

BIRDS ARE VALUED

Carrier Pigeons Do Excellent Service for Army.

Many Now Being Trained at the University of Wisconsin Under the Direction of the Government—Made Splendid Record.

Carrier pigeons for the army are now being trained at the University of Wisconsin, and special experiments with the birds are being carried on under the direction of the government.

Twenty-five young pigeons have been received from the signal corps for use in flying investigations, and 14 old birds for breeding purposes have been donated by a Cleveland pigeon fancier.

Lieut. W. L. Butler of the central department of the signal corps at Chicago and Maj. Frank Griffin of the Washington office were at the university recently making arrangements for the work.

A warning not to shoot pigeons has been issued by the bureau of information at Washington on account of the large number of homing pigeons which are being trained in various parts of the country.

The process of training a pigeon for military purposes consists in first taking it about 1,000 yards from home and loosing it so that it can fly back; then the distance is increased and the direction changed as the training progresses.

The average speed of a homing pigeon is from 1,400 to 1,700 yards a minute, although many make much higher speed than this.

Important messages in the army are usually sent by two birds in order to insure safe delivery and but few messages are lost.

A small aluminum container is fastened to the birds' legs to carry messages, or else the bits of paper are tied directly on the legs.

Stories are recorded daily in the war of life-saving feats accomplished by homing pigeons. A crew of a vessel struck by a submarine recently had just time to free a homing pigeon before the ship sunk.

Although the bird was wounded by shots from the German submarine, it flew to another craft 12 miles away and saved the lives of the men floundering about in the water.

Men are in great demand in the homing pigeon operator branch of the signal service. No man of draft age can be inducted into this service, but there is a call for men below twenty-one and over thirty years of age for this work.

Not Charlie Chaplin but Lloyd George. After a meeting which Lloyd George had attended a cheering band of admirers escorted the prime minister to his car.

There, in the freedom of her frays and tatters, stood a typical cockney girl. She gazed at the enthusiasts with astonishment and then her eyes lightened as they fell on the features of Lloyd George.

"It's Charlie," she cried. "Charlie Chaplin. Give another three cheers." "No, my girl," explained one of the crowd; "it is not Charlie Chaplin. It is the prime minister."

"Lloyd George? Good old Lloyd George. Give him six cheers." "Admiration could go no further."

Launching Seaplanes. When a big seaplane is to be launched from the deck of a ship it is first "tuned up" on the launching cradle.

Then the ship is swung into the teeth of the wind and put at full speed. At a signal the pilot starts his engine full speed, while two mechanics brace against cleats on the deck, hold back the tugging seaplane.

When the "tone" of the engine is caught, the wing commander brings down his flag with a sharp jerk, falls on his face to avoid a collision, and the machine freed from the grip of the men holding it, jumps away into the air from the launching stage.

Substituted for Iron Crosses. In Germany iron is so scarce that enough cannot be spared to make all the Iron Crosses needed to carry out the government's policy of wholesale distribution of war honors. At least, such a condition is strongly indicated.

A souvenir from a battlefield that has been received in this country. It is a black and white ribbon which the soldier, a medical officer, asserts is one of many that have been awarded in the war of crosses. The ribbon was found on the body of a dead enemy.

Cannon Balls Are Round. Artist—There's one good feature about this war: there won't be any iron balls to stack up in ugly piles in our parks. These old cannon balls are absolutely inappropriate for our squares.

JUST LIKE TIMES OF PEACE

Correspondent Finds That in Warfare It is the "Little Things" That Really Count.

A few hundred yards to the rear we came upon a soldier sitting on a stump. From the waist up he was as naked as a skinned rabbit. In his hand he held his shirt turned inside out, and he was studying the garment as intently as a young son of one of the best families stealing a chapter of a forbidden dime novel.

"What are you doing, son?" the captain called out. The soldier on the stump slowly raised his eyes and looked us over. His expression was that of a detached and world-weary man breaking under the burden of a secret sorrow.

"I'm readin' over the personal column o' my shirt to see if there were any new arrivals las' night," he answered the captain's question finally. "I think I must be in a convention, the way they're flockin' in on me. If I'd been a small town a week ago, I'd be a big city by now."

"Are you finding any?" "Findin' any? I ain't lost any yet!" He raised his tired eyes and studied me carefully.

"You're a newspaper reporter, ain't you?" "Yes."

"You lookin' for news to print?" "Sure."

"Well, listen. Did old General Misfortune ever billet a whole army corps o' starvin' cooties on your personality an' leave 'em there to fatten up an' multiply an' replenish your shirt?"

"I've had 'em." The soldier immediately lost all interest in me and took up his duties anew.

"Goo-by," he mumbled. "If you've had 'em, you know all the news there is to know around here."

In war as in peace it's the little things that count—William Slavens McNutt, in Collier's Weekly.

Jonah Vark. Well Al one of the burgs along the line is where Jonah Vark was born when she was alive. It seems like France was mixed up in another war along about one hundred years ago and they was getting licked and Jonah was just a young gal but she dressed up in men's coat and pants and went up to the front and led the charges with a horse and she carried a white flag and the Dutchmens or whoever they was fighting against must of thought it was a flag of truce and anyway they didn't fire at them and the French captured New Orleans and win the war.

