

HAVE HEARD COUNTRY'S CALL

Ten Sons of Members of President Wilson's Cabinet Are Now Serving With the Colors.

The members of President Wilson's cabinet have sent their sons to fight the country's battles side by side with the sons of fathers in less exalted station. Ten sons of cabinet members are now with the colors. Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo and Secretary of Labor Wilson head the list with three sons each in the service. The McAdoo boys have gone into the navy, the Wilson boys into the army.

Josephus Daniels, Jr., son of the secretary of the navy, is a private in the marine corps, and is now undergoing training for a commission at the League Island navy yard, Philadelphia. Franklin K. Lane, Jr., son of the secretary of the interior, is a first lieutenant in the army aviation corps. David Franklin Houston, Jr., son of the secretary of agriculture, took the course at Annapolis, and is now an ensign in the navy. Humphrey F. Redfield, son of the secretary of commerce, is also in the navy. William B. Wilson, Jr., son of the secretary of labor, has been attending the second army officers' training camp at Fort Niagara, N. Y. Joseph B. Wilson is a lieutenant of infantry in the National army at Camp Meade, Md., while James H. Wilson is a corporal of field artillery, now in training at Anniston, Ala.

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His Mother—I hope I've impressed that on your mind. The Kid—O on me what, ma?

AVIATORS' LINGO.

The air service, like most special branches, has its own vocabulary, for some of which we are indebted to Everybody's Magazine.

"An officer of flying status, but who for some reason does not fly, is called a 'penguin.' This name is also applied to a type of trailing machine which does not rise from the ground. An officer in the flying service without flying status is called a 'kiwi' after an Australian bird. A pilot is generally called a 'quirk.' A flight is called a 'flip,' and if it is a distinguished failure it is called a 'wash out.' An airplane is usually called a 'bus.' The great hope of the airman is to 'spikebozzle' or bring down a 'Zepp,' or one of the smaller non-rigid dirigibles they call 'blimps.' The airman's pest is the 'onion' or large flaming anti-aircraft shell which 'Archie' sends up as a sort of bouquet—with sometimes an unpleasant smell. 'Archie' is the general name for the anti-aircraft gun."

RATTLING AROUND.

First Rattlesnake—What's the matter with the kid snake over there?

Second Rattlesnake—Why? "He's making so much noise." "Oh, he has an idea he can fill his father's shoes. Hear him rattle!"—Yonkers Statesman.

READY-WITTED.

"You need a change of scene." "But, doctor, I'm a traveling man."

"Why—er—that's the point. Stay at home a while and see somebody besides hotel rooms and railroad stations."—Boston Transcript.

THE MODERN WAY.

"Times have changed." "In what way?" "I can remember when the firm used to fire a man; now it asks for his resignation."

CYNICAL CONCLUSION.

"How fluently your parrot talks." "Yes; when we were away he was taken care of by the maid at a woman's club."

WISDOM IN "FACING THINGS"

People Habitually Afraid to Meet a Situation Invariably Pay High Prices for Vacillation.

A writer in the American Magazine says:

"Tom Masson wrote a remarkable little article in a New York newspaper a year or more ago in which he made the point that human beings (so many of them) just will not face things. They will 'duck' and dodge and squirm away from an important situation rather than step right up and meet it. Of course later they have to pay an enormous price for their 'ducking' and dodging and squirming.

"In matters of health this is everlastingly true. Look at the men past forty you know who try to smoke and eat and sit up nights as if they were in the early twenties. They make themselves uncomfortable and say that they 'don't feel just right.' But they won't face things—they won't face the fact that if they want to feel well and enjoy life they must revise their ways of living and adjust themselves to changed conditions.

This willingness to face things comes pretty near being what marks a continuously successful man. It is certainly what marks a wise man in questions pertaining to health. There is nothing but trouble in store for the man who insists on blundering ahead with his eyes shut."

SEA OTTER QUEER SWIMMER

Animal's Favorite Position Is on Its Back—How One "Threw Scare" Into Fisherman.

