

USED THE CONVINCING WORD

Story of Traveler and the Cab Horse Used as Object Lesson in Good Salesmanship.

"So you let him get away, eh?" said the proprietor with mingled bitterness and philosophy. "And you had him right to the point. Your sales talk was good, right up to the last minute, when you omitted the convincing word."

"Looks that way."
"Sure does. You remind me forcibly of the case of a colored hack driver down south. One day he and his dilapidated cab and moth-eaten horse were all asleep by the curb. It was noon. Ten minutes till time for the train and the station was a mile away. A fat traveling man of middle age came sweating along toting two heavy grips and hastening toward the station. Seeing the cab idle, he called to the driver:

"Hey, boy, can you get me to that train in ten minutes?"
"Dunno, boss; dis hyer hoss he putty toliable ole. He was in de ahmy, boss."

"Was he in the war? I was in the cavalry myself. Get into that cab and I'll get that horse there in time."

The driver got inside and the traveling man mounted the driver's seat. As he did so he yelled "Halt!" The old horse stuck his head up for the first time in twenty years—tall ditto. "Charge!" yelled the fare sharply. He charged. Away he went, striking fire from the bowlders. The outfit reached the station just as the train did. "Halt!" yelled the fare and leaped from the seat as the horse came to a skating stop. Tossing \$1 to the astonished occupant of the cab, the traveler ran to his train.

"That negro driver was the most astonished man in twelve states. He had seen a miracle occur right under his nose."

DISCARD ALL SPOILED FOOD

Death Lurks in Even a Taste of Canned Stuff That Contains Putrefactive Germs.

It is an extraordinary fact that there are still many persons in this country who undertake to salvage canned food, which they know to be spoiled, by making it into salads and such dishes.

The Journal of the American Medical Association publishes a long report by Drs. Charles Thorn, Ruth B. Edmondson and L. S. Giltner of the microbiological laboratory, United States department of agriculture, Washington, on several recent deaths due to eating canned asparagus that had spoiled. And it adds an editorial

saying that "botulism," as the fatal disease is called, is "disturbingly frequent in the United States (apparently no case has ever occurred in Great Britain)."

The canned vegetables to blame are almost always those put up at home, and have generally been treated without boiling, although boiling does not always kill the putrefactive germs that cause the trouble.

When canned foods spoil they are not even to be tasted, for a minute quantity is sufficient to cause death. Nor should domestic animals be permitted to eat them. There would seem to be no occasion for any one to meet this quick but terrible death, for spoiled canned vegetables always smell nasty, and the vile odor ought to be warning enough for anybody.

Inventor of Corliss Engine.

George Henry Corliss, inventor of the Corliss engine, was born in Easton, N. Y., 102 years ago. His first device was a machine for sewing boots and shoes. After several other minor inventions had been completed by him, he settled in Providence, R. I. In 1844 and became head of a firm engaged in the manufacture of steam engines. Here his talent began to show full scope, and in 1848 he completed the original form of what has since become famous the world over as the Corliss engine. By the invention Corliss revolutionized the use of stationary engines throughout the world, and conferred a great and lasting boon upon industry. Corliss, who became immensely wealthy, died in Providence in 1888.

Gordon Waa'n't Worried.

Mother asked Gordon to keep the baby quiet while she hurried to the grocery. Soon after she left the baby began to cry and Gordon gave her his watch to play with. When mother returned she was horrified to see baby putting the watch in her mouth.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed, as she seized the watch. "Why did you give it to baby; she might have swallowed it."

"I was holdin' the chain," explained Gordon, "so it couldn't go far. But even if she did swallow it I wouldn't care very much, 'cause pa has promised me a better one."

Italian Territory in Africa.

Italian Libya now comprises the two provinces of Tripolitana and Cirenaica, and lies along the north coast of Africa between Tunis (French) on the west and Egypt on the east. In longitude from about 9 to 23 degrees east. The extreme northerly point of Libya is at about the parallel of latitude 33 degrees north; the southernmost point is unknown, as the territory runs south into the unmapped Sahara indefinitely.

UNSPOLED TRIBES OF AFRICA

English Traveler Pays High Tribute to Morals and Behavior of Negroes Whom He Met.

Summing up seven years of travel in the interior of Africa, where the natives are "unspoiled by alcohol, European morals, and the love of gain either by fair means or fraud," an Englishman, Mr. E. Torday, speaks very well indeed of the African negro. In two crossings of the Congo Free State he met no tribe that "was not naturally good-tempered, and, in most instances, hospitable and trustful."

