

## MUCH ADD ABOUT NOTHING

### The Absent Members

The regular meeting of the Ladies Bean Club was held recently and Mesdames Crank, Lank, Rank and Tank were absent. During the session, it was learned from the conversation that Mrs. Crank was so ornery that none of the members liked her, Mrs. Lank was so extravagant that her poor husband had lost a fair sized portion of his nose on the grindstone, that Mrs. Rank was vulgar and chased men and Mrs. Tank was stuck up because her husband happened to inherit some money.

There was a good one to tell on Mrs. Sank but she was present.

### The Rhyming Summarist

Once more we eat the flour of wheat  
And it tastes most awful well,  
But just how long we'll have it tho,  
No one knows to tell;  
Barley, sawdust, oats and rice  
Which was used for baking,  
Say, weren't we hooked!  
When it was cooked  
To curb our hunger's aching.

### A Ladies Home Journal Story

The following story from the most recent issue of the Ladies Home Journal was much read, possibly with sufficient reason:

"A man put a bundle in the rack of the railroad car above a man sitting next to the window and sat down in the unoccupied part of the seat. It was a warm day and

the man under the rack had his hat in his hand. Suddenly a gentle little trickle came down from the bundle on the man's head. Wiping the top of his head with a handkerchief he turned to his neighbor and said: "Something in your bundle seems to be leaking. Pickles?" "No," said the man, "Puppies."

### Hint For the Food Administration

According to the gospel of Bill Craven, it is not essential for all ice cream to have sugar in it. There are evenings he says when it gets so sweet in his serving room that it tastes way out in the front end of the store. He advocates two kinds of ice cream—sweet and unsweetened. The sweet be served to children, married people and old maids and the unsweetened to

young folks hopelessly drifting toward matrimony.

### AN UNFINISHED POME

The farmer toils in the blistering sun,  
He has his do to do,  
His wife stands o'er a red hot stove,  
Rather-uncomfortable too;  
The hired man—then we happened to  
think that the hired man is a creature  
that is rapidly becoming extinct and if  
any farmer has one he keeps him in a  
glass jar and charges an admission price  
to see him.

Homer Wood, who was up on a wind mill once, says that a "pancake landing" like Lieutenant Floyd used to jump in a French lake, means flat. All right.

## TREAT CAPTIVE GERMANS KINDLY

French Generous to Prisoners Despite Brutal Course of Enemy.

## ARE GLAD TO BE OUT OF IT

Sight of Long American Columns Destroys Hun Hopes of Victory—Live Like Happy Family in Prison Camp.

With the American Forces in France, France knows that her prisoners in Germany are treated badly, but German prisoners are treated humanely and even generously in French prisons just the same, writes Don Martin in the New York Herald. I asked an officer in charge of a French prison camp why this is, and he shrugged his shoulders and said merely:

"Ah!" Unless one could see the gesture accompanying the monosyllable he would hardly know what meaning to attach to it. It really meant:

"Oh, what's the use of being brutal to individuals just because some one else is? We wish we could, but we can't."

I have inspected several prisons, some large and some small, and in every one I have found the Germans treated quite as well as civil prisoners in normal times and in many instances better. Officers are not humiliated in any way. In fact they receive better treatment, a stranger would think, than they are really entitled to.

Prisoners Live Happily.

On a low hill about 1,000 feet from a main road of France stands a prison—five low wooden buildings surrounded by two barbed wire fences, with armed pickets always patrolling outside. Here are 200 Germans, many of them prisoners taken in the early battle of the Somme, but some taken more recently. They are all privates and constitute as happy a family as one could find where personal liberty is the one thing desired and denied.

The Germans stood at their barbed fences hours at a time and watched the endless line of soldiers. When it was the blue of France that was moving past the Germans were not particularly interested. They had seen that for years. They know France always has had an endless line of everything needed for war. But when they saw the khaki of America filling or rolling by for a whole day and then for another, and heard the muddy shuffle of feet through the night, there was a change in the dull expression of those German eyes. It was at this time that I went to the prison to learn what they thought of what they had seen. First it should be stated that these prisoners see little of recent developments in the war. They must form their opinions from such fragments of conversation as they hear from their keepers and from what they see, as, for instance, from the long, long line of Americans, the first they had seen.

In this particular prison the newcomers had brought the news situation up to early spring, but as for the big offensive the prisoners knew only that there probably would be one.

