

CLYDE T. ECKER, Editor.

The Hun is on the run and headed toward Berlin. Germany is whipped today, but how long its classes can force its masses to fight, nobody knows.

A heavy tax upon theatres, including moving picture houses, and sports of all kinds, will only result in closing or stopping most of them, and in such times as these the people need amusement and recreation. There's enough profiteers to tax with destroying those enterprises which put a little sunshine into the era of gloom and sorrow which war always brings.

PIPPA'S PENCHANT

(Youth's Companion.)

Pretty, Pippa Pope possessed petticoats—piles, positively! Pippa's penchant, petticoats—pink, purple, peach, plum, plaid, posy-painted, poppy-patterned, padded, puffed, pleated, pocketed, perfumed petticoats.

Percy Popham, pushing, pompous, priggish, poetaster, professing passion, pursued Pippa Pope persistently. Percy's passionate pursuit, previously pleasant, progressively palled.

"Percy Popham practices perpetual persecution!" pouted Pippa.

Prosperous Professor Pope, Pippa's peppery papa, prescribed peremptory prohibition, pronouncing Percy's pervasive presence pestilential. Pippa, pitying, postponed prohibiting poor Percy, preferring prevarication.

Percy presently proposed, presuming Pippa's pensive pity promised pleasure. Pippa, pulses palpitating, procratinated. "Procure papa's permission primarily."

Percy prolonged persuasions, protracted protestations. Pippa pluckily persisted. "Procure papa's permission."

Percy pettishly penetrated Professor Pope's pamphlet-palisaded privacy, professed profuse passion, presented petition.

"Percy Popham," Pippa's papa proposed portentously, "produce property!"

Percy peevishly pleaded poverty, praised poetic poverty.

"Petty persons prate pitiably," puffed pithy Professor Pope. "Produce property, Popham! Poverty Pippa's portion? Pippa's penchant presupposes plump pulse. Pippa purchases plentifully, paying pretty painful prices. Popham, pledge Pippa pecuniary plentitude."

"Paltry Professor Pope!" palled Percy perspired. "Pampered Pippa!"

Percy Popham penned poems praising poverty, published poems periodically, perpetually propertyless, purse-poor. Pippa Pope perused Percy's poems, pondering pensively. "Poor Percy! Poetry pays poorly."

Personally, Pippa preferred petticoats.

JELLY, JUICES AND JAM

QUALIFYING AS A HOUSEWIFE
(Argonaut.)

Harold arrived at the training camp and was detailed to K. P. duty. In this he became quite proficient, as the following quotation from his letter shows: "Dear Mother—I put in this entire day washing dishes, sweeping floors, making beds and peeling potatoes. When I get home, I'll make some girl a mighty fine wife."

KANSAS SOCIETY IN WAR TIME
(Sabetha, Kan., Herald.)

Mrs. Ralph Tennal washed dishes for Mrs. Charles Feldman last Thursday.

PRETTY SURE SHE HAS "HIM" HOOKED

When a garden gets a shower it may dry up again, but when a girl gets a shower that settles it.

"THE CHOIR CAME OUT AND DANCED."

A little girl saw her first comic opera a few weeks ago and went back home and told her grandmother that "the choir came right out and danced."

THE COOLEST PLACE IN MISSOURI
(Advertisement in the Atchison County, Mo., Mail.)

Don't telephone me about nine p. m. during hot weather as I am generally out to the barn about that time in the horse trough taking a bath.

HINT TO TRAVELING MEN

Join the army where you can take plenty of orders every day.

EVEN PREACHERS AND EDITORS SWEAR
(Smileyville Express.)

We have seen numerous poems about the kaiser lately, but we have yet to see one which does not contain the word hell. This war makes even ministers and newspaper men swear.

**HEADING OFF HOMESICKNESS IS
IMPORTANT JOB WITH THE ARMY**

Work of the Y. M. C. A. is Not So Much With the Morals of the Men as With the Morale—How the Bishop Broke Up Case of Blues—Son of Idle Rich Finds His Job—Pershing's Men a Fine, Clean Bunch.

