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HONG KONG KOLUM

CHINA BOYS INFORMATION BUREAU. Illustration of a man at a desk with a telephone. Text: 'I am a poet and doctor just told me to avoid all brain work. What shall I do?' (Obey him but write all verses you like—no harm.)

The Higher Education: "Bobby," said the kind old uncle, "what do you do in school all day?" "I sit and wait till it's time to go home," came back Bobby, without hesitation.

President Wilson, having closely studied the subject of foreign relations, will now take up again the study of domestic relations.

Not Bad: Private—I say, sergeant. This meat is like leather. I can't cut it with this blunt knife.

Sergeant—Why don't you strop the knife on your meat?

I asked the girl at the music counter today if she could let me have "Just a Little Bit of Love," for a dime, and she said I could look into her eyes two minutes for that price.

With the Rookies: Drill Sergeant—Now my men you may fire at will!

Private Buckmaster—Which one of you Hicks is WILL?

Today's Bellringer: A particularly onsy and conceited officer swanked around the rookie camp recently held at Fort Sheridan. It was during rifle practice.

Stella's Bargain Counter: Many new family organs have only three "stops"—Breakfast, dinner and supper.

Is This the Height of Pessimism?: My grandmother, who may be classified as a "dear old lady," pulled this one at the breakfast table this morning: "Poor me! I feel very well, but I always feel bad when I feel well, because I know that any going to feel worse afterwards."—J. N. O.

Don't Do It Again: Heavyweight (in street car aisle)—Beg pardon! Did I step on your foot again?

Little Guy—I didn't know you had been off of it!—Jack O'Lantern.

And, undertakers, watch him!—Mr. Coffin plays football on the Army team.

A friend of mine who possessed and adored a beautiful little granddaughter, kept her with her a great deal of the time. Grandmother lived in California in a small four-room apartment doing light housekeeping. One day a friend of the grandmother asked: "What is grandma using?" The little tot rolled her eyes and said: "Oh, grandma is doing slight housekeeping."

URUGUAY

THE Republic of Uruguay bids fair to become the long-sought Utopia of reformers—at least it is a country unafraid of radical changes, has no fear of popular government and has adopted the slogan:

"Liberty is not dangerous to anyone."

Uruguay is a nation about half the size of California, containing 1,500,000 people. Its national resources are national property—not sources for the creation of privilege to exploit the people.

The aims of the nation are social and economic justice and equality of opportunity—to equalize the burdens as well as the comforts of men. Of course, many of the legislative advances are in the experimental stage, but the nation is setting a rapid pace in bringing about the ideals of democracy.

The inequality of taxation is being remedied by the adoption of the single tax. The propaganda has made great progress and is on the verge of adoption by the nation.

Electricity is nationally owned and distributed. Insurance in all branches is governmentally administered. A large railroad system, the trolley lines of the capital, Montevideo, and auto truck busses are publicly owned. Telephones are being made a government monopoly, as are the ownership of water and sanitation.

Child labor is prohibited. Eight hours is the average working day. Workmen's compensation is provided. Most of the wages are paid on the piece system. Wages are from \$1.20 to \$4 per day, while women receive nearly as much as men. The government Office of Labor looks after the workers' welfare, and labor troubles are practically unknown.

Uruguay boasts that it leads the world in treatment of prisoners. Education of the convict is a leading characteristic. The death penalty was abolished in 1907 and an indeterminate sentence of from thirty to forty years substituted. The penalty of imprisonment at hard and painful labor without compensation has also been abolished. Convicts are paid a daily wage of 40 cents, divided into four parts, two given the prisoner, one of which is laid aside until he recovers liberty, one goes to the state for maintenance, and the remainder devoted to the payment of any money indemnification imposed by the sentence.

The divorce laws are unique. Women can obtain a divorce without stating the reason, on the theory that women do not seek divorce without some potent reason, and that when discord exists in the family the marriage is neither beneficial to individuals or the state. Women do not lose property by marriage and can administer her own estate. Equal suffrage is one of the measures now pending.

A plan is now being considered, with probabilities of endorsement by the legislature, for abolishing the presidency and substituting a governing board of nine, comprising the members of the cabinet—in other words, applying the commission form of government to the nation—an experiment that will be watched with interest by the world.

In Uruguay they are trying to create a government of, for and by the people, to establish social justice and make liberty an actuality—while in the United States Bois Penrose, peer of privilege, who regards popular government as "hell-born heresy," is guardian of the Liberty Bell!

TAX MUNITION MAKERS

THE war being the cause of the deficiency in the national revenues, those who are making fabulous profits from the war should help pay the deficiency.

Why make the public pay special tolls on its telephone and telegraph messages, its freight and express shipments, its baseball games and movies, when munition makers are becoming millionaires by the slaughter of humanity?

