

**THE POLK COUNTY POST.**

A Semi-Weekly Newspaper.

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CLYDE T. ECKER, Editor.

Henry Ford declares he is a Republican. It is a kind, however, that will make the old timer bat his eyes. Concerning protection and free trade, Mr. Ford is quoted as saying that free trade should prevail the world over, which out-Democrats the Democrats on this issue. To call a man in this day a "Republican" or "Democrat" means little. He can advocate anything and be either.

Vice President Marshall has called Theodore Roosevelt an old woman. The vice president evidently is angered at the former president's constant scolding and nagging. The medal for being the worst chronic kicker evidently belongs to Mr. Roosevelt. His criticisms are divided into four parts: "I" and self praise, advocating a permanent militarism against which the world is fighting today, finding fault with the conduct of the war, and denouncing as traitors and pro-Huns everybody who disagrees with him. We heartily concede to him the right to talk as much as he wishes and to say what he wants to, still we prefer the course of our other ex-president much better. Mr. Taft is engaged in constructive work and is using his ability to bring this war to a successive conclusion in order that a permanent world peace may be established.

**— The —  
Scrap Book**

**SOME DIFFERENCE OF OPINION**  
Proving That Readers Can Never Agree on the Merits of Authors Who May Be Famous.

A chap wrote to me a while ago, says Elol, and said he was thinking of taking up the reading of Meredith's novels as an indoor sport. What did I think of Meredith, etc.? I replied that I hadn't read a whole lot of Meredith but in a brief characterization of his works I would say that he was, dull, dreary, slow, stale, flat, unprofitable, humdrum, monotonous, uninteresting, unentertaining, unlively, unimaginative, insulse, dry-as-dust, insipid, prosy, prosing, prosaic, turbid, opaculous, obfuscated, fuliginous, ambiguous, cloudy, foggy, nubiferous, vague, loose, tiresome, incomprehensible, amphibological, fiddlefaddle, impossible, etc.

Today he answered my note to tell me he has just finished reading "The Ordeal of Richard Carvel"—or something like that—and that he finds Meredith is perspicacious, penetrating, argute, nimble-witted, dazzling, clever, snappy, poppy, interesting, spell-binding, true-to-life, sapient, rational, reflecting, dandy, fine, lucid, transparent, unambiguous, intelligible-to-the-needlest-capacity, touching, tender, immortal, rich, unparagoned, immense, glorious, delicate, nice, unimpeachable, etc.

The duffer's name is Incognito.

We are glad Elol tells us who the chap is. From the style, we had supposed his name was Peter Mark Roget.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**M'CORMICK SEEKS SEAT IN U. S. SENATE**



Representative and Mrs. Medill McCormick of Chicago. Mr. McCormick is representative at large from Illinois and a candidate for the Republican nomination for United States senator to succeed Senator J. Ham Lewis, whose term expires March 4, 1919. Mrs. McCormick was Ruth Hanna, daughter of the late Senator Mark Hanna. She is one of the leaders in the girl scout movement.

A patriot is a fat man who falls out of a cherry tree instead of a hammock at this season of the year.

**FLYER SPENDS 80 HOURS ON WRECK**

Rescued Man Gives Thrilling Story of His Perils.

**ALMOST GONE WHEN SAVED**

Ensign Stone and Companion Cling to Wrecked Seaplane for 80 Hours in English Channel Without Food or Water—One of Most Remarkable Incidents of Seaplane Patrol Co-operating With Convoys.

A full report of the rescue of Ensign E. A. Stone, U. S. naval reserve force, who, with a companion, clung to a wrecked seaplane for 80 hours in the English Channel without food and water before being picked up by a trawler, was received by the committee on public information from its representative in London.

Ensign Stone was given up for drowned several weeks ago, but after five weeks in a hospital he has returned to London. The perils through which the two men passed safely constitute one of the thrilling incidents of the seaplane patrol co-operating with the fleet convoys.

