BARBER PULLED OUT DEAD HAIR

Kendall's Face Got Sore, He Sued Insurance Company, Can't Collect

If a traveling salesman drops into a barbershop for a shave and asks the tonsorialist to pull an in-grown hair from his neck or chin, and barber's itch or some other infection results, the man cannot expect to collect accident insurance. This is the meaning of an opinion handed down by the supreme court yesterday, written by Justice Burnett.

T. W. Kendall, a traveling salesman, had an experience such as that described and sued the Trevelers' Protective Association of America because it would not allow him compensation on a policy. The company held that the injury had been inflicted with Kendall's consent, and hat therefore it was not accidental. This contention is upheld by the court.

Patrolman Is Discharged.

W. E. Crow, a Portland patrolman, cannot regain his place on the police force on the strength of an opinion of the supreme court yesterday which declares that orders issued by the civil service board of Portland for Crow's reinstatement are invalid.

Crow was discharged from the force by Former Mayor Albee. He appealed to the board which suspended him from the date of his discharge to May 1, 1915, but when that date arrived Mayor Albee refused to allow him to resume his place and a second order for reinstatement was issued. It is held by the court that the first order of the board was invalid because the board did not state certain findings in the case and that the second order, in which it did attempt to embody findings, was invalid for the reason that it had exhausted its powers of investigation in the first order. The opinion, written by Justice Moore, affirms Judge Gantenbein.

Other Opinions Yesterday.

Other opinions handed down yesterday were:

Dougland Land company, appellant, vs. Clatsop county; appeal from Clatsop; suit asking for a reduction of assessment on property; opinion by Justice McCamant, Circuit Judge Eakin affirmed.

Oregon Mill & Grain company vs. H. G. Hyde, et al, appellants; appeal from Baker; involving the validity of a garnishment; opinion by Justice Harris, Circuit Judge Knowles affirmed.

School District No. 30, Clatsop county vs. Alameda Construction company et al, appellants; appel from Clatsop county; involving cost bill; considered on rehearing and former opinion adhered to.

F. E. Stillwell et al vs. A. T. Hill, appellant; appeal from Union; considered on petition for rehearing and former ppinion adhered to.

City of Eugene vs. Thomas H. Garrett et al, appellants; appeal from Lane; suit to establish right of city to street; opinion by Justice Bean, judgment of Circuit Judge Calkins modified.

Clarke Woodard Drug company appellants, vs. Hot Lake Sanitorium et al; appeal from Union; suit to impress lien upon property; opinion by Chief Justice McBride, Circuit Judge Knowles affirmed.

John Finley vs. Finley Morrison et al, appellants; appeal from Linn; suit to quiet title; opinion by Justice Benson, Circuit Judge Galloway affirmed.

Petitions for rehearing were denied in Smith vs. Robinson, Buttle vs. Douglas county and Bell vs. Vogt.

DESPERATION.

The beautiful girl chatted earnestly about how happy some couples seemed to be in just a small apartment.

The young man was only mildly interested.

She told him of her successful course in domestic science as well as in home dressmaking.

To this he returned the compliment of conversational commonplaces.

As he was departing she accidentally stood under a very large bunch of mistletoe.

Apparently he was blind, for he murmured his adieu and departed.

As the door closed her lips met in a straight line, her brows were corrugated, her eyes flashed and she gasped:

"The slacker!"—W. P. N.

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF YPRES NOW HEAP OF DUST

Notable Spots in Wealthy Center Totally Destroyed by the Germans

CITY IS 600 YEARS OLD

Bells, Heard in Belgian Fields for Six Centuries, Now Are Silent

Behind the British Lines in France, Jan. 10.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—There is literally nothing left of the once lordly city of Ypres except heaps of dust and broken stones. Although still within the range of German artillery, the city may be visited in comparative safety as it is too far behind the lines to offer a certain target for continuous bombardment.

Ypres is 600 years old and carried with it before the war, the impress of an honorable past. In the middle ages when the Flemish merchants were the great traders of Europe, the city was fabulously wealthy, being for many years the center of the wool trade. After its prosperity passed, it would have become obscure but for the cathedral and Cloth Hall, where the wool merchants once had met. These two monuments were remarkable examples of the architecture of their time and for a hundred years had made Ypres known and visited by the world.

Beauty Turned to Ashes.

