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DRUG STORES USE MANY EGGS

Furnish Medium Through Which Poultryman Can Dispose of Produce and Obtain Valuable Advertising.

"The farmer is missing a market for his eggs by overlooking the drug store," says the Farm and Fireside. "The drug store represents a splendid chance to work up a direct to the consumer trade. One New England poultryman started supplying the leading drug store in a city of 20,000. His farm, carrying several hundred layers, was in an adjoining town on a car line. He produced infertile eggs. Through the publicity the drug store gave him, opportunities by the score came to him to sell direct. Now a large portion of his production the year round is sold at retail prices. Numerous customers come to his farm to buy eggs for invalids.

"In the spring he does a large business in eggs by the case for water-glassing, obtaining for his infertile eggs a premium of 3 to 5 cents a dozen. Institutions are good customers. He caters to this trade, believing there is going to be a tremendous increase in the use of water-glass. "A drug store is one of the best customers a poultry keeper can have," declared this man. "Besides yielding an additional profit, this trade makes a reputation for you quicker than a large amount of self-inspired paid advertising."

INDIANS USE A GRABHOOK

Have Unique Outfit Which They Use in Fishing for Salmon—Poles Are Twenty Feet Long.

The Indians fish for salmon with a "grab-hook," a large iron hook fastened to a pole by a loose cord three or four feet long. A hole at the blunt end of the hook that slips over the tip of the pole keeps it in place until the fish is hooked. Then the hook is pulled off the pole and the cord gives the fisherman a chance to play his fish if necessary before dragging it ashore, says the Southern Workman. The hooks are made by the blacksmith, but the poles, about 20 feet in length, the Indians make themselves of red fir. Taking a rough piece of dry wood of the required length, they patiently work at it with drawshave and knife until it is the right size and tapering to suit the workman. Then it is usually hardened in the coals before putting on the cord, which they braid themselves. If a pole breaks, as often happens, the broken parts are lashed together with string, pitch is smeared over and melted by being rubbed with a hot stone, which makes the pole as strong as before. The Indians generally fish from the bank or from platforms built over the water. They thrust the long pole out across the river as far as they can and let the current carry it down and into the bank, trusting to chance and a quick jerk to hook the fish if they feel one in the water.

Chameleons in Hospitals.

Sir Frederick Smith would not have spoken of the "fabled" versatility of the chameleon (as he did in the Field Inquiry) if he had lain on his back in a military hospital in Alexandria, writes an R. F. A. sergeant. Watching the actual variations of tint assumed by that strange animal and its projection of its long tongue is one of the diversions of hospital life in Egypt. It is welcome in the wards because of its insatiable appetite for flies.

The hues it assumes in accordance with the law of protective mimicry are not often as vivid as the color simulated, but the lizard makes a good approach to most of the primaries. It is only beaten when the Highlander puts it on, say, the Cameron (or "bully beef") tartan. After a little reflection it takes on a more or less neutral color with a bias to warmth.—London Chronicle.

Her Life Mission.

Her Husband—Even if you are the president of the Wellwishers' society I don't see you doing much to make others happy.

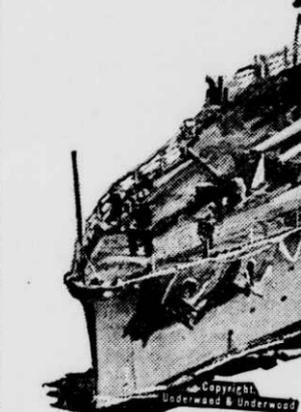
Mrs. Ponderosa—Much you know! Every time I walk out on the street I make lots of women happy to think they're not as fat as I am.

His Wish.

"His wife is so angry with him she hasn't spoken to him for two days."

"Oce I wish I could make my wife as mad as that."

What the Boys From Our Farms Are Doing in Their Uncle Sam's Navy



By HENRY REUTERDAHL, Lieutenant, U. S. N. R. F., in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"SAYS I to Bill, 'Here she blows!' and before I could finish, the torpedo exploded and the Rockingham was done for. Winged, we lay there with the sea surging in and filling up the insides of the ship.

"We didn't shove off, the ship did the shoving and left us floundering in the boats, me nursing a skun knee from sliding down a boat fall. We were in two boatloads, white and Hawaiians, and us sailors all gathered in one.

"Say, it was a long way from home and mother, and some of us kids just new to the game and never before on salt water, and sort of lonesome, with wet sea rocking up and down and at us. I come from a farm in Wisconsin.

