

AMERICAN FOOD SAVINGS LARGE

United States Sent to Allies
141,000,000 Bushels
of Wheat.

CREDIT DUE TO WOMEN.

Allies Get 844,600,000 Pounds More
Meat and Fat in 1917-18
Than in Year Before.

★ AMERICAN FOOD SHIPMENTS ★	
★ TO ALLIES ★	
★ MEAT. ★	
★ 1916-17.....	2,168,500,000 lbs. ★
★ 1917-18.....	3,011,100,000 lbs. ★
★ Increase, 844,600,000 lbs. ★	
★ CEREALS. ★	
★ 1916-17.....	259,900,000 bu. ★
★ 1917-18.....	340,800,000 bu. ★
★ Increase... 80,900,000 bu. ★	

In spite of a subnormal food supply in this country the American people have been able to ship to the Allies as well as our own forces overseas 141,000,000 bushels of wheat, besides 844,600,000 pounds of meat, during the year ending June 30 last. This has been made possible by the whole-souled co-operation of the people, who, besides practicing self-denial, have speeded up production and responded nobly to the appeal from abroad.

Food Administrator Hoover, in a letter to President Wilson, gives a brief summary of the results of food conservation in the United States and of the activities of the Food Administration to this end. The conservation measures have been put through practically on a voluntary basis which is regarded as a splendid tribute to the patriotism of the American people.

Meat shipments were increased 844,000,000 pounds during the first fiscal year, as compared with our meat exports during the year before America entered the war.

"The total value of these food shipments," Mr. Hoover wrote President Wilson, "which were in the main purchased through or with collaboration of the Food Administration, amount to, roundly, \$1,400,000,000 during the fiscal year."

In 1916-17 the United States sent the Allies 2,168,500,000 pounds of meat. In 1917-18, with voluntary conservation practiced in America, and aided by extra weight of animals, we sent the Allies 3,011,100,000 pounds of meat, an increase of 844,600,000 pounds.

Wheat Saving Enormous.

When the Food Administration began operations in the summer of 1917, this country was facing a large deficit in wheat. Counting in all carry-over wheat from the 1916 crop, we had at the beginning of the 1917 harvest year just enough wheat to take care of America's normal consumption,—not a bushel of surplus.

At the close of the 1917-18 harvest year the Food Administration's official reports showed that our total wheat shipments to the other side had been 141,000,000 bushels. Every bushel shipped was wheat saved by the American people from their normal consumption.

In cereals and cereal products reduced to terms of cereal bushels our shipments to Allied destinations were 340,800,000 bushels, 80,900,000 bushels more than the amount sent in 1916-17.

Included in these figures are 13,900,000 bushels of rye and the 141,000,000 bushels of saved wheat. In addition we sent the neutrals dependent on us 10,000,000 bushels of prime breadstuffs.

"These figures do not fully convey the volume of the effort and sacrifice made during the past year by the whole American people," the Food Administrator wrote. "I am sure that all the millions of our people, agricultural as well as urban, who have contributed to these results should feel a very definite satisfaction that in a year of universal food shortages in the Northern Hemisphere, all of those people joined together against Germany came through to the new harvest, not only with health and strength fully maintained, but with only temporary periods of hardship.

"It is difficult to distinguish between various sections of our people—the homes, public eating places, food trade, urban or agricultural populations—in assessing credit for these results, but no one will deny the dominant part of the American women.

Silkworm's Fast Growth.

In 28 days from hatching a silkworm increases 4,000 times its original size.

DAIRY FACTS

STUDY NEEDS OF LIVE STOCK

Dairymen and Stock Raisers Are Cautioned to Feed Only Balanced Ration to Animals.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

In order to save feed—to see that none of it is wasted—dairymen and live stock men should study the needs of their animals and see that only the required feed is given in a balanced ration. This is particularly important at the present time, since an increase in feed and more live stock are needed to supply the needs of this nation and the allies.

