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BRAVE ACT WON PROMOTION

United States Marine Rewarded for Devotion to Duty When Badly Injured in Accident.

At the time of the sensational explosion at the naval torpedo station at Newport, R. I., on Saturday, January 26, the magazines were being guarded by United States marines. Private Frederick H. Mills, U. S. M. C., was on sentry duty and was directly in front of the magazine which exploded. He was badly injured by the terrific blast; his rifle was torn from his grasp and the flying debris hurled him to the ground. Drenched in blood, battered and bruised, he pulled himself clear of the wreckage and staggered to his feet. The other compartments of the magazines might explode at any moment. Private Mills knew it. But he also knew his general orders. And so, mindful of the last conscious moment of what is expected of a soldier on guard, he tried to get to the fire alarm box to send in an alarm. His "particularly meritorious conduct" brought him a strong letter of commendation from the major general commandant, accompanied by a sergeant's warrant, and as a signal honor he was promoted to that grade without going through the intervening grade of corporal. Sergeant Mills enlisted with the soldiers of the sea at Portland, Ore., last June. He is a son of Mrs. Alice E. Mills, Hunters, Wash. He was a farmer when he enlisted with the marines and is a native of Minneapolis.

PAPER HORSESHOE IS LATEST

European Inventor Believes He Can Make Them Equal to the Present Ones of Steel.

An European inventor proposes to make a paper horseshoe that shall for general purposes be the equal of the steel horseshoe, in the following way: Parchment paper is cut out in horseshoe form and built up to a suitable thickness by the use of a mixture of turpentine, Spanish white shellac and linseed oil treated with litharge, and the whole is placed under the hydraulic press. This produces very light and uniform pieces, and it is an easy matter to stamp out the nail holes and grooves. Instead of nailing to the horse's hoof, they can be applied with an adhesive composition whose principal part is a solution of rubber in bisulfide of carbon. Paper paste could also be molded into the shape of a horseshoe by use of the press, but the result is not as good as with the above. Among objections to it are these: The surface is too even and slippery and the shoe would not hold well on the ground. —Scientific American.

BRAWN RECOGNIZED BRAIN.

It is refreshing to note Mr. Arthur Henderson's declaration that the labor party desires the term "worker" to be interpreted "in its widest and fullest sense to cover not only the manual worker but the brain worker." For years past the terms "worker," "working man" and "working classes" have been the reverse of precise because they have embraced only the manual laborer and those closely associated with him. The hundreds of thousands of clerical workers and professional men and women of all classes have been excluded, although they are at least as much entitled to be called "workers." Curiously enough, for some time past educated women earning their living have taken to calling themselves "women workers," even when their labors were professional. —London Globe.

JUVENILE STUFF.

The little girl who reads the newspapers and who takes a great interest in public affairs, and who was seeing the sights in Washington, to the snickering conductor, who never knocked down a fare, and was, therefore, poor, but honest:

"Mister, does this car pass the prohibition amendment?" —Richmond Times-Dispatch.

FITTING THE CRIME.

"If all they are charging against this packing business is true, what do you think should be done?" "I think the packers should be dealt out a punishment that is meet."

FAMILY OBJECTIONS.

Belle—What are the relations between you and Harry?
Dorothy—Oh! mamma and papa, brother Jack and all my cousins and aunts.

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

That's the title of an old war song. Its a cheerful song and we can sing it again now

We're all looking forward to that day when the boys will come marching home, victoriously, but in the meantime you can help them by saving food, saving fuel, and saving on clothing.

All-wool clothes save the most for you. They wear a long time and you'll not have to buy them so often. You're certain of this quality at this store and expert tailoring, too, we guarantee it absolutely. The latest Springtime styles are here now, made by Hart Schaffner & Marx.

New clothes call for a new hat to match. You'll find here the smartest selections of new Spring hat styles in town. The neckwear this season is rich in new coloring.

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NOT TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD

Little One's Command of Language Ample Sufficient to Cause Some Embarrassment.

Donald James, the youngest member of the family, is learning to talk. He repeats everything he hears, often at very inopportune times, and he has a habit of adding, "See, now?" after every new phrase he attempts, perhaps to make sure his hearers comprehend.

A few evenings ago, his father brought a business acquaintance home to dinner, and Donald was permitted to come to the table after promising to be a good boy.

