

CLYDE T. ECKER, Editor.

OREGON COMES NEAR TO GETTING A SALOON

The Post about three weeks ago received a letter from a man in Nebraska who asked us to tell him if we knew of "a good town in Oregon that needs a saloon" or if there was one he could "buy at a reasonable figure." He gives as a reason for desiring to come West that "this damn state [Nebraska] went dry about a year ago." Twelve cents in stamps was enclosed for a reply and the change we were asked to use, as he stated it, for the following purpose: "Take a couple of beers on me."

The Post in reply told him that there wasn't a saloon in the state at the present time for sale, but if he didn't get caught at it he could open up one in almost any Oregon town and get rich in three months, and as a postscript that nine cents wouldn't buy one beer in Oregon now, let alone a couple.

This week we received another communication from him. He said he was mistaken in the state; that it was Washington he meant.

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

(William Slavens McNutt in Collier's Weekly.)

You know what? When I get back I'm going to kick me loose a slab o' curbstone off Broadway an' eat it. That's me! Yes' when I get back the first thing I'm to do I'm goin' to buy me a great big heavy chain, an' I'm goin' to put one end around my ankle an' the other end I'm goin' to put around the Times building an' fasten it tight, an' then I'm goin' to say to my feet, I'll say: Feet, you can step up and down in one spot if you get restless an' must move, but you ain't goin' to take me no place no more."

JELLY, JUICES AND JAM

LITTLE ELEANOR AND THE BEANS

Little Eleanor, when asked if she liked beans, replied: "Yes, I like beans—I like all kind of beans—green beans, navy beans and human bein's."

STRANGE, BUT POSSIBLY TRUE

(Society Editor, Topeka Journal.)
A news item came into this office this morning mentioning a woman who had six children all married and alive.

T. BONE GETS PTOMAININE OUT ON THE TIN

T. Bone Rayer has a bad cold, which he says is ptomaine poison brought on by sitting in his tin motor car with the top up.

LATEST STORY FROM THE TRENCHES

An American hero who had killed a dozen Huns with the back side of his wrist was pointed out to a young French girl. She rushed up to him and cried, "Oh, let me kiss the hand that killed those Boches." "You're sure a chump," said his trench mate later. "Why didn't you tell her you bit them to death."

A PATRIOTIC DITTY IN ONE SHORT SPASM

(Detroit Free Press.)

A patriotic arm I own,
Said Jabez, spitting;
I fractured it and now the bone
Is knitting.

MEL'S MELANCHOLY MOOD COMPLETE

(By Mel Moody, Himself.)

Synopsis: This is the saddest story ever told of silver threads among the gold.

Chapter I: By jinks, it sometimes makes me sore to find my halycon days are done; the girls don't look at me no more, but smile on boys of 21. The End.

PASSING A GOOD THING ALONG

(Farm, Stock Bulletin.)

C. F. Miller of Beebe has been in Miles City for some time receiving medical attention. He has purchased some prairie dog poison from the farm bureau office and is recommending it very highly.

AN HONEST ADVERTISER

(Ad in Clinton, Iowa, paper.)

We have on hand a good supply of used Fords at reasonable prices. They won't last long.

A. A. Daehler, Ford Dealer.

WOMAN'S COMFORT HOUR

(Sport's Cousin.)

When a woman wants to be really comfortable she kicks off her shoes and hangs her corset over the back of a chair.

NATIONAL ARMY MEN EAGER TO GET INTO FRONT LINE TO STOP BOCHE

"They'll Make the Finest Soldiers in World," Says General Overseas—Soldiers Determined to Fight to Finish—Snipers Take Daring Chances in "Pot Hunting"—Negro Troops Furnish Much of Humor in War Zone.

Enough of the American National army has arrived in France to bear out the predictions that this army will be one of the finest bodies of military men in the world. I recently went to a section of France where new troops are quartered for final training, writes Don Martin in the New York Herald. There I saw the vanguard of the millions who were legally selected to serve their country. A general who has been all his life in the army fairly glowed in admiration of them.

"They are a splendid lot of boys," the officer said. "They are proud to be here. They are sorry for the boys at home who are not to help in the great battle for democracy. They want to get right in the line. They realize the dangers fully, but that doesn't worry them. They have had their eyes opened fully to the wonderful sacrifices France has made. They have seen how the villages are stripped of everything but the very old and the very young, and yet they have seen how determined and cheerful the country is. So they are proud to be here, and they are going to make the finest soldiers the world has ever seen."