To reduce the problems involved in the selection of feeds on the basis of their nutritive value—which are measured in terms of protein, carbohydrate, and fat contents—in order to make them apply to every-day feeding, has not been simple. In a bulletin recently issued by the United States department of agriculture tables are given which make the balancing of rations a simple matter of multiplication and division. It is explained that protein, carbohydrate, and fat contents of a feedstuff are not the only factors affecting its feed value. Proteins differ in their nutritive qualities, while some substances not included in the classes mentioned are necessary to the proper maintenance of the bodily functions. The palatability and succulence of a feed has much to do with its value as a feed. Many feedstuffs have physiological effects entirely apart from their nutritive qualities. A ration may be perfectly balanced from the standpoint of relative content of protein and energy producers, and yet be quite impracticable, the specialists point out, because it is too bulky or too concentrated. Consideration of a feedstuff or a ration based only on chemical composition, therefore, is to be taken merely as a guide, it is explained, to be followed in the light of all the knowledge obtainable about animal nutrition.

The selling price of a feed is not a reliable guide to its relative feeding value. The carbohydrate feeds—corn, oats, barley, kafir, and various others—and the protein feeds—cottonseed meal, tankage, and brewers' grains—are found on the market at various prices. The feeder desires to know, with certain given prices, which is the cheapest feed to buy—the true value of a bushel of oats, rye, or barley for feed when corn is worth 80 cents a bushel. He wishes to know the value of a ton of brewers' grains, linseed meal, or bran when cottonseed meal is worth \$30 a ton and corn \$1 a bushel. By the use of the tables presented in the bulletin, which show comparative costs based on nutritive values, these questions can be answered.

Barley Long Known to Man.

Barley was originally a wild grass of western Asia. It is believed to be the most ancient cultivated vegetable food of mankind. Three varieties of the grain have been found in the prehistoric lake dwellings of Switzerland, dating back to the Stone Age.

A Legal War Bride

By ELIZABETH FORREST

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Robert Peters, attorney at law, with a newspaper in one hand, a pen in the other, sat before his office desk, a very picture of perplexity. "Thunder" he finally exploded, dashed the pen onto the desk, and swerved around to his startled stenographer.

"What is the proper thing to write to an engaged girl?"

"It all depends on how well you know her."

"Humph! If I tell you all about it, will you help me with this matter of etiquette?"

"Agreed." And Mary Borden listened.

"Well, Ruth Hampton and I grew up together. She was a good pal and everybody's friend; she appealed to me because she had intellect and good nature. I always have liked girls who can really 'do' something.

"Then after both mother and dad were gone, Ruth and her mother were like sister and mother to me. So when I took up law, it was with Ruth that I studied—and I do believe she could have passed the bar exams when I did, had she been so minded. There was

never anything more than sincere friendship between us, so I have had no ties to draw me back to Morton during these busy years here in New York—it has been nearly three." He hesitated, but Mary Borden's twenty years in the business world had molded her sympathetic nature into a character by which hurried men were ever inspired to confidence.

"But," he continued, "although I was fast forgetting Ruth, she was vividly brought to mind this morning. While reading my newspaper I chanced on a picture of her, and the announcement of her engagement. The picture doesn't look like the Ruth I used to know, but time, I suppose, does effect changes. Now, Miss Borden, the really funny part of my tale is this: I feel actually angry that Ruth has become engaged, and I've concluded that I'm what you might call, well—er—jealous! And thanks, awfully, but I've just decided that I'll not write her at all—she didn't send me a personal announcement."

"But is it reasonable to expect that of her? Do you write to her? Does she know where you are?"

Peters flushed. "Well," he grinned, "you've got me in a corner. I believe it has been some eight or ten months since I last wrote."

"May I see that paper, please?"

"Certainly." Then Miss Borden busied herself some minutes in the reading of the article in question. She started to read it again. At a sudden exclamation from her Robert looked at her inquiringly.

"Where did you say you used to live?"

"Morton, Ky."

"But, look, this notice reads, 'Miss Ruth Hampton of Berkeley, Cal.' so it can't be your Ruth?"

Robert snatched the paper eagerly from her and for a long time studied the cut. "No," he said at length, "there can't possibly be two Ruth Hamptons who look sufficiently alike to be sisters.

"There has been time enough for them to have traveled clear around the world, for all my knowledge of Ruth and her mother; so without a doubt the simple truth is that they have gone to California to live."