### Americans Surprise Germans.

When I asked if there was a German among the two hundred who could speak English, a good looking young man, with a typical Teutonic mustache, red cheeks, a glow of health, was called out. He stepped into my presence like an automaton, clicked his heels together and saluted the French captain. He told me he was a private; that he has a home in Lucerne, Switzerland; that he fought eight months, but was never wounded; that he is in the wholesale dry goods business in Berlin, and that he does business with John Wasmaker, Marshall Field and Stern Brothers.

"What do you think of all the Americans you have seen passing here recently?" I asked him.

"I have seen many Americans," he said. "I was surprised that you have so many in France."

Another prisoner, less prepossessing in appearance than the first, was asked about things in general. He spoke English poorly.

"I live in Berlin and work in a bank, but was in the war for two years. When the war is over I am going to

Switzerland to live. I would go to America, but they don't like Germans over there any more."

"Why are you going to leave Germany?" For an answer there was a shrug of shoulders and a half scowl, half smile. "Are you satisfied here?" "It's a lot better than being in a grave where a lot of them are."

## BLASTS KAISER'S HOPE OF VICTORY

Italian Invents Canned Lightning Capable of Destroying Trenches of Enemy.

## TERRIBLE ENGINE OF DEATH

Claimed Invention Could End War in Thirty Days and Allies Could March Unchallenged into Berlin. Tests Prove Its Value.

Rome.—The Kaiser's dream of victory and world supremacy may be blasted out by "canned lightning," a terrible death engine invented by an Italian scientist. Dazzling swords of fire, more deadly than are highest explosives, followed by annihilating explosions, are capable of destroying enemy trenches with one blinding flash, according to his claims. Mine sweepers equipped with this device could fire mines thousands of yards distant. On the land, "canned lightning" could be used to form a most successful barrage and could wipe out the defenders of German trenches with unerring certainty.

The scientist is credited with having discovered a means of concentrating and reflecting electric rays in such a manner as to produce the results described. It is reported that this inventor has proved to representatives of his government that electric current can be concentrated and directed in rays.

Tests Held on Banks of Tiber. In describing the results of these tests, held on the banks of the historic Tiber, F. H. Randall, writing in the Illustrated World, says that the scientist was asked to burn through a three-inch plank of hardwood. In an instant, the writer says, the plank was seared and broken as if it had been broken by lightning.

Officials then asked the scientist to explode two bombs, one hidden along the bank of the river and the other in the bed of the stream. Within ten minutes the bomb along the bank exploded. It required a much longer time to explode the other bomb, but this, too, was finally accomplished. The entire outfit used by the inventor was placed on a single small barge.

An approximate idea of the power of the arcing electricity may be obtained by watching an electric furnace at work. It will cut the hardest steel like putty. To flash such a flame through an aeroplane, submarine, battleship or a trench would leave a total wreck. Mines placed in the North sea by the Germans could be eliminated, and mine sweepers could destroy all of these hidden terrors of the sea located within thousands of yards of the ship.

### Death to Airplanes.

In a graphic description, Mr. Randall paints a picture of what would happen with this machine in action. Every enemy airplane or any fleet of them would fall to earth, a crumpled wreck. At the touch of a button, a bolt of electricity would suddenly shoot forward with incredible speed. A few scarred parts would be all that was left of what had been a soaring airplane a few minutes before.

A scout could lurk with his deadly weapons, connected with the generators and concentrators behind the lines, in shell holes or craters in "no man's land." When the enemy charged he could sweep the whole line as it passed, annihilating each successive wave of advancing Germans.

Mr. Randall says that he can't say that this has been done or will be done, but he don't dare to suggest that it cannot be accomplished. Light, heat and rays of other kind can be reflected. He concludes by saying:

"Once this problem is solved there will be no war. If the allies were possessed of equipment that would permit the arcing at a distance of powerful electric currents, the war would be won in 90 days and allied troops would be marching unchallenged into Ber-

lin."

## TAXICAB DRIVERS KNIT BUT THEY ARE WOMEN

Cleveland, O.—One of the least surprising things to be seen on the streets of Cleveland now is a taxicab driver calmly sitting in a taxi at its stand, puffing and drooping, while sox and sweaters develop before your eyes. But the drivers are girls, for Cleveland is rapidly getting a large proportion of its day drivers from the other sex.

## "NO CHILDREN" RULE BANNED

Landlords in Seattle Are Appealed to to Remove Signs From Their Buildings.