"The chief gunner's mate in command was some bird; he said we behaved like real 'gobs,' but I was seasick to my tummy, though I didn't let on. We were pulling like the devil. It was a sort of rough, but the C. P. O. kept us at the oars as if we were training for a boat race. All the while we kept our peepers plumb on the horizon, hoping to pick up a smudge of smoke somewhere. The rubber-neck wagon had nothing on us.

"But it was getting more and more lonely and awful wet. I remembered the old wheeze, 'Is the moon coming up, too? And while I was sitting there, pulling on the oar with one hand and shoving a ship biscuit in my face with the other, I couldn't help thinking that at last the Germans got the Rockingham, having two years ago tried to torpedo her. I couldn't help thinking how the ship's lamp trimmer told me that in the middle of the night the foremast crashed down and as the ship stopped the skipper came out of his room trailing his pajamas and bawling out everybody, not knowing what happened. Anyway, they all had to take to the boats, and after paddling around all night and waiting for help they found the old ship still afloat at daylight, so they climbed on board again and got back to port.

"Makin' out smoke, we headed toward it, and in a little while up lumbers a steamer above the horizon, us hoisting the colors on an oar. She looked like a square-head tramp. Finally she changes her course and picks us up. And, believe me, those Scandinavian guys were the real stuff, and gave us lots to eat, and we cheered up some when we heard that she was bound for the U. S. A.

"But you should see us land, dressed up in all kinds of sea rigs borrowed from the tramp's slop chest, us looking like going to a masquerade. Hitting the beach, some high-ups get us all together and we take passage for the fleet at Base No. —, and get back again to our old home.

"And, say, weren't we the real heroes when we came over the gangway? I guess yes—like a circus parade swagging up Main street, with the rest of the rubes looking on wild-eyed. We had seen war all right, and right in the eye, too. That's what I wrote mother."

This was the kid's story. Shift the scene to the dreadnaught down at the base—these youngsters talking it all over among themselves, touching up

their yarn here and there and putting on the final varnish in the letters the folks at home, making the cent work overtime reading the dope.

But chewing it over among the selves, the lads suddenly discovered that they had been cheated. So they organized a delegation to wait on the gunnery officer of the ship. In the eyes of the young bluejackets who had just come in and are new to the game the gunnery officer stacks up high for he is in charge of the shooting iron of the dreadnaught and is the thing—like the angels rolled into one and enameled at that. With the kid he has the muzzle velocity of a 15-inch gun, and to the youngsters the skipper, in comparison, is just a myth some invisible power in gold lace.

Now, the training given is most intensive in character; each man is made to specialize as far as possible, and every effort is made to perfect each member of the crew in the work to which he is assigned. The most likely youngsters, even those who have never seen anything larger than a 12-bore shotgun, are assigned arbitrarily, to start with, as gun pointers and gun captains; the hefty, strong, well-built lads are made shellmen and loaders; men of quick minds are assigned as sight-setters and telephone operators; and these men are trained, trained, trained, and instructed, cautioned. Always drilled together, they are made to feel that if any one of them falls down in his particular job, the work of the others is spoiled. It is all teamwork, like on the diamond.

So this gang laid aft and waited on the gunnery officer and presented their case thus wise: "Of course, mister, we are going to be the next fellows in the gun crew to go aboard, ain't we?"

"Certainly not; you had your trip; you have just come back."

"No, sir, we didn't just come back; we never got there. You know when we left you said we were going to England, and we never saw England at all. We ain't going back home and have all the fellows guy us and say that we didn't finish the job and that the U-boat ditched us." They went back all right.

Here you have a sample of the mettle of these youngsters, some barely a month in the outfit, but getting the punch and absorbing the spirit of the service, the willingness to do the job, the desire to play the game.

It is now tolerably well known that picked men from our battleship fleet have been sent to man the guns of the armed American merchant vessels that go abroad. This started first several months ago and a gun crew and their officer in command would make a round trip, over and back across the ocean and then return to their ship. You know how well these men have done their duty, and truthfully their exploits have been reported in the public press.

But in hunting the U-boat little has been said about the long, untiring watches and the ceaseless vigil that these men must keep while crossing the sea, and particularly when nearing the danger zone. And these calls from the fleet have been so great that raw recruits have been specially trained to man the comparatively small-caliber guns which our merchant vessels carry. Intensive training has been the order of the day, and the fleet is full of bully stories of how these young and comparatively inexperienced men have taken to the game.

There is such a thing as being gunshy, and even old-time men might an-

the first target practice. Not one of the rookies had ever heard anything bigger go off than a Fourth of July firecracker. Three gun crews were to fire at the target in what is known as short-range practice, which consists of firing at a mark not very large and at moderate distance. The doors of each gun compartment were closed, so that each gun was comparatively isolated from the other and from communication with the entire ship except by telephone or voice tube. Several runs were made across the course; ranges were taken down; the sight-setter set his sights, and outside of actually firing the pieces it was the first touch in the test.

