

# The Santiam News.

VOL. XV

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1912.

NO. 48

## Possibly About You

Dr. Prill reports the following birth—Born to C. C. Burmester and wife of Bilyeu Den, June 18, a 11 1-2 pound boy.

Mrs. Mary J. Black arrived here from Chicago a few days ago for a visit at the home of A. F. Beard.

L. Osborn of Shelburn was a business visitor in town Wednesday and was a pleasant caller at the News office.

Granite tea kettles at Morrison's Hardware Monday and Tuesday, June 24 and 25, at 25c.

Prof. Gooding shipped the first installment of their household goods to their new home at Harrisburg on Tuesday.

J. A. Bilyeu and wife, daughter Nita, Fred Jones and L. W. Charles made a business trip to Albany Tuesday, going in the Bilyeu auto.

A sprained ankle may as a rule be cured in from three to four days by applying Chamberlain's liniment and observing the directions with each bottle. For sale by all dealers.

J. N. Jones, a farmer in the forks of the Santiam, after a brief illness, died Sunday morning, June 16, with cancer of the stomach, at the age of 65 years, 11 months and 1 day. He leaves a wife, one daughter, Mrs. J. D. Bryant of Albany, and one son, Earnest to mourn his death.

We are in receipt of the following letter from S. W. Gaines who is at the Breitenbush hot springs: We arrived here on the 12th inst. through rain and mud, and has rained continually for two days, raising the river, delaying the pack train and soaking everything. We found poor accommodations from the company who own the place, with only poor shacks built by campers years ago. They charge \$4.00 a month for them and the majority of them would make a poor hen roost. \$2. a month is the charge for the bathing and water—I see they have a few shake bath houses with pools which answer the purpose. I think the company has made a poor showing for a public resort, but they do not forget to charge. This could be made a lovely summer and winter resort with a little energy and a few thousand dollars, as the Springs are fine, covering some 25 acres and has in the neighborhood of 30 to 50 springs, from milk warm to boiling. This is fine for cooking all kinds of fruits and vegetables by putting the kettles in the spring—no fear of scorching or burning. They have a sweat bath, hot water bath and three hot mud baths. I am taking a hot water bath at five in the morning and a hot mud bath at six in the evening. I can feel the effects of them now as they have taken some of the old scales off so I can see my hide for the first time in ten years. George and I live at home and board at the same place. Since the sun has shone once more we have about 50 people camped here. We were almost drowned out for three days as we never saw the sun.

Mrs. Maud Holland and sons Ed and Glen and Mrs. F. T. Bilyeu were Albany visitors Tuesday, going in the Holland auto.

Santiam Farm strawberries are fine and will continue till the 4th of July at 15c per gallon on the vines, also 100 gallons of gooseberries at 15c per gallon on the bushes—will be fine till the 4th; a fine lot of currants at 20c per gal., also a fine crop of Loganberries at 20c on the vines. All kinds of cherries at 20c on the trees.

Dayton E. Howell arrived here the first of the week for a short visit with his aunts, Dr. M. T. Cole and Mrs. N. E. Gill. Mr. Howell was raised near Scio but has been away 22 years, having recently returned from the Philippines. He left his wife and child in San Francisco while he is casting about for a location, and it is not unlikely that they may return to Scio.

The little fox terrier belonging to the Morris boys was poisoned last Monday with strychnine and though heroic efforts were made to save the little fellow, he died that night. The poison is supposed to have been administered by the hand of some miscreant, and it is safe to say it would not be very healthy for him were the boys to find out his name.

### The Scold's Bridle.

In Queen Elizabeth's day an instrument of torture was used to prevent women from scolding and nagging. It consisted of an iron framework, called the "scold's bridle," somewhat similar to a cage, which was slipped over the head of the person whom it was desired to punish. In the framework were eye-holes and a specially prepared projection in front for the tongue of the victim. The interior of the projection was lined with spikes, so that if the wearer attempted to speak her tongue was liable to get badly lacerated. It did not often require more than one application of this torture to break the gossip of her unpleasant habit.

