

Photos by American Press Association.

German and French Artillerymen

Artillery plays a big part in the great European war. Germany and France have devoted a great deal of attention to this development of their respective armies. Artillerymen of the German army are shown at the top and French artillerymen at the bottom.



Photo by American Press Association.

King George Reviewing Sailors

The above picture of the King of England was taken during the recent review of the home fleet of England at Portland, where there were 425 ships assembled. England takes great pride in her navy, and the prospects of a clash between her fleet and that of Germany was fraught with awe inspiring possibilities.

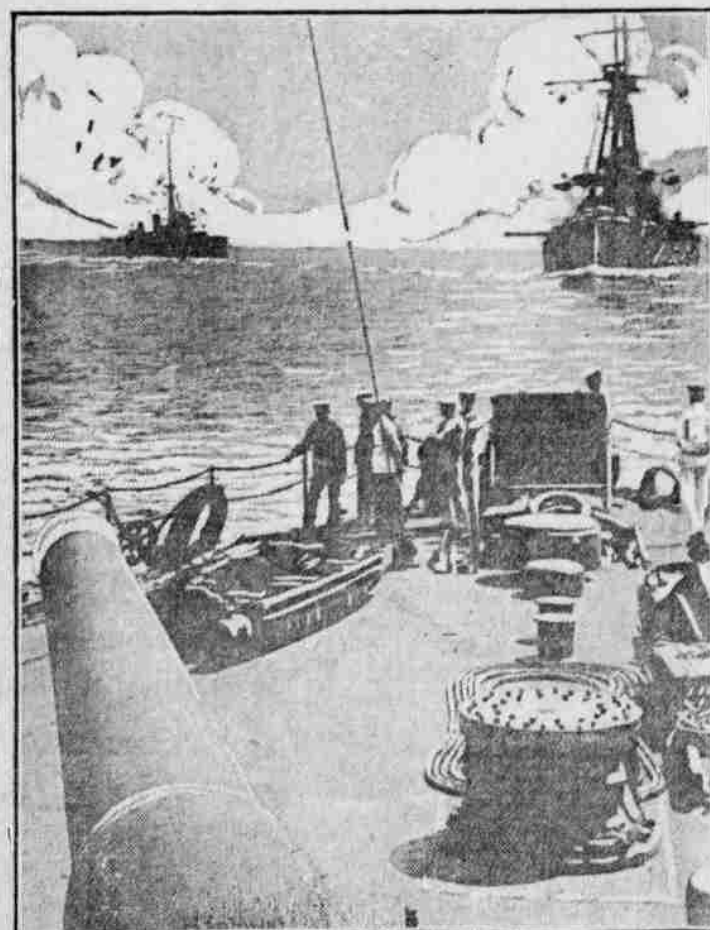


Photo by American Press Association.

Kaiser Takes Great Pride In His Peerless Navy

The accompanying photograph was taken from the warship Deutschland of the German navy. The German navy is the apple of the Kaiser's eye and was expected to give a splendid account of itself against its foes.

One on the Judge.
A lawyer was arguing a case before a certain judge, between whom and himself there was no love lost. The judge listened for a while with ill concealed impatience and then burst out with:
"Tut, tut! Mr. W., you have your points of law all upside down!"
"I don't doubt that they seem so to your honor," replied Mr. W., "but you'll think differently when your honor's rulings are reversed."—New York Tribune.

Very Nearly Trouble.
"Horace, you don't love me as you used to."
"Not altogether, my dear. When we were first married I loved you for your beauty. Now I love you for your real worth, your many excellencies of mind and heart and for your—"
"So, Horace Higsworthy! You think I've got entirely over my good looks, do you? Let me tell you, sir—"
"And for your unfeeling sweetness of disposition, my dear."
"Uncertain whether to go ahead and scold him just the same or to indulge in a good cry, she compromised by doing neither and fell to darning his socks with renewed energy.

