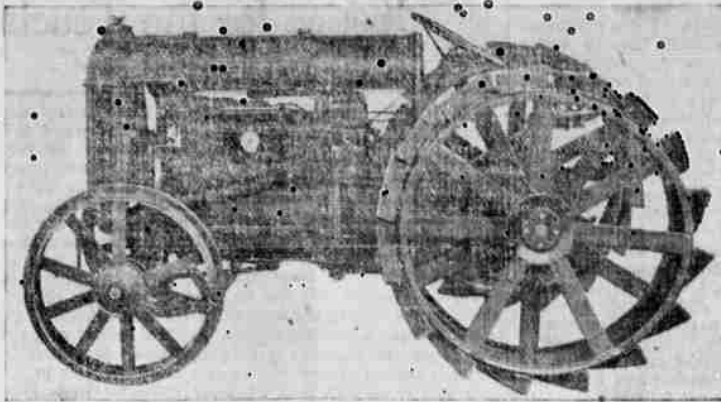


The Tractor They
are all Talking
about



IT PLOW, DICES, HARROWS, SEEDS.
FULLY BINDER, MOWS HAY
HAULS ANYTHING ANYWHERE
ON THE BELT IT RUNS A GRAIN SEP-
ARATOR, SILAGE CUTTER, WOOD
SAW, FEED GRINDER AND DOES A
HUNDRED OTHER JOBS

FORDSON

ON THE HILLSIDE, LEVEL OR ROLLING LAND, IN LIGHT OR SANDY SOIL, THE FORDSON GOES WHERE ANY
OTHER MAKE OF TRACTOR GOES, AND CONTINUES GOING WHERE MANY OTHER MAKES OF TRACTOR WILL
NOT GO.—DON'T USE A SLEDGE HAMMER TO DRIVE A TACK.

Fordson Means -- Economy - Power - Service

L. C. SMITH, Distributor, La Grande, Oregon

Fit to Fight Will He Now Keep Fit to Work?

Will the doughboy, the marine and the sailor, the whole former military establishment of the United States which was trained to a high degree of physical efficiency during the war, settle down to desk and profession and trade and allow its spine to curl again to the chair back attitude of pre-war days?

The hard climbing it took to reach the pinnacle of physical fitness, demanded by the army and navy is testimony of the flabbiness of office and professional life. Those first days of panting for breath, with perspiration running from every pore and legs and muscles weary almost to the point of rebellion, were hard, hard days. The average city man went into the new life with an enthusiasm which laughed at the hard knocks he knew would come. This enthusiasm lasted several days, and then, in that atmosphere of hurry and work—conscience, grinding work, with not even the comfort of a woman's voice near-by—there came a reaction that might have been called a nation's hopes except for the persistency and courage with which every man dragged his tired

body to the day finally when he could brag to companions of being able to hike a hundred miles with nothing to eat and then lick the whole German army.

Back to the Old Soft Life?

In that same spirit toward things civilian and in physical condition equal almost to any occasion, he is returning now to pick up the old routine of life where he left off. Perhaps he will go back to the old job, and for a few days he will ride down town in the morning, rush to his work with fine vim, hurry out to lunch, talk business while he eats, put in a hard afternoon, ride home, life away a pleasant evening without exertion and then rest a little sleep before repeating the performance. For a few days and then—

In France he did without sleep, sometimes without food, always without the fine companionship of home. He here to boost his spirit—and yet in shape to put in another hour or two to the already long day or the long night. Half-winded and hungry, muscles keeping on in spite of long strain which every man dragged his tired

body was in fine trim and his rosy cheeks America's new standard of health had been reached. It was exercise and outdoor air that made him able to stand the strain. Will he go back or what he so dearly learned was the price of good health, or will he make the way to good health popular among friends of the office and shop who served at home?

It's a Crisis, Dr. Reilly Says.
"Will we let him forget?" is the question asked by Dr. J. A. Reilly. "We've got to meet a crisis in the lives of these boys soon. It will be easy for them to forego the rigors of training. But if we let them forget, if they once slip back into the easy rut of the old life, it's going to be mighty hard for them to regain this fine physical condition they enjoy now. It will be worse for them if they slip back now than if they had not had army training."

A dozen sports suggest themselves to the returned soldier—some quite impractical because they make work out of what should be healthful play. Walking is by no means unpopular, and dozens of service men who live close in are walking from home to work and back again. Doctor Reilly believes walking will be very popular among soldiers—and quite beneficial. Tennis, golf and other outdoor games have their adherents among service men, of course, but more among young men who have some liberty during week days and also the facilities for making such sports a pleasure. But for the average man, the only organized sport he can turn to with regularity to make it beneficial to him is an athletic club or the Y. M. C. A., which yet might solve the problem of keeping the fighting forces fit.

