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It is hard for some perfectly loyal Americans to understand just how their individual saving in food goes to help fill the shortage of the Allies abroad. It's simple enough. What you don't buy from the retail grocer, he does not buy from the wholesaler. And what the wholesaler has left on his hands he must sell to the government for shipment abroad. Understand?

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These kits contains seven packages of assorted wafers and are packed in a heavy cardboard box, all ready for addressing.

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You will save time by coming here first when anything is needed in the way of stationery for the office. Our stock is so ample and varied that you can feel sure of finding any item in this line here if it is to be had in town.

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If at any time you require something we do not regularly carry, we will make a special order for it. In every case we make the price as low as possible.

Newlin Book & Stationery Co.

BEST FED ARMY IN THE WORLD

(Continued From Page Seven.)

bum ventilation. It is very cold. Snow on the ground and in the morning ice, which doesn't always melt during the day. But it is invigorating. Which causes me to remark that the American army must be the best clothed in the field. This was impressed upon me particularly when I packed up. In the line of clothes here is what I was supposed to put into a ditty bag, a suitcase and on my back. Two suits olive drab, one overall suit, including denim hat, two campaign hats, three pairs leggings, overcoat, eight suits of underwear, ten pairs of socks, three blankets, half shelter and poncho, three pairs shoes, four woolen shirts, one pair knit gloves, one pair leather gloves, five towels, one sweater. This doesn't include ordnance incidentals and toilet articles. I turned in, before I left my company, a pair of hip rubber boots and a suit of fisherman's oilskins for rain and mud. Some of the fellows holler about the issue of clothes, but I never had as many in civil life.

The same applies to the eats. Although army fare lacks the delicacy and choice of a civilian feed, it is plentiful and substantial. The American soldier will fare better this winter than the average French person, military or otherwise. There are no "less" days in the American army. We actually eat meat on Mondays and Tuesdays and have all the bread we can go all the time, while the French are always confronted with meatless potatoes, chocolateless, candyless days. The usual army breakfast consists of bacon, potatoes, gravy, bread and coffee. The feature of the other meals frequently is stew—which is good when you're hungry—beans, etc., and there is usually a desert. And take food and wood, for instance. There always is a fire in American barracks and huts. At my last station they were laying in the winter supply for a base hospital. There was a pile as big as a European mountain and the peasants used to come from neighboring villages just to look at it. To the French, coal is issued, like bread, by card, and they tell me it takes trouble, time and pull to get a ton a month for a family. But the Frenchman is the true philosopher. He never worries. He blows on his hands, swings his arms, remarks "We shall be cold this winter," and dismisses the subject as an inevitable proposition and therefore no fit subject for thought or commiseration.

My present station and its environs seem to be the center of a district devoted entirely to the dissemination of knowledge to Americans. In the nearby town there are more captains, majors, lieutenant colonels and colonels than I have ever seen before. They, too, are going to school—learning war as it is now fought. Every officer, apparently, no matter what his rank, has got to learn before he starts here and has got to go to school. They have French instructors, as does this school—men fresh from the trenches, with all the latest wrinkles. I don't know whether they grab bayonets and make a howling dive over the theoretical top, but I am informed that is what we are going to do. Right now the school is devoting a lot of time to digging the aforesaid trenches. The trench plan of a famous battle is being reproduced, I am told.

I was a little skeptical about coming up here with my modest store of military knowledge, but my captain said he thought I would make good, and here I am. The United States needs all the talent it can get, he said, and declared that the roof was going to be the limit on the possibilities of advancement for men with the right stuff. I never was very ambitious, personally, and hadn't thought much about a commission personally. Anyhow, as an humble private such a possibility seemed as remote as Berlin. And yet here I am with a fighting chance for one. It sure is gratifying for the intimation of hopelessness frequently expressed that a man in the ranks hasn't a chance.