The Germans is trying to pull the same stuff on our boys now and lots of times they run up and holler Conrad like they was going to give up and when your back is turned they whang away at you, but they won't pull none of that stuff on me and when one of them tries to Conrad me I will perculate them with a bayonet.—Ring W. Lardner in the Saturday Evening Post.

Dogs of War. The canine department in the French army is a command in itself; its four-footed recruits are enrolled almost more carefully than real soldiers. They have an official record, a number, an identity plate, and are never lost sight of.

The dogs already have their roll of honor. Several have been cited in orders for having saved whole companies by their sagacity; others have enabled surprises to be brought off as well as avoided.

As liaison agents they are invaluable, while as ammunition carriers they are practically indispensable. While a few of them can never get used to shot and shell, the majority quickly get as case-hardened as old soldiers.

A dog carrying a message through a terrific barrage fire has been seen blown into the air, to come down with a thud that made it senseless, to remain stunned a while, then pick itself up, give itself a good shake, and resume its journey.

Got Employer's Day's Income. A woman who was for many years a housekeeper in the family of the late Alfred B. Nobel, the Swedish founder of the Nobel prizes, was leaving to be married.

Mr. Nobel wished to reward her services and asked what she would like for a wedding gift, saying that he would be glad to give her whatever she asked. After consulting with her fiance, the woman approached Mr. Nobel and said she had decided what she wanted, but doubted whether she would get it.

"Go ahead," said the rich dynamite maker; "I told you to ask for whatever you wished."

"Will you give me your income for one day, then, Mr. Nobel?" It took 11 men to figure it out, but the housekeeper received for a wedding present the sum of \$28,000.—Young Ladies' Journal.

"Silver Bullets." When Mr. Lloyd George used the expression "silver bullets" he probably took the idea from some Welsh legend about witches. It was once believed both in Wales and Scotland that only silver bullets could hurt a witch when disguised as a hare.

An Imitator. Jack—Our curate has been appointed an army chaplain. Eby—Well, he may have it in him, but I don't believe he ever can be as funny as the original Charley.

FOUND ONE SENTRY ALERT

Captain Satisfied No Enemy Would Get by the Colored Soldier Who Challenged His Commander.

"I was recently breaking in a squad of raw country negroes," remarked Captain C—, stationed at a Virginia camp not far from Washington, "and, despite their and my good intentions, it was not proving the easiest task in the world, since most of them knew much better how to follow a band than military rules. This particular group gave me a lot of hard work and I kept pretty close watch on them. One night I decided to give my sentries a surprise visit, but had not got far on my rounds when I was stopped with a peremptory: 'Halt! Who goes dar?'"

"I gave the word, but was again brought up with a sharp: 'Halt agin! I wants to know who you is!'"

"Your commanding officer," was my answer, which did not suffice, as my sentry came back quickly with: "Dat's all right, sub, but is you got de right to go traipsin' roun' camp at dis ungodly time o' night?"

"Don't you know whether or not I have such a right? I answered him sternly. 'It's your business to know.'"

"Excuse me, Cap'n, but I was'n quite sho'," he said—and in a perfectly respectful tone—"an' I axed you fer information when I wanted to know ef you did have de right to go prowlin' roun' dis here camp like er hant (ghost)?"

"He got his answer, and I am sure of one of my sentries at least."

Modern Military Balloons. Great improvements have been made in the construction of kite balloons in the past two years, according to Henry Woodhouse, the leading American aircraft authority. In Everybody's he says: "The old design based on the original German drachen balloon was sausage-shaped and could stand little wind above 30 miles per hour. The present design used by the allies and to some extent by the Germans, is based on the design of Captain Cacou of the French army. It is pear-shaped on one side and has three huge fins, one on each side and one underneath the aft end of the gas-bag. On the ground these fins give it the appearance of a huge elephant."

"This type of military balloon is much sturdier and safer than the old type and can stand a wind of up to 60 miles an hour. They are from 70 to 80 feet in diameter, and have a hydrogen capacity of from 20,000 to 25,000 cubic feet."

More Women Dentists? Dentistry as a profession may have few attractions generally, especially for women. Nevertheless, it does afford steady and, in many cases, highly remunerative work, candidates for which cannot but be reduced in number by the exigencies of the war.

A certain branch of dental work known as dental mechanics offers a field which seems peculiarly suited to women, or, at any rate, to those who have the natural dexterity and fineness of touch usually possessed by them. Dental mechanics do not, of course, extend their training to the surgical side of their undertaking, though those qualifying as dental surgeons have to be adequately expert mechanics—the greater includes the less, here as elsewhere—but the work is fairly lucrative and distinctly regular, so that it seems certain that more and more of it will fall into the hands of competent women in the future.

