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PROFESSOR MASARYK



Prof. Thomas Garigue Masaryk, leader of the Czechoslovaks, who have declared their independence of Austria.

TWELVE NATIONS DECLARE FREEDOM

Philadelphia.—History has repeated itself. More than 50,000,000 people of the subject races of Europe have, through their representatives, cast aside their Teuton shackles and, in the same room in Independence hall where America's thirteen original colonies proclaimed their independence, twelve nations united in a solemn pact of unity and a sacred pledge to "place our all—people and resources—at the disposal of our allies."

Dr. Thomas Masaryk, leader of the new Czechoslovak republic, seated in the same chair used by John Hancock 142 years ago, was the first signer of the declaration of common aims of the independent mid-European nations.

The signers of the declaration pledged themselves on behalf of their respective nations to unitedly strive to the end that these wrongs shall be righted, that the sufferings of the world war shall not have been in vain.

Recommendations for the settlement of the ancient wrongs of the people of middle Europe will be laid before the peace council. It is hoped by that time that they will have been indorsed by all the people here represented.

The people represented constitute a chain of nations lying between the Baltic, Adriatic and the Black seas, comprising Czechoslovaks, Poles, Jugoslavs, Ukrainians, Lithuanians, Rumanians, Italian Irredentists, Greeks, Albanians, Zionists and Armenians.

7000 SQUARE MILES TAKEN

Boche Railroad Systems From Oise to Meuse Are Menaced.

Washington.—Summarizing the situation on the western front, General March said the Germans have evacuated or been driven out of 7000 square miles of Belgian and French territory since July 18.

During the past week, 400 square miles have been freed from the enemy, General March added. All the coal fields in northern France have been reconquered except for a five-mile tract where the allies' advance is now being pressed near the Belgian border.

General March pointed out that the Franco-American lines from the Meuse to the Oise stand nearly parallel to the great railway line near the Belgian frontier and constitute a threat against that line throughout its entire length.

Noted Woman Educator Dead.
Washington.—Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, well known Chicago educator, died here of pneumonia. Mrs. Young was 73 years old.

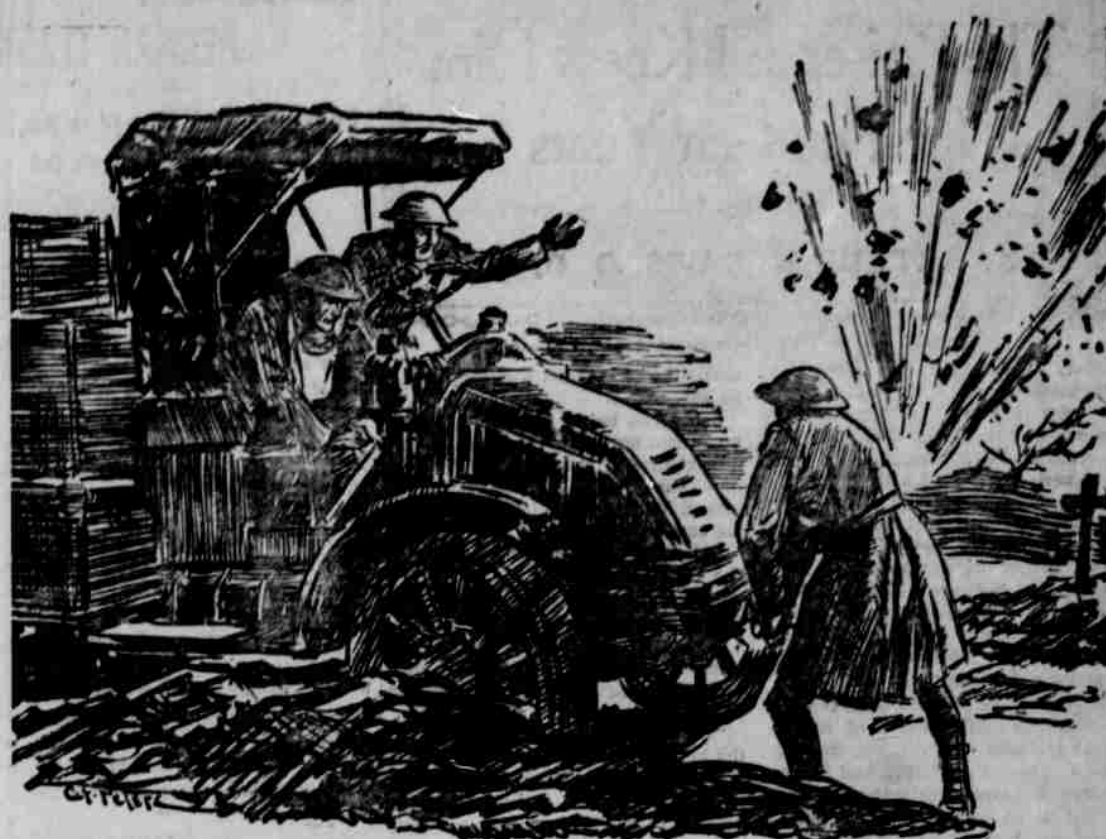
Grant Rise in Express Charges.
Washington.—The interstate commerce commission approved the proposed increases in express rates.

