



A Galley o' Fun!

FILETIGNON, FRANCE. — "I suppose I was a little careless," mused Paul Chatnoir of the Sacrebleu Zouaves, "but in that last charge I do not look where I am going and I get my feet sopping wet. I go over my rubbers twice in the icy water of that dear Alsace. Sacre nondeplume! Did I not know what would happen? My old complaint of neuralgia in the face. Forthwith I remember that the nerve of a back tooth is exposed. My dentist's warning it come over me like a flash, and I say?—a flash, and saprist! here I am." Paul thinks it would be foolish to return to the front until the cold is entirely out of his system.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.
There hung before a Jewelry Store the Painted Semblance of a Watch and underneath there hung a Huge Pen. They were signs, and it was their Business to indicate to Passers-by that gold watches and gold pens could be found within the door beneath.

One night, after listening to some Laborers talking on the sidewalk, the Big Watch spoke thus to the Big Pen: "My friend, for years have we been hanging here and I am thinking it is about time for a Change. Why is it, let me ask, that those miserable little imitations of Yon and Me inside the window are cared for so tenderly? They have beds of velvet and coats of soft chamois skin; they are examined and admired by the Ladies; they are polished every morning and laid away at night to rest, while you and I are left to swing in the Wind. I have borne it long enough. I propose to bring my Grievance into notice. I propose a kick."

And it swung and creaked and rucked and jerked and yanked until the Screws were Loosened, and it fell in the street, where a heavily laden Truck passed over it, and split it in two Fragments.
"Well," said the Pen to his neighbor, the Indian, "that is one of the Signs of the Times! He was cut out for exactly the kind of Work he was doing, and had he been content would, no doubt, have lived to a respectable old age; but this Agitation in the Air gave him the Big Head, and he is gone."

"Ugh!" said the Indian, as the Cigar Man wheeled him inside.

THE COQUETTE.
This maiden is an artful one. Her weapons well we know; She has a quiver in her voice, Designed to hold her beau.

THE BULL.



The high-browed young man was explaining the stars to the nil-browed young lady.
"And there is Taurus, the Bull," he continued, pointing upward.
"Gee, what do you know about that?" cried his pupil vivaciously; "I never had no idea astronomy was so hip-to-date. That word gets into everything, don't it?"
Whereupon the young man's sigh was as the wind passing through the pine trees.

A STORY WITH TWO MORALS.
"In my asylum," said the doctor, "there lives an inmate who is laboring under the harmless delusion that he is a teapot. It injures no one for him to walk through the wards with one arm outstretched, the hand pointing toward the ceiling, the other arm toward the floor; so in that attitude I permit him to roam freely about the asylum—a same, agreeable man, save for the one delusion. The other day he said to me: 'Doctor, I want to talk to you about that patient over yonder. He's been talking to me, and I find he thinks he's a gold fish. I can't see why it wouldn't be easy to cure him of that. Throw him in the water! Then he'll know whether he's a fish or not.' 'What would you do,' I asked, 'with a man that thinks he's a teapot?'
"With hands on hip, right arm a spout: 'But, Doctor, I am a teapot! says my patient.'
"That's a queer delusion," said one of the doctor's listeners. "But it's no queerer than a man I know of who thinks he's a crackerjar; he eats crackers all day."
"That's nothing," said the second listener. "I know a man who thinks that he's a decanter, and he's in no asylum—not yet."

HE PLAYED NO FAVORITES.
The Tramp Elephant (in jungle restaurant).—You may bring me a bale of hay, garson!
The Waiter Giraffe.—Yes, sir. Clever or timothy?
The Tramp Elephant (haughtily).—It doesn't matter which—I'm not paid to tout any special brand!

WHEREIN THE IMPROVEMENT LIES.
Mrs. Sauers.—Among the barbarous people of the earth a man can have as many wives as he desires, while civilization limits each man to one. Now, you can't tell me but that civilization makes man better morally.
Mr. Sauers.—Not necessarily. It merely gives him better sense.

STAYTON NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Shepherd are the parents of a daughter, Eileen Lorna, born Saturday the 25th. Dr. Beauchamp in attendance.

Im, son of D. S. Turner, near West Stayton, fell from the wooded window one day last week, breaking an arm above the elbow. Dr. Beauchamp reduced the fracture.

Dr. Beauchamp reports the following new arrivals: The 27th, a son of Curtis Cole's; the 28th, a son of Frank Fery's; the 29th, a girl at John Tjorker's, near West Stayton.