By CLARENCE S. HOLLAND.

Bill Jones and Jack Stevens, late of the United States but now of "somewhere in France," sat on a bench. They just sat. They didn't talk, they didn't smoke, they didn't cuss. You could reach out your finger and touch the gloom that exuded from them. They weren't bunks or townmates or intimates of any sort, but they had both gotten up with a gloom and had inevitably sought each other out. It was just before mess call.

A little man with a wrinkled face and a cane and a uniform and eyes that twinkled, watched John and Bill at their occupation of being homesick, and he stidied up to them. Pretty soon he was sitting on an end of their bench—and they didn't notice him any more than if he had been an extra canteen.

"The —th have got the best ball team in France," he said positively, apropos of nothing.

"Huh," said Bill Jones. "They can clean up anything in France. I've been down there a week, and that outfit is class."

"Huh," said Jack Stevens. "Officers keep 'em busy. Say, where you from?"

"Michigan," said Bill. "New York," said Jack.

"Met some New York and Michigan men with the —th," said the little man casually.

"Who?" said Bill and Jack at once. The little man named half a dozen with their towns. Bill knew some and Jack knew some, and before they realized it they were in the middle of a conversation about Detroit and Utica and Lansing and Long Island, and politics and the —th regiment.

"Mess call," said the little man. "Ain't hungry," said Bill.

"Don't want to eat," said Jack. "Dismissing the Gloom."

"Reminds me of Tom Judkins of Pontiac," said the little man. "Always getting off his feed. Know Pontiac?" he asked of the Michigan man.

"Played football there," "Judkins used to play."

"What year?" "About fourteen."

"Bet I played against him." And so on and so on, talking about the home localities and the home folks and giving the boys a chance to mention towns and streets that lay close to their hearts. You could see them straighten up; you could see their eyes brighten; you could feel a difference in the air that surrounded them. Bill stood up.

"Guess I'll go feed," he said, and banged Jack on the back.

"Pretty hungry myself," said Jack. "Gimme a light before you go," said the little man, without enthusiasm.

One of the boys held a match over his pipe and then both strolled off to the mess tent with a bad case of homesickness operated on skillfully and removed without pain—removed by a man they had never seen before, but who would always find a welcome in their locality thereafter—just why they would never be able to tell you.

And they didn't know, nor would it have mattered if they had, that the little man in uniform, wearing a Red Triangle, was that imposing and awe-inspiring dignitary known as Bishop of the Church of England back in America.

That's his job in France. Just talking to the fellows. He has put in months at it. Sometimes of a Sunday, or in the evening he preaches, but mostly he just wanders around looking for cases of gloom and homesickness and talking them back to the cheerfulness and enthusiasm which is the quality that is almost the outstanding characteristic of the A. E. F. in France.

Important Job With Army. Curing or heading off homesickness is an important job in an army three thousand miles from home. Officers, from the new second lieutenant up, will tell us that an army which sits on benches and bottles up gloom is not an army that will fight. They say any man is liable to an attack, but they say, too, that the number and violence of attacks is amazingly few when one considers the circumstances.

Judge Galloway of New York said the other night, "The job of the Y. M. C. A. here is not so much with the morals of the army as with the morale."

The judge claims to know. For months he has been traveling around France from camp to camp, night after night, almost without rest or relief, talking to the boys about France. His job has been to interest the fellows in the country where they are guests—and welcome guests.

The army declares that the "Y" has bitten off a large contract. Officer after officer whom you meet on the streets of Paris will tell you how important he believes the "Y" is to the effectiveness of our military—and then he will point out where the "Y" is falling down in his estimation. Almost everybody you meet can tell you where the "Y" or the commissary or the Red Cross or this, that and the other, is falling down. In this country you have to earn praise, and to earn it you have to work for it.