Superlatives ordinarily are not permitted by the censorship when reference is made to Americans. A deeply grounded principle of the American censorship is that America, while glorying in her own idealism and achievements, must not forget that France and England have been at war for nearly four years and have set a very high standard for Uncle Sam. But the superlatives indulged in by the general were sincere. He actually believes the National army will be as fine a lot of men as ever stood in a uniform, and after seeing them and talking with them in more than fifty villages I must say that I think he has prophetic vision.

All Show Their Mettle.

To praise the National army does not imply disparagement of any other wing of our military force. The militia group has already, in various clashes with the enemy, shown the stuff of which it is made. The 104th regiment, which hails from Massachusetts, has been decorated by the French government for its valor under heavy fire. All the men have made good, but all they have done will unquestionably be equaled by the excellent army of draft men. The latter have the physique, the initiative and the spirit. As one of them said, "We're not here because we're here; we're here because it's where we belong and where we want to be." The training they received in the United States worked wonders in them.

In a little village a handsome youngster in a private's uniform saluted with the grace and snap of a trained regular. He had the look of the soldier in every line.

"Where are you from?" I asked. He named a small city in the Northwest.

"Were you ever a soldier before?" "No, sir," he said, smiling. "I never did anything before but spend father's money and get arrested for speeding."

"Are you glad to be here?" "I wouldn't be anywhere else for anything in the world."

Seated in front of a small house, a wrinkled woman on one side, an aged man on the other and two wee children playing on the ground in front of him, I saw another young man who would attract attention anywhere. As the officer who accompanied me approached the young man jumped to his feet, snapped his heels together and saluted as if militarism was in his marrow. He said he came from a small town in the middle West. I asked him about his affairs before he joined the army.

"I was in the lumber business," the private rejoined. "I was getting along pretty well—have a wife and two children about like these here (pointing to the two near his feet), but even if I knew my business was going to ruin I wouldn't go back if they'd let me. I'm here to stick it out to the finish and you'll find all the boys the same way."

The spirit of all is, as this young lumber dealer said, identical. The men are here to fight for France and democracy. They understand exactly what the issues are. They understand precisely why the United States came into the war and they will be disappointed if peace comes before every allied aim has been achieved.

Among the first ten thousand National army men who came here to fill in various units may be found men representative of every branch of citizenship. I saw motormen, farmers, bank clerks, architects, lawyers, manufacturers, brokers, commission men, carpenters—in fact, everything. There were men with names suggestive of every nationality in the world.

These particular soldiers are in northeastern France, where they are going through intensive training to equip themselves for the front line.

Snipers in the Trenches.
Far off there was a slight movement close to the ground. Two snipers were watching.

"Go on shoot," said one.
"It's your turn," said the other.
There was a snap of the trigger.
"You binged him all right—that's three in two days."
Perhaps this sniping might techni-

cally be called murder. The snipers don't call it that. They call it pot hunting. I have talked with several and have been on the line with a few. They wouldn't any more shoot a song bird or a magpie than they would kill one of their own officers, but shooting Fritz across the line—that's another story. It is dangerous business, too. Many a sniper is sniped himself. Some of them camouflage themselves and stand for hours in range of a thousand rifles. There is a young American officer from Massachusetts who is assigned to technical work, who spends a day and a night each week on the line sniping the enemy. He does it because he likes it. He is an expert rifle shot and he enjoys the hazards of his work and gets satisfaction from killing Huns.

The two best known Hun snipers are Black Fritz and Crazy Fritz. Black Fritz is dead. Crazy Fritz was wounded, but whether he is dead is not known. Black Fritz harassed the American sector for weeks. He was a good shot and put bullets now and then through a soldier's armor hat. But one day he was spotted behind a log and a bullet struck him between the eyes.

"He was a handsome chap," said a sniper, "and had beautiful hair, blonde as a girl's and combed back like a college boy's."

"If he had blonde hair why did you call him Black Fritz?"

"Because he hung so much crepe on our doors."

There is another Hun known as Foolish Fritz, and a rather pretty story may be told about him. He is not a sniper. The men in the trenches cannot tell just what he is. Perhaps, they have figured, he corresponds to an American football or baseball mascot. He is a mere youth and he takes dangerous chances. He might have been shot a hundred times, but the American snipers haven't the heart to kill him.

"One day," said a sniper who has watched him play around like a kitten, "he crawled up over the top of the trench and went over to a log and lay on it. He was there for an hour sunning himself. I had a bead on him all the time, but what's the use?—a mere kid. Another time a new sniper here saw him and was just about to pick him when I said 'Nothing doing.' We can't exactly understand what it means. About two weeks ago I thought I'd give the youngster a scare, so I put a bullet in a very small tree about a foot from him. He scampered out of sight like a frightened puppy. I often wonder if he or anyone else knows that he is living in the shadow of death. Maybe the Germans figure they learn something from it. However, you'll never catch me killing that kid."