Uncle Sam Could Help.

It is the duty of the government—locally, as well—Dr. Reilly believes, to provide means for such work to soldiers. Pretentious buildings are not needed, but public gymnasiums, where the service man may have every available gymnasium facility at his disposal. One of the direct needs is such a municipal playhouse for grown-ups, Dr. Reilly declares.

Of club sports, the handball court is by far the most interesting and perhaps as beneficial as any game. It puts a man through its own manual of arms, which reaches every muscle of the body. "A man may spend minutes at it or hours. It keeps the chest thrown out and puts a premium on good lungs and deep breathing. And it isn't a form of exercise that is always frank about its benefits—it is a play that develops the keenest physical competition. The camouflage of pleasure masks the work its playing entails."

See Son on Screen.

"There he is, there's John!" shouted Mrs. John Hughes, who with her husband was watching a picture at a movie at Micon, Ga. The parents were overjoyed when the picture of their son, Sergeant John B. Hughes, Jr., of the aviation service in France, was shown on the screen and they "saw him," though a thousand miles away.

Dissolving Teas.

Dissolving tea trees have been invented, the idea being that they will be destroyed by the atmosphere and will not litter up a golf course if forgotten.

THE SAY IT IS

The best place to take your car if it does not work like it used to. The Standard Auto Repair Shop, corner Adams and 2nd. Ed. Cyr, Prop.

Red Cross Canteens On The Oregon Short Line

The Story of a Home-Coming Doughboy Who Appreciated Them.

The story of a Home-Coming Doughboy who appreciates them.

It looked like we were going to have to eat Corned Beef right up to our mothers' doorsteps. Eating it we went into France, carrying it upon our backs we came out again. And now, as the train rolled out of Camp Mills, the baggage car ahead was loaded to the rafters with his blue cans of our old familiar friend. One hundred and one stomachs recoiled at the prospect. One hundred and one stomachs, grown sullen and mutinous, asked:

"Are we going to eat?"

"We will, shh, shh, Hades!"

It was the Red Cross that backed up the defiant stomachs. All along the Pennsylvania System, Friend Bill remained inviolate in the baggage car. Once or twice west of Chicago capitulation seemed imminent, but before it was too late, and abject surrender made, some strategic little town in the desert would boom up and would be strangely solvent of doughnuts and coffee and sandwiches.

After we reached Montello, Idaho, the easternmost canteen of the Northwestern Division, our gas tank's triumph was complete. From there on Corned Beef had never a chance in the world. Always, it seemed, white arms were reaching out.

We had an hour at Pocatello while we waited for the fast mail to pick up the three cars in which we rode and the baggage car that held the White and that quite definitely from now on became an appendix. We were not bashful at Pocatello. There was no need to be. The counter was loaded with sandwiches and doughnuts. We filled in one door where we encountered a smiling woman with pitcher poised. We put our capacious trays cups under the cascade of savory coffee and passed down the counter, where other smiles and abundance awaited us. Then we passed out another door onto the station platform to eat. And all the while it stood there upon the track with the other cars, waiting for the engine, that Corned Beef car which had looked so sinister to us at Mills, but now no longer a menace, its burden of iron ration destined to entrance other stomachs than ours.

Shoshone and Glens Ferry, Idaho, completed the perfection of that day. The needs of those two place-blend and will not be particularized in my memory. I recall a harmony and a wealth of chocolate, coffee and a wealth of sandwiches, "chocolate, cream, cherries, and—what I thoughtful Red Cross indeed—eggs."

There, as I remember, were the first canteens we had reached from a canteen. They were a happy thought, an excellent, satisfying, for cigarette of which we had received more than we could possibly smoke or give away. For everybody was in like affluence. It seemed to go past every stomach, canteen, along life way could eliminate cigarettes and still be certain that the boy would have plenty of smoke. The happy smokers, owing to the abundance of cigarettes in the baggage car, at Camp Lewis with Red Cross eggs about him. And when the most inebriate smokers had as a

ventory at the end of the trip.

And as we passed through Hamilton, Oregon, at midnight, we missed that well-known canteen. The new conductor who got aboard there mindful of our breakfast, wired to Pendleton to expect us in the morning, so that we also missed La Grande, another heathen well advertised.

The pretty girls of Pendleton were up business and had breakfast ready for us. We also left a sick boy there. We thought a little wistfully, the other hundred of us, as we pulled out, that it sometimes isn't a terrible misfortune to be sick.

