

A BARD'S HANDICAP

When'er I fain would sing of spring in honied adulation, And 'gin to let my voice take wing in rhythmic ululation, And stretch my neck in ecstasy, the while my lute strings snatching, I spoil the whole effect, alas, for I must go to scratching. And when I'd of the primrose chant, that on the burn's bank ruffles, I much regret to find I can't because I've got the snuffles. I dream of spring personified in lovely symbolism, And pause to cuss, defy, deride my dad-blamed rheumatism. Oh, spring, in theory you're superb and all our passions kindle, But to a poet who would blurb you're but a sorry swindle. The way you peseter and make game of poor but hopeful genius Is nothing but a burning shame and little less than heinous!

WILL TAKE NO CHANCES

Postmaster-General Burleson says no paper that charges the government is controlled by Wall Street will be permitted to pass through the mails, and here's laying a ten to one that the Courier won't make any such charges. If we THINK congress is unduly influenced we are going to play dead safe and charge it to the Salvation Army or Epworth League.—Benton County Courier.

JELLY, JUICES AND JAM

WHY PUT IT IN THE PAPER?

Married, then interred.—Headline. Of course.

A DENIAL

Ham Berger is no relative of Victor Berger.

HOW TIMES DO CHANGE

(Nodaway, Mo., Democrat)

The old-fashioned women who had three or four pots on the stove at the same time and gave her husband three square meals a day, now has a daughter whose husband would go hungry if she mislaid the can opener.

A TIP TO FRADER BROUGHT RESULTS

Frader Wurk has become one of the greatest patriots in town. Someone tipped it off to Frader that if the kaiser won the war every man in the United States would be forced to do twelve hours of real work every day.

ANOTHER BIG VICTORY FOR THE WOMEN

At a recent Red Cross sale held in an Illinois town, a hen and rooster were auctioned off to the highest bidder. The hen brought \$130 and the rooster \$4.

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY

In the East people are still wondering what was the matter when Embarass, Minn., was named.

THRILLS OF PARADING

(St. Joseph Gazette)

Men marchers in a parade enjoy themselves if they can have enough cigars and girls if their silk stockings don't come down.

WHEN A FELLOW FEELS LIKE QUITTING

The easiest time to quit chewing tobacco is right after the first chew.

Rare Find of a Philatelic Junk Hunter in Gotham

NEW YORK.—Among the many strange livelihoods practiced in New York is there any stranger than that of the junk hunter. Junk hunters are subdivided into classes, such as those who reclaim metal, paper, lost articles, rags, etc. The specialist who concerns us is the man who reclaims old postage stamps.

Came into a paper warehouse on the philatelic junk hunter's route one day five long, green boxes that held the 1850-1855 correspondence of a defunct shipping firm. It was his luck to get access to only one box—that of 1853. From it he gleaned a mass of odd envelopes with stamps intact.

He had found "original covers," as they are called in the stamp world, and some were of real value. In a jiffy the junk hunter rushed to Park Row to his principal with the find, receiving \$15 for three envelopes from Hawaii. The stamp dealer who bought the three old covers for \$15 tried in vain to interest his customers in them. Month after month he held them at the fixed price of \$10 each, but none made an offer, despite their apparent rarity. Finally came a stamp auction for the benefit of the Red Cross, and the dealer, wishing to do his bit, contributed one of the Hawaiian covers.

To the surprise of all it brought \$37.50, the buyer being a Hawaiian specialist in Syracuse. That worthy, much interested in his gem, traced the source of his find through the auctioneer and wrote to the New York dealer—principal of the junk hunter—for verification of its origin. Incidentally he asked where there were any more. Now, knowing the value of his find, the New Yorker promptly sent the other two envelopes to the Syracuse man with a price of \$125 for the pair.

It was a deal. The Syracuse man took them and when he died soon after and his estate was settled the three covers were sold again at auction, this time bringing a trifle more than \$200. Of course the hunter got a liberal bonus from the New York dealer and there came to the Red Cross another check for \$12.50.