Ray J. Fox and Arthur Vaughn of Lyons, were callers Wednesday. They were down after some blooded sheep—10 ewes and a ram—that Mr. Fox had purchased from Frank Doerfler.

Saturday evening J. M. Rings, L. S. Lambert, C. P. Neibert, H. E. Bennett and Ward Holford attended Masonic lodge at Turner. There was work in the M. M. degree by Judge Moreland. A fine lunch was served and the visit was much enjoyed. A number of Salem brothers were present.

R. L. Putnam and wife and H. C. and Miss VonBehren, from near Astoria were callers Monday. Mr. Putnam will finish his course in the theological school at Eugene next week and will come to Stayton to take charge of the Christian church, occupying the parsonage. He is a son-in-law of Mr. VonBehren.

Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Beauchamp motored to Salem last night. From there they took a train to Portland. The doctor goes to attend a meeting of the Alumni Association of the Willamette School of Medicine. A number of interesting clinics have been arranged for and the doctor was looking forward to the occasion.

Mrs. James H. Mulehay, of Portland, came Saturday with her little daughters for a short visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Munley, who returned to Portland Monday, leaving the children with their grandparents, where they will visit while Mr. and Mrs. Mulehay attend the exposition at San Francisco.

M. S. Burson last Saturday completed a deal whereby he comes into possession of the M. Forrest ranch on the north bank of the Little North Fork, about three miles above Mehama. In the deal Mr. Forrest gets Mr. Burson's house on Water street. The deal was brought about through an adv. in the Standard. The occupancy of the place is not expected to change until fall.

A big time was had at the Henry Senz home Sunday, May 30. Card games and a big, delicious dinner and supper were served. John Zimmerman, Nick Zimmerman and family, John Van Handel and family, Peter, Frank and Mammie Laux, Dave Aegerter, John Joe and Philip Pietrok, Joe Senz and family were present. They all report a very good time.

We appreciate very much a visit Saturday from Rev. Father Laineck, of Sublimity, and Rev. Father Adolphus, O. S. B., Prior of the Benedictine Monastery at Mt. Angel. Rev. Father Adolphus was pastor of Sublimity parish 34 years ago, when the neighborhood

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had few inhabitants, and was at Mt. Angel when that place was simply a big station. He states that on the big butte, where the college now stands, he found three Indian graves. Mr. Adolphus has traveled much over the state, and few are the early residents who did not know him.—Standard.

TELEPHONE ORDER

The county court has made and entered of record its order in the proceeding of the Stayton & Fern Ridge Mutual Telephone Co., permitting the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. to erect its poles and construct its line on the north side of the county road in question in consideration of certain conditions to be performed by said Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. The order requires the said Pacific company to erect and maintain its wires at a distance of at least nineteen feet from the surface of the road and at all places where entrance is made from the road into private property, and requiring that the Pacific company shall construct and maintain its poles and wires in a manner so as not to interfere with the maintenance or operation of the line of the Stayton and Fern Ridge company, and further requiring that the Pacific company shall be responsible for all accidents caused by its poles and wires and the transmission of power thereon, and that the poles shall be placed so as not to unnecessarily interfere with the ditching or working of the road or its use by the traveling public, and requiring the Pacific company to remove from said road all trees or other obstructions cut thereon in constructing its line. Upon these conditions the former order of the court is revoked.—Stayton Mail.

SUBLIMITY ITEMS.

The commercial club of Sublimity had a very interesting meeting last Thursday. A resolution was passed requesting our congressmen to work for an appropriation of \$200,000 to be utilized at Bremerton, Wash., for Pacific coast defense purposes.

The subjects of "Home Industry" versus the "Mail Order Business" was discussed for an hour. The principal speakers were W. H. Downing, F. A. Bell, F. J. Riesterer, G. H. Bell, and Jack Petrijanos. The result of the debate was similar to that at the national of all mice, namely, nobody was willing or able to muzzle the old cat.

J. Schrewe wanted the club to go on record for a new snail bounty on garden slugs. The club took no action on the matter because Mr. Schrewe failed to indicate what end of the slugs should be scalped.

Miss Rom Diter departed last Saturday from Portland, where she underwent an operation for the removal of a goitre. Her health is now apparently completely restored.

The poultry season is now in full swing. This fact has created such an enthusiasm in and about the poetic vein of G. Bell that he has decided to write poetry on eggs and poultry. Here is a sample of his marvelous works: The white goose stood on one leg. The gray goose stood on two. The white goose laid an egg. Which the gray goose could not do.—Stayton Standard.

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