

HERB FARMS TO BE COMMON

Comparatively New Branch of Horticulture Is Becoming Popular in England.

Without doubt herb culture is the coming science. One of the most arresting facts in the domain of medicines today is the progress made in pharmacy, London Tit-Bits states.

Herbs, from having been used as a lib. in medieval times, fell into disrepute, and in modern times herbal remedies, apart from drugs which could be numbered on the fingers of one hand, were tabooed, save by the enlightened few.

Herb farming is a new branch of horticulture, writes A. R. Horwood, F. L. S., in the Homeopathic World. It is an interesting and intellectual pursuit specially suited for women.

Before the war there were numerous herb farms run on commercial lines by firms of manufacturing chemists. But there were no schools for the training of amateurs. Since the war, however, a school and herb farm has been started at Chalfont St. Peter, Buckinghamshire, by Mrs. M. Grieve, F. R. H. S.

One of the main objects of herb farming is to cultivate plants of medicinal value. Besides the drug plants in general use, such as belladonna, henbane, fox-glove, aconite, datura and so on, a vast number of herbs whose real value is known are used in medicine, including such common plants as dandelion, couch grass, red poppy, colchicum, barberry, chamomile, dill, fennel, blessed thistle, valerian and male fern.

TO PROTECT SACRED SNUFF

Reason Given for the High Bench Behind Which Supreme Court Judges Have Their Seats.

The Federal Supreme court is celebrating its centenary of the high bench. Originally the justices sat behind a long bench on the floor of the court—on a level with the lawyers who tried their cases before them. This straight desk had set into it a snuff box opposite each justice's seat. Henry Clay was arguing a case before the court. During a pause in his argument one of the justices reached forward, took a pinch of snuff and settled back to weigh the more carefully the reasoning presented. In his next pause Mr. Clay reached over and with a "Thank you" took a pinch himself. The court was indignant. That afternoon they met to decide what could be done to preclude the possibility of a second breach of the "etiquette of the court" and decided to have a bench made of such height that no mere practitioner could reach their pet snuff. Since then they have sat behind the high bench that is in use today.—New York Tribune.

What He Wanted.

A little Washington boy was dining at a friend's house with his mother not so very long ago when Charlotte ruses in paper collars were one of the features of the dessert. The fluffy delicacies tasted very much like "more" to the hungry little chap.

Is there anything else you'll have, dear?" asked the hostess, solicitously. "Yes, ma'am," eagerly assented the child. "I want another of them pretty little Charlie Russes."

One of the noveau riche women with which Washington abounds said at a tea the other afternoon, with a consequential air, that really her neuritis was getting so bad she was at her wits' end; she'd tried everything except a chiropractor! Did any of us have any faith in the ministrations of chiropractors?

It is not at all infrequent to hear the Hotel Raleigh in Washington spoken of seriously as the "Hotel Railroad," or Huyler's candy place as "Huyler's."

An innocent local dame boasts of the bed of scarlet "saliva" that bloomed in her garden all through the autumn.—Washington Star.

Forgery Use New Method.

An original touch in forgery is reported by the Paris correspondent of the London Daily Mail. Making forged notes dirty in order that they might look real is said to have been the method adopted by four men who have just been arrested at Limoges on a charge of counterfeiting the small brown one-franc notes (nominally 16L) which are in circulation in Paris owing to the shortage of silver ones.

After printing off bundles of notes of a face value of £7,000, the men, it is stated, buried them in the ground for a fortnight. The notes then had a crumpled and dirty appearance as if they had been a long time in use, and were readily accepted. In some cases the forged notes were accepted in bundles of 50 at local banks.

Whistle Easy to Play.

"So simple that even a child can use it" is a phrase commonly seen and heard these days, and which is applied with ease to a new whistle instrument, described with illustration in Popular Mechanics Magazine. By pulling and pushing a lever attached on the inside of its barrel to a small piston, the tones of the whistle are caused to change. This lever terminates on the outside in a triangular-shaped finger-piece running through a slotted plate. Markings representative of musical tones appear on the plate, and as the triangular lever moves into place before the markings, a correspondingly pitched musical tone issues from the whistle.

Read the Headlight classified ads.

WAR OFFICE FEARSOME PLACE

According to Captain Balmfater, British Institution Is Designed to Be an Annoyance.