KINGS VALLEY

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Senger, who have been in Bremerton, Wash., for some time, have moved back to their home in the Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sullivan went to Black Rock Thursday to visit his sister for a few days.

Mrs. Penn and Mrs. Shade of Ward were at the store Thursday.

Mr. Winifred, an old Kings Valley resident, who died at his home in Corvallis, was buried at Kings Valley cemetery Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Peterson of Salem who arrived in the Valley Monday evening to sew for her sister, Mrs. T. J. Allen, fell this morning and dislocated one of her limbs and also broke one of her ankles.

Miss Taylor, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Soule, the past week, returned to Portland Saturday.

Miss Soule went to Philomath Saturday to visit with her parents over Sunday.

There was a Red Cross lecture Friday night at the Odd Fellows hall. The Red Cross ladies sold cake, pie and coffee. They made \$19.00.

Mr. and Mrs. Tip Maxfield and daughter, Mrs. Martin Christenson, have been quite sick with lagrippe.

Mr. Oyerton and family have moved to Philomath.

There will be a pie social Wednesday night.

The Red Cross ladies of Ward have made ten quilts.

WIGRICH ITEMS

Evelyn Porterfield had the misfortune to step on a rusty nail on Tuesday evening and is laid up in consequences.

Mrs. M. M. Porterfield and Hazel were visiting in Portland the past week.

Mr. Abe Porter is confined to his bed with pneumonia. It is hoped he soon will recover and be out and around again.

Edwin McComas, from the southern part of Oregon, is visiting his parents here, Mr. and Mrs. McComas.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Plant were week end visitors in Portland.

Major Rose has been under the weather with lagrippe the past week.

Mrs. Harry Stratton has been confined to her home with lagrippe.

Nina Porterfield spent Saturday with her Grandma Porterfield.

J. J. Green and Abe Porter combined business with pleasure in Salem Saturday.

Florence Hartman, from near Independence, is visiting her sisters, Mrs. Haley and Mrs. Porterfield.

GREENWOOD

While climbing a telephone pole Frank Brown fell to the ground dislocating several fingers on one of his hands and bruising his shoulder quite badly. He was taken to a Salem hospital where he is resting quite easily.

W. O. Morrow and daughter have been quite ill with pneumonia but are improving quite rapidly now.

A number of parties were called to Dallas as witnesses on some seditious remarks that was claimed to have been used in this neighborhood.

The Ground Glass Scare.

Whenever anybody finds something gritty in his food, he at once suspects the presence of ground glass. The ground glass suggestion has taken root so widely that there is a mild hysteria about the subject.

The government announced this week that several thousand alleged incidents of the discovery of ground glass had been investigated, and in only one case had the glass actually been found. That was when a disgruntled bakery employee had tried to drive his employer out of business by putting glass in a loaf of bread.

In the same paper in which this announcement is made was printed a statement from a military officer at one of the training camps saying that ground glass had been found in nine articles sent to the camp. But the same day a dispatch from the camp told of the nervous breakdown of the officer who had given out the statement, and of the disproving of the ground glass theory.

The Journal of the American Medical Association compares what it calls "the ground glass obsession"

to other nation-wide scares, including the belief in infected court plaster and in the insertion of bacteria into bandages and dressings. "Just why an intelligent spy or even an unintelligent German diplomat," says the Journal, "should choose ground glass to kill off a community, is problematical." It points out that to conceal glass in flour or sugar it must be finely ground, and that finely ground glass isn't particularly fearsome. Coarsely ground glass, of course, might scratch the lining of the gastro-intestinal canal and set up trouble. Meanwhile the New York papers from all parts of the city are running to the nearest police station to tell of the finding of ground glass in candy or bread. But so far the laboratories haven't discovered any.—Kansas City Star.

"Billy" Mason in Oratorical Flight

(From the Congressional Record) Mr. MASON. Mr. Chairman, I confess that I am with some hesitation that I proceed to reply to the most remarkable performance of the gentleman from Alabama [Mr. Heflin]. I would much prefer to have him present. It is in keeping with the gentleman's characteristics that he should assail me and then immediately leave town. [Applause.] I will, however, endeavor not to transgress the rules of the House in making reply. I propose now to answer him if I have to get down on to his intellectual level to do it. [Laughter.]

