

Nothing is easier to explain than a political victory.

This is to be a new world made on American plans.

There'll be no German-Americans after the war, either.

Making the world safe for democracy is no easy task.

In Europe now every little nation has a crisis all its own.

Among other enemies the Spanish influenza is retiring on all fronts.

This war has exercised curative methods on the tightwad habit.

BUTTER WRAPS

Furnished and Printed at the Leader office

Sixty (minimum)	\$1 00
One hundred	1 35
Two hundred	2 00
Each additional hundred	0 60

(Postage Extra on Mail Orders.)

TERMS, CASH ONLY

WESTON LEADER

CLARK WOOD, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Strictly in Advance

The Year	\$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	0 50

FRIDAY, DEC. 27 1918

Entered at the postoffice at Weston, Oregon as second-class mail matter.

ADVERTISING RATES

Regular, per inch per insertion	15c
Transient, per inch per insertion	20c
Locals, per line per insertion	10c

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS

The Leader has a fairly good circulation for a two-dollar cash-in-advance newspaper in a limited field. Circulation in proportion to population considered, it covers its particular territory better than does any daily paper from Portland to Spokane, inclusive.

And yet the subscription sum which the community of Weston pays for the privilege of having a newspaper is not excessive. For the newspapers delivered from the local postoffice and rural routes we receive no more in one year than a railroad freight brakeman draws in two months. An expert riveter has earned as much in two days. A Gary, Indiana, steel worker will draw down as much or more in a fortnight. A busy country store will take in more in one day. The receipts of a peanut stand will amount to as much in two weeks. A big farmer will pay out from two to three times as much in one year for garage bills and think nothing of it.

We are moved to these remarks through hearing that two dollars a year is too much money for a little country paper. Frankly, it is, from the standpoint of newspaper value. We know of one big weekly of nation-wide circulation which sells for only fifty cents a year and is worth a dozen country papers. Yet it isn't worth as much to Weston, or to anyone interested in Weston, as is the Weston Leader.

Because of its limited field the Leader must have two dollars a year. At that its subscription receipts do not quite meet its cash expenses. It depends for its net profit on advertising and jobwork.

The Leader has been and is of practical value to the Weston community. Its services are too long to recount here. In the one respect of getting the normal school building it was worth more to the Weston community than it would receive in subscription money in one hundred years.

THE LEADER IS WORTH TWO DOLLARS A YEAR TO ANYONE WHO WANTS A NEWSPAPER IN WESTON.

Bear that fact in mind, friends all, when you receive notice of an expired subscription.

A Portland firm advertises funerals for \$75 each—which fact superinduces more or less pleasing reflections as to the Low Cost of Dying.

AN HOSTILE ATTITUDE

Brother Julian and Brother O'Neill are not in perfect sympathy with government operation of railroads, and we would suggest to McAdoo or his successor that a little judicious placing of passes at Attalia and Prescott would not be amiss. To be sure, this practice has been abolished, but an exception might profitably be made now and then in order to properly direct the power of the press. We are going to help out our journalistic brothers by giving their plaint the benefit of the Leader's much wider circulation. This is from Brother Julian's paper:

"Under the present system it seems useless to ask any favors of the railroads. Chaos exists. Vexatious delays and numerous shortages occur in freight shipments. Business men assert that entire shipments of merchandise fail to reach their destination. Passenger fares, freight and express rates have raised to undue proportions. It frequently happens that timetables are changed without notice to the public. As Charley O'Neill

tersely puts the railroad situation: 'Now it's a case of to h—l with the public—the government is not concerned with such trifles.' Our long-cherished dream of government-owned railroads is shattered."

Aside from which, we presume, the railroads are all right.

"Good Demand for All Kinds of Lovestock," says a headline on the Oregonian's market page. This would have looked a bit more appropriate on the Journal's market page, for reasons not unconnected with the given name of the latter's market editor.

Trotzky's roast of Czernin revives recollection of the celebrated pot and kettle episode.

The senator from Massachusetts is a distinguished statesman, no doubt, but every now and then we are tempted to exclaim: "Oh, for a Lodge in some vast wilderness!"

The Corvallis Times waxes facetious as follows:

"It was only to be expected that a woman named Mary Tongue would be granted an 'interlocutory' decree of divorce in San Francisco."

Still, it is not to be inferred that Secretary Glass will have a painful task.

