

Friendship of America One of the Greatest Needs of Russia

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Russia's greatest need today is sincere friendship from the outside. In her struggle for a constitutional and democratic form of government, America can be of immense service, not so much in the way of gifts of money, but by letting the people of Russia know what is going on in this country, and what the United States is doing in the war. Russia is absolutely without any American news that is worth while. Most of what they hear about the United States in the war comes to them through pro-German propaganda, and is to the effect that this country is fighting for pecuniary gain; that the United States is a vassal of England, and that England wants to rule the world. They have not heard a word of President Wilson's reasons why we are in this war.

However, America is looked to by the Russians as their best friend. The further cementing of friendly relations will aid Russia in its war operations, and the Red Cross, through its relief work already done and that which will be carried on, will do much to bring this about. The Red Cross commission to Russia has established a well-organized office, with an efficient personnel in Petrograd and on the road as transportation agents.

Russia turns to America as her best friend, and if America will recognize the great power of the people of Russia, their inherent goodness of character and stability, their desire for order, their desire for democracy, by the help which America can give she will cement that friendship for all time.

With the American Red Cross firmly established in Russia, it is to be the policy to furnish such material as may be needed in the care of the sick and injured soldiers, and some degree for the civilian population. The members of the cabinet of the Russian provisional government, the sanitary department of the army, the Russian Red Cross, all the relief organizations, and the "All Union of Zensstvos" have expressed their gratitude for the aid which the American Red Cross has already afforded. A continuation of this good work by the American Red Cross will be one of the most potent factors in cementing that friendship which is so much desired.

TO THE HOME GIRL

By Edgar Rice Burroughs.

You have laid down your knitting to read the paper. The chances are fifty-five or better that you are knitting a sweater that won't fit or a scarf that is too narrow or too wide, for some soldier or sailor, and the other end of the bet—and it may be the safer end—is that you are knitting a mustard-colored sweater for yourself.

The boys need sweaters and scarfs, and more still they need something that you can give them—and not interfere with your knitting. They need association with the sort of girl you are—the good girl, the home girl—the sort of girl they went to see on "beau night" back in Syracuse, or Escanaba, or Nampa, or Hermosa.

There are soldiers passing through your home town, or, may be, there is a great cantonment near you. What are you doing for these boys that a knitting machine couldn't do? They are the same kind of boys that you have always known—they are the best boys, the cleanest boys that the country has produced.

You can give them something infinitely finer than a sweater—something that will warm them more than a scarf. You can give them a memory of virtue, and character, and patriotism to take to France with them that will represent an ideal to them—an ideal of home, mother, sister, and sweetheart, of all that personifies country, of all of which the flag is the emblem—an ideal to fight for, to die for. You can give them this if you will open your home to them, if you will place in your window some sign that will say to them that any man in the uniform of our country is welcome there.

Many of these boys have never before been away from home. They are homesick. They are worked hard five and a half days a week and then they go to town on leave. By that time they are ready for anything that will help them forget their homesickness. Here is where you can help.

There are girls who meet them on the street corners—little fools who mean no harm and do a lot of it—and there are other girls, who live under the red light, and serve, unwittingly, the kaiser.

From these two classes you can protect the boy who has gone away from his home to learn to fight for you and your home. If a bad woman may hang a sign in her window to lure men to destruction, it is your duty to display an emblem upon your home that will offer these men the home life which is the only antidote for the homesickness which drives them to purchase evil companionship.

Photographic Lens and the Human Eye Are Quite Alike.

That the human eye and the photographic lens are very much alike in design and operation is a well-known fact. If you look through a photographic lens you will see nothing clearly. To perceive the image, says the Popular Science Monthly, a piece of

ground glass or a plate or film is necessary. A plate is a piece of plain glass which acts as a support for an emulsion. This emulsion decomposes when struck by light, and the decomposition is made visible by a process called development. With an ordinary photographic plate only one such impression, or image, can be obtained. With the motion-picture film, however, a fresh piece of film is continually exposed to the lens.

