

PERTINENT HOT WEATHER ADVICE

There are yards of hot weather advice inflicted upon suffering humanity, but when the roll is called and the returns are all in, none can stay in the same county with Summer's golden rule, "Whatever happens, keep cool."

"UNCLE JOE," 82, TALKS OLD AGE STUFF

(From the Congressional Record.) MR. CANNON. The census repudiates the psalmist's suggestion that threescore and ten is the span of life for by the last census there were more than 2,000,000 people in this country who had passed that age; there were about half a million who had passed the fourscore; 40,000 who had passed the age of 90; and nearly 4,000 who had passed the century mark. Physicians say that we are soon, thru their skill, to live to be 150 years old. I wish to God they would hurry up. (Laughter.)

JELLY, JUICES AND JAM

OFF FOR THE FRONT (From a popular song.) Goodbye, maw, good bye, paw, God bye, mule, with yer old hee-haw, I may not know what the war's about, But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out. An', O my sweetheart, don't you fear, I'll bring you a king for a souvenir, I'll get you a Turk, an' a kaiser, too, An' that's about all one feller kin do.

GUESS THE NAME OF THE SMALL CAR

The driver of a small car speeded out of a cross street and struck the street car squarely amidstships. The street car conductor yelled at the driver: What's the matter with you? Don't you know you can't run under a street car with your top up.

ALL READY! LET'ER GO!

(Judge.) Oh, my throat is full of tonsils And my lungs are full of air, My blood is full of corpuscles— Both red and white are there; My teeth are full of bismuth, Antimony, lead and tin, But I've squeezed into the Army And the war will now begin.

WHY, THE IGNORANT THING!

It was not an Independence girl who, when asked to buy a smileage book for her brother in France, said, "No, I guess I won't buy any, but it's great stuff for cattle."

ALAS! TIS ONLY TOO TRUE

(Walt Mason.) Poets are born, not paid.

MARIE'S WORK IS NEVER DONE

(Osborne Farmer.) Miss Marie Shiftless no longer has a minute's time in which she can help her poor old mother. She has a pair of tall white shoes and a boy friend who is in the army, and so for her it is clean shoes all morning and write letters all the afternoon.

IN THE LONG TIME AGO

(Tennyson J. Daft.) Once there was a druggist who did not keep the Sabbath but claimed to keep something just as good.

FOOLING THE DOG

(Laewanna, Pa., Journal.) Mike O'Mara has a new dog. We asked Mike yesterday if it was a hunting dog as it came up to us, and Mike in a low voice said: "Don't talk so loud; he thinks he is."

DON'T RE-NAME IT—BURY IT

(Kansas City Star.) Would not those who are trying to find a new name for limburger cheese be more usefully engaged if they were looking for a nice deep place to bury it?

BOTH TRIMMED

(Fargo, N. D., Courier-News.) Hats, they say, are simply trimmed, This year. Husbands too, are "simply trimmed," My dear.

OVER THE BAR IN MUSIC

A down East Yankee, whose wife dragged him to a recital, says that many persons sing in public because they they are not allowed to sing at home.

I BELIEVE IN THE UNITED STATES

By Jesse Lynch Williams of the Vigilantes.

Have you read "The American's Creed," that quintessence of Americanism, in 100 words, by William Tyler Page? The creed that won the \$1,000 prize out of 2,000 competitors? Well, if you have not, you must. And if you have, you have not done enough. You should learn it by heart. Every child in the country should master it like the multiplication table. It will do far more good and, incidentally, it does not take so long. It should be made a part of the "opening exercise" at every school. It should be recited standing as with the Apostles' Creed in some of our churches. Here it is. Examine it closely and you will see why it won the prize:

THE AMERICAN'S CREED:

"I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag and to defend it against all enemies."

You see what Mr. Page has done? You see why this one out of the 2,000 contributed won the prize? Instead of attempting to say something "original," the author has done something far more important and permanent. He has drawn upon the immortal documents known to all of us, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the federal oath of allegiance, Washington's farewell address, Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, one of Webster's speeches, Edward Everett Hale's story, "The Man Without a Country," "The Star-Spangled Banner," the army and navy regulations, the great seal of the United States, etc. He has culled from each of them and has made a composite, not of mere fine-sounding phrases, but of the fundamental faith, the sacred belief in all that is implied by the term "Americanism." It fairly reeks with Americanism. And yet there is no blatant spread-eagle jingoism in this calm confession of faith. It is as dignified as it is sincere. It is a notable literary performance, because it is a great patriotic expression. And all in 100 words! A tour de force.

The author, it is interesting to note, is a descendant of a President of the United States, John Tyler, and also of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Carter Braxton. He lives in Friendship Heights, Maryland, near Washington. He was born in Frederick, Maryland, the birthplace of Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and was educated in Baltimore. This is a curious coincidence in view of the fact that Baltimore, the birthplace of our national song, offered this patriotic prize. It is hardly necessary to add that these personal facts were not known until after the award was made.

