Vote For

John E. Owen

Republican Candidate for

Circuit Judge

Dept. No. 6

Primaries May 17, 1918

Paid adv.

J. C. Nickum

Republican Candidate for

Labor Commissioner

Will foster industries and protect investments. Will give Employer and Employee a square deal.

Primaries May 17, 1918. Paid adv.

GANTENBEIN

Republican

To Succeed Himself

Circuit Judge, Department No. 6

15 years Active Practice.
10 years Circuit Judge.
16 years National Guard and Volunteer Service.

Paid Adv.

Candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor.

DR. J. E. ANDERSON
THE DALLES
Number 22 on Ballot

"Bone Dry."
Develop Oregon.
Law Enforcement.
National Prohibition.
National Woman's Suffrage.
Support of Public Schools.
Support of Adminstration's War Policy.

Paid Adv.

John Poff — J. H. Harvey

P. & H. Transfer Co.

Phone Columbia 308

206 N. Jersey — St. Johns, Ore.

Thelma is the Queen of Perfume. Currin Says So.

Useful Electrical Devices

Vacuum Cleaners
Hair Dryers
Boudoir Lamps
Samovars
Toasters
Disc Stoves
Foot Warmers
Milk Warmers
Massage Vibrators
Cigar Lighters
Ovens
Waffle Irons
Washing Machines
Library Lamps
Coffee Percolators
Chafing Dishes
Flat Irons
Curling Iron Heaters
Luminous Radiators
Tea Kettles
Sewing Machine Motors
Shaving Mirrors
Kitchen Ranges
Shaving Mugs

ELECTRIC STORE — ELECTRIC BUILDING

Portland Railway, Light & Power Co.

'Billie' Nichols RESTAURANT

111 N. JERSEY STREET
Open Evenings
GIVE US A CALL

"Did Right Before; will Do Right Again."

Herbert Gordon

Republican Candidate For

State Representative

Number 79 on Ballot

Paid Adv.

H. L. IDLEMAN

Number 85 on Ballot

Republican Candidate For

REPRESENTATIVE

I WILL WORK FOR

The vigorous prosecution of the War.
Strict economy in all Departments.
Bigger pay rolls and permanent pay rolls for Portland.
A square deal to all and special privileges to none.
Encourage Manufacturing Industries and Ship Building.
Have always championed and worked for better conditions for labor.
My record during a long residence in Portlan is a proof that I will carry out to the letter the above promises.
Slogan: Patriotic Devotion to Duty.

Paid Adv.

FOODS TASTE BETTER COOKED —TOBACCO TASTES BETTER TOASTED

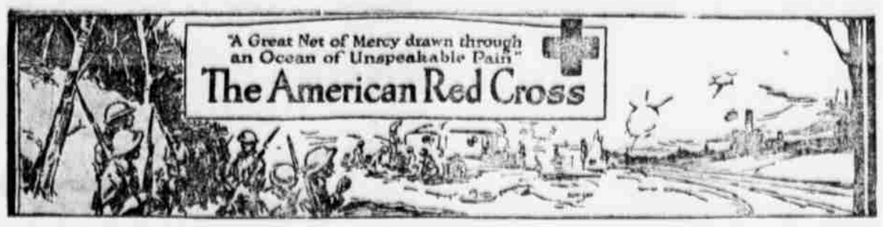
Since the day of the caveman, who liked his meat raw, civilization has learned a lot about the scientific treatment of the things we eat.

Naturally none of us would now prefer to have our meat raw, our potatoes as they come from the ground, our coffee unroasted.

