

FIRST CALL WAS FOR SOAP

Nothing Germans at Coblenz Would Net Do for That Article—Pepper Came Next.

German supplies were getting rather short when the American army of occupation moved across the Rhine at Coblenz. The population was eating a tough black bread which was nothing more than a bran mass, wearing paper clothes, and going virtually unwashed, as they had no soap.

There is almost nothing the Germans won't do for a piece of American soap. The washwomen will darn impossible holes in the doughboy's socks, mend his trousers, scrub his leggings, and would stand guard in his place if assured they will be rewarded with a portion of this delicacy. Soap takes the preference over cigarettes, chocolates or chewing gum.

The Germans have an imitation soap they provide for the populace. It looks like soap and makes a rich-appearing lather, but it isn't soap. It doesn't do the work. You might as well try to shave with the foam from their bad-tasting beer as that soap. Having no oils or fats in it, it is plain camouflagage.

Another thing the Germans are shy on is pepper. A person who has all years had pepper might give it little thought and it probably would be the last thing included in an "iron ration." But go without pepper three years and you'll begin to think that it is the staff of life.

Soap and pepper are to the Germans what pie and ice cream and going home are to the American soldier. The Spiker of April, published in France by the United States Army Railway Engineers.

MARY HAD NOT FORGOTTEN

Movie Actress Tells Why She Long Has Had Grudge Against Robert Hilliard.

Robert Hilliard, actor, and best-dressed man in New York theatrical circles, was introduced to Mary Pickford recently. As they shook hands he seized and said:

"My dear Miss Pickford, I have wanted to meet you for a long time. This is a pleasure, I assure you." "Thank you, Mr. Hilliard," replied the movie actress. "But I must say your memory for faces isn't very good."

"Why?" he asked.

"Some twenty years ago, when you were playing in 'The Littlest Girl' in Toronto, you needed a child to be the girl. My mother offered my services. I was little Gladys Smith then. You looked me over and told me to go home and wash my hands."

"No, no!" replied the horrified Hilliard. "I couldn't have said that."

"But you did," persisted Miss Pickford; "but I told you my hands weren't dirty—they were chapped. You finally gave me the job, but I took a dislike to you just the same."

"You did! Why?"

"Because," concluded Miss Pickford, "you made me go home and wash my hands, anyway, and I detested soap and water in those days."

"Well, I declare!" said Mr. Hilliard, as he arranged his boutonniere.—Rehoboth Herald.

Explained.

She was weeping bitter tears into her afternoon tea. "Oh, my dear!" she said to her only friend. "I don't know what I shall do. Ted and I have only been married six months, yet he spends every evening at his club."

"Well, don't worry, darling," said the other. "Percy's just the same. But I shall never scold him again for spending so much time at his club."

"Why not?"

"Well, last night a burglar got into the house and my husband knocked him senseless with a poker. I've heard several men speak of him as a poker expert. He has evidently been practicing at the club for just such an emergency."—Exchange.

Rescue Cage.

Less thrilling than being rescued and carried down on a swaying ladder, but much more practical, is a new rescue cage. When the fire ladder is thrown against a burning building it carries with it a wire cable attached to a steel cage. Like an elevator without a shaft the cage hangs from the pulley at the top of the ladder, within easy reach of the windows. It is lowered by turning the cable drum on the fire truck below, and will carry four passengers safely.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Bright Rupert.

The lesson was on the rabbit. "The rabbit has long ears, fur on its body, and a tail, nothing to speak of," the master informed the class.

"The next day he wanted to see what they knew about it."

"Now, then, Rupert," he barked to a particularly bright youth, "tell me something about the rabbit."

"The rabbit has a tail," said Rupert, eyeing his silent fellows triumphantly, "but it mustn't talk about it."

Just So.

She was teaching the word "element" to a sixth grade. She had told them its meaning—the substances of which a thing is composed—and then had illustrated her definition by saying that the elements of the earth were water and soil.

Then she asked them to write sentences containing the word. And this is one of the sentences that she saw: "The water is one of the elements of earth."

EASTERN POETRY RANKS HIGH

Fine Order of Literature Frequently Evolved by Writers of the Orient, Says Well-Known Author.

