

SEES SOME GOOD IN QUEUES

London Physician Asserts That as They Compel Women to Rise Early They Are a Benefit.

A good word for the queues at last! A high medical authority has just given it as his opinion that the early morning "queue habit" is having quite a beneficial effect on the health of some classes of the community. Women who used to spend half the morning in bed, then sit indoors pouring over the morning paper or the latest novel, are now up with the proverbial lark and out in the fresh air before it has become heavily dust-laden. A wait in the queues may be beneficial on a fine springlike morning, but would it be so exhilarating standing in a couple of inches of snow to wait for half a pound of margarine? In any case the pluck of a woman on the London front is amazing. To stand in a queue for an hour or two, often with an infant in arms, on the off chance of procuring supplies, is a task quite beyond the patient endurance of the average man. Yet many of our brave women are doing it daily with something more than stoicism. Outside a South London butcher's the laughter and gossip of the waiting crowd brought the proprietor from his dugout. Opening the shop door just wide enough to survey the merry party, he exclaimed: "Now, then, you ladies, not so much chinwag. This ain't a mothers' meeting."—London Chronicle.

PAYS WELL TO STRAIN HONEY

Department of Agriculture Urges All Bee Keepers to Practice Conservation.

Bee keepers are urged by Kenneth Hawkins, bee specialist of the United States department of agriculture, to produce more honey in the extracted or strained form, instead of as comb honey. Investigations of honey produced in Florida show that too many bee keepers now market honey in the comb, which lowers the productive capacity of bees. The energy required in making 20 pounds of honey is consumed in making one pound of beeswax, and in selling comb honey this beeswax is lost.

Where honey is extracted from the comb by uncapping cells and whirling the comb in a centrifugal machine, the comb is left intact and can be put back into the hive to be refilled with honey by the bees, saving them the labor of building new comb. Beeswax itself has no food value and is lost when sold in comb honey, whereas with modern methods it can be used again and again by the bees. The department of agriculture will send any bee keeper instructions on changing cheaply from the comb to the extracted honey method.

FRENCH "ESPRIIT."

Opposite me is a man evidently in poor health—an intelligent, kindly face, lined with premature old age. He has two collapsed air cushions, but breath only for one. I blow up the second cushion. We fraternize. "You must know," says he, "that I am a Frenchman living in Canada. I have come over to be ready for my call. They have called the class of forty-seven. My age is fifty. Soon they will need me. Of course," he adds, carefully adjusting the air cushion to support his ailing back, "I cannot hope for the first line, but perhaps I can slip in just behind." It is the celebrated French esprit.—From Porter's Shock at the Front, Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston.

JUDGED BY THEIR WORKS.

Bobby—Didn't pop say the war would be over this summer?
Ethel—Of course he did.
"Well, why can't you and mother believe him when he tells you anything?"
"Why, we do believe him always."
"Well, what are you knitting sweaters for the soldiers next winter for, then?"

LOCAL COLOR.

Bess—Heard the news? Jack has been hit in the chest by a shell.
Belle—Heavens and earth! I'll bet that pink sweater I knit him is entirely ruined.

BETTER ACTOR.

Caddie—Are you doing well on the stage, Mr. Wise?
Golf—Yes; I think so.
Caddie—Then I think you'd better stick to it instead of golf.

PUT UP JOB ON PROFESSOR

Little Trick Goes to Show That School-boys Are Much the Same All the World Over.

The crown prince of Japan is being educated in what is known as the peers' school at Tokyo. The other day he broke a pane of glass in one of the classrooms.

Not wishing to pay for it out of his modest allowance of pocket money, the youthful scholar repaired the damage by pasting a sheet of stiff paper over the aperture.

When, however, the professor whose room it was, next entered it he thrust his cane through the makeshift and, turning to the assembled class, remarked sentimentally, "He that breaks pays."

The heir to the Japanese imperial throne declined to take the hint, and next morning another sheet of paper appeared with the same fate, and so on the next day, and so on the fourth.

On the fifth day when the professor came down there was the paper as before. Fire flashed from his eyes, and roaring, "He that breaks pays!" he drove his cane through the paper—and through the pane of glass behind it that had been put in by the crown prince, with the help of other students, and then artfully pasted over with paper!

