

This Week



By Arthur Brisbane

LET LION ROAR VIA RADIO. AND NOW FIRPO. THE LAST SILVER THREAD. THREE KINDS OF WEALTH. LET THEM DANCE.

Here is a new radio idea. British broadcasters will install a microphone and very small transmitter in some wild wood, frequented by nightingales, and the wonderful bird "not born for death" will be heard



Where you may buy Paint with Confidence

Wherever you see the above window poster displayed it identifies a progressive, dependable merchant.

From him you may buy, with confidence, your paints and varnishes—he is a Fuller dealer.

His reputation has back of it our quality guarantee of Fuller paint and varnish products—a guarantee resting on 75 years of experience in making paints for Pacific Coast conditions.

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C. H. Voegtly

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FULLER PAINTS & VARNISHES PIONEER WHITE LEAD

Mr. Home Owner

You don't know it all; I don't know it all; The other fellow doesn't know it all; But together we know a-heck-of-a lot.

Let's Get Together

You tell me what you are going to do in the way of building and home decorating this spring and I'll tell you some things I know about that, and will make you prices that will make you sit up and take notice.

Get Me?

I. S. Geer & Co.

all over England. Suggestion for American broadcasters. Instead of a bed-time story, let youngsters hear the lion roaring, elephant trumpeting, hyena laughing and baboon yelling from the zoo. It could be arranged by adjusting the feeding hours. Every boy would like it, especially the lion's roar.

"I'll fight no more," says Firpo, giant of the Pampas, "after this one fight with Reich."

The Argentine giant means to live his own life and leave the atmosphere of the prize ring, which does not please him. He even refuses the possibility of making half a million by one more fight in the United States.

Firpo has met "a worse knockout than Dempsey's." A lady from Paris, who notes, wants Firpo to go to France.

Who was betrayed the Capital?—A woman! Who lost Mark Antony the world?—A woman!

Who was the cause of a long ten-years' war, and laid at last old Troy in ashes?—Woman! And now it's Firpo's turn.

Just fifty years ago, young Hart Pease Danks and his wife lived happily. He even wrote a song to tell her that his affection would last forever. "Silver Threads Among the Gold" was the title of that song, you remember it, well, if you're fifty. It's a pretty song. Many have butchered it. It made money and when prosperity came in one door, harmony flew out of the other. Danks and his wife separated. His son and daughter have quarreled about royalties on the song.

In 1902, an old man was found dead, kneeling beside his bed in a Philadelphia lodging house. On an old copy of "Silver Threads" he had written this: "It's hard to grow old alone." That was Danks. Last Friday his wife was buried. She had died at eighty-two, in a Brooklyn rooming house, where she lived alone.

Construct your own moral, and be sure to include this: "It's better to put a good house and lot in your wife's name, or build up for her a respectable bank account, that you can't touch, than to sing to her "Yes, my darling, you will be always young and fair to me."

Round the world fliers, encountering heavy weather, were temporarily checked, and geese that never learn say "the flying machine will never be practical."

It isn't so long since railroad time tables announced that trains would run at such an hour, "weather permitting." Weather doesn't stop them now. It won't stop flying machines, either, in another twenty-five years.

There are three kinds of wealth only—the EARTH on which you stand, TIME and man's INTELLIGENCE. How wealth increases and time is actually increased or saved is shown by research of the National Association of Farm Equipment Manufacturers. Thanks to machinery saving labor, American farmers saved last year 1,382,529,204 days of actual work.

Figured at \$3 a day that would be a gain to the farmers of four billions of dollars. Farmers will wonder where the money is.

The fact, unfortunately, is that the saving of time, money and cost due to perfecting of machinery, goes largely to middlemen—not much of

it to those that do the actual work.

You would say that big muscles on arms and back are more valuable earners than deep convolutions in the brain, as you read of offers made to Mr. Jack Dempsey. He has a moving picture offer of a million, and two offers—running from half a million to a million for a few minutes of fighting.

"Muscle is king," you say, but then you remember that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., leaning over for his 21 foot putt, might earn one little thought that would earn him fifty millions, and he wouldn't have to be photographed, or fight, to get it.

Dr. Guthrie, rector of St. Mark's Fine Episcopal Church in New York, believes in dancing as part of religious service. Bishop Manning, his superior, forbids dancing in the church service. Nevertheless, Dr. Guthrie will have the dancing.

How would it be, since human beings are different, and their conceptions of what pleases Divine Power even more different, to let those dance that want to dance, those pray that want to pray, and those sing that want to sing. Omniscience above knows what they all mean and can sort out the good intentions.

FARM POINTERS

(From O. A. C. Experiment Station) Potato scab and Rhizoctonia are controllable by treating the potato seed with corrosive sublimate previous to planting. The stock solution is four ounces of corrosive sublimate dissolved in one gallon of hot water. Adding 29 gallons of water makes up the standard dipping solution. The seed is soaked from 1 1/2 to 2 hours. The solution may be used as long as it is clear, usually for five or six treatments. Wood or earthen vessels are usually used as containers for the solution.

