

How Dairymen Succeed.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—Successful dairymen are those who produce the largest amount of milk and butter at the lowest cost possible. Large and cheap production depends on the use of cows that have inherited the function of producing large amounts of milk, and supplying them with economical nutrients. Inherited productivity is determined by test applied to ancestors and to the individual cow, and economical feeding calls for food in such forms and amounts as will enable the cow to exercise her inherited ability to its full extent without drawing upon her own body for milk material.

From the foregoing, taken from Professor Graves' bulletin on feeding the dairy cow, it is seen that profitable dairying is rapidly being reduced to an exact science, and that it will be profitable just to the degree that it is conducted on scientific lines. System in breeding and feeding, and the right system at that, is requisite to steady consistent success. Hap-hazard methods of selecting the dairy cows and maintaining the dairy herd may occasionally win when conditions are favorable, but assured success only awaits those who enter systematically upon the work of securing real dairy cows for the dairy and then feeding them in such a way that their bodies will be maintained and their milk flow kept at the maximum for the amount of feed consumed with the least waste and at the least cost.

Of course, the handling and marketing of the milk and dairy products are parts of this system, but that is another story. Those who are interested in proper methods of feeding may get a copy of the bulletin, "Feeding the Dairy Cow," prepared by Professor Graves and issued by the college extension division, Corvallis, Oregon.

\$600,000 Plant to Rise.

Medford—Two industrial projects, vital to the future economic and agricultural prosperity of the Rogue River valley, are assured: The beet sugar factory promoted by the Western Sugar company, backed by Mormon capitalists, and the Portland Beaver Cement plant at Gold Hill.

Both projects represent an outlay of more than \$1,000,000. A \$600,000 factory will be built in the Rogue River valley in time to handle the 1916 crop.

The Portland Beaver Cement plant at Gold Hill has issued a call for its superintendents, foremen and employes to report for work at once. The plant, which has been in course of construction for the last 18 months, is now 85 per cent completed and practically all of the machinery has been received and installed. The analysis of rock near Gold Hill shows one of the finest deposits of cement material in the West.

Tests made by the beet sugar expert of seed planted in the valley this year shows a high degree of saccharine and size and productiveness. On some land sowed to beets the crop is estimated at from 20 to 24 tons to the acre. The beets have not yet reached the height of their development.

In the best sugar beet districts of the Rocky Mountain states, the average tonnage is from 15 to 20 tons an acre. The bottom land is highly adapted for the growth of beets. Mr. Bramwell will arrive in Medford soon and with the sugar interest expert A. Storey will pass a month inspecting conditions here.

Too Few Sign Petitions.

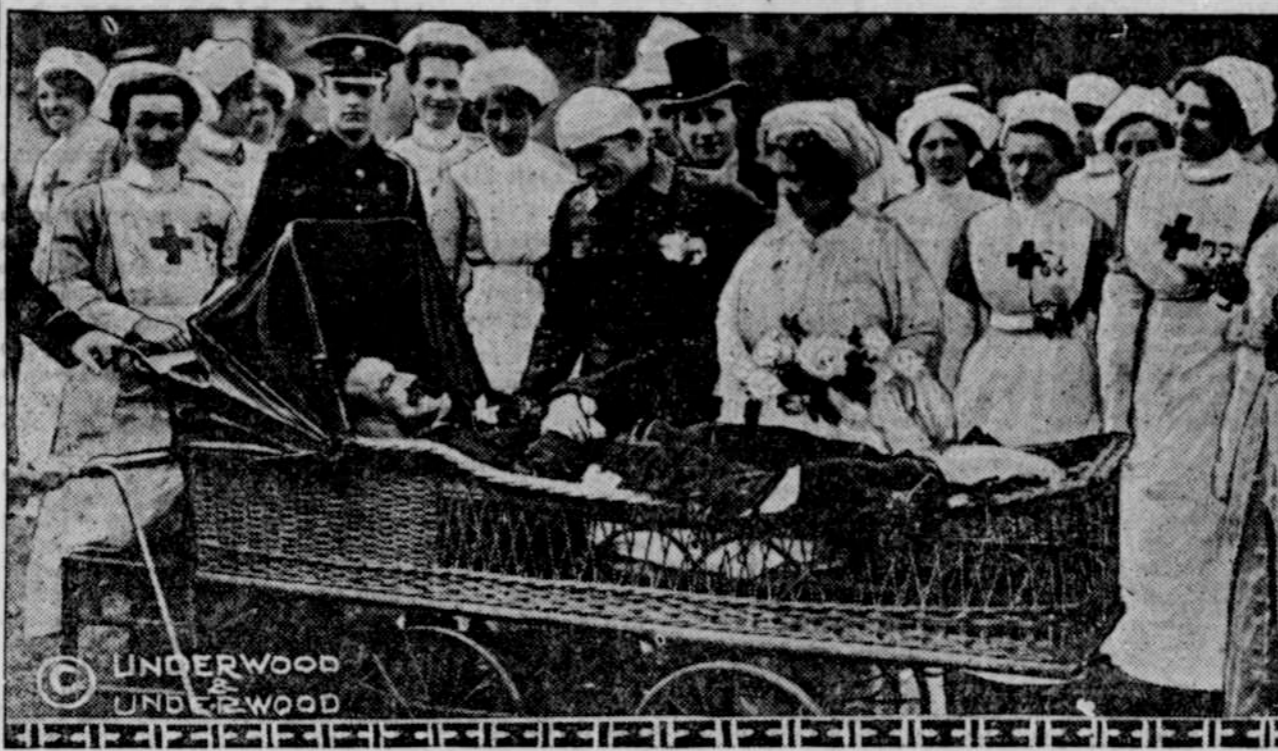
Marshfield—The movement for bonding Coos county for \$370,000 to construct "permanent" roads met a rebuff when the petitions were circulated for two days and, instead of the required 1000, less than 500 signed them. The campaign was opened as a plank road proposal, but the plan was criticised. The petitions were drawn by District Attorney Liljeqvist, and the promoters stated the word "permanent" would be construed as hard surface when the court would finally pass upon the term. It is planned to obtain another 500 names and ask the County court to grant a special election.