Some of the habits of the sea otter are very interesting. For example, an otter always swims on his back, his tail serving as a rudder and his head slightly raised so that by looking over his shoulder he can shape his course. When about to dive, however, he turns on his stomach, remaining in that position while under water, but changing again on coming to the top. Swimming a few feet below the surface, an otter very much resembles a sailor in his oilskins. An amusing story is told of a tourist fisherman who, seeing one of these animals swimming in this manner, hurried ashore and related a wonderful tale about having seen a sailor man, apparently drowned, yet swimming with all the vigor of life—six or seven feet under water; and who, when he, thinking the man might be alive, rowed to his assistance, went down and stayed down. The fisherman would not believe it when told that it was probably a sea otter, and he returned immediately to his Eastern home convinced he had received a supernatural warning of some dire calamity about to happen.—St. Nicholas.

HAIG OWES LIFE TO FRANCE.

Notwithstanding the fact that Field Marshal French was ousted from command on the western front and Sir Douglas Haig appointed to take his place, a close bond of friendship exists between the two and has since the Boer war.

On the day that Gronje's white flag of surrender floated over the lines of Paardeberg, Major Haig was about to cross the Modder river. His horse plunged and the officer was hurled into the water and he seemed perilously near drowning. Another officer went to his rescue and saved his life. It was General French.

ALL FIXED UP.

"Well, there's one thing I can say," she exclaimed proudly.

"What's that?" "I finished his sweater, his wristlets and his helmet, and when Jim does finally go into the trenches he'll be as well dressed as any of them."

MOTHER'S OPINION.

"Are the people who are coming this week-end of any social prominence, mother?"

"Dear me, no child! They are all your father's friends."—Life.

THE RETORT DIRECT.

"I find it hard to live within my income," complained the manager.

"Maybe," growled the boss. "But you would find it a whole lot harder to live without it."

IT'S KIND.

"The meeting of crows over there sounds like they were swearing at one another."

"I suppose it is a kind of caw-caw."

WOMEN NOW TRACTOR PILOTS

Female-Labor Utilized Extensively in England to Operate Big Machines—American Girls Drive Plows.

According to government reports, the drawing off of large numbers of men for work in munition factories and for the army and navy already has created a serious labor shortage for agricultural work which can only be made up by the employment of women, observes a London correspondent. That this is inevitable is proved by the experience of England, where today it is mandatory to employ at least 70 per cent of female labor in all industrial plants, and where the need for the use of women to work on farms and the adaptability of tractors for use by women have been demonstrated.

That women in Great Britain are now operating tractors was brought about by an organization known as the Woman's legion, headed by the marchioness of Londonderry, which has been training women to operate these machines. Under the auspices of the Woman's legion a large number of tractors are now being used in the counties of Rutland, Hampshire, Worcester and Northamptonshire. The tractors pull four bottoms and plow from five to six times the acreage done by a team in the same time.

American women in various parts of the United States are now operating farm tractors. A number of energetic American girls have been driving tractors on the land of the agricultural school at Farmingdale, N. Y.

OUGHT TO BE GOOD



First Musician—So he's an organist, eh? Is he good?

Second Musician—He ought to be—he plays in church twice every Sunday.

FAITH IN PRAYER.

A guessing contest was conducted by a merchant in a suburban town. The one who guessed the correct number of seeds in a pumpkin was the winner, and the lucky man happened to be a minister. The prize was a set of aluminum ware. The minister was not present when the seeds were counted and the winner's name announced, but the little son was there, and he hurried home to tell the good news. After a little while he said: "Mother, do you know how we happened to get the aluminum set?"

She said, "No, only that papa guessed the correct number of seeds in the pumpkin."

The young son answered thoughtfully, "Well, that isn't the real reason—it's because I prayed for it for five nights."

CONTRASTS IN RAID PICTURE.