Seattle, Wash.—"No Children Allowed" signs must be removed by Seattle landlords from their properties, according to J. W. Spangler, vice president of the Seattle chamber of commerce. He has issued an appeal to rooming house proprietors, hotel men and owners of rental properties, declaring that owing to the scarcity of quarters for shipyard workers and others engaged in war work the situation in this city is becoming alarming.

## OUR TRADE FLEET NOW 27,371 SHIPS

Department of Commerce Gives First War Statistics.

## SECOND ONLY TO BRITISH

Merchant Marine of America Now 10,000,000 Tons—692 Vessels Built in Last Five Months—Single Month's Growth in 1914—Now Reckon by Deadweight Tonnage.

The steady growth of the American merchant marine in all classes of vessels has been revealed for the first time since the war began in statistics from the department of commerce. They show that in the first five months of this year there have been built in this country and officially numbered by the bureau of navigation a total of 629 vessels of 687,055 gross tons.

The merchant fleet of the United States now amounts to approximately 10,000,000 gross tons, not including merchant craft under control of the army and navy as transports and supply ships. At the beginning of January 26,242 merchant vessels of 9,353,224 gross tons were flying the Stars and Stripes on trips across the Atlantic with food and munitions, into the Caribbean and Pacific with American products for foreign customers and on the lakes and rivers of this country as part of the nation's domestic transportation system.

Includes New Vessels. This tremendous fleet is second only to the merchant tonnage of Great Britain. It includes all new vessels built under the direction of the shipping board and thousands of other ships, smaller in tonnage but greater in carrying capacity, which play so large a part in commerce and the maintenance of a favorable balance of trade.

All merchant vessels are required by law to register with the bureau of navigation of the department of commerce and to receive an official identification number, before being permitted to fly the flag of the United States. The number is awarded when the finished ship is measured for gross tonnage capacity, which is the content of the ship in terms of 100 cubic feet and the internationally accepted method of expressing size.

The shipping board, building exclusively cargo ships, has adopted deadweight tonnage as the medium of computing new tonnage, deadweight capacity being the actual weight of cargo and bunker coal which can be carried.

Indicates Fleet's Size. The deadweight tonnage of a cargo ship is about 50 per cent greater than its gross tonnage, but in a passenger vessel is less, because the space is occupied by passenger accommodation.

The former German liner Vaterland, now the Leviathan, has a gross tonnage of 54,000, but a deadweight capacity of only about 5,000 tons, which il-

lustrates why, in dealing with all types of ships, gross tonnage, or the actual size regardless of the space allotted to cargo, has been chosen internationally as more truly indicative of the size of a fleet.

There has been a steady increase in new ships this year, the May tonnage being three times as great as the January output, and greater than the whole output for the year 1914. In the first month of 1918 there were 57 ships of 64,759 tons given official numbers. In February 84 ships of 117,601 gross tons were numbered. March saw a notable jump in the production of small ships, numbers being awarded to 138, the tonnage being 147,145. The record in April was 165 ships of 163,050 tons, and in May 185 ships of 194,465 tons.

## GETS BROTHER TO RECRUIT

Agent From Canada Had Not Seen Him in Twenty Years.

"Why don't you join the army and do your bit, friend?" said Sergt. Harry Black, on recruiting service for the British recruiting mission to a man standing idly on a corner in Minneapolis.

"Beg pardon, but is your name Black?" was the stranger's answer. "Yes, it is, but you are a stranger to me," retorted the sergeant.

"I may be a stranger, but I am also your brother," was the reply. After the first interchange of experiences gone through in the last twenty years of separation the brothers stalked into the recruiting headquarters and the civilian brother made application for enlistment and was accepted.

## BRITISH OFFER GRATUITIES

Men Promoted From Ranks to Receive Grant of \$250.

Important concessions to non-commissioned officers and men who receive temporary commissions are announced in a new British army order.

Men promoted from the ranks will receive a grant of \$250 for the provision of kit and uniform, and those who sign an undertaking to serve at least two years after the termination of hostilities will receive a further outfit allowance of \$537.

If an officer ceases to serve within that period the allowance of \$537 shall be deducted from the gratuity or retired pay due to him, but if he should die before the end of the war the amount will be credited to his estate.

## WHY GUYON FIGHTS

This French Poilu Is Regular Fire-Eater.

Bride Taken Prisoner and Horribly Abused by Huns, Escapes to Tell Story.