The meal progressed splendidly. Donnie Jim certainly showed that he had company manners, making his mother and father proud of him. Finally, the guest asked for another helping of sugar. Here was a chance for Donald's vocabulary to become known. Away back in his little brain he had heard many serious remarks about sugar during the last few months. This opportunity for expressing himself was not to be silenced. Quickly, leaning over in his high chair, he grasped the handle of the sugar bowl, which happened to be near enough so that he could reach it, and with a firm grip on it, he looked the stranger squarely in the face, and shaking his head emphatically, he said: "No! No! Sugar high! Wartimes! Doo can't have more sugar! See, now?" —Indianapolis News.

EARLY POSTAL RATES HIGH.

Referring to the statement recently published, that the postal rate established in 1851 was "from two to four times the present one," a subscriber writes: "It may help further to contentment with the present cost to learn that in 1834—only 17 years earlier—the postage from New York city to the newer settlements halfway across New York state was 18¢ or 19¢ or 37 1/2 cents. The correct change was easily made by use of the coins then current—sixpences and New York state shillings, worth about half as much as the English coins of the same names. There were no postage stamps; the amount to be paid was written by hand upon the corner. There was no railway; the stage took several days for that trip, one way. Envelopes were not in use; the large square letter sheets were folded in an ingenious and rather intricate manner to make the outer leaf form a secure wrapping, then fastened by a wafer of sealing wax. This folding was taught in school by the writing teacher and was puzzling to learn.—Outlook.



Mrs. Hector—I feel so well I'm sure I must be ill.

Hector—Then feel ill, Maria, and then you'll be sure you're well.

JUST WOMEN.

Men will fall into a flutter of admiration because a little Florida town has a woman mayor (the town of Aldeburgh in England had a woman mayor ten years ago), and they will look aghast upon such headlines as these in their morning paper: Women Confess Selling Votes, Chicago Women Arrested for Election Frauds, as if there had not always been, and would not always be, a percentage of unscrupulous voters in every electorate. No sane woman believes that women, as a body, will vote more honestly than men; but no sane man believes that they will vote less honestly. They are neither the "gateway to hell," as Tertullian pointed out, nor the builders of Sir Rahindranath Tagore's "spiritual civilization." They are neither the repositories of wisdom, nor the final word of folly. —Agnes Repplier, in the Atlantic.

WASTE TRACING CLOTH.

It has been found that discarded tracing cloth, of which drafting rooms often possess large quantities, is adaptable to making certain surgical supplies, says Popular Mechanics Magazine, and the American Red Cross is urging that wherever possible this material be collected and used for that purpose. All that is needed is to wash out the coating that makes the linen transparent, and sterilize it.

TOO MUCH LIGHT.

Church—I see there is a very singular custom in Manchester cathedral—namely, the lighting of twelve candles on Christmas eve, and extinguishing one every night till the Epiphany.
Gotham—Great Scott! Do the fuel administrators know about that?

BUTTONS IN GREAT DEMAND

Wartime Necessities May Force Government to Take Over All Suitable Stocks in Country.

Buttons are one of the many things that the government has to concern itself about in times of war. It is reported that the stock of buttons in this country, that is to say, the stock suitable for military purposes is to be taken over by the government.

Manufacturers of buttons to all appearances fall far short in their production, and the shortage is intensified by the fact that England also seems short of buttons and has been in the past importing from the United States.

Buttons are needed in enormous quantities for the clothing of the fighting men and the government, it is reported, is taking an inventory of the country's stock of buttons of metal, horn and vegetable ivory and may save the manufacturers the trouble of looking for customers. Good prices will be paid by the government.

CAT ON MUFFLER HALTS AUTO.

A motorist may find water in the gasoline, sand in the gears, but he doesn't often find a cat on the muffler.

Charles Faust of Somerville, Mass., believes he has the strangest cat that ever yodeled on a fence.

While driving Mr. Faust honked his horn and thereupon strange, protesting sounds came from the insides of the fiv.

After a thorough examination a black cat was found comfortably curled up on the muffler. The muffler was warm and the cat refused to budge. Later it curled up contentedly on the seat beside Mr. Faust.

HIS SUSPICION.

Captain—Have you opened that bundle which came today?

Private—I have, sir.

"What did it contain?"

"Six sweaters, four pairs of socks and two shirts, sir."

"Do you know who they came from?"

"Not the sweaters and socks, but I'm quite sure my wife sent the shirts."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because there's no buttons on 'em, sir."

ENLIGHTENING.

"Since when have you found out you could not afford a loan to an old friend?"

"Since I began to fill my income tax return blank, old boy."