Sewer Plans Approved.

Forest Grove—Plans, specifications and estimates for the construction of sanitary sewers in the city have been completed by Consulting Engineer R. E. Koon, of Portland, and A. A. Kirkwood, city engineer, and approved by the city council and state board of health. The final date for remonstrance has been set as August 24. The work will consist of about 14 miles of pipe sewers and a disposal plant. The estimated cost is \$90,500. The entire plant will be constructed in one district.

Woman Runs for Office.

Roseburg—Mrs. F. E. Alley, wife of a former Roseburg land attorney and prominent horseman, has announced her candidacy for the office of city treasurer. Miss Agnes Pitchford, incumbent of the office has declined to accept another term. After August 1 she will pass her entire time looking after other interest in this section.



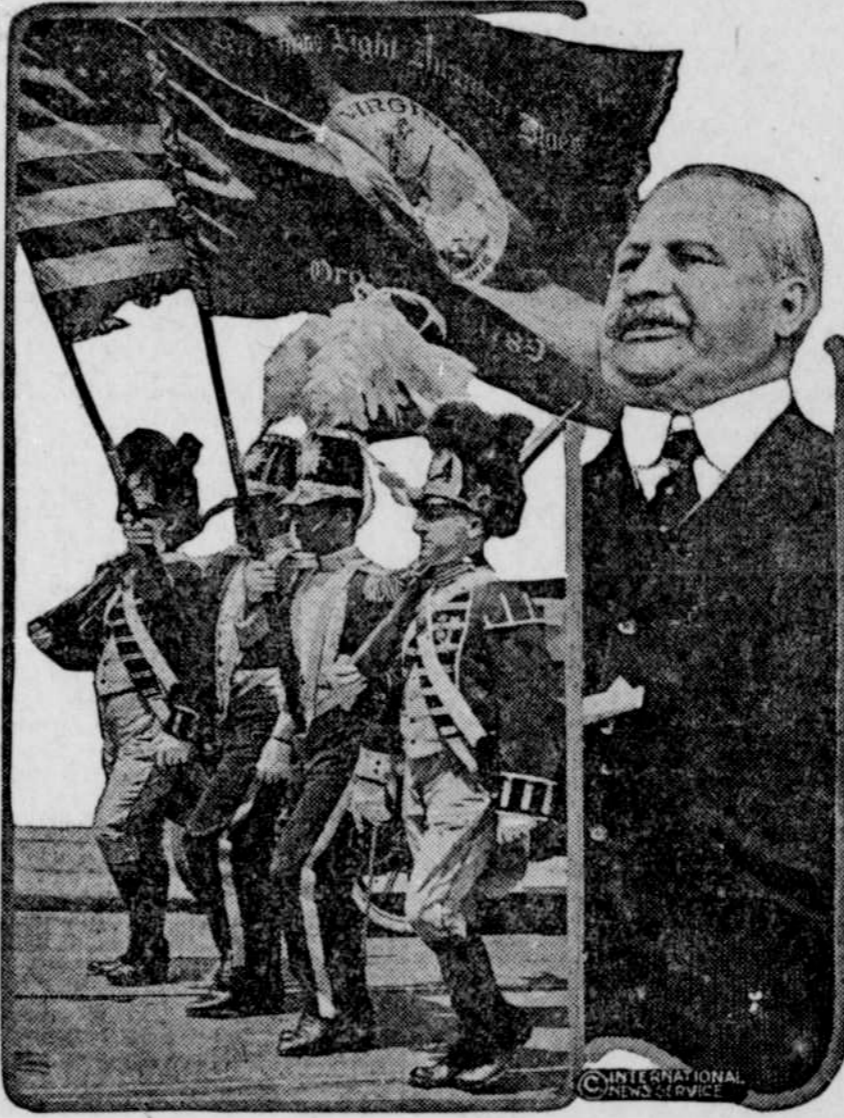
A war romance, which is the talk of Winnipeg, Canada, where the principals of the story reside, has just culminated in the marriage at an English hospital of Miss Stonehouse to her soldier sweetheart, who was brought back from the front incapacitated by wounds received in heroic action on the fighting lines. The bridegroom left Canada with one of the first of the Canadian contingents. His name listed among the wounded impelled Miss Stonehouse to leave her home in Winnipeg to make the long journey of 4,000 miles to comfort her wounded soldier sweetheart. The photograph shows the happy pair, groom with head bandaged, bride at his left. The groom is being congratulated by his bunkie, who had been wheeled out to the grounds of the hospital in order to be present at the wedding.