"I left our station in a British seaplane as pilot," said Ensign Stone, "with Sub-Lieut. Eric Moore of the Royal naval air service, as observer, at 9 a. m. Our duty was to convoy patrol. When two hours out, having met our ship coming from the westward, we thought we sighted a periscope ahead and turned off in pursuit. We lost our course. Our engine 'dropped dead' and at half-past eleven o'clock forced us to land on the surface in a rough sea.

Released Carrier Pigeons.

"We had no kite or radio aero to call for assistance, so we released our two carrier pigeons. We tied a message with our position and the word 'sinking' on each. The first, the blue-barred one, flew straight off and reached home. But the other, which was white-checked, lit on our machine and would not budge until Moore threw our navigation clock at him, which probably upset him so that he fell us.

"Heavy seas smashed our tall planes, which kept settling. I saw that they were pulling the machines down by the rear, turning her over. At half-past two p. m. we capsized, climbing up the nose and 'over-the-top' to the underside of the pontoons.

"Our emergency ration had been in the observer's seat at the back; but we had been so busy trying to repair the motor and save ourselves from turning over that we did not remember this until too late. From now on for nearly four days, until picked up by a trawler, we were continually soaked and lashed by seas, and with nothing to eat or drink. We had nothing to cling to, and so to keep from being washed overboard we got upon the same pontoon and hugged our arms about one another's bodies for the whole time.

"We suffered from thirst. I had a craving for canned peaches. Twice a drizzle came on, wetting the pontoon. We turned on our stomachs and lapped up the moisture, but the paint came off with salt and nauseated us.

**Tins of Biscuit Float By.**

"Our limbs grew numb. From time to time the wreckage from torpedoed ships would pass. Once two full biscuit tins came close enough to swim for, but then, in our weakened state, we knew that we would drown if we tried to get them. We did haul in a third tin and broke it open. It was filled with tobacco.

"We sighted a trawler about six o'clock on Tuesday evening. We waved at her for half an hour before she changed her course. We were both too weak to stand up and signal. We could only rise on our knees. Moore's hands were too swollen to hold a handkerchief, but I had kept my gloves on and was able to do so. The trawler moved warily around us, but finally threw life preservers at the end of a line. I yelled that we were to weak to grasp it. She finally dove to, lowered a boat and lifted us on board.

"Moore lost six toes from gangrene in hospital. My feet turned black, but decay didn't set in."

Every machine from the seaplane base and those from a station on the French coast had searched continuously for the aviators after the blue pigeon arrived, as did all the patrols and destroyers in the area.

Ensign Stone is a native of Norfolk, Va., born July 10, 1891. His mother, Mrs. Clara Stone, lives at the Red Gate apartments, Norfolk.

**National Acre Plan.**

Here is the "National acre" plan, the newest plan for farmers to help fight the Huns:

Set aside one acre of your farm to be planted and cultivated as the "National acre," the proceeds of which are to be used in buying thrift stamps. The idea is spreading over Georgia and South Carolina.

**Cows Drunk on Apple Pulp.**

Apple pulp shipped from a cider mill at Yakima, Wash., and fed as an experiment to dairy cows on a Tieton ranch a few days ago made the animals so drunk that few of them were able to stand up and many of them staggered about like intoxicated men.

**HIDES IN SHELL HOLE 7 WEEKS**

British Soldier Survives Most Thrilling War Experience.

**IS DECORATED FOR VALOR**

Subsists on Tins of Bully Beef Collected at Night From Dead Bodies—Feigns Death to Avoid Capture When Huns Visit Shell Hole and Finally Succeeds in Crawling Back to His Own Lines.

If you have been thinking that "distinguished service" on the battlefield means one grand dash and then a quiet room, an attentive nurse and pleasant recuperation, consider the case of Private J. Taylor, whose valor is briefly recited in a late issue of the official supplement to the London Gazette.

This official list of soldiers cited for decorations always carries a short description of the act of valor for which the citation is made.

These two paragraphs accompany announcement of the award of the distinguished conduct medal to Private Taylor.