Had to adjourn here to stand inspection of field equipment and attend a brief lecture by the major in charge of the school. It is dark now. The major announced that discipline would be as strict here as possible, that there would be required two hours of study each evening, that commissions were going to be granted over here only to the graduates of such schools as these except to men who displayed conspicuous bravery in battle. Also, he said, this was the pick of the army and undoubtedly the finest bunch of men in France. Whereupon I was duly gratified.

Complete Printing Plant.
I met Andy Berg, who used to work with me in San Francisco, a couple of days ago. He left the Coast before I did, visited his home and enlisted in Massachusetts. He is with what is called a topographical engineering company, which is going to set up a printing plant, from linotype machines to presses, for the printing of maps, orders, etc. Some stunt!

I was kind of sorry to leave the old bunch. The last one of the bunch I saw before leaving was Frank Calvin, son of the president of the Union Pacific. He is rated as a wagoner and is acting as chauffeur for a Major Williams, who used to be a construction engineer on his pa's railroad. His corporal used to be a section boss on the same line.

The distinction, by the way, of being the first drafted regiment across goes to a group of gentlemen of dark complexion from south of the Mason and Dixon line. They are togged out in the old army blues, with capes of purple lining. They are all dolled up like bull fighters and full of admiration for the country that clothed them so gorgeously. Two of them entertained a whole company in ragtime and eled dancing at a Y. M. C. A. but equipped with a piano the other night. A favorite question over here between soldiers is, "How many were on the boat you crossed on?" Sometimes the answer is not exaggerated. A negro I asked beat 'em all, though.

"Nobody knows," he said. "Why that's just what the war department is trying to find out—how many niggers was on that ship."

This is about the longest letter I've written since the war started. I loved you two and now we're even. Which is by way of saying that I have received your last two letters. Glad to know Pat is in New York. Give him my regards and tell him I'm bringing my own poker deck to New York when the war is final. I'll close now to save the censor a grouch. Wouldn't blame him, at that. Have been feeling my way for the last page. Only one lamp. More promised. So long.

ROSS.

"OUR BOYS" DOING DUTY "OVER THERE"



American soldiers on duty near their cantonment "somewhere in France."

WEIGHING PRISONERS URGED

New Basis of Exchange Suggested by French Officer.

The proposed exchange of prisoners between France and Germany brought out a suggestion from an army officer who has had charge of prison camps. "You know," he said, "we feed our prisoners well and they are strong and hearty. The Boche, on the other hand, is pinching our fellows pretty badly. Most of the nourishment they get is sent them from France. The only fair way is to exchange these prisoners by weight—so many hundred pounds of Germans for the same weight in Frenchmen."

Observer's Tobacco Fund
Previously announced \$61.25
Mrs. Matt Mitchell, Cove.... 2.00

British Tribute to Washington.

George Washington, first president of the United States. A true Englishman of the Pym and Hampden breed, he taught tyranny—in the person of George III—a lesson which is still remembered, and which has had much to do with the free development of the British empire.—London Graphic.

Philosophy of Law.

There never was a law yet made, I conceive, that hit the taste exactly of every man, or every part of the community; of course, if this be a reason for opposition, no law can be executed at all without force.—George Washington.

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Pure Ground Nutmeg, 20c can	9c
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Cottolene, large size	\$2.45
Rice, best Head, 2 1/2 lbs.	26c
Catsup, Preferred Stock	25c
Salmon, Preferred Stock, large size	30c
Tomatoes, 20c can	15c
Pineapple, large can, Preferred Stock	26c
Corn Meal, 10-lb. sack	68c
Oysters, 20c Baltimore Cove Oyster	13c
Oysters, Preferred Stock	21c
Butter, fresh Creamery, 2 lbs.	\$1.10

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COMING EVENTS

Feb. 22—George Washington's birthday.
March 29—Good Friday.
March 31—Easter Sunday.
April 12—Last day for filing nominating petitions or declarations for the primaries with the secretary of state.
April 12—Last day for filing declaration of candidacy for nominating petition with the county clerk for primary election.

AMUSEMENTS

Arcade Theatre—Motion pictures.
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