Oregon livestock owners are learning the value of growing their own feed as largely as possible. This means more barley in most counties, more alfalfa, clover, peas, vetch and permanent pasture in western Oregon. Doubling the corn acreage will cut out the annual importation of 1500 to 2000 ears of corn, and vastly reduce the purchase of mixed feeds. These are some of the important changes in farm practices advocated by the college farm crops department.

Grimm alfalfa being the most hardy and also high yielding is recommended by the O. A. C. farm crops department as most profitable. Enough additional feed is frequently obtained from it in one season to repay the additional cost of Grimm seed. It is well suited to all part of the state. The seed cannot be distinguished by the average grower from seed of other varieties, so growers had best buy their seed only from other growers known to have genuine Grimm.

CULLING OF FARM FLOCK IS BIG STEP TO SUCCESS

Good Ewe Produces both Good Lamb and Wool Crop in Same Year Is Profitable Animal

(From Department of Industrial Journalism Oregon Agricultural College.)

Improvement of the farm flock by culling is one of the longest steps to success in the business. This, associated with intelligent care, should be considered by every sheep owner.

In culling there are several things that must be considered. It should first be remembered that about two-thirds of the return from a ewe comes from the lamb crop and one-third from the wool. The ewe can produce a good crop of both in a year. She is not likely to produce as much wool together with the lamb crop as she will without the lambs.

As the lamb crop gives the most return it is given the first consideration when culling. A good type is most desirable. It is desirable to cull out the ewes with weak backs or saddle backs.

Ewes with long legs, shallow body and weak constitution are off type and are not good lamb getters. Undershot and overshot mouths are undesirable from the standpoint of good feeding ability and it is best to get them out of the flock.

When it comes to wool production all sheep that produce light, frowsy wool, lacking in density, or those producing wool with too much variation in the size of fibers should be removed from the flock.

Fine wool sheep that produce patches of black wool on any part of the body, also those producing kinky hairs should be culled. Kemp is usually found around the face, forelegs and thighs.

By culling the flock on this basis and mating the ewes saved with a ram that combines good type and heavy fleeces, the farmer soon increases the average return of his flock.

D. S. GORE WANTS ALL TO KNOW OF TANLAC

Anyone Needing To Be Built Up Should Take Tanlac He Says.

"Anybody who is run-down and wants to be built up to good health, I certainly advise them to take Tanlac," is the hearty suggestion made recently by D. S. Gore, of 274 N. 21st St., Apt. 213, Portland, Oregon.

"Last winter a year ago, my appetite dropped down to almost nothing, I got where I could hardly sleep, felt all tired out of mornings, and it was all I could do to stick out a

day's work. I was nearly always constipated, kept losing weight, and just felt miserable.

"Tanlac put me to eating like a wolf, stopped the constipation, sent my weight up twenty-five pounds and made such a remarkable change in my appearance that everybody noticed it. I was right on the job all the time, feeling years younger, and have been in good health to this day. I take off my hat to Tanlac."

Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 Million bottles sold.

Take Tanlac Vegetable Pills. —Advertisement.

"FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE"

From the Salem Capitol Journal We take the following interesting paragraphs about the foot and mouth disease:

"Another outbreak in California of the dreaded hoof and mouth disease emphasizes the difficulty of stamping it out before it spreads throughout the country. It is one of the oldest maladies known, records existing of the ravages over 2,000 years ago, and at frequent intervals since, yet strict quarantine of affected regions and slaughter of affected herds are the only known effective cures.

"The disease is a highly contagious acute fever of a specific nature, characterized by the eruption of vesicles or blisters in the mouth, around the coronets of the feet and between the toes. It attacks cattle, cats, dogs, and poultry. It occurs

rarely in man, chiefly in children and adults who handle sick animals. It is extremely prevalent in European countries and causes great economic loss.

"In from three to six days after exposure the disease occurs and is indicated by a chill, followed by high fever. Two or three days later the vesicles appear, about the size of a pea, in the mouth, and swelling and tenderness are manifested about the feet. In milk cows the udder is also affected. The attack lasts usually for 10 or 20 days, but sometimes continues a year. The mortality is about 3 per cent.

"In the first outbreak in California last month, 11,749 animals, mostly swine and cattle, were destroyed. Four counties were strictly and six neighboring counties provisionally quarantined. The infected animals are shot, the federal govern-

ment and the state jointly reimbursing the owners and paying the cost of inspection and quarantines. There were 133 federal and state agents employed, assisted by scores of city and county officials.

"Since 1870, there have been seven known outbreaks of foot and mouth disease in the United States. The most serious epidemic broke out in 1914, spread over 22 states, and required over 18 months to stamp out, causing a loss of 172,000 animals of an appraised value of \$6,000,000, and inflicting a total loss of over \$15,000,000, in addition to the losses caused by loss of business through destruction of herds and quarantine. Experience then gained has resulted in the prompt action taken in California to stamp out the disease before it becomes widespread and endemic as it has in continental Europe and South America."

POOR PETER

The wife of a sailor handed the pastor of a church the following note:

"Peter Bowers having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

The minister glanced over it hurriedly and then announced: "Peter Bowers having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

NOTICE, DENTIST

A man in a theater was looking for something he had lost on the floor.