Customs of course are different in a land where one may know the tribe to which a man belongs by the design that has been painfully embossed on his skin. The traveler tells of tribes where all the women who were in the fashion paint themselves red from top to toe, and are so fond of the color that if a gift is given them they immediately paint it red also. Cannibals he met, and people who live in houses the door of which looks like a window, and others, remote from the inventions of civilization, who transmit complicated messages over long distances by signals on a wooden gong. Odd human beings, as the rest of us hear of them; but the traveler left them with regret, looking down from his steamer on the crowd gathered when he was leaving the Congo, "among whom there was not one who was not my friend."

"Deke" was his name among the natives, and as he steamed away, there stood his "dear black friends, waving their hands, cloth, branches, and anything that came to hand, and shouting in the native tongue, 'Good-by, Deke; don't forget us.'"

Word Coinage of War.

"Don't be a 'dud,'" said the lad, half-coaxingly, half-contemptuously, to a schoolmate upon whom he was urging action to which the other opposed resistance. Thus a word used colloquially as designating shabby clothes or semi-valueless effects acquires a meaning but indirectly traceable to the original. A remarkable number of new words, either applying to new inventions or to be classed as "soldiers' slang," came into being during the war and have been recognized in a 1919 dictionary. Presently philologists will be exploring a search for roots, and certain among them will be duty incorporated into our language, while others will drop out as words of occasion only.

Essay on Baseball.

A small boy was told to write an essay about baseball. This is what he handed to his teacher: "Rain—no game."

It Was.

"The law ain't nigh as flexible as it ought to be!" grumbled the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "There's a whole lot of cases that it can't begin to cover properly."

"What is one of them, for instance?" asked the guest.

"Why, right here, tomorrow, a life insurance agent is going to be tried for calling an oil stock seller a liar, and I'll be dod-blasted if I see how, according to law, they can both be stuck!"—Kansas City Star.

Notice.

An Arkansas paper announces that the postmaster at Batavia has received a letter with no name or address on it, and he would like the person it is intended for to please call and get it.—Boston Transcript.

Dantzic Rich in Memories.

The old fortress of Dantzic is rich in Napoleonic lore. It was here that the man of destiny failed to heed the intimations of a grand council of his marshals—Murat, Ney and the rest—that his star had passed perihelion; it was here that he upbraided them for having grown soft in prosperity, and for opposing the invasion of Russia; and it was from Dantzic that his legions "jumped off" for the ill-fated Moscow campaign.

In a later day Dantzic was the background and base for the northern shear of Mackensen's gray-green pincers that took Warsaw.

BACHELOR TELLS OUR WOMEN HOW TO COOK



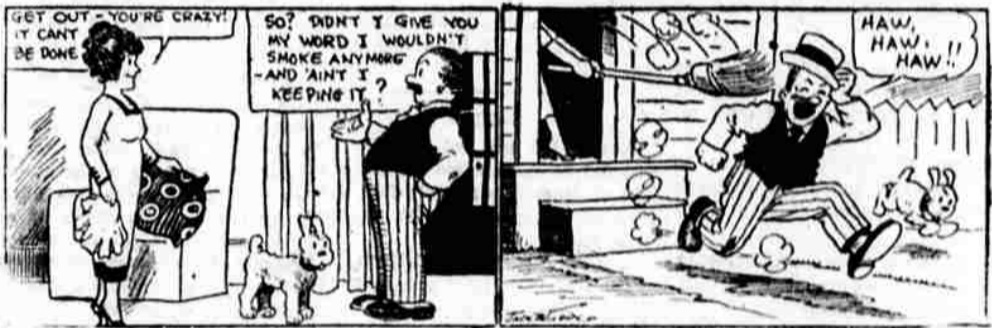
A man tells American housewives how to run their kitchens. And more so—he is a bachelor. But he is doing such a good job of it—that even the best housewives in the land—those in rural districts—are ever demanding his new ideas. It is C. F. Langworthy, who for more than 25 years has conducted the office of home economics in the Department of Agriculture. Photo shows Langworthy and part of one of the laboratory kitchens.

Candlestick for Campers.

The bracket of a candlestick designed for campers terminates in curved points to grip a tree trunk or other upright support.

Gods Galore.

India holds the record for images. It has been estimated that there are quite 300,000,000 images of the various gods there.



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