

OUR KID.

By Jack Edwards.  
An air of sadness fills the place,  
Of sadness tinged with pride.  
A hint of sorrow marks each face,  
A hint of joy beside.  
Our kid has thrown aside his broom,  
And flung his apron far;  
He's left the old composing-room,  
And gone away to war.  
He saw the sight of fighting men  
Come swinging down the street;  
He heard the martial hymn, and then  
The rhythmic tramp of feet.  
He saw the flashing eyes of us  
Outflash each passing gun—  
And in a trice the little cuss  
Had dropped his things and run!  
He's "over there" for you and me,  
Democracy and right;  
And Prussia's red autocracy  
Will learn how he can fight.  
We miss the stunts he daily did,  
The jokes he used to play;  
But we are happy that our kid  
Has proved himself a man.

Hats Off to the Silver Spruce! Upon It May Depend Victory in the Air.

Today the silver spruce tree is king. Growing upon the Pacific slope in Washington, Oregon and Alaska and, best of all, upon the islands and the mainland of British Columbia, this tree, long a humble and obscure resident of the western forests, is now the most valued of woods.

Mahogany, teak and ebony, all these rich and proud timbers of other times, step back, give place and doff their hats to the giant conifer, for airplane builders have found this tree the one and only from which can be produced lumber which best answers the most exacting demands of the man-made bird-machines.

All in a few short months the silver spruce has leaped into the limelight. In former years under the various names of sitka, tidewater and giant spruce, this tree, which scientists speak of as *Picea sitchensis*, brought \$15 per thousand feet board measure. In 1915 from British Columbia \$12-20,000 worth of it was logged.

It has long been in favor with box-makers, particularly for those intended for fruit carrying, as the wood is light, odorless, resinless and tasteless. It was also largely used for cooerage work and in the making of huge doors for freight sheds, docks and garages, where lightness and weight and strength of frame combined were a necessity. Under the name of silver spruce it was used much in buildings for framing, sheathing, joists, sub-flooring and shelving. But now through the war all this is changed, and it has probably forever passed out of their class and their use. It is the most desired timber on the face of the earth.

Upon the number, strength, speed and lasting qualities of airplanes may victory ultimately depend. But in spite of the tremendous strides made in improving flying machines since the war began the superiority of the silver spruce over all others for airplane construction has been a very recent discovery. And when the immense importance of securing a large quantity of it was realized quick action was taken. The British authorities made known their requirements and expert lumbermen began scouring the Pacific coast.

Hundreds of wood veterans took their little blanket rolls and went on long cruising trips throughout the northern wildernesses of British Columbia. And following their reports thousands of loggers, onky engines by the hundreds and all the paraphernalia used in the highly expert work of steam logging were rushed on to the ground.

For four months now two special trains weekly have gone from the northern part of Prince Rupert loaded with airplane timber to the factories of eastern Canada. And in February of this year the working forces were augmented by several thousand men and more donkey engines, and the Imperial Munition Board, which is calling for 150,000,000 feet, has established a headquarters staff at Vancouver to look after the aeronautical contracts now under way.

The silver spruce, now new named airplane spruce, is found also in Washington, Oregon and Alaska, but the finest of all grows on the Queen Charlotte Islands and the northern mainland of British Columbia, the only place in Canada where it grows. Here the world's greatest supply of this timber is located. The demand for 150,000,000 feet may be in a little way appreciated when it is made known that only 125 board feet are used in the average airplane.

The tree grows to one hundred and fifty feet in height on the average, and is forty-eight inches in diameter, though large numbers grow ten and fifteen feet in diameter with a height of two hundred feet. What makes so straight with hardly any tapering. Thus from the lumber can be made the long wing beams and other parts of the airplane, straight, strong, timber from sixteen to thirty-five feet in length. The silver spruce is the only tree that consistently fills this demand. Added to this is its extraordinary fiber, exceptionally clear, tough and strong for its weight of twenty-five pounds to the cubic foot. It does not warp or split and is non-resinous. There is also no difference between white in color and despite its toughness is easily worked. For nearly fifty years all the oars used in the British navy have been made of it.

Formerly the timber brought about \$15 per thousand feet board measure. Today it is worth fifty times that amount, or at least by the time the finished product soars in the air as part of a war machine it has cost more than a dollar a foot to manufacture. The Munition Board pays \$125 per thousand. But this is only the beginning. Much of the log is useless. The sideboards are not shipped. In all only 20 per cent. of the entire trunk on the average is finally made

up. The timber is shipped to the airplane factories in Eastern Canada at a cost of \$100 per hundred feet. Out of 2500 feet the amount which usually passes the rigid inspection is 350 feet.

