

WAR SHORN OF ITS GLAMOR

Modern Painters, Who Themselves Have Looked on Death, Depict Glaughter as It Really Is.

For the first time in history war is painted as it is. The varnish, the glory has been taken off. It stands out in all its sodden horror. The opening of the Salon des Artistes Français, filled for the most part with canvases of men who have been in the trenches, show an astonishing absence of battle scenes.

Most of the painters have sought inspiration elsewhere. Those who have found it in the war have rendered only the dull misery of life at the front.

They show no clash of armies, these painters who have been through the war, no flourish of trumpets, not even fragments of general fights. But war as it is. A soldier, limping toward the lines, exhausted, despairing, holding up to his mouth a handkerchief, dark as a clot of blood is what one sees. The face is distorted with suffering, and the uniform is of that indescribable color which comes only from continual exposure to the elements. Garry paints a blinded soldier guided towards a relief station, Michel and Pouzargues show water-flooded trenches.

If governments in the future wish more pleasant and cheerful war scenes they will have to call on artists who stayed away from the front. Those who served were too close to death to paint anything but the truth.

JUST REPETITION OF HISTORY

Fads of the Present Day Had Their Counterpart in the Fashions of Years Ago.

Nothing is new under the sun, not even the newest and most up-to-date girl striker of the present day, with bobbed hair, nor even the employer who complains of the fashion. A writer in "Blackwood" has discovered that in the time of James I, this fashion was affected by women who donned the doublet and hose, which aroused the ire of an unknown author, who in 1620 lampooned the women of the day for so dressing, and instead of keeping to "the modest attire of the comely hood, cowl or colf and handsome dress and kirtlets" betook themselves to the "cloudy, ruffianly, broad-brimmed hat and wanton feathers." Nor was this all. The extravagance of her costume, with the "French doublet" which took the place of a "cancelled straight gown" was not in the author's eye the deadliest offense; incredible though it seems, she would "cut and cut her hair to the despicable fashion of the Puritan." So the bobbed hair comes as a reminiscence of the modern maiden's forebears in the Covenanters' time.

Selling Shoes Under Difficulties.

Dean B. Stover, southern salesman for a Brockton shoe concern, got an order under difficulties while out on his last trip. He made a North Carolina town and hired a taxi to take him to a township 15 miles away to which few trains ran. Arriving on the outskirts of his destination he found that the heavy floods had washed away the only bridge. Mr. Stover decided the only thing to do was to turn back until the taxi driver suggested that there might be a boat somewhere around. Mr. Stover hunted along the banks until he found a flat bottomed skiff and he rowed across. He interviewed his customer, paddled him back to the other shore, requisitioned a small wharf and laid his samples out on the roadside. And he made the sale.—Brockton Enterprise.

All Blush Now.

Playwright Eugene Walter apropos of a New York publisher's conviction for publishing a supposedly obscene novel said:

"The novel in question is harmless, and the people who brought about that poor publisher's conviction were as silly as—as well as it reminds me of a story."

"The lady principal of a famous girls' school took her older pupils to the Metropolitan museum one day. Entering the hall of sculptures, the principal said, as she looked up from her catalogue:

"Attention, young ladies! When we come to the next statue but one you will all blush."

Newlyweds to Tents.

A honeymoon colony, believed to be the first of its kind in England, has been established in a meadow near Farnham, Surrey. At the edge of a certain wood half a dozen tents may be seen. They are the homes of the four brides and their husbands who, rendered homeless by the house shortage, have begun their married life in the open air.

The colony is likely to be still further enlarged, for several other couples have applied for admission.—From the Continental Edition of the London Mail.

Immunity From Ivy Poisoning.

Persons susceptible to ivy poisoning can be rendered immune by taking a treatment described by Dr. Jay Frank Schumberg in the Journal of the American Medical Association. It consists in taking after meals a preparation of tincture of poison ivy, in doses gradually increasing from one drop to a teaspoonful. The immunity conferred by this lasts for about a month. Ivy poisoning may also be cured by administering the same drug in larger doses, increasing more rapidly.

