

The Santiam News

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
L. W. CHARLES

Politically Independent

ALL HOME PRINT

Entered at the postoffice at Scio, Ore., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year in advance \$1.25
One year, at end of year 1.50
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Three months in advance50
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There are some people in this world who seem to view every attempt towards decency as a slap in the face, for the reason that they reside on so low a moral plane, as to be incapable of enjoying anything but indecency. This particular element, we are glad to say, is in the minority, and of course must gradually submit to the will of those who are better civilized. They are unable to intelligently discuss their views, because they do not belong to that class known as thinking people, hence they resort to abuse and vulgar remarks, which render them and the cause they champion the more disgusting.

"Scio the home of the Linn County Fair" is becoming proverbial. The fact that Scio is able to hold a successful fair speaks well for the citizens of this community. Perhaps no other county fair in the state attracts more attention, or is better patronized than the fair at Scio. This patronage is not confined exclusively to the people of this community nor to the people of Linn county alone, but reaches different parts of the state, and even beyond. The contention that transportation facilities are an insurmountable handicap to our success, is an error in judgement as the past five years experience in maintaining a successful fair has demonstrated. Geographically speaking, Scio is admirably located, and while suffering a serious handicap for lack of railroad facilities, the automobile promises to relieve, as it has to a certain extent already, this embarrassing feature. The good roads movement in this section is co-operating to increase the availability of the automobile as a transportation factor. But, even though for the sake of argument we eliminate the automobile, we might contend as logically for an annual fair from a transportation standpoint, as many other places that maintain county fairs. As a matter of fact we are only two miles from the railroad, a distance which, with good roads, can easily be made by team in less than fifteen minutes. Another contention, that Scio cannot accomo-

date the people who attend our fair, has proven as erroneous as the transportation question. True our facilities are taxed to capacity, but we know of other places even larger, Salem for instance, which has a like experience, and despite this fact people continue to visit the state fair year after year with the certain knowledge that a bed in which to sleep is not always obtainable. Other places where like conditions exist could be named. In order for a fair to grow and prosper with every successive performance, as ours has done, there are bound to be causes other than handicaps to bring about such a result. Among these are beauty of location, a live, interesting program, backed by an enterprising, energetic management. The racing program the past two years has only been equalled by the enthusiastic competition among the agricultural exhibitors. The social side of the annual fair has done much towards its success. The people of the forks of the Santiam have long been noted for their hospitality, and no place affords a better opportunity for the renewing of old acquaintances, relating experiences of bygone days, and a general revival of the social spirit. In order to continue the successful growth and stability of the fair we should not lose sight of two very important things, that of meals and lodging for those who visit our fair. The association management should give this department its most intelligent consideration, for upon this simple responsibility rests perhaps the most vital question as to the ultimate success of our fair. Good, wholesome food at a reasonable price and a comfortable place to sleep will not only cause our visitors to overlook many shortcomings in other respects, but will cause them to look forward with pleasure toward a return trip next fair. And above all, it will enable our people to maintain that social and hospitable supremacy which has long been characteristic of the people of the forks of the Santiam.

Momus, the God of Mockery.

Momus in Greek fable was the god of mockery and censure, who delighted in finding fault with gods and men. He was chosen to act as judge when there was a strife between Neptune, Minerva and Vulcan for supremacy in artistic power. Neptune made a bull, Minerva a house and Vulcan a man. Momus declared that Neptune should have set his bull's horns farther forward for fighting purposes. He said that Minerva should have so constructed her house that it could be moved away from troublesome neighbors and that Vulcan should have made a window in the man's breast through which his thoughts could be seen. All were so annoyed at his criticisms that they turned him out of heaven, and soon after this he died of vexation because he could find no fault in Venus, the goddess of love and beauty.

A Newspaper Event.

The Nuremberg Gazette, founded in 1457, was the first newspaper printed from metal type with printing ink.

A Trick of the Trade.

Many of the local curiosity shops planted in the back streets of most county and country towns are simply kept up by large London firms who, from a prolonged study of human nature, have discovered that people who are shy of buying old furniture or old silver in Bond street or Piccadilly are ready and eager purchasers of precisely the same objects, at a rather higher price, when they come upon them in the back streets of a country town.—London Tatler.