The archbishop of Canterbury was conducting an induction service at Lambeth when an aerial bombardment began, but no interruption occurred, says the Manchester Guardian. The service went on as if no danger threatened. A clergyman who was present says that after the service the archbishop and his procession of clergy withdrew to the shelter in one of the old Norman towers of the palace, and there remained for a time. One likes the color and contrast of the picture—the ancient background of the palace, the archbishop and clergy in their traditional robes, and overhead a firmament of modern warfare which would have made the stoutest Norman heart quake with the fear of black arts.

PURE WATER FOR EMPLOYEES.

River water is filtered, refrigerated and sterilized, then circulated through 12,000 feet of one-inch pipe to 35 sanitary drinking fountains in a manufacturing plant at Hannibal, Mo., by a supply system recently installed at an expense less than the old system of supplying the workmen with cooled water in barrels.

LIVES DEPEND ON QUICKNESS

Successful Attackers of Trench Must Work Like Beavers to Get Ready to Repel Foe.

The best thing an infantryman does is dig. He learns to dig quickly, to dig frantically but efficiently, for many times during a year in the trenches his shovel saves his life, and the ground he has won at the risk of his life. Popular Mechanics describes the work.

This is best illustrated in the case of a successful attack.

The fourth trench—the last to be taken—is where the real scene of activity ensues. One second wasted may mean 100 lives lost.

The reason for this rush is that it is now a maxim of the fighting on the western front that a counter-attack may reasonably be expected within five minutes after a set of trenches has been taken—certainly within ten. The enemy, in making a counter-attack, naturally hits first at the trench nearest him, which is the fourth one captured in the successful attack. Therefore, it is vitally necessary to face the parapet the other way, pile up the sandbags, piles and other obstructions for breastworks, throw up barbed wire and fasten it to a tangle of stakes if time allows, and generally transform what has been the enemy's fourth line of defense into a new first line trench ready to repel an attack.

The problem is a huge one.

GIVES HOME OVER TO BIRDS

Los Angeles Man Converts Bungalow into a Shelter for His Feathered Friends.

James Henning of Los Angeles, Cal., likes birds so well and claims that his understanding of them is so much more perfect than it is of the ways of man, that he removed all the furniture from his bungalow at 1167 Leighton avenue to make room for a permanent home for over 1,000 members of the feathered tribe.

Birds of common and rare species, including parrots, free to fly and in cages, today occupy every room in Henning's home with the exception of the kitchen. Porches, branches of trees and railings have replaced chairs, tables, bureaus and couches and where paintings hung birds' nests adorn the walls.

Henning retained just one piece of furniture—a small mahogany table for his pipe and tobacco, but his bed he gave up in favor of a hammock swung between folding doors connecting the two large rooms where most of his feathered friends are housed.

GOOD SUGGESTION.

Maj. Frederick Palmer, head of the military press bureau in Paris, was visited at his office in the Rue Ste Anne the other day by an old friend.

The friend said from his cloud of tobacco smoke:

"Palmer, I want to do my bit—hic—bit. I want to be in at the finish of the Hun. I've got alcoholic sore throat, a tobacco heart and a hardened liver. It would be difficult for me, I'm afraid, to give up my soft habits and live in the cold mud of the trenches. Still, Palmer, I'm determined to do my bit. There's surely some billet I could fill with honor. Well, what—hic—is it?"

"George," said Major Palmer, "the only suggestion I can make is that you go to the front as a tank."

STATUS QUO ANTE BRICKBATS.

"Me name is Meginness," announced Pat, "and Oi'm ready to fight as long as there's breath left in me body."

"Yis," hissed Mike, "that's what you Meginnesses fought with."—Life.

NOT AS YET.

"The 'Village Blacksmith' is a classic."

"Well?" "But so far the garage keeper hasn't inspired any sentimental poetry."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

IN AN EMERGENCY.

"Should one kiss a young man good-night?"

"If you can't get rid of him any other way I consider it permissible."

NEXT STEP.

"They've named the leading actress in the new play the Comet."

