

GOT HIM STARTED

Wife's Conversation May Have
Been for Effect.

While She Deplored the Average Man's
Lack of Knowledge of Tools He
Evidently Had Been Doing
Some Thinking.

The woman put down the magazine she had been reading and addressed herself to the family in general. "There," she cried, "it says exactly what I have been thinking for ages and ages and never had sufficient sense to write about."

"What is that?" inquired her husband sleepily. "It says that boys should be prepared for matrimony exactly as girls should," replied the woman. "It says that they should have a course of training in putting up pictures, in doing simple repairs to the plumbing, in taking care of the furnace, in hanging curtains, making shelves and doing other carpentering work, just as girls should be taught how to cook and keep house."

At this her husband looked self-conscious and he resumed his reading with an ostentatious air of absorption, so that his better half was fain to continue her remarks to the more receptive sister who sat by.

"Especially when one lives in the country should a husband have had some manual training," she went on. "For instance, last week we found it impossible to turn off one of the spigots that fills the bathtub. A full stream of water ran from it all day. I telephoned Walter of the tragedy, and he replied that I was not to bother, for he would fix it as soon as he came home."

"When he reached home that evening he found that he could not do any more to check the water than I had done, and so he sent a plumber out from town the next morning."

The plumber examined the leak, said that the washer on the spigot had worn out, and that if I would give him a washer he would repair it at once. But I had no washer—what is a washer, anyway? And so he had to go back into town to get one. He returned two hours later, put on the washer, stopped the leak and sent us a bill for \$7."

"But it was a peculiar sort of washer," interrupted her husband sleepily. "If it had been just a plain washer I could have done it."

The wife disregarded this explanation. "Then the laundry tub became stopped up," she went on, "and though I worked at them with a hatpin and the poker, I could not open them. The plumber had to come out from town again. He brought with him a long stick with a rubber cup on the end of it, placed this cup over the vent in the tub, pressed, and lo! all was well. The bill for this piece of work was \$3.50."

"I wanted a simple shelf put up in the bathroom and the carpenter who put it up charged \$2.50 for that job. The door leading to our side porch had not been locked for a year because no one in this family can move a lock. Sometimes I wish that I had married a carpenter or a plumber. It must be lovely to have a man who can use tools constantly in the house."

And as for the woman's husband, he put aside his book impatiently and arose. "Well, get me the nails and the boards and a hammer and I'll make that window box for you that you've been pining for," he said. "I'll show you that I am as good as a carpenter any day in the week."—Providence Journal.

Sailor Now German Prisoner.

Men serving on the destroyer Jacob Jones of the American fleet in foreign waters had a terrific fight with the sea after their ship had been sunk by a German submarine. The attack came suddenly, late in the afternoon. Although every effort was made to return the fight and save the ship, she finally settled and went down. Many of the men got into the boats and on the raft and a great number were seen swimming in the sea. Two of these were picked up by the Germans. One of these men, John Francis Murphy, is now held as a prisoner by the Germans. After having gone through the ordeal of being torpedoed Murphy made a heroic struggle to save members of the ship's crew. No further news has been heard from him beyond the fact that he is held prisoner in Germany. Murphy was a ship's cook, first class, on the Jones.

Wanted Reduction.

"Now, here is a showcase," said the dealer, pointing to a peculiar-looking specimen of his wares, "that is bound to become popular. It magnifies everything put in it to double its natural size."

"Can't use it in my business," replied the prospective customer. "What I want is a case that will seemingly reduce the actual size of its contents fully one-half."

"What is your line?" asked the dealer. "My specialty is ladies' shoes."

Want Rabbits for Food.

Shortage of meat has revived the popularity of the rabbit in England, and the Guilford food control committee has asked the town council to finance a scheme for starting a rabbit warren in order to increase the food supply. It is estimated that, beginning with 40 tame rabbits, there would be 4,000 at the end of the season, and as the initial cost would be only \$300, the venture would prove very profitable.

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HIS GREAT RICHES

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Here is Example We All Might Follow
and the World Would Be Better
Place in Which
to Live.

I have just had a wonderful conversation with a friend who is noted for his generosity. I do not refer to money, because he has little. I refer to the generosity of his thought and acts. He is always doing things for people—always thinking about the other fellow—always helping.