Many persons seem to think that the poetic literature of the East is fitted to field only a barren crop of verbalism, or a tawdry mass of sentimental extravagance. It often has these characteristics. It also possesses all kinds of wealth in their most excited dogmas, and in their most wonderful profundity. The poetry of the unimagined Chinese is noticeable for ethical good sense—a wholesome vein of honest truth. Its best is circumscribed in the ranges of practical experience. The muse of China is a ground sparrow. With the Arabs... their ideas seem to be transmitted into Sanskrit, Sanskrit and Hindostani new poetry is characterized, in its most peculiar phases, by an unrivaled idealization. Imagination often takes the reins from judgment and runs riot, and language breaks into a blossom of wilderness of metaphor. But the richness and originality of the result are frequently grand and exhilarating. The most distinctive Persian poetry exhibits an exquisite delicacy of sense and feeling, unimpeded by a vast and ethereal play of fancy and sentiment, a fetterless jubilancy of reason and faith, the very transcendentalism of wit.—William R. Alger, in "The Poetry of the Orient."

AUTUMN WILL COME LATER

New York Judge Hands Down Decision That Man of Eighty-seven is Not Too Old to Marry.

Men everywhere should take heart at the important decision of the supreme court of New York to the effect that a man of eighty-seven is a fit and proper subject for matrimony, observes the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. An elderly boy of that age recently married a young woman of eighteen, and subsequently the thought occurred to him that he was too old to marry; so he took the doubt to the court, and asked for a decree of divorce on that ground, and the judge wouldn't believe him. "But upon such pestering," declared the court, in substance, and forthwith declared and asseverated that he could not be released from his marriage bonds on such an spurious plea; hence he gave the declaration of the court that a man of eighty-seven is not inherently, by reason of his years, too old to wed; and what the court says goes in this country.

Thus there is a new rainbow of hope in the sky for old gentlemen who might otherwise despair of a happy home. There are many, no doubt, who will seize their canes and hobble forth, inspired by the court with new ardor, to begin to plan a new set of breadwinners for happy homes, and a part of the great, busy world around them, instead of strolling wearily sitting by the cooling embers of the past.

Wedded on a Stump.

It was in Mariposa county, California, a locality noted for trees of enormous growth. The top of a redwood stump, smooth and level as the woman's face, had left it, and was 20 feet in diameter, was the place chosen for this wedding ceremony. Decorated with the wonderful wild flowers of the region and surrounded by kind trees, no place chosen could be more beautiful or impressive.

The bride and bridegroom, the minister and 50 guests, ascended a few flights of steps about six feet to the top of the stump and found seats provided and ample room for all.

After the ceremony seats were removed and dancing took place, the musicians occupying a place on the stump as well as the dancers.

Losing Their Loved Ones.

The strangest wedding I can remember was just like a funeral. Everybody was crying. The bride was an elderly child, the bridegroom an only son. With mothers were left. He and she wanted the young couple to live with her, so they finally consented to live six months each year with each other. All you could hear between sobs first night was "I love you, I love you." "Oh, my, what a great loss; how can I live without her!" until no one present had the heart to congratulate the young couple, and were more than glad that it was time to go home.—Exchange.

Lawyer Too Eloquent.

His client was being sued for divorce by her husband and the attorney was trying to get her money as possible. Right in the middle of the flow of eloquence the attorney was interrupted by the husband, who said to the court:

"Your honor, I have suddenly decided to withdraw my suit, and if my wife is willing, I would like to have her come back to me."

"The court for explanation," he said: "Mr. Blackstone has presented her in such an attractive light that I've fallen in love with her all over again."

—Laugh Chronicle Telegram.

Did Their Own Raising.

I am much interested in my garden and therefore was considerably annoyed when I saw a coop of chickens being tried into my next door neighbor's yard. But as the days passed and no chickens showed up, I asked the neighbors what was the matter. "Huh! I hear you folks have started to raise chickens on your place," they teased themselves, "he answered: "They raised 'em over the fence and got 'em away."—Chicago Tribune.

PICTURE THAT WOULD LIVE

Study for a Painter Suggested in Incident in the Early Life of Daniel Webster.

When Daniel Webster was eight years old he saw in a country shop a cotton handkerchief with something printed on both sides of it. He gave his whole stock of hoarded pennies to secure it and absorbed its contents that night with his keen dark eyes, on his father's kitchen floor, by the light of the burning chimney fire. What painter will be the first to make that scene perpetual in our country's history and art? It was the Constitution of the United States. Just then in the dawn of its beneficent power under the lead of President Washington, that stamping on his memory. He told the story himself in 1850, and archly said: "I have known more or less of that years from that winter came the great Hayne debate. But I would travel further to see a master's picture of the lad, reading the Constitution in the rude home on the edge of the northern wilderness, than to see Healy's great painting of the orator in the senatorial struggle against the theory and passions of secession; as I would go farther to see a picture of the springs of the Amazon, far up under the solid white splinters of the Andes, than the most adequate representation of the Imperial river's tropical course.—Thomas Starr King.