Just such an arrangement exists in the human eye. An emulsion called visual purple acts as a film of great latitude, renewing itself as soon as it is struck by the light and discolored. It adapts itself to various intensities of light, protecting the retina from too brilliant a glare at all times.

Gayly Decked Fijians Do Artistic Dance Imitating a Tide Rising on a Reef

The Fijians are perhaps the best dancers in the world. One of the most curious dances that they practice is one representing a tide rising on a reef. The idea to be conveyed is that of a tide gradually rising on a reef till at length there remains only a little coral isle, round which the angry breakers rage, flinging their white foam on every side. At first the dancers form in long lines and approach silently, to represent the quiet advance of the waves.

After a while the lines break up into smaller companies, which advance with outspread hands and

bodies bent forward to represent rippling wavelets, the tiniest waves being represented by children.

Quicker and quicker they come on now advancing, now retreating, yet like true waves, steadily progressing and gradually closing on every side of the imaginary islet round which they play or battle after the manner of breakers, springing high in mid-air and flinging their arms far above their heads to represent the action of spray.

As they leap and toss their heads the soft white mask or native cloth—which, for greater effect, they wear as a turban with long streamers and also wear round the waist, whence it floats in long scarf-like ends—trembles and flutters in the breeze.

The whole effect is most artistic, and the orchestra does its part by imitating the roar of the surf on the reef—a sound which to them has been a never-ceasing lullaby from the hour of their birth.

Around the World.

Many of the ostriches of South Africa are incubator hatched.

Most of the inhabitants of Bagdad live in the cellars during the day.

The potatoes of Greenland seldom grow larger than the marbles used by the small boy.

Rabbit hair is supplanting wool in the felt hat making industry of Australia.

El Paso's jail has steel "sun parlors" in which prisoners may get fresh air and sunshine without possibility of escape.

The wreck record of the Baltic sea is greater than that of any other body of water in the world. The average is one a day throughout the year.

Grinding Wheels Must Do The Very Finest of Work.

Grinding wheels have fine work to do, writes Ellwood Hendrick in the Scientific American. Limits of irregularity as low as 0.0005 inches and 0.00024 inches are often given. And it should be remembered that when 0.00025 of an inch is being ground, the heavy slide that carries the wheel and wheel spindles moves forward only half that distance.

If a piece of tissue paper were split twelve times consecutively, it would have the thickness under which these machines have constantly to work.

And yet, when we consider the forces present in a wheel weighing 200 pounds rotating at a speed of 1,200 revolutions per minute, we are not reminded of a watchmaker's lathe, despite the exquisite precision of the operation.

Steel Glasses for Soldiers.

Steel spectacles are the latest addition to the equipment of the Netherlands army for modern warfare. The commander in chief has ordered that they shall be supplied to all the machine-gun sections of both infantry, hussars and fortress artillery, as a protection against splinters of projectiles, flying chips of stone and the like. Stocks of the glasses will be kept in readiness to serve out to infantry in case of war.

GOOD JOKES



Strategy.

Lady—I like the house very much, but I hear that it is haunted.

Landlord—My dear madam, I attend to that personally. The ghosts only appear to tenants who do not pay their rent and refuse to move out.

She Was Troubled.

Mrs. A.—Are you troubled much in your neighborhood with borrowing?

Mrs. T.—Yes; a good deal. My neighbors never seem to have a thing I want.

Advantageous Marriage.

Mrs. Jiggs—So your daughter married a surgeon?

Mrs. Noggess—Yes; I'm so glad. At last I can afford to have appendicitis.

Hereditary Instinct.

Boarder—Madam, I am told your father was a railroad official.

Landlady—So he was. What of it?

Boarder—Nothing, only it accounts for your tendency to keep cutting down the fare.

Mutual Complaints.