One of the precautionary measures which is always taken in target practice is that after a round is fired the first loader looks through the bore of the gun to see that there are no unburned powder grains or parts of the powder bag or any smoke or flame left in the gun. An automatic air-blast drives the gases out of the muzzle, thereby preventing premature explosion. Neither the shell nor the powder charge are put in the breech until this man sings out "bore clear." But at this practice the wind was on the bow and drifted the smoke into the gun parts and the muzzle of the gun, taking it longer to clear the bore.

The youngsters knew and had been told what flarebacks meant and that any premature explosion would send all hands to kingdom come. The order "commence firing" had been given. Almost instantly the gun pointers found their range and had the cross-wires in the sights right on it. Number one gun fired right after number two. As the breech of number two was thrown open some smoke and powder gases from number one were blown into the muzzle. The second loader, whose duty it was to examine the bore, took a good look through it, and, seeing that the bore was apparently filled with smoke, sang out: "Bore not clear."

Now, the lad with the powder charge felt instinctively that something was wrong. Anyway, his routine was interfered with. In his arms he had the powder. He knew its potential energy. He knew the danger. So he threw himself flat on the deck and wrapped himself around the powder bag just like an elephant wraps his trunk around a peanut. He had to shield it. He believed that the life of the ship depended upon him.

With only a month's training the boy had already the instincts of a man-of-war's man. He was willing to sacrifice his life to save the ship, and he did it upon his own responsibility, without anybody's say-so. He had already learned initiative.

FARM ANIMALS

CORRECT RATIONS FOR PIGS

Animals on Pasture Will Gain Rapidly If Given Additional Allowance of Grain Feed.

Pigs, grain-fed on pasture, will gain a pound or more a day from weaning to a weight of 200 to 250 pounds, while those getting little or no grain will gain but one-half to three-quarters of a pound per day. This will bring spring pigs to a marketable weight in early fall, at the period of high prices, whereas those being pastured only are not ready for market until a month or two later. A grain ration, by bringing the hogs to an earlier market, reduces the time of feeding, the risk, and the interest on the investment. The animals are in higher condition, with a finer and more palatable meat and fat.

Farmers substituting pasture entirely for grain and other concentrated feeds to their market hogs through the summer will find that before marketing in the fall it will be advisable to feed grain to harden the soft fat and meat and put on additional weight.

Light but steady grain feeding on pasture, however, gives better results than a heavier feeding during a short-term finishing period.

GOOD RAM ALWAYS CHEAPEST

Scrub Animal Is Particularly Expensive at Present High Prices of Wool and Lambs.

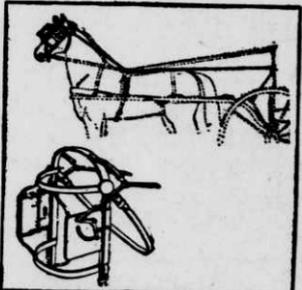
A scrub ram is expensive at any time but doubly so at the present high price of wool and lambs. A good ram has many times proved to be more than "half the flock." Many successful and progressive sheep breeders trace their start on the road to success to the purchase of a good ram. Sometimes the price of the ram has looked high, but time proved it to be the cheapest and by far the best investment ever made.

At the University of Missouri college of agriculture a good mutton ram, such as any farmer could purchase at \$30 to \$40 this season, bred to western (Colorado) ewes, sired lambs that averaged two and a half pounds more at three months of age, when they were marketed, than lambs, out of the same class of ewes, which were sired by an inferior or scrub ram. Furthermore lambs sired by the superior ram sold for 60 per cent more per 100 pounds than by the inferior ram.

CHECK FOR RUNAWAY HORSES

Blinders So Hinged and Controlled as to Make It Possible for Driver to Stop Animal.

The blinders on this device are so hinged and controlled by a checking device as to make it possible for the driver to control the horse, if it starts to run, writes C. J. Lynde in Farmers



Checking Device for Runaways.

Mail and Breeze, by depriving it of its straight ahead vision, or to stop it in the same way, in the absence of the driver, by arranging the checking device so it will be pulled by the turn of the wheel.

SWEET CLOVER FOR PASTURE

No Other Leguminous Crop, With Exception of Alfalfa, Furnishes as Much Good Feed.

With the exception of alfalfa on fertile soils, no other leguminous crop will furnish as much nutritious pasture from early spring until late fall as sweet clover, when it is properly handled. Live stock thrive on it. Animals which have never been fed sweet clover may refuse to eat it at first, but this distaste can be overcome by turning them on the pasture as soon as the plants start growth. There is practically no danger from bloat from sweet clover, according to Farmers' Bulletin 820, "Sweet Clover; Utilization," which has just been issued by the United States department of agriculture.

