

TREATING THE GOVERNOR UNFAIRLY

The Post is not a supporter of Governor Withycombe and thus it can be presumed that we are not speaking as a friend when we declare it is our belief that any attempt to make political capital out of certain remarks he made about four years ago is not patriotic when there is no doubt of Mr. Withycombe's Americanism. The true test of loyalty and patriotism is what one is doing and saying now. Speaking at Hillsboro on October 24, 1914, the governor said:

"Oh, my friends, see Germany. Germany is one of the grandest countries in the world. The farmers there have cheap money. Oh, my friends, see how prosperous Germany is, and see Denmark."

While "Germany is not one of the grandest countries in the world," as the governor declared, tho at that time he thought so, it goes to show that all of us, even governors, make mistakes and err in judgment occasionally.

"SUCH A LITTLE THING"

(Montreal Star.)

Maybe you did not notice it. After all, it was such a little paragraph—a meager three lines:

"One of H. M. destroyers sank the other morning, as the result of a collision in foggy weather. All hands are missing, presumably drowned."

It was such a little thing—today. Four years ago it would have filled the front page of the paper. We should have had pictures of the officers and graphic stories by survivors, with an editorial of the loss the empire had sustained by the sudden passing of these promising lives.

Such a little thing, but out of the murk of clammy fog there screams the agonized call of the steamer's siren. A frenzied shout or two, a crash as a bulkhead gives way and a gurgling of water—that is all. True, on the quivering decks there stand a few figures in great sea boots and heavy coats shouting brave orders as the mist wreathed waters wrap them in their embrace.

Such a little thing. Eighty men have been blotted out. They have died a more horrible death than any soldiers, save perhaps those who perish by poison gas. Little lonely figures in a great universe of darkness. They have passed out of history and are buried in the sea they love. The record of their brave deeds is a 3-line paragraph.

Such a little thing.

JELLY, JUICES AND JAM

JANIE'S HEAD WAS PAINING SOME (Falls City, Ore., News.)

Janie ate the cake, Janie ate the jelly, Janie went to bed with a pain in her—now don't get excited, don't be misled, the pain that Janie had, was all in her head.

DOCTOR DOCTORS DOCTOR, SO WE ASSUME (Outlook.)

When one doctor doctors another doctor, does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor like the doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor like the doctor doing the doctoring wants to doctor him?

A GIRL AND WOMAN DON'T WONDER THE SAME (Tom Thompson.)

A girl is always wondering who her husband will be and a woman is always wondering where he is.

A SOUTH DAKOTA CRIME Scarce as hired girls are a South Dakota woman is accused of killing hers.

WOOD COULDN'T (Philadelphia Inquirer.) Leonard Wood, but they won't let him.

PROBLEMS LIKE THIS SET MEN CRAZY (Emporia, Kan., Gazette.)

A certain Emporia man is undecided whether to let his wife have a surgical operation which will guarantee her social success or to fool away his money on another wild-eat oil well.

DISCOVERED AT LAST A TRUE FISH STORY (Anna Carlson.)

The only true fish story is found in the Bible, when the disciples said, in effect, "Master, we have fished all night and caught nothing."

COURSE, THAT'S WHERE IT IS (Kansas City Star.)

A Great Bend girl complains that since the folks cleaned house last spring she can't find her last year's bathing suit anywhere. Did she look in the jewel box on the dresser?

EXPERTS REBUILD ARMY DEFECTIVES

Round Shouldered Rookie Given New Zest in Life.

SEEMING MIRACLES ARE DONE

Orthopedic Division at Camp Dix Is Saving Many Men Otherwise Unfit—Crooked Spines, Flat Feet and Various Joint Defects Are Remedied—Physical and Mental Wrecks Built Up.

He came to the big training camp at Wrightstown, N. J., in a recent drift from a rural district in New York state. How the home board came to accept him is a mystery, for he was so round shouldered he looked like a hunchback. Had he arrived a few months earlier the camp examining board would have sent him back post-haste, but under the new ruling which permits the army to salvage from this main stream called forth by the draft much of the material that was formerly stamped "unfit" he was accepted.

For several days he drilled with his company in the depot brigade. At least he tried to drill, but nothing could get him to straighten up and throw back his shoulders. To make matters worse his feet went "bad" and finally he could scarcely hobble about. Then he was sent to the base hospital where he became a patient in the new orthopedic department.

Experts Take Charge.