I am sick and tired of being bulldozed every time I express an honest opinion in the house. I have served here off and on and find that you are all pretty fair men; I believe you are honest, but every time this man from Alabama gets up in the morning in Washington and gets his trousers on he thinks that this country is about half dressed. [Laughter and applause.]

He goes tilting down Pennsylvania Avenue, usually in a long frock coat, with a white vest, with perfectly manicured eyebrows, and wonders that Pennsylvania Avenue does not tip to one side because he is all on that side. [Laughter.] Then when he comes into the House and walks down the aisle and casts his eye up on the ladies galleries, a hero, an Adonis, and then comes down here and bellows how patriotic he is and traitorous you are, even without a megaphone he shakes the walls of Berlin [Laughter], and that gentleman feels that God and he have a monopoly on all the good things and have the world by the short hair. "Heflin holds House in rapt attention; he makes a moving speech." He moves them out as a rule, and those on the front seats without umbrellas usually move back a little to avoid the perspiration and the saliva; but when he bellows, oh, how bad you are and how good he is, and he strikes that attitude so that the ladies in all of the galleries can see him. I give him and his friends notice now that I have had all I am going to take of it. [Applause.]

Don't let me tire you on this subject, Anthony. And don't think I am still at the age where I fall for this twilight creep stuff myself. I'm merely remarking on a timely subject. But any time you find it necessary to coach a marriageable daughter or relative you can't go to strong on advising this out-of-the-house-into-the-moonlight method. In the moonlight, Anthony, in the spring, you know, any little girl is a queen, idle chatter from her idle lips sounds wise and the slightest pressure from her finger tips rings the bell for Cupid to come and close the deal."

Hornbrook for Committeeman

(Scio Tribune) There is no reason why Will H. Hornbrook should not be elected Oregon's Democratic National Committeeman. He should certainly receive the vast majority of Democratic votes outside of Portland. He is a valley man and it is useless to say that he will squarely support the President in measures calculated to win the war. You will make no mistake in supporting Mr. Hornbrook.

"When will the war be won?" is a better question than "When will the war be over?"



To Win 'em, Walk 'em

(By an Old Head)

This is the time of year, Anthony, to transplant growing love cases from the davenport furnished parlor to the moonlit out-of-doors," said the man with the dyspeptic look as he quit scratching around in his Liberty garden to view the dying glow at the end of a perfect sunset. "No girl who is wise and in earnest about marching to the tune Mr. Mendelssohn dedicated to the human knotting ceremony will allow her young man to spend the present evenings lolling on leather cushions. The hothouse method of bringing the matrimonial bud to maturity is a failure. It takes the beams of the love inducing moon to lower the young man's resistance to the proper point for the proposed bacilli to make a drive.

"I've watched the girls around this neighborhood for years and I always notice that it is the ones who get to outdoor strolling earliest who send me wedding invitations before summer. The parlor season is all right for getting the marriage plant started. Under the approving smiles of a willing father and mother, the nourishment of home made fudge and divinity and the soul drugging strains of waltzes from the phonograph the case springs to life. But, like tomato plants or onion sets, you must transplant it if you want it to amount to anything. Plant a case outdoors and it will thrive. There is no more chance to kill it than a dandelion. On the park bench, the church step, in the motor car or in lanes flanked by shrubs laden with new leaves and flowers, the case grows rapidly, and some newspaper is assured of an order for announcement cards and wedding invitations at too much a hundred.

"You know the beautiful blonde who lives next door, Anthony? That peary peach with the hand made complexion? Well, I've been watching her case with a young clerk from the best corner cigar stand, and receive this from me, friend, she's going to be hunting a new soda buyer if she doesn't get rid of her tight shoes so she can walk him out more. The little brunette across the street has her soul flashers on him and I'm positive that she knows the value of strolling in the moonlight in the way so many of our song writers have explained. I heard her say to him the other day: "I sure do love to slow walk along the boulevard in the gloaming, Alfred."