HOGS NEED SUCCULENT FEED

Pumpkins Are Excellent for Swine Because Seeds Are Especially Good Worm Exterminators.

Pumpkins make good hog feed. Hogs need a little succulence of some kind to keep them in good condition and help them make the best use of grains. Pumpkins are especially good for hogs because the seeds are excellent worm exterminators. Keep that in mind.

IN THE GEM STATE

The broken span of the bridge over the Boise river at Star has been completed.

More than 12,000 people paid admission to the Southern Idaho fair during the five-day session at Filer.

A rancher came into Boise last week with a dressed hog in the rear seat of his automobile which he sold for \$49.00.

The enrollment of the Pocatello schools shows a substantial increase over the registration last year of more than 2000.

F. C. Bowers of Eagle is in the hospital with a broken leg, the result of an accident in the lumber camp where he was working.

The third annual convention of the chiropractors of southern Idaho was held in Boise last week, about fifty being in attendance.

The twenty-third annual session of the Idaho conference of Congregational churches will open at Boise October 2 and continue for three days.

Students of the Boise high school have been adding to their pocket money by picking prunes in the orchards of the valley, the average pay being 15 cents a box.

A return of \$111 an acre on wheat reported by N. F. Bow of Bowmont is said to set a new record for agricultural prosperity based on this commodity in the Boise valley.

Excellent reports from the county chairmen of the Idaho women's committee, Council of National Defense, are being received almost daily by Mrs. S. H. Hays, state chairman.

Odd Fellows of Nampa are laying extensive plans for entertainment of the grand lodge four days, beginning October 15, when it is expected nearly 1000 Odd Fellows and Rebekahs will gather there.

Ben Allison attempted suicide at Pocatello upon learning that his wife had started divorce proceedings on the coast. He fired a shot into his chest. Doctors were summoned and say he has a fair chance of recovery.

Another of Idaho's well-known pioneers passed away in the death of Robert L. Justice, at Hagerman, recently. Mr. Justice freighted with oxteams between the Missouri river and Denver in the early fifties. He came to Idaho in 1864.

Twelve prisoners in the state penitentiary have been sent to Bonneville county to work on the roads near Coant basin, according to action taken by the prison board. The men will be used for two months and will receive 50 cents a day.

The grades of the Nampa schools, which began the year's work last week, are crowded as never before, pointedly attesting the city's rapid growth in recent months. Many of the grand teachers Monday found themselves facing from 40 to 48 pupils.

At a meeting of the fruitgrowers in the vicinity of Fruitland it was agreed to pay the pickers 35 cents an hour and to invite the merchants of Ontario and Payette to come one day each week and help in the picking. Labor is needed badly to help care for the fruit.

The marriage of Miss Minerva Kohl-epp, the young Idaho artist, who has been living in New York for several years, but who came to her native state last winter to paint a mural decoration in the new Pocatello high school, to M. Teichert of Sterling, Idaho, was announced last week.

The freight rate from Boise to Chicago is 57 cents per 100, or 34.2 cents a bushel, which would make wheat there worth a little more than \$1.85 1/2 cents a bushel. The freight rate from Boise to Portland is 32 1/4 cents per 100, or 19 1/2 cents a bushel, which also would make wheat there worth about \$1.85.

Shipments of potatoes and grain from southern Idaho are now under way. Although crop yields are not equal to those of some former years, the high prices for all classes of farm products will more than compensate for any shortage and farmers are going to have more money than any previous time.

James F. Callahan, pioneer and millionaire mine owner of Wallace, has filed a second amended complaint in his divorce action, in his attempt to dissolve the marital bond between himself and Helen Elizabeth Callahan, whom he married at Los Angeles in March, 1916.

A drug store at Blackfoot was robbed one night last week. Two men were arrested, and when searched at the city jail yielded up a considerable supply of opiates. They gave the names of Charles H. Davenport and Mike Penfold and stand charged with first-degree burglary.

Walter C. Wagner, an electrical engineer with the bureau of standards at Washington, has taken up with the public utilities commission of this state the question of adopting the national electric safety code. This code has been adopted by the public utilities commissions of seventeen states.

Rev. W. F. McCormick has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Christian church at Nampa. Mr. McCormick is devoting attention to his farm south of the city, and declares he cannot devote the necessary time to pastoral duties.

Leo Paranto, an Italian employed at the railroad shops at Pocatello, found that the shell of a boiler was good protection from gunfire when his countryman, Tony Pizzi, bombarded him with a revolver. One of the shots passed through Paranto's clothing.