Experts looked over his bent form and set to work. They massaged his back, and even "baked" it under an electric heater. They compelled him to undergo exercises until he winced at the pain of muscles and tendons which had been useless for years. The crooked spine became supple. With a supreme effort he could straighten his back while in bed, but when he sat up or walked he slouched in the same old stoop-shouldered posture. "It's no use. I can't do it," he pleaded when a physical director told him to straighten up and go through the exercises, and apparently he could not. But the experts of this new department had still another card to play. They began to teach him self-confidence, and in a week had proved to his own satisfaction that he could straighten those shoulders.

He is now fit, not for a camp job, but for a first line unit. The orthopedic experts actually inverted the hump on his back and made it bulge out his chest. He carries his head erect, his shoulders thrown back, and he now walks with a confident, easy stride, for they have strengthened the arches of his feet and have given him special shoes to correct any threatening defects.

Marvelous as has been the physical change, it is surpassed by his improved mental condition. He was inclined to be dull, listless, and careless. The straightening of his body seems to have given him a higher, brighter outlook on life, and there is snap even in his conversation. The doctors have made a better citizen as well as a good soldier.

"Puts a Man On His Feet."

The story of this young farmer is one of many cases in which wonderful results have been obtained in this new branch of the army hospital service. Like many of the other projects planned for the new armies of the United States, Camp Dix has been made the experimental center for this science, which aims to "put a man on his feet again." The orthopedic treatment does not confine itself merely to correction of foot defects; it applies to joints in any part of the body. A rheumatic knee, a stiff shoulder, a dislocated vertebra, all come under the ministrations of this science; so broad is the field covered that Lieut. Col. W. Cole Davis, commandant of the base hospital, has allotted five wards for patients of the orthopedic department, and already they are filled.

The work of the new department is under the personal direction of Captain Rolland Meisenbach of Buffalo, and the manner in which he has made the lame walk and performed other seeming miracles has convinced war department officials that this new science can be made one of the most important factors in the general scheme of rehabilitation of human bodies. Dr. Meisenbach's chief assistant is Lieutenant M. A. Blumer of Pittsburgh.

Experts have estimated that as many as 95 per cent of negroes and 49 per cent of whites called in the draft have foot defects of one kind or another, and a large number become acute under the stress of continued marching. A year ago the "flat-footed" recruit was rejected. Today he is accepted, and eventually lands in the orthopedic hospital for a course of treatment that it would be almost impossible for him to get in civil life. One of the patients most recently discharged as cured was the son of a wealthy physician, who had been unable to obtain for his boy the special treatment which he received here.

Build Up "Broken" Arches. So-called broken arches are built up by massage, various prescribed exercises, development of self-confidence, and, last but not least, the equipment of the patient with shoes specially built to overcome the defects from which he is suffering. A special cobbler's shop has been opened in the

main ward. Former cobblers among the patients sent to the hospital are now doing the work, and incidentally are learning a branch of their trade which will enable them to demand big wages when they return to civil service.

Captain Meisenbach and his assistants render another important service to the army in that they can quickly spot the man who may be "stalling" in the hope of getting out of the service. A few of the tests they have devised will quickly make the faker convict himself. At the same time they discover many instances of real debility in cases that have aroused the suspicion of officers.

A New Jersey recruit, a heavy-set man who had been a hotel keeper, while drilling on the field with his company, suddenly sat down on the ground. His astonished officer shouted an order, but the recruit did not arise. He said he could not. Two fellow-recruits lifted him to his feet, but he collapsed when he tried to take another step. His company grinned when he was sent to the hospital in an ambulance, for they regarded him as a "quitter," but the surgeons found he was suffering from a real, but rare, ailment. For days he could get about the ward only on all fours. Under an elaborate treatment he is again learning to walk, and while he may never be fit for first-line service he can do camp duties that will release some able-bodied man for a line regiment.

Several recruits were found strong enough physically, but unfit for military duty because of web fingers. Orthopedic surgeons operated to correct this deformity, and these men have gone back to their regiments with free hands. In another case where extra toes on each foot prevented a negro recruit from wearing shoes and extra fingers annoyed him in handling a gun, the surgeons obligingly took off the extra digits.

OLD MOUNT IN FRANCE

Major Now Bestrides Horse He Rode on Mexican Border.

Maj. Curtis G. Redden, with the One Hundred Forty-ninth Artillery regiment in France, has written relatives at Danville, Ill., that he has just received his saddle horse which he had two years ago on the Mexican border.

When the Rainbow division sailed for France the horses belonging to the Danville battery were left at Newport News, Va., in care of a detail of men from the battery. Only a short time ago the animals were sent across. The men arrived at the landing place, and the sergeant in charge hurried to get into communication with Major Redden.

