

MANY WORSE OFF

High Cost of Living Looked at From New Angle.

Uncle Peleg Gave the Citizens of Bloomfield Something to Think About When He Bought His Frugal Sunday Dinner.

"I suppose the folks back home still manage to get a living in spite of the high cost of it?" said the dweller in the city to his boyhood friend, Reuben Sparrow, who had driven in from Bloomfield that morning.

"Why, yes," said Reuben, "they all seem to live along in pretty much the same old way. Of course there is some swelling down. Extravagant ones are tightening up a bit, and the close ones are a little niter closer."

"Take the Longleys for example. You know how they always used to do. Jim would get his pay Saturday night, and then they'd begin to live on the fat of the land. About Thursday, funds would give out, and then it would be quidding and milk, or whatever they could pick up, for the rest of the week. Well, they do just that same way now. First of the week there's nothing too good for them, and price is no object. Only difference is that now hard times begin with them 'long about Tuesday instead of Thursday."

"Then there is Eben Titus. He goes on altogether a different principle. Eben says that it doesn't cost him so very much more to live than it did five years ago. He was always a great figurer, you know. He's set what calls a fair price on each of the commodities. Of course he can't control the price, but he can regulate the quantity. So when sugar, for example, takes a jump of ten per cent, he marks down the amount to be used in just the same proportion, and so keeps even with the game. You might suppose that the family would be on scant rations by this time, but Eben says not. According to his tell, not one of 'em has lost weight, and they never were healthier or happier. He says the generality of folks eat too much and too expensively and that he never can know how little is enough until we have put the question to the test."

"But most of our Bloomfield people do their fighting of the high cost of living simply by word of mouth. That was what I found a lot of 'em doing when I stepped into Elias Pridge's provision store the other night. They weren't giving the monster a leg to stand on. They all agreed that it was unjust and outrageous and heartrending the way prices were mounting up; and that flesh and blood couldn't stand it much longer. Elias himself joined right in with the rest. He said it made him fairly sick to have to charge such prices, but what could he do?"

"Just then old Peleg Dawes came to buy his Sunday dinner. I suppose Peleg was the only man there that you might say was actually feeling the pinch of poverty. He's past work, with not much to do with, and it was kind of pitiful to see him pricing one thing after another and then shaking his head. Finally he settled on half a pound of tripe.

"A good piece of tripe, properly cooked," says he, "goes about as well as anything, this time of year. Some calls it a little tough, but I tell 'em it's tougher where there's none."

"Have to pay pretty high for anything we get nowadays, Uncle Peleg," I says, as he started to go.

"Yes," says he, "but that isn't so bad by half as not being able to get it at all. Sometimes," says he, "when I'm settling down to a good, square meal at home, I seem to see some of those hungry people across the water looking on kind of wishful; and it makes me feel real guilty, as if I was getting more than my share."

"After the old man had gone out, conversation seemed to take a different turn. I guess we had all been reminded that there are some things in the world a little more heartrending than the high cost of living in Bloomfield.—Youth's Companion.

Motorcycles in War.

From the arrival of the British expeditionary force in Belgium in the late summer of 1914 down to the present time the motorcycle has steadily gained in importance in different branches of the military service. Its use has not been restricted to the allied armies. The best authorities place the number of motorcycles employed by the armies of the central powers at the time of the Battle of the Marne at 18,000. The British had at least 40,000 in service in the spring of 1915, while the French had about 11,000. The Italian forces up to present have 10,000 according to recent estimates, says Popular Science Monthly.

It has been figured that more than 750,000 motorcycles have been in use for military purposes by the belligerent powers since July 1914. This does not include those at present in the United States army service, for prior to our entrance in the great war the American army did not have more than perhaps 150 machines in all.

Pleasant Prospect.

"I say, Briggs, dine with me at my house tonight, will you?"

"With pleasure, old chap—but will your wife expect me?"

"No, that's the beauty of it. We had a quarrel this morning and I want to make her mad."—Boston Transcript.

Timekeepers.

First Rooster—What does this saying mean?

Second Rooster—You shall have to get out of bed.

THEIR SOULS IN THEIR PURSE

That is, if It May Be Admitted That "War Profiteers" Are Possessed of Souls.

An inquiring correspondent asks us to define a "war profiteer," remarks the Milwaukee Sentinel.

Now, as the soul of a man is really the essential and distinguishing part of him we may reach the required definition by turning to a little story told in the preface to that ingenious picturesque romance, "Gil Blas," by the worshipful Master Alain-Rene Lesage, one of the first of French story tellers, a true improvisatore, and the literary progenitor of the English Smollett, and Balzac and Flaubert.