The British Officer. A young American soldier, writing home to his mother, and referring to the British officer, remarked that he always thought of him as a monocled dandy, too effeminate for hard usage; but never again. He found him cool, resourceful, and unaffected in danger, taking his daily hazardous duties as a matter of course, and setting an example to his men, and a solicitude for their welfare, that inspired the utmost confidence in them. It is no new picture, but fittingly portrays his character, for generations past.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Long Undersea Tunnel Planned. Plans for a railway tunnel, costing approximately \$7,000,000, and extending more than seventeen thousand feet under the sea for about one-fourth of its length, have been made in Japan. The bore will pass beneath the Moji straits, connecting Shimonoseki and Dairei, making possible a junction with the railway trunk line of Kishuu. It is estimated that five years will be required to complete the project.

China May Restore Canals. China, in its pressing need for transportation facilities, is considering the restoration of its old-time system of canals, of which there were at one time 60,000 miles within the empire. Centuries before the Christian era the great rivers of the celestial empire were diverted from their natural courses to form these ancient waterways.

No Proof. Bacon—I see a statement in the paper that the Chinese cultivate odorless onions. Egbert—But how can they tell they are onions, then?

Not This Year. "What if baseball closes for the season?" "Nobody can deny that we might have won the pennant."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TREES SPARED BY LIGHTNING

Bolts Seem to Pick Out Species for Destruction, and Leave Their Companions Untouched.

The lightning seems to have its favorite victims among the trees. I have never known it to strike a beech-tree. Hemlocks and pines are its favorites in my woods. In other regions the oak and the ash receive its attention. An oak on my father's farm was struck twice in the course of many years, the last bolt proving fatal. The hard, or sugar maple, is frequently struck, but only in one instance have I known the tree to be injured. In this case a huge tree was simply demolished. Usually the bolt comes down on the outside of the tree, making a mark as if a knife had clipped off the outer surfaces of the bark, revealing the reddish-yellow interior. In several cases have I seen this effect. But a few summers ago an unusually large and solid sugar-maple in my neighbor's woods received a charge that simply reduced it to stove-wood. Such a scene of utter destruction I have never before witnessed in the woods. The tree was blown to pieces as if it had been filled with dynamite. Over a radius of 50 or more feet the fragments of the huge trunk lay scattered. It was as if the bolt, baffled so long by the rough coat of mail of the maple had at last penetrated it and had taken full satisfaction. The explosive force probably came from the instantaneous vaporization of the sap of the tree by the bolt.—Century.

Achievement Due to Will. Determination to Succeed is Far More Powerful Factor Than the Possession of Ability.

Charles P. Steinmetz, the \$100,000-a-year consulting engineer of the General Electric company, tells us that men don't do big things until they grow discontented, remarks a writer in American Magazine. He quotes an old Turkish proverb—that the world belongs to the dissatisfied. No truer word was ever spoken.

There is another fact that ought to be brought out in this connection: The big differences between human beings do not lie in ability and intelligence. People come nearer being equal in brain than we imagine. The really big variations lie in force and ambition. One man achieves a thousand times as much as another—not because he is a thousand times as smart, but because he is a thousand times more determined.

On no other theory can you explain man. Yet we see it all the time. Look around your neighborhood and you will find plenty of cases. The "ordinary man" who begins to rise at unprecedented speed does so because he suddenly gets a vision, develops a desire, sees a goal. Having done this, he begins to travel at a pace which he has never shown before.

Jap Islands Made in a Hurry. It is said in the Ainu folklore that the island of Yezo, in Japan, was made by two deities, a male and a female, who were the deputies of the Creator. The female had the west coast allotted to her as her portion of work, and to the male deity were assigned the south and eastern parts. They vied with each other in their tasks to see which should get through first. But as the goddess was proceeding with her work she happened to meet the sister of Otonino and instead of attending to her duties, stopped to have a chat with her, as is the general custom among women when they meet.

While they were thus talking the time sped until the male deity, continuing to work away, nearly finished his portion. Looking up and seeing this, the female became very much surprised and frightened, and in order to hasten matters did her work hurriedly and in a slovenly manner. Hence it is that the west coast of Yezo is so rough and dangerous.

What is Cowardice? However many phases there may be of courage, bravery, valor and fear, there seems to be but one of actual cowardice. It is moral panic—an absolute destitution of courage. It comes about through surrendering to the initial fear and letting it demoralize one. Panic quickly follows and one flees in terror, oftentimes in terror of something that does not exist, something purely imaginary and born of a fear-crazed brain. The cause of the original fear often becomes insignificant in comparison to the imagined one. This state of panic is contagious. This is best illustrated by a flock of sheep when one of them becomes alarmed and bolts. The others rush pell mell after it, bleating and terror-stricken, not knowing why, or of what they are afraid.—Physical Culture.

Another Kind of War. The warfare between man and his insect competitors is only a small degree waged at the point of the bayonet; it is generally a struggle for the means of subsistence. Man has many times been beaten by locusts devouring his pastures, meadows and grain. Crawlers on the ground and buzzers in the air, moths with wings like silver down and caterpillars with brilliant regimental stripes flutter about the gardens and orchards and march up and down the trees and shrubs, either devouring as they go or planting eggs from which future devourers will spring.

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