For instance, a part of the service

which the "Y" performs for the army is running those country stores which pass under the noms de guerre of post exchanges and canteens. Here is a fertile field for criticism, sporadic and local and individual criticism, but criticism which must be answered before the highest efficiency can be reached.

Then Bill Gets Sore. Bill Jones goes to his quartermaster and buys a package of cigarettes. He pays for it less than he paid in America. Next morning he drops into a "Y" canteen and buys the same sort of cigarettes. He pays a trifle more for it than he would pay in America, and he is sore. Not only is he sore, but he exerts the fine old American privilege of kicking about it and of airing his soreness. The burden of his complaint is that the "Y" is trying to make money off him.

The investigator hears of it and asks the reason why this should be so. The "Y" purchasing department tells you that the army commissary department transports supplies to its posts free of charge. It pays no freight on steamers from America; it pays no cartage or truckage in France. That huge item of cost does not enter into commissariat considerations. This cannot be so with the Y. M. C. A. It has to pay for freighting its commodities across the ocean, and freight rates are not on the bargain counter at this writing. It has to pay railroad freight in France; it has to pay for its motor transport. The wonder is, we are told, that chocolate, or cigarettes, or handkerchiefs or what not can be had as cheaply here as they are had. The "regrettable point is that "Y" canteens have to enter into competition with commissariats which possess all the advantage.

The commissariats cannot begin to supply the demand. The "Y" canteens are a necessity. Both are selling at the figure which to each is the lowest possible, so when you son writes home and tells you it looks as if he were being stung by the "Y" canteen, just think it over, and you will see.

Personality That Counts. Then it comes to the matter of the personality of the man who is running the canteen. There are men in France who have the ability to get so close to the soldiers that when they say, "Jack, this is the fact. We've got to do it so because—" Jack believes him and is satisfied, because Jack knows that man is on the spot to do everything in his power for the soldier.

But there are exceptions, and there must be exceptions when thousands of men are picked hurriedly for emergency employment. Men land in France without fully understanding what is expected of them, and without understanding France or that splendid organization, the A. E. F. They come with enthusiasm, but without definite knowledge of what the army wants of them, and until they adjust themselves to conditions, they are apt to come to much grief.

One thing few men realize until they have been here a week or two, and that is that they are an integral part of the A. E. F. and that they are working under the authority of the military—not as they suspected, on their own hook or for the Y. M. C. A. Their job is to do as they are told, and to do it quickly and exactly. That they can learn, and do learn, or they hear the approaching footsteps of grim retribution. Most of them learn more—they learn what real service means. They learn to forget their own egos and to love humanity as exemplified by an army of bully young men in khaki.

Hundreds of men are landing here monthly to take up some service under the Red Triangle. They are of all sorts and from all environments. It approaches the marvelous how they are made to fit. Preachers have arrived filled with ardor to evangelize. They find their true service can best be done by driving a motor truck. Bankers come and speedily find out that they can do the best job getting up entertainments in some lonely hut.

Finds His Job. One rich and useless bachelor struck these shores filled with the desire to do something, but alarmed at his poverty of abilities.

"Can you preach?" he was asked. "No."

"Can you sing?" "No."

"Can you run a motor car?" "No."

"What can you do?" "Nothing that I know of. I'm just one of the idle rich."

"Go out and fuss around a few days and then come back," he was told.

That night he met up with a western sergeant who was in Paris to see the town, and who had started to view the sights through the bottom of a glass. He was half seas over and ambitious to be submerged. The member of the Idle Rich inveigled him into conversation, furnished him cigarettes and a light. Pretty soon, by sheer personality, he persuaded the man to go to bed without finishing off his evening artistically. In the morning the sergeant came around and cornered the Idle Rich Man.

"Bo," said he, "you done me a

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favor last night. I was bound for a trip to In Bad. Any time you want anything of me, just drop around."

The Idle Rich young man made tracks for headquarters.

