

Look the List Over

If you are interested call and get our prices.

WINDOW GLASS, ALL SIZES

VARNISH, STAINS, ENAMELS
PHOENIX PURE PAINTS

SHEEP DIP STOCK TONIC
POULTRY FOOD

—and a new and up-to-date line of Wall Paper. WE BUY RIGHT—
we'll SELL RIGHT.

Burkhart & Lee

Albany, Oregon



Have the family group taken with the boy before he leaves for the front.

Clifford Studio

Special Sale Ukuleles and Banjukes

This week only—

\$8.00 Hawaiian Ukuleles, on sale	\$6.50
\$9.50 Hawaiian Ukuleles at	\$7.50
\$9.50 Hawaiian Ukuleles to sell at	\$9.50
\$15.00 Hawaiian Banjukes for	\$11.50
\$15.00 Ukulele Banjukes	\$12.95

This week only for Ukulele Instruction Books	75c
Steel Guitar outfits for	\$1.50

Woodworth Drug Co.

Jitney Service

Both Phones 25

Get Your Grain Bags and Sack Twine

at

Murphy's Seed Store

We Clean and Buy

Vetch, Cheat, Wheat, Oats, Barley, Beans and Clover Seed

... We Buy ...

Hay Grain Seed Vetch Beans
Any Quantity—Any Place
Unlimited Storage Facilities

Cleaning Chopping

M. Senders & Co.

TWICE HAVE SEEN THE KAISER!

By D. L. Hanson of the Vigilantes

Twice have I seen the Kaiser; once a July Thursday in 1910, at the Norwegian Industrial Exposition in Bergen. He was kneeling on an outspread handkerchief in order to examine the under parts of a made-in-Norway automobile, from which he up at times and dictated brief sentences to an adjutant, who stood erect beside him, note-book in hand. Such had been his custom, whenever his yacht, the "Hohenzollern," had laid into Bergen for supplies that summer, so I was told by a director of the Exposition. From that I, an American business man, drew high opinions of William of Germany's abilities as a leader of an efficient people.

Four days later the Kaiser was in Koenigsburg, dedicating his twenty-seventh palace. Of course, he made a speech, which, I then in Edinburgh read with avidity—hadn't I seen his royalship kneeling, etc? Of the many "Me unt Got" sentiments that remarkable harangue contained, I cull this gem: "To one only do I owe any responsibility for my actions as Kaiser, to God Almighty and to him alone."

I joined in the laugh that went the world around at that sentiment, but wise men in Germany laughed not. In Hamburg many leading merchants hung crepe in their windows, while in Frankfurt am Main an indignation meeting was held, as was also done in various other cities. Nor was the press silent. The Chancellor of that day—von Bulow, was it not?—interviewed the loquacious and megalomaniacal wearer of the crown and afterwards handed out that this would positively be the last of all the bad breaks Wilhelm would make—a promise that was broken shortly after, resulting in the resignation of von Bulow.

Twenty-five years of peace, the "gift of the Kaiser" to the world, we were assured, was celebrated two years later, but Germany's keenest analyst, now doing sentence in Berlin, thought otherwise: "The speeches of the Kaiser, reflecting as they have, his frame of mind, will eventually precipitate Germany into the position of being the aggressor in a world-wide war," said Liebknecht. "And we as a people, are getting soft-headed by listening to these vapors," he went on to say. All of which meant six months for lese majeste to this clear thinker and unabridged speaker.

There the explanation of the national psychology which enabled the Kaiser, the leader of the Junkers, not their tool, to pull off the invasion of Belgium of Luxemburg, the rapine of Louvain, the sinking of the Lusitania, the violation of the women of Flanders and Picardy—why continue the infamous list—amid the applause of his people, professors and ministers of the gospel alike shouting their approval in blasphemous phrases.

Megalomania? Yes, no question about it, and at the same time the most contagious and malignant ailment that has ever afflicted this sorely smitten human race of ours. The cure is that prescribed by Doctor Woodrow Wilson—absolute extermination of the Hohenzollerns, root and branch!

