

AMERICANS CRY OUT FOR BARBERS

French Tonsorial Artists Don't Know How to Clip Hair or Shave Necks.

LONG LOCKS THE FASHION

Soldier Boy Tells of Sad Experience in Paris—Smelled Like a Soap Counter When French Barber Got Through With Him.

Field Headquarters, American Army in France.—This is a special appeal to barbers and it comes straight from the barracks and billets of the boys over here. Every hair of their heads cries out for the clippers and neck shave that they left back home and will not be comforted.

The American soldier simply cannot understand the French barber and it doesn't look as if he ever would learn how. When he gets his hair cut he wants it cut short, he wants his neck shaved, he doesn't want little lovelocks left hanging over his eyes and he doesn't want "a lot of muck rubbed on." Add to that the difficulty of telling the Frenchman all those things and the inherent helplessness of a man in a barber's chair, and you have a truly tragic situation.

He Looked Like a "Teddy Bear."

Here is the tale of a youngster in the quartermaster's corps, who drives one of the trucks. His shaggy head was mute evidence of his earnestness. "There ain't a barber in our outfit," he said, "so by the time I got up to Paris I looked like a Teddy bear. First thing I did was to ask one of them John Arns cops where can I get an American haircut. He made out to tell me about a place on a boulevard an' I made him tell it to a coacher an' the coacher drove me there. That's the only way in Paris—make a John Arns tell a coacher—then you can't get lost.

"Well, I walked up three flights to reach that barber shop. I never seen no American barber shop that wasn't on the first floor. Up came a big fat guy an' shook hands an' took my Stetson an' then took me into a big room, an' it really was full up with American barber chairs, I begun to feel at home, specially when I stretched out in one of them chairs with my feet on the rest. Right away, though, a little Frenchman comes up an' ties a big apron around my neck an' puts my arms in it. After that it weren't no use—that apron strangled me whenever I tried to move or open my mouth.

"Well, this guy says something, so I says 'Haircut,' an' he comes back 'Aircoot? Ah, comper les cheveux.' I knew enough to say 'Wee, wee,' an' we started. He didn't have no clippers, an' he kept nibblin' with a pair of nail scissors I guess. I didn't know the French for 'short' and there weren't no real mirror there like there ought to be, so I sat tight an' hoped for the best. Pretty soon he discovered that my hair was dry; if he'd been drivin' a truck for two weeks so'd his been dry, an' after some talk that I couldn't get—course I said 'wee' to be polite—all of a sudden he dumps a whole pint of some kind of eau de cologne onto my head.

Smelled Like a Soap Counter.

"It smelled like the soap counter at a drug store. When I rctved he'd rubbed it all in, an' say, I went around with that smell for days. Couldn't get it out. The bunch held their noses when they seen me.

"This barber went right on jabbering an' me saying 'Wee, wee,' even after that dirty trick he done me, when all of a sudden he hands me a bottle full of that cologne an' says 'Dees frunk.' I figured out that meant the bottle cost \$2 an' he'd been sellin' me one in French an' I not knowa it.

TOWN SPROUTS OVER NIGHT

Modern Mining Town Springs Up Suddenly in Coal Region in Kentucky.

Knoxville, Tenn.—Like towns built in the West during the wild gold fever rush of the days of '49, a model mining town has grown up over night in the center of the virgin field in Harlan and Letcher counties, Kentucky.

Sixteen hundred houses will be completed within fifteen months, say officials of the United States Coal and Coke company, subsidiary of the United States Steel corporation, which is behind the project.

At present 160 eight-room houses are under construction. After these are completed the building of the others will begin. Forty-eight million feet of lumber altogether will be used.

A total of 250,000,000 feet of lumber was bought at a cost of approximately \$150,000.

