

# FIRST WHITE BOY

### Youth Accompanied Columbus' Expedition in 1492.

Detailed at Helm While Superiors Slept, Youngster Was Blamed for Wreck of Santa Maria.

Many phases of the life of Columbus offer mysteries that the historians have never been able to clear away, and one student of the life of the great explorer has come across an incidental mystery that has an appealing interest. It relates to a boy who accompanied the expedition of 1492—the only boy among its members, and consequently the first white boy to set foot in America.

The contemporary accounts of the first expedition of Columbus mention the boy in question only once and that briefly. They indicate that he was the only boy in the expedition and they place on his young shoulders the blame for the great catastrophe that befell when the Santa Maria was wrecked on the coast of Hayti. To be sure the story of the wreck shows that the boy was less to blame than his elders, but it was easy enough to make him the scapegoat. It was the night before Christmas, 1492, ten weeks after the discovery of the land, and Columbus was pushing his search for gold among the West Indies. The flagship, the Santa Maria, was skirting the coast of Hayti, and late at night, as the wind was light and the ship barely moving, Columbus went to his cabin for rest. He passed the helm over to the captain. He, too, soon felt the need of sleep and went below. His successor at the tiller was a sailor and he shortly followed the example of the admiral and the master. Before he went he awakened the lad in question and told him to mind the helm.

The boy did not go to sleep. He was doubtless a live lad and he felt the importance of being trusted to steer the ship. But he was in strange waters and the currents were treacherous near that coast, says an exchange. The ship struck a reef. The admiral and crew rushed on deck in terror. Of course they blamed the boy. That was the way of the world before 1492 and the fashion has never changed.

That was the end of the Santa Maria. The crew reached the shore in safety and made a fort from the timbers of the wreck. In that fort, which they called La Navidad in honor of the day, about forty of the crew remained while their companions went home to Spain on the Pinta and the Nina. One historian mentions a tradition that the boy remained with this number, but it is only a tradition. The fate of the forty is a mystery, for when the second expedition of Columbus reached that island a year later there were only a few charred timbers and bones to be found. Perhaps the boy perished there. His name has not even come down to us, but the brief glimpse that we have of him is a fascinating one. There is something to stimulate the imagination in that fleeting picture of the boy who stuck to his post while his superiors slept.

### Concealed Weapons.

"Did you hear? The Crossys were so generous as to give their sedan to the Red Cross. I wonder what was the matter with it."

"My dear, you do knit bee-utifully, but what is it?"

"The major looks so formidable in his uniform, doesn't he? Too bad, the poor man never wore it at home."

"Here comes Miss Verplain in her red-white-and-blue hat. Who would have thought anything could become her so well!"

"You will go from house to house canvassing for the Liberty loan, Miss Stout. My dear, you have the right idea."

"You put down 20 quarts of beans? Splendid! Splendid! I do so hope they'll keep for this time."

"The Red Cross is to be congratulated, my dear, in securing the services of a woman of your years and long experience."—Edmund J. Kiefer in Life.

### Overcoming Camouflage.

An American physicist believes that the advantages of camouflage—or at least certain kinds of camouflage—can be overcome by an opposing army by providing its armmen and other scouts with colored glasses or screens of contrasting colors to use with field glasses, notes Popular Mechanics Magazine. When the colors of these screens are properly selected, uniforms and other objects may be made to appear in contrast, instead of in harmony, with their surroundings, he claims. Camouflage as practiced in many cases is accomplished largely by the use of paint, objects being given shades, that blend with the landscape. In spite of certain difficulties that would arise, it is believed that such efforts at concealment could be rendered quite ineffectual by the means stated.

### Should Eat Mushrooms.

Wild mushrooms are a food that should be more largely utilized in this country now that food is scarce, according to William A. Murrill, assistant director of the New York botanical gardens, who thinks the people should be taught how to distinguish the poisonous from the wholesome varieties. Wild mushrooms are eaten in countries almost exclusively by the poor population.

# PLEASURE OF BEING NEEDED

To Know You Can Lend Assistance to Some One Greatly Lessens the Strain of Discontent.

"I'm really worried about Miss Eustacia," Mrs. Jessup declared. "Of course everyone knows that it was hard for her to lose her savings and go into the home, but the home's pleasant, and she has a big room all to herself; and we are always sending her things or inviting her round to tea to show that she isn't left out; yet she goes round with a face as long as my arm, and the tears come into her eyes if you look at her. Really, I'm almost out of patience. I wouldn't have believed it of Miss Eustacia."

