

COSTUMES WORN BY SOMALIS

Garments Greatly Resemble Those Seen on Egyptian Monuments of Many Centuries Ago.

Information as to the costumes of Somaliland, where the clothing of the women is similar to that of the ancient Egyptians, is furnished by the Family Herald, which says:

"Somali men and youths wear the maro, a rude toga consisting of a wide piece of cotton cloth like a sheet. With genuine skill and elegance they array themselves in this garment, arranging it in graceful folds. When the Somali unburdens his camel or loads upon it the freight it is to carry, or when preparing for battle, he rolls up his maro around his waist. He seldom has any head covering, notwithstanding the heat of the sun. Around his neck he wears a string bearing two large amber beads. His brow and arms are often adorned with amulets, in the fashion of the ancient Jews.

"Somali women and young girls also wear the maro. They drape it over the right shoulder and belt it at the waist with a fringe girdle. The girls let their abundant black tresses hang upon their shoulders or plait them into fine tight braids. The older women bind their hair and cover it with a kind of net. Their type and attire closely resemble the female figure represented on the Egyptian monuments of antiquity. Almost all adorn themselves with armlets, strings of beads or metal rings worn above the elbow. Some have enormous silver earrings, others amber necklaces or strings of small silver beads."

NOT MUCH DIFFERENCE



Helen—George saw you start on a fishing expedition this morning and said he wished he were a fish so you could catch him.

Grace—Oh! It amounts to the same. I'm always stringing him.

COVERED DEAD BUNKIE.

Private Peat relates in the American Magazine how, one day when he was lying on the stretcher, after the first gas attack at Ypres, a poor, miserable soldier came in. He was covered with mud and blood. He was minus his overcoat and his tunic was torn by shrapnel. He was soaked to the bone, for it was raining, and he was shivering with cold and pain. The nurse hurried to him and asked him what had become of his overcoat.

"Oh," he said his teeth chattering, "my pal was killed back there, and he looked so cold, lying there in the rain, I took off my coat and put it over him."

"If the men in the trenches, with their dirt and their filth, their aweariness and fighting, can show such tenderness and unselfishness and sacrifice, I don't believe you here at home are going to fall below them in nobility of spirit," says Private Peat.

MOTOR TRANSPORT.

As it more clearly appears that the railways cannot handle the additional work which is to be done in these busy days, the man-possessed of a motor vehicle finds himself in a position more favorable than that of his fellows. When it becomes necessary for him to go some place or to transport his goods he is not absolutely dependent upon the railroads if the distance be at all reasonable. Though half the passenger trains be removed, though no freight cars be available, the passenger automobile and the motortruck will serve him.—Milestones.

HE'LL ROAST THE BIG GUNS.

Theater Manager (the theater page of the Empty News in his hand, and rage in his soul)—What can we do with these critics? Burn them?

Stage Director—No, send them to France to write up the critical stages of the war.—Cartoons Magazine.

GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR IVORY

Cotton Solution Being Largely Used to Take the Place of Elephant Tusks in the United States.

The submarine danger and the use of ships for war purposes have lessened the commerce between the United States and Africa to a great extent in the past two years, the Scientific American observes. The supply of many of the products formerly imported from the African countries by this nation has been decreased considerably and in some cases has ceased entirely. Naturally the users of these products have been compelled to find substitutes of American make if they wished to continue the use of these articles.

One of the chief imports from Africa in the prebellum days was ivory, the product of the elephant. The boudoir of many of the ladies of the land contained many ivory toilet articles, the piano sported its ivory-topped keys, and many other uses were made in this country of the product of the tusk of the elephant.

With no ivory being imported and having no elephants in this country, Americans were compelled to find a substitute. Old King Cotton came to the rescue, offering a means of producing artificial ivory that possesses all the beautiful qualities of the real article. A cotton solution chemically treated by several processes changes the raw product of the Sunny South to a hard ivory-colored substance that can be easily molded into any shape desired. Manufacture and sale of this material as an ivory substitute have reached large proportions.

AMOUNTED TO SAME THING

Motion to Adjourn Was Expressed in Three Different Ways, but It "Got Results."

A number of little girls at Seymour, who are members of the same Sunday school class, decided to form a missionary society, and were invited to the home of a young woman who consented to be their leader, to complete the organization. After the officers were elected in due form and the lesson study was finished, the meeting was turned into a social affair. When the hour for departure arrived, the leader instructed the newly elected president to call the members to order, and asked one of the members to move "that we adjourn." The girl was not familiar with the expression, but with dignity and self-assurance she addressed the chair and made the motion that "we have a germ." Unanimous consent was voted.

One of the members on her return home, told her mother about the meeting, and particularly about the way it closed, the procedure being entirely new to her.

