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TRAINING LITTLE CHILDREN

Suggestions by mothers who have been kindergartners. Issued by the United States Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., and the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.

(By Mrs. Isabel S. Wallace)

How many things can be made by folding ordinary wrapping paper! Soldier caps for small boys keep them amused for a long time. A house and furniture with a few cut-out dollies make such busy little girls. After all it is the simplest things that make children happiest.

When at my mother's home one time my little girl folded and cut a house, windows, doors and all. Her grandmother was delighted and the little one said, "We'll keep it to show grandpa and I guess he'll say I am a smart tottie." With a little thought mothers can learn how to fold and teach their children to fold a number of things. It is excellent practice in accuracy and neatness, besides affording the joy of making something.

In a regular kindergarten all the sets of blocks, which are of different sizes, are kept in boxes with covers, and each child puts his away carefully and correctly or else the cover will not fit. Then all the sets are collected and packed in a closet by a help of the children. Children love to help keep things in order and enjoy doing it.

At home also, a child should have a place for his toys. A playroom is ideal, but if this cannot be provided, some place surely can be found, even in a small flat, which a child may have for his very own to keep his toys in. From the age of sixteen months I insisted that my little girl put her toys away neatly. We began it as play, and now it is a habit. Of course, sometimes she is in very much of a hurry to do something else but the toys are put away in the end. We made her a large drygoods box, standing up on end. My husband put cheap castors on it and two shelves across it. There all the small toys are kept. The blocks have their own boxes; the small things have baskets; and crayons, pictures and papers go into a box with a cover. All of them fit into the shelves; also the animals, dolls' trunks, washbuds and many other such things. The picture books have a compartment in the large bookcase. "A place for everything and everything in its place," when little folks have finished playing, makes a good rule.

One day when my child was not at home, a little girl came in for a visit. I took her into the playroom and left her there very happy. After a short time she went home. When I returned to the playroom I found everything so scattered over the floor that there was hardly room to walk. The next time the little girl came, I had a talk with her. I made it a rule, and it is a hard rule to keep, for some mothers are offended, that if a child will not help put away the toys carefully when he is ready to go home then he cannot come back to play with that toy again until he is ready to do what I ask. My little girl was playing at a neighbor's a few days later. When it was time to come

Thin the Garden Plants

"Many home gardeners make a mistake in not leaving enough space between plants for best development," says Prof. A. G. Bouffet, head of vegetable gardening at O. A. C. "Thinning should be done before the plants begin to crowd and to grow slender and weak. Pull up the inferior plants leaving the best standing at the right distance apart in the row. Head lettuce should have 8 to 10 inches, radish 1 inch, beets, carrots, onions and parsnips 2 to 3 inches, and sugar corn, squash, cucumbers and pumpkins should have three vigorous plants, not crowding each other, to the hill.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for any debts hereafter contracted or incurred by my wife, Bertha Gofzefsky, who is living separate and apart from me, without my consent.
JOSEPH F. GOZEFSKY.

Twilight Society to Meet

The Ladies' Aid Society, of Twilight, will meet at the home of Mrs. Paul Ellings tomorrow afternoon (Friday), at 2 o'clock. Refreshments will be served and a program rendered. The society extends a cordial invitation to all who care to attend.

Era of Speechlessness.

"You haven't made a speech in some time."
"Why make a speech?" said Senator Soregum. "With all this war news they wouldn't print it, and if they did print it, nobody would read it."

Not Mandatory.

"What are you going to order for breakfast?" asked the waiter.
"Order?" repeated the man with a precise manner. "I shouldn't think of ordering. But I will venture deferentially to request a boiled egg and a cup of coffee."

"Somewhere in France"

with
Arthur Guy Empey
Author of "OVER THE TOP"
(Continued)

Blighty! "What Hopes?"

By
Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey
Author of "Over the Top,"
"First Call," Etc.

Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seventeen Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

(Copyright, 1917, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

The battle of the Somme was still raging. I had been hit by three rifle bullets, one through the left cheek, the other two through the left shoulder, while engaged in a trench raid for prisoners, and was on my journey to Blighty.

I remember being carried down a flight of steps and placed on a white table in a brightly lighted room, a doctor and a sergeant bending over me—a delicious drink of ale, then the whispered word "chloroform," something like a gas helmet being placed over my nose and mouth, a couple of long, indrawn, gasping breaths, a rumbling in my ears; then the skyline of New York suddenly appeared. This was quickly followed by the Statue of Liberty shaking hands with the Singer building; a rushing, hissing sound in my ears, like escaping steam, and then—blackness.

