TIMES FIVE.

In 1879 when Rutherford B. Hayes was President, money in circulation in the United States amounted to about $17 for every man, woman and child. That was 63 years ago. Gradually the per capita circulation of money has increased. In round figures it was $35 in June 1914, $40 in March 1917, $53 in October 1920, $67 in March 1941 and $86 in February 1942. Thus in 63 years the per capita circulation of money has increased 500%. Increasing the number of dollars in circulation and increasing the turnover of each dollar does what? Correct. Old Hi Costa Living is back again.

WORLDS LARGEST.

Take an 86 acre farm and build a one-story building to cover the entire farm. That will give you an idea of the space in the new War Department Building now being completed on the Virginia hills overlooking the Potomac River. Thirteen thousand workmen labor night and day moving 2½ million cubic yards of earth, pouring 225,000 cubic yards of concrete and driving 40,000 concrete piles to make this structure a reality nearly 6 months ahead of schedule completion date. There is parking space for 8000 cars and 30,000 persons will work in this one structure in prosecuting the war. It is completely equipped with barber and beauty shops, drug store, newsstand, postal station, medical station to serve a building population which is equal to the population of a very substantial city. Whereas the RCA Building in New York was regarded as the world's largest. The new War Department building exceeds it by 300,000 square feet.

MYSTERY RUBBER.

A mysterious man came to Washington recently. He had a mysterious substance. He said it was synthetic rubber. He said it could be made at an unbelievably low price in an unbelievably short time. He offered to prove that it was unbelievably good. Immediately four old tires were re-capped with this unbelievable product, installed on certain taxicabs in Washington and are now going 'round and 'round. Thus far they've run more than 3000 miles and stood up very well. The mystery man then offered to demonstrate his process in a laboratory. A laboratory is now under construction to further test the process whereby this mysterious product can be made to meet an acute need. If it fails, the mysterious man will remain mysterious and obscure. If it succeeds he will become an industrial hero. It's all very mysterious.

"AND A CAN OF SCRAMBLED EGGS PLEASE!"

The 414,000,000 chickens in the U.S. will do their bit for victory by producing about 43,000,000,000 eggs. What an omelet that would make! But whole eggs are bulky and do not ship so well. If broken into cans and shipped, they must be refrigerated. So we shall reduce the eggs to powder and ship them to Great Britain and elsewhere in that form. This year, 160,000,000 pounds of dried egg powder will be shipped. That
means 480,000,000 eggs. In this form they will be used by housewives in Britain to supply scrambled eggs for breakfast and omelettes for supper. A group of 12 men are being given special training in the Dept. of Agriculture to taste the dried egg powder to make sure that the powdered omelettes and scrambled eggs will taste right when served. How would you like to be an egg taster?

**KEEP 'EM READING.**

Ever been in the army? Ever been in camp a long ways from home and get to wonderin' what the folks back home are doing? Wonderin' what the fellas in the neighborhood are doin'? Wonderin' what team is leading in the Bowling League? Wonderin' whether Joe still drives the old red Ford car all plastered up with funny signs and inscriptions? Wonderin' what the Sunday School attendance was last Sunday? Wonderin' whether the sunfish and perch are bittin'? Wonderin' what kind of a turnout they had at the last lodge meetin'? Wonderin' if they organized a softball league this spring? Wonderin' if Sally is still working in the law office and whether she cares just a little? And while you're wondering, the bugler blows Mail Call. There's a rush to see if there's a letter. One by one the letters are handed out. You hope and hope and hope there'll be one for you. And suddenly the Corporal shouts "That's all." And there's no letter for you. And there's disappointment and chagrin written all over your face. And you feel like you'd like to cry. And you get a little hard inside. And you wonder how much the folks and fellas and gals back home really care. And.... Well, folks haul out those writin' tools. Call the Draft Board. See who's in the Army or Navy that you know. Pick out a soldier and sailor. Make it your business to write him once a week. Snip some clippings out of the newspaper. Tack 'em on your letter. Reading matter from home is like manna from Heaven to a hungry spirit. Go in for a bit of writer's cramp. "Keep 'em reading."