One of the interesting features in connection with the tremendous leap in values this timber took was the action of the British Columbia Government taken to prevent profiteering out of limits where this timber was growing. When the demand became large for airplane spruce many valuable tracts were held by private interests. To prevent holding out for a huge profit on the part of these owners the government took over the handling of all the tracts, whether crown lands or otherwise, and so a fair price was set for all.

Fighting a Baggage Elephant.

Before the days of railways the British Indian army used elephants to move its guns and heavy baggage. Many of the beasts were docile enough, but at times an elephant became unruly and even developed the treachery of a "rogue." Such was the leader of a regimental transport column that once crossed the Ganges when in flood. He had killed three mahouts, and the keeper refused to drive him to the ford. Finally, Sher Sing, a strapping native, offered to drive the man-killer. A contributor to Chambers' Journal says that the volunteer carried a short spear in place of a mahout's hook and that he had himself securely strapped to the elephant's neck.

A shout went up from the onlookers when Sher Sing, with a slight prod of the spear, made the huge beast rise from his knees. The elephant stood quite still and, turning his trunk first to one side and then to the other, seemed to sniff his rider. Sher Sing spoke to the elephant, and silence fell on the watchers as they parted into two lines, down the center of which the great beast took his way. Arrived at the water's edge, he stopped and began playfully to squirt water over himself and his rider. Then he lifted his trunk and, catching Sher Sing's leg, tried to pull him off. But the straps held securely. At the same moment Sher Sing raised his spear in the air and brought it down with a thud on the elephant's head. Roaring with rage and pain, the animal plunged forward.

An instant later he stopped, and the excited watchers on the bank saw that the huge beast was gradually lowering himself in the water. Down, down he sank, while Sher Sing rained blows on his head. At last only the elephant's trunk and the moving right arm of Sher Sing appeared above the surface of the river. Then a gasp of relief came from the watchers. The elephant had risen and was again trying to unseat his rider with his trunk. Sher Sing plied his spear with all his might, and the great brute giving himself a shake, dashed into deep water. Once more he sank, and again Sher Sing's relentless arm hammered blows on his head.

Suddenly a great cry arose. The elephant had come to the surface, and Sher Sing was still clinging to him. He seemed to be waving his spear as if in triumph. The elephant was wading quietly toward the opposite shore. The next day everyone in the regiment, from the colonel down, came to look at the big elephant, which stood quietly eating and took no notice of anyone. His head was covered with cuts and gashes, but they did not seem to trouble him at all, and they quickly healed. From that day he acknowledged him as his master.

Sher Sing, too, quickly recovered from his exertions. He was a faithful soldier and servant of Queen Victoria, to whose jubilee he came with a detachment of his regiment. At the time of King Edward's coronation he again visited England; he was then an old man and had gained his pension, but he was sent because of his good influence over the young men.—Ex.

Blair County Deserters Given Salty Sentence.

Earl C. Whitaker and Milton B. Gardner, residents of Eldorado, and former employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad company in the machine shops, have been found guilty by a court martial at Camp Lee, Virginia, on the charge of being deserters from the army and sentenced to ten years in a military prison. The men were both registrants under the jurisdiction of Blair county board No. 2, with headquarters at Tyrone. They were held for service and on February 25 were ordered to report for induction into the service and entrenchment to Camp Lee. Neither of the two heeded the call of the government and the Tyrone board had the men arrested as deserters. They were taken to Camp Lee and on April 11 were tried by court martial. Their defense was that they objected to serving in the military because of religious beliefs.

The finding of the court martial was that both were guilty of desertion, but this finding was not made public for the reason that it must be reviewed by a reviewing authority embracing an officer of higher rank. The sentence of the court martial was dishonorable discharge, to forfeit all pay and allowance and to be confined at hard labor at such place as the reviewing authority directs for twenty years. The reviewing authority cut prison sentence to ten years and the dishonorable discharge is suspended until they are released from prison. They will be sent to the United States disciplinary barracks, Fort Jay, N. Y.

Both Whitaker and Gardner are married men. The former was married last fall, while Gardner has a wife and two small children. They have resided at Eldorado for some time.

That's the Question.

Mr. Oldboy—Marry me and I could die happy.  
Miss Bright—Yes, you could—but would you?  
Swore, in Fact.  
"Did Jim speak in high terms of the doctor who treated him?"  
"No, in low terms on account of his high terms."

First Aid Lessons FOR BOYS and GIRLS

LESSON V—BRUISES.  
and thus causes the swelling and the black-and-blue spot. To limit the swelling and to decrease the pain of a bruise treat it AT ONCE with ice or very hot or very cold water, or half alcohol and half water, arnica or hval hazel. These contract blood vessels (make them shrink up) and so prevent escape of more blood and also deaden the nerves, to some extent, thus relieving pain.  
Ice may be applied directly to the injured part. In using liquid remedy, it is best to wet a cloth with liquid and then to apply cloth. Raising a bruised part lessens the pain as it decreases the blood-supply to the part. To prevent bruises, be less careless, more alive to your surroundings and exercise, at least, common care.

