

CHARMING HATS



They are so lovely they can't be described.

You'll enjoy coming to see them.

—Why not come NOW and select your Easter Hat while the assortment is good?

Mrs. E. F. Lee, Millinery
Worth's Department Store

Safest Place.

We were calling at a home in East Cleveland, not more than a hundred yards from where the Nickel Plate tracks cross Superior. As we rang the bell we noticed something that gave us a shudder of apprehension, and when our hostess answered the door we gave vent to our feelings at once.

"Mrs. Emdash," we said, "do you know where your children are playing?"

"No," she gasped, pulling a little with alarm. "Where are they?"

"Up there on the railroad tracks!" we told her.

"Oh," she said, "I was afraid they were playing in the street. I am so afraid of the automobiles. Won't you come in—I'll call Mr. Emdash."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TNT Poison Through Skin.
Trinitrotoluene poisoning is a new disease in America, but one that has attracted much attention since our factories began making munitions in large quantities. There is some dispute how the TNT poisons, but the Medical Record says the weight of evidence is in favor of its absorption through the skin, though inhaling the fumes may be responsible to some extent.

Weather Report—

Yesterday's temperature ranged from 32 to 55 degrees. The river is 67 feet.

NO 'BRIGHT MONEY'

Mrs. Billtops Rises to Height of Self-Sacrifice.

She Had a "Good Thing" in Her Arrangement with the Partner of Her Joys and Sorrows, but Patriotism Came First.

"Something unexpected has happened," said Mr. Billtops. "Something quite unexpected."

"You know, for years I have been giving Mrs. Billtops all my bright money. Whenever I got a bright dime or quarter or half I simply turned it over to Mrs. Billtops."

"There might be weeks when I would not get a single bright coin; but there would be other weeks in which I would receive in change a considerable number. Altogether these bright coins provided for Mrs. B. a tidy bit of revenue, and I am sure it was as great a pleasure for me to turn them over to Mrs. Billtops as it was for her to receive them, though once this bright money proposition did give me a little scare."

"I dropped into a candy store one day to get some candy for Mrs. Billtops and there in change for a \$5 bill I received two bright dimes and four absolutely spick and span bright new \$1 bills!"

"Well, now, there was something to make you stop and think. Under our understanding I was to give Mrs. Billtops all 'bright money.' It is true that by that I understood bright coins, and I had no doubt that Mrs. Billtops did, too, but the promise from me was of all 'bright money' and on a strict interpretation, which I did not desire to evade, there was nothing for me to do but to turn over with the two bright dimes those four bright dollars. Which I did."

"But Mrs. Billtops declined to receive them."

"No, Ezra," she said, "no. We both understood bright money to mean bright coins, and we will go not by the letter of the contract but by the spirit. Ezra, you keep the \$4."

"Which I did, and I was always glad she settled it that way, for the opposite interpretation of my obligation might sometimes have subjected me to considerable inconvenience."

"Suppose I should some day have gone into a candy store and laid down not a \$5 bill but a \$1,000 bill and received in change \$999.20 all in bright money, which by the contract I should have been required to turn over to Mrs. Billtops. Why, I have seen the time when handing over that amount of money in that way would have cramped me quite some."

"But never have I failed to hand over all bright coins, year after year continuously, until yesterday, when that something unexpected happened when Mrs. Billtops said to me:

"Ezra, no more bright money. I have always been glad to get it for the sentiment of it and for the use I could make of it, but you need the money more now and from now on you keep it and use it as you would any other money and I will deny myself that luxury. No more bright money, Ezra, from now until the end of the war."

"Unexpected it certainly was, but still it was only what you would have expected her to do, if you knew Mrs. Billtops."

Food—After the War.