The poor people have most of the bills to pay as it is. The rich dodge the income tax. Penalty is put upon enterprise. Premium is given the holders of idle land and vacant lots. No toll is taken from inheritance by the nation, and the speculator allowed to pocket unearned increment, created by the community.

The huge profits of munition makers is shown by the increase in business. In August, 1914, cartridges valued at \$154,080 were exported. In August, 1915, the cartridge exports were \$2,284,500. Gunpowder exports grew from \$16,821 in August, 1914, to \$5,296,118 in August, 1915. Other explosives expanded from \$26,336 to \$6,967,046 for the corresponding months.

During the first year of the war cartridge exports totaled \$23,114,711, gunpowder exports totaled \$14,952,801, other explosives \$34,001,929, firearms \$11,800,093, and shipments on a large scale have just begun.

Now it is proposed to spend \$400,000,000 more for army and navy. Let the munition makers who profit by this expenditure pay the bill.

COMMUNICATIONS

To the Editor: If not encroaching on your valuable space, I would like to say something regarding "Corn and Corn Clubs," some of which, we hope may be of interest to the corn growers of the valley. I am prompted to this with a feeling of enthusiasm born of the intense pride I entertain for the accomplishments of my native state of Ohio. There are today 5,000,000 adult farmers in the United States, and in productive operations constitute the greatest array of industrial workers and 30 per cent of the whole. These have behind them the influence and cooperation of an entire department of our government, which has since

1862 expended \$70,000,000 to encourage, stimulate and increase the production dependent on their latent energies. With all this, the corn crop of 1913 fell short of the preceding year over 700,000,000 bushels, and the average throughout the United States was only twenty-three bushels per acre.

About this time the government opened the doors to the boys and girls and invited them to join this vast army by forming what is known as the corn club. The first year's enrollment was 72,162, and last year 117,546, and possibly this year it will be doubled.

In Ohio, the corn club boys, 1200 in number, added \$20,000,000 to the productive wealth of the Buckeye

state and increased the average production of 35 to 81 bushels per acre. In appreciation of the magnificent results due to the energy, industry and good judgment of these boys, the business men throughout the state, with a feeling of exuberant pride, went into their pockets and sent these 1200 lads to Washington, New York and San Francisco fair as a reward for the magnificent and substantial results accomplished.

Young Arnett Rose of Lima (where I am well acquainted) is the champion corn grower of Ohio, having won first honors in 1913 and 1914, raising 131 bushels and 155, respectively.

What is true of Ohio is true of other states, the southern states having opened the eyes of the nation at the wonderful results attained.

It was left to Jerry Moore of South Carolina, a 15-year-old lad, to become the champion corn grower of the world, having raised 228 bushels per acre. This was in 1910, and within three years the corn crop of South Carolina jumped from 17,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels.

In 1913 Walker Lee Dunson of Alabama became the world's champion, raising 232 bushels on one acre of ground, and in 1914, 175 bushels, and for these results was presented with a fine Percheron mare for breeding purposes. As a result of these two wonderful achievements all of the southern states have made a wonderful increase in average production per acre.

While the state of Maine, recognized as the great potato state, never averaged more than 220 bushels per acre, Utah comes forward with a production of 797 bushels per acre in 1913, and Merle Hyer becomes the champion potato grower, and in 1914 Howard Dulton takes the honors with 720 bushels per acre.

I have mentioned these few incidents to show what can and is being done by the boys throughout the country, stimulated and encouraged by the department of agriculture. While I concede that with our cool nights this is not the most ideal corn-growing section, but it has been fully demonstrated by the boys' corn clubs what can be done in the way of increased production. The low average per acre is not due to the soil or climate, but is solely due to the farmers themselves. The haphazard and unscientific method of preparing the soil, the poor seed bed, the inferior quality of seed, the delay in planting and lack of proper cultivation are the leading factors which enter into the cause of unsatisfactory results.

During the past season I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction that the more extensive planting of sweet instead of field corn in the valley would prove more profitable to the farmers, for the following reasons: It matures earlier, it is decidedly more productive, and on account of its sugar content, which greatly improves its fattening qualities, and if fed early the hogs will consume the cobs and stalks with almost equal relish, thus making it a more desirable food.

I raised six varieties of sweet corn, and while all were quite productive, one of them was especially so. From one grain of this variety I produced two stalks and eleven good and perfect ears, and while two, three, four and five ears to the stalk was not the exception, but the rule, while my two varieties of field corn produced but one or two ears only, and both late in maturing.