Geo. F. Stehley Describes Life at Kelly Field.

George F. Stehley, of Line 120, U. S. A., aviation section, at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, who enlisted at Fort Slocum, has just returned home to his mother, Mrs. John A. Bauman, of 17 Park avenue.  
"I will try and give you all a description as best I can of our trip from Fort Slocum.

We left (one hundred and fifty) on a special train made up of five tourist cars and one baggage car at 3:30, after having been given lunch by the Red Cross.  
On the way down we all had great fun. Each car had a colored porter and of course "liked a crap game," so they would get together and shoot craps and then when broke would borrow money from some of the boys, to buy cakes, pies and candy, then sell them and start another game. We had great food all the way down. Got out of the train once for a hike of about three miles. Everybody landed here feeling fine—only one case of illness.

On our arrival here we were taken in charge by an officer and brought to Line 120 where we were shown our tents and then while some of the boys unfurled tents others went after the mess kits and we were supplied with another blanket along with the two we brought along—by that time we were all ready for mess and they certainly gave us a good feed. We had a great time all through our stay here. One day we have given duty, next time we work in kitchen, next day digging trenches and so it goes from one day to another. This is a great field. I suppose they have about 65,000 men here all under tents. Five and six to a tent. In ours we have six: Charles Kiscaden, of Erie, Pa., he is quite a saxophone player, at least he says he is; Joseph F. McColeman, of Philadelphia, Pa.; he is a fine singer. Arthur Baer, of New York, a brother of one of Mount Vernon's residents, Mr. Harry Baer; Athrus is quite a humorist, he keeps us all in good spirits. John Alex, of South Bethlehem, Pa., he is a prize fighter by trade, but is very quiet and is quite a singer. Clayton Husted, of Buffalo, N. Y.; he is a quiet boy and spends all his spare time writing to his girl.

We get good food three times a day. We have to get up at 6 a. m., reveille at 6:15, mess at 7, start the day about 7:30 mess at 12, start again about 4:30, but is very quiet and retreat at 4:30, and then mess at 5; after mess we are free to go any place on the field; lights out at 9. Most of the boys stay pretty close to the line and are in bed long before 9. Airplanes are humming over us all day long—but after the first day or two we got used to them and now don't stand and gape after them.  
The weather here is very changeable. During the day the thermometer reaches 90, in the evening it is very comfortable but it gets very cold during the night and is cold in the early morning. We have not been able to get to San Antonio yet as passes are pretty hard to get—but we are all hoping to get a glimpse of the town before leaving here.  
We have a fine lot of line officers: Lieutenant Noland is the commanding officer. Lieutenant Kren and Lieutenant Volker, are gentlemen of the finest type and treat the boys as human beings and are trying their best to get us into shape to lick the Kaiser. They show us all consideration and overlook all mistakes telling us where we are in the wrong and are doing their best to make us soldiers. They seem to realize the fact that we are coming from civil life and good homes and that this is our first military experience, therefore, know of our ignorance.  
We haven't any idea of the length of our stay here but hope soon to get a chance to go to France. I don't think there is a boy in the line who is not looking forward to a quick assignment to a squadron outgoing to France.—The Daily Argus, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

'Twas Ever Thus.

A young man and a young woman leaned on the front gate. They were lovers. It was moonlight. He was loath to leave, as the parting was the last. He was about to go away.  
"I'll never forget you," he said, "and if death should claim me, my last thought would be of you."  
"I'll be true to you," she sobbed, "I'll never love anybody else as long as I live."  
They parted. Six years later he returned. His sweetheart of former years was married. They met at a party. She had changed greatly. Between dances recognition took place.  
"Let me see," she mused, "was it you or your brother who was my old sweetheart?"  
"Neither," he replied. "Probably my father.—New York Times.

Why the Shopman Had Apoplexy.

"Please, sir," piped the tiny customer, whose hand scarcely reached the counter, "father wants some oak varnish."  
"How much does your father want, my little man?" inquired the smiling shopman.  
"Father says you was to fill this," replied the little fellow, handing over a pint jar.  
It was duly filled and handed back. "Father will pay you next Saturday," said the recipient, casually. Then the face of the shopman grew dark.  
"We don't give credit here," he said. "Give me back the jar."  
Meekly, the small boy handed back the jar, which was emptied and returned with a scowl.  
"Thank you, sir," he said. "Father said you'd be sure to leave enough round the sides for him to finish the job he wants to do, and you have, sir."  
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Not Quite.