I opened my eyes. I was lying on a stretcher, covered with blankets, in a low-roofed, wooden building. Across the way from me was a long row of stretchers, each stretcher holding a wounded Tommy, some lying flat, others propped up by folded blankets. Others were sitting on their stretchers tenderly caressing an arm bound up with white bandages.

Occasionally a stretcher, reclining on which was a muddy and bloody soldier, would be carried down the aisle by two stretcher bearers. This stretcher would be placed in an open space in the row opposite.

I could hear a hum of conversation all about me, and as my brain cleared snatches of it became intelligible. My right hand seemed to be in a vise. I could not release it. Squirming in bed, which sent a sharp, shooting pain through my left shoulder, I tried with my unbandaged eye to see what was holding my wrist.

A Royal Army Medical corps man was sitting on the floor at the head of my stretcher, and had my wrist in his grasp. He was about twenty years old, and looked dog-tired; his chin would gradually sink to his chest, as if he were falling asleep; then he would suddenly start, lift up his head with a jerk, and stare around the room. Pretty soon his eyelids would slowly close. I gave my arm a tug and he quickly opened his eyes; then across his face flashed a smile. To me it appeared like the sun rising from behind a hill at daybreak. That smile sent a warm glow through me. I believe that night then I was in love with his boyish face. Then he opened his mouth and, as is usual in such cases, spouted it all:

"Strife me plink, but you do tye your own bloomin' time to come out o' chloroform. 'Er I've been, bloody well balmy, a 'oldin' your bloomin' pulse."

Out of the corner of my mouth I asked him:

"Where am I?"
Still smiling, he halted a stretcher bearer across the way.

"I see, 'Awkins, this blighter wants



"What's the Matter? Am I Wounded?"

a bloomin' map of Frawnce; 'e wants to know where 'e is."

"'Awkins, across the way, answered: "Tell 'im 'e's bloomin' well in Sam Isaac's fish 'ouse down Tottenham Court Road, awainn' for 'a order o' fish and chips."

This brought a general laugh from the Tommies opposite me and on my right and left.

Somewhat incensed at their merriment, I retorted:

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"Quit your kidding; for the love of Mike, have some sense. What's the matter? Am I wounded?"

"The stretcher bearer, still with the sunny smile on his face, which made me feel a little ashamed at my resentment, answered:

"'Naw, you ain't wounded, myte. You just 'appened to fall down in the bloomin' road and one o' those blinkin' tanks crawled over you."

This rather frightened me, and in a pleading voice I asked:

"Please tell me; what is the matter with me?"

The stretcher bearer leaned over and read from a little tag pinned to my tunic:

"G. S. W. left face—(two) left shoulder. Cot."

Then he carried on:

"'Hit means that you 'ave a rifle bullet through the left side of your clock (face) and two bullets through your left shoulder, and that you're a cot case, which means that you won't 'ave to bloody well walk. Two of us poor blokes will 'ave to carry you on a stretcher. You sure are a lucky bloke; pretty cushy, I calls it."

I asked him if the wounds were good for Blighty.

He answered:

"'Yes, you're good for Blighty, and I'm a-thinkin' that they're good for a discharge. That left 'arm o' your'n will be out o' commission for the rest o' your life. Your wife, if you've got one, will 'lomin' well 'ave to cut your meat for you, that is if you're lucky enough to get any blinkin' meat in the pension the Top 'Ats 'ome will and you."

A feeling of pride surged through me. In a hospital of wounded soldiers a severely wounded case is more or less looked up to, while a man with a superficial wound is treated as an ordinary mortal. I could read respect, perhaps intermixed with a little envy, in the eyes of the surrounding Tommies and medical men.

The door at the end of the ward opened. A howl came from the cot at my right, and a gruff Irish voice shouted:

"'Close that damned door. You bloomin' hospital men have no sense at all. Here I am, knocked about by a shell, and the likes o' youse puts me in a bloody draft. It's a good thing we 'ave a navy; with the likes o' you blokes in the army, we certainly need one."

A snicker went up from the patients. Then a Tommy on my left answered this outburst with:

"'Bloody nerve, I call it. 'Er 'e is, 'e covered with blankets, and grousin' about a little draft, and not many hours back 'e was lyin' in a bloomin' shell 'ole, with the wind a-blowin' the whiskers off 'im, and 'e a-prayn' for stretcher bearers. I'll wager a quid 'e belongs to the Royal Irish Rifles."