"My husband accuses me of extravagance. I spent \$10,000 last year."

"I wouldn't mind being scolded on that basis. I have to stand for the same accusation on \$20 a week."

The Quicker the Better.

Hack—I suppose you always let your wife have the last word.

Peck—Yes, and I'm tickled to death when she gets to it.

Disappointed.

"What did you get out of that will case?" asked the first lawyer.

"A hundred and fifty thousand dollars," replied the second lawyer.

"Good round sum, eh?"

"Yes, but I thought the old man left more than that."

Up-to-the-Minute.

"Is Mabel still devoted to that young man who owns the 12-cylinder car?"

"No. She passed him up for an army aviator."



STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Henry Bacher, a painter who has lived at Grants Pass for many years, was arrested this week by Sheriff Lewis, accused of seditious utterances.

Tum-a-Lum Lumber company managers and their wives from different points in Central Oregon are attending the annual meet of the company, at Walla Walla.

The Hood River city council has appointed Mrs. Edna C. Henderson, city treasurer, to succeed her husband, Captain L. A. Henderson, Engineers' Reserve corps, now at Camp Lewis.

Car shortage on the lines of the Southern Pacific company in Oregon Thursday totaled 579, a shortage of 239 closed and 290 open cars. The S. P. & S. reported a shortage of 190 cars.

Within two years from now, highway commission officials predict, it will be possible for a man to mount his flivver in Salem and ride to Walla Walla without getting off of a paved road.

John Paul William Schwinger, a German enemy alien, was arrested Friday at Astoria, by Federal officers, and is being held in the county jail on two charges. Schwinger has been in this county since 1912, but has never secured citizenship papers.

Assisted by Baker school teachers, 25 of Baker's prominent business men have formed a knitting class and expect to receive their first instructions this week. The first knitfest will be held in the city hall, Mayor Palmer having offered the use of one of the council chambers for that purpose.

Roy Campbell aged 16, was shot and killed by his companion, Roy Norris, Friday near Mount Scott, 25 miles east of Roseburg. The two boys had been in the woods hunting and while it has been learned that the shooting was accidental, no particulars could be obtained concerning how the accident occurred.

The town of Halfway is lighted with new electric street lights, the first having been turned on Saturday evening. The power is supplied by the Payette Power company from its Ox-Bow power plant on the Snake river. A power line runs on from Halfway to Cornucopia to furnish power to the mines.

Advertisements for bids on \$500,000 worth of the \$6,000,000 State road bond issue were sent to Eastern bond papers Tuesday by G. Ed Ross, auditor of the commission. The commission may sell \$2,000,000 worth of bonds this year under the act, but whether the balance of the bonds will be sold or not remains to be seen.

According to permits on file in the office of the county clerk at Dallas, a total of 225 gallons of alcohol was used in Polk county during 1917. This amount is distributed among drug stores, hospitals and other users as follows: Drug stores, 201½ gallons; physicians, 6½ gallons; hospitals, 15 gallons. Ten gallons of wine was used for sacramental purposes.

Attorney General Brown has advised Secretary of State Olcott, not to pay a claim of \$791.92 submitted by the Warren Construction company, for payment of premiums on a surety bond for faithful performance of a contract and also for premiums on accident insurance policies taken out by the company to protect men working for the concern on force account highway work.

School children in Benton and Polk county districts will hold a rural life week February 17-23, in which they will feature George Washington as a farmer.

The Umpqua river is expected to become one of the industrial centers of the state, and the first of three new sawmills now under construction will be ready for operation in two weeks, probably, and in three certainly.

Parole Officer Keller has received letters from three men now out on parole tending their services to go to France in event a company of prisoners is selected from the state penitentiary, along the line of Keller's suggestion of a few days ago.

The United States government is making an investigation of the ship-building possibilities of the Siuslaw river. A. A. Eichler, of Oakland, Cal., special investigator for the Emergency Fleet Corporation, has arrived at Glenada, and will check up reports on the river now on file in Washington.