"Does the new soprano's voice fill the church?"  
"No; I noticed some vacant seats up in the gallery."  
High as Haman.  
There is one religious rite that war correspondents would often take delight in—swinging the censor.

HOW ONE SHOULD USE MONEY

Worth of Pennies, Nickels and Dimes First Value a Wise Man Can Place on Wealth.

"Any man, in order to achieve real success, must have the right ideas about money. If he hasn't the right ideas about money, he is not solid in character, observes a writer in the American Magazine. A man may easily be happy, successful and highly regarded on \$1,800 dollars or less a year; but, if he is, it is because he knows how to handle those \$1,800, and realizes the power that is in each of those \$1,800, and keeps in sight the fact that it takes 100 cents or 20 nickels, or 10 dimes, to make each one of those \$1,800.

"On the other hand, a man may have an annual income of \$50,000 and be neither successful nor happy nor highly regarded. If this is true of him, it is because he has not the right ideas about money.

"Here is the thing that applies to my experience and to every man's: Money is the symbol of worth and power, if your money is handled correctly. If you regard money as a constructive thing, something to be used beneficially for yourself, your family and your community, something with which to build up and produce improvements, you are on solid ground; nothing can shake you, nothing outside of earthquakes and fires, can ruin you financially. Let me put it this way: The use a man makes of his money after he has got his hands on it is the measure of his worth."

PRINCE OF TAVERN WRITERS

"Good Old Horace" Positively Popular in the American Meaning, Declares Genial Midwest Critic.

Old Horatius Flaccus of all the ancient bards is nearest to our modern sense. He is positively "popular" in the American meaning. Nearly every rhymster translates or parodies an ode or two. He is very affinitive, companionable and approachable, so to speak. We understand him and feel certain that he would understand us were he here. He would be conducting a "colym" of quips and jests upon some editorial page or else be a better James Whitcomb Riley were he one of us right now. To be sure, he would have to alter his morals a mite to serenade Lalage and to babble of Falernian a little less, but in general Horace would be "right there with the push."

Uses of Salt.

1. Salt dissolved in a little ammonia will remove grease spots.
2. A smoky or dull fire can be made clear by throwing a handful of salt over it.
3. Lemon juice and salt will clean copper and brass.
4. To brighten carpets, wring a cloth out of salt water and rub the carpets well.
5. Red stains that are freshly made can be removed from carpets by successive applications of dry salt.
6. Handfuls of salt will clean saucapans and take away the unpleasant smell of onions if they have been cooked in them.
7. Nearly every kind of basket work, matting or china can be cleaned by washing with salt and water.
8. Salt in water will take insects from vegetables.
9. Before adding vinegar to mint for sauce always add a pinch of salt. This prevents the mint from going brown and greatly improves the flavor.
10. Tiles will look bright and clean if scrubbed with salt.

Making War Waste Useful.

To dispose of the enormous quantities of food-wastes of great military camps has always been the most difficult problem. But the British in this war have solved it very cleverly.  
All of the fat, says Mrs. Humphry Ward, is boiled out for the manufacture of glycerin—a harmless, sweet, colorless liquid, which, when mixed with nitric acid, makes an explosive of enormous power. Many millions of shells have been loaded with nitroglycerin derived from this source.  
All the bones are calcined for use as fertilizer, and the by-products are shipped to France to help feed the pigs.

Mrs. Ward says that all the cotton waste of the military hospitals (bandages, old surgical dressings, etc.) is disinfected and converted into gun-cotton (likewise for war use) by treating it with nitric and sulphuric acids.  
Thus that which feeds and that which heals becomes in the end that which kills.

Men and Watches.

Special talent often makes fine sports ahead and genius sometimes soars grandly, but it is the steady-going sort of worker who gets the most done in the end, and is the most reliable. It is with men as it is with their watches—the most reliable and serviceable are the ones steadily at work, a writer on the Canadian Herald observes. There is a Pennsylvania railroad engineer who has retired on a pension after 45 years of service. "I have carried one watch for more than 23 years," he says, "and it always kept the right time. A good engineer must have a good watch; it does the most important part of his work." It is said of this engineer that he has been an exceptionally sober, orderly, steady-going man, whose health has always been good and his record always clean. But doesn't this go without saying, when we know that his watch always kept the right time?

Don't Betray Confidence.

"Now you mustn't repeat this, for I promised not to tell anybody." When a girl prefaces a breach of confidence in this fashion, she will not deceive herself into thinking that she has made things all right, not at least if she stops to think, says a writer. For to pass a secret on to one, is as much a violation as to tell all, and moreover, if she herself is so little bound by a pledge, why should she expect another to abide by it. If you are given to be betraying confidences, do not pretend that you make it all right by assuming that your confidante is more honorable than you are.

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