A temporary commissary building, 240 feet long by 60 wide, is also now being erected. The permanent commissary will be constructed after the

HANCOCK DESCENDENTS ENLIST IN THE SERVICE

San Bernardino, Cal.—Five great-great-grandchildren of John Hancock, signer of the Declaration of Independence, have joined Uncle Sam's army service from this city. The men are brothers, the fifth to join being Dr. A. E. Hancock, who has received a commission as first lieutenant in the dental section. The others are Beuford Hancock, Walter Clyde Hancock, Leslie Hancock and Alvin J. Hancock.

There are several cousins of the five brothers, also Hancocks and descendants of John Hancock, in the selective draft contingents from San Bernardino. The Hancock family helped to build San Bernardino in the fifties.

PUTS "PEP" INTO CHICKENS

Vaccination, as Advocated by the University of California, Seems to Be Success.

Pomona, Cal.—Vaccination of chickens, advocated by a University of California poultry expert, and tried out here by Henry Boon on his 500 hens, is a remarkable bit of Hooverism, according to Boon, who has reported that his hens now scratch so energetically for worms that he has to feed them far less than formerly.

The poultry association here also advocates vaccination, asserting it prevents disease, causes the fowls to lay more eggs and gives them an astonishing amount of "pep" to scratch for a living.

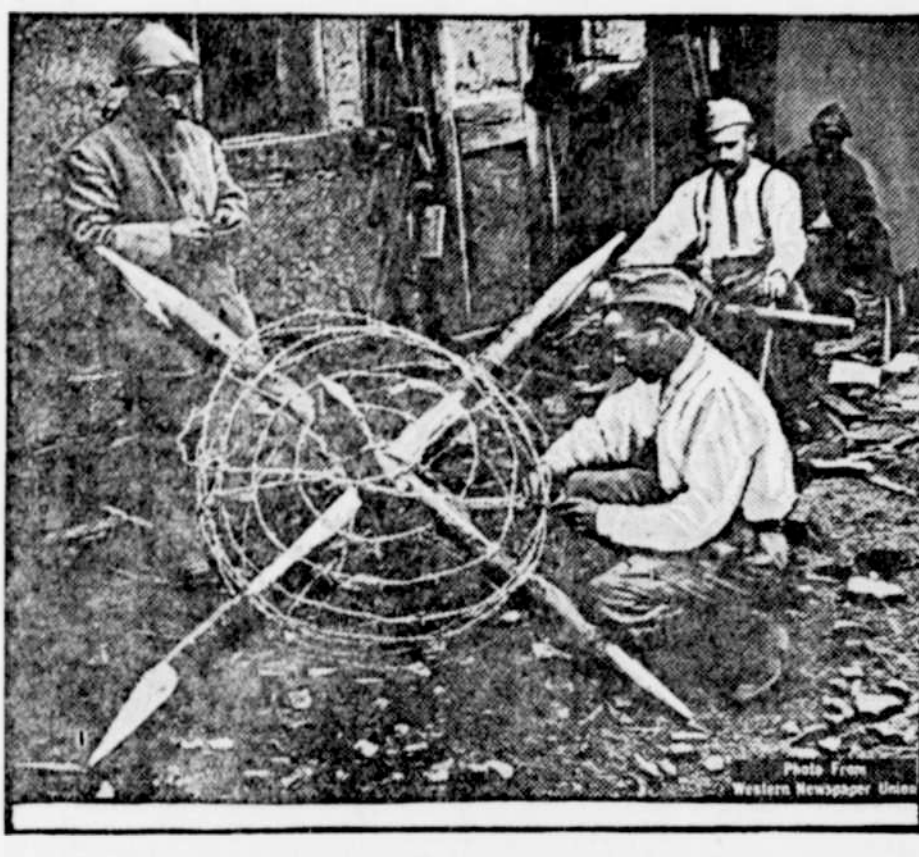
Course I didn't want none o' that sweet spirits o' v'lets, so I says 'Non, non.' He forgot the sacred memory o' Lafayette an' the spirits of '78 right there an' gave me a cussin' in French. I didn't know what it was, but it sounded like hot stuff.