All the manuscripts were of course submitted anonymously. Now, Mr. Page has done his part. Mr. Henry S. Chapin, of New York, who suggested the idea, has done his part. Mr. Matthew Page Andrews, who engineered it, has done his part. The rest of us must do our part to make this patriotic effort effectual. With all due respect to our youthful training many of us were allowed to grow up with the idea that "our country" meant little more than the place where we happen to live. This mistake must never be allowed to occur with another generation. One does not think of one's family merely as the people with whom one happens to live! You "belong" to your family, your family belongs to you. And so with your country. One reason why this nation has been so slow to awaken to its peril and its responsibilities is, or was, our deplorable lack of national consciousness. We are now, however, at the dawn of a new era. Probably there is not a man, woman, or child in the United States, provided he be in his right mind, who has not today a different feeling, a stronger reaction to the words, "my country," than three or four years ago.

It was for the furtherance of this feeling that this project of an American creed was originated. It was formally accepted in the name of the United States government by the speaker of the house of representatives on April 3 and by the United States commissioner of education. If properly disseminated the patriotic effect should be enormous. It might be well for the churches to take it up as well as the schools. Department stores should be willing to print it in their advertisements as they do appeals for Liberty bonds. It should appear on theatrical programs, baseball score-cards, magazine covers.

Meanwhile Mr. Charles B. Falls, the artist, is making a dignified decorative border to be reproduced with the creed for the use of schools and in small sizes for post cards.



This flag signal is the letter "G". The crew sends the supply ship to send over more Gravelly.

Uncle Sam will Hand Him Real GRAVELLY Chewing Plug in a Pouch from You. The U. S. Mails will reach any man in Uncle Sam's Service. When you send him tobacco, let it be good tobacco—tobacco worth sending all that long way—the flat, compressed plug of Real Gravelly. 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 Support 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 Cool—It is not Real Gravelly without this Protection Seal. Established 1831.

VENT HATRED ON NAVAL PRISONERS

Huns Reserve Their Worst for British Seamen.

TOO HORRIBLE TO PRINT

Sentries and Guards Encouraged to Punish Summarily—Prisoners Beating on Bars for Release From Burning Cell Are Prodded Back With Bayonets—"The Tree," a Form of Torture Worse Than Anything Known to Inquisition.

Horrible as are many of the tales which have been published of German brutality to prisoners of war, there are many others still more harrowing if they could only be printed. And the worst tales of all could be told of the Hun treatment of naval prisoners. Fortunately these prisoners are comparatively few in number, but the Boche hatred of their enemies vents itself, for reasons which probably seem good to them, in greatest measure against the British navy.

I have been permitted to read some letters from English seamen which somehow have escaped the eyes of the German censors. Some of the stories one would not dare to quote. They are horrible beyond description, says a writer in the New York Herald.

The filthiest of stables or vermin infested cow sheds are good enough for the "English swine" from the sea.

Guards Laugh as Men Die.

Were it not for the parcels of food sent from England by the Prisoners' Aid society they could not possibly live, and even the best of that food often never reaches them. To complain is to risk punishment for insubordination. Sentries and guards are encouraged by their officers to punish summarily, without any charge or sending them up for court-martial, which is always a farce anyway. And those sentries, who would seem to be men selected for their lack of feeling, are never slow in taking advantage of opportunities that present themselves of inflicting the most inhuman tortures on their prisoners.

Picture a cell catching fire. Picture the prisoners beating on the bars for release. And picture the sentry, with sardonic laugh, "striking" them through the bars with his bayonet. That is what actually happened to two men. And their deaths were officially recorded as having been due to asphyxiation.

It recalls a story I recently heard in the American Y. M. C. A. Eagle hut, which a wounded Canadian soldier told of a brutal Hun who killed a helpless wounded English soldier by sticking his bayonet again and again into his body, laughing and gloating over the blood as it dripped from the blade.

The naval prisoners of war are forced to work in coal mines, labor for which they are totally unfitted. Dislocated wrists and broken limbs are not infrequently the result. But what do the German slave drivers care! The class of work, however, to which they delight in putting the naval prisoners is the making of munitions. Naturally they rebel. But it is no use! For refusal means for them one of the most terrible of punishments, or tortures—"the tree"—a method of crucifixion which recalls the days of the inquisition.

Torture of "the Tree."

Here is how the punishment of "the tree" is described in plain and simple language in a prisoner's letter home: "A big party of Uhlans rode into the camp and surrounded the men (who had refused to work on munition making) and started pushing and shoving them about, and digging them with their rifles. The officer in charge, who could speak English, told the men that they were only prisoners of war, that they would have to put up with what they could get and do as they were ordered. He gave them five minutes to get to work or he would order them to be shot.

