

# FLED WITH YOUTH

Advancing Years Destroyed Illusion of Old-Time Fair.

Gilded Caravans, With Their Wonderful Contents, Which Entertained the People of English Villages, Recalled to Memory.

The fair always appeared at the same date and at the same place in the particular town each year, in obedience to some mysterious calendar that probably never got into print, but that, nevertheless, was perfectly well known to the show folk. No one knew exactly, or cared exactly, whence these showmen and show women came. They seemed to comprise a veritable peripatetic army, whose whole duty was to travel from one end of Great Britain to the other and entertain and instruct less fortunate people. Judging from the glaring posters on their wagons, but more particularly from the huge paintings which adorned their show fronts, they had traveled to the uttermost parts of the earth, in order to find the subjects for their "unique and refined entertainment," and had been rewarded by the patronage of most of the crowned heads of Europe and the presidents of the American republics. They rode for the most part in showy caravans, adorned with pictures and neat little white curtains drawn across little windows, and topped by smoking chimneys. Or they drove wagons piled with properties, or vans the front ends of which could be let down and transformed into an imposing show front, while the opposite end could be mysteriously elongated, and lo! there sprang into being, within the space of a few minutes, a long, tubular rifle gallery!

The news of the arrival of the first wagon, or the first gilded caravan, or of the setting up of the first tent pole, the sure sign and symbol of the coming of the annual fair, was always a source of intense interest and expectancy to the young generation in the town. Straggling detachments of boys and girls would soon be moving toward the fair ground to get first impressions of the pleasure to come.

And when the opening day of the fair had actually arrived, or, better still, when the day of days, which was market day, had come, and the grounds were packed with people, and one had already "done" the circus twice, watched the gorgeous street procession of "lords and ladies" and howdahed elephants, and had almost begged oneself for the sake of seeing the "greatest wild-beast show in the world, with the only live gorilla in captivity," at feeding time, which of course was the most expensive time, there was nothing to do but to go through the fair once more. The last penny for that day had been spent. It was true, but one might have the good fortune to come across, in some corner or byway of the fair, the awesome person who "lets fire," or the wonderful man who lifted heavy weights like tops, or "fished" swords.

Never, so it seemed, could there be so much for one to do or to enjoy, never could there be again, or anywhere else, so much delight as was crowded into those avenues of noise by day and noise and flaming naphtha lights by night, where a dozen brass bands played simultaneously, a dozen organs screamed and trumpeted and a dozen big drums banged from the steps of the shows; where hundreds of rattles rattled and stentorian voices belted to the crowds to patronize this and to look at that.

That the old-time fair was always sure to be such the same, year after year, did not much detract from its gorgonousness or fascination in the eyes of those youthful patrons who had been "saving up" for weeks to enjoy its prospective delights. Yet it is true that, as time went past, something of the charm of the fair went with it. The "kings" and "queens" seemed to be less royal, the gold more tinsel, the colors more garish, the noise more apparent, the music more cacophonous and the show people less interesting. Then it was that the interest lagged, disillusion crept in, and at last the fair ceased to attract. It had, indeed, become a very ordinary thing.

**Not Wholly German Rivers.**  
Not only is the Rhine not the boundary river of Germany, but neither its mouth nor its source is in German territory, as Charles M. Pepper points out in the Washington Star in the course of a discussion of the Rhine as a factor in peace negotiations. This has long been a cause of mortification to Germany, and to it is partly due the rise of the Pan-German movement and the dream of a Mitteleuropa. The Rhine flows into the North sea at Rotterdam in Holland, just as the other great German river, the Scheldt, flows into the North sea through Belgium. Even the Danube pours into the Black sea, but this fact was not felt as a humiliation by the Pan-Germans because of the subservient relation of Austria to Germany. But for a long time it has been their custom to assert, sometimes in the most offensive language, that Germany must control the Rhine and the Scheldt to their mouths.

**Indigestion.**  
He reported sick. "What's the matter?" asked the doctor. "Indigestion, I guess," said the Yankee. "That dispatch I ate when I thought the Germans were going to get me didn't seem to agree with me."