Their Quitting Time.

Some men are as honest as the day is long, but quit at sundown.—Atlanta Journal.

TRADE WINDS.

Why They Blow Straight Toward the West Far Out at Sea.

The earth rotates on its axis from west to east and to a man north of the equator, facing the equator, from right to left, or opposite to the motion of the hands of his watch held with its back toward the equator. And the general movement of the entire mass of air around the earth is in the same direction. If not, then the equatorial regions would be torn by a wind from the east blowing at a rate of 1,000 miles per hour.

Air in the tropical zone is therefore carried from west to east along with the earth's surface of land and sea. But the heat of the sun expands the air over these areas and makes it rarer, and this causes it to rise far above other layers of greater density; then cool air from the north and south temperate zones rushes into the vacancy, and wind would blow straight toward the equator from both north and south were it not for the rotation of the earth.

The surface of the earth at the equator moves eastward with a velocity of seventeen miles per minute and at the latitude of the Lowe observatory only fourteen and one-half miles per minute and less still at San Francisco, and this is the eastward speed of the air also.

Then the air at varying eastward speeds of from, say, twelve to sixteen miles per hour moves into air moving seventeen, and owing to the great fundamental law of inertia it cannot at once take up the greater speed, so it lags behind toward the west, at first at an angle with the equator and then straight west. Everybody thinks that a steady wind from the east is blowing.

The causes of trade winds are three—motion of the earth, of the air and heat. They blow straight toward the west only far out at sea. Land currents disturb trade winds over continents, due to unequal heating of air.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

Some Snakes.

Too much good fellowship and hilarity had dulled the once brightest wit of Jerryville, Ga., and he had fallen into vagabondage after having enjoyed a competency from the practice of law.

"Cheer up, Mark, old fellow," said one of his friends consolingly. "You'll get over this and soon be yourself, but you ought to remember not to let the snakes get into your boots again."

"That's all right," replied the melancholy Mark, "but I'm going to leave this burg for keeps. I'm going far away."

"Where do you think you'll go?" asked the friend.

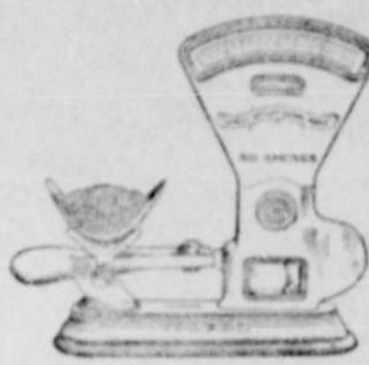
"I'm going down to South America," exclaimed Mark — "South America, where the snakes are too big to get into a fellow's boots."—Popular Magazine.

Trollope Disagreed.

Although Anthony Trollope never smoked, he liked being with those who did. It soothed his nerves, he said, and sent him to sleep. On one occasion, when he had just returned to London from South Africa, he was talking at the Cosmopolitan club to Lord Carnarvon, Lord Derby, Frodoe, the historian; Lord Wolseley and one or two others equally famous on the future of that country. In the midst of the discussion Trollope fell asleep, and after a quarter of an hour's doze he awoke, shaking himself together like the faithful, growling Newfoundland dog he so much resembled. Dissatisfied even in his unconsciousness, he spluttered forth: "I utterly disagree with every one of you. What is it you said?"

Meaning of Stepmother.

"Stepmother" is a word with a commonly unsuspected history. Probably most people, if called upon to explain it, would say that it meant a woman who had stepped into the place of the true mother. Dr. Johnson, at any rate, believed that this was the suggestion of the word to most minds. Really, "step" is the Anglo-Saxon "steop," the original meaning of which appears to have been "orphaned." Stepchild, stepbairn, stepson and stepdaughter came first, and then, by gradual fading of the etymological meaning of "step," stepfather and stepmother came into being.—London Chronicle.



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The Santiam News and

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|---------------------------------|----------------|------------|
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Notice to the Public

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It is the intention of the publishers to spare no money nor effort to make

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