THE MARKETS.

Portland.
Oats—No. 2 white feed, \$53.50 ton. Barley—Standard feed, \$48.50 ton. Corn—Whole, \$73@77; cracked, \$75@79.

Hay—Timothy, \$30 per ton; alfalfa, \$27.
Butter—Creamery, 60c per pound. Eggs—Ranch, 67c per dozen. Potatoes—\$1.50@2.25 per hundred. Poultry—Hens, 27c; springs, 25c@30c; roosters, 18c; ducks, 25c@30c; geese, 17c@18c; turkeys, 30c@31c.

Seattle.
Hay—Eastern Washington timothy, \$38 per ton; alfalfa, \$34 per ton. Potatoes—2c per lb. Butter—Creamery, 65c per pound. Eggs—Ranch, 72c@75c per dozen. Poultry—Hens, 26c; springs, 25c; roosters, dressed, 27c@28c; ducks, 25c; geese, 21c; turkeys, 30c.



When the Engine Stalls on Dead Man's Curve!

THEY climb aboard their loaded truck at sundown, fifteen miles behind the lines. They rumble through the winding streets, out on the white road that leads to Germany!

The man at the wheel used to be a broker in Philadelphia. Beside him sits an accountant from Chicago. A newspaper man from the Pacific Coast is the third. Now they all wear the uniform of one of these organizations.

The road sweeps round a village and on a tree is nailed a sign: "Attention! L'Ennemi Vous Voit! The Enemy Sees You!"

They glance far up ahead and there, suspended in the evening light, they see a Hun balloon.

"Say, we can see him plain tonight!" murmurs the accountant from Chicago.

"And don't forget," replies the Philadelphia broker, "that he can see us just as plain."

The packing cases creak and groan, the truck plods on—straight toward that hanging menace.

They reach another village—where heaps of stone stand under crumpled walls.

Then up they go, through the strange silence broken only when a great projectile inscribes its arc of sound far overhead.

They reach a turn. They take it. They face a heavy incline. For half a mile it stretches and they know the Germans have the range of every inch of it. The mountain over there is where the big Boches' guns are fired. This incline is their target.

The three men on the truck bring up their gas masks to the alert, settle their steel helmets closer on their heads.

At first the camion holds its speed. Then it slackens off. The driver grabs his gear-shift, kicks out his clutch. The engine heaves—and heaves—and stalls!

"Quick! Spin it!" calls the driver. The California journalist has jumped. He tugs at the big crank.

"Wh-r-r-r-r-r-room!"

The shell breaks fifty yards behind. Another digs a hole beside the road just on ahead.

And then the engine comes to life. It crunches, groans and answers. Slowly, with maddening lack of haste, it rumbles on.

"Wh-r-r-oom!" That one was close behind. The fragments of the shell are rattling on the truck.

Now shells are falling, further back along the road. And the driver feels the summit as his wheels begin to pick up speed.

Straight down a village street in which the buildings are only skeletons of buildings. He wheels into the courtyard of a great shell-torn chateau.

"Well, you made it again I see!" says a smiling face under a tin hat—a face that used to look out over a congregation in Rochester.

"Yep!" says the driver glancing at his watch. "And we came up Dead Man's Curve in less than three minutes—including one stall!"

Later that night two American boys, fresh from the trenches bordering that shattered town, stumble up the stairs of the chateau, into a sandbagged room where the Rochester minister has his canteen.

"Get any supplies tonight?" they ask.

"You bet I did!" is the answer, "What will you have?"

"What's those? Canned peaches? Gimme some. Package of American cigarettes—let's see—an' a cake of chocolate—an' some of them cookies!"

"Gosh!" says the other youngster when his wants are filled. "What would we do without you?"

You hear that up and down the front, a dozen times a night—"What would we do without them?"

Men and women in these organizations are risking their lives tonight to carry up supplies to the soldiers. Trucks and camionettes are creeping up as close as any transportation is permitted.

From there these people are carrying up to the gun-nests, through woods, across open fields, into the trenches. The boys are being served wherever they go. Things to eat, things to read, things to smoke, are being carried up everywhere along the line.

With new troops pouring into France, new supplies must be sent, more men and women by the hundreds must be enlisted. They are ready to give everything. Will you give your dollars to help them help our men?

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