But I saw the Kaiser twice; the second time, when a few days later, his yacht, "Hohenzollern," steamed low to bow with my Newcastle-bound boat out through Bergen fjord toward the open Atlantic. It was a summer night, fair as ever God sent to this world, and the mountains looked down in serene approval as the royal yacht with her convoy steamed homeward to Germany, the Kaiser's vacation being over. At the fjord mouth our courses diverged, the Kaiser's to the South, to Swinemunde, while ours lay straight west. I turned my glasses on the "Hohenzollern" for a last look at royalty. On the bridge stood the well-set-up figure of the Kaiser, attired in blue coat and white trousers, looking the picture of a ruler. Suddenly out of the North Atlantic swept one of those storms for which that coast is noted. Darkness enveloped the Kaiser, the royal yacht and its convoy, the rain goured and the wind blew a gale for five minutes. Then the sky shone blue again but—of the royal yacht, its princely passenger and the convoy not a sign was to be seen!

Prophetic may that be of the immediate future, when there shall be no more Hohenzollernism on the face of this earth!

Monmouth People Visited—
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Loughery and son of Monmouth, spent Sunday at the Robert L. Burkhart home.

DEFECTIVE GERMAN PLANES WARNING TO AMERICA

Fault of Hasty Construction Shown in Teuton's Weakness

(By United Press)
With the British Armies in the Field, July 10.—(By Mail)—There's a lesson to the United States not to make haste too precipitately, in recent air battles here. The structural defects of German aircraft have been strongly illustrated of late. They were of machines hurriedly built as a result of Germany's "speeding up" of aeroplane construction. Now that America is going to hustle up and build great fleets of such air craft she will do well to note some of the results of too much speed and not enough precaution.

In one week recently seven German planes were seen literally to break up in the air, the pilots and observers being hurled to the earth below. These accidents were unmistakably the result of faulty construction. Two other Prussian biplanes suddenly burst into flames in the view of British fighters—for no accountable reason.

Moreover, the new German planes are exceedingly vulnerable, probably due to faulty material and rush work. One British lieutenant the other day fired 40 rounds at 25 yards range—and broke the German's wings clear off. Another British fighter turned his machine gun fire at the tail of one of fifteen Prussian machines, from a distance of 60 yards. The Boche's tail slid clear off and the machine crashed to earth.

On the same day as this last incident five British flyers attacked a fleet of Albatross scouts among the clouds. The fighters got separated shortly in the fleecy clouds and then it was every man for himself. One British captain after driving off three Germans, hid in a cloud and awaited the fourth, whom he saw approaching. At the correct moment, the Britisher dived out, got below his enemy and fired 58 shots. He broke the German plane completely in two.

On the following day a British fighter, battling with nine planes, broke one into several pieces with a few shots, and then saw two other of his enemies burst into flames. One fell, like a comet, the second burned slowly. On this second one a pilot, unable to bear the agony of the fire, leaped out. The observer, left with a pilotless machine, crawled out along the fuselage, but fell off as the plane reared and plunged.

Once again, six British flyers attacked twelve enemy planes. One of the German machines burst into flames, one was crumpled by gunfire, and another just simply collapsed after 18 rounds of fire.

The moral is that Americans will need the best machines and their best men against the Germans. Even then it would be foolhardy to expect a walkover.

Right now the German high command is grouping his flyers, aware of the British aerial supremacy,—just a year ago he grouped artillery into travelling "circuses." The idea is that since the Germans are unable to maintain equality of the air everywhere along the front, they can concentrate a flying "circus" at some weak spot, or at some place in the line which is threatened.

OUR FIRST DREADNAUGHTS.

And the Paper Battleship the U. S. S. Scared-o'-Nothing.

One of the most interesting episodes in Vice Admiral Sims' career was his championship in the years 1903-4 of the all big gun ships, the dreadnaughts. This was two years before the British revolutionized their first dreadnaught, revolutionizing the naval construction policy of the world. The progenitor of the dreadnaught idea in the American navy was Lieutenant Homer C. Poundstone. Poundstone for months had treasured the idea of all big gun ships, hoping to win the support of the navy for such a construction change. Meeting discouragement, he sought out Commander Sims. He quickly won Sims' support.

Poundstone was a good draftsman, and he and Sims in 1903 and 1904 made sketches and drew plans for a big gun ship. The navy heads vetoed the plan of the two officers as often as they brought it up for consideration, but Sims never abandoned the idea. The ship became a great joke around the navy department. It is a striking coincidence that the name given by these two officers to their paper battleship and the name by which the ship was known in the navy offices was the U. S. S. Scared-o'-Nothing. Two years afterward the British admiral called its first all big gun ship Dreadnaught. Commander Sims convinced President Roosevelt that the dreadnaught was bound to come. As a result the plans for the battleships Michigan and South Carolina, which had already been authorized to be built in the old way, were changed so that they slid from the ways the first American dreadnaughts.—World's Work.