It remained for the German to tur nto ashes what had been a place of beauty for 500 years. The first bombardment of Ypres came on November 1, 1914. The town was then full of wounded soldiers and peasant refugees from the surrounding country. They were crowded principally in the cathedral and the Church of St. Nicholas, in the vain beliefe that these sanctuaries at least would be spared by the invader.

The battle on the hills around Ypres ended seventeen days later. The Germans failed to break through the British line, but the bombardment of the town, instead of waning, grew more intense. The Germans, foiled in their attempt to capture Ypres, determined to destroy it. For a long period heavy shells fell into the town at the rate of fifteen a minute. The sound of the continuous destruction could be heard fifty miles away.

The inhabitants of the town mostly fled soon after the bombardment started. When it was over they returned to find the beauty of their town well nigh gone. The famous Cloth hall still stood, but it was a roofless skeleton, only its cellars were intact. The great square in front of it was heaped with broken stones and charred wood, and nearby lay the broken bells, the famous bells of Ypres, which for 600 years had sounded every hour across the level fields of Belgium.

Cathedral Once Spectacle.

As for the cathedral, one could stand inside and look up at a roof which was like a sieve, while the interior was filled with stones, fragments of marble statues from the tombs, charred wood that had once been the wonderful carved roof, rags of burnt canvas that had been beautiful pictures, broken glass of wonderful color that had been the famous painted windows.

Such was Ypres after the first bombardment. Whole streets had been destroyed, yet there were still houses where people could live; there was still a broken skeleton of what had been a town.

For six months Ypres was left in comparative peace; shells still fell in the town at irregular intervals, but it was possible for people to live there and to open shops for the trops that passed through to the battle line.

The second bombardment began without warning on April 20, 1915. The first shell fell in the "Great Place" when it was filled with people. It is impossible today to get an accurate estimate of the loss of life caused by that first shell, but those who saw it still blanch and tremble with the mere memory of it. It was a heavier shell than any that had been used in the first bombardment, coming from one of the giant siege guns. It could be heard for ten seconds in the air, the noise of it growing as it came, like the sound of an express train. When it fell the thick smoke of its explosion rose 400 feet high.

Shells Pour Into Town.

The full storm of the bombardment burst forty-eight hours later, accompanied by the first waves of poisoned gas used against the French and British lines. Day and night for a long period the great shells poured into the town in a steady stream, while above streets and squares and fields hung a sinister cloud, gas and smoke and dust.

When this bombardment ceased, it was hardly possible to find one's way through the town. Houses and streets had all melted together in heaps of rubbish. The one or two walls which still stood only served to emphasize the desolation, a few fragments of the church wall and tower, with their pointed arches, the remains of a belfry, a scarred fragment of the facade of the Cloth hall. From these ruins one could locate where the more fmportant buildings of the city had stood and could estimate the completeness of the ruin.

So Ypres remained for two more years. The Germans completed their destruction during the spring and summer, removing the last recognizable vestiges of anything by turning heavy armor piercing shells against the pathetic ruins. By the end of July there was literally nothing left except dust and broken stones. That is all that now remains of the famous town of Ypres.

HULLED CORN.

The food administrator admonishes us to use corn. In every national crisis, beginning with the hardships suffered by the Pilgrims, corn has proved the sustaining commodity which saved the country. Most Americans like corn and have a reverence for the history of the plant. They rejoice to see it growing. It is harder to cook than wheat, and there are fewer methods of making it palatable.

The common uses of corn meal have survived the extravagant years of the country's expansion. Johnny-cake is eaten everywhere; fried mush is less common, but well known; bannock, which is thick mush baked in a thin cake, always pleases children, and would be pleasing to elders if it did not call for squirrels' teeth.

Brown bread always will be a favorite way of using corn meal, and in some households, where early traditions are maintained for sentimental reasons, the succulent Indian pudding still holds its own. But any one who has eaten hulled corn, properly prepared, will regret the decline of this delicacy.

There is no more delicious cereal to be had, or one more readily available. The reason why the art of preparing it has been all but lost seems to be due to an imaginary difficulty concerning its processing. Our grandmothers used lye, leached from wood ashes, to separate the corn from the hull, after which the kernels were properly cooked. They did not have a package of standardized baking soda on the pantry shelf.

Miss Lucy Dodge Colby, of Weare, New Hampshire, makes hulled corn. She is a superior woman and generous with her recipes. A week ago she came into my kitchen to demonstrate her process, that I might publish it as her contribution to her country's need in this crisis.