"And mother," she said, "one little girl just moved that we have a journey, and all said 'yes' and then we went home."—Indianapolis News.

HIS LUCK



"Well, thank heaven, that's over with."

"What is?"

"I've danced with the hostess. Have you gone through with it yet?"

"No. I don't need to. I'm the host."

WOODEN SHOES IN PARIS.

Among the current Parisian models in footwear are wooden sabots of trim, rather surprising lines. Although necessarily an extreme fashion, their purpose fundamentally is to conserve leather, much needed by the boys in the trenches.—Popular Mechanics.

NO LONGER WITH US.

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

BAREFOOT NATIVES OF AFRICA

Where They Carry Their Shoes Instead of, as We Do Here, Wearing Them.

Among native African men living near mission stations boots are often worn on Sundays to go to church in, or rather with, for the footwear is almost invariably carried slung over an arm or shoulder, this being more comfortable for the feet and less wearing on the boots. Still, on nearing the church, they are put on with much seriousness and importance; the more shuffling and noise they make the better, and should a pair creak badly the joy of the wearer and envy of his friends are beyond all description.

"This natural antipathy to wearing boots," says Professor Holloway in the Wide World, "does not apply to the South only. In some colonies where the native troops are supplied with boots, when on the march they will beg their officer's permission to walk barefoot, and in comfort. I remember a coalblack Sudanese, a fine old soldier, well over six feet, who was doorkeeper at a friend's house in Khartoum. Whenever I called, after saluting, he would solemnly put on his boots before taking my card, and on his return immediately take them off again with a grunt of satisfaction, before standing to attention, and in his deep voice rumbling out whether or not his master was at home. He was quite under the impression that this was the correct thing to do."

WILL NOT DIE BY FREEZING

Experience of Maine Man Seems to Prove He Is Practically Immune From Cold.

Friends of Justin A. Foss of Beals, Me., believe that he was not born to die of freezing. Had such been the case he would have had his funeral last winter. That he is cold-proof was made clear when he set forth in a small skiff to go from Shore Island to Mason's bay. During the trip the floating ice bothered him a great deal and finally he broke an oar. Having no reserves he was obliged to let the boat drift with the tide, much of his strength being used in keeping from being jammed by ice-cakes. Finally, exhausted by his labors, he dropped into the bottom of the skiff and fell asleep. The cold was severe and it began to storm, but this hardy Maine fisherman slept on, and some hours later, when he awoke, considerably numbed, he found himself coated with about three inches of snow. Much to his joy he found the boat had drifted so near an island shore that he could make landing, and it did not take long for him to find kind friends, nourishment and comfort. He said he would not care to take chances with the thermometer again under like circumstances.

A RESEMBLANCE



Ned—The century plant only blossoms once in 100 years.

Nettie—Must be something like the peas I planted in my garden last spring.

TELEPHONE FROM TRAINS.

According to information from a reliable source, experiments conducted on the Canadian government railways with a telephone apparatus that permits verbal messages to be transmitted to and from moving trains have met with highly gratifying results. This apparatus is described and illustrated in Popular Mechanics Magazine. Standard equipment is used, and no difficulty has been encountered in getting distinct tones. Connection between the instrument and rail is made through the car wheels. Control of the system differs in no respect from ordinary telephone operation, and artificial amplifiers requiring adjustment are not employed. The invention makes it possible for connections to be made between the train instrument and that of any regular telephone subscriber.



THIS IS THE WEEK

And now is the time to learn how to cook in comfort all the year round. It is New Perfection Oil Cook Stove Week. An oil cook stove assures that your kitchen will stay cool even in the hottest summer weather, because the heat of the stove is concentrated on the cooking. There is no smoke or odor; no dust or dirt. And you have all the convenience of gas. Lights at the touch of a match and heats in a jiffy. More convenient than coal or wood. Better and more economical cooking all the year round. Look for the Big Blue Discs in your dealer's window. Go in and ask about oil cook-stove comfort and convenience.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(CALIFORNIA)

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK STOVE

V. D. MILLER, Special Agent, Standard Oil Co., Newberg.

These Stoves For sale by

Larkin-Prince Hardware Co.

J. B. Mount

NEW WHAT STONE WAS FOR

New York Policeman Recognized Preparation for Robbery, if the Visitor Did Not.

A stranger in New York was walking along Broadway in the Thirties and was on the point of asking a policeman the way to a hotel when the policeman suddenly swerved from the middle of the sidewalk to the building line, picked up a large stone wrapped in paper, took it to the curb and threw it into one of the many excavations along the thoroughfare.