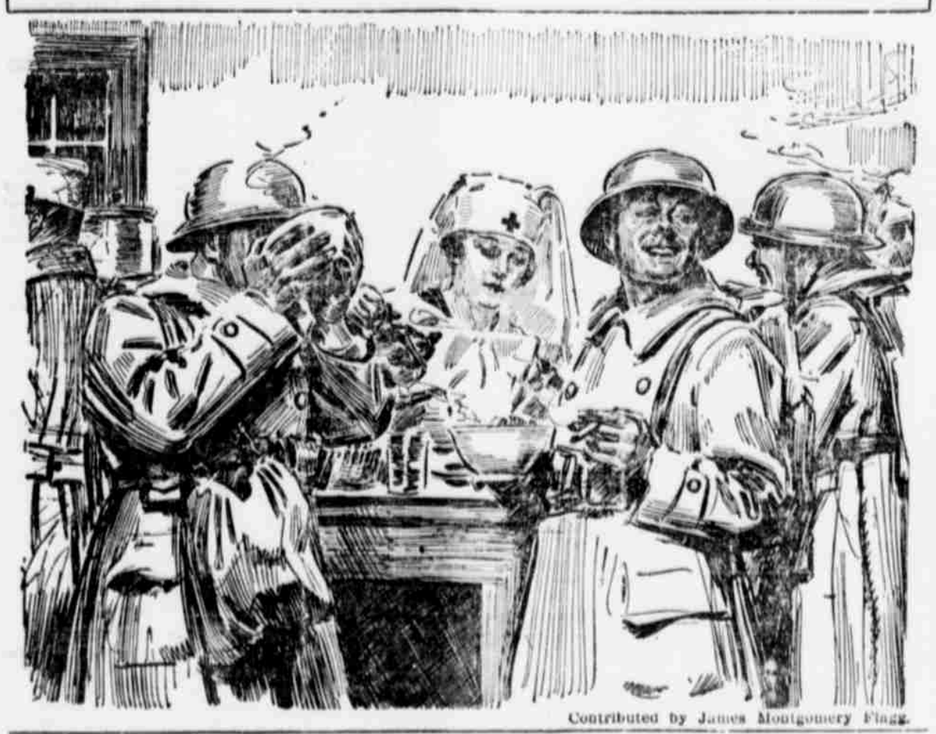
And naturally follows the great discovery recently made by The American Tobacco Co.—that tobacco tastes better TOASTED!

This wonderful new idea—simple like all great inventions—was first used in producing the famous LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette—made of toasted Burley tobacco.

Burley has a mellow flavor, entirely different from the tobacco usually used for cigarettes. It is a pipe tobacco and LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes taste like a pipe.



Out of the Trenches for a Breathing Space



Contributed by James Montgomery Flagg.

"They Are Our Boys; Get Ready, Everyone, for a Rush!"

The long train of freight cars whined and grumbled as it strove to stop. In the doorway of a great low building a white capped and gowned woman released a sunny smile and, turning so her voice carried into the building, called out, **"They are ours; get ready for a rush."**

Just how she could tell they were "ours" would be hard to explain, for at the moment she spoke hundreds of the dirtiest, grizzliest men a woman ever saw came fairly tumbling out of the freight cars. A moment more she was welcoming this muddy rabble with a laugh and cheering words.

Inside the building there were more women, all spick and span in white, with faces beaming, handing out good "home cooked" food over spotless tiled counters. Some of the boys fairly ran for the food; others went into the long batteries of baths, throwing out their vermin ridden clothes to be sterilized while they scrubbed their bodies back to a healthy glow.

What luxury it all was—food, tables, chairs, things to read, games to play, paper for writing, a barber shop, a movie theater and good, clean beds!

No one ever thought that these happy, smiling women might be tired, nor were they tired then, even though all day long they had been serving train after train of French and English troops, literally thousands of them. Yet what did that matter? For these boys that came at the end of a long day—these boys are "ours."

If your boy is in France you may be sure he has a song of praise for the fine women at work in the railway canteens of our own Red Cross, for at every important railway junction there is one of our Red Cross canteens and at each canteen there are 18 women—real, true American women.

SPEAKING OF MONEY

Just How the Goodfields— The Stingiest Couple in Town— Helped the Red Cross

By BOOTH TARKINGTON
Of the Vigilantes.