"I remembered one word I thought'd get me out that place an' says 'Combyen?' That started another riot, but finally the fat guy allowed it was 'Cat-frunk.' That's about eighty cents real money, but I paid it an' got out after a struggle with that nightshirt they put onto me.

"First look I had at that haircut was in a store window. Say, that guy'd sort o' chopped away the fringes round my ears an' the back o' my neck, but he'd left about half the hair there, lookin' sort o' grayish, an' then he hadn't touched it none till he got up top, so there was a gray ring an' then a black ring. The gray ring looked like a mangy cayuse. When I took my Stetson off I found he'd trimmed the front off an' patted it down with that smelly stuff till I looked like the picture o' some boy violinist.

"That was a swell layout. When I got back to my outfit the gang asked me was I the feller that sings love songs at that Folly Bergair vaudeville place in Paris an' the sergeant tells me not to let none of them rough soldiers insult me, but to stick 'em with my hatpin. Then they offered to pay me five cents apiece to let 'em dip the corners of their handkerchiefs in my hair when they was goin' out to see their girls. It was all like that. I ain't had no French haircuts since. Say, 'don't you think you could get some barbers over here that know enough to shave a feller's neck?'"

WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS USED BY THE FRENCH



Wire entanglements such as these soldiers are making are used by the French with good results in places where posts cannot well be set up.

TELLS VOPICKA TO GET WINE

Take Jonescu, Roumanian Statesman, Almost Forgot Important Advice.

Zurich, Switzerland.—Statesmen send queer telegrams, even at critical times. And while busy foreign offices are revealing the private intercourse of kaisers and czars, the Bucharest Lumina has pried into Roumanian archives to tell an anxious world what Take Jonescu telegraphed in a terse midnight telegram to Charles J. Vopicka, minister of the United States to Roumania. It was a critical hour for Roumania, for the German invaders

were marching over the Carpathians in three columns, and the royal government had transferred its capital to Jassy. Whereupon M. Jonescu telegraphed:

Jassy 5926, Nov. 27, 1916, 12:40.—Urgent.

"Excellency Vopicka, American minister, Bucharest: I forgot to tell you that in the cellar of my house there are several bottles of Rhine wine. Even if you have to break into the palace, I beg you to take the wine and drink it to my health. Agnin a thousand thanks "TAKE JONESCU."

An amiable disposition is a good letter of introduction.

EXEMPTS ONLY 1 OUT OF 20

Draft Boards' Decisions in Industrial Cases Usually Upheld by President Wilson.

Washington.—Only one in twenty appeals to President Wilson for draft exemption on industrial grounds has been decided in favor of the applicant, it was said at the provost marshal general's office. In other cases the president has ratified the judgment of district boards that the applicant was not indispensable to a necessary war industry. About eight thousand appeals have been received, but only a small proportion decided.

Hold Your Temper.

Get mad if you must, but don't fly off the handle, is the advice of a sage. When you express yourself others see what's in you, and as a rule see less than they thought was there; but if you are silent you have them guessing, and the chances are that they will think there's more in you than there really is—which will be greatly to your advantage.

WASHINGTON IN LEAD

Favorable Report on Dairy Products in Storage—Market for Christmas Poultry Much Improved.

Tacoma, Wash.—Taking the lead in the production of apples for 1917, the state department of agriculture reports the whole number of carloads at 19,815. In some sections the yields are overrunning earlier estimates. Scarcity of boxes, shortage of labor and limited shipping facilities at times seemed alarming, but where proper storage facilities were provided the crop was secured with a minimum of loss. Varieties show a production as follows, in carloads: Winesaps, 4087; Rome Beauty, 1815; Jonathan, 3329; Newtown, 737; E Sopus Spitz, 1486; Delicious, 855; Wagerness, 443; Arkansas, 255; other varieties, 6826.

