

## MISSISSIPPI, IOWA AND MISSOURI WIN ARMY ESSAY CONTEST



Here are the national winners in the Army Essay Contest as they were being entertained in Washington, D. C., at the expense of the War Department. Left to right they are Betty Eason, age 14, of Olive Branch, Miss.; Donald Campbell, age 15, of Clinton, Ia.; and Marjorie Sheets, age 14, of Chillicothe, Mo. Their respective congressmen stand behind them.

## Punctured

By ANDERSON HALEY

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P-z-z-z! B-a-a-sh! With the sickening swish of escaping air and the harsh grinding of brakes the gray roadster came to an abrupt stop. Jack Raynor sprang out and glanced sharply at his front tires. They were unmistakably flat.

"Well, of all the cursed luck!" he exclaimed in dismay. "Both of 'em and not an extra tube or casing. Nothing for it but to vulcanize the holes!"

Then unaware that a pair of startled brown eyes regarded him intently from behind the roadside tangle of bushes, he proceeded to say other things, uncomplimentary things about the road and the people who frequented it, things which it is unnecessary to repeat, but for which he will doubtless be pardoned by the veteran motorist.

For the mercury had already climbed to the "ninety-in-the-shade" mark. Presently, having exhausted his vocabulary, he flung off his coat, collar and tie, rolled back his sleeves and fell to work jacking up the front wheels.

Meanwhile the owner of the brown eyes, sensing the gravity of the situation, slipped unobserved from her hiding place and, herry pall in hand, sped across the adjacent cornfield to the small brown house beyond.

For a moment she lingered hesitatingly in the doorway. Then she disappeared within. When she came out again she was wearing a crisp brown linen dress with a deep white collar, in place of the faded blue calico, and she had on the bronze shoes and stockings ordinarily reserved for Sundays.

"I wonder if I dare," she whispered to herself in suppressed excitement. "But I'm going to, anyhow. It's the least I can do. He'll never guess how it happened. And it is dreadfully hot and dusty out there. Besides," irrelevantly, "he is splendid looking even when he's angry."

Ten minutes later, as Jack Raynor was ruefully contemplating two sharp tacks that explained the flat tires, his attention was attracted by a rustling in the bushes and, even as he looked, a slender girl of nineteen or twenty emerged, carrying a shining tin pail and a basket. His swift appraising glance noted that she was unusually pretty, with shy brown eyes, an abundance of soft brown hair becomingly arranged, and cheeks that glowed pink beneath their healthy tan.

"I thought you might like a fresh drink," she began timidly, extending the pail. "It—it's so warm this morning—and we do have good water—and on the way I picked these peaches—they're just ripe enough to eat," she concluded setting down the basket.

To Jack Raynor, tired and thirsty from his strenuous work, the sight of the sparkling water was indeed welcome. Smiling his thanks, he accepted the pail and drank eagerly.

"I don't know whether you are a wood nymph or just a sort of human angel," he said returning it to her. "But I was longing for a drink, and I more than appreciate your thoughtfulness. I always felt I should know a nymph if I saw her—that like you, she would be all in brown, with a hint of wild roses in her cheeks and sunlight in her hair. Won't you sit down, Wood Nymph?" he added politely, spreading out his coat by the roadside.

"I—I mustn't," she replied, in the same soft voice, "because you see I don't know you and—"

"Oh, if that's all I can soon set you right," he responded gayly. "I'm Jack Raynor of the state highway department. I'm looking up the route for the new state road, and I was getting on pretty well until the Greyhound," indicating the car with a nod of his head, "picked up a couple of tacks. I was just cursing my luck when you came along to prove the truth of the old adage about the 'silver lining.' And I'd much prefer to have company while I repair damages."

The girl seated herself gracefully and watched him with interest as he took out his vulcanizing outfit, affixed a rubber patch, clamped it into place, and lighted the gasoline in the container. While he was waiting for it to burn out he sat down beside her.

"Now suppose you tell me about yourself. Of course I know you are a wood nymph, but even they must have names—otherwise there would be no end of confusion."

"There's nothing very interesting to tell," she replied quietly, her eyes fixed on the flame. "I'm Rose Carey, and father and I live in the Brown house over there. He carries the mail, so I'm alone all day. He used to be a school principal, and then he developed tuberculosis and was ordered to stay out of doors, so we bought this little place and came here to live. With the mail route and the garden we get along. I had to give up high school, but he has taught me evenings. Mother died when I was a baby—there are just two of us—and I wouldn't for anything have him suspect I'm dissatisfied. In summer, with the flowers and berries and chickens, it's not so bad. But winters are lonesome—sometimes I just long to see the real world."