Mrs. Crane looked out into the yard. She was a plump little woman with tender, luminous brown eyes that had a way of seeing far into the heart at times.

"What pretty little tea parties Miss 'Stacia used to give," she said musingly. "She made a different 'feel' about them somehow."

"I know it," Mrs. Jessup agreed. "I don't know exactly why, unless because she was so happy over them herself that she made everyone else feel the same way."

"And how many summers was it that she took to her home a little fresh-air girl?" asked Mrs. Crane, with an air of innocent reminiscence. "Last time it was a mother and a sick baby, wasn't it?"

"I guess it must be full as much as fifteen. I hadn't thought of that before, but I suppose she does miss that!"

Mrs. Crane's soft eyes shone with sudden passion.

"Miss them? Things like that—giving things—were her life, Ellen Jessup! Do you suppose that being invited to tea and having flowers carried to her are going to make up to Miss 'Stacia for having nothing to give?"

"But—she hasn't anything we want!" Mrs. Jessup said bewilderedly.

"Exactly. That's what's breaking her heart."

"But you can't make yourself want things when you don't," Mrs. Jessup argued.

"I suppose not," Mrs. Crane said with a sigh. "Well, I must be going along. Run over soon, Ellen."

At the turn of the road Mrs. Crane met Lauretta King. The girl nodded with sullen brows. Mrs. Crane stopped.

"What's the matter, Lauretta?" she asked.

"Matter? I want Miss Eustacia, that's what's the matter. I used to run in every day or two when things were hard at home, and she'd help me through, but now—"

"Have you told her so?" Mrs. Crane asked quickly. "Oh, Lauretta, have you?"

"Told her? I haven't been up there. She'll be too busy with all those people."

Mrs. Crane even gave her a push. "Go, Lauretta; go this minute. She's been eating her heart because no one needed her. And tell her that I'm coming tomorrow. I want her—just her—to help me do a dozen things. Hurry, Lauretta!"

But Lauretta was already gone.—Youth's Companion.

### An Aviator's Farewell.

Monsieur de Giberques, bishop of Valence, has lost his seventh nephew in the war—M. Antheime de Giberques amongst whose papers was found the following moving letter of farewell addressed to his parents:

"If one day, with wings broken in the blue heavens, I fall to the earth and return to God, may these lines carry to my father and mother the last thoughts, desires and dreams of the son they loved so tenderly. As my body nears the earth, my soul will soar to unknown heights, and the separation will be victory. It will be a full-hearted 'Magnificent' adoring prayer of expiation for what I have left undone rather than for what I have done. And lastly it will be a supplicant cry which cannot but be heard for everlasting life, for strength and comfort for those I leave behind, and for mercy and glory for beloved France, the coming of the Kingdom of God."

His Waterloo.

"There is a fellow they call the 'Miracle Man.'"

"Why?"

"Because they say he can do anything."

"I'll bet there's one thing he can't do."

"What's that?"

"I'll bet he can't convince a woman that she snores in her sleep."

Not Satisfactory.

"What did she say when you kissed her?"

"Told me to come around Fridays hereafter, as that was amateurs' night."—Judge.

In the Right Place.

"You seem at home here," remarked a man at the post office to the postmaster.

"Yes," replied the latter, "this is my stamping ground."

Contrary Evidence.

"The greater cannot go into the less."

"So they say. But how is it on these blowy days that half the dust in the world gets into my eyes?"

Easy to Remedy.

He—How shabby those boats look.

She—Why should boats be shabby? I've often heard my brother talk about the painters they had on board.

# LOSS IN TRENCHES

### Mortality Less Than in Any of the Previous Wars.

Physician Asserts That Disease Is So Thoroughly Eliminated That a Sick Man Is a Curiosity.

Readers with relatives and friends at the front should get considerable comfort from a study of the mortality statistics of the armies recently put forward by a well-known physician. London Tit-Bits states: While his figures are not so favorable as those given out from Paris indicating that all kinds of permanent losses—killed, captured, missing and disabled—aggregate but 3 per cent per annum of the effective forces engaged, they are nevertheless distinctly encouraging.

He finds that about sixty men per 1,000 are being killed and 150 wounded and that a very large proportion of the latter return to the trenches. This, naturally, is not to be compared with the normal death rate in time of peace of men of military age, which is but eight per 1,000; but it is a vast improvement upon the showing of any previous war.