"What a pity that the president wasn't twins!" is the way it looks to the Columbia State.

"The Russ is not to have a seat at the peace table." A seat at any table would probably look good to him.

Although world peace is in the air, the overtures will have to come from over the hill if the great pact of amity extends to Colonel Wood and Kernei Boyd.

At that, Berlin is not enjoying an especially civil war.

It is quite apparent that Wilson knows not only what to say but what to leave unsaid.

Notice to Subscribers

If this notice is marked it signifies that your subscription expires with this issue. We would most gratefully appreciate your prompt renewal.

Subscription rates—by the year, \$2.00; six months, \$1.00; three months, 50 cents.

The Leader is invariably discontinued at expiration.

Have You Kept Your Pledge?

Have you kept your pledge to buy War Savings Stamps? Have you purchased as many of these baby bonds as you can this year? If not, do so at once. Umatilla county has not yet reached its yearly quota and the time for making up the deficiency is short. Fulfill your pledge today.

R. T. BISHOP,
County W. S. S. Chairman.

A NEW SUIT?

If you want one for Fall and Winter we will be glad to supply you. We represent the best tailoring houses in Chicago and guarantee A PERFECT FIT.

If you want to make your old suit do we can make it look GOOD AS NEW by expert

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FIGHTING AND FEASTING ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Interesting Excerpts From Letter of Lieutenant Smith.

First Lieutenant Charles H. Smith of the 361st Infantry had Thanksgiving dinner with the officers of the Second Battalion in Deynze, Belgium. For such a stricken land they fared well—although geese came at \$12 each. The financial output for a dinner of 18 plates was \$45 and the menu follows:

Celery, bouillon, roast goose, chicken fricassee, mashed potatoes, creamed cabbage, bread and butter, blackberry jam, baked apple with cream, coffee, cheese, cigars, wine.

In the course of an interesting letter to Mrs. Smith descriptive of fighting in the Argonne the lieutenant says:

"The road entering Very leads along the side of a hill fifteen or twenty feet from the top and Fritz tried real hard to get us there. Shell after shell swished over our heads and burst in the bottom of the draw 50 yards away. The column was being held up while advance companies were distributed along the protected side of the hill. Just before entering the town the road made a right-angled turn and His Nibs began trying for the bend in the road. Fortunately he missed by about 20 yards, but it was hell to stand there while shell after shell broke in a cloud of brick dust and refuse right beside us. All night long Fritz shelled this road at periods of from 15 minutes to half an hour. For about two hours until my extreme fatigue was worn off I slept. Then I froze out and had to walk to keep warm. Next morning about ten we took position on the line and heavy resistance was encountered. All day long our troops fought against snipers and machine guns with the enemy artillery shelling us constantly and most of our own not caught up yet. What did seem to have difficulty in getting the range at times—frequently dropping shells into our own troops and creating much consternation. I thought my career was probably over when our own artillery dropped a number of shells along the road where I was dressing wounded and tagging dead. At last the cry, 'Raise the Artillery!' was productive of results, much to our relief. Again that afternoon I got into a nice little barrage put over from only a few hundred yards at point blank range upon troops advancing to the attack. I thought sure they had my address that time, but they only got within half a number. And so we went on for eight days with miraculous escapes nearly every day. For four days we conducted a dressing station in the woods just back of the front lines while our troops simply held, waiting for the artillery to mass and for arrangements to be completed for a general advance. Our station was a flimsy split log building along an east and west road between the junction of two north and south roads with this road, about 150 yards apart. Enemy airplanes constantly reconnoitered the woods and whenever they could spot any accumulation of men on these roads a put-put-put sound would be heard; and before we had time to look for cover whang-whang shells were bursting all around. Regularly all night the Hun guns started on the position of our troops and covered it thoroughly."

Lieutenant Smith writes in lighter vein of life in the battalion billet after the armistice. Among other things, he says:

"As to my trunk locker—with all my white shirts and collars, pajamas, extra shoes, cap and sundry other things various misguided individuals advised us to bring over—I've had as little use for it as for the spurs issued me in Camp Lewis, never having had access to a horse since landing in France. One thing I'm thankful for is that I fell for as little of that 'bull' as I did."

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Davis & Ellis

Happy New Year to All

WATCH FOR DATES OF OUR MAMMOTH STOCK-REDUCING SALE

Weston Mercantile Co.