"Speaking of money," said my seafaring friend of the Maine coast, "we used to have an old man here named Goodfield. When he was young he used to sing in the church choir—that didn't cost nothin'—and married one of the Emberses, but didn't have only one child, and it died, and time he got to be about sixty-eight years old he'd saved up and was hirin' out his money at about as high a p' cent, as anybody. Made it all just tradin' and bein' careful what he spent. 'Careful? He wouldn't buy hisseif a pair of britches but once in eight years, and when his old sister that lived with 'em says one day she was bound to see what the inside the pitcher show theater looked like just once before she died, why, old Goodfield and his wife says that was the last straw, and they fixed up and had her hauled off to live on the county. His wife was just the same as him, too.

"Well, along about the middle o' the hard winter, three years ago, Goodfield took sick, and his wife told the neighbors they both thought it was a pretty good thing, comin' on him in the cold weather that way, because fuel was so high and a person in bed don't need to use any. They wouldn't hear of callin' in the doctor, and for two or three weeks the neighbors and old friends, most of 'em, was sure he was goin' to die, but then he begun to look so well there didn't hardly seem to be much hope.

Old Goodfield Walks In.

"He got to goin' out and shamblin' around again, and for awhile there wasn't nobody noticed anything much different. I reckon I was the first, and it come about mighty queer. It was like this: I was workin' in my shack one night pretty late, tryin' to spell out what was the matter with a carburetor I'd brought up from my boat, when there come a tap on the door, and old Goodfield walks in. I was kind o' surprised to see him, but I didn't say nothin' 'cept 'Good evenin',' and all of a sudden he says, 'Do you know how much money I'm worth?'

"He said it just like that—nothin' before it—and I said, 'For the Lord's sake, Mr. Goodfield, what's the matter?' He looked kind of funny to me.

"'I'm worth a hundred and twenty-four thousand three hundred and sixty-three dollars and fifty-one cents,' he says.

"'Well, by Orry!' I says.

"Well, sir, he begun to pant like he'd been runnin' up a hill; he got to heavin' like a winded horse; then he begun to cry and sob like a woman that's all excited when some one's just died. 'Well, by Orry!' I says. 'You better set down and quiet yourself,' I says. 'What's the matter?'

"'I got to die,' he says. 'I been sick,' he says. 'I been sick and I got to die!'

"'Well,' I says, 'we all got to die.'

"He kep' straight on cryin' and pantin' and sobbin'.

"'Yes,' he says, 'but I never knowed I had to! I never knowed it before I was sick. I kind o' thought I wouldn't reely haf to, when it come right down to it.

"'We're all fixed that way,' I says. 'We all got to have some sickness we won't get over.'

"Well, sir, he let out a yell that just about rose my hair. 'The rest of you ain't got a hundred and twenty-four thousand three hundred and sixty-three dollars and fifty-one cents!' he hollers. 'And I got to die!' he says; and he kep' on kind of shoutin' it. 'I got to die! I got to die! I got to die!' And then he pitches over before I could catch him and fell down on a couple o' busted lobster traps.

"Ole Cap. Whitcomb, he woke up in his shack next door and put on some clo'es and come in, lookin' scared to death. Him and me picked Goodfield up off the traps and got him home, half carryin' him, and him kind of whimperin' and slobberin' right on to when we left him doubled up on a rickety chair at his own house.

"Next day he was around, just about the same as ever, and never said nothin' about nothin', and the week after that he took Fred Owens' boat in for a debt, and you couldn't told there was anythin' the matter with him. What I mean, you couldn't told nothin' on him in daytime, but after dark he'd go shamblin' all around the village, and then when it got late, if he see a light somewheres, he'd go in there and have a spell just the same he had with me. Scared people with them spells, he did.

The Last of Goodfield's Money.

"'Long about September his wife up and supprised everybody, because she went to all the expense of havin' the old man declared insane and hauled off to the asylum. He cut his throat with a piece of broken bottle up there, and the funniest thing happened—they found the old woman dead the same afternoon in their house here. The court gave the estate to a trust company, and I guess that was the end of old Goodfield's hundred and twenty-four thousand three hundred and sixty-three dollars and fifty-one cents.