For one thing, disease has been so thoroughly eliminated that a sick man is a curiosity. The soldier at the front is certainly less liable to attack than if he were at home. Everything he eats and drinks and wears, almost everything he touches, is subject to the finest medical supervision of which science is capable, and if any particularly persistent bacillus were to get into his system in spite of all precautions, it would find him in such superb condition that its work would be futile. The high commands have thoroughly learned the lesson that it does not pay to train a man to be a soldier and then lose him from a cause that is in the least degree preventable.

By this same token, experience, both in the protection of the soldier and in the care of the wounded, is steadily reducing the death rate as the war progresses. Not only are new tactics constantly being developed which result in less exposure of the individual soldier, but he is constantly being better equipped with defensive apparatus to minimize the effects of bullet or shrapnel or gas attack. Finally, from many classes of wounds which would have spelled probable death in 1914 and certain crippling in 1915, recovery is now almost a matter of course.

The drafted man who goes as an ordinary soldier, taking his judgment with him and leaving his excessive enthusiasm behind, has every chance of coming back, and in better physical condition than when he left.

### Tit for Tat.

The subject of the Sunday sermon at one of the uptown New York churches was the duties of the citizen in time of war. The need of conservation of all foodstuffs was emphasized, and among the persons who gave ear was a small boy, replete in Sunday finery. He sat with his grandfather, a stout, rather red-faced man, who was obviously devoted to the youngster. "And at this time," said the clergyman, in the course of his sermon, "it is the small sacrifice which means so much to the good of the nation generally. There is a shortage of sugar. Well, let us eat less candy, for instance." The stout man nudged his grandson. "It is time for sober, clear-headed action on the part of all," continued the clergyman; "and when there are so many war needs for alcohol, why, for instance, should any man now partake of spirituous liquors?" Then the small boy nudged his grandfather.

### Search for Oil in Britain.

Certain eminent American geologists, the house of commons was told lately, hold that it is well worth while to spend a considerable sum of money in exploring for possible petroleum deposits in Great Britain, according to a London correspondent. The speaker, a spokesman for the board of trade, added:

"It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of finding oil in this country. We cannot yet say that it is here, but it is certainly worth looking for."

"Oil is almost more important at this moment than anything else. You may have men, munitions and money, but if you have no oil you are without the greatest motive power we are using."

### Concerning the Tussock Moth.

The New York state college of forestry at Syracuse has recently sent out a circular letter to chambers of commerce throughout the state warning against the ravages of the tussock moth, which bid fair to be severe on shade trees during the next growing season. The egg masses, which are white and conspicuous, may be seen readily at the present time on the bank of elms particularly, and these may be collected and destroyed or daubed with creosote so that they will not hatch. The college in its letter has suggested that local shade tree or park commissions take the matter of destroying the egg masses in hand at once and push it vigorously.

### Then Ananias Turned Over.

First Dentist—The fact is, I've got gentleness down to such a fine point that all my patients go to sleep while I'm pulling their teeth.

Second Dentist—That's nothing! Mine are beginning to have their photographs taken while I operate, because they always have such a pleasant expression on their faces.

# JUST A FEW OF OUR MANY BARGAINS:

Sea Port Corn, 2 Cans for 25c., \$3.00 per Case.

Sea Port Tomatoes, 2 Cans for 25c., \$3 per Case.

Crystal White Soap, 5 bars for 25c., 100 bars for \$4.65.