"Don't let me tire you on this subject, Anthony. And don't think I am still at the age where I fall for this twilight creep stuff myself. I'm merely remarking on a timely subject. But any time you find it necessary to coach a marriageable daughter or relative you can't go to strong on advising this out-of-the-house-into-the-moonlight method. In the moonlight, Anthony, in the spring, you know, any little girl is a queen, idle chatter from her idle lips sounds wise and the slightest pressure from her finger tips rings the bell for Cupid to come and close the deal."

The Cowboy at Camp Lewis

"They ain't nobody got me tamed 'round here, oldtimer. Not me! I never did hate nothin' in all my born days as bad as I hate this thing o' steppin' high when somebody says 'Hepl' an' whippin' my arm up to my forehead every time I see a gold hat cord with anything alive beneath it, an' sayin' 'Sir' to many a guy that I wouldn't stop on the street to slap if we was both civilians; but we ain't both civilians now, oldtimer; we're both soldiers. Get me? An' all this salutin' an' other stuff is part o' the game; see? An' because I hate it all so damned bad, I want to play it well so it'll be over sooner. Do you get me?"

"Them Germans have got the jump on us 'cause all that stuff comes natural to 'em. It don't come natural to me, oldtimer, and never will. But as long as I have to learn it to help lick the ——— Germans that started this mess, you bet I'm goin' to learn it well." I ain't goin' to pass up any bets that may help out; see? Nobody ever put anything over on me before I came into the army; and there ain't nobody ever put anything over on me since. I don't salute these officers because they're better men than I am; they ain't. I salute 'em because salutin' is a part of this military game, an' 's long as I got to play it, I'm goin' to play it right.

"And say, there ain't no Germans goin' to play with this outfit, an' go home to tell their grandchildren they enjoyed bein' with us. We don't thank you to figure that we're a set-up for the Germans to knock over. Get that idea out o' your head. We're goin' to do somethin' in France besides die."

B. F. JONES

Candidate for Representative Polk and Lincoln Counties, May Primaries.

(Paid Advertisement.)

CANDIDATE FOR COUNTY JUDGE

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of County Judge to succeed myself, subject to the voters at the Primary election to be held May 17, 1918.

Sane business policy, economical, but not parsimonious administration. Special attention to Probate Court. Respectfully, E. C. KIRKPATRICK.

(Paid Adv.)

SWOPE & SWOPE LAWYERS I. O. O. F. Building Independence, Oregon

ELIZABETH LEVY Teacher of Violin Will give lessons in Independence for beginners and advanced students. Best of methods. Prices reasonable. Inquire at the Post Building or write E. Levy, 563 Court St., Salem, Oregon.

The Independence National Bank

Established 1889

A Successful Business Career of Twenty-Five Years

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

Officers and Directors

H. Hirschberg, Pres. D. W. Sears, V. P. R. R. DeArmond, Cashier W. H. Walker I. A. Allen O. D. Butler

Someone Sent Him a pouch of Real GRAVELY Chewing Plug

Tobacco is about the only comfort the soldier has—and no chance to smoke on duty! But a satisfying chew of Real Gravelly Plug—he can enjoy that even in a shell hole in No Man's Land. Give any man a chew of Real Gravelly Plug, and he will tell you that's the kind to send. Send the best! Ordinary plug is false economy. It costs less per week to chew Real Gravelly, because a small chew of it lasts a long while.

If you smoke a pipe, slice Gravelly with your knife and add a little to your smoking tobacco. It will give flavor—improve your smoke.

SEND YOUR FRIEND IN THE U. S. SERVICE A POUCH OF GRAVELLY Dealers all around here carry it in 10c pouches. A 3c stamp will put it into his hands in any Training Camp or Seaport of the U. S. A. Even "over there" a 3c stamp will take it to him. Your dealer will supply envelope and give you official directions how to address it.

P. B. GRAVELLY TOBACCO COMPANY, Danville, Va. The Patent Pouch keeps it Fresh and Clean and Good—it is not Real Gravelly without this Protection Seal Established 1852