Other fruits shipped were 2112 carloads of peaches, 1465 carloads of pears besides those used by the fruit product factories. Cherries, prunes, plum, apricots, strawberries and other small fruits showed an aggregate of 965 carloads.

Some plants are already reporting shortage of stock and they will not be able to fill their orders. This, says the department, should encourage all growers to conserve every apple and not allow any to go to waste in the orchards, packing sheds or elsewhere, because there is a good market value in them, and as a food product they should be saved.

Fruits and vegetables are in good demand for the holiday trade. Poultry is having a good sale. Dressed turkeys are quoted at 30 cents.

BRANDED AS MYTH

Mother Never Really Carried Market Basket, It Is Declared.

Even Before Days of Telephone Housewife Seldom Went to the Grocery or the Butcher Shop.

A voice of protest rises in the East. There, as elsewhere, sundry lecturers have been talking to women's clubs about the high cost of living. Said one of them:

"Housewives could reduce the cost of food if they would market in person. Too many market by telephone. This is a typical remark.

"Our mothers and our grandmothers," continued the lecturer, "went personally to the grocer and the butcher. They saw what they bought. And they used to carry it home with them."

The conclusion is obvious, says the Indianapolis News. Our mothers and our grandmothers, paying these daily visits to the grocer and butcher, were able to buy reasonable products—and the best of the products—at lowest prices. They made their own selections; they picked out what they wanted.

A woman took issue with this statement. Others followed. This argument, they said, has gone undisputed long enough. As a matter of fact, our mothers and grandmothers did very little marketing in person. The telephone in their day was not used, to be sure. There were few telephones to be used. But 30 years ago—and even in more recent times—the grocer's boy called daily, recited some new items of stock, jugged the patron's memory with a few questions regarding the quantity of potatoes, sugar, flour and salt on hand, took the customer's order and departed. Mother saw the goods for the first time when the grocer's boy, later in the day, delivered them.

And in grandmother's day, the women protesters declared, four-fifths of the marketing was done by sending Johnny or Mary to the grocer or the butcher. And many of us who are something over thirty and not yet turned sixty, regardless of sex, can find without effort, in the depths of memory, personal evidence to substantiate this claim. How many times were we brought complainingly in from play to "go to the grocer's?" And at the tender age of seven or eight or nine, did we do much selecting when we thus filled the household order? Very little, as we recall it. On the contrary, we took what the grocer gave us and hurried home with the purchase, making sure both coming and going that we kept safely in hands or pockets the little brown book in which the purchase was duly and carefully recorded by the grocer or the grocer's clerk.

Times have changed. Johnny and Mary go seldom nowadays to the grocer or to the butcher or to the baker. Mother rings them up and delivers her order by telephone. But—is the difference very great? Is it sufficiently great to account for the vast increase in the cost of groceries and meats and bread and rolls? Substituting the telephone for the grocer boy's daily visit or for marketing with the children as proxy will hardly seem to some of us, now that memory is aroused, to account for the higher cost of living.

All Wrong.

Bobbie was put to bed by his nurse about the time it began to get dark. He then awakened early in the morning, but was told by his nurse not to talk or he would awaken his parents in the next room. "Well, this is a funny world for little boys," he said. "You have to go to bed when it gets dark, and they won't let you get up when it gets light."

Bee's Intelligence Overrated.

The intelligence of the honey bee has been greatly overrated, according to Everett F. Phillips, who is the government expert on bee culture. He says that this insect really has no adaptability at all, but a wonderfully perfected instinct. Success in bee-keeping, therefore, depends upon studying the bee and giving it exactly what its imperious instincts require. For example, the space between the wall of a hive and the comb in which the honey is to be placed must be exactly a quarter of an inch. If it is more the bees will store honey in the space, and if it is less they will seal it closed. In either case the hive must be broken open to get the honey.