"I suppose next thing she will be going on a star route."

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EVEN SO



Mouse—And they want to vote!

BERLIN, 1916.

Dining together one evening in a well-known restaurant, we were conversing in English. Seated at the next table was a quartette of officers, home on furlough. Presently a waiter stepped up to us and said that the officers objected to our speaking the English tongue. Knowing that we were well within our rights, we refused to discontinue the conversation. The four officers then rose, stood stiffly at attention, and demanded that we be ejected from the restaurant. It was a very unpleasant and humiliating experience; but, as we look back, we cannot fail to see the humor of it, with the men standing so ridiculously straight in the center of the place. The American, as host, approached the group and endeavored to explain; but he was swept aside with haughty gestures. Upon returning to the table, the proprietor informed him that he would be unable to serve the rest of the meal, and we were compelled to leave the restaurant.—Adele N. Phillips and Russell Phillips, in Atlantic.

HENCE HIGH PRICES.

"The farmer nowadays is monarch of all he surveys."

"Not quite all."

"No?"

"The middleman takes a look at the farmer's profits and adds a bit for himself."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

AS A PRECAUTION.

Mrs. Fusebody—If I don't get a letter from you every day I'll feel so lonesome I'd come right back home. Hubby—Never fear; I'll write twice a day.

CRETONNES.

The word cretonne means cotton and was first made in India. England has had to give up many of its factories for government supplies, and shipping facilities being inadequate, the supply of English-made cretonnes is limited. This has made the American manufacturer go very deeply into creating new designs, and he has been wonderfully successful. For the first time American buyers have co-operated with the American mills.—Price's Carpet and Rug News.

MINISTERS HAD BUSY YEAR

Weddings in New York Show Large Increase Over Preceding Twelve Months—War Given as Cause.

Weddings—war, slacker and ordinary varieties—increased more than 10 per cent in New York in 1917. The war, which caused a big jump in April and a decided drop in May, when it became known that exemption itself was not a ground for exemption from military duty, is given credit for the increase.

Some of the increase was due, City Clerk P. J. Scully says in his annual report, to those who married in the hope of escaping military service, and probably much more was caused by soldiers and sailors marrying before they went away to training camps or naval stations.

Marriage licenses issued in the five boroughs of New York during 1917 aggregated 73,901, of which Manhattan had 41,963, as compared with 66,757 in 1916. Deputy City Clerk Michael Cruise played the role of principal accomplice to Cupid officiating at 18,688 marriages in the municipal building during the year. To all bridegrooms he regularly gave this advice: "Kiss your wife now!"

The old custom of throwing rice at newlyweds has been put under the ban at one of New York's leading hotels in an effort to conserve food products. This notice was posted at the room in the hotel where marriages take place:

"Don't throw rice—save food and help win the war."

THEIRS IS ROMANCE OF WAR

Gertrude Vanderbilt, American Heiress, and Lance Corporal Locquell Are Quietly Married.

It just recently became known that Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, adopted daughter of Frederick Washington Vanderbilt, the millionaire, has been quietly married at Seaford, Sussex, to Lance Corporal Locquell of the Canadian army, says the Dundee Advertiser.

Mrs. Locquell met her husband at Seaford, whither she had gone after an operation. She was reclining in a seat when the Canadian soldier passed. Their glances met, but that was all. She met him next at a social function, when they were thrown into one another's company. They were married at the pretty old church of Seaford.

Lance Corporal Locquell, although in the Canadian army, is of Portuguese birth. His father is a professor at the University of Oporto, and has two brothers Roman Catholic priests, one in Paris and the other in Rome. He has another brother, who has joined the American flying corps. The lance corporal joined up in Quebec, and came over with one of the first contingents of Canadians.

Now that a motor boat has been driven at the rate of over seventy miles an hour, while automobiles have exceeded that record and airplanes have more than doubled it, notes the Providence Journal, the old phrase, "a mile a minute," is certainly out of date as a synonym for speed.