Born Diplomat.
"Harry, I am beginning to believe the baby looks like you."
"Are you, dear?"
"Yes, I notice it more and more every day. I'm so glad."
"Do you really want him to look like me?"
"Of course I do. I've been sorry ever since we had him christened that we didn't give him your name."
"Sweetheart, you don't know how happy you make me by saying that."
"And, Harry, dear, I found the loveliest hat today. I don't believe I ever saw anything that was so becoming to me. It's \$35. Do you think I ought to pay that much for a hat?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Discordant Thoughts.
In wandering through your mental pleasure grounds whenever you come upon an ugly intruder of a thought which might bloom into some poisonous emotion, such as fear, envy, hate, worry, remorse, anger and the like, there is only one right way to treat it—pull it up like a weed, drop it upon the rubbish heap as promptly as if it were a stinging nettle and let some harmonious thought grow in its place. There is no more reckless consumer of all kinds of exuberance than the discordant thought, and weeding it out saves such an astonishing amount of eau de vie wherewith to water the garden of joy that with it every man may be his own Burbank.—Atlantic Monthly.

An Awakening Industry.
In the window of a small general shop not far from New Cross station may be observed a card bearing this inscription: "Workmen called early in the morning. Terms moderate." Such a notice is rarely to be seen in London nowadays, though the custom is an old one and was much in vogue previous to the invention of the cheap alarm clock. The individual engaged in the calling is known as a "knocker up," and a favorite method of awaking the would be early riser is by rapping on the bedroom window pane with a stick or by throwing up small stones. In the north of England the "knocker up" is still a familiar figure.—Westminster Gazette.

Got It in the Bill.
"There was a rare spectacle in South Kensington the other night—that of a plumber at a loss how to enter a certain item in a bill to a customer," says the London Mail. "The plumber had been called in to locate the source of an unfortunate odor. He promptly hauled the house about, but he failed to find a dead rat or anything else to cause the trouble. Then he put the place together again and departed to build the bill. For what could he charge? He had discovered nothing, achieved nothing, yet a charge must be made. This is the bill received by the householder: 'To looking for smell, eightpence.'"

Saving a Drowning Person.
In trying to save any one who may be drowning a swimmer should never approach the victim in front, as a drowning man will clutch at a straw, and he will grab the would be rescuer and drown both, but the swimmer should dive under him and seize him from behind. Should he struggle, the rescuer has to be cruel only to be kind, so he should strike him between the eyes, stan him and tow him ashore. A drowning man always comes to the surface twice before he drowns, because it takes about that time for water to fill the lungs, and that forces the air out. As long as any air remains in the lungs the body will float.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Building a Life.
Human life is a building. It rises slowly day by day throughout the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have—indeed, every act of our commonest days—adds something to the invisible building.—J. R. Miller.

The Greatest of Modern Time Savers— The Newspapers

By MOSS.

YOUR grand-mother used to do her buying with much more difficulty than you do now. She had to inspect nearly everything personally. She took more time than you could possibly afford to waste. Times have changed. EFFICIENT BUYING is now simplified through ADVERTISING. You go direct to the point. Newspaper advertising is the SHORT CUT to economical buying. It's a TIME SAVER and a DOLLAR SAVER. It adds you SPECIFICALLY and QUICKLY, more so than any other form of advertising. Newspaper advertising hits the nail on the head. It holds the attention of thousands. Its results are IMMEDIATE, POSITIVE and SURE. We want you actively to realize what newspaper advertising does for you. Don't you think you ought to be glad that you are living in this wonderful age of NEWSPAPER CONVENIENCE?

THE PATRIOT.
His eyes ashine with ancient memories,
His blood aglow with subtle racial fire,
For him are quenched the stirrings of desire,
The pageant of the world has ceased to please;
Hushed are the evening songs—the lutes of ease;
In the war flame, that old ancestral pyre,
He casts his hopes of home, wife, child or sire;
Instinct of race, a passion more than these,
The spirit of his country holds him thrall;
In him forgotten heroes, forbears, rise,
Strengthening his heart to common sacrifice,
Out of the darkness generations call
And martyr hosts that unrecorded fall
Salute him from the void with joyful cries.
—Author Unknown.