"The Terrapin War."

"The Terrapin war" was a nickname used by the opponents of the war of 1812 on account of the embargo against trade with England or commercial intercourse with Canada. They said this cutting of commerce was like a terrapin drawing within its own shell, though as a matter of fact a terrapin always has good reason for such action.

NORTHWEST MARKET REPORT

Wheat—Bulk basis for No. 1 grade: Hard white—Bluestem, Early Bart, Allen, Galgalus, Martin Amber, \$2.05. Soft white—Palouse bluestem, fortyfold, White Valley, Gold Coin, White Russian, \$2.03. White club—Little club, Jenkins club, white hybrids, Sonor, \$2.01. Red Walls—Red Russian, red hybrids, Jones five, Coppel, \$1.98. No. 2 grade, 3c less. No. 3 grade, 6c less; other grades handled by sample.

Flour—Patents, \$10. Millfeed—Spot mill prices: Bran, \$33 per ton; shorts, \$36; middlings, \$46; rolled barley, \$60@62; rolled oats, \$62.

Corn—Whole, \$84 per ton; cracked, \$85. Hay—Buying prices: Eastern Oregon timothy, \$25@26; alfalfa, \$24 per ton; valley grain hay, \$24; clover, \$22; straw, \$8.

Butter—Cubes, extras, 45@46c per pound; prime firsts, 45c. Jobbing prices: Prints, extras, 46@48c; cartons, 1c extra; butterfat, No. 1, 52@53c, delivered.

Eggs—Fresh ranch, current receipts, 47@48c per dozen; candled, 50c; select, 55c.

Poultry—Hens, large, 20c; per pound; small, 18c; springs, 18@19c; ducks, 20c; geese, 14@18c; turkeys, live, 20@22c; dressed, choice, 30@30½c.

Veal—Fancy, 15@16c per pound. Pork—Fancy, 17@18c per pound.

Vegetables—Tomatoes, \$2.50 per crate; cabbage, 1½@2½c per pound; lettuce, \$2@2.25 per crate; cucumbers, \$1.35@1.75 per dozen; peppers, 15@17c per pound; cauliflower, \$2.25@2.50 per crate; sprouts, 10@11c per pound; artichokes, 85c @ \$1.10 per pound; garlic, 7@8½c; squash, 1½c per pound; pumpkins, 1½c per pound; celery, \$3.50@4.52 per crate.

Sack Vegetables—Carrots, \$1.25 per sack; beets, \$1.50 @ 1.75; turnips, \$1.50; parsnips, \$1.75.

Potatoes—Oregon, \$1.25@1.60 per hundred; Yakima, \$1.50@1.75; sweet potatoes, 4½c per pound.

Onions—No. 1, \$2.50@2.75; No. 2, 2 per hundred.

Green fruits—Apples, \$1 @ 2.25; pears, \$1.25 @ 2.25; grapes, 7c per pound; cranberries, \$13.50@16.50 per barrel.

Hods—1917 crop, 16@20 per pound; 1916 crop, 13@15c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 50@60c per pound; valley, 55@60c; mohair, long staple, 55c.

Cattle—Med. to choice steers... \$ 9.75@10.50 Good to med. steers... 8.75@ 9.65 Com. to good steers... 7.25@ 8.40 Choice cows and heifers... 7.00@ 7.85 Com. to good cows and hf... 5.75@ 7.35 Canners... 3.00@ 5.50 Bulls... 4.50@ 7.06 Calves... 7.00@10.00 Stockers and feeders... 6.00@ 8.00

Hogs—Prime light hogs... \$15.35@15.50 Prime heavy hogs... 15.40@15.60 Pigs... 13.50@14.50 Bulk... 15.50 Sheep—Western lambs... \$13.00@13.50 Valley lambs... 12.50@13.00 Yearlings... 12.00@12.50 Wethers... 11.75@12.25 Ewes... 8.00@10.00