GUARDIAN OF THE CAPITOL



Elliott Woods is the superintendent of the United States capitol and grounds in Washington, and has entire charge of the policing of the building.

VIRGINIA DAY AT THE EXPOSITION



Virginia day at the Panama Pacific exposition at San Francisco was a great success. Our illustration shows the color bearers of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues on parade, and, at the right, Governor Stuart delivering his address.

NEW U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER



Launching of the newest American torpedo-boat destroyer, the Conyngham, at the Cramps shipyards, Philadelphia, and little Miss Anna Conyngham Stevens, who was sponsor for the vessel.

When Tommy "Put Out to Sea." Describing the death of a British Tommy who had been riddled with shrapnel, an army surgeon in London on leave said:

"As we laid the poor fellow tenderly on the hospital cot, suddenly he began to sing Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar,' to Sir Joseph Barnby's beautiful setting. His voice was one of the sweetest tenors I ever heard. Doctors, nurses and orderlies gathered at his bedside listen in silence, deeply moved, while he sang the song through to the end, his strength waning with each verse. It was almost in a whis-

per that he finished the line, 'And may there be no moaning at the bar when I put out to sea.' A moment later he was dead."

Greatest Living Poet.

There is no "great poet" living today. Between the few so-called poets of today there is but little choice. This is not an age of poetry. The atmosphere of the time would instantly choke a real poet to death. The chances are, however, that we will have some real poets later on when this war is over, and the real soul of humanity begins to assert itself.

While Walking Streets of Brooklyn Man Detects Odor of Burning Potatoes—Cook Reading Novel.

He was walking along one of the residential streets of Brooklyn the other day when he suddenly stopped and sniffed the air in all directions. His nose had found a familiar odor, and pretty soon he traced it to a certain chimney and ascended the steps of a house and rang the bell.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said to the woman who came to the door, "but do you keep a cook?"

"Yes, sir," she replied as she looked at him in a puzzled way.

"Is she in at the present time?"

"Yes, sir, but she doesn't want to see no agents just now."

"Oh, I'm no agent, ma'am. You just tell the cook that the water has all boiled out of the potatoes and that the said potatoes are burning. Smell 'em very plainly in the street. Happens every day at my house. Cook is probably reading a novel or got a cold in the head. That's all, ma'am—no trouble at all—good evening!"

An Extremist.

Marcella—Mrs. Umson doesn't believe in slang.

Waverly—That's all right, but she is entirely too circumspect.

"Do you think so?"

"Indeed I do. A show called 'Hi Jinks' came to town the other day and she insisted on calling it 'Hiram Jenkins.'"

The Trouble.

"What's the matter?" asked the cannibal chief as his prime minister choked on his mouthful of roast missionary.

"Oh, nothing much," replied the minister, as soon as he got his breath; "only another good man gone the wrong way."

Uncontrollable Curiosity.

"I don't see why Mrs. Jorwig has so many friends. She gossips terribly."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "Everybody seems willing to take a chance on being talked about for the sake of hearing what she says about the others."

He Got the New Suit.

"When I was a boy of your age I used to have to wear my father's trousers cut down to fit me."

"I know, pa, and if you were the boy that I think you were I'll bet you vowed many a time that if you ever had a son he'd never be made to wear such clothes."

Studying Efforts.

"Shall I put a little tonic on your hair?" inquired the barber.

"No."

"It's getting quite thin."

"Let it alone. A bald head is the only thing that will give me any claim to an intellectual appearance."

That's So.

"The country is simply being ruined by this idea of rushing everything."