"Having been cut off with his company, he received a bullet in the thigh, causing a compound fracture. To avoid capture he crawled into a shell hole, where he remained for a period of over seven weeks, during the whole of which time the surrounding district was subjected to a severe bombardment by our artillery. He subsisted on tins of bully beef collected at night from dead bodies, and water which he obtained in a waterproof cap.

"After some weeks three of the enemy visited his shell hole, but by feigning death he avoided capture and eventually succeeded in crawling back to our lines—a distance of some 900 yards."

In a hospital near London, where he is recuperating, Taylor diffidently amplified the story of his terrible experiences.

**Robbed Dead for Food.**

"It was during one of our attacks upon the Hindenburg line," he said, "we had gone over the top, two companies of us. We were met by a terrific enemy fire and the fellows were dropping like ninepins. I was knocked out. It must have been a couple of days before I recovered consciousness. I found myself in a shell hole with another man who was wounded but could move freely. During the days and part of the nights the bombardment kept up. Shells fell all around, but none happened to drop in our shell hole. At night Peters crept out and foraged among the dead for scraps of beef, line rations and their water bottles. After two or three days it rained. We collected water in our caps.

"That sort of existence lasted for over five weeks. I was getting weaker and weaker. One night Peters crawled out and did not come back. That left me without aid.

**Plays 'Possum; Fools Huns.**

"Next day a party of Germans came into my shell hole. One lifted my leg—luckily not the broken one or I'd have yelled—but they thought I was dead. I was covered with mud and looked like the other bodies covering the ground. During the next fortnight I managed to live on the reserve beef Peters had collected. Then, feeling that nothing worse could happen, I resolved to try to get into our lines. It was an inky night. First I crawled by mistake right into a German line. They didn't hear me, so I turned back and inched along for an hour. Then I got into some barbed wire. I was a mass of cuts, blood and rags before I got through. Just then a Verey light shot up. I saw a man peering over a trench. He was about to shoot when I shouted. Three of them came out and dragged me into our own trenches.

Before the war Taylor was a factory hand. He is recovering rapidly and looking forward to his return to the trenches.

**Remove Teutonic Eagles.**

Because they too nearly resemble the German eagle sometimes used as a Teutonic military emblematic figure, four eagle ornaments at the foot of two grand stairways in the State Capitol at Salt Lake City have been removed.

As soon as his attention was called to the resemblance of the ornaments to the emblem of Prussianism, Governor Bamberger ordered their removal and their substitution with figures of real American eagles.

**Indian Coat Valuable.**

A curio dealer at Steubenville, O., has a coat covered with 3,300 elk teeth which he values at \$10,000. The coat was made by an Indian in Manitoba, Canada, and is sinew sewed. It weighs 28 pounds. The owner of the coat is a member of the Order of Elks and wears the coat at all conventions. With the coat the owner wears an ordinary necklace made of the largest of the elk teeth in his collection.

**Italians Show Patriotism.**

To show their patriotism, Italian grocers at Wheeling, W. Va., announced that they will not handle wheat flour, selling wheat substitutes instead. This action meets with especial approval since Italians in their native land know nothing of wheat flour substitutes.



**It only Takes a Minute to send him a pouch of Real GRAVELY Chewing Plug**

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.

Address it according to the official directions he will give you. Put on a 3 cent stamp—and Uncle Sam's Mails will see that he gets it.

Real Gravely is the tobacco to send. Not ordinary plug loaded up with sweetening, but condensed quality. It's worth sending a long way, and when he receives it he's got something. Give any man a chew of Real Gravely 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 Gravely, because a small chew of it lasts a long while.

SEND YOUR FRIEND IN THE U. S. SERVICE A POUCH OF GRAVELY Even "over there" a 3c. stamp will put it into his hands.

