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MAN'S IMPOTENCE.

It Is Made Strikingly Manifest When an Earthquake Comes.

A traveler gives this thrilling account of an earthquake in the far east:

"The one occasion I saw a panic was in Calcutta in June, 1897. It was a Saturday evening, about 5 o'clock. It was pantingly hot, and I was one of a party of pajama clad men sitting on the roof of a high house having tea.

"We were in the midst of a merry chatter when the whole building began to tremble. We were instantly hushed and looking at one another with blank faces until a feeling of terror took possession of us and somebody shouted, 'My God, an earthquake!'

"We stampeded. There were three flights of stairs to go down, and of course the fastest and slowest man was in front and blocked the way. The walls were cracking and yawning; the plaster was falling in chunks.

"We were all barefooted, but that didn't matter. In front of the house was the meidan, the great open space in Calcutta. We ran there. A great part of the adjoining house came down with a roar. The whole front of a newspaper office crashed into the street. The top of the cathedral spire came off and fell through the roof into the chancel.

"Horses were stricken with madness and were careering furiously beyond all control. The natives were shrieking. Europeans, blanching, tore from their houses, and many of the women fainted.

"The thing I will never forget was what followed. There was the crunch of ripped walls, and the whole earth was heaving and trembling very much like a ship that has banged against a pier and taken time to recover. The awful sensation was the feeling of impotence.

"The earthquake lasted only five minutes, though at the time it seemed like hours. Men could only stand on the heaving, seasick ground absolutely helpless, unable to speak, but staring into each other's white countenance waiting for the earth to yawn. That was the terrible thing—crowds of folk reduced to mute horror, helpless, just standing with big, wide open, affrighted eyes, and the brain cramped in contemplation of what might happen next moment."—Exchange.

The Great Amazon River.

In South as in North America nature does her work on the grand scale, and one of her noblest achievements is the Amazon river. Rising in the Andes, it flows across the continent and discharges into the Atlantic ocean at the equator. The vastness of the area which it drains, amounting to 2,368,000 square miles, will be evident when it is borne in mind that this is more than the area of Russia in Europe and Austria-Hungary. It has a length of nearly 4,000 miles, is navigable for 2,300 miles from the sea and is fed by numerous streams, which in any other country would be ranked as great rivers. In the wet season, which lasts for about eight months, its width varies from five miles to 400. No wonder the Amazon has been called a gigantic reservoir rather than a river.

Why He Refused.

While the late Eugene Field was yet a struggling newspaper man he once accepted an invitation to dinner from a woman famed for her epicurean art. Among the rare dainties served were strawberries, which, being out of season, were exceedingly expensive.

Field passed the costly fruit. The hostess noticed the incident and was disappointed.

"Oh, Mr. Field," she said, "you don't care for strawberries?"

"No, madam. I never eat them in

midwinter."

"And why not?" she asked.

"Because," replied Field, "they might spoil my appetite for prunes." —New York Telegraph.

Icelanders and Snuff.

Icelanders have a way of their own for taking snuff. The snuff is made into bars after the manner of plug tobacco and is sold in that shape to the natives, nearly all of whom are addicted to its use and prefer it thus prepared. The Icelander allows the nail on the right hand thumb to grow long for the purpose, and when using the snuff scratches it off the bar with his nail on the back of his left hand and applies it to his nose.

A Strange Survival.

It is illegal to sing, hum or whistle the "Dead March" outside of a church or a cemetery in England. At one time this law was very strictly enforced, and even today a soldier found guilty of singing or otherwise rendering the famous march other than at a military funeral would be severely censured.

RACING AN AVALANCHE.

A Flight Down a Mountain Side in Front of a Snowslide.

That living alone in the high mountains in winter is not necessarily monotonous this experience, described by Mr. E. A. Mills in "The Spell of the Rockies," sufficiently proves. Going into the San Juan mountains during the first week in March to learn something of the laws that govern snowslides, he climbed on skis well to the top of the range. Thousands of tons of snow that covered the precipitous peaks were ready to plunge down and sweep the very spot on which he stood. Almost before he realized his danger the snow on the upper slopes suddenly flew up as if from an explosion. A general slide had started.

I whirled, pointed my skis down the slope and went. In less than half a minute a tremendous snow avalanche, 100 or perhaps 200 feet deep and 500 or 600 feet long, thundered over the spot where I had stood.

There was no chance to dodge, no time to climb out of the way. My only chance of escape lay in outrunning the slide.