GETS GAS FROM WASTE WOOD

Chemist at University of Oregon Claims to Have Made Most Important Discovery.

Prof. Orin F. Stafford, a University of Kansas graduate, who is now at the head of the department of chemistry at the University of Oregon, has discovered a way in which waste wood may be utilized and gas made from it.

Because of the scarcity of coal Professor Stafford believed if wood could be substituted so as to produce gas it should be made to do so. His experiments show how it can be done.

The test by Professor Stafford shows that eight cubic feet of gas of a heating value equal to 480 British thermal units a cubic foot may be obtained from one cubic foot of dry firewood. The cost of generating the gas is very low after the apparatus has been installed. It is hoped his experiments may solve the fuel problems of the whole Northwest.

BOYS WANT READING MATTER.

A woman who is familiar with camp conditions and the wants of the soldiers, writes to the Woman's Home Companion of the hunger of the boys for books, and says: "Some of you think a book or a magazine is hardly worth giving. Every single piece of reading matter received in camp is worth while. It helps some soldier forget the discomforts inevitable to camp life. It urges another man who 'never cared about reading' to try it. It helps a third to think cleaner thoughts. It helps your government to build up an army of high ideals." She adds: "If you have neither library nor Y. M. C. A. building in your town, send your book to the public library in the city nearest you, marking it simply, 'For a Military Camp Library.' The librarian will do the rest."

MATTER OF EXCHANGE.

"Why were you quarreling with that little German boy, Robbie?"
"We was exchanging marbles, and he got the most of them, mother."
"Was that right to quarrel?"
"Why, yes, mother; isn't father 'over there' exchanging bullets with the Germans?"
"Yes, Robbie, he is; but you must remember that your father is perfectly satisfied to let the Germans have most of the bullets."

AN ANTIDOTE.

Mr. Woodson—So your daughter has gone to indulge in the frivolities of the summer resort.
Mr. Bronson—Yes. After hearing her graduation essay I think it'd do her good to be kind o' frivolous for awhile.

ONE ADVANTAGE.

"What do you hear from the boy?"
"Nothing much. He says the government has issued him one of those steel ahrappel helmets, and for the first time in his life he has a new hat he isn't afraid somebody is going to sit on."

FOR SYSTEM ON WATERWAYS

Railway Trustees of Opinion That an Inland Marine Could Be Made Highly Profitable.

The establishment of an inland waterways merchant marine under government control is suggested in a letter to Mayor Galvin from John Weld Peck, Cincinnati Southern railway trustee. The letter in part is as follows: "Individual steamboat or lines owned by comparative small companies, reaching but few points and without systematic interchange, have proven, in modern times, generally speaking, unprofitable and unable to maintain themselves."

"The secret of successful operation upon these rivers lies in a unified system reaching all ports under the many navigable tributaries of the Mississippi river, with a systematic interchange of freight at modern docks located at convenient ports of interchange, regularity of sailings, a modern type of vessel designed exclusively for the transportation of freight and the same measure of responsibility upon the part of the carrier for the safe carriage of goods as is now in force as to railroads. Marine ways and shipping yards exist at many points along all of these streams, and with a comparatively moderate capitalization, possibly \$5,000,000, such a system could be installed by the government."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

MUSICAL REPORTEE



Violin—The professor has no heart, he has taken my bean.
Banjo—Yes, and he's always picking on me, too.

GRAPHITE'S RISE IN PRICE.

In the year before the war the market value of graphite was about \$430 a ton, and in the latter part of 1915 the price had risen to about \$1,000 a ton. Its price has increased since then. While the demand for graphite has vastly increased in this country, England and France, the production has been also very much increased. In 1915 there were produced in the United States about 8,000 tons and in 1916 12,000 tons. It is believed that the production this year stands at about 20,000 tons. This does not nearly meet the American demand, for in 1916 the United States imported more than 42,000 tons. Notwithstanding the great increase in the production of American-made graphite and American-made artificial graphite, the amount imported is steadily increasing.