### "The Marseillaise."

The words and music of the famous battle hymn, "The Marseillaise," usually are ascribed to Rouget de Lisle, a French engineer officer, who, it is said, composed it by request, about 1792, to cheer up the conscripts at Strasbourg. It derived its name from a body of troops from Marseilles, who played and sang the piece as they marched into Paris. De Lisle was pensioned by Louis Philippe in 1830 and died in 1836. It is safe to say that no other song ever written has stirred the heart like "The Marseillaise." It will probably live forever.—New York American.

### A Mean Thrust.

"Have you ever placed yourself in the hands of a beauty doctor, Mrs. Muggworth?"  
"Why do you ask me that?"  
"My husband wants me to go to one."  
"Yes. I have been taking regular treatments from one for the past year."  
"Then I think I'll not go. It seems to be useless."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Gentle Art of Making Enemies.**  
Visitor (to particular friend, who has had several new dresses laid on the bed to choose from)—I do wish you would tell me the name of the woman you sell your things to. I've got a lot of old gowns like these that I want to get rid of.—London Punch

## VOICE OF THE MOB.

Its Muffled Rises, Its Swell and Roar in the City of Mexico.

Folk were sitting about the tables in the patio of the Hotel de Jardine, sipping their afternoon coffee and turning the pages of the latest extras, ink smeared with hectic headlines. Two children pushed a tin train of cars over one of the graveled paths beneath the patio oaks, writes Robert Welles Ritchie in Harper's Magazine. Waiters drowsed by the kitchen corner, and the porter at the high doors giving on to the street had his head on his breast.

Then the voice came, a murmur, far removed, muffled and indefinite, a murmur hardly to be distinguished above the plashing of the fountain; a minute and the timbre of it had strengthened and deepened; another minute and a crackling syncopation broke the monotony of sound. From afar the voice came stronger and in a strange, animal note. Folk dropped their papers and started, heads cocked, to catch the meaning of the unwanted sound. Waiters moved away from the kitchen door out into the patio so that they could hear better. The two children piled their train safely into the station by the goldfish pond, then sat with questioning eyes on the elders about them. Nearer and louder, louder, louder, sounded the voice.

A nurse stepped out on the balcony above the patio and screamed as she ran down the stairs to the children. She gathered them into her arms and stumbled blindly back up the stairs, along the balcony and into one of the suits opening thereon. Her screams, the agitation of her flying skirts, awoke the porter at the gate. For just an instant he sat still, his face puckered in puzzlement; then he jumped to the two high wooden gates giving onto the street and slammed them shut. He slipped an oak beam through the haups and double braced the doors by other beams appended against the cobbles of the courtyard. The maitre d'hotel had rushed out of his little glass office meanwhile and was calling excitedly to the waiters. They sped through passageways, and their disappearances were followed by the banging of wooden shutters over windows, the slamming of doors, the frantic trundling of barricades into place. Then high over the clatter and the pounding the voice snarled—a vicious, bestial snarl that was ear filling and terrible.

The voice was of the mob. On an afternoon in late May of 1911 the City of Mexico was rising against its master. Out of the kennels of mean streets, whose meanest marble palaces and flowering gardens screen, the canaille of the capital had come pouring, had whirled into mob coalescence and now were baying and cursing the streets to seek the life of that master. Don Porfirio, the once beloved—Don Porfirio Diaz, dictator and builder of Mexico for more than thirty years—was the master.

### A Bottomless Pit.

There is a bottomless pit in the mountains of Hualalai, back of Kailua, in the Hawaiian Islands. It is about four feet in diameter. The pit is peculiar from the fact that it sucks in the air with remarkable force. Pieces of paper placed over the mouth do not float gently down, but are suddenly drawn in and disappear with startling rapidity. The air rushing into the pit can be distinctly felt by people standing on the edge. Strange sounds are heard also. Every night the inhabitants of the locality distinctly hear a noise similar to the blowing of a deep steamship whistle. The noise is heard for about five seconds and then subsides for a space of about ten minutes and then resumes for another five seconds.

## CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA.

Its Symptoms Very Often Resemble Those of Heart Trouble.

The stomach is a patient organ. It usually does its duty without complaint, even when outrageously abused. But once its patience is tried too far and it acquires the querulous habit no amount of placating will quiet it.

No patient is so dreading by the doctor as the chronic dyspeptic. In the first place, he does not always find it easy to determine just where the fault lies. On the one hand, the symptoms may not suggest stomach trouble at all. The patient may be convinced that his heart is at fault, and even the doctor may be deceived at first into the same belief by the palpitations, shortness of breath, giddiness and pain in the left side, although these are not infrequent signs of a rebellious stomach. On the other hand, the symptoms of indigestion may be due not so any fault in the stomach itself, but to a reflex disturbance excited by eye strain, spinal disease or some other trouble in a part remote from the digestive apparatus.

In a case of chronic indigestion the first thing to do is to make sure that it is not due to any of these causes. The next thing is to determine whether there is serious disease of the stomach—such as ulcer or tumor. In most cases of "heartburn" or "acidity" there is no organic trouble—merely a failure on the part of the stomach to empty itself promptly and perhaps a defect in the gastric juice that allows the contents of the stomach to ferment.

Very simple measures often suffice to give relief, such as the sipping of a glass of water half an hour or so after meals or a gentle rubbing of the abdomen just below the ribs on the left side, which causes the stomach to contract and empty its contents into the intestines.

The diet should be regulated, foods hard to digest should be avoided, and the meals should be taken at the same time each day and at not too frequent intervals. Of course constipation, if present, should be corrected, and some simple stomachic may be necessary. But if the heartburn does not yield to the treatment suggested the physician had better be consulted, for the condition may be serious.—Youth's Companion.

### And It Came True.

"Have you ever had a dream that came true?"  
"Yes. I had one only a few nights ago that came true. I dreamed that I was going to receive a telegram which I would be afraid to show to my wife."  
"And you got it? Was it from another woman?"  
"Yes."  
"Say, old man, I am surprised!"  
"Wait! It was from my mother, who notified me that she was coming to visit us for two or three weeks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Goethe's Apology.

Goethe once apologized to a friend for writing a long letter because he had no time to write a short one.

### A Good Position

Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of "Wireless" or Railroad telegraphy. Since the 8-hour law became effective, and since the Wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a great shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from \$70 to \$200 per month, with good change for advancement. The National Telegraph Institute of Portland, Oregon, operates under supervision of R. R. and Wireless officials and places all graduates into positions. It will pay you to write them for full details.

Try the News for fine job printing. Prices reasonable.

## LETTERS FROM OUR COUNTRY CORRESPONDENTS

### Mill City Items

The Odd Fellows have sold the hall and will build a big block.

Stayton and Mill City baseball clubs played Sunday, June 9.

Andy Dawes of Portland, who is well known here has been visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Rambo who were formerly our postoffice employees have been sojourning in Mill City for a few days.

Crops are looking fine.

Our road boss is transferring his outfit to the top of the hill above Jordan and Lyons. He will soon make that road better.

Turnidge brothers are nearly through hauling several hundred cords of wood to the depot.

Co. Surveyor Geddes was up last week doing some county work and platted Wadsworth's addition to Mill City. While here he visited the old home ranch where he played when a child.

Rumor has it that Mr. Tumcliff, conductor on the logging train, and Miss Kitty Butler, the niece of Commissioner Butler, are going to keep house together in the near future.

The Presbyterian church is preparing a fine program for the Children's Day.

John Bradshaw has sold his 40 acre home to Royal Shaw, and he and his family have moved to California.

Bassett Bros. have gone to the northeastern part of Washington to locate.

### NICK

N. I. Morrison received word this week that his father and stepmother, J. P. Morrison and wife, arrived in Portland Saturday night from Eureka, Kansas, with the expectation of making their home in Oregon. They will visit in Portland some time with Mr. Morrison's daughter, Mrs. P. A. House, before coming to Scio.

### 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.