The dangerous crossing of the Pacific Highway and the Southern Pacific tracks at Divide, just south of Cottage Grove, must be eliminated during the coming year, according to an order of the Public Service commission. An overhead crossing must be constructed, the railway bearing 40 per cent of the expense, the county 30 per cent and the state 30 per cent.

Families in England That Have Long Records in the Service of Their Country

The town clerk of Henley-on-Thames has had the name of Cooper since 1777. Whether it has always been a case of son following father is not clear, but the law firm of Cooper has always during that period supplied the town clerk, London Tit-Bits remarks.

Everybody knows that the name of Buller is one to conjure with in Devon, but not everybody knows that a Buller has been a "governor"—whatever that may be—of Crediton cathedral church for upward of 20 years without a break.

Everybody at Hitchins knows the Hobbs family. They are the perennial postmen of the place. Their great-grandfather carried the letters long before penny postage was dreamed of and the letter-carrying business has been done by a Hobbs ever since.

Parliament can supply a few such records. When the son of Lord Derby put up for a division of Liverpool it was said that it seemed to be taken for granted that when the heir of Knowsley became of age Liverpool should send him to parliament—and it did.

It was said that the Newdigates, with but slight breaks, have sat for a division of Warwickshire since 1360. Quite recently F. A. Newdigate resigned his seat to become governor of Tasmania. He is the eighteenth Newdigate of one family—and there are others!—who has been an M. P.

Mother's Cook Book.

One thing that made the bread that mother used to make so good, was the appetite the boys had.

Good Things for the Boys.

It takes a good deal of food to fill an ordinary growing boy, and he needs it for he is building a framework, at the same time using food to supply heat and energy for his daily activities. An active boy will digest hearty food for he burns up a large amount in play and work.

Spiced Beef.

Take five pounds or more, depending upon the size of the family, of beef from the rump. Trim away the meat and cut slits several inches from the edge in which to pack the stuffing, made by using suet, crumbs and various herbs which are enjoyed, pepper, salt and a grating of nutmeg or a pinch of mace. After stuffing, rub the meat all over with salt, pepper, cloves, allspice, then wet with vinegar. Let stand over night. In the morning put into a kettle with a cupful of water and cook slowly (very) for several hours, allowing a half hour for every pound of meat, turn it often while cooking so that the gravy will season all parts of the meat. Serve hot or sliced cold. Thicken the gravy and serve with the meat.

Apple Pancakes.

Rub to a cream a tablespoonful each of sweet fat and sugar, add two beaten eggs, one and a half cupfuls of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a cupful of chopped apples. Flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon and add milk to make a medium batter. Fry as ordinary griddle cakes and serve in an overlapping row around the platter of roast pork or sausage.

Apple Dowdy.

Rub an earthenware dish well with shortening and lard with slices of bread, also spread with a butter substitute, then fill the dish with sliced apples, sprinkle with brown sugar and a little nutmeg, turn in half a cupful each of hot water and molasses, then cover with slices of buttered bread, buttered side up. Cover the dish for the first hour of baking then uncover and bake for another hour. Serve from the baking dish, with powdered sugar and cream for a sauce.

Nellie Maxwell

IRISH PEASANT SONG

I knead and I spin, but my life is low the while,
Oh, I long to be alone, and walk abroad a mile,
Yet if I walk alone, and think of nought at all,
Why, from me that's young should the wild tears fall?

The shower-stricken earth, the earth-colored streams,
They breathe on me awake, and moan to me in dreams,
And yonder ivy fondling the broken castle wall,
It pulls upon my heart till the wild tears fall.

The cabin door looks down a furze lighted hill,
And far as Leighlin Cross the fields are green and still;
But once I hear the blackbird in Leighlin's hedges call,
The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall.

—Louise Imogene Guiney.