One of the remarkable characteristics of this man is his happiness. He has the kindest face imaginable, the sweetest disposition. He is the richest man I know, rich because he has the most. Not money—but friends, brains, ideas, knowledge of the world to an extraordinary degree, ability to entertain, ability to listen, stories to tell, remarkable experiences to recollect and to talk about.

Now for the conversation. He asked me what I thought was the most wonderful comment on life I had ever heard or read. I could not answer him, but I asked him for his choice. What seemed to him the most wonderful and truthful thing he ever heard or read? Here it is as he quoted it from Jean Jacques Rousseau:

"The dead take to their graves, in their clutched fingers, only that which

they have given away."

I looked at him—and saw in his face no sign of realization that the quotation applied to himself. He had no idea that unconsciously he was giving expression to his own creed of living. He was as simple and honest and naive as a child. He admired Rousseau's idea, saw the truth of it, loved it, but never dreamed that he himself is a living embodiment of it—a man whose hands are filled with riches.

Somehow as I walked back to the office from lunch (where my friend quoted Rousseau), I thought that the idea was a good one to pass on. Here we go through life, grabbing, grabbing, grabbing—yet seldom getting anything worth while. Money, fame, and all the rest—yet passing over the things which in later years we might clutch to our bosoms and find comfort in.

The war provides a great opportunity for all of us to get rich—rich with the rewards that come to those who serve. Don't let the chance go by. If you can't fight, give to the Red Cross, give to the Y. M. C. A., buy Liberty bonds, buy War Savings stamps. Give, serve, spend. Spend that you may receive. Have some part in the common lot. Do something—the happy recollection of which you will carry with you in the years to come.

Private Post tells in a magazine article this month of the most tender, gentle thing he ever saw a soldier do. He tells how upon asking a soldier who was shivering with cold and pain what had become of his overcoat, the soldier answered: "Oh, my pal was killed back there, and he looked so cold, lying there in the rain, that I took off my coat and put it over him."

Tell us—did you ever hear of any-

body richer than that poor, freezing boy who laid his coat over his dead pal, as a final mark of affectionate service? Wouldn't you like to be as rich as that?

"The dead take to their graves, in their clutched fingers, only that which they have given away."—American Magazine.

Stop Outdoor Photography in London.

Orders have been made by the competent military authority, under the defense of the resin regulations, prohibiting the making, without permission, of any photograph, sketch, plan, model, or other representation of any place or thing, within a given area. No person in this area shall, without lawful authority or excuse, have in his possession any photographic or other apparatus "or other material or thing suitable for use in making any such representations." The area affected includes the metropolitan police district and large portions of the counties of Essex, Kent and Surrey.—London Telegraph.

Where He Had Trained.

The intrepid sergeant was being pumped by the war correspondent, after receiving a medal for extraordinary gallantry in leading his squad to the second line in a night raid, and returning with valuable information. "I deserve no credit at all," he protested. "It should all go to Neighbor Jones, who raised watermelons in the sandy fields along the creek when I was a boy and kept a battalion of bulldogs and hounds to guard them."

One Penalty of War.

Women may be coming into their

own, but, nevertheless, one of the most startling of war-time revolutions is the present prominence of the bridegroom, who is displacing entirely the bride as the center of attention when the guests assemble.—Illinois State Register.

Unkind Reflection.

First Soldier (looking at portraits of himself)—Which do you think is the best, Mike?

Second Soldier—Well, personally, I think the one of you in the gas mask is the best.

No Exception.

"This war is dreadfully expensive, isn't it?"
"Yes, but then, you know, everything else has gone up, too."

Rooks in Naisy C.-lave.

The ways of rooks in France, somewhere in the army zone, puzzle a correspondent who writes that their behavior at the advent of mild weather was peculiar. They congregated in immense numbers on a few trees near his billet; the trees were literally black with them; every twig and branch was crowded with a screaming mob of birds, that wheeled up and down in great excitement. Sometimes they settled on the fields, but not to feed. The writer surmises that, having on a fine day resolved to visit their old nests, as is their habit, they found that the woodpeckers—busy in France as they are in England, had destroyed their nesting sites. The burly-burly in the trees was probably then due to the rooks all giving their advice simultaneously as to what ought to be done in such untoward circumstances.

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