I have not been to the British war office very often, writes Capt. Bruce Balmfater in "From Mud to Muffet," but I have never lost the odd sensation that it gives rise to. You enter the building and fill out a form. In time a Boer war veteran tells you boisterously to "follow the girl." The girl, a guide of sorts in an engineer's dark brown overall, sets off sullenly down a cement passage, with a group of assorted officers pursuing. She, I fancy, reveals in the intricacies of those catcombs.

Having apparently described a complete parallelogram in a forbidding-looking corridor, you suddenly come upon a lift. It is always disappearing upward when you arrive. It comes down suddenly and disgorges an assorted crowd; headed by the girl guide, you enter and are taken up. We all repeat the corridor-and-parallelogram business. Nothing but the girl guide can save you now.

Lost in the war office! How awful that would be! I can imagine how a visitor who had lagged behind the guide would stop, suddenly realizing that he was lost; how he would vainly beat on those stone walls and scream for help; how a typist would find his skeleton weeks later in an attitude that evidently showed that he had succumbed while endeavoring to gnaw his way through a door.

I followed the guide and, after being handed to several officials, at last came up with the official whose duty it was to prevent, if possible, anyone from seeing the officer who had summoned me by letter.—Youth's Companion.

TREASURE TROVE IN LONDON

Chance Discovery Has Led Antiquarians to Believe They Are on Eve of Rare Find.

A chance discovery of a piece of blue enamel, curiously marked, by H. S. Gordon, a London riving engineer, has turned a vacant plot, where garden truck was grown, into a treasure trove. Today diggers are busy digging and sifting every bit of the earth, believing that it is on the edge of an old Roman cemetery, used centuries ago.

Digging into one part of it the men say they can trace London's history by strata to thousands of years ago. It is estimated that London's level increased at the rate of one foot a century. Things appear to have been thrown into the place, which must have been a queer pit, as though it had been a place for refuse. Its rare treasures are mostly broken bits of jewelry, china, glassware, etc. One exquisitely carved ornament of pure gold, evidently part of a golden collar, was found, and is estimated to have been made between 400 and 500 B. C.

Some of the most interesting objects are broken pipes, a whole series ascending through nearly four feet of soil, illustrating the pipe's evolution from the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Swatting the Fly.

"Have you stopped swatting the fly?" asked Charles H. Taylor of the Boston Globe, who was here attending a meeting of the international arbitration board, an organization that settles disputes between printers and publishers. He was not addressing this question to the board, but simply making an observation as a swarm of flies rose from the street.

"I know that a year or two ago when I was here you were advising everybody to swat the flies, and the result was that you had comparative freedom from these pests. Now I notice that they have increased. In Boston we have repeated the fly swatting instructions until we are rid of flies. This is another case where eternal vigilance is required, but it produces results. I find flies in some of your restaurants and soda places, which, of course, Indianapolis will not long tolerate.—Indianapolis News.

Land and Water Ship.

The hippopotamus is now rivaled by an amphibious tank that travels equally well by land and water. It is a tank only in the sense that it originated in the fighting tanks of the war, for it is, as a matter of fact, a passenger vehicle. When ashore, it travels on endless tread wheels, and looks like a motorbus; when afloat, it is propelled and acts like a launch. It is the invention of a Frenchman, and was recently tested, carrying six passengers, in Marseilles, the great Mediterranean port. The French got around the difficulty of giving it an appropriate appellation by calling it a land and water ship.—Popular Mechanics.

Japanese Judicial Regalia.

Speaking of robes, that worn by the first judge of the Japanese Supreme court is a work of art and as heavy with embroidery as the vestments of the padres of the little San German church in Porto Rico. The color is black and the texture fine. Around the neck is a collar, woven into the gown itself and not worn separately, as is the collar of the chief justice of England. The color of the embroidery of this collar is royal purple, and is called the "crest of the seven flowers of ponlowia." The cap, something after the order of the very smart sport hats worn by the American women, is also black, with a design of "whistled clouds" around the top and sides.—New York Tribune.

Read the Headlight classified ads.

WORDS OF GERMANIC ORIGIN

Many of Today's Most Common Expressions Can Easily Be Traced to the "Angles."