Once upon a time (that is the good old way to begin) there were two students of Spain journeying together to Salamanna, the Madison of Castile.

At a halt by the roadside they discovered what appeared to be a gravestone, with this curious inscription:

"Here lies interred the soul of the licentiate, Pedro Garcias."

Whereat they marveled greatly. For while the body or corporeal shell of a man is the frequent subject of interment and of the offices of the physician's shadow, the undertaker, who ever before heard of the soul of a man being thus disposed of by the gravedigger?

One of the students being of an inquiring mind and doubtless destined for what in our day is elastically called "research work," determined to look into the mystery and exhume whatever lay beneath the stone. A little digging and prying sufficed to get it up.

"Under it he found a purse of leather, containing a hundred ducats!"

And that was the "soul of the licentiate Pedro Garcias." His soul was in his purse. And the same may be said of the "war profiteer," who coins the necessities of the government and the nation into the extortioner's or the grafter's dirty profit.

Made Brave Rescue of Boy.

With a line tied about him and a lantern in his hand, M. Chivetta, a driller employed in the New York navy yard, descended into a twenty foot tank and located a heater boy who was lying on a stage in a semi-conscious condition. This act of heroism occurred on the United States steamship Standard Arrow. Although nearly overcome himself, Chivetta managed to secure the youth, O'Neill, and, assisted by another heater boy, J. Goodrich, brought him up to air. O'Neill was revived and Chivetta and Goodrich were given treatment by the ship's company and later by dispensary attendants. In a report of the occurrence the assistant naval constructor in charge writes: "I desire to call attention to the conspicuous heroism of Chivetta. He entered an unlit, choking and difficult tank and exhibited the most praiseworthy determination, judgment and bravery in finding and bringing out O'Neill. Chivetta was himself under treatment for about an hour afterward and then further distinguished himself by returning to work inside the tank, being the only driller who so remained on the job." He has been commended by Secretary Daniels.

Salesmen Must Be Healthy.

"The vital action of the brain depends on the physical being and the mental attributes of salesfolk are the results of health. Every man should have a fad or a hobby, something that will give him exercise to prevent that drowsy feeling that inactive men invariably have. If a man gains weight after he is thirty-five years old he should become alarmed. The first requisites to make a real man is to give the boy a good physical heredity."

These were some of the statements made by Dr. M. J. Blum at the Salesmanship club at their noon luncheon in San Antonio.

"We ride today when we should walk for the exercise," Doctor Blum said. "A short system of exercise every morning will keep one active in business and enhance his prospects of success."—San Antonio Express.

Cheap Gas Scheme.

Two poorly clad women were proceeding homeward after the mothers' meeting, and naturally they discussed domestic economy.

"Dae ye ken," said Mrs. Brown, "I'm due \$5 for gas this month, and I dinna ken how I'll get it paid."

"Why not be like me," said Mrs. Green, "and use the nickel-in-the-slot meter?"

"But they say it's the dearest in the end. Ye get less gas for your nickel, ye ken, than I get for mine."

"Aye, but ye see, it's just this way wi me—I never put in one nickel at a time, and, ye see, a lot of folk comes to my house at night, and whenever the gas begins to go down I just let on I blinn got a nickel! An' there is aye somebody ready to stump one up. Oh, yes, it's far cheaper in the end."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

1918.

"I met Mrs. B. the other day," said a North Alabama street man, "and she asked about you."

"How was she dressed?" asked the wife.

"I really cannot say, my dear," said her husband, "there wasn't enough goods for sample."

The Proper Spirit.

"Don't you wish you had your boy to help you on the farm?"

"No," replied Farmer Cornetsonel; "what I wish is that there was some of my boys here to help me."

GREAT CHALICE OF ANTIOCH

Portrait Heads Are Being Copied From Marvelous Work of Art Executed in the First Century.

There have been executed by Mrs. Margaret West Kinney a series of portrait heads, copied from those of the small figures which ornament the outer shell of the cup known as the Great Chalice of Antioch, which is owned by Kouchakji Freres of New York city.

It may be remembered that this cup was discovered in 1910 by Arabs excavating in the ruins of an early Christian church, where it had been buried since probably the fourth century. A. D. It consists of two distinct parts, an inner silver cup of crude workmanship, resembling the common drinking cups of the time of the Roman emperors Augustus and Tiberius, and an outer shell also of silver of exquisite design and workmanship of the first century. The most remarkable feature of the decoration of this outer cup is a series of twelve figures, which encircle the cup in two bands. After an exhaustive research the fact has been established that two of these figures represent Christ, the one at twelve years of age, the other at the time of the resurrection. The other ten figures are those of apostles, the identity of whom is now accurately affirmed.