LITERATURE.
Reading maketh a full man,
conference a ready man and
writing an exact man.—Bacon.
There is a fashion in letters which regulates the books we purchase and the authors we talk about.—Bovee.
Literature is the thought of thinking souls.—Carlyle.
But, indeed, we prefer books to pounds, and we love manuscripts better than farms, and we prefer small pamphlets to war horses.—Disraeli.
Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fall with wakefulness and tears and ache for the dark house and the long sleep—there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens.—Macaulay.
All literature writes the character of the wise man.—Emerson.

Patience—Will says when he kissed you last night he noticed you'd been eating onions.
Patrice—Well, all I've got to say is that a man who will notice onions or a girl's breath when he's kissing her hasn't got his mind on his business.—Yonkers Statesman.
I like the modest man. He's meek. You seldom hear his din. But when a man has lots of cheek He has a lot of chin.—Cincinnati Enquirer.
The artilleryist always spoke of his gun in the feminine gender. "You see, sir, she was never yet silenced!" he explained, with glistening eyes.—Puck.
Her gownlet cost five hundred beans; Her furs, four figures in a row; Her hat removed from papa's jeans A hundred shekels more or no.—In fact, though she's but in her teens, She's quite the dearest girl I know.—Judge.
He—Yes, I'm a soldier. I helped England win the Boer war.
She—Is that so? Which side were you on?—Judge.
In thinking none could equal you I thank whoever I hear you blow. Vain braggart, if you only know. A tenth of what you think you know.—Detroit Free Press.
"This photograph," averred the sales man, "needs no introduction."
"Why not?"
"It speaks for itself."—Judge.
There once was a steam radiator Whose coldness grew greater and greater. To the junitor "Bill," Cried the man with a chill, "Your fire has gone down! Agitate her!"—New York Press.
"I am afraid your husband is of a choleric temperament, madam."
"Good heavens, doctor, and not one of us has ever had the cholery, either!"—Baltimore American.
His dearest wish was once to be A happy multimillionaire. But that was years ago, ere he Began to lose his curly hair.
He wishes now that on his pate Another thatch of hair would grow And that he might reduce his weight To what it was ten years ago.—Chicago Record-Herald.
"That salesman is a man of polish."
"Yes, he's a very smooth article."—Judge.
All girls are silly over men. 'Tis plain as plain can be. Just listen and you'll notice when They laugh they say, "Ha, ha!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.
"That new head waiter will never do."
"What's the trouble? He seems to be very courteous."
"I know, but he's actually letting our guests sit at the tables they prefer themselves."—Detroit Free Press.
"We're making more headway than ever," she said.
"We have a secret society, Ned."
"And what," he inquired, "may its purposes be?"
She replied, "Oh, we meet and tell secrets, you see!"—Lippincott's.
"Poets are born," says the philosopher of folly, "and that's just the trouble. In nine cases out of ten it would be better if they weren't."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
There once was a three legged duck On a palette of pigments got stuck. From the palette he ambled To canvas and scrambled. The result being futurist truck.—New York Sun.
Harley (just arrived)—Gee, but the air in this flat is dopey, Clara!
Mrs. Harley—Maybe it's due to the steam hitting the pipe.—Puck.
"He fell in love with her figure."
No wonder, for she was a peach. He looked at the thought of proposing—She seemed so far out of reach.
"He fell in love with her figure."
She was constantly in his thoughts. No wonder he loved her so madly—Her figure was one and six naught!—Portland Oregonian.
"Pa, what is a comfortable income?"
"One that sits easy on the conscience I suppose."—Detroit Free Press.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.
By virtue of an execution in foreclosure duly issued by the clerk of the circuit court of the county of Crook, state of Oregon, dated the 17th day of July, 1914, in a certain action in the circuit court for said county and state, wherein Catharine Root as plaintiff recovered judgment against W. P. Myers, Stella D. Myers and Ira Penwell as defendants for the sum of four thousand three hundred and seventy three and 20/100 dollars, with interest thereon from said 12th day of March, 1914, and costs and disbursements taxed at thirteen 25/100 dollars, and attorney fee four hundred dollars, on the 12th day of March, 1914. Notice is hereby given that I will on
The 22d Day of August, 1914,
at the north front door of the court house in Prineville, Oregon, in Crook county, in said county, at 10 o'clock in forenoon of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described property, to-wit:
The land described in plaintiff's complaint, to-wit: Lots One, Two, Three, Four, and the northeast quarter of northwest quarter of section thirty, in township twelve south, of range thirteen east W. M.
And the northwest quarter of southeast quarter, section twenty-six, in township sixteen south, of range eleven east, Willamette meridian, in Crook county, Oregon.
Taken and levied upon as the property of the said W. P. Myers, Stella D. Myers and Ira Penwell, and I will sell the same or as much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgment in favor of Catharine Root against said W. P. Myers, Stella D. Myers and Ira Penwell with interest thereon, together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue. FRANK ELKINS, Sheriff. Dated at Prineville, Ore., July 17, 1914. By W. E. VAN ALLEN, Dep. Sheriff.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.
By virtue of an execution in foreclosure duly issued by the clerk of the circuit court of the county of Crook, state of Oregon, dated the 17th day of July, 1914, in a certain action in the circuit court for said county and state, wherein Edmund M. Love as defendant recovered judgment against Parry Larkin and Ellen M. Larkin as defendants, for the sum of five hundred thirteen and 58/100 dollars, with interest thereon from the 2d day of November, 1911, at 8 per cent, and costs and disbursements taxed at seventeen no 100 dollars, and sixty dollars as attorney fee, on the 11th day of March 1914. Notice is hereby given that I will on
The 22d Day of August, 1914,
at the North front door of the court house in Prineville, Oregon, in Crook county, in said county, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described property, to-wit:
The southwest quarter of southeast quarter, section twenty-six, the north half of northeast quarter, and southeast quarter of the northeast quarter, section thirty-five, in township eleven south, of range twelve east, the Willamette meridian, Crook county, Oregon.
Taken and levied upon as the property of the said Parry Larkin and Ellen M. Larkin and will sell the same or as much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgment in favor of Edmund Love, the plaintiff, against said Parry Larkin and Ellen M. Larkin, with interest thereon, together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue. FRANK ELKINS, Sheriff. Dated at Prineville, Ore., July 17, A. D. 1914. By W. E. VAN ALLEN, Dep. Sheriff.