Perhaps the saddest of English words—the word which brings up more thoughts of grief and fear than any other word—is "death." This word did not come to us from the classic lands of Greece and Rome. It was one of the words of the Germanic peoples and has been English ever since English was. The Angles, who came to Britain from what is now south-eastern Schleswig, called the land that they invaded and helped to conquer "Angleland" and from that word "Englani," "Anglische" or a word something like it, came to be "English." These Angles, and all the other Germanic peoples, had this word "death" long before the English language was spoken, and in the earliest English we find the word spelled "death" and sometimes "deeth" and no doubt from the spelling "deeth" we arrived at spelling "death."

"Skull" was another word of our Germanic forebears and it meant a cup, bowl, or drinking vessel, and from the shape of man's head, as it appeared long after death, the relic came to be called "skull" because its form suggested a "skull," a "skole," or a "skal," or drinking vessel. We often read of northern barbarians who drank out of "skulls," but it does not necessarily follow that they drank out of the skulls of the dead men, but merely from their household "skulls," "skols," or "skals," which were their bowls or cups of wood or stone.—Kansas City Star.

GENIUSES IN POOR ABODES

Many of the World's Great Men Have Been Born In or Lived or Died in Squalid Attics.

A good many great men have lived in attics and some have died there. Attics, says the dictionary, are "places where lumber is stored," and the world has used them to store a good deal of its lumber in at one time or another. Its preachers and painters and poets, its deep-browed men who find out things, its fire-eyed men, who will tell truths that no one wants to hear—these are the lumber that the world hides away in its attics. Haydn grew up in an attic, Chatterton starved in one. Addison and Goldsmith wrote in garrets.

Faraday and De Quincey knew their well. Doctor Johnson camped cheerfully in them, sleeping soundly upon their trundle beds like the sturdy old soldier-of-fortune that he was, lured to hardships and carelessness of himself. Dickens passed his youth among them, Morand his old age. Hans Andersen, the fairy king, dreamed his sweet fancies beneath their sloping roofs. Poor, wayward-hearted Collins leaned his head upon their crazy tables. Benjamin Franklin, Savage, young Bloomfield, "Bobby" Burns, Hogarth, Watts—the roll is endless. Ever since the habitations of man were reared two stories high has the garret been the nursery of genius.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Wild Elephants Against Horsemen.

In Burma wild elephants are pitted against horsemen and elephant riders, and often rout their trained relatives by the reckless fury of their attacks. The "cornac" has to stick to his seat, while his hutti quirts and careens around like an exploding locomotive or encounters his adversary with the force of a catapult. Fighting elephants guard their trunks by doubling them up like a clinched fist, while using their heads like battering rams or they stand shoulder to shoulder, after the manner of the fighting boars, and after a prelude of side-long pushes, suddenly hew away at each other with their tusks. During the process of the duel the hutti seems to forget or ignore his rider, but if he has received a fatal wound the cornacs have to jump off and run for their lives, experience having shown that wounded elephants generally explode in a paroxysm of rage.—Detroit News.

Goethe's Superb Faust.

Christopher Marlowe, an English dramatic poet of the sixteenth century, was the first to use the old legend of Faustus, and he deals rather gently with the character of Mephistopheles, making him sadder and more dignified than he appears in Goethe's drama. It was the German poet who placed that demonaical being before the world for all time, who created that sneering, sardonic individual, powerful and exacting, who makes Faust sign their contract with blood; brimful of vanity, anxious to show his power by the magic creation of wine drawn from a wooden table, enjoying life as a man, yet retaining all his diabolical characteristics.

Dainties for the Invalid.

The most appetizing way to prepare oranges for the invalid is to peel the orange, then slice it in thin rounds, being careful not to break it, then lay these thin circles of the yellow, juicy fruit on a glass plate. You have no idea how inviting it looks, especially if you dust it lightly with pulverized sugar.

In making cocoa for the sick room, if you use three-fourths of a teaspoonful of malted milk to every teaspoonful of cocoa you will find you have discovered a new drink. It is much more nutritious and has a rich creamy taste that is truly delicious.

FIND RELIC OF OLD LONDON

Arch of Bridge Which Must Have Been Built Centuries Ago Just Brought to Life.

A very interesting relic of old London has come to light, according to the London Times, an arch of old London bridge, which was demolished during the construction of the new London bridge, which began in 1825. The arch now discovered is the second from the north side of the old bridge, and is close to St. Magnus' church. It was disclosed during some building operations now in progress.