For a moment Jack Raynor was silent. Then, to hide the depth of his sympathy, he sprang up quickly and bustled himself with the vulcanizer. "Wood Nymph," he inquired presently, "couldn't you be persuaded to have lunch with me? I brought a substantial one along, and it's only fair to

share it with you, since you've supplied the drinks and dessert."

Then, taking her acceptance for granted, he fished out a large box from the rear of the car and deposited it beside her with the comment:

"If you like you may set the table while I finish pumping up these tires."

To them both the wayside meal was a delightful adventure, entered into wholeheartedly and in the spirit of comradeship. Jack Raynor found himself more and more impressed by the charm of his companion and she herself under his approving gaze grew momentarily more radiant. Her face lost its wistfulness and her brown eyes sparkled with fun. He was sorry when, the lunch hour over, she rose to go.

"It's been a wonderful party, Wood Nymph," he said smiling down at her. "I have you to thank for turning my bad luck into fortune—now that I know where you live perhaps you'll permit me to stop without the excuse of repairs. Meanwhile here are the fateful tacks to remember me by."

But even as he laughingly extended them a change came over the girl. She drew back with a little shudder and turned her head away. But the gesture was not quick enough to hide the tears in her brown eyes.

"Why, Wood Nymph," he cried in genuine concern, "what's the matter? Have I offended you? Surely you know that I didn't mean to—"

"It—it's not you, it's—oh, you'll never want to, see me again when I tell you—I put those tacks in the road myself."

"You put them there?" he repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, because I—I wanted something to happen, because I was tired of seeing just the dust of the cars and never any of the people—I put the tacks there this morning when I came out after berries—then behind the bushes I waited—when your car came along I heard what you said and realized the damage I'd caused. I was frightened. First I thought I'd run away, but I wanted to make up a little for what I'd done—so I brought the water and the peaches. When you treated me so like a real friend—I—I couldn't bear to explain and spoil it all, but now," she added, miserably, "I can't let you go without confessing. I'm sorry about the tires, and," fumbling in her pocket, "I'd like to pay for them with my berry money, then I wouldn't feel quite so—so like a—"

"You poor little girl," he said gently. "Don't you realize I'm grateful to those very tacks for helping me to find you—and of course I can't accept your berry money. But I'll tell you what, you can make it up to the Greyhound, if you like, with your own society, say twenty miles per tack."

With relief he observed that the brown eyes were smiling again.

"You see," he went on, "there's a prospect of running the road through your father's land—naturally that would considerably increase its value. I'll be over to talk to him about it some evening soon, and we can arrange about the ride then. Is it a bargain?"

Brief as it was, the handclasp sent a thrill through his veins. With reluctance he released her slim brown fingers.

"Except that it wouldn't be playing fair, I'm mightily tempted to turn bandit myself and carry you off; but I warn you it will take more than tacks to keep me off this road in the future, and just by way of farewell," he said, climbing into the car—he knew he should kiss her in another moment if he didn't—"let me say that you've achieved your wish, Wood Nymph, something has happened, sure enough, but I'm afraid this time it's a puncture that can't be vulcanized."

Rose Carey watched the gray car until it was lost in the white dust of the road. Then, womanlike, because in her heart she knew the answer perfectly well, she said aloud:

"I wonder what he meant by a 'puncture that can't be vulcanized?'"

**Suffering Caused by War.**

The name "barbed-wire disease" is found by Bing and Vischer to have probably originated in Switzerland, and it applies to a very marked functional mental disorder. The symptoms, recognizable in most men confined more than six months behind barbed-wire fencing, are severe in about 10 per cent of all prisoners. Increased irritability appears first, followed by diminished power of concentration, and there is much complaint of loss of memory of persons and places. Insomnia is a secondary symptom. Some prisoners have diminished eyesight, many grow suspicious, all tend to pessimism, some reaching an extreme in several days at a time of speechless torpor. Forgetfulness of words is very striking.

**Get the Drop.**

A certain stingy son of Erin, upon seeing another Irishman just going to drink a glass of whisky, exclaimed:

"Hould on Pat; let an old friend have a 'drop, the fast taste in the wurrid."

His friend passed the glass, and the stungy one emptied it. Pat was naturally annoyed, and said:

"Bodad, I thought you said 'you only wanted a drop?'"

We may guess his feelings when he received the reply:

"The drop I wanted was at the bottom."

**Canadian Farm Live Stock.**

The estimated total value of farm live stock in Canada in 1915 was \$1,326,796,000; horses, \$159,155,000; milk cows, \$207,244,000; of her cattle, \$338,814,000; total cattle, \$706,058,000; sheep, \$48,802,000; swine, \$112,751,000.