HEAVY FOOD.

Flatbush—Your dinner table doesn't groan as it used to, I suppose?
Bensonhurst—Oh, yes, it does.
"But haven't you had to cut out the luxuries?"
"Oh, yes; but wife's biscuit are just as heavy as ever."

PERFECTLY PLEASED.

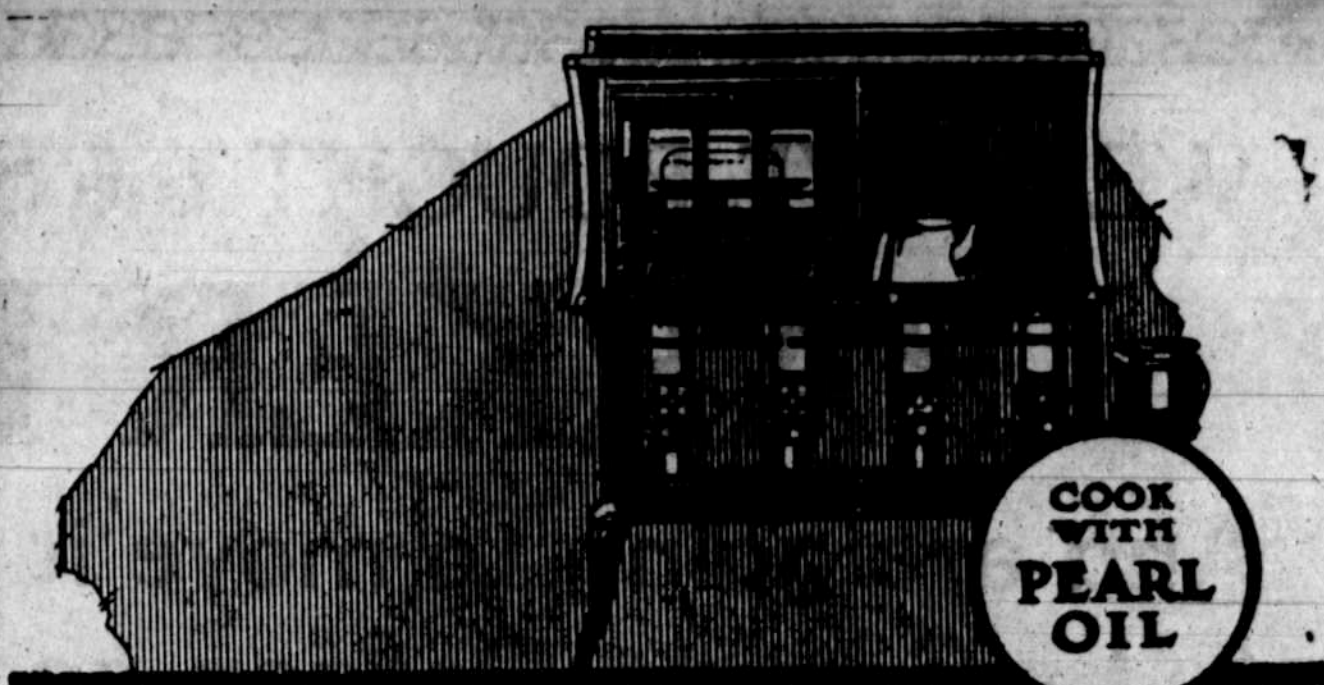
"My husband really likes this Hoover program," commented Mrs. Cumrox.
"Why?"
"He says it gives him a chance to eat the plain food he most enjoys without exciting comment."

BEEN PICKED.

Mrs. Bacon—They say that company of soldiers they've sent "over there" from our old town is made up of picked men.
Mr. Bacon—Yes, dear, they're all married men, I believe.
"Oh, well; close it up again."

MONOTONOUS EXISTENCE.

"And your daughter has left her husband?"
"Yes. He had no consideration whatever for the dear girl. He neither smokes nor plays cards, and he always wants to stay home at night."
"You should not engage in con-



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USING ANCIENT WEAPONS.