"I have lost a piece of taffy," said he to the usher.

"Never mind a little thing like that," said the usher. "Don't you see that you are disturbing the whole crowd?"

"Yes," replied the man, nervously, "but, you see, my teeth are in it."

YOU NEED NOT FAIL

Are you in a rut? Folks hold you back from a raise in pay? Bright outlook ahead? A big success ahead? That's the way it was with Willie A. Heath, of Champaign, Ill., for more than 15 years.

The elder Heath died, leaving a small two dependent daughters when Willie was knee high to a grass-hopper. If he wanted to go to school, they said, he must work all day and study at night. He did both, and he worked his way through college too. And so he began, as so many others have, to sell papers on the streets, carry magazines, run errands for coal stores, and hold minor clerical jobs. One day they organized a bank in Champaign, and Willie got a job as messenger. He told his mother and his friends that he

was going to stick until the day came that he was the bank's head. Nineteen years later, what he was 40 years old, he was cashier in the bank at a salary of \$20 a week. As a side line he served as school treasurer at a weekly stipend of \$4.81 a week. But on that same he lived and SAVED. The entire countryside grew to know him as an honest, dependable man, never absent. And that it came about that the State auditor at Southfield, Ill., heard of him, and because of his local reputation sent for him and made him State Bank Examiner at \$2,500 a year. But Willie lived at the \$25 a week rate and invested the balance in Government bonds and guaranteed first mortgages. His new duties took him all over the State. In Chicago he found a bank on its

last legs because of family management. He was about to close it when they offered him the job of vice-president at \$5,000 a year. Bankers watched him save the tottering bank and made him president of the Livestock National Bank at \$12,000 a year, and then the Government heard of him and made him head of the Federal Reserve Bank at nearly \$30,000 a year. "I won out," he says, "because I stuck and refused to get discouraged. I was ready for opportunity when it came because I knew my work backward."

Editorial Immunity For "Glorious Larceny"

We need a new classification in the criminal code. If a man steals five dollars it is petty larceny. If he steals one hundred dollars it is grand larceny. Seemingly, however, if he steals one or two hundred million dollars it is glorious larceny and we have no classification for that. The government goes to enormous expense and clutters up the issue for years upon years before anyone faces the bar of justice, when a gigantic theft is alleged. Steal a loaf of bread and you are up the river in two days. Steal hundreds of millions and you can travel the ocean of easy life for the rest of your days without disturbance.

The present operations in Washington in relation to the oil situation present a spectacle calculated to produce more bolshevism than any insidious propaganda that could possibly be conducted by the reds either in the open or secretly. Grave charges, and graver disclosures are twisted into political issues, each man scrambling for position, each man trying to capitalize the situation for himself or for his party until the performance has become disgusting. The issue has been lost to sight. Everyone is beating the tom tom to lead the public mind down a dozen side lanes.

The country has been told that the United States government has been robbed of property worth \$200,000,000, and that the robbery was made possible by the connivance of some public officials and the bribery of others. If these be facts, then there is a plain, straightforward American course that can be pursued. Under the present system of probe and side probe, charge and counter-charge, the issues will drag along for years; so long, in fact, that the public with its short memory will have forgotten all about the matter.

If the government in Washington does not know how to approach the problem, let the readers of this newspaper write to the President and ask him to call a Special Federal Grand Jury. Ask him to have the evidence placed before that Grand Jury and indictments obtained. Then the issue can be tried in a prompt and orderly manner and the atmosphere cleared at once. Doheny, Sinclair, Fall and anyone else charged so openly with looting the American domain surely will welcome such a course if as innocent as they insist, and if they are not, then the sooner they are brought to book the better.

The Michigan Supreme Court did well to uphold the right of the State Normal School to expel one of its girl pupils for smoking cigarettes. Unless we watch ourselves some high school girl will battle for her right to carry a flask on the hip.

It has been suggested that the new campaign song will be entitled "Should Oiled Acquaintance Be Forgotten."

"Yours is a fine country," said the Scotchman to the Australian. "I hear ye ha'e a great many Scotch over there." "Aye," replied the Australian, "but our chief trouble is with the rabbits."

A Chinese artist with quite a reputation when he was asked recently by one of New York's wealthy men to do a picture of his daughter in oil, said, "No. Me artist, not politician."



Poem Uncle John

Old Thomas Trett would stew and fret, and toil and crave and borrow. . . He wouldn't stop if he should drop—but said he'd rest tomorrow! Folks said he never went to bed—so hard he pined for riches. He wasted time—an' called it crime—by puttin' on his breeches! He fed the stock an' watched the clock —he put up hay on Sunday. . . "The world is mine," he would opine—and every day was Monday. . . The neighbors guessed he'd have to rest if sickness overtook him—but, neither health nor sordid wealth neglected or forsok him! Some called it pluck, and others, luck—but all pronounced it slavish—because his life was endless strife of garnerin' and savin'. . . One eventide he up and died—which left us steeped in sorrow. . . Above his head, a tablet read, that he would rest tomorrow! We hope it's so, though we dunno—he's too far gone to follow—though some surmise he'd farm the skies—if he could make a dollar!

