

# E. & W. Chandler The Different Store

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## THE RICHLAND HOTEL

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Real Gravely Chewing Plug gives a pure, clean tobacco taste—a lasting tobacco satisfaction that the chewer of ordinary tobacco doesn't get.



Peyton Brand  
Real Gravely  
Chewing Plug  
10c a pouch—and worth it

Gravely lasts so much longer it costs no more to chew than ordinary plug

F. B. Gravely Tobacco Company  
Danville, Virginia

Church Services at New Bridge  
Sunday school at 10 a. m.  
Preaching at 11 a. m.  
Epworth League at 7:30 p. m.  
Preaching at 8:30 p. m.  
Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8:30.  
J. M. Johnson, Minister.

At the Christian Church.  
Rev. V. K. Allison of Halfway will preach at Richland Christian church next Sunday, June 30th, both morning and evening. The public is earnestly invited to hear both sermons.

## Feminine Gratitude

By PAULINE D. EDWARDS

I had refused Tom Middleton a dozen times. Providence had seen fit to bestow upon me a taste for art, and I considered that I must either give up a life devoted to the work of an artist or refrain from taking a husband. I decided to give up the husband. That I had a taste for art I well knew, but whether or not I had a genius for art I must learn from the critics, for, though the public is the final arbiter in all pertaining to genius, the critics usually point the way. Tom was considered one of the best art critics in America.

He had encouraged me in my profession till I told him that I loved it better than I loved him. In this I was silly, for it was an admission that I did love him and that had it not been for my desire to shine as an artist I would marry him.

One day after I had made this admission he came into my studio, as he often did, for a chat. I was at work on a marine view. He stood before my easel examining the picture, which was nearly finished.

"I have a suggestion to make," he said. "You got your original inspiration from nature, but you have done too much work on it in your studio. Go to the seashore and finish it there."

I was in a quandary whether to take his advice or stick to what others had told me. After much deliberation I packed up my traps and, taking my mother with me, went to the Seaside hotel at Veunedeau. There I spent my time watching for some effective light which would add a marked effect to my picture.

A storm came up one day, and for a few minutes there was a glow of sunlight through a rift in the clouds which warmed the rocks and cast a livid light on the waves breaking against them that was a marvel of beauty. I hurriedly worked as much of it in as I could in so short a time, trusting to put in the rest from memory.

Soon after I had done this night fell, and I took my picture to my hotel, intending to resume work on it in the morning. When the morning came and I looked at my canvas I saw an abominable dabbling of white, red and black paint. It was at once plain to me that I had spoiled the painting. I tried to change it; but, as for getting the storm picture, I had made a botch of it. I could not finish it from memory, for there was nothing worth finishing.

I returned to my home. Tom heard I was back and dropped into my studio to see, he said, the result of my work at the seashore.

"Well," he said, "how did it work?"  
"I have to thank you," I replied bitterly, "for having spoiled a picture that was well enough as it was. It is now a daub, and I can't restore it."  
"Let me see it," he said.

I brought it out and set it on the easel in no good humor. He glanced at it and seemed perfectly satisfied with what I had done.

"You tried to do too much," he said. "What I advised was to seize upon a light similar to the one you had and modify your work here and there in the painting. You have evidently jumped from soft summer skies to—"  
"To a hodgepodge," I finished for him, ready to cry.

He saw that I was disappointed and, being the cause of my disappointment, was very repentant. He cursed himself for a meddler and vowed he would never interfere with an artist's work again. His penitence touched my heart.

"Don't blame yourself," I said. "It was all my fault. I should have been satisfied with my work. You have taught me a valuable lesson. Hereafter I will not aspire to do some wonderful thing all at once."

"And you forgive me?" he pleaded.  
"There is nothing to forgive. You doubtless gave the advice in the spirit in which I took it, hoping to launch me into fame all at once."

When two persons of opposite sex begin to blame themselves for something one or the other has done wrong, especially where the man knows his mind and the woman doesn't, they are very likely to become very gentle with each other. Tom swore he was to blame, and I declared that it was entirely my fault. The first thing I knew his arm was about my waist and I was mourning the loss of my picture with my head on his shoulder.

"You will find, sweetheart," he said, "many disappointments in life. How can we meet them with no one to sympathize with us? Whether or not you

adhere to your profession, at least give me the right to love you and comfort you when distressed."