BROUGHT BACK SAD MEMORY

Little Wonder That Comedian Could Not Look on Buns With Any Degree of Affection.

"I never eat buns," the comedian said sadly, "they remind me of a horrible experience I had once."

The listeners drew near, thrilled by the tenseness of his tones. "I was on a ship in midocean," went on the comedian dramatically. "Her cargo was self-raising flour and currants, and a touring theatrical party. Suddenly, in the dead of night, we ran into an iceberg."

"There were no boats, so things looked very desperate for us. The huge waves dashed over the sides and down the hatchways."

"Then we heard a curious noise. The water had got to the self-raising flour and presently it began to ooze up in large blobs, like buns, with the currants mixed up in it."

"As the great lumps of dough floated on the water the heat of the sun baked them hard. I got on top of one of the biggest and floated away from the sinking ship."

"But, alas! the ocean thereabouts was full of sharks and they seemed to like my bun. Anyway, they nibbled and nibbled at it, and dally it grew less, until I had hardly room to hang on. I got washed ashore just when there were only two bites of bun left for them."

"Ever since then," he ended, with a sigh, "I haven't been able to look at a bun without shivering."

KNOW LITTLE ABOUT EARTH

Dwellers on This Globe Have Shown No Curiosity Concerning Possible Wonders of Its Interior.

The earth's crust is compared to the skin of an apple by the writer of a leading article in the Scientific American Monthly. Our knowledge of the globe on which we live, he says, is not even skin deep; for an apple as large as the earth would have a skin twenty miles thick; and no one has been much more than a mile into the crust, or has bored into it with tools more than a mile and a half. It is rather humiliating to think that we know more about the sun, ninety millions of miles away, than we do of the solid earth under our feet. We think nothing of dispatching exploring expeditions to unknown regions thousands of miles away; how about a little expedition to points only a few miles distant—vertically downward? Such explorations have been proposed, although the boldest explorer has not dared to suggest going further than twelve miles—a trip that would take him on the surface of the earth only from one end of Manhattan island to the other.

Success Through Optimism.

At one time while building the Panama canal there were eight thousand men engaged in the Culebra cut alone. Every night as much soil slid into the cut as could be taken out during the day. But there was not a sign of discouragement—the men enjoyed the fight. Colonel Goethals walked through the cut one morning just after an extensive slide. The foreman had been on the job since midnight.

"Well, how is everything this morning, Mr. Hogan?" asked Goethals.

"Fine, Colonel, fine. It buried that steam shovel over there and tipped over two batteries of drills and covered all the tracks through the cut but one, but everything's fine, sir. We're diggin'!"—H. H. Moore in The Youth of a Nation.

Assyrian "Ambassador."

The Lady Surma d'Mar Shimum has arrived in London as the official ambassador from the Assyrians in the Kurdistan mountains, says the Argonaut.

Very handsome, not unlike the queen of Montenegro in profile, very bright, lively and animated, Lady Surma d'Mar Shimum is only a little more than 30 years of age. Of fine physique, she is also a highly cultured woman, so cultured that the archbishop of Canterbury closed a recent interview with the "ambassador" with the remark: "It is extraordinary to find so much civilization where one could naturally have expected barbarism."

The Atlantic Patrol.

After the wreck of the Titanic, 11 of the leading nations of Europe joined with the United States and Canada to provide a service for the observation and patrol of ice along the north Atlantic steamship lanes. These nations contribute in different proportions to the expense of this service, but the work is done by the United States coast guard cutters Seneca and Tampa who cruise back and forth during the warmer months when the icebergs come south and send out to all vessels wireless reports of the location and movements of the ice.—Boys' Life.

Had No Experience.

An artist was showing a young woman over his studio. After she had critically examined all the pictures, she remarked:

"I notice several sunsets among your works, but not a single sunrise. How's that?"

