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THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1918.

OREGON WEATHER

Shower and cooler; moderate southwesterly winds.

WAKING 'EM UP

From a British Journalist's description of the American Fourth of July baseball game in London, we abstract the following passage:

"The noise of megaphones was going every two minutes. The Americans yelled, whistled and roared, according to the megaphonic instructions. A stand full of American sailors sang, 'What the hell do we care?' to a tune that was sad and far away, a melody for a grandmother nodding over her fire.

"Bands played, but you could not hear them. Thousands of people kept up the yell, hundreds kept up the shriek, fifties kept up the shout, scores swung ear splitting rattles, and dozens rang dinner bells, till you might have thought there was no such thing as a ration book.

"In the midst of this din, everybody standing up and changing seats, invading the ground and getting immensely excited, the cinematograph men looked as if they were pursued by bees, and the camera men, as if by wasps, were after them. And in the midst of this bewildering scurry the king came down from his box and did the right thing very naturally and nicely and everybody was immensely pleased.

"Then the game began."

We are further informed that groups of American soldiers in the bleachers yelled "What's the matter with King George?" and that that royal personage was visibly pleased to hear the roaring assurance, "He's all right!" Also that a Pittsburgh gentleman who assured the London Journalist that "baseball exams into ten minutes all the nervous tension of a three-days' cricket match" was undoubtedly right.

Our boys certainly woke 'em up in old London on the Glorious Fourth. They're waking 'em up right along, for that matter. And it's very good for our brave, loyal and somewhat lethargic allies.

INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP

A French girl felt the beauty of the friendship of two great countries for each other. She wrote about it, and her words found their way into a Red Cross bulletin, and finally a translation of them was posted in a conspicuous place in a public library.

This is the translation: "There is a river in France so narrow that you can talk across it. Birds can fly over it with one sweep of their wings. Great armies are on either

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bank, but they are as far apart as the stars in the sky, as far as right and wrong.

"There is a great ocean. It is so wide that sea gulls cannot fly across it without rest. Upon either shore there are great nations. They are so close that their hearts touch."

The librarian, appreciating the words, put them up where all could read and then watched to see their effect upon library patrons.

A good many people paused to read idly. They went on with thoughtful faces. Teachers copied the words to take to their classrooms. A French woman translated them back into her own tongue. Pupils from the school read the lines and seemed to accept them as a personal message from a fellow-pupil.

Everyone who read the little quotation was touched. The warmth and glow of a more intimate international friendliness spread through the community from that little clipping on the library wall.

Friendliness is spreading through the world, too. Great oceans can no longer separate nations that love justice and honor. Only the nation that has turned her back on those things will find herself fearfully remote and alone on her side of the narrow stream.

FERRYDALE

Miss Sadie Pence of Glendale, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. A. I. Hussey, this week. Miss Pence is a nurse at the Glendale hospital.

Steve Smith and Mabel Anderson gave their friends quite a surprise by being married Saturday at Grants Pass.

Mrs. Lella Runyan and Mrs. Frank Thompson were at Grants Pass Saturday.

Mrs. Minnie Hussey and daughter, Bulah, were at Grants Pass Saturday.

Mrs. Orpha Alridge and Mrs. Hazel Hackler returned to their home at Penoyr, Cal., Sunday morning.

George Dora has returned, not being able to pass his final examination as class one man.

John McCallister and C. L. Downing have taken the contract to do the sawing of the lumber at the McCulley & Counts saw mill.

The farmers are harvesting the second cutting of alfalfa and it is reported a short crop, on account of the dry season. This applies to the non-irrigated.

About 30 of the young folks gave Steve and Mabel Smith a surprise serenade Tuesday evening, a custom that is tendered the "newlyweds."

LELAND

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Alderson, July 6th, a six-pound son. The young lad is already the proud owner of two war savings stamps.

Rev. John Hoyt, of Ashland, visited our Sunday school Sunday.

Mrs. Martha Stevens left for Marshfield last Monday, where she has a position. The Leland Red Cross members will miss her as she was one of our best Red Cross workers.

The sudden death of Mrs. Rice at Dr. Nerhras ranch was sad, as the family had only been in this county a short time and were entire strangers.

Glen and Mallasa Robinson, who have been spending a few weeks in Grants Pass with their grandmother, returned home Sunday.

Mrs. Paul Lemmer, of Merlin, spent Thursday visiting Mrs. John Alderson.