"The men were literally starving, so that nearly all gave in. They were marched back to work, which they had to do with nothing to eat until eight

6 O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

"But 34 men remained on the parade ground, refusing to make shells to kill their own people. They were not shot, but far worse. The officer sent them into the wood and ordered them to be tied to trees. Some were tied up, crucifix fashion; some were hung by one leg or one arm; some were made to stand on stools while their hands were tied to trees above their heads. Then the stools were kicked away from under them and they were left hanging at the mercy of the mosquitoes, and the sentries who came around prodding them with their bayonets.

"After a time the German captain came round to view his glorious work. Finding one of our fellows in a faint, he raised his head and punched him in the face. Then he ordered him to be cut down, and he fell in a heap on the ground. Left lying there till he came to, they tied him up again.

"After two hours of this treatment the prisoners were marched back to camp and put in a barn without either food or blankets. For three days this treatment of 'the tree' was continued. The men were slowly dying of agony until we saw there was no use for them to stick to it any longer; so we advised them to give in."

Brave Action Saved Ship.

For devotion to duty in going through a steam-filled room and by quick action saving their ship, Floyd McCurdy and two sailor mates have been commended for bravery. The bottom valve of a boiler had been carried away and the engine rooms were stifling with clouds of steam. Through the efforts of these men and their hauling of the fires, serious results were averted. McCurdy enlisted in the navy in 1912 at Philadelphia.—Chicago News.

Food for Fighters.

"You will get a good price for your wheat." "The price isn't the consideration this season," rejoined Farmer Corn-tassel. "What we've got to think about is what we're liable to get if we don't have the wheat and plenty of it."

PUT END TO ALL TROUBLE

Apple Growers' Method Was Drastic, but There Was No Denying Its Complete Effectiveness.

The Farmers' institute speaker (we are informed of this by one who prefers to hide his identity under the mellifluous name of XXXX) had spoken at some length on the spraying of apple trees. "Of course," he continued, "it is necessary to drive this material under the rough bark where the scale lurks. And of course we all have rough bark on our apple trees. Is there anyone here who has no rough-barked apple trees? Let's see his hand."

One pitted the chap who dared to raise his hand—the poor simp.

"Ah," said the speaker, "and would you mind telling us just how you attained this ideal state of affairs?"

"No," answered the tiller of the soil. "I cut my apple trees all down."

The warm weather of the past few days ought to kill the aphids.

Folks and Foibles

(By Claude Callan.)

Saturday Dora went along with Nathaniel to help select his new suit. When he told the clerk in the first place visited what he wanted the clerk smiled and said, "You won't be able to get anything in a blue serge for that money." He looked at a number of suits and found one that one that suited him, but he couldn't get Dora to say she liked it. Finally, when the clerk was several feet away, Dora said, "Let's look somewhere else. You don't have to buy here." The second store they went to had a blue serge at the price Nathaniel wanted to pay, but there was no vest with it, so of course it wouldn't do. The clerk got Nathaniel to try on a real pretty coat with lovely pockets, and Dora liked it. "It looks nice on him doesn't it?" "It looks nice on Dora too," Nathaniel took it off as soon as he saw himself in the mirror. The clerk tried to show him other suits, but after seeing himself in a pretty coat he was in a hurry to leave the store. When he and Dora reached the street he suggested waiting until until some other time to buy the suit, but she said he couldn't go another day without one. They got some cold drinks and then went to another store. Nathaniel liked the first suit he tried on in this store and he was in a notion of buying it when he saw Dora turn and slowly walk away from him and the clerk. He knew this meant she wouldn't live with him any longer if he bought the suit, so he said to the clerk: "You can just leave this suit out. I'll take it." When he and Dora left the store they were mad at each other. Neither had done anything to hurt the other's feeling, but both were mad. She said she wouldn't have the suit he wanted and he said he wouldn't wear the one she liked. He said he wouldn't buy a suit at all and she said she didn't care whether he ever bought.

Putting It in Plain American

(William S. McNuttin Collier's.)

"I tell you how it is. I figure it that the kaiser just simply wanted to hog the whole show, see? So he went and bullied these Dutchman of his along till they believed anything he'd tell 'em, do anything he'd ask 'em to do, an' then he starts in to clean up, see? Well, he's all wrong, see? He stands for a lot of rough stuff that a reglar guy won't stand for, get me? So we got to give him the gate 'Cause if he gits by with this stuff o' his, a reglar guy won't have a chance in the world any more, see?"

The German people keep on believing the kaiser, evidently on the theory that some day he'll slip and make a promise he can't keep.—Star.

SWOPE & SWOPE LAWYERS

I. O. O. F. Building Independence, 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