Whatever other blessings peace may bring it will not bring instant relief to the masses who are now distressed by food shortage and its natural consequence, high prices. There will be as many mouths to feed when the armies are demobilized as there are now. It is true that the fare of the soldiers in most European countries is more liberal than that of the civil population, but no statesman will take comfort in the prospect of masses of disbanded soldiers reduced to the level of civil undernourishment. And besides the civil populations that are now enduring semi-starvation uncomplainingly, recognizing that no relief can be expected while the energies of their government are engrossed by war, will be far less patient when peace returns. More food, not less, will be required in peace.—The New Republic.

Patch Skull With Patient's Own Ribs.

The replacing of destroyed portions of skull with layers of cartilage taken from the patient's own ribs is one of the latest methods of healing war injuries. H. Warren Woodroffe, surgeon of the Ulster Volunteer hospital in France, describes the method which has been successfully tried on a number of severely wounded men.

Cutting down to the ribs parallel to the breast bone, the surgeon slices off thin layers of the cartilage which attaches the bony ribs to the breast bone. These are held in the gap caused by the destruction of the skull after the scalp has been turned back. The scalp is then stitched back in place. Within a few weeks, instead of having no protection to the underlying brain, a hard layer of cartilage, firm though slightly elastic, is formed.

Those Rope-Filled Smokes.
Bill—Give some men rope enough and they'll hang themselves.

Gill—Oh, I don't think it's as bad as all that.

"What do you mean by bad as all that?"

"Why, you've given me a number of those cigars you smoke and they've made me feel bad, but not bad enough to hang myself."

KEPT THEM MOVING

English Major Has Machine Gun Crew on the Jump.

About as Little Uncertainty in His Orders as There Are Polite Phrases in the Language He Employed in Issuing Them.

I make my way through the thick brush at Camp Upton to a machine gun range, guided by the intermittent staccato chatter of a Colt and hoping that I'm not by any chance wandering on to the private reserve of any busy bullets, William Slavens McNutt writes in Collier's.

I come out of the woods on the rear of the gun position. Near a big campfire a dozen or more American officers are grouped around two machine guns listening to the instructions of an English major. The English officer is a short, spare, peppery veteran with a raspy voice that he can use for the same purpose that a mule skinner uses a "blacksnake."

"Burr-wuff!" he shouts. That's as near as I can get to it phonetically. Two captains leap to their places by the machine gun. The one who sights and operates the piece throws himself flat on his back with head cradled on the knees of the man feeding. There is some slight delay and the English major breaks into song.

"Come, come! Carry on! What are we waiting for? You should have killed a hundred by now. What is it? What is it? My word! Not so slow. We're not having dinner, you know; we're killing Boches. What the blinkety-blank's wrong now? Come, come! Carry on! Carry on!"

The gun speaks jarringly. One side of the barrel spits a stream of yellow cartridge cases over the breast of the operator holding the trigger. Three

hundred yards distant the blade of bullets slices the ground before the target and throws up a little line of dust.

The major orders a fifty yard advance. The American officers dismount the piece, go forward at the double-quick and set it up once more. The operator pulls the trigger. Nothing happens. He fusses and tugs. Still no result. The English major calms himself and heaves a deep sigh. He looks at the gun crew like a man with no insurance viewing a total loss. "Oh, my eye!" he groans sadly. "How dead you'd have been by now! All right, leave off, leave off! Never mind."

He points to the man who carried the ammunition and who is standing behind the gun curiously watching the efforts of the crew to make it shoot.

"Next time don't stand up behind the gun. You stick up there like a dummy in a shop window. A body would think you were an advertisement for something. You're not trying to sell the gun to the Boches, you know. Standing there giving away the gun position! Next time find cover twenty paces to the right or left and try to act like a bit of mud. Yes!"

Oil From Melon Seeds.

A genuine American invention originated at Rocky Ford, where a melon grower named Burrell, with the facility of inductive reasoning, found out that a clear, rich oil can be expressed from the seeds of cantaloupes, notes the Chicago Tribune. He submitted samples to government chemists at Washington, who notified him that their tests indicated a new table oil of the same texture and color as olive oil, one which needed no refining process. There is wide significance in this discovery, which indicates melons, squash and pumpkin seeds, as perhaps the source of citrus fruit as well, as a prolific source of oil supply.