One of the remarkable features of the present world war is the revival of weapons, methods of attack and of defense which originated a long time ago. Trench warfare is nothing new, but merely a modern elaboration of one of the oldest methods of defense known. The steel helmets, shields and breast plates adopted by practically all of the armies engaged in this war are adaptations of types that had been in use long before the birth of Christ, says the Popular Science Monthly. The hand grenade is another revival, highly modernized. Hand grenades are thrown into the enemy trenches, perhaps only fifty or sixty yards distant. These hand grenades, which are extensively used in trench warfare are terrible weapons. They are filled with the most powerful explosives and great care must be taken to prevent their premature explosion.

DRASTIC TREATMENT.

"What did you read while you were convalescing?"
"The German Invasion of Belgium."
"Did you think that an appropriate book for a person in your condition?"
"Sure. The madder I got the stronger I felt."

FOLLOWING THE ADVICE.

An ambulance drew up beside the Common the other day. "What's the trouble?" asked one man of another on the edge of the crowd.
"Don't know," was the reply, "unless it's some one been buying Liberty bonds until it hurt bad enough to require hospital treatment."
Boston Transcript.

NOT WE.

"A Russian journalist says Trotsky is a dreamer who has lived to see many of his dreams come true."
"What of that? Who wanted to see nightmares come true?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

VERY MUCH SO.

"These returning soldiers look like seasoned troops."
"So they are. They were peppered in battle and then mustered out."

NO LONGER WITH US.

"Father," said the small boy, "what's an epicure?"
"An epicure, my son, is an extinct food waster."

CAPITALISTS OF RIGHT TYPE

"Without Fear and Without Indolence" Is Apt Description of Man Pictured by Norman Hapgood.

I have been looking carefully into the early stages of co-operation in a small manufacturing plant. The plan started about a year ago. All questions concerning factory employment go first to a committee in which most of the members are factory employees. The head of the concern has differed with the committee but once, and then he was right, as when he put his view the committee voluntarily reversed its previous decision by something like ten to one. This concern last year paid exactly the same dividends on wages that it paid on capital. The president of the company intends to carry the plan further, as far as control goes, as rapidly as the education of the employees makes it possible. He has no desire to pile up such a fortune that neither he nor his descendants for generations will know the necessity of doing their share in order to live. He is without fear and without indolence. I know him and I knew also many of the other type of capitalists, who cling to all the power and all the profits. Believe me, if I had to choose between his inner self—his serenity, ardor and youthful heart—and the tired, distrustful plethora of the more inquisitive type it would not take me long.—Norman Hapgood, in Leslie's.

B-Z Z



First Bee—Who is that strange-looking insect in our midst?
Second Bee—Why, don't you know? He is the latest thing in the bug line. He has taken the place of the horse fly. That's Weary Rivets, the automobile bug.

APPEARANCES.

"Those knights of old must have looked formidable in their armor."
"Yes. But not as formidable as a man in a gas mask."

ON RIGHT SIDE OF LEDGER

Habit of Work, Acquired by American Women, Can Only Be Set Down as an Asset.

Edna Ferber says in an article called "The Joy of the Job," which is printed in the American Magazine: "And right here I want to sound a note of warning to the erstwhile idler. Of all the habits in the world, the habit of work is the most insidious and tenacious. Once acquired, it is almost impossible to shake off."

"I do not mean that all those women who, since last May or thereabouts, have been hemming surgeon's aprons at the Red Cross shops, taking care of the Podsilni babies over on the West side since Mrs. Podsilni has had to go to work, piling lumber, running elevators, filing names or knitting sweaters, are going to become so obsessed by their work that they'll scorn the Wednesday matinee, turn up their nose at tennis, and abhor a game of bridge. That would be too dreadful to contemplate. But I do mean that it is going to give them a new feeling toward these things."

"When the war is over, and the world is sane again, and order begins to come out of chaos, the whole feminine world will be found to have acquired a job. It will have been gained at a terrific price. But when they begin to balance up the books there will be found on the asset side of the ledger entry: Item—One working habit, newly acquired by millions of women. Value—Priceless."

THERE ARE OTHERS



"It's strange you don't play golf."
"I can't see any fun in hitting a quinine pill over a ten-acre lot with a club."

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