GAVE IDEA TO INVENTORS

Timothy Alden's Typesetting Machine First of the Kind to Be Placed on the Market.

Timothy Alden was born in Barnstable, Mass., 96 years ago. He was the first man to invent a typesetting machine. In his boyhood Timothy was apprenticed to a printer. He was a born inventor, and almost from his first day in the printing office he began to think of plans for improving the various processes connected with the typographical art. He invented several machines connected with printing before he turned his attention to the mechanical setting of type. After several years of study he produced his first model of a typesetting machine in 1848. This machine consisted of a horizontal rotating wheel with type cells on its circumference making receivers rotate with it to pick out the type at the proper place. This appliance was ingenious, but it effected no improvement over hand composition. Timothy Alden died in Boston in 1888, and his brother, Henry, later made some improvements in the machine. Timothy Alden's machine had the merit of setting orders to thinking about the same problem, with the result that hand composition is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

All About Eggs.

In a hen's egg only one-fifth of the substance is nutritious. One-fourth is refuse, and the greater portion, about two-thirds, is water.

It is the amount of nutriment, a goose's egg is the most valuable; next in order are duck's, guinea fow's, hen's, turkey's.

Eggs contain a large quantity of sulphur, which is purifying and the highest good for the complexion.

To get the best egg you must feed your fowl on grain.

And to cook it in the most digestible way you must not boil the water. Heat made steam, and steam cooks the egg in 10 for ten minutes. You will then digest every morsel. But if you boil it for three minutes no less than one-twelfth of it will fall to be digested.—Boston Stories.

Gasoline to Be Mined.

The latest estimates of the United States geological survey show that if gasoline continues to be used up at the present rate, all the petroleum fields now known will be exhausted before 1950. Where, then, will the future supply of gasoline come from? Billions of dollars are involved in the question. The probable answer is that "used" gasoline will be used.

Colorado, Utah and other Western and middle Western states contain extensive oil-bearing deposits of bituminous shale. Crude oil can be extracted from them and this can be distilled further to obtain gasoline.

It is estimated that enough gasoline could be produced in this way to equal many times the amount obtained from all present-day fields.

A Muddled Mousjik.

Mr. Tower, former American ambassador to Russia, told this story of a typical mousjik entering a railroad station and inquiring when a certain train would leave. He received the information and departed.

A little later, however, he was back again, asking the same question.

"Why," exclaimed the agent, "I told you that only a minute ago."

"You did truly," the mousjik answered, "but it isn't myself that wants to know this time. It's my mate outside."—Boston Transcript.

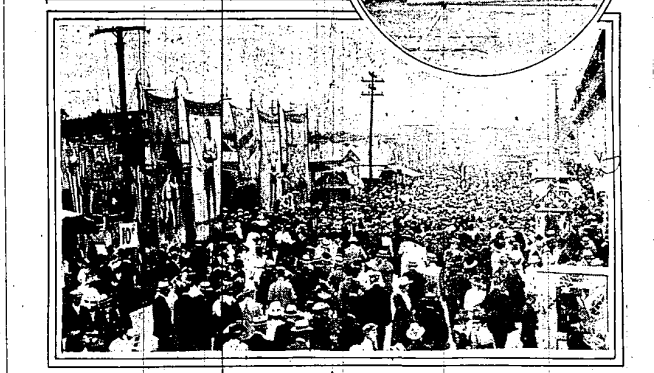
Mer Words of Cheer.

Mary was writing a letter to her Uncle Peter, who had almost lost the use of his legs by having rheumatism.

"Be sure to write a cheerful letter, Mary," admonished her mother; "you know Uncle Peter has been much better."

An hour later Mary showed this letter to her mother: "Dear Uncle: I am so sorry that you have been sick. Why don't you go to heaven? They will give you a pair of wings there and you can rest your poor tired legs."

Taking The Hurdles At The Michigan State Fair



Timothy Alden's Typesetting Machine First of the Kind to Be Placed on the Market.

Information You Should Have

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