The visitor was surprised that the members of the police force went so far to help out New York a "Spotless Town," but did not mention his surprise when he asked for and received the information he wanted. The next day he commented on the incident in the hotel and the house detective, who was near by, gave this explanation:

"That stone was probably laid there by a window thief, who would time himself to saunter by as a surface car rattled along or some other unusual noise was imminent, so that the window could be smashed with less likelihood of being heard and the culprit would make a quick getaway after looting the window."

WANTED A STEADY JOB.

George Cehnerer of Lamar tells this one: A man struck a farmer for a steady job. The farmer said very well, he'd sure give him one, all right. They worked all day and then all night. They worked all the next day, and kept at it until 12 o'clock the next night. Then the farmer said he guessed they'd knock off and go to bed. At two o'clock he called his hand and told him to get up and they'd go back to work. The hand came downstairs carrying his grip. The farmer saw it and said: "What's the matter? Ain't going to leave, are you?" "Yep," said the hand, "I'm gonna quit. You promised you'd give me a steady job, and here you've let me lose two hours."—Kansas City Times.

FILIPINO SCHOOL CHILDREN.

The latest school census in the Philippines shows that there are about 66,000 Filipino children attending school. For them there are 11,000 native teachers and 500 American instructors. When the United States took hold of education in the islands there were 800 American teachers. At first the Philippine teachers assumed charge of the primary work, then the intermediate, and now some are teaching in the high schools.—Argonaut.

PLEA THAT FAILED TO SAVE

Argument Put Forth by New York Tobaccoist Was Ingenious but Seemingly Not Convincing.

Every time that Angelo Sessa tries to aid mankind in his own modest way he is arrested upon some trumped-up charge that he says does him no end of injustice. The result naturally is that he is just about through with uplift work, and he made this perfectly clear in the Harlem court recently. The charge was that Mr. Sessa, who keeps a stationery store in Harlem, sold a package of cigarettes to a boy eleven years old. "Don't you know better than to do a thing of this kind?" asked the court. "Thees boy," explained the defendant, "hees chew tobac maybe two year. I tol' heem hees no right for do dis. Thees day he come an' f'row away big pieca chew tobac. He says cigarette ess bettera for de stomache. I theenk so, too, so joos for help out I sol' dees to heem." "Oh, you did?" said the court, "well, the records show that you sold cigarettes to a minor last year and were fined \$25. What have you got to say to that?" "Joos like I say," answered the oppressed Mr. Sessa. "thata boy what you mean, hees smoke big cigars ever since he be'n two years old. Even hees mama she ees glad when I sell for heem on'y cigarette." After which the preserver of Harlem's boyhood was held in \$500 for trial.—New York Sun.

NAMING THEM.

Church—That young man acts queer about the house, doesn't he?
Gotham—Well, you see his father was a rich Englishman and the boy was brought up in an old English manor.
"Then I suppose, those queer actions are English manorisms.—Yonkers Statesman.

GOOD USE FOR BATS.

Redd—I see they have just sent over 144,000 baseball bats to the boys in the trenches.

Greene—Going to make the Boches make some home runs, probably.

DODGING REAL WORK.

"Why don't you go to work?"
"Me?" inquired Plodding Pete.
"Certainly. You'd have no trouble in getting a job."
"Yes. I might stand de work. But it wouldn't be no time till dey'd boost me wages till dey had me goin' around wid de rest of you, wild-eyed an' weary, tryin' to figure out me income tax."

UNKIND



Mr. Shallowpate—Mark my words. You're going to marry a fool.
Miss Cutting Hint—Oh! this is so sudden.

ROOKIE PSYCHOLOGY.

A new recruit writes in the New Republic: "So a psychological commission is now engaged in measuring our mental aptitude and adaptability for various types of service in the National Army. Who can guess what incredible revelations may be brought about by these vocational experts? We who have been paper-hangers, it may be, are better fitted by far for the signal corps, and we former professors of Greek perhaps have that unique intellectual equipment which makes one well-nigh invaluable as a camp cook. All honor to this attempt at efficiency and fairness in military organizations. As for myself, I cannot say with certainty yet what branch of the service I am peculiarly fitted for, but I have a sneaking suspicion that it is for the Red Cross rather than the heavy field artillery."

HIS DEADLY WORK.

"So Bob is somewhere in France?"
"He is."
"I'll bet he'll do his bit, too."
"He has."
"Heard from him?"
"Sure thing. He's helped to fill one hospital already."
"Say, he must be some shot, all right!"
"Shot nothing. He's over there as a cook."

UNDER COVER.

Bacon—Did you know that England has 26 railway tunnels that are a mile or more in length?
Egbert—No, I did not.
"Well, it's a fact."
"Well, do you know I always suspected that England was keeping some things dark."