

CLYDE T. ECKER, Editor.

USE SHORT WORDS

(Eldorado Republican.)

Literary aspirants should religiously eschew polysyllabic orthography. The philosophical and philological substructure of this principle is ineluctable. Excessively attenuated verbal symbols inevitably induce unnecessary complexity, and consequently exaggerate the obfuscation of the mentality of the peruser. Conversely, expressions which are reduced to the furthermore minimum of simplification and compactness, besides contributing realistic verisimilitude, constitute a much less onerous handicap to the reader's perspicacity. Observe for instance, interjectional, monosyllabic utterances, especially when motivated under strenuous emotional circumstances. How much more appealing is their euphonious pulchritude than the preposterous and pretentious pomposity of elongated verbiage.

JELLY, JUICES AND JAM

ONE THING A WOMAN NEVER APOLOGIZES FOR

When a woman has company she will apologize for everything about the table except the man she picked out to sit at the head.

A SETIMENTAL SON

(Awwgan.)

The prisoner earnestly requested that he be placed in cell 38 as it was the one that father used to have.

HOW TO PLEASE A HEN

(Idaho Statesman.)

To please a hen give her a chance to run across the road in front of a fast car.

BLESS HER! SHE'S SAVING ALL SHE CAN

Mrs. Tugg Watts has put her piece of smoked glass away for the total eclipse of 1991.

CHARLEY'S AT THE FRONT

The discomfort of a hammock becomes apparent when she has to sit in it alone.

BILL'S RHEUMATISM IS BOTHERING AGAIN

(Osborne Farmer.)

The order of the government to work or fight has caused old Bill Shiftless to have a terrible rheumatism attack and other ills. Old Bill says the world will never know how he suffered of late years from bad health. Old Bill's health always gets bad when a job of work is headed in his direction.

WHAT EVE HANDED TO POSTERITY

(Burlington Republican.)

When Eve was invited to a party, she discovered she had nothing to wear and it's been the same with the women since.

MAY AS WELL SHOOT HIM

An Eastern bride and groom have been arrested for taking pictures of Fort Hamilton, and we have very little use for a bridegroom who would want to photograph a fort on his honeymoon.

STILL SOME WAYS TO THE TOP

The climax of perfection will never be reached until some one makes bread out of dandelions.

KEEP CHIEF OF ARMY POLICE BUSY

American Troops Not Unruly, but Full of Mischiefs.

FROLIC LIKE COLLEGE BOYS

Cigars, Eggs, a Baseball and a Bottle of Wine Among Missing Articles to Be Traced One Day—Escapades No More Than Reaction From the Heavy Strain of Very Active Army Maneuvers.

When the whole story of this war shall have been written it will be incomplete without a chapter about how the American boys behaved in France. The historian should get the material for that chapter from the provost marshal. He is the chief of police, so far as the Americans are concerned. I am at present living with a regiment stationed in a little French village where from time to time we can hear the booming of the guns on the battle front, keeping the boys always reminded of the direction in which they are headed, writes a correspondent of the New York Times. There are few French folk in the place; they moved to where it is safer. And so the Americans are pretty much in control of the town, and incidentally, there are about ten times as many American soldiers here as there ever were civilian Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. They are quartered in every available house, and in some that would not be available were it not that they had to be.

In one that falls in the latter category I am living. Myself, this typewriter, and some blankets are the only furniture it has. To get out of my room I have to go through the room of the provost marshal. His room is better than mine; it has a bed. He didn't know it was a bed until the owner of the house put in a charge for billets. Under the army plan, a room with a bed in it costs one franc a day, but if there is no bed the charge is only 30 centimes. And so the provost marshal knows he has a bed to sleep on and not a box. It says so in the official records of the war department of the United States. We were inspecting the room of the provost marshal the other day and noticed a part of the wall at one end was corrugated steel. We pushed it up, and lo, there was a fireplace. We immediately called the owner of the house and demanded a fire. It was very difficult, he said, because he had no wood, and never used fire except for cooking.

Threat to Burn Bed.

When we convinced him that unless we got wood quickly the provost marshal's bed was going to be sacrificed he changed his mind about the difficulty and said that perhaps for five francs it might be that someone had some wood to sell. He got the five francs and two hours later reappeared with three bundles of fagots, explaining his delay by saying that on the way he had stopped to milk three cows. We got the fire started and quickly saw that at the rate the fagots burned we were soon going to be cold again. We explained to the man of the house that we must have big pieces of wood. He replied that only the cure had such wood, and that it was impossible to buy wood from the cure, and besides it was Sunday. The provost marshal gave him ten francs and told him to bring the wood. And he did. I was sorry I didn't go along to see how he got the wood from the cure on Sunday, but the main point was that he got it. The provost marshal has dominion only over the misbehavior of Americans, and so it was none of our affair how the man got the wood.