There is something about The Dalles that makes the memory linger. They fed us well on sandwiches and doughnuts and coffee and ice cream, and then if we desired it, fed us all over again. We also got a telegram there. It was from Portland. "Save your appetites," it said. Too late, for The Dalles had fed us and they had fed us and they had fed us adequately. But our appetites had wonderful recuperative powers and we were resolved not to disappoint Portland.

Hood River layd us with pretty girls and apples—lots of apples, all the apples we wanted, such apples as we had not tasted in a long, long time.

The mayor of Portland and his committee met on our train at Troutdale. He escorted us personally into his town and when we got there gave it to us—didn't give it to us to keep exactly, but he sure made us understand that it was ours as long as we were there. As many as were not immediately monopolized by wives, mothers, sweethearts, or other claimants, were taken up to a big hotel and told to pitch in "see like you was to him." And if The Dalles and Hood River could have seen those cusses eat, but tut tut, my dear friend, a soldier, like Lechard Crane, has the dilating powers of an anemometer.

But the end was not yet. On our way north to Camp Lewis, Centralia gave us cake and coffee.

We turned over the Corned Beef with our compliments, to the Camp Lewis quartermaster.

Thanks to the Red Cross, we had eaten it, shh, shh, Hades.

Birds as Barometers.

Birds are excellent barometers. A number of our birds—swans, wild duck, coots, moorhens and others—build their nests either on the banks of a river or floating on its surface attached to the reeds or water grasses. These birds, it is said, never by chance get caught by floods, and if you see a swan's nest, say, a foot above the river level you may be sure that during the next few weeks there will not be rain enough to raise the river above that height. The common robin knows a great deal about forthcoming weather. If he sings in the morning it is a certain sign of bad weather.

The Clock.

Perhaps the best definition of clock is that given by Lowell: "Something that can be made without being vulgar, decorated without being decadent, that is neither ancient nor modern, and that is not a clock at all."

TELL ME--

WHY SHOULD I LEAVE MY
FARM AND HOME AND
MOVE TO WESTERN CANADA

"To better yourself! To make yourself a wealthy farm owner there, if you are a renter here; to make yourself a richer, happier farmer here, if you are already wealthy here."

That is the answer you would get from nearly a million Americans who are now preparing to Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

But besides this general reason, there are five special and particular answers—startling, remarkable answers that at first thought seem "too good to be true"—answers that offer you more than you were ever offered before. Yet these answers are made today, to YOU, by the greatest transportation company on earth; they are backed by capital of hundreds of millions of dollars. These answers are the great features of the most wonderful and the most liberal colonization policy the world has ever seen.

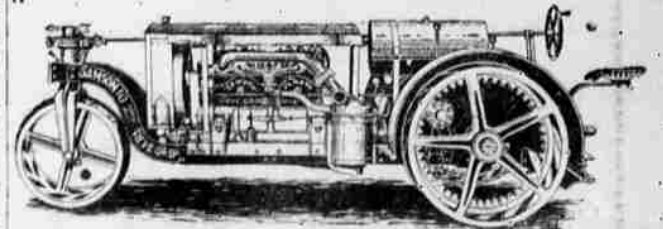
The Canadian Pacific Railway gives you the answers:

Lands for All
Lands that will pay for themselves. The richest soil in the world—soil which produces immense crops. Irrigable and plain prairie lands. Lands for grain growing, mixed farming, intensive farming, stock raising, dairying and poultry. Ready for the plow. Near railroad and established towns. A Avenue, Spokane, Wash.

Helbert Miers, representing Canadian Pacific railway, Dept. of Colonization and Development, Phone B. 3511, 1902 3rd St., La Grande, Oregon.

R. C. Rosworth, 705 Sprague

SAMSON TRACTORS



Before you start that summer fallow job, come in and let us figure with you on the probable cost. If you are farming for money, the best way to make it is to save it—in other words, one dollar saved is worth two made. If you want a practical demonstration, with a practical tractor, we are yours for service; we deliver the goods and stand by our tractors—it is our wish that they do you good work.

The matter of economically raising a crop often means profit, whereas the old way means loss. Remember the tractor only eats while at work, while the horse eats the year around.

Let Us Figure on Your Work With You.
La Grande Implement Co.
E. J. Norris, Mgr.

Auto Springs

Don't wait to order. We have just received a large supply of spring steel, all sizes, and are now ready to make guaranteed springs for any and all cars.

No long delay or tying up your car. Call on us and give your order, we are prepared to please you, give prompt attention and turn out good work.

Hilton's Garage

BAKER-LA GRANDE

AUTO STAGE

Caviness & Thomas

Lv Baker... 8:00 a. m. Lv La Grande... 8:00 a. m.
Lv Baker... 2:00 p. m. Lv La Grande... 2:00 p. m.
Phone Black 141. Leaves From Silver Grill