**P. B. GRAVELY TOBACCO COMPANY, Danville, Va.**

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

Established 1831

**NEW SLANT ON WORK OF Y. M. C. A. IN FRANCE**

**Prominent Western Minister Tells of Religious Activities Within Sound of Hun Guns.**

The Rev. Robert Freeman, D. D. of Pasadena, Cal., one of the best-known ministers of the West, is in France as a secretary to the Y. M. C. A. Here's what he has to say of religion within sound of the German guns, where isms merge into helpfulness, and creeds don't count so much as being kind:

"You can get any opinion you want on the religious work of the Y. M. C. A. in France.

"It is overdone, it is underdone, it isn't done at all; it is narrow, it is bigoted, it is too generously broad; it is stiff, it is lighty-tighty, it isn't childlike; there is no singing worth speaking of, and why don't you have something besides hymns? And any one of these opinions can be defended, first by the character of the person voicing it, and second, by reference to the place visited by the critics.

"But here's a little incident that happened the other day which tells the whole story of the religious work of the Y. M. C. A. in France:

"An American lad with nerves shattered by what he had seen at the front, was going out of his mind. He had had the experience before, and was in an agony of anticipation. He was a Catholic, and, as such, most anxious to confess. He could not speak French and the only available priest could not speak English.

"Is there anyone, here who can speak French?" inquired the priest.

"The Y. M. C. A. woman running the hotel knew the language. So the three retired into a quiet room, and the American soldier confessed his sins, through a Protestant woman to a Catholic priest, in a Y. M. C. A. hut in France."

**explained.**

"What is a dual personality?"

"Oh, that's what a chap and a girl discover that each has after being married a week or so."

**After Their Quarrel.**

"Of course you speak to Lena when you pass her?"

"Indeed, I do not. Why, I don't even notice what she has on!"

**Dan Proves Loyalty.**

Litchfield, Ill.—Is Dan Darnia, a coal miner of Hillsboro, disloyal? Listen! When somebody said he was, this is what he did:

Walked into the sheriff's office, asked for a flag, kissed it fervently, went to the Red Cross headquarters, bought a membership for his entire family, proceeded to a drug store and bought an American flag, took it home and hung it over the "ront door."

**Rastus and the Ham**

(Theophilus B. Steward.)

Some folks dey lubs de brown po'k chops,

An' yuthah cyahs fo' lam';

But chile jes' listen w'ile Ah talks,

Ah's sho' some fool 'bout ham.

Jes' han' hit tuh me' long wid aigs,

Er h'il an' slice hit col',

Hit sho do mek mah stomach glad,

An' happifies mah soul.

Talk about yo' lan'scapes bright

Yo' 'spirin' sights on sea an' lan';

Dah haint no place kin hol' er light

Tuh dat 'ah kitchen table, man—

Dat aint no time tuh abgaify,

Nuh stan' eroun' an' preach;

Jes' put yo' mouf an' teef tuh wuck,

Caize ham an' hits own speech.

**Worked 'em Along the Line**

A sweet little thing, with a most becoming smile, short skirts and a dimple in her chin was in town the past week attempting to work our citizens on the scholarship-magazine subscription stunt. This scheme has been worked to a fare-you-well here.—Sutherland Sun.

The same little wren that took our subscription.—Harrisburg Bulletin.

That pretty little chicken was here, too, but she don't need any scholarship; she's plenty wise now.—Jefferson Review.

**Star Beams**

(Kansas City Star.)

Keep the home liars squirming.

The chauteauqua has been termed an integral part of America's defense in this war. Yes, but how are we going to get the Germans to attend.

A writer in the New Republic says the self-painting occupation of some New York women is one of the useless occupations. Perhaps he might change his mind if he ever saw them without any paint.

Not only are American soldiers pouring into London in great numbers, but they are arriving in such numbers that the London newspaper reporters have found it out and written pieces about it.

Lieut. John Philip Sousa has promised to compose an American wedding march as soon as an inspiration strikes him, to replace those in common use, both of which were made in Germany. And so he asks, "Don't propose till I compose."

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

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.

Address ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 135 William St., New York

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