But when it comes to Americans this provost marshal is a very different man. He is a young first lieutenant, and his home is in New York city. He has told me that after the war he is going to get out of the army. He hasn't said what he is going to do, but I think he is training to be a rival of one William J. Burns. He has to do some very nice detective work. The American soldiers behave generally like a lot of college boys in their moments of relaxation, but it is not to be supposed that they don't break loose a bit at times. And because they do the provost marshal has his hands full, and sometimes the lock-up. As college boys do, the soldiers make it as difficult as possible for the provost guard to obtain material for conviction of violators of army rules. It was eight o'clock in the morning. The provost marshal was sleeping soundly, having got to bed at one o'clock after his last round of the village streets, which he found deserted of the regiment's "comedians," as the trouble makers are called. There was a loud rapping at his door and the "Y" man entered to say that early in the morning the Y. M. C. A. hut had been entered and one box of cigars and one baseball taken, and that the damage was 35 francs. He asked that it would not happen again. The lieutenant thanked him for the information and sent for a corporal of the military police, and put him on the case.

Stolen Bottle of Wine.

Ten minutes later a large French woman came with the information that a bottle of vin ordinaire had disappeared from her shop and that she suspected the Americans. The lieutenant thanked her and got up and started shaving. In a very few minutes the M. P. corporal came in and reported that he had found Private — of — battalion in the company barber shop smoking a cigar that had a band like those taken from the Y. M. C. A. "Good," says the provost marshal. "Go back and ask him where he got it." The corporal departed and as he went out of the door a private entered in a bedraggled state. He explained that he had got lost the night before and when he located himself he had lost a hundred francs and that the seat of his trousers had been cut out. He didn't remember just what time it was done. Noticing his insignia, the lieutenant said sharply "Go back to your own regiment. Stay home and stay sober and you can keep your money," and turning to me he said, "that was good dope for me in New York; it ought to work here." Here the M. P. corporal returned. "I came to report to the lieutenant," he said, "that I asked Private — where he got his cigar, and he said it was given him by a friend and he can't remember who." "All right," said the provost marshal; "stick on the case and you might watch out for any baseball games." Then came in the large French woman to say that she had five witnesses who saw an American take her bottle of wine. The lieutenant thanked her. Then the Y. M. C. A. man entered and said he didn't want any one punished for taking the cigars and baseball, and that he was glad they had not taken more. He had had his breakfast. A moment later an M. P. sergeant entered to say that he had arrested a private on suspicion of having taken the bottle of wine, and that he had been identified by the large French woman's five witnesses as the culprit. On the other hand, the sergeant added, the private had five other privates who would swear five different sorts of alibis for him.

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Six Eggs Missing.

"Lock him up and we'll see about it," said the lieutenant, and he finished shaving in time to receive a French shopkeeper, who reported that six eggs, for which he had been charging the Americans 11 cents each, had disappeared, and that since he, Monsieur Demtel, and his father before him, had kept shop in that very place for generations and had never before missed so much as six eggs, it must be the Americans who took them.

The lieutenant thanked him. By this time there was another caller who had an empty cartridge that had once been in the belt of an American soldier. She had found it in front of her house and was sure it was not right for it to be there. The lieutenant thanked her. He was about to start to a belated breakfast when a French farmer came in to say excitedly that some Americans were "mixing it up" with several German prisoners of war who were being worked on a road a short distance away.

"Well, that damage, at least, won't matter," said the lieutenant; "I'm going to breakfast." And he did.

It is not to be supposed from these incidents of an hour or two of the life of a provost marshal that the Americans are an unruly lot. Far from it; they are the best behaved of fighting men. These incidents represented perhaps the twelve hours' devilment of some 2,500 men, most of them under twenty-seven years old, and their escapades were no more than the reaction from the heavy strain of very active maneuvers. When the bugle call tells them at 9:30 o'clock at night to get off the streets, he who refuses to obey is the rarest exception, and generally a new man in the army.

And here comes the provost marshal from breakfast. He is followed by two French civilians with some tale of woe, but he is whistling, is the chief of the provost guard, and I have heard the same tune used for a certain verse from Gilbert and Sullivan when De Wolf Hopper tried to sing the "Pirates of Penzance."

BURIED BARREL OF PORK

Found in Good Condition After Being Hidden Five Years.

A barrel of fresh pork, government inspected, was unearthed on the farm of former County Commissioner Henry Bergman in Rice township, near Fremont, O., by Mr. Bergman, as he was plowing in the field. The pork was found to be in good condition. It is believed the barrel containing the pork has been buried in the ground since the flood of March, 1913. It was discovered in a low spot, along the Sandusky river, and covered with several feet of dirt. The barrel contained 500 pounds.

Empyema Cure Found.