He sat a while in troubled silence, and at last tried to fix his attention on some briefs. It was useless. His mind wandered continually; and he asked himself over and over "Why do I care, why do I care?" There could be but one answer!

At noon he lunched absent-mindedly. Before returning he visited a Western Union office and sent a telegram to the postmaster of Morton. Of course the message was an inquiry regarding Ruth. But his conclusions of the morning were confirmed by the answering wire, sent collect: "Ruth Hampton and mother left Morton last October. Whereabouts unknown." And it was now April! After some time spent in gloomy pensiveness he roused himself.

Robert Peters was not backboneless and given to mooning. Frequently, to be sure, he thought and wondered about Ruth; but "the world is full of a number of things"—and wise men keep busy. Robert was wise, hence oblivious, and not troubled by sleepless nights.

Clean-minded, red-blooded, energetic, Robert grew daily more alive to his country's needs. So by June he had enlisted, since, so he said, "the law schools are yearly turning out hundreds of young men as brilliant and as capable as I"—further arguments were lengthy, superfluous.

A few days before he was to leave for camp he had his last case, a short case, but rather difficult. There had been trouble getting a lawyer for the defense, so Robert did not know who was to play opposite him, who had the prosecution.

The trial lasted three days. The morning of the second day Miss Ruth Hampton, counsel for the defense, received a fragment bouquet and a note asking if Mr. Robert Peters might call that evening. Of course, for obvious reasons overlooked in Mr. Peters' haste, he "might not." The morning of the third day history was repeated. That night he called.

As the maid removed his coat a crackling within reminded him of something. When Ruth and her mother entered to greet him they found him seated stiffly, with a dingy, edge-worn newspaper across his knees. Their greetings were cordial, but Peters' embarrassment increased; his tongue was about as active as the limbs of an athlete who has been bed-ridden for some weeks. Mrs. Hampton, being of the same cloth as all tactful mothers, presently withdrew.

"Bob," Ruth demanded, "what on earth is that newspaper that you have been clutching so madly?" He handed it to her silently, the cut and article folded on top.

She glanced it hurriedly through and returned it. If Bob had looked he might have noticed a hope-raising twinkle in her hazel eyes; but being perverse and foolish, he was engaged in that universal occupation resorted to in times of stress; tracing the pattern in the carpet! His fingers closed absently over the proffered paper.

"Well?" from Ruth.

"Er—oh, yes—er—d—doesn't that

"Me? What, the Ruth Hampton mentioned in that notice? And if I were?"

"Then you are. I knew it! When are you to be married?"

"Married?" she echoed. "Robert, use reason. Do you suppose my fiancé would allow me to run off to New York to dabble in law?"

"I beg your pardon, Ruth. I hate to ask, but is it—er—"

"A broken engagement?" she supplied. "No. Never been engaged in my life. But listen; I'll not tease you any more. The Ruth of Berkeley is my own cousin—my father's twin brother's daughter. You see, that accounts for our extraordinary likeness to each other. This brother ran away when he was eighteen, to the West evidently, but was never heard from; so I never knew I had such a relative until this Ruth's engagement was announced. Being curious, I wrote for information."

"But her name?"

"Father's mother's name was Ruth, and both boys named their only child for her. Hence the coincidence."

"I don't like coincidences. Don't tell me it was one that made you active in this murder case!"

"It wasn't. I passed the bar exams over a year ago; you surely aren't surprised at that! Last October I took an office in Syracuse."

"Ah, that's why—"

"Sh-h-h! And when I read about this case and the difficulty in getting a lawyer to defend the girl I was inclined to do it myself. What decided me was your being in it. I thought it would be rather much of a surprise, you neglectful boy!"

Well, even legally-inclined war brides like to be married in June.

LAKE HAS APPROPRIATE NAME

Body of Water in Eastern Turkestan Resembles a Pendulum in its Regular Swing.

Lake Lop-nor, the wandering lake of the desert of Tayla-makan, in eastern Turkestan, is the termination of the River Tarkin. Like a pendulum, the lake has swung from the south to the north of the desert, and back again, since the memory of man. The wanderings of the lake are a tradition handed down from father to son for

centuries. The natives of the lake shore have always followed the wanderings.