# KEEP WATCH ON EXPRESSION

One's Face Pretty Generally Reveals the True Thoughts and Feelings of Its Possessor.

No doubt you would readily recognize your features if you met them in the street. You see them in the glass daily and many times a day, and probably you think you study them with peculiar care. But that is just the point. Whenever you see them, you are studying them. The expression is conscious, artificial—the expression of a person who is being watched and studied. You know what the photographer's "look pleasant" produces. You know how you feel and can imagine how you look when you are aware that someone is observing you. Think of the expressions you watch on others' faces when they are completely unconscious, not giving a thought to how they look. Some faces are sweet, kindly, sympathetic, delightful. Some faces again, often the same faces, are sad, anxious, dreary; others still are harsh, bitter, angry or selfish. Remember that all those expressions are likely to come on your own face, too. When you look in the glass you do not find them there. Your mere curiosity erases them as a wet sponge erases figures on a slate. But they come just the same.

Remember how you love to watch the kindly look in others and how you shrink and turn away from the ugly and the hateful. Perhaps the memory and the consciousness will help you to control the unconsciously expressions in yourself. Or, since expressions are not easily controllable and are in any case an unerring index of the feelings that produce them, perhaps you will set more busily about the task of repressing and subduing feelings that make faces look as you wish that they should not.

The great secretary of war, Edwin M. Stanton, once refused to be introduced to a man because he did not like the man's face. "But," urged a friend, "he is not responsible for his face." "Every man over fifty years old is responsible for his face," answered the secretary.—Young's Companion.

**Comma Once "Killed" a Bishop.**  
A Kent (England) urban council, it is believed, has about reached the limit of "war economy" by forbidding the use of punctuation marks in all official documents, with the result that reports of its proceedings are published "without even a comma. But the absence of punctuation may have done more, till 70, on the western coast, was "taken" by a missing comma. Worse still, a bishop, for want of a comma, was temporarily killed. The present bishop of Bath and Wells, when he held the see of Adelaide, found what he thought was a sea serpent near Collin bay, at a time when an influenza epidemic raged in that district. He was pardoningly proud of the "discovery," which was wired to England in a perturbation telegram which ran: "Influenza prevent numerous deaths Bishop Adelaide found dead sea serpent 60 feet long lay." A news agency thought the last six words a separate message, and announced the death of the bishop.

**Sense of Speed.**  
W. P. Beazell says in an article in a New York paper, telling some of his flying experiences: "Very little sense of speed comes to one in the air. There is, of course, the tremendous rush of air past one's face, but a whirling propeller will give that before one has left the ground. There are no landmarks in the air, and it is by landmarks that we measure the speed of trains and automobiles, for instance. The earth is so far below that it seems to be passing at about the rapidity of a horse car. After a time the hand-lubber begins to realize that what he was regarding as suburban plots are really farms, that the fish ponds are town reservoirs, that the brooks are rivers, and that by holding out his hand he can blot from view a county. When that happens he begins to get a proper perspective of himself."

**Passive Realizer.**  
A few months ago Jeffersonville received some new city cars which excited much admiration. They are fitted with all the newest devices, safety doors that will not open until the car starts and that will not let the car start again until they are closed, pay-as-you-enter arrangements and so forth. But pride had a fall a few nights ago when one of these nice new city cars tried to back a small automobile of a make of widely known repute, and supposed to be as addicted to the way of peace as the man whose name they bear. The automobile was standing perfectly quiet—just like "tar baby"—and "not sayin' nuffin," when the car backed it. When the fracas was over, the auto had a slight limp in its rear parts, but the city car was dented by the impact. Honors were given the gasoline vehicle by the police.—Indianapolis News.

**Hobson's Choice.**  
One afternoon a non-commissioned officer found and awoke two stragglers behind the American lines in France. They had visibly a bottle of champagne.