"Well, sir, you know all that about old Mr. and Mrs. Goodfield made a kind of a sensation, as you might call it, and there was quite a good deal of thinkin' and talkin' about it here in the village. There was some that claimed they figgered out how it all was meant to mean somethin'.

"Anyway, when the call come from Halifax last December we sent off mighty near half a carload of first rate clothin' right in a few hours, and there was two hundred and seventy odd dollars suscribed just in the village, and you know there wasn't hardly any of us real sure we could see the winter through ourselves.

"Yes, I'll put my name down for the Red Cross, and I'll shell out. I guess you won't have much trouble gittin' suscriptions from the rest, either. We got a good many boys from here over there now, and we wouldn't like to think of 'em shot and layin' out in the fields twistin' around and nobody to tend 'em because us at home hadn't found out yet that it's a mistake to think we're still goin' to have our savin's right nice and with us when we're dead!"

REVIEW'S LEGAL BLANKS

The following list of legal blanks are kept for sale at this office and others will be added as the demand arises:

Warranty deeds, Quit Claim Deeds, Realty and Chattel Mortgages, Satisfaction of Mortgages, Contracts for Sale of Realty, Bills of Sale, Leases.

Note the label on your paper.

The Central

THOS. GLOVER, Prop.

Philadelphia Street, St. Johns.

Soft Drinks as usual

Coldest and Coolest Drinks in town. Sandwiches, etc. All leading Summer Drinks.

TRY OUR MILK PUNCH

Note the label on your paper.

I buy or sell St. Johns Property

A. W. DAVIS

Real Estate

Fire Insurance and Notary Public

List your property with me if you desire to sell quickly

202 N. Jersey St. — St. Johns

Portsmouth Gospel Hall

Meeting 3 p. M. for Christians.
Gospel meeting in evening 7:30.
One door west of drug store.

No. 27 on the Ballot

One Good Term Deserves Another

Re-elect the Man who has Made Good

OUR WAR GOVERNOR

James Withycombe

Is it well to Change in War Time?

Oregon's Republican Governor

Paid Adv.

Vote: 35 X PERCY R. KELLY

of Linn County for Justice of the Supreme Court

Practiced law since 1892.
Circuit Judge since 1910.
Member of Commission of Law Reform appointed by Supreme Court.
Justice is patriotism's proudest boast and loyalty's greatest aid.

Paid Adv.

A Business Should be as Big as Its Job

If bigness is of benefit to the public it should be commended.

The size of a business depends upon the needs which that business is called upon to serve. A business should be **as big as its job.** You do not drive tacks with a pile-driver—or piles with a tack-hammer.

Swift & Company's growth has been the natural and inevitable result of national and international needs.

Large-scale production and distribution are necessary to convert the live stock of the West into meat and by-products, and to distribute them over long distances to the consuming centers of the East and abroad.

Only an organization like that of Swift & Company, with its many packing plants, hundreds of distributing houses, and thousands of refrigerator cars, would have been able to handle the varying seasonal supplies of live stock and meet the present war emergency by supplying, without interruption:

***First*—The U. S. soldiers and the Allies in Europe by shipping as much as 800 carloads of meat products in a single week!**

***Second*—The cantonments in the United States.**

***Third*—The retailers upon whom the American public depends for its daily supply of meat.**

But many people ask—Do producers and consumers pay too much for the complex service rendered?

Everyone, we believe, concedes the **efficiency** of the Swift & Company organization—in performing a big job in a big way at a minimum of expense.

Swift & Company's total profit in 1917 was less than 4 cents on each dollar of sales of meat and by-products. Elimination of this profit would have had practically no effect on live stock and meat prices.

Do you believe that this service can be rendered for less by any other conceivable method of organization or operation?

These questions and others are answered fully and frankly in the Swift & Company 1918 Year Book sent free on request.
Address Swift & Company, U. S. Yards, Chicago

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

For **PATRIOTISM**

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.

Buy **SAPOLIO**

For **ECONOMY**

"Actions speak louder than words"-Act-Don't Talk-Buy Now

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