There has been a noted tendency for years of the farmer boys seeking the cities—country life was becoming to them too monotonous and uninteresting, and in consequence all kinds of food products as well as live stock began to show a decrease, whereupon the department at Washington, recognizing the fact that we must depend upon the boys to feed the world, reached out a helping hand. The results I have already told you. I think when political economists cease to speculate and explain the causes for the high cost of living, the boys will demonstrate to the consuming public that it is largely due to diminished production and that our food supplies must depend upon them.

Why Tolerate Catarrh? You have noticed, no doubt, that any cold aggravates nasal catarrh, and the flow of mucous amazes you that such objectionable matter could find lodgment in your head. To ignore this catarrh when the cold subsides is wrong because it continues to slowly injure the delicate linings of the nasal passages and clog them up. To correct catarrh, cleanse the nostrils frequently with a solution of warm water and salt, insert vasoline on retiring, and take a spoonful of Scott's Emulsion after meals for one month. Scott's acts through the blood to feed the tissues, and contains soothing glycerine to check the inflammation and heal the sensitive membranes. Scott's is pleasant to take. Scott & Bown, Bloomfield, N. J.

activity and achievements. In conclusion, a word of encouragement to the boys. I think farming and the mining of the precious metals, two of the cleanest and most honorable occupations to engage in—for they are the foundations of wealth—you get your wealth from the soil and hills as God intended. You ask no fictitious or exorbitant prices for your product, but accept prevailing or current rates, hence your accumulations have made no one poorer, only the results of toil. You have not the mental disturbance or worry incident to a business or professional life. You can repose in quiet sleep, while they, with many and oftentimes unscrupulous competitors, worry over the results of today and the possibilities of tomorrow. With modern and scientific methods of farming, the use of all kinds of improved machinery and implements makes farming today not only more profitable, but much more pleasant and less laborious than that of our fathers and forefathers who had simply blazed the way.

W. H. NUDING.

To the voters: You have defeated my rebounding and reimbursing plan. I feel this defeat is caused through a misunderstanding of its true mission by the most of you, but the principle of this plan still lives.

Those who advocate the "50-50" plan are still advocating the principle of this defeated measure, which is that "public improvements be public debts," the main difference being in the amount and means of reimbursing.

I still maintain that if it is right to give back 50 per cent, it is more just to pay back dollar for dollar, for that is the only way to bring each taxpayer to an equitable basis. Then, as I have contended all along, tax the abutting property higher than that of the paving, in this way it would equalize the taxes, and above all do it with equity.

I wish to thank those who have stood so loyally for this measure against all odds. I am glad a few could see clearly enough to discern the principle it upheld.

Something must be done and done soon, and if there is a measure just as fair brought forward, I am ready to support it.

Yours, F. V. MEDYNSKI.

The Quarry

(By Ben H. Lampman in the Gold Hill News.)

The great snake—sprawled at his sated dining, there where the rose-veined quartz outcrops; the white glare of noonday gleaming splashed from his hues in drops—flushed and fled from the fearless bearer of diamond shield and head of terror. Ware, O ware! the gray hawk cried, high on her hunt o'er the mountain side. The coyote shrank from a marmot's track to snarl his hate at the diamond back. But as a vase of beauty, wherefrom the gods pour ease, the

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hidden, happy little bird went singing thru the trees. Noon, and a breath of the balsams lifted, there where the rock is stained with blush; the gray hawk to distance drifted, over the warren brush. Still he lay as a great lark plaited—that serpent throng by wood-folk hated. Ware, O ware! the valley cried—the chase ran hot to the mountain side; all hills were rife with the seeking men, for Cain had taken his toll again. But, as a vase of beauty, wherefrom is quaffed a spell, the hidden, happy little bird went singing thru the dell.

The great snake stirred from his idle nooning—lord of the sun-swept rocky pass; the swift head, in dreadful swooning, wave and its eyes were glass—glass with a glint of cold fire fleeing to the soft stealth of foot-falls nearing. Ware, O ware! the rattles cried, as Cain rised fear up the mountain-side. . . . A far off the search men heard his screams, when the swart head flashed in raptier gleams. But as a vase of beauty, wherefrom the gods pour good, the hidden, happy little bird went singing thru the wood.

A barber asked the testy old gentleman how he liked the new oatmeal shaving soap. "It tastes very nice," said the old gen. "but thanks—I've had breakfast!"

UGH! ACID STOMACH, SOURNESS, HEARTBURN, GAS OR INDIGESTION

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Most remedies give you relief sometimes—they are slow, but not sure. "Pape's Diapepsin" is quick, positive and puts your stomach in a healthy condition so the misery won't come back.

You feel different as soon as Pape's Diapepsin comes in contact with the stomach—distress just vanishes—your stomach gets sweet, no gases, no belching, no eructations of undigested food, your head clears and you feel fine.

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