"Where did you get that champagne?" asked the officer (with motives beyond question).  
"Well," explained the smaller of the pair, "we hadn't had anything to eat but iron rations for five days, and not much of that, then we lost our outfit, and when we landed here we started out to buy something. The only thing for sale in the whole town was a bottle of champagne, so we bought that."

## NEW SCHEDULE

Effective November 1st, 1918

# Kingston--Stayton--Salem

## AUTO STAGE

### ONE STAGE ONLY

#### DAILY

|            |                        |                |    |            |
|------------|------------------------|----------------|----|------------|
| 7:37 a. m. | Lv                     | Kingston       | Ar | 1:45 p. m. |
| 7:50 "     |                        | Stayton        |    | 1:20 "     |
| 8:00 "     |                        | Sublimity      |    | 1:10 "     |
| 8:20 "     | Meets Train Northbound | Aumsville      |    | 12:50 "    |
| 8:40 "     |                        | Turner         |    | 12:30 "    |
| 8:55 "     |                        | State Hospital |    | 12:15 "    |
| 9:00 "     |                        | Cottage Farm   |    | 12:10 "    |
| 9:10 "     | Ar                     | Salem-noon     | Lv | 12:00 "    |

**Round Trip Tickets Good For 30 Days**

KINGSTON -- SALEM, \$1.75      STAYTON -- SALEM, \$1.62  
 SUBLIMITY -- SALEM, \$1.50

## HAMMAN AUTO STAGE

### WORSE THAN WAR'S HORRORS

Among Active Aids of Recruiting Sergeant May Surely Be Classed the Nagging Woman.

He was khaki-clad, with the "U. S. R." on his collar, and as he clambered aboard the interurban car he swung to his feet and a small traveling bag that appeared to be empty. Preceding him was the other member of the family, all fussed up in her tailored regalia, bound for a town a few miles distant, while the husband's destination was Detroit. Once inside, he tossed the traveling bag on a vacant rack at the forward end of the car and seated himself facing his better-half. Then the car lurched around a curve and the bag, slipping from the rack, deposited itself on the woman's hat and bounced off to the floor.

"My heavens!" was her startled exclamation, then when she discovered the trouble: "That was a very careless thing to do."

The man gathered up the bag, with profuse apologies and placed it back of his feet, where it could do no further harm.

"You don't know how that hurt," came the complaint, although the crown of the hat was not even dented.

"Supposing it had been filled with a lot of your trunk," she went on.

No response from her vis-a-vis. "You should never put anything like that up there," was the next bit of shrapnel, in tones loud enough to be heard the length of the car.

"It must have been the metal strip on the bag that struck me."

"It was a very careless thing for you to do."

"You might have known that it would fall off there."

"I'll probably have a headache all the day that will spoil my trip."

"When anything like that comes down on you it unnerves you, I can tell you."

Her vis-a-vis only smiled amiably, and getting no satisfaction from that quarter she turned to her seatmate, who was trying to hide his annoyed expression behind a wacky war digest.

"Did that bag hurt you when it fell?" she inquired, although it had missed him by at least a foot.

"Not at all," was the reply, without looking up. "It never touched me."

"It was an awfully careless thing to do," she rattled on, "and—"

"Good night," ejaculated a man across the aisle, who had tried in vain to read the news from the front in his morning paper. And as he stalked toward the solitude of the back platform he was heard to mutter: "No wonder some men enlist so they can get away from home."

**Conservation Under Fire.**  
I know of nothing more strange than the usual conversations in which one indulges at the front in the heat of battle. Recently I was racing down a road to get out from under heavy shell fire, falling on my face every five or ten yards as a whistling scream announced a fresh arrival. A panting lieutenant caught step with me. "Do you know So-and-So?" he gasped. "Yes," I replied as a shell whirred down out of the sky and we both fell flat on our faces. "Where is he now?" he continued as the sound of the explosion died away and we rose, running together. "I think he's in Paris," I ut-

## 22 Million Families in the United States

IF EACH FAMILY saved one cup of wheat flour it would amount to 5,500,000 pounds, or more than 28,000 barrels. If this saving was made three times a week, it would amount to 858,000,000 pounds, or 4,377,000 barrels in a year.

