machines are certainly extremely ingenious. One man thought he had discovered a way to run omnibuses by their selves. He had cylinders of water placed just above the axles, and on these cylinders was supported the whole weight of the bus and passengers. Pipes led from this water to the back of the bus, curved round and ended in the back board of the bus.

The more passengers there were the greater the pressure on the cylinders of water and the faster the flow of the water to the back of the bus. The faster, too, will the bus rush forward. At least, so said the inventor, who actually took out a patent for his idea. Needless to say, no such buses are running.

Another ingenious idea was a wheel with narrow shelves instead of spokes. On each shelf was a lead ball, and the inventor claimed that once the wheel was started the balls on the falling side kept running toward the circumference and so outweighed those on the rising side, which ran toward the center. Once started the wheel should keep on forever. Unfortunately it always stopped after a few turns.—Pearson's Weekly.

BIRDS' NEST SOUP.

Getting the Material and Preparing It For the Feast.

Uninitiated people are apt to think of birds' nest soup as a most disgusting stew of twigs, feathers and what not. As a matter of fact, the nest used by the Chinese is a very delicate, semitransparent, gelatinous substance built by the swallow-like birds known as the salangane. The nests are found in the islands about Siam and the Malay archipelago, and the harvest in a year will be about 18,000 pounds, valued at over \$100,000. It used to be thought that the nest was formed of inspissated saliva secreted by the highly developed glands of the bird. Now it is known that the nest is made of a species of alga gathered by the bird.

The season for harvesting the nests lasts from April until September. It takes three months to build the first nest, and just before the eggs are laid the nest is stolen by the collector. The bird immediately sets about the building of a second nest, taking thirty days for the work. This is also stolen before the eggs are laid. The third nest, however, is unmolested, and the birds are permitted to raise their young after which the nest is taken and sold.

In preparing birds' nest soup the nest is washed in cold water and then cooked for eight hours in a closed vessel, after which it is mixed with chicken broth, seasoned and boiled for a quarter of an hour. Occidentals who have tried the soup find it palatable and much resembling chicken soup.—Chicago News.

Wooden Ammunition.

Some years ago civil war was raging between two Afghan tribes, the Ali Khel and the Mala Khel. The latter tribe built great hopes of success on a cannon of such a size that 100 men were required to draw it. A Sikh trained in a British battery was engaged to work the gun on the understanding that he received 20 rupees every time he hit the village fort of the foe. This did not prove remunerative, for, according to an eyewitness, the ammunition consisted of "olive wood balls bound with iron bands, which have a highly eccentric flight and are calculated to do about equal damage to friend and foe." After a three days' bombardment, in which the fort was hit only three times, the hostilities came to an end.—London Standard.

Color of the Sea.

Poets sing of the deep blue sea, but it is not always blue. Millions upon millions of microscopic algae or seaweeds and subaquatic plants give the Red sea its peculiar tint, and the Yellow sea of China is said to be colored by the floods of the great rivers which wash down vast quantities of mud. Generally speaking, the ocean is blue in ratio to its saltness.

PAPER MONEY.

It Was First Issued by Count de Tenedilla at Alhambra.

The Count de Tenedilla, while besieged by the Moors in the fortress of Alhambra, was destitute of gold and silver wherewith to pay his soldiers, who began to murmur, as they had not the means of purchasing the necessities of life from the people of the town.

"In this dilemma," says the historian, "what does this most sagacious commander? He takes a number of little morsels of paper on which he inscribes various sums, large and small, and signs them with his own hand and name. These did he give to the soldiers in earnest of their pay. 'How,' you will say, 'are soldiers to be paid with scraps of paper?' Even so, and well said, too, as I will presently make manifest, for the good count issued a proclamation ordering the inhabitants to take these morsels of paper for the full amount inscribed, promising to redeem them at a future time with gold and silver. Thus by subtle and most miraculous alchemy did this cavalier turn worthless paper into precious gold and silver and make his late impoverished army abound in money."

The historian adds, "The Count de Tenedilla redeemed his promises like a loyal knight, and this miracle, as it appeared in the eyes of the worthy Agapida, is the first instance on record of paper money."

GETTING UP STEAM.

A Young Engineer's Answer to a Gruff and Persistent Examiner.

A bright young fellow came up for the cadet engineers' examination at Annapolis one day, and the judges asked him the usual questions, which he answered readily enough until one gruff old fellow frowned at him and demanded:

"How do you say you proceed to get up steam?"

The cadet glibly described the process of building the fire, testing the water in the boilers and all that.

"And then?" snapped the examiner.

"The young fellow twisted his cap in his hands and thought up a few more details."

"And then?" rasped the examiner once more, pursing his lips and looking as if something important had been missed.

The cadet did the best he could, slyly adding such details as that he would shut the furnace doors after putting the coal in. The moment he stopped the same old question burst out:

"And then?"

"And then," repeated the cadet slowly, raising his cap to his breast and gazing at the ceiling, "and then I should look up to heaven and think I am ready to go home if the boiler front comes out!"—New York Sun.

Hoaxed the Book Collectors.

Some years ago a cruel hoax was played on the ardent devourers of bookshelves' catalogues. A number of well known book lovers in France and Belgium received a catalogue of a library to be sold at Binche, a small town near Mons. There were only 232 items in the catalogue, but all these were unique examples, for it was announced: "The late owner, M. de Fortsas, would destroy any book in his collection if he ascertained that another copy existed." The catalogue, as may be imagined, caused a sensation in the book world. On the day appointed for the sale swarms of collectors, including representatives of several national libraries, descended on Binche, only to find that both de Fortsas and his bincheld library were myths.—London Chronicle.

Six of One, Half Dozen of the Other.

One of the most discouraging features of life in Tripoli, as in other Mohammedan countries, is the condition of the veiled, fatalistic women. Those of the richer classes live in untortured idleness, the poor in even more ignorance and constant, ill directed drudgery. A missionary for whom the wife of a mulatto was preparing supper noticed that she set aside in a furtive way a small part of the tea and sugar.

"Why do you do that?" was asked.

"Oh," said the woman, "I must provide against the day when my husband may divorce me."

She then made the startling announcement that she was her husband's sixth wife and that he was her sixth husband.—Christian Herald.