

Oregon Historical Society
Auditorium

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**78 YEARS WITHOUT
SLEEP NO HARDSHIP**

**Man Is Hale and Hearty
Despite Insomnia.**

Trenton, N. J.—Here is the story of a man, who for seventy-eight years, has stared with sleepless eyes at a changing world.

The astounding case of Albert E. Herpin, which baffled physicians thirty years ago, comes to light again now with the claim of a Hungarian war veteran that he has not slept in fifteen years.

For Herpin, hale and hearty, says he has not closed his eyes in sleep during his 78 years of life, and there is none to disprove it.

Reads Papers All Night.
He has sat through the long night hours, erect in his chair, devouring the day's news to while away the time others slept.

Physicians who attempted to solve his case, shrugged their shoulders resignedly after keeping him under observation for years. It was too much for them.

He rests, he says, while his eyes are never closed, he relaxes in his sitting position and gains at least physical respite from his labors of the day.

But his mind is never at rest. He has never known the oblivion of sleep. Through the long round of hours each day, his conscious mind is alert.

An omnivorous reader of news (Herpin detests fiction), he is almost an encyclopedia of important events during the last sixty years. Some

Puzzle to Himself.
He does not just scan headlines. Column by column he pores over the events of the day down to the smallest paragraphs, digesting the new as he goes.

Herpin is as much at a loss to account for his strange condition as physicians.

He does not deplore his lot. His few attempts to sleep have succeeded only in irritating him. To close his eyes brings not relaxation, but nervousness.

Aside from his sleeplessness, Herpin leads a very normal existence. He earns his livelihood as caretaker in homes of the exclusive Perdicaris Place section of Trenton.

"I'm not a crank," he says laughingly, "I like to enjoy myself in my own way. I smoke at night, lots of it. I'm a teetotaler, but I'm against prohibition."

Cement Worker, 84, Casts Stone for His Own Grave
Streetsville, Ont.—Robert Bond, eighty-four-year-old cement block

eighty-four-year-old cement block manufacturer, is ready for the end of his days, having completed a large concrete tombstone which is to cover his mother's grave and his own after his death. Only one thing bothers Bond now. That is the question of whose hand shall carve in the stone the date of his death.

Bond, who has worked with cement for thirty years, experimented until he discovered the mixture which would give him precisely the right texture for his tombstone. The completed stone bears a polish similar to that of granite. In the face of the stone the octogenarian has inserted

his mother's name, her birth date and the date of her death, and his own name and date of birth in leaded letters. A space is left blank for the insertion of the date of his own death.

German Returns Spoils of War to French Soldier

Paris.—In 1915 Victor Martin was wounded in the trenches and captured by the Germans. On his way to a prison camp all of his belongings, in-

cluding his pocketbook, were stolen by a German soldier. Recently M. Martin received a package with a German postmark containing his pocketbook. A note signed by Franz Piter of Brandenburg explained that the sender had a troubled conscience, and after think-

ing it over for 15 years had decided to return the property.

Frenchman Writes 5,131 Words on Postal Card

Perpignan, France.—Jean Coussanes of this city believes he has broken the world's record for the greatest number of words written on the back of a postal card. Coussanes has writ-

ten 5,151 words comprising 26,119 letters in 136 lines on the back of his card.

Drops Word "Detour"

Lincoln, Neb.—There will be no "detours" on Nebraska highways this season. At least, they will not go by that name. The highway department has decreed the official name shall be "temporary route."