Negroes Furnish Much Humor.

Humor gleams frequently through the grimness of war and much of it comes from the negro soldiers from the United States. A particularly dark skinned private was overhauled recently by a military policeman. It was on a country road and the soldier was ambling along with his military outfit as well as about 150 pounds of souvenirs of France.

"Where are you from?" asked the policeman.

"Me, sah? I see from Alabama."

"Whereabouts in Alabama?"

"Don't know, sah, exactly, but I see from Alabama."

"Where you going to?"

"Well, I don't 'xactly know, sah."

"Where you coming from?"

"The last place I 'member, sah, 's Barleybuck. Seems to me the train I was on went while I's buying a few things to take back when I go."

"Do you know where you are?"

"Can't 'xactly say I do, sah (looking around with the feigned erudition of an astronomer), but I reckon I see somewhere in France."

The negroes amuse the French people. The big black boys swing along the country roads singing or smiling. They frequently organize a quartet in a caution and if the work in which they are engaged isn't vitally important stop beside a road to "put over" a few diminished sevenths, better known as barber shops. And they know how to do it. They are happy-go-lucky wherever found.

BAN ON LOAFING

Orders Against It Issued to the Peace Officers.

Loafers will no longer find Wabash, Ind., a haven for them, under orders issued recently by Sheriff Vrooman to every peace officer in the county. They provide for the arrest and sentence of every man or boy in the county, now out of school, who does not work. The public in general is asked to help prevent loafing during the war with Germany and Austria, and is asked to co-operate with the officials by telling them whenever a loafer is found. The sheriff promises to see that the men either go to jail or to the state farm.

Tough to Be Bumped.

The war is producing a slang all its own," writes a Y. M. C. A. secretary overseas. "In England, for example, when you hear that a ship was 'bumped' you know it was torpedoed."

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If You Can't Sing a Cheer-up Thing

(Judd Mortimer Lewis.)

If you are built
So you can't sing
A happy sort
O' cheerup thing,
You better hadn't
Sing at all;
Thest let wildbirds
An' crickets call,
An' let the honey-
Bees ba-zoom,
An' flowers breathe
Their sweet perfume;
That is the way
You better do,
If you ain't glad,
The thing fer you
To do to help
The world along
Is not to bu'st
Forth into song;

If you can't grin,
An' if you frown,
You better thest
Keep out of town,
An' in the house,
Till it comes night;
A grouch is best
Kept out of sight.
Why even nights
The little fravgs
Sends cheer-o songs
Across the bogs;
An' if you're sour,
An' grumpy blue,
A frawg is of
More use then you.
If you can't sing
A cheer-up thing,
You better go
Hide out, by jing!

Folks and Foibles

(By Claude Callan.)

Major Dough has at last given up his pocket knife. For several years his wife and daughters have been working patiently to make a city man of him, and they now feel that they have succeeded. First of all they taught him to wear shoes and suspenders. When he reached the point where he didn't complain much at having to wear shoes instead of boots one of his daughters gave him a pretty little pocket knife. He didn't want to hurt her feelings about the knife, so he didn't say that he wouldn't carry it because he was afraid of losing it. He put it away in a good place, and then took out his big heavy knife and cut some stock in the new bank and was made a director. Almost before he knew it his wife and daughters had him wearing a black hat that was much smaller than the white one he still kept handy to wear to the ranch. But even after getting the new hat he kept the big knife. His wife was humiliated when he took out the knife in the presence of company, and the grown daughter wouldn't have her beau see it for anything in the world. But Major Dough has a small knife now. It isn't real small, but is so much smaller than the old one that the wife and daughters are satisfied. His big knife is kept in the kitchen, and while he never carries it he sometimes looks at it and thinks of the good old days.

Current Press Comment

A Missouri farmer who didn't use smoked glasses when he looked at the recent solar eclipse is using them now.—St. Louis Republic.

King George has eaten buckwheat cakes and seen a ball game already. We Americans will have him asking for root beer on his ice cream before this war is over.—Kansas City Star.

The effort of the esteemed New Orleans Times-Picayune to affix the name of "Buddy" to the American soldier in France is comparable only to the task of nailing an icicle to a hot plank.—New Orleans States.

Senator Brandegee says that women do not need the ballot to take their proper position in this country, holding that they are already the "queen bees" of the United States. The idea, however, appears to be that a queen bee is not satisfied if she is only allowed to buzz.—Santa Fe New Mexican.

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