As I shot across the lower part of the ridge, about to plunge blindly into the gorge, I thought of the possibility of becoming entangled in the hedgelike thickets of dwarfed, gnarled timber line trees. I also realized that I might dash against a cliff or plunge into a deep canyon. Of course I might strike an open way, but it was certain that I could not stop or see the beginning of the gorge or tell what I should strike when I went over the edge.

As I shot through the air I had a glimpse down into the pointed snow laden tops of a few tall fir trees that were firmly rooted among the rocks at the bottom of the gorge. Luckily, I cleared the gorge and landed in a place where the snow was unbroken.

The heavy slide thundered after me with undiminished speed and came crashing into the dead trees so close behind me that broken limbs went flying past me as I shot down off a steep moraine.

At the bottom of the moraine I was forced between two trees, flung off my balance, and my left ski smashed against a tree. Two feet of the heel were broken off and the remainder split. The slide did not slow down. I could hear the rocks and splintered timbers in its mass grinding together and thudding against the obstructions over which it swept. I threw away my staff and "let go." I simply flashed down the slope, rounded a cliff, turned awkwardly into Aspen gulch and tumbled heels over head into safety. Then I picked myself up, to see the slide go roaring by within twenty feet of me.

GERMANY AND ALSACE.

A Very Suspicious Doll and a Ruse That Saved a Life.

For many years after it was taken over by the Germans the province of Alsace had many difficulties. Every possible precaution was taken to guard against any demonstration of the French national spirit, and, though the children were allowed to learn the language of their ancestors, they were not allowed to be taught it by French instructors. The following instances indicate the extent to which the government carried its practice of watching the people:

A little girl was seen playing with a doll which was dressed in red, white and blue. The suspicions of the official were aroused, for it certainly was dreadful to see the power of the German empire so boldly threatened. The child was tracked to its home, and there the officer earned that the doll was a present. He immediately proceeded to the woman who had given it to the child and obtained the address of the shop where the dangerous plaything had been bought. It was a modest little establishment, but the officer found it at last and then discovered that the doll had been made and dressed in Leipzig. This was a surprise, but the matter did not end here, for the manufacturer in Leipzig was officially requested not to send any more red, white and blue dolls to Alsace.

The other story is that two Germans were walking one cold day on the banks of a large pond when one of them fell in. He could not swim and screamed for aid. The other, who was an officer, did not feel inclined to take so cold a plunge and calmly watched the struggles of the sinking man. All at once the man in the water began to sing a verse of the "Marseillaise," and the officer jumped in forthwith, for his strict orders were to arrest any person whom he heard singing that famous song. The unfortunate citizen was imprisoned for eight months, but that was better than drowning. —New York Press.

Wilkie Collins' Fat Villain.

Here is a story that was told by Hail Caine concerning Wilkie Collins: "The most successful character in 'The Woman in White' was not a woman, but a man—Fosco, the fat villain. When the book was produced everybody was talking about the fat villain. While the author was staying with his mother a visitor came. The lady said to Collins:

"You seem to have made a great success with your villain in 'The Woman in White.' I have read the book. I have studied this villain, but he is not half a villain. You don't know a real villain, and the next time you want to do a villain come to me. I am very close to one. I have got one constantly in my eye—in fact, it is my own husband!"

"Wilkie Collins often told this story, but withheld the name of the lady. It was the wife of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton."

The Curse of Scotland.

Among the reasons why the nine of diamonds has been called the curse of Scotland are the following:

Diamonds, nine of, called the curse of Scotland, from a Scotch member of parliament, part of whose family arms is the nine of diamonds, voting for the introduction of the malt tax into Scotland. —"Chronology; or, The Historian's Companion," Fourth Edition, by Thomas Tegg, London, 1826.

There is a George Campbell mentioned in Burton's "History of Scotland" as having caused the nine of diamonds to be called the curse of Scotland because he stole nine diamonds out of the royal crown in the reign of Mary Stuart, in consequence of which all Scotland was taxed.

Tail of the Comet.

It is one of the most wonderful

of all the phenomena that confront us in the study of nature that the tail of the comet, visible through such a vast area of space, is one of the most transparent of objects. The tail of the comet is much more transparent than the earth's atmosphere, as this at its best would in bulk act as an opaque curtain. But stars are seen almost as distinctly through the comet's tail as through the adjacent atmosphere. Comets change their form and appearance with the utmost rapidity and finally back steadily away from the sun, like a courtier out of the royal presence.

Speakin' Personal.

"What kind of a fellow is that man Holloway?" asked the traveling salesman of the corner groceryman.

"Honest as the day is long," answered the village merchant.

"How do you know that he is?"

"He says so himself. But, speakin' personal, I'd advise interested parties to keep an eye on him after sundown." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LIFE IN THE ARCTIC.