Field corn is used. It must be of the last harvest. One or two quarts of shelled corn may be handled easily. It is cooked in a kettle—anything but an aluminum kettle, which would be attacked by the soda. The corn will more than double in bulk, for which allowance must be made. It should be well covered with water, and one heaping tablespoonful of soda added for each cupful of corn, or two flat tablespoonfuls of soda, to be more exact. In this the corn must boil for about three hours, during which time it needs no special care beyond keeping it well immersed. More water, without more soda, may be added, if necessary. Slow boiling will do.

At the end of that period a few kernels are tested to see whether the hulls will wash off in cold water. This is accomplished by rubbing and rinsing. The hull seems to be tacked on by one little black speck. If this comes off it all comes off. It is better to leave the germ on, as it contains something that is sweet and rich.

It may take an hour to wash off all the hulls, according to the quantity being handled. As it takes five hours of boiling, and as the finished product will keep well, it is wise to do as much as possible at one time.

After washing, the corn is boiled again for half an hour to extract all taste of soda. The water is then changed again, and at the second cooking one teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of sugar to each quart of corn are added.

The corn is boiled until it is soft and greatly swollen. Then it is stored in a crock in a cold place to be heated again in boiling water, in small quantities, when wanted.

It is a hearty and nourishing dish. Served as a breakfast cereal, with milk, it knows no rival, and when seasoned like vegetables it is a splendid dish at dinner. It deserves a greater vogue at all times, and in times like these it ought to be in general use in every household.—Country Gentleman.

A LAST RESORT.

Pierpont Morgan, Jr., the young son of the financier, who enlisted in the navy and is now cruising in European waters, said to a reported before he left New York:

"Seafaring brings out a man's faith, if he's got any, these days. It's astonishing how little faith some men prove to have.

"I heard the other day of a minister on a torpedoed steamer. The steamer was in a very bad way, wireless broken, boats gone and sinking. The captain said grimly to the assembled passengers, as he tied on his lifebelt:

"'Well, friends, we must now put out trust in Providence.'

"'Good gracious!' the minister wailed. 'Has it come to that-'"—Washington Star.

EAST EXPECTS LONG WAR SAYS MANUFACTURER

Feeling Prevails at Washington Conflict Will Last Seven Years

JOHN OLIVER EN ROUTE

West Eager to End War Although Feeling Seems Higher in East

PORTLAND, Or., Jan. 10—"It's the general feeling in the East and around Washington that the war will last for seven years to come. Though perhaps aiming high, government officials are preparing for long siege, and no confidence in an early settlement of the war is pressed back there."

So says John Oliver, vice president of the Oliver Plow company, of South Bend, Ind., who is in the city from San Francisco, where he has spent the past several weeks investigating the company's business condition.

"One hears more of the war and the feeling is more high in the East than it is here onthe Pacific coast. There where the seaports are the embarkation points of troops for the front, the great import of the war is more forcibly realized. Of course here there is but little doubt that Kaiser Bill is all in the wrong, and people here are as eager to see the end of his reign of terror as other points in the United States."

The Oliver Plow company is at present working on large war orders from England, France and Italy for tractor plows, says Mr. Oliver. The disability of allied nations manufacturing material other than that used for war purposes has made an unusual demand for American products of all kinds.

Joseph E. Oliver, father of John Oliver, who is in Portland, and president of the Oliver Plow company, is state manager of Indiana in the war stamps campaign, and owing to the increased campaign, and owing to the increased work incurred by this new duty requires the speedy return of the son to South Bend to assume the work of the company. He will leave the city Wednesday, stopping en route at Omaha to viit the branch office in that city.

PATIENCE EXHAUSTED.

They had been engaged three years, but there seemed no indications that the good ship matrimony was hovering in the offing. She was getting restless, but when she touched the subject, he dexterously turned the conversation.

Recently he turned it off to physiology, a science of which he was a student.

"Yes," he said, airily, "it is a strange but well authenticated fact that the whole of the human body changes every seven years. You, my dear, are Miss Jones now. In seven years you will have changed completely. Not a particle of your present self will be left, but all the same you will still be Miss Jones."

"Oh, I shall?" said the angry damsel, tugging away at the third finger of her left hand. "I assure you I won't if I have to marry a—ho ho! Of all the impudence. Here, take your ring and I never want to see you again."—San Antonio Light.

We hope the red tape route was among the transportation lines taken over by President Wilson at noon on Friday. It is one system on which there will be no need to spend a cent for upkeep. As for dividends, it never paid any.—Chicago Herald.