At present Lop-nor is in the southern part of the desert; a shallow reedy body of water hardly deserving the name of lake. Murky and unpleasant, it furnishes a livelihood to the inhabitants of its banks, the majority of whom are fishermen. In their frail shallow boats they cut through the reeds, fishing and hunting for water fowl along the banks. In some places the reeds are too thick to admit the passage of the boat; in such cases, however, it is possible to walk over the water on rafts of dried and rotting stems. The chief native delicacy is the eggs of the reed-birds.

Lake Lop-nor is one of the hottest places on the map in the summer and the coldest in the winter. During the winter months the lake is entirely frozen over, the temperature diving to 20 degrees below zero. In the summer the combination of a temperature of 100 degrees and the innumerable flies and mosquitoes which swarm on the banks make Lop-nor anything but a summer resort.

The explanation of the lake's wanderings lies in the fact that Tarkin carries every year quantities of silt to the lake bed, which slowly rises. In time, a hundred years or so, the river must seek a new outlet, and the pendulum swings to the north or south of the desert, as the case may be.

A Hard Loser.

"Ignorance, sheer ignorance," said a government official, discussing an attack by a war expert.

"This armchair critic," he went on, "is as ignorant as the lady who got up at the S. P. C. A. meeting and said:

"Can't something be done, dear friends—oh, can't something be done—to prevent horses from being scratched? The horse is man's noblest friend, and yet we read about its being scratched almost every day in the papers. The process must be very painful.

"Scratching a horse! Oh, dear friends, I'm sure it is a cruel and painful thing to do, for my husband attended the races last Saturday, and all Saturday night in his sleep he groaned and moaned and went on awfully about a horse that had been scratched. If you could have heard him, dear friends! His grief would have melted a heart of stone!"

L've Portland 7:15, a m,	Gerlinger 10:20,	Independence 10:32,	Monm'th 10:50
" Salem 9:35, "	" " " " "	" " " " "	" " " " "
" " 1:40, p m,	Dallas 2:45	" " " " "	3:10
" " 3:45, "	Gerlinger 4:24,	Independence 4:37,	Monmouth 4:55
" " 6:00, "	" 6:45,	" 6:57,	7:10
" Portland 3:30,	Connects with above		
" Corvallis 6:45, a m	Independence 7:35	Arrive Monmouth 7:45	
" " 1:15, p m	" 2:14	" " 2:30	
" Dallas 7:00, a m,	Arrive Monmouth 7:25		
" Airlie 8:30, a m and 3:45, p m,	Arrives Monmouth 9:05 a m and 4:13 p m		
Leave Independence, 6:50 a m, 7:35, 8:45, 10:35, 12:20, 1:30, p m, 2:20, 3:50, 4:40, 7:00			

L've Monmouth 7:05 a m,	Independence 7:35,	Gerlinger 7:49,	Ar Salem 8:30
" Same as above	" " " " "	" " " " "	Portland 11:10
" Monmouth 1:45, p m,	" 2:14,	" 2:27,	Salem 3:10
" Same as above	" " " " "	" " " " "	Portland 5:50
" Monmouth 4:05,	" 4:40,	" 4:55,	Salem 5:30
" " 9:05, a m,	Dallas 10:00	" " " " "	11:00
" " 4:30, p m	" 4:45,	" " " " "	5:35
" " 9:05, a m,	Independence 10:32,	Corvallis 11:20	
" " 4:55, p m,	" 6:57,	" 7:45	
" " 7:25 a m and 3:10 p m,	Arrives Airlie 8 a m and 3:40 pm		
Leave Monmouth 7:05, a m, 8:15 9:05, 10:50, 12:30, M, 1:45, p m, 2:35, 4:15, 4:55, 7:10			

If you have pride in the farm that gives you a home and a living why not show it by naming the farm and doing your corresponding on printed stationery? Ask us about it.

Good Printing is the Product of the Herald Print Shop

You'll find more tobacco satisfaction in the condensed Real Gravelly Chewing Plug than in a thick piece of ordinary tobacco.



Peyton Brand Real Gravelly Chewing Plug
10c a pouch—and worth it

Gravelly lasts so much longer it costs no more to chew than ordinary plug

P. B. Gravelly Tobacco Company
Danville, Virginia