Mart Steckel and wife, of Marshfield, who have been visiting Mrs. E. L. Ellis and family, and spent the

Fourth in Grants Pass, returned home last Thursday.

Mrs. Frank Croad and two children, of Pensacola, Fla., arrived one day last week to spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Farleigh.

James McCumber left for Glendale last Friday where he has employment.

Mrs. Bunch was called to Grants Pass Thursday by the death of her nephew, Harold Hyde.

Warren McCormack and wife, and Mrs. Winnie Bagley, from Hugo, were guests of Mrs. Alderson Sunday.

Jesse Orme was called to Grants Pass one day last week on business.

Miss Myra Perry, of Roseburg, spent several days with the Walters family and visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Anderson.

Geo. Walters, of Klamath Falls, returned home after spending several days with friends in Leland. George had the misfortune to cut his foot quite badly, but it is improving nicely.

GERMAN SPIES AT THE FRONT

That German soldiers who lived in the United States before the war, thus being able to speak the American language fluently, are being sent to the front clad in American uniforms, is the startling information conveyed to Mr. John LaTour, of Buffalo, by his brother, James Donohue, a private in the U. S. Marine Corps and the first American prisoner to escape from a German prison camp and successfully make his way back to the American lines.

"I saw a number of German soldiers in American uniforms," wrote Donohue, "and all of them could speak English fluently. One of them asked me where I was from and when I told him Buffalo, he laughed and said he had been a waiter in a restaurant there at one time."

Donohue was captured when knocked senseless by a Boche rifle butt and after being made to work night and day digging graves for dead Germans and being spit upon while at work by German officers, he made his escape by hitting his guard over the head with an axe. He made his way back to the American lines, living on some bread and water he took off a German Red Cross dog. He successfully passed through an American barrage while on his way to the American lines.

WHAT AILED HIM

The curiosity of Henry James who applied for enlistment in the U. S. Marine Corps at Salt Lake City remains unsatisfied.

James was taken before Dr. G. J. Hildebrand, the examining physician and, after the usual physical examination, was told that he failed to meet the requirements.

"What's the matter with me?" queried the prospective Hun destroyer.

"You've got scoliosis, phthisis and



U. S. Food Administration.
Arter de wies of owl spit on de bait he say, sez ee—"I gwine ter sprize you all wid a mess er fishes 'cause you alls mus' save de meat en eat sumpin' else insid en jes git out dat ol' game bag en make it work, too," sez ee. Den he kotch a big fish and say, sez ee, "I-hoot-t-hoot—tub-stit-too!" sez ee. Wen he say dat he means dat when you alls make ris biscuits jes don't make 'em—use corn meal ter save wheat flour fer de sojers."

synovitis," was the surgeon's reply.

The would-be Marine blushed to be told so frankly what prevented his becoming a Devil Dog and turned to go out when the doctor shot a few hot parting words after him.

"Not only that—you're troubled with slight astigmatism, otitis media and chronic furunculosis."

"Goah," was all the lad could say as he fled in confusion.

Once more the trip of the Germans to Paris has been postponed owing to circumstances over which they seem to have no control.—Topeka Journal.

Mothers of Oregon Prepare for Trouble!

When a girl becomes a woman, when a woman becomes a mother, and when a woman passes through the changes of middle life, are the three periods of life when health and strength are most needed to withstand the pain and distress often caused by severe organic disturbances. Many thousands along the Pacific Coast would testify just as do the following:



Monroe, Oregon.—"I am certainly glad to recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I think it is a God-send to womankind. During expectancy I was, oh, so sick with that terrible morning sickness. I was so bad that I just could not eat one thing. I commenced taking the Favorite Prescription and I was relieved at once—no more nausea, no headaches, no backache, and I got through as well."—Mrs. W. T. Pockrus, Care McCready Camp.

Sorella, Oregon.—"I have suffered everything during expectancy but the last time I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and I never missed a meal and had comparatively no suffering. I would surely recommend the 'Prescription' to all prospective mothers and, also, for young girls coming into womanhood. A friend is taking this medicine now as I advised her to and she is improving fast. One would not know she was the same woman."—Mrs. H. E. Ginnon.

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How short-sighted is the policy of reducing advertising expense to "save money." You will only lose trade. You will only lose prestige.

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Be Wise—and Advertise!