"Yet where would this country have been if they had arrested Paul Revere for exceeding the speed limit?"

A Little Mixed.

Inquirer—Don't you find it dangerous work knocking about in a submarine deep beneath the sea?

Engineer—Yes, but a man must do something, you know, to keep his head above water.

HAD TO.



The Old Man—Did you ever work in your life?

The Beggar—Once.

The Old Man—When was that?

The Beggar—When I was in jail.

Judicial Proceeding.

"A friend of mine who is a magistrate found his practice came in handy when he found a valuable book with a leaf loose."

"What did he do?"

"He had it bound over to keep the piece."

The Reason.

"What made Jaggs so blue the other day?"

"He went to his private cupboard the other day and found his spirits were low."

Her Opposite.

Nell—Do you believe people should marry their opposites?

Belle—Yes; my fiance lives just across the street.

Even.

Lily—What a handsome coachman you've got!

Daisy—Yes; but you ought to see my husband's manicule!—Judge.

Two Companies Hold Position Five Days Without Relief.

Only Handful of Wrecks Left of Assaulting Party With Mission to Capture Chapel—They Captured It.

How two companies of French infantry took a chapel defended by German trenches and held their narrow strip of captured ground for five days under a continual fire from German artillery is related in a letter published in the Figaro of recent date. The letter was written by the officer commanding the party, who was one of the handful who remained when they were at last relieved. The appalling gruesomeness of modern warfare is told in thrilling phrases in this recital of a heroic act. Parts of the story have been elided by the French censor, but enough is left to give a graphic description. It is as follows:

"There was much agitation upon the plateau. The order had been given to my major to take the chapel at all costs. My company had the honor of being designated as the attacking company, and I am sent to reconnoiter the point of departure.

"The chasseurs who man the trenches from which we are to leave look at us with interest, because we are going to give the final blow, and because everyone is sure that the chapel has been mined and that the storming company will be blown up with it.

"I give my last orders, then the whistle signal and we start off on the run. For two hundred yards, a great distance in an attack of this kind, we run through shell holes at points deep as a man's height. We take three trenches that are not heavily defended. But by the time we arrive at the chapel half the company is down behind us, for we made the trip in the cross fire of three machine guns.

"My sub-lieutenant, a cashier of the Bank of France in times of peace, but a lion on the battlefield, at the head of ten men, jumps into the little trench that surrounds the chapel and drives out the German sections. We have taken the chapel, but it has been a hard task; then my lieutenant signals to Captain X's company. Without an instant's hesitation he leads his company behind mine, through the captured trenches. He joins me and is killed just as he shakes my hand. I take command of his company as well as mine, and throughout the night a savage struggle takes place.

"The positions we occupy are in the form of a spoon, the captured trenches form the handle and the chapel the large end. Through the trenches ammunition and food are sent to us, as we are being attacked on three sides.

"The next day, seeing that they could not drive us out by assaults and not having been able to blow us up, for the precaution had been taken to cut all electric wires which the shell explosions revealed, the Germans began bombarding. All their artillery in that neighborhood was concentrated upon the small space we held, and I humbly pray to God that I may never again find myself in the midst of such a hell.

"Huge shells burst among the living and the dead uninterruptedly; we breathed only a thick and nauseous vapor. Everything was burning, everything was whistling all about us. The reinforcements that were sent in to me melted away and I was obliged to send again and again for more men to add to the handful of heroes whom I have the honor to command.

"We could no longer get supplies, and for more than twenty-four hours we had to go without food or drink.

"What a sight! When, both day and night, hands and feet slip ceaselessly upon unnamable things which once were human bodies; when of these things one has before one the thickness of four men, one realizes how small one really is in the scheme of things, and it restores religious ideas to the most skeptical. For five days that continued, and for five days my colonel, who was watching the bombardment of the chapel, kept saying to his staff officers: 'How can you expect a company to hold out in that hell? It is not possible!'

"But hold we did! We held until the moment when a huge twenty-one centimeter shell struck three yards away from me, tearing everything about me to a horrible mess and burying me with five other soldiers. We dragged ourselves out, and finding that no one of us was wounded we took off our caps and on our knees we thanked the Blessed Virgin for having saved us.

"Shortly afterward we were relieved. And when I descended that slope to the plateau with the handful of men left from what had once been two full companies we were all crying from fatigue and shattered nerves.

"Some of us, with eyes sunk into our heads and contorted mouths, were chattering our teeth, without being able to stop. With our clothing torn and covered from head to foot with blood and brains we were horrible objects to see. But the chapel was ours!"

Post Office Cupid's Friend.

Redding, Cal.—For the fifth time the lumbering town of Lamoine has lost its postmistress by matrimony. It is a position that has always been filled by a woman.