The latter was somewhere on the American front, but the soldier kept trying until he was able to find him and then reported that the long-looked-for horses were in France, ready for action, and that among them was the one ridden by the major in Texas. It had been returned to Danville, kept there until the battery was called to the colors again, and then sent to Newport News.

"If the horse comes through this war and I survive, I am going to buy him and bring him home," the major concluded.

RED CROSS ENTHUSIASM

Whole Family of 15 Enlisted in the Organization.

Tom Bradshaw of Eureka Springs, Ark., not only is running a good race in the competition open to large families, but he is very near the top as one of the most patriotic fathers in Carroll county.

He and Mrs. Bradshaw are the father and mother of 13 robust young Americans, and they find it keeps them pretty busy scratching for such a flock. By way of diversion, Father and Mother Bradshaw and all 13 of the little Bradshaws drove over to the schoolhouse the other night to attend a Red Cross meeting which was held there by Judge A. L. Kinnery of Green Forest. Pa Bradshaw grew so enthusiastic over the Red Cross that he enlisted the entire Bradshaw family—15 in all—as members of the organization.

AIRMAN KILLS WOLF

Did It With Landing Gear on Machine and Added New Sport.

A new sport has been added to the card in West Texas. Harmon Norton, civilian instructor at Call Field, killed a coyote with the landing gear of his Curtiss biplane. Norton and a cadet flyer were doing stunts flying south of Lake Wichita.

Flying close to the ground they noticed two coyotes following the machine. Thinking to scare them off, Norton dipped down over them. One ran, but the other stood its ground, snarling and showing evidence of fight, jumping up at the machine. Norton again drove the machine down and this time struck the prairie wolf with a wheel, killing it.

French Need Work Animals. French farmers are sadly in need of work animals for the farms and are not entirely satisfied with the way the government has been seizing horses for the army's needs. M. Andre Palsant, deputy from the Oise, with several of his colleagues, has demanded a parliamentary investigation into the army's methods.

Makes Unusual Sacrifice. Miss Margaret Cockett, a Y. M. C. A. canteen worker in France, cut her hair short because her work left her no time to care for it properly.

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The Spectacle of the Heavens

(By Prof. Donald Beard.)

If you haven't noticed Mars and Saturn in the skies these nights you have been overlooking the spectacle of the planetary system. Both are visible early in the night and their wonderful colors make them distinct objects, Mars in the southwest and Saturn farther west. If you have a field glass take a look at both of them, hanging like great lamps in the sky. Use a pair of opera glasses if you haven't field glasses. And if you have a small telescope you can see these planets as discs instead of flaring points of light. A fairly good small telescope will show you the rings of Saturn and the polar caps of Mars, while the moon these nights has been a joy to one with even a pair of field or opera glasses. A pair of field glasses makes the moon look like a great sugar ball sticking out in the heavens. Mountains and plains are easily seen.

The Cyclone Out of Sorts

(Rocky Mountain Cyclone.)

We begin the publication of the Rocky Mountain Cyclone with some phew difficulties in the way. The type phouder phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ofphice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays and it will be phour or phive weex before we can get any. We havé ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistaix will happen in the best ov regulated phamilies, and iph the ephs and es and xs and qs hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phasion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us; it's a serious aphair.

How Long Since You

(Detroit News.)

Saw a "canopy top" buggy?
Marched in a torchlight procession?
Received a pamphlet from the party's national committee declaring the tariff to be the paramount issue?
Ate any homemade sausage?
Heard the claim that "this trouble in Europe is none of our affair?"
Chewed any spruce gum?
Saw a middle aged woman riding a bicycle?
Saw a 20-year-old girl brush?
Drank an old fashioned milk shake?
Listened to "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier?"

From Abe to Bob

(Philadelphia North American.)

From Private Abraham Fleischer of "Over There" to Brother Robert Fleischer of Springfield, Mass.:

Dear Bob: Just a few lines to let you know that I am O. K. and hope to hear the same of you. I got into an awful scrap with the Germans and they got a little the best of me. I lost my right arm and my left eye, but I am getting along O. K. just the same. I expect to be home for the holidays. (Yom Kippur in September). Break the news gently to mother. Your brother, Abe.
P. S.—Send me some chocolate soon.

The war has gone on long enough now to reconcile most people to hot corn bread. However, it probably would have to run several years longer to convince some folks that cornbread can be eaten.—Kansas City Star.

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