An Adventure in a Whaleboat and a Night of Misery.

Mr. Harry Whitney, who adopted the Eskimo mode of life and shared with the natives their daily privations and their dangers, tells in his book, "Hunting With the Eskimos," this story of an adventure in an open whaleboat on arctic seas and of the unhappy night which followed on land:

"A stiff breeze was blowing, and when we passed the point above Etah it perceptibly increased. Sails were set and we were making good progress when, without warning, a puff broke the step which held the mast in place, and before the sail could be lowered two boards in the bottom of the boat split, and the boat began to leak so badly that I feared it would fill with water and sink (for it was heavily loaded) before we could make the nearest land, which we headed for at once. Fortune favored us, however, and, although crew and outfit got a thorough soaking, we reached shore safely.

"Although the temperature was but 31 degrees, the air was cutting, and I was chilled through with the wetting. In view of this, the steadily increasing gale and the fact that we had no facilities for making repairs, it was decided to walk back to Etah and return in the morning, if weather favored, to mend the boat and resume our journey. Six miles it was over the hills, and a hard six miles, too, although the exercise was needed and wholesome.

"That night I will long remember. With every minute the wind increased in velocity until it attained the proportions of a terrific gale, and at the same time the temperature fell rapidly. The roof got loose, and we endeavored to fix it. Then the stovepipe blew off, and in the gale it was found impossible to get it in place again. At length, only partially clothed, I had to climb out on the roof to hold that in place until it could be secured and in the process was half frozen. Then, as a last straw, the fire went out. The only way then to get warm was by retreat to my sleeping bag, and so the night passed."

MEMORIAL EXERCISES

The following program was given before an appreciative audience at the Christian church, last Thursday, evening:

Song, America, led by school chorus. Invocation, W. H. McLain. Duet, Just Before the Battle Mother. Address, Rev. J. M. Morris. Solo and pantomime, Star Spangled Banner, Mrs. C. W. Warner and Emeline Carson.

Song, school chorus. Duet, Tenthing Tonight. Benediction, W. H. McLain.

LETTERS FROM OUR COUNTRY CORRESPONDENTS

Santiam Farm Topics

Art Gaines of St. Johns has a man hauling the 500 cords of oak grub wood, cut on the M. C. Gaines' farm, to Crabtree and loading it on the cars for shipment to Portland.

Cecil Crumes and wife of Providence were down Sunday on a visit with Mrs. Crumes' mother, Mrs. Geo. Bilyeu, and called at the Farm for a supply of berries.

Mrs. Annie Gaines and daughter Hazel of St. Johns, also Mrs. Lula Gaines of Portland, were up the past week on a visit with the former's sister, Mrs. M. C. Gaines and returned home Sunday. While here they called over for a supply of berries. Mrs. M. C. Gaines aged mother, Mrs. Poin-dexter, went with them and will visit with Mrs. Annie Gaines.

Mr. and Mrs. Price Neel of Scio, spent Sunday with the latter's sister, Mrs. Roe Shelton of Raccoon Hollow.

Geo. Bilyeu and S. W. Gaines are contemplating a trip up to the Brightinbush hot springs as they are of but little account at home or any place else. They think of staying until harvest.

John Davenport of Roaring River was down to the Santiam Farm Friday for a load of hay. He has been appointed fire warden for the Roaring river to the Cleveland rock, where he has to make daily trips to and from the rock, a distance of twelve miles. They will have a telephone installed at Cleveland rock so as to notify any out break of fire at short notice.

Berries—Santiam Farm, strawberries in the patch 20c, gathered 25c. Gooseberries 20c on bushes, gathered 25c. Loganberries and currants in season. —S. W. Gaines.

PIE EATER.

Special Clubbing Offer to Our Old Subscribers and Their Friends

The year 1912 is to be the most important year in our history. Besides great activities in the Northwest, a president of the United States is to be elected.

Keep up with the news of the world by taking advantage of one of our special offers.

Our offer: The Daily and Sunday Oregonian, 12 months, \$8.00; Santiam News 12 months \$1.25, total \$9.25.

Both may be obtained for a limited time only for \$8.00 which is the subscription price of the Oregonian alone.

To those not desiring to take the big Sunday Edition of the Oregonian, we have this offer to make: The Daily Oregonian 12 months, \$6.00; The Santiam News 12 months, \$1.25, total \$7.25.

Both may be had for a limited time only for \$6.00 which is the subscription price of the Oregonian alone.

In other words, you are receiving the Oregonian and the News for the price of the Oregonian.

Don't fail to take advantage of this special offer.

Send in your remittance today. Try the News for fine job printing. Prices reasonable.