## SALVATION ARMY TO MAKE BOYS FARMERS

### Neglected Youngsters to Be Given Thorough Training in Mechanics of Farming.

With thorough appreciation of the value to the state of trained agriculturists, versed in modern methods and with a knowledge of applied mechanics necessary to modern farming, the Salvation Army in its Home Service Program for Oregon, plans to make useful farm hands, if not farm experts, of many neglected and dependent youngsters. Throughout the state there are always lads whose ages range from seven and eight to fifteen years, who will have no future apart from poverty and comparative ignorance and probable criminality. Opportunities such as those to be offered by the Industrial and Agricultural school the Salvation Army plans to establish at North Yamhill, on the 100 acre farm on which now stand the buildings of the Bishop Scott school, will open before these lads a useful life.

Brought up to manhood in clean surroundings, with daily instruction in ordinary schooling and practical instruction and practice in farming, the youngsters will not only be saved from bad citizenship but given an honorable profession or trade with which to earn their own way as men.

At the Yamhill school, to be patterned after the famous Lytton school conducted by the Salvation Army in California, both boys and girls will find all the essentials of preparation for life's battle. The girls will be taught sewing, household duties, cooking etc. The boys will be trained in several trades and in farming, horticultural and animal husbandry pursuits and modern farm mechanics.

And while their bodies and minds are being trained their responsibilities as citizens and members of society will not be neglected in fact, one of the strongest teachings of the Salvation Army is Americanism. The school is non-sectarian.

Through the efforts of the Salvation Army in Portland, several boys have been taken from up state Oregon towns and placed at the California farm school temporarily until the funds made available by the financial campaign, May 1 to May 10, provide for the opening of the Yamhill school. County advisory boards in every county in Oregon are helping the Salvation Army in this great work with children.

## SALVATION ARMY TO SERVE ALL OREGON

### Business Men of Every County Join With Corps Officers to Extend Helping Hand.

A service born of service by men and women whose lives are dedicated to that service, a service not for gain, for it pays its workers poorly, is to be placed at the disposal of even the smallest community in Oregon through the expansion of the Salvation Army Home Service Program for 1920.

Since its splendid service among the American troops abroad brought to the attention of the home folks the kind of work the army has been doing quietly in the slums of the larger cities, demands from all quarters have flooded in upon the army until it has been forced to double and treble its efforts.

It has been compelled to expand beyond city lines and extend its service to the remotest districts of the state. And in these out of the way places the army is solving one of the greatest economic problems, handling at their source and preventing many of the ills that result from poverty and wrong teaching.

In every county of Oregon one and sometimes two advisory boards have been formed of business men and citizens of those counties. These men are constantly in touch with their communities and judge when and how best the Salvation Army can be utilized to serve the citizens of that community. A word to headquarters brings the Salvation Army worker to take care of the man or woman, boy or girl whose misfortunes have overwhelmed them.

In the rescue and maternity home in Portland the unfortunate girl mothers of Oregon find a refuge and sanctuary.

In the boys and girls home to be established at Yamhill the life of the neglected child is shaped and the boy or girl prepared to go out into the world and win his or her own way.

In the industrial home in Portland many derelicts are made over into self supporting men and women who are no longer a charge upon their county but an asset to their community.

In the relief branches of the work done by the army many cases of poverty and sickness are handled annually. When the call for help comes there is no investigation of the worthiness of the subject. Help is given and investigation made afterwards.

Free employment bureaus which exact no membership fee, find work for hundreds of idle hands and while work is being found see to it that deserving men seeking honest employment do not starve.

Mr. Barnes, U. S. Wheat Director Says:

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And reduce the high cost of living."

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IS THE CHEAPEST AS WELL AS THE MOST WHOLESOME FOOD ON THE MARKET.

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Your Grocer has it

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Commencing Saturday, May 29th

Season and mid week tickets

## Go where the Ocean Roars

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Up in the mountains where the air is pure and the scenery inspires

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## Southern Pacific Lines

JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon

## Profiteering Story Absolute Falsehood

There is a statement being circulated broadcast that the McMinnville store of the Miller Mercantile Company has been brought to justice by a government official for selling a pair of shoes for \$14.00 that cost \$6.00. This statement is absolutely false in every particular. We have never sold a pair of shoes at any such fabulous profit and have never been interviewed by any official, government or otherwise.

Our enviable record of fair and square dealing in each of our seven stores should convince any of our customers that such a story is a malicious falsehood. If there is any way of finding out who was the instigator of this falsehood, that person will be brought to justice and given the full extent of the law.

(Signed) U. S. G. MILLER

General Manager

## Miller Mercantile Company

Seven popular Stores:

Monmouth, Salem, Newberg, Yamhill, McMinnville, Sheridan and Dayton