SEE CLASSIFIED AD—Men!
Men! Men!

Paint Your Auto Now

BEFORE TOURING TIME

Auto Gloss Finishes	75c pint and up
Chinamel Automobile Finishes in black and colors, pints	75c up
Johnson's Auto Cleaner	35c
Johnson's Prepared Wax	35c
Mohair Top Dressing	85c pint
Johnson's Carbon Remover	85c pint
1 1/2 Johnson's Varnish Brushes for	25c ea.

Woodworth Drug Co.

BABY CHICKS MUST BE KEPT WARM

BUCKEYE COLONY HOVERS
—are the Simplest, most Economical Brooders made.



For 100 or 1,000 chicks. Burns coal; substantial and safe. \$22.50 complete —while the present supply lasts.

Call and see them and get our prices on Poultry Supplies.

MURPHY'S SEED STORE

THE GREAT DESIRE

of this institution is to give service, satisfaction, and protection. Feel free to consult with us at any time regarding your business problems. This institution cordially invites you to use its facilities.

ALBANY STATE BANK

ALBANY, OREGON

FOUR PER CENT ON DEPOSITS

Michelin Auto Tires

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

Are Carried in Stock by

L. B. HIXSON JR.

129 Lyon St. Bell phone 165-R, Home 2417 Albany, Or.

Hamilton's EVERYBODY'S STORE



Groceries

SARDINES
Shasta Brand; in pure Olive Oil 12c

POSTUM
No. 0. 1 pound and 2 oz. per package 19c

INSTANT POSTUM
4-oz. can 23c
8-oz. can 39c

PEAS
Sugar Peas. Three cans for 35c

DILL PICKLES
Canned. No. 2 can 13c

Basement

ALUMINUM DOUBLE BOILER
2-quart, special price \$1.39

MEN'S NECKTIES 24c

HAIRBOW RIBBON
A large assortment to choose from 23c a yd

CORSETS 75c

ENAMELWARE
4-piece set, triple coated, blue and white enamel, will make 8 or more necessary articles:

Popcorn Popper, Collander, Steamer, Pudding Pan, Strainer, Roaster, Casserole, Double Boiler.

\$1.69



Shoe Section

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SHOES

Patent, gun metal and kid uppers, in button and lace styles, suitable for dress or school wear. Sizes 9 to 13 1/2 and 1 to 5 1/2.

\$2.48



CASH VALUES—WORTH WHILE

Hamilton's

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT THIS BOYS' DEPARTMENT
It's one of the best ones in the country; not only in the vast assemblage of excellent merchandise it offers, but because of the charm of the surroundings that makes it a hospitable place for mothers and boys to shop.



A First Showing of New Clothes for Boys

The Kind You'll Like

Here's a showing of Boys' Knickerbocker Suits for Spring that will be a pleasure for mothers and boys to see. Also a surprise, for we still have all wool suits at a remarkably low price, considering market conditions.

Oregon Cassimere Suits

If you really want dependable, good wearing clothes, then you are looking for these Oregon Cassimeres, for they are the best-wearing suits in America.

Every Day Is Shopping Day Here

The Blain Clothing Company

"The Value-First Store"

Advertising Momentum

Many institutions expect advertising to perform miracles, to rehabilitate a depleted list of customers in a few weeks or harvest a golden crop of dollars. Advertising is not based on wizardry any more than on quackery. Its results are cumulative.

There are no miracles in advertising, but money so invested, if invested properly and the opportunities thus created properly followed, will yield handsome returns.

An inquiry from a prospect who has never transacted business with your organization, is the most vital and the most potent factor in the success of your business. That inquiry represents growth, development new business, —and new inquiries are worth attention, study and care—the full measure of your service. The aggressive and consistent advertiser whose educational publicity attracts, will find that the business has acquired a new momentum, the effect of which will be apparent in succeeding years.

—THE FINANCIAL WORLD