"I've found my job," he said. "I can make friends with men."

"Go to it," were his orders, and he went to it. Now he is somewhere recuperating because he wore himself out working for his boys.

This has been about men up to date. Now there are men in America who think women should not be sent to work with the A. E. F. in France; among those who have seen what is going on, there are few of them.

Did you ever step into a big, bare, ill furnished room—may be an uncomfortable room—and suddenly see on the wall a beautiful picture, or on a shelf a wonderful piece of old china? That little object immediately made that cold, uninteresting room a place where you desired to be. And that's how it is with the right kind of woman in a canteen in France. All she has to do is to be there, be natural, be impersonal, and she has made of a hundred men better fighters for democracy.

Best of Chaperons. One big thing that must be impressed on folks back home is that these women are safe—safer than in their own home town. A woman in a canteen has a whole regiment who make it their job to look after her. There never was an old maid aunt who could chaperon a young woman the way a regiment of Yanks can do it. Somehow she represents so much to them. She is not a girl but a symbol. She means to them all they left behind in their homes.

One important point to remember back home is that the A. E. F. is the finest, most upstanding, two-listed aggregation of regular men that the world has ever seen in an army. A few—fortunately very few—have the idea that our army is surrounded by depravity. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The army is proud of itself and resents imputations against its decency. Officers resent it and men resent it. A captain in the regular establishment said the other day: "Every mother in America ought to know that her son is safer in our army than he ever was at home." Which was not more than bare truth.

Marble Caves of Oregon

(Popular Mechanics Magazine)
Amid the wilds of Southwestern Oregon, almost unknown to the world at large, is situated a series of underground chambers and pass-

ages remarkable for their size and for the beauty and unusual character of their decorations. Within the last few years they have been made a national monument and are now known as the Marble Caves.

At the present time a visit to the caves is no small undertaking. From Grants Pass or Medford a 30-mile drive takes one to the camp at the end of the wagon road. The rest of the trip must be made on foot, or mule back, up a steep trail, ten miles in length. During the summer months the Forestry Service stations a forester at the caves as guide and caretaker. He takes a special interest in conducting all visitors thru the caves and in pointing out to them the many interesting features of the trip.

The caves consist of three and one-half miles of marble passages and grottoes, ranging from one to four or five stories in height. In places the connecting corridors are so low that one must crawl on all fours for a considerable distance. Elsewhere the chambers are so large that the opposite walls and ceilings are scarcely visible in the dim candle light. The largest cavern measures more than five hundred feet in length, and its arched ceiling is one hundred feet above the floor.

Throughout the entire cave the stalactitic formations are rich and wonderfully varied. In some chambers the ceiling is a mass of small stalactites, from the points of which hang star like glittering pendants—drops of water. In one superb room the roof is covered with gigantic inverted white tulips; in another, the folds of massive draperies cover the walls supported by immense fluted columns. Here stalactites reach down from above and embrace their stalagmitic sisters, thus forming pillars of surpassing symmetry and beauty; there a miniature Niagara stands outlined in white marble, beyond which a magnificent Solomon's Temple is carved deep into the heart of the mountain.

The trail up to the caves is a long steep climb, but as one ascends, a marvelous panorama of scenic beauty, of forests and forests and canyons, of snow capped peaks and distant vistas, is spread out before him which, even apart from the caves, makes the trip one long to be remembered and well worth the effort it has taken.

THE ONE BRIGHT SPOT

(Portland Telegram.)

German Airman buried Lieutenant Roosevelt with military honors, and according to the report, the personal effects of the young hero are to be carefully preserved and, as occasion offers, will be returned to his relatives.

This chivalrous incident recalls another, and the two constitute the one bright spot of relief—the one manifestation of soldierly manliness—in the entire Hun record during the present war.

We readily may recall the circumstances of the death of the famous and intrepid French aviator, Guynemer. He was killed some time in September of last year, and two or three months later the story of his burial behind

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