It was so nice to have a strong man to comfort me in my trouble that I yielded then and there and told Tom that I would love him instead of my art. It made me happy to make him happy. As soon as I had yielded I placed a thousand times the value on him that I did on acquiring fame as an artist. Indeed, I admitted as much.

After we were married and were returning from our wedding trip we fell to talking about my having given up art. Tom said to me:

"You have a great deal of talent for art, but not genius, which is very rare. I know you would be disappointed in the end. I sent you to the seashore purposely to spoil that picture, for it was so good that it would have led you, like an ignis fatuus, to do something great, which would have been always just beyond your reach."

What do you suppose I did? I threw myself into his arms and thanked him for spoiling my picture.

Isn't that just like a woman?

Get your lard and shortening at Raley's; prices are right.—ad

### Must Show Their Colors.

The Baker county W.S.S. committee have issued the following statement: "Every resident of the county must be reported to the Treasury Department at Washington in connection with the W.S.S. drive on June 28th. There are only two methods provided for in reporting—one is the signed pledge card and the other is the yellow card.

"Unfortunately there are some in the county who will not help this cause, either because they are too penurious or because they are not loyal. These last are not decent American citizens. They are not fit for association with those who are giving their sons, their money, and their time to help win the war, and such people will be singled out and the good citizens of the county will be given an opportunity to know who they are."

### A Soldier's Pack

Pvt. Walter H. J. Greene, 2nd Field Artillery, Batt. E, Camp Fremont, Calif., has written to his aunt, Mrs. Winnie L. Byrne, of his army experience and says: "We have to stand retreat every night except Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday, but have inspection every Saturday. We must have our rifles and our clothes spick and span, our shoes shined, and shave every night. We must do this between 4:30 and 6, and believe me, we have to go some."

The 2nd, 83rd and 81st F. A., the 318th engineers, and a regiment of infantry, marched down to Stanford University yesterday and had a singing contest. The 2nd F. A. was one of the best so will sing next Sunday at the big contest. It was sure a fine sight to see the 6000 men marching; they were strung out for about two miles.

We will have a full pack inspection tomorrow. Besides our rifles we will have the regular infantry pack consisting of

- 1 suit underwear
  - 2 pair Sox
  - 1 towel, bar soap, tooth brush, comb, 1 pr shoe laces
  - 1 mess kit
  - 1 knife, fork, spoon, meat saw
  - Cans for coffee, sugar, salt and pepper
  - 1 blanket, shelter half, slicker, cup, canteen, cartridge belt
- The complete pack including the strap harness weighs about

60 pounds. When we go to France we will have an overcoat added.

We filled the cassettes with shell and shrapnel today and are going on the range next week with the big guns. It will sure sound fine to hear them roar. Each shell weighs about 125 pounds.

We will be at the range for about a week and will have to sleep on the ground, which won't be very nice as it gets mighty cold here nights.

There was a lad killed by a truck the other day. He enlisted about the same time I did, drilled with me when we were recruits and occupied the tent next mine. He was a fine fellow and would have made a good soldier.

A person can't tell when he is going to get killed, but I would sure like to get a whack at the Germans before I get mine.

I suppose we will be going to France soon for we turned in our foot lockers the other day and are being fully equipped. Everyone is anxious to go."

## What You Want

For Sale or Trade, For Rent, Wanted to Buy, Etc.

If its shingles, sash, doors, or blinds, you need—see Eidson.

FOUND—Gold locket and chain at opera house June 14th. Owner my have same on paying for this advertisement.

You will save money if you buy your breakfast foods at Raley's.

480 acre stock ranch for sale in Idaho, about 50 miles west of Yellowstone Park; will sell cheap for cash. Inquire at this office.

Be sure and get your Flags for Fourth of July at Richland Drug Store.—ad

Have good 4-yr-old bay horse weight 1300 pounds that I will sell or trade for good cow. Eli Stanciu.—ad

For Rent—Building suitable for bakery, confectionery or restaurant. Call on or address Frank Clarke, Richland.—ad

FOR SALE—Three large Durham-Jersey milch cows, just fresh and extra good milkers. Also eight weaned pigs. Call on John W. Patterson, Richland.

Celebrate at  
**Sparta**  
**July 4th**

Singing  
Speaking  
Basket Dinner  
Games  
Dancing  
Red Cross Benefit