The artist, who was rather noted for his bohemian habits, blushed a little at the question, and then stammered:

"You see, it's this way. To tell the truth, the reason I've never painted a sunrise is because I'm never up at that time."

INDUSTRIAL REVIEW OF STATE

The Dalles—Juniper Flat, a great level plateau south of here, which contains something over 100 square miles, has never produced anything but wheat. Now it is springing up in orchards, berry patches and diversified farms. This change, which has converted a near-desert to a veritable garden, is all due to the operations of the Wapinita Irrigation company, which began work here six months ago. Water was brought from the high hills to the east of the plateau and works have now been completed to the point where every farm on the flat can be supplied with abundant water. Juniper Flat is bounded roughly. The principal towns in Juniper Flat are Wapinita, Maupin, Tygh Valley and Wamic. The territory is tributary to The Dalles and is connected with this city by railroad and stage lines.

Shearwater—The falls of the Deschutes river near here, which have been the site of nothing but a toll bridge and a white elephant hotel for the past 30 years, are to be har-

nessed soon by the Eastern Oregon Land company. Enormous potential electrical energy is now going to waste.

Harriaburg—Hundreds of tons of hay recently harvested near here are lying around and may be lost, all because there is no baling wire to be had in this vicinity for love or money.

Hood River—It is estimated that this year's apple pack will reach only 50 or 60 per cent of last year's 2,000,000-box crop, but the fruit is of exceptional quality.

Bend—The two sawmills and all the logging camps of the Booth-Kelly Lumber company have resumed operations. The plant closed down for Independence day and the mills have been undergoing repairs since that time.

Salem—With capital stock of \$300,000, the Moore Dry Kiln company, organized under the laws of Florida, has filed application for permission to operate in Oregon.

Canyon City—A Mormon bishop, who has sunk a mine 200 feet deep, recently brought in several hundred dollars' worth of wire gold. The bishop has been at work on his mine for two years.

Portland—Ralph Schneelock & Co. of this city have secured the contract for building the irrigation system of the North Unit district. A \$5,000,000 bond issue for this project was voted last March.

Portland—The keel of the second of seven 12,000-ton tank steamers will be laid by the Northwest Bridge & Iron company within the next two weeks. Only 500 men are now employed in the plant, but several thousand men will be required when steel production and transportation are improved sufficiently to allow the yard to operate at full blast.

Portland—After building the machinery for the seven largest milk condensaries on the Pacific coast, the Schaefer copper works of this city is continuing the good work by equipping the packing plant of the Puyallup & Sumner Fruit Growers' Canning company at Puyallup, Wash. The Schaefer plant has just purchased new buildings and equipment and doubled its capacity.

Portland—Increasing cost of wood and coal is proving highly beneficial to the Hall Gas Furnace company. The mounting prices of solid fuel have caused such a demand for gas furnaces that the capacity of the