You can do your share in effecting this saving and really help to win the war by omitting white bread from one meal today and baking in its place muffins or corn bread made according to this recipe:

### Corn Meal Muffins

|   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 cup corn meal<br>1 1/2 cups flour<br>1 teaspoon salt<br>4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder | 2 tablespoons sugar<br>No eggs<br>1 cup milk<br>2 tablespoons shortening |
|---|--|

Sift dry ingredients together into bowl; add milk and melted shortening and beat well. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven about 20 minutes. Same batter may be baked as corn bread in greased shallow pan.

Our new Red, White and Blue booklet, "Best War Time Recipes," containing many other recipes for making delicious and wholesome wheat saving foods mailed free—address

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., DEPT. H., 135 William St., New York

## FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR

answered, and even as I spoke rolled flat with him in a muddy ditch as another shell screamed down and broke nearby. And thus we continued our way for several hundred yards, discussing our friend and his characteristics between dives into the mud.—William Slavens McNutt, in Collier's Weekly.

**Animals Die on Substitutes.**  
Animals in the zoo in Berlin have died in large numbers recently, principally because the substitutes which they have been given instead of their accustomed food could not be digested sufficiently to sustain life. Among the species in which the mortality has been greatest are the giraffes, warshpigs, mandrills and chimpanzees. The health of the surviving animals is not good.

**LABRADOR FISHERY IS SHORT**  
Only 50,000 Quintals Are Expected This Season, Against 250,000 in a Good Year.

St. John's, N. F.—The Labrador fishery, one of the principal branches of the Newfoundland cod fishery industry, threatens to be very short this year. The fish are shipped direct from the coast to European countries, mainly Portugal, Spain, Italy and Greece, and very high prices are obtained nowadays, virtually double the figures ruling before the war started. The Labrador fishery of Newfoundland has not in late years attained the same proportions as formerly when some 20,000 fisher folk, men, women and children, migrated there every summer for the fishing season, and the catch in some years reached 250,000 quintals. A good season at present would represent half these figures, whereas the outlook for now is that for the 10,000 or 12,000 people engaged, not more than 50,000 quintals will be obtained.

**Identification Tag.**  
There has been a good deal of unfavorable comment in the navy on the prescribed method of wearing the identification tag on account of the behavior of the woven wire necklace, which rides up on the neck and inconveniences the wearer in various ways. These features have been overcome at the naval training station, San Francisco, by lengthening the wire so as to permit of its being worn bandolier fashion from above

the left shoulder to below the right arm, the tag hanging a few inches below the apex of the right axilla. In this way the wire does not ride up nor interfere with the movements of the body.—Army and Navy Register.

**Too Dark for a Picture.**  
A young French lieutenant, on special instruction duty in this country, went to visit one of the universities and was taking some pictures when a colored soldier from the camp nearby rushed directly in front of him. He looked up and to his companion smilingly remarked: "I will wait till the clouds roll by."

**Bandits at Work on the Border.**  
Efforts to Prevent Mexicans Crossing Over to Accept Employment in United States.

Cerules, Texas.—German propagandists in northern Mexico and along the border are actively engaged in inducing fresh lots of Mexicans with a view to preventing their crossing to America and accepting employment as laborers on farms, railroads, etc. One card that has been given considerable publicity by the propagandists is that the Americans are "selecting" during all Mexican months between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five into the army, while all Mexican women will also be forced into service and taken to France, where they will be used as washerwomen for the American soldiers and the allies (enemies).

These kind of reports have reached the American consular service on the border and they are exerting their utmost efforts to set the Mexicans right by assuring them that none but American citizens will be subject to the selective draft, while, as for women, there is absolutely no foundation for the report that they will be conscripted all used as wash-women in France, as there are any number of women already in France and none others are needed "for washerwomen."

Now that the new draft is in effect it is expected that the German propagandists will be manufacturing all kinds of deliberate falsehoods to thwart the efforts of the Americans to secure laborers from Mexico to do agricultural and other work in this country.