The first stone bridge over the Thames was built in 1176, but the bridge was constantly repaired and restored, so that there is no evidence of the exact date of this particular arch. It was apparently medieval, and is built of Reigate stone with a very flat trajectory. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, three flat wrought-iron supporting ribs were put in, and the middle one of these is dated 1708. The arch is not yet entirely uncovered, but a springer at each side is just being disclosed, and the span is estimated to be about 30 feet. The under surface of the arch is considerably waterworn between the added ribs. It is one of the arches close to which the mill wheel stood for the raising of water into the water tower that stood alongside the bridge. This arch stood in the river, and is, therefore, an evidence of the limits which, as time has gone on, have been imposed on the Thames, the river being now much narrower than it was in medieval times. It is understood that this relic of old London is to be carefully preserved.

CROWDING THE SEA SERPENT

Old Friend of the Ocean Summer Resorts Makes Way for Pirate Ship From Russia.

We believe but one sea serpent has been sighted so far this season. Perhaps it is still a little early, but the weather has been hot enough to bring our old friend to the surface, and no doubt the frightened and delighted visitors at shore resorts and those who go out to sea in boats for a short distance will soon be rewarded with a sight of his ugly head or fascinated by the water churned up by the swishing of his angry tail. However, it is possible, that the sight more calculated to thrill will be the pirate ship from Russia that is moving in such a mysterious way its wonders to perform. If this is so, we are certain that for every view of the sea serpent that is recorded on the part of credible witnesses there will be 20 equally credible witnesses who caught a glimpse of the new terror of the deep, long, low and dark, either just before it submerged or at the moment it came to the surface to cast its eye about for a new ship to capture and sink or to drag away the crew in iron to Bolshevik Russia. To the elderly skeptic who inquired where such a craft secured its necessary fuel the less critical young man answered that it probably operated by electricity. What could be more probable?—Hartford Courant.

Flower Worth Small Fortune.

Ten thousand dollars is an extraordinary price for a single plant; yet it was paid by English horticulturists for an orchid raised in America, the Cattleya gigas alba.

This Cattleya was flowered in 1910, and exhibited at an orchid show in the United States, where it was awarded a gold medal. The plant was found in 1909 in a lot of other specimens of Cattleya gigas. It was only by chance that the plant was not sold for a dollar or two. The only reason was that after most of its companions had been disposed of this one, with some others that were not in very good condition, was set aside. Finally all the specimens were potted.

To the great surprise of the horticulturists when, next spring, the plant came up it was with pure white flowers. The plant was sold in London for perhaps the highest figure that an orchid ever brought.

Apology Needs an Apology.

"Gentlemen"—It came from the lips of an attorney pleading a case recently before the Supreme court of the state of Idaho. In front of him sat the judges clothed with their judicial dignity, listening intently to the case. The attorney had erred. Judges should be addressed as "Your honors." "Gentlemen"—repeated the lawyer, and the tiniest hint of a smile flitted across the features of the men in front of him.

Suddenly he stopped, realizing his blunder. "I apologize for calling you 'gentlemen,'" he blurted out.

Laughter in a courtroom is not deemed exactly proper, but a joke is a joke and Chief Justice Rice replied simply, "I hope you made no mistake."—Idaho Statesman.

British Museum Overcrowded.

The British museum, says a London writer in the New York Post, has reached the end of its rope so far as space is concerned. By the law of 1830 every English author, whether domiciled at home or in the colonies, is obliged to place two copies of his books with the museum, which in turn guarantees to keep them in good condition and make them accessible to the reading public. The same applies to newspapers. Space for the latter was exhausted some time ago and a special barracks was built to store them. It is now feared that the same plan will have to be adopted for the books.

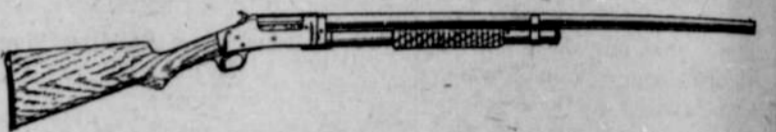


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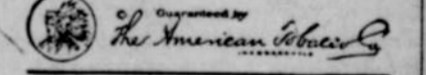
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