DECORATED AFTER DRAGGING BODY FROM NO-MAN'S

By Henry Wood, United Press Staff Correspondent

With the French Armies, July 10.—(By Mail)—Captain Garandeau, who began the present war as a sergeant, has been awarded the Legion of Honor for recovering under most exceptional circumstances the body of a French officer killed just in front of the German trenches. While French machinegun operators, hundreds of yards behind the French lines, executed a barrage fire of protection over the dead body, Garandeau in full daylight and under the eyes of both the French and the Germans, crept forward face downward, to the spot, and attaching the body to his leg with a rope successfully dragged it back into the French lines.

The dead officer, Lieutenant Seve by name, together with his orderly, named Illmo, had been killed during a night raid on the German trenches. Immediately afterwards another party had left the French trenches for the purpose of bringing back the two bodies, but after searching all night in vain, came back in the morning empty-handed.

During the course of the forenoon the French finally succeeded in locating with strong field glasses, the bodies lying in the tall grass just in front of a German trench and where any effort to recover them would be in full view of the enemy.

As it was certain that if the bodies were left there till night, the Germans would be able to ambush anyone who sought to recover them, Captain Garandeau, who barely knew the dead officer personally, volunteered to bring back the body in full daylight. The only possible protection that could be offered him was for the French machinegun operators to keep the dead bodies constantly covered with a barrage fire so that at least the Germans would not be able to creep out of their trenches and engage in a hand-to-hand fight with the rescuer.

Accompanied by a soldier named Verdier who also volunteered for the task, Garandeau left the French trenches being obliged first to cut his way through the French barbed-wire entanglements with nippers even before reaching the open space of No-Man's Land. By crawling flat on his face and taking advantage of all natural cover Barandeau was able to keep out of the range of the Germans who could neither fire at him or hurl hand grenades without exposing themselves to the deadly machine gun barrage with which the French were covering his worm-like progress.

Within an hour Garandeau, after reaching the body of Seve, and tying it to his leg, had successfully dragged it back into the French line.

Inspired by his exploits volunteers immediately came forward and insisted on being allowed to go after the body of Illmo in the same manner. Sergeant Cretet and three soldiers were finally granted permission and before 8 in the evening they too returned to the French trenches dragging the other body tied to their legs. Simultaneously with the decoration of Garandeau today with the Legion of Honor, the sergeant and soldiers who participated in the exploit received also the Croix de Guerre.

HAMILTON'S HARVESTERS UNION-ALLS

That's the Stuff
Union-alls are just
the right garment
for you to wear, for
they completely
cover you no need
of overalls, shirt,
jumper or even under-
wear, just



Union-Alls

is all you need

Khaki or Express
Stripe.

sizes 36 to 48

\$3.00 each.



The price will soon be
raised on Union-Alls

Cash Values Worth While

HAMILTON'S

The Fourth Payment—

The fourth payment of thirty per centum on Liberty Loan Bonds purchased on installments is due August 15th. The payments must be made on or before that date according to the official statement of terms and conditions of the sale of Liberty Loan Bonds issued by Secretary McAdoo of the Treasury at the time subscriptions to the bonds were invited. Whether the bonds were purchased from the Treasury or from the Federal Re-

serve Banks or through other banks or agencies it is important that these and succeeding installments be paid promptly.

Fire in Foothills—
Supervisor Springgate of Harrisburg, telephoned to the county court this morning that a fire had been started in the timber located in the foothills east of Harrisburg. The origin of the fire or the extent of the damage is not known.

Attention!

Bathers, Lawn Tennis and Base Ball Players, bicycle and Motorcycle Riders—We can supply your wants

Goods of Quality at the right price
We also make keys, do locksmithing and all kinds of mechanical repairing.

Service is our hobby

L. B. HIXSON JR.

Bell Phone 165-R

129 Lyon St.

Albany Oregon

No Other Fireless Cook Stove LIKE THIS

Roasts

Bakes

Steams

Stews

Fries

Boils



The "IDEAL" Fireless Cook Stove

An automatic maid that never grows tired, or careless—never burns the food, never wants a day out, never leaves you, demands no wages—that relieves you, of more than half of your kitchen work, saves-four-fifths of your fuel bill and cooks the most delicious meals you ever tasted.

We will be glad to Demonstrate the many Advantages to You.

Fortmiller Furniture Co.