The date assigned to this vessel seems to leave no doubt that the sculptor was a contemporary of these apostles, and the individuality displayed in their characterization points to the probability of these being actual portraits taken from life.

Because the figures are small—the heads are about three-eighths of an inch—and can only be properly seen with the aid of a magnifying glass, a replica of each one is to be etched by Mrs. Kinney. Six of these are now finished, and reveal not only wonderful skill in the characterization but also an accurate correspondence in type to all that is recorded of the attributes of the apostle represented. Thus, in St. Peter are shown the fiery impetuosity of the short, stubby man of nervous, excitable temperament, while Thaddeus shows the refined intelligence of a man of good education.

That the inner cup is the actual "Holy Grail" in which the wine of the last supper was blessed is not actually affirmed, though the known facts all point to that assumption. But that these portraits are the work of a contemporary to whom the originals were familiar appears to be a fact established beyond a doubt. This makes these etchings of Mrs. Kinney's executed with faithful adherence to the details of the sculpture of thrilling interest from a historical, religious and artistic point of view.

The other heads now finished, beside the two already mentioned, are St. Andrew, James, Luke and Matthew. That of St. Paul is to be finished shortly.—New York American.

Camouflage.

Cornelius Vanderbilt told a camouflage story at the Newport Casino. "At the Grand Central station," he said, "one young man was seeing another off, when three very pretty girls got in the Pullman."

"The departing young man was smitten by the three girls' charms, and so he muttered to his friend:

"Look here, to oblige me, you know, won't you put your head in at the door just as the train pulls out, and shout in a loud voice, 'Then I'll close the Fifth avenue house, sir, and store the silver on the yacht.'"

"The other chap agreed to do this, and the one smitten with the girls sat and waited for the thing to come to pass, his eyes fixed on their pretty faces."

"Finally the whistle blew. The obliging chap outside hopped up on the buck platform, stuck his head in at the door, and yelled:

"Hey, you, tell your boss if that suit of mine ain't home on Saturday night I won't have it at all!"

Kipling Poem Called Insult.

Canon Knox Little was an Irishman who had the reputation of always saying what he thought and of saying it in the most forcible manner possible. It is related that he once very unmistakably disagreed with Rudyard Kipling on the subject of the latter's "muddled onfs" and "flannelled fools." The canon happened to have three sons fighting against the Boers, and he told Mr. Kipling that his words were not poetry at all but just mere insult. Another line to which the canon objected, and, as events since 1914 have proved, rightly objected, was: "Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled, unweat." The sons of the sheltered cities have so thoroughly vindicated themselves as neither to care what poets have said about them nor even to need that anyone should take up the cudgels on their behalf. But it is evident that even poetry will have to submit to the general revision which is to mark the close of the war.

Utilizing Waste Heat of Gas Engine.

For a long time the waste steam from steam engines has been turned to good account, but there have been difficulties in the way of using the exhaust gases from a gas engine as they readily attack the metal of the conduits. However, the difficulty is being overcome, for a New Jersey candy factory has an installation in connection with a 90 horse power engine which is used to heat the factory. The gases pass through an economizer made of cast-iron, with the passages to the different sections staggered so that all parts are heated for the whole length. Water circulates in jackets surrounding the gas passages.—Popular Science Monthly.

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When the world is to be saved a Man of Destiny always appears. All eyes are now turned on General Foch. Has destiny laid a finger on his sleeve?

I MEAN BUSINESS

Have real purchasers for both an improved and unimproved farm, but unless you are the owner and have a good buy, do not waste time answering, as I mean business. State prices, terms, and particulars in your first letter. H. C. Irwin, 315-Stock Exchange Building, Portland, Oregon.

Five thousand American Indians are in Uncle Sam's army. Their ancestors in their day made America mighty unsafe for civilization, and here are the descendants helping to make the world safe for democracy.

Says It Acted Like A Charm

Coughs or colds which persist at this season usually are of obstinate nature. All the more reason for using a reliable remedy. Mrs. Margaret Smale, Bishop Calif., writes: "Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is a grand remedy. Suffered from a cold last week, used the medicine and it acted like a charm."—Sold by Reed Bros.

We know no more of Russia nowadays than if we were enshrouded in the darkness of the middle ages. Some day she may find her "place in the sun."

Mexico always seems lost in the discard.

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