"The man on my right retorted:

"'Naw, I'm not in the Royal Irish Rifles, but I belong to a good outfit—the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and I can lick the man that says they ain't."

Just then, from a corner of the ward, came the voice of a stretcher bearer:

"'Jones, get the M. O. (medical officer). 'urry up—quick—this poor bloke's a-goin' well."

The man holding my hand suddenly released his grip, and rising to his feet hurriedly left the ward. A dead silence ensued. I tried to turn in the direction from which the first voice had come, but the sharp pain in my shoulder warned me that it was useless.

In a few seconds the door opened and I could hear low voices down in the corner. I could see the Tommies around me intently gazing in the direction of the voices. After a few minutes the door opened again, then closed, and Jones came back. I looked up at him and he solemnly nodded.

One more son of Britain had paid the toll of war.

My unbandaged eye suddenly became cloudy and misty and a hot tear rolled down my cheek.

The door at the other end of the ward opened and two stretcher bearers entered, going in the direction of the dead man. Pretty soon they left the ward, carrying a stretcher, on which was a still form covered with a blanket. The Irishman on my right was repeating to himself:

"'Poor bloke, poor bloke; he sure done his bit, and it won't be long before he'll be pushin' up the daisies somewhere in France. And before this war is over, there'll be lots more in the same fix."

One of the Tommies, in an effort to be brave, addressed Jones:

"'What's 'is name, Mike? What battalion is 'e from?"

Jones answered:

"'James Collins, a lance corporal out of the Royal Warwicks; five machine gun bullets through the right lung—hemorrhage."

The door opened again and two stretcher bearers entered, carrying a Tommy, his head lying flat, and a smell of ether pervaded the ward. We knew it was a case from the Pictures (Operating room). The stretcher bearers placed him on the right of the Irishman.

James now left me, and getting a little white basin, went over to the new arrival. The Tommies turned inquiring looks in his direction. Answering these glances, he read from the tag pinned to the tunic of the patient:

"'Shell wound, left foot—amputation."

Then and there I knew that I had lost my prestige.

In a short while the form on the stretcher began to mumble. This mumbled soon turned to singing; that Tommy sure could sing! He must have been a comedian in civilian life, because the Tommies were soon roaring with laughter; so was I, as much as my wounds would permit. Harry Tate, the famous English comedian, in his palmist days, never had a more appreciative audience. After a while the singing ceased, and the Tommies began conversing among themselves. The main topic was—"Blighty—What Hopes?" Each one was hoping his wound was serious enough for him to be sent to England. The stretcher bearers were being pestered with questions as to what chance the Tommies had of reaching their coveted goal. I believe they all envied the man under either, because, with a left foot missing, he was sure to be sent to Blighty.

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(Paid Adv.)

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KENT WILSON NOW HOME FROM FOREIGN SERVICE



Sergeant Kent Wilson, son of Sheriff Wilson, arrived from France in Portland Wednesday. He was given a royal welcome by friends from this city, who met the young hero at the Union station in Portland when the train pulled in with Oregon boys from overseas. Sergeant Wilson has been with a hospital unit in France and Germany for the past two years, and has had many exciting experiences while serving his country overseas. The following friends and relatives journeyed to Portland yesterday to meet the young soldier: Miss Glyde Schuebel, Miss Edith Aldredge, Miss Jessie Paddock, Miss Ruth Miller, Mrs. W. C. Green, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Chapman, Mrs. Frank Moore, Miss Alma Moore, Miss Florence Moore, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Gordon Wilson, Rollo Wilson.

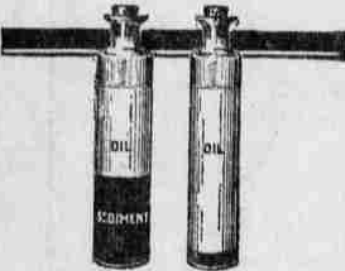
Testing Improves Dairy Herds
The 877 cows tested in Oregon during February averaged 502.75 pounds milk and 21.65 pounds fat. The best association was the Nestucca, 358 cows averaging 770 pounds milk and 30.5 pounds fat. The best herd was William Glick's of Nestucca, 11 cows averaging 951 pounds milk and 40.40 pounds fat. The best cow, William Glick's grade Jersey, Cream, gave 1228 pounds milk containing 67.5 pounds fat. "Run these figures over again," says the O. A. C. press bulletin, "and see whether it pays to test." E. L. Westover, of the college dairy department, will help the community organize for testing.

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