Paris.—Guyon's a regular fire-eater. He has been cited six times. He wears a croix de guerre and a medaille d'honneur. He captured a German mitrailleur single-handed. He went out alone in No Man's Land to bring back a wounded comrade. He's been wounded himself four times.

When he is back of the lines, off duty, he helps a Y. M. C. A. secretary hand out writing paper to his comrades in a foyer du soldat. But it isn't active enough for him. Since August, 1914, he doesn't seem to need to rest. When he isn't in the trenches he works off his surplus energy cussing out the way the war is run because he isn't in active service every minute.

There are a lot of poilus like Guyon. Get them ten kilometers back from the front and they growl and roar all day. Put them in the trenches and you simply can't hold them in.

Probably a story lies back of most of them just as one explains Guyon.

When the war broke out Guyon had just married. He and his wife were living in a little town up near the Belgian border. Of course he was called and left for the front. For more than a year he did not hear from his wife—not a word. At last he received a letter from her, mailed in Paris.

She had been taken prisoner at the time of the invasion and deported into Germany. After a year of horrible suffering and abuse, she escaped into Holland and got back to France by way of London. At last she reached Paris and went to work in a munitions factory, where she is still working.

Guyon told his story to the American Y. M. C. A. secretary with typical French calmness. His fury against the Boches he puts into action in the

## THE ANSWER OF THE FOREIGN BORN

(Continued from Page 2.)

he would, there was always that man above—the man on the hill—whose place he could not reach.

For that man's sons there were schools and professions and places of honor. For our sons there was work, work without hope, the work of stalwart, steady oxen, work for a living, not for the full life of the boy's yearning and his capacity.

The girl of his heart he could not marry, for she lived on the hill, and the hill to him was a world apart, never to be scaled by his aspiring impulse. The way of public service was closed to him, save as the servitor of the man above. A soldier he could be; aye, he must be, under a king he had no part in choosing, under a flag that gave him bounty, not opportunity.

And we, the foreign born, are here now to do our part, our full part, in the making of America. All the thousands of years of upward struggle, the climb from serfdom up, has led to the land of equal chance.

We fled from the man above. Here we have no master but ourselves. Our hats come off to genius, not to rank. The great house on the hill is the home of one who once was a section hand. His money gave wages till we had money to pay wages.

There was hope in our hearts and that hope has blossomed into bright-eyed boys and girls, into homes where pianos play, into schools and colleges and law courts and legislatures, where our boys work beside other boys and win ahead, into honors which come with talent, leadership that comes with character, into fellowship that knows no circle beside a common taste, into a pride, a compelling pride, a spurring, life-giving pride that we are of, that we are for—this land of equal chance.

If justice falls in this land, ours is the fault. If the torch of liberty fades or fails, ours be the blame. If our flag falls, all the eager and struggling ones in other lands will lose heart; all those who painted its starry field in hopeful blue and drew its stripes in courageous red will reproach us forevermore.

We know that this freedom is at once our glory and our danger. For now there is no man above; we have no will to guide but our own. We have come to the time of test.

We will not falter; we will not weaken. The Old World shall not see us break and run when challenged.

What has been gained and given to us we hold for ourselves and our sons.

front line.

## READY FOR A CHARGE



These French grenadiers are preparing for a raid on the German lines.

## States Soldier Now Serving in France.

Dallas, Ore.—Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Woods received a letter from their son, Laird Woods, recently, and in it he stated that he had just received his first mail since arriving in France.

The mail consisted of 84 letters and six packages. Young Woods together with several other Company L boys of this city, were left behind in a hospital in New York when the Oregon troops sailed for France, and he sailed on a later date but never caught up with the regiment.

He was finally assigned to a company in the old Montana National Guard and is serving with that regiment somewhere near the fighting front in France now.

## OREGON HAS NO WAR PLANTS 'TIS CLAIMED

(Benton County Courier.) Oregon has a nation-wide reputation as the most patriotic of states, yet within its big boundaries there is not a fort, ammunition, aviation field or any other federal war activity. Washington and California are full of them. Why is it?

## Max Goldman Deals in

HIDES  
PELTS  
WOOL  
FURS  
MOHAIR  
CASCARA BARK  
VEAL  
PORK  
BEEF  
POULTRY  
BUTTER  
EGGS  
FARM PRODUCE  
WOOD  
WOOD  
GROCERIES  
SHOES  
FURNISHINGS  
DRY GOODS

CASH OR TRADE

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