

**WAR EXHIBIT DRAWS CROWDS**

The war exhibit which was shown in the large tent erected on the vacant lot north of the Prineville Drug Company was visited every day by large crowds of fair visitors.

This exhibit, which is one of the largest and most complete in the United States, is touring the country, and the donations which are received benefit many wounded and crippled soldiers.

Among the most noteworthy of the relics which are shown, and that bring home the war very closely, are the death head lancers helmet, worn

only by close bodyguard of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany, the poison bullets used by the Germans, the wicked saw-swords and bayonets, the dum-dum bullets that make a small hole when they enter and tear when they come out, and other curiosities.

This exhibit has a "Big Bertha" shell cap, taken from one of those monstrous shells which the Germans fired seventy-five miles into Paris, one of the great marvels of the war. This shell cap goes to New York to the museum when the tour is finished.

One of the most interesting parts of the display is a complete set of

German aeroplane maps, believed to be the only such set in existence. These are pictures taken by the fast little German scout machines, and have marked upon them the positions of roads, ammunition dumps, and trenches of the allies, and were used in the German bombing expeditions over the lines.

The exhibit also has pictures from every front in which the Americans fought, bayonets from every country at war, and other souvenirs of every description.

Don, the famous war dog, that lost a leg in the war, was with the exhibition, and won many friends.

The exhibit is accompanied by M.

C. Stewart, representing the Marines, R. J. Stewart, his brother, from the Navy, and R. B. Chester, from the Army. One of the enjoyable features of the visit in Prineville was the impromptu little lectures which Mr. Chester was in the habit of giving, and the stories of his own experiences in the front line trenches.

There was a little accident in putting up the tent. Trash had been burned on the lot during the clean-up week, and the fire was still smoking, and burnt a small hole in the tent, which the boys had to patch, army fashion.

**INDIANS GET DRUNK ON CANNED HEAT**

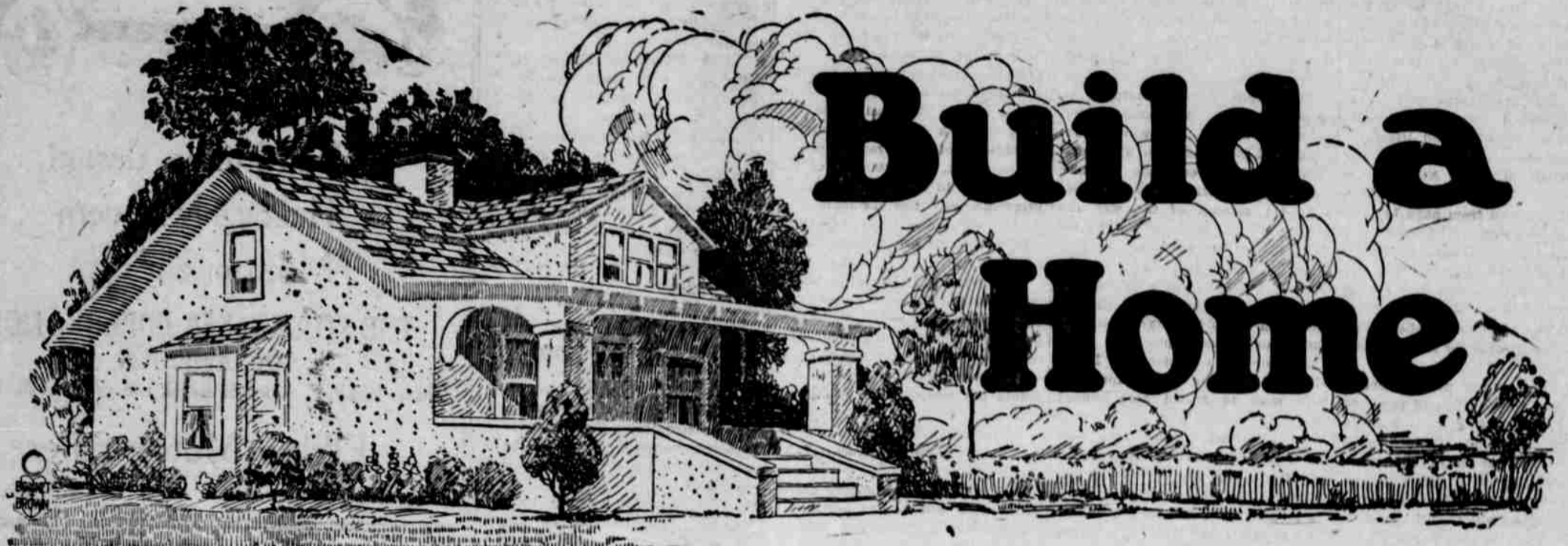
Two Indians were arrested Friday by deputy sheriff Ray Putnam for drunkenness. A number of cans of "canned heat", which is commonly used for cooking purposes on a small scale, were found on their persons, and they confessed that they had been using this means in order to get into the joyful state of a jag.

The Indians explained that they either dissolved the stuff in hot water and floated off the wax, and then drank the alcohol-saturated water, or put sugar on the cakes and ate them like candy, either method gen-

erally producing the desired result. Formerly they consumed great quantities of extract, but since that has been barred to them, they had to find some new method.

**BOYS CONFESS TO THEFT**

The two boys from Bend who stole tires and tubes from Fertig's Tire Shop during the Fair were rounded up by the sheriff's office, and have confessed to the stealing. On account of their youth charges were not pressed against them by Mr. Fertig, after they had returned the stolen goods.



**"A Home of My Own"**

A HOME OF MY OWN is what I want,  
 Not merely a place to sleep,  
 But where I can plan and save and work,  
 While little ones round me creep.  
 A home with a garden and trees,  
 And flowers that bloom all the while.  
 One that I can call MY VERY own,  
 It matters not much what the style.  
 A home with all the windows I want,  
 Not merely what the landlords think;  
 With book-case, closets and a kitchen  
 With under the window a sink.  
 A HOME OF MY OWN for the standing it gives  
 It doesn't so much matter its worth,  
 For the comfort it gives of possession,  
 To the family a spot, the dearest on earth.  
 And these are the reasons a woman gives  
 For a home with the comforts of life.  
 If only it teaches some loving husband  
 What A HOME OF HER OWN would mean to his wife.

W. P. H.

How close these lines come to every one of us—if we have a Home of Our Own to which we can turn, finding rest and comfort with our family when the day's work is done, the world has no greater happiness to bestow.

It has been a decided pleasure for us to be able to help so many families of Prineville find Homes suited to their needs.

The Tum-A-Lum Lumber Company is ever ready to help you select those plans.

*Yours for Service*

**Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co.**

PRINEVILLE, OREGON