Medicine has found a cure for empyema cases, or pulmonary troubles which usually are an aftermath of pneumonia. The Carrel-Deakin method, which has been found so successful in the treatment of wounds, is the new cure. It has been tried out among National army soldiers at Camp Meade, Md., and cures have been effected in a few days in cases deemed almost hopeless under old methods of treatment.

Quick Sentence for Fritz.

"To hell with Uncle Sam. He never did anything for me, and I am for the kaiser, anyway!" Fred Esser, a German of Sedalia, Mo., is alleged to have said. Fifteen minutes later Fred began serving a 16-months' sentence in the county jail for his unpatriotic remarks. He is married and has a family.



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Just drop into any wide awake dealer around here, give him 10 cents for the pouch of Real Gravely, complete in the special envelope ready for mailing.

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The Patent Pouch keeps it Fresh and Clean and Good —It is not Real Gravely without this Protection Seal

Established 1831

Star Beams

(Kansas City Star.)

When the time comes that we wear paper clothing it probably will take nine paperhangers to make a man of some of us

Chicken can be cooked in twenty different ways. But there is only one way to eat the wing of a chicken and society frowns on that.

Mr. Hoover's request to use beef substitutes causes the people to rise heartily in response and the substitutes to rise heartily in price.

It is estimated that since April 6, 1917, 483,000 poems have been written bearing the line "sadder and wiser" to rhyme with "kaiser."

Then again, nine times out of ten a statesman is only a politician who has died.—Houston Post.

We see. Like "a loving husband and a good father."

Women are falling into masculine professions quite naturally as the war progresses. Women clowns have already appeared at Luna Park, Coney Island, and the experiment as to whether a woman can be funny at the same time she wants to be will be watched with interest.

Japanese Pencil Industry.

In 1911 Japan imported 65,000,000 pencils, most of which came from America and Germany. But with the opening of the European conflict German sources of supply were cut off, and native manufacturers, who had been producing only in comparatively small quantities, seized their opportunity and made the most of it. The result was that in 1916 the Japanese manufacturers were able to supply the demand and to furnish 168,000,000 pencils for export.

In Shelter.

"What has become of the dove of peace?" "She's safe, but not visible. The American eagle has taken her under his wing."

Footnotes.

The Sportsman—"What are those peds' under the organ used for?" The Bookworm—"Those are for footnotes."—London Answers.

At the Art Exhibition.

"Look at these statues, Jane. How do you suppose they got so broken up?" "Maybe they were stored at the same place our furniture was."

There are over six hundred empty houses in Eugene. Too many people moved to Portland.

The End of a Perfect Bray

(By James J. Montague.)

By operating on a mule scientists have succeeded in making him voiceless.—News Item.

How often as the dusk drew near And vagrant breezes stirred the pool, We've paused beside the path to hear

Th evening carol of the mule. A simple and unstudied strain, As from a heart that overflowed, It rose and fell and rose again, And died in echoes down the road.

It lacked the robin's silver trill, The melody was often bad, The nuances, ill-spaced, but still, It was the only song he had. It had a certain zip and zest, A quality that seemed to soar— The artless singer did his best, And nightingales could do no more.

But science with its ruthless knife, These vibrant chords have learned to sever, That song that spoke the joy of life In zigzag bars is still forever. A kindly and impulsive brute In silence must pursue his ways, The song upon his lips is mute, And all his days are brayless days.

Now, science may be right, of course, Perhaps the mule is no musician, And merely brayed till he was hoarse

To gratify a false ambition, Perhaps the Muses passed him by, Caruso's genius may have missed him; And yet it's sad that he must die With all that music in his system.

Microbes Everywhere

(Cooper.)

Microbes in the snowdrift, Melting in the street; Microbes in the clothing Of strangers that you meet; Microbes in the street car Hiding in each nook— Microbes in your money And microbes in your book.

Microbes in the hydrant, Microbes in the well; Perhaps you can avoid them But it's mighty hard to tell; Let us all be joyful, There's no excuse to fret; We must confess we're lucky That they haven't caught us yet.

Buy War Saving Stamps.

Fewer Eggs are required with ROYAL BAKING POWDER

In many recipes the number of eggs may be reduced with excellent results by using an additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder, about a teaspoon, for each egg omitted. The following recipe is a practical example:

Chocolate Sponge Roll

- 1/4 cups flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 squares melted chocolate
- 2 tablespoons melted shortening
- 1/2 cup hot water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

The old method called for 4 eggs and no baking powder

DIRECTIONS—Sift flour, baking powder and salt together three times. Beat whole eggs. Add slowly sugar, then boiling water slowly; add next vanilla, melted chocolate and melted shortening, without beating. Sift in dry ingredients, and fold in as lightly as possible. Pour into large baking pan lined with oiled paper, and bake in slow oven twenty minutes. When done, turn out on a damp, hot cloth, spread with white icing and roll.

Booklet of recipes which economize in eggs and other expensive ingredients mailed free.

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