Citation.

In the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Crook. In the matter of the estate of John H. Jarrett, deceased.
To Ada E. Jarrett, James J. Jarrett, Sarah M. Poulin, Robert J. Jarrett, Benjamin S. Jarrett, Thomas S. Jarrett, William M. Jarrett, Ada E. Jarrett, Jr., Earl Jarrett, Marie R. Jarrett, Lucile M. Jarrett, Howard T. Jarrett, M. R. Biggs, guardian ad litem, also all other unknown heirs and all other persons interested in the hereinabove described property, greeting:
In the name of the State of Oregon. You are hereby cited and required to appear in the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Crook, at the court room thereof, at Prineville, in the county of Crook, state of Oregon, on Tuesday, the 8th day of September, 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any exists, why an order should not be made setting aside, vacating and holding for naught the previous orders made by the above entitled court in the above entitled estate for the sale of the real property hereinabove described, and also setting aside, vacating and holding for naught the orders confirming said sales.
You are further hereby cited and required to appear at the place and time hereinbefore mentioned to show cause, if any exist, why an order should not be made for the sale of the following described real property belonging to the estate of John H. Jarrett, deceased, to-wit:
Lots three (3) and four (4), and the south half (1/2) of the northwest quarter (1/4) of section five (5), in township fourteen (14) south, range nineteen (19), east of the Willamette meridian, containing 153.84 acres, according to the official plat and United States survey thereof, and lying and situate in Crook county, Oregon.
Witness the Honorable G. Springer, judge of the county court of the state of Oregon for the county of Crook, with the seal of said court affixed this 6th day of July, 1914.
Attest: WARREN BROWN, (Official Seal) Clerk.
WILLIAM H. WITZ, Attorney for Estate. Date of first pub., July 23, 1914. Date of last pub., August 20, 1914.

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