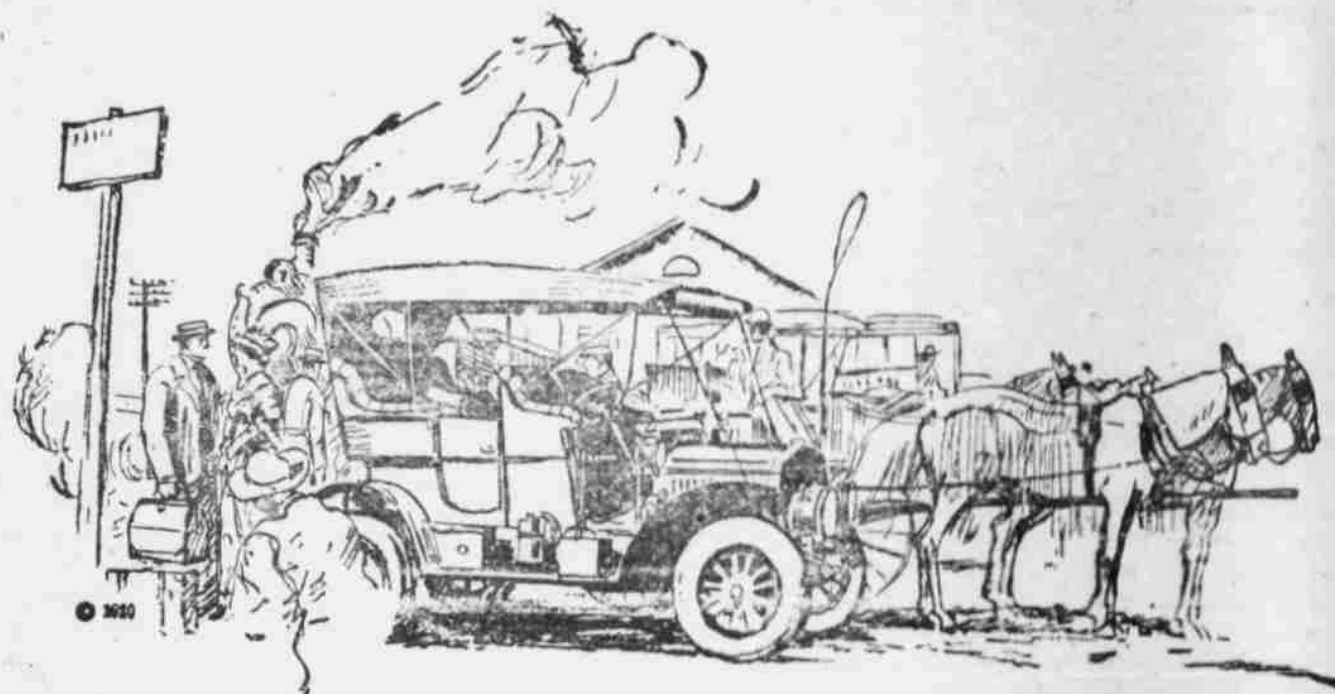
Hall plant has had to be increased to supply orders.

Portland—Though it has been running only seven months, the manufacturing plant of G. J. Macdonald, this city is now marketing product throughout the Pacific. The factory specializes in making slides for the rapid transfer of lumber on motor trucks.

Portland—The Portland company, newly established, the first industry in its line to operate here. The company includes a variety of wicker furniture, upholstery, in the local factory company started operations in Co., Oregon, three years ago.

Astoria—A six-side logging is planned by the Saddle Creek Logging company, now operating a two-side camp in its big timber on the Lewis & Clark road, and a third is moving.

Portland—This city is the largest wool market center in the west, in the S. W. McClure, manager of the Columbia basin wool warehouse was a recent visitor in Portland.



When the train came in back in 1910

TEN years ago you might have seen one or two automobiles waiting outside the station, when the weather was pleasant.

Today the square is crowded with them. And most of the cars you generally see there are moderate-price cars.

Anybody who tells you that owners of moderate-price cars are not interested in the quality of their tires has never met very many of them.

We come in contact with the small car owner every day and we have found that he is just as much interested as the big car owner.

There is one tire, at least, that makes no distinction between small cars and large cars so far as quality is concerned—the U. S. Tire.

Every U. S. Tire is just like every other in quality—the best its builders know how to build.

Whatever the size of your car, the service you get out of U. S. Tires is the same. It isn't the car, but the man who owns the car, that sets the standard to which U. S. tires are made.

We feel the same way about it. That's why we represent U. S. Tires in this community.

Select your tires according to the roads they have to travel:

In sandy or hilly country, wherever the going is apt to be heavy—The U. S. Nobby.

For ordinary country roads—The U. S. Chain or Usco.

For front wheels—The U. S. Plain.

For best results—everywhere—U. S. Royal Corda.



ROYAL CORD—NOBBY—CHAIN—USCO—PLAIN

United States Tires

INDEPENDENCE GARAGE