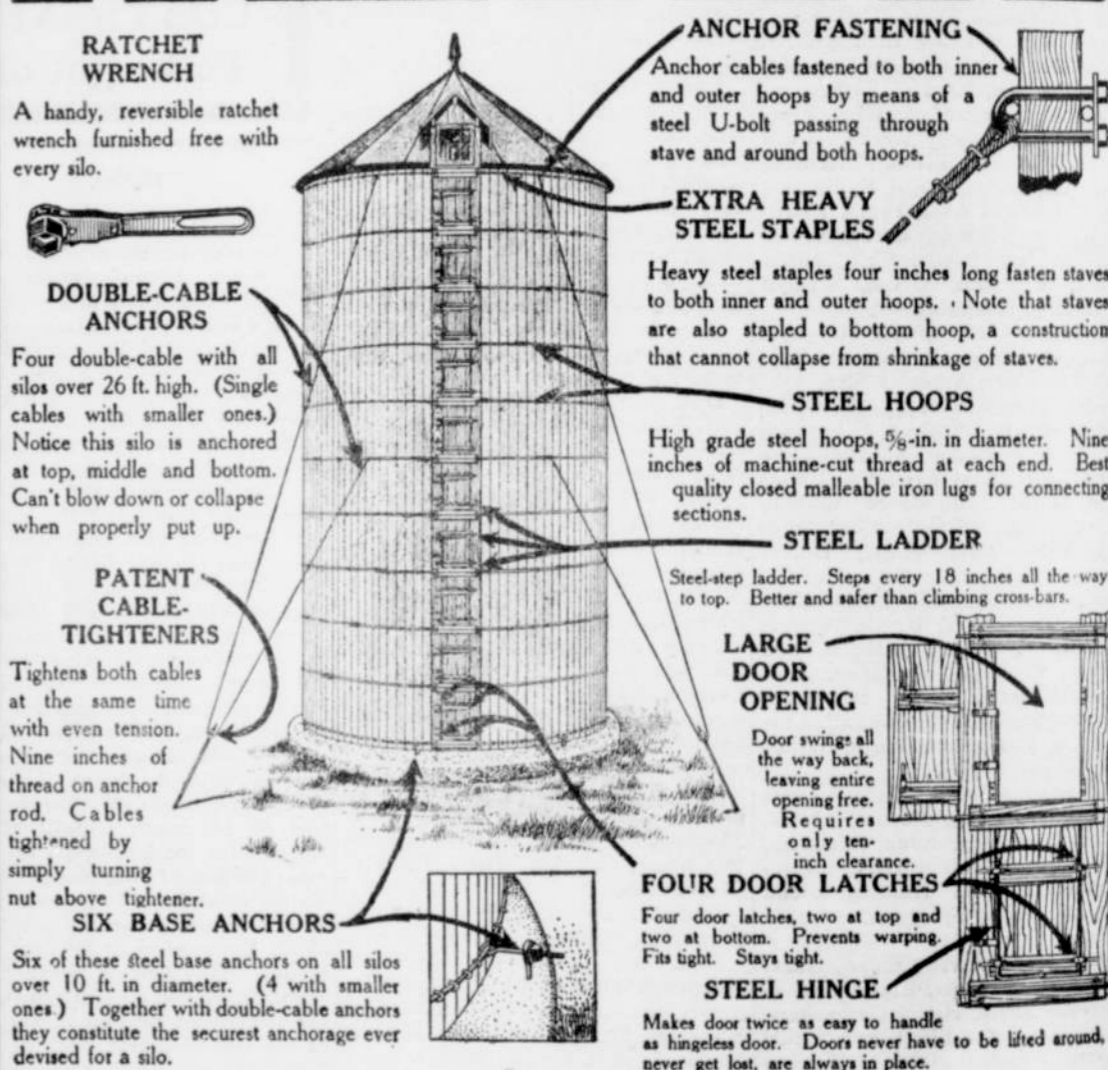
Royal White Soap, 5 bars for 25c., 100 bars for \$4.65.

White Linen Soap, " " " "

Prince Albert Tobacco, 10c. Per Can.

RAY & CO.

# It's the Fixtures that Make the Silo



## Compare Our Fixtures with Others

There's a big difference in the "fixtures" you get at the prices asked for different silos.

Compare fixtures when you buy a silo. It is the fixtures that make a silo. Durability, security and stability are determined by the anchorage, the size, quality and number of cables, hoops, lugs and staples. Convenience and ease of getting at your silage for use are determined by the door and ladder construction.

Many silos are priced without hinged doors or ladders.

In other words, you pay as "extras" for necessary conveniences without which your silo is incomplete. Notwithstanding our lower price, we include more and better fixtures than many who ask more for their silos. In some cases we supply more of a given item than others, as in anchorage cable. In others, our fixtures are stronger or better in whatever vital point determines their value. Keep this ad and check our fixtures as described above, with those offered by other silos. Don't pay more and get less, or buy half a silo when you can get a complete one.

W. KUPPENBENDER.

# ALEX. McNAIR & CO. GENERAL HARDWARE Kitchen Ranges and Heating Stoves.

THE BEST STOCK OF HARDWARE IN THE COUNTY. See Us for Prices Before Ordering Elsewhere.

### Hatching Eggs for Sale.

S. C. White Leghorns, J. A. Hanscom strain, of Corvallis, Ore., parent stock with egg record of over 208 eggs per pullet year. The father of my pen was a full brother of the pen that won the "All Northwest Egg Laying Contest."

My pen, when seven months old, Nov. 28, 1917 laid over 50 percent yield.

60 per cent or 18 eggs per hen month of December.

70 per cent or 22 eggs per hen month of January.

Pen is mated to an O. A. C. cocker, mother of same laid 238 eggs in pullet year.

\$1.50 per setting of 15 eggs. \$1.25 per hundred. Eggs tested free charge, with Breeder's Magic Tester.

Mrs. Sarah E. Garibaldi.