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"A Good Bakery"

TRAVELER FINDS MUCH PRO-GERMAN SENTIMENT ALONG MISSISSIPPI RIVER

(By AMY ELIZABETH CARSON)

Having been used to write concerning the trip which I enjoyed this summer I shall make the attempt, although in some respects my vocabulary seems inadequate to enable me to express things as clearly as they deserve.

Two mountains which especially should claim the right to be described by the most classic literary artists are the majestic Mt. Hood and Mt. Adams. I believe that no mountain peaks can excel these two in beauty and dignity. Like two virgins clad in raiments of white they tower above the other mountains which surround them.

The Columbia river is also no less worthy of words of praise and appreciation, and although my effort at the expression of such praise falls far short of what I would desire, I shall write the words which came to me while the train was speeding along the shores of that beloved stream.

The Columbia River
Oh, thou mighty Columbia,
Flowing down from the north to the sea,
With Mt. Hood gleaming rose in the sunset.

I proffer my tribute to thee,
Only God with infinite foresight
Could create thy marvelous plan.
Winding onward between hills and valleys

thou bafflest the wisdom of man.
The music of thy flowing waters
Is deeper, more simple to me
Than the rarest nocturne of Chopin.
Could he vie with the genius of thee?
Thine impressive calm and thy grandeur.

Thy stateliness, bigness and power
Enthrall me, entrance me, and hold me,
As I gaze on thee hour to hour.
Columbia, river supernal,
Expression of master divine
I love thee, I laud thee, I praise thee,
Thanking God for this gift sublime.

I was also much impressed by the magnificence and grandeur of the Rocky mountains and by the brilliance and richness of her many colored streams and lakes. The rushing water falls were also delightful. There is surely an urgent call from the wildness and vastness of these mountains which the lover of nature cannot resist, and the picturesque summer resorts at the eastern and western entrances to the Glacier National park are very inviting to people who wish to lose themselves from the hurry and stir of city life. In North Dakota the grain fields

were very rich, but I soon tired of beholding a distant horizon with no tree life to break the monotony.

Wisconsin is also a progressive farming state, but unlike North Dakota, it is blest with wooded hills. It is a delight to the eye to stand upon one of Wisconsin's rolling hills and behold in every direction prosperous homes, rich farms, and woodlands. The summers there are beautiful and the autumn harvest abundant. The leaves of the trees are a riot of color during the latter part of September and the first of October.

I have expressed something of this in a very rugged poem of mine:

The Tree's Gala Day

The soul of the Autumn
And the brilliance of trees
Are calling to me today,
And my spirit is stirred
By the falling of leaves,
And the Thrush's chirping lay.
Red and purple, and yellow and blue,
Orange and green of every hue,
Lavendar, crimson, come floating down
In a riot of leaves as we drive to town.

From every hill I hear the cry
Of a thousand trees as I pass by:
Chorus
"Behold us now in our brilliant array!
Our leaves may be gone ere another day.

Behold us now ere our branches bare
Stand grim and naked midst frosty air!
The Autumn is here—our gala day,
Behold us dressed in our royal array!
"Oh, we cry to you from every hill,
Our cry goes deep your soul to thrill.
We've delving down in your spirit too,
A chord responsive to find in you."

The blue in the sky in a friendly way
Vies with the sunbeams roundelay,
The lazy team in the dusty road
Plods dreaming on with its listless load.
The flaming sumacs call and call,
And the hickory, while her sweet nuts fall.

The oak, the maple, the other trees
Call ever to us thru falling leaves.

While speaking of the beauties of the state I must not forget to speak of The Dells, Wisconsin, most famous summer resort. As many as 55,000 people visit this resort in a single month in summer. All words fail me when I attempt a description of this playground created by nature. As one glides along the Wisconsin river in a gasoline launch one is astounded by the various forms, carved out of sand rock, which greet his vision. There are: Black Hawk's profile,

the open doors, the swallow's nests, chimney rock, the stand, the hornet's nest, the Devil's punch bowl, the Devil's bath tub, the Devil's chimney, the sugar bowl, the ink stand, the shield, etc., which appear very real as they stand carved by nature. Then there is the steam boat, and the fleet. Concerning all these there are suitable legends. The one concerning the fleet is especially interesting. It is a story of De Sota in which the Indians have said that upon entering the Wisconsin river De Sota did something which offended their gods, and in consequence of which De Sota's entire fleet immediately turned to stone and remained thus even to this day.

If any of our townspeople ever visit the state of Wisconsin, a visit to The Dells will surely repay them.

As Wisconsin is the home of my birthplace I shall write here a poem which I wrote while visiting my childhood home. It is entitled:

At Eventide

The early twilight deepens into shade,
The darkening shadows lengthen in the glade,
The smell of fragrant clover fills the air,
And pensive quiet falling everywhere

Broods strangely o'er my spirit
While I gaze
And view as in a dream
My childhood days.

Storm clouds gather quickly in the west,
While distant thunder rolls along the sky,
The drowsy song bird early seeks his nest.

The milching cows graze leisurely near by,
A dog's staccato bark falls on my ear,
And human voices break into my musing.

The whippoorwill calls weirdly
"Night is here!"
The lightning brings wake quickly from their dozing.

As night advances silently o'er all
A strange and melancholy brooding fills my being.
My tender years of early childhood call
Me backward past the actual scenes I'm seeing.

I see once more my home as childhood saw it
I know once more its joy as then I knew it.
The stars come out in their twinkling way

Rejoice with me as in that other day
When life to me was one great holiday.
The moon now rises far above the hill
And in her light the rising dews grow chill.

A dampness covers everywhere the ground,
And growsome bats fill noiselessly around.
I close my eyes and listen to the brook's
Low gurgling as it hurries on its way.

I breathe long breaths of clover scented air
Mingled with the fragrance of the hay.
The thunder clouds come nearer and still nearer;
The lightning flashes clearer and yet clearer;

And still I dream of childhood days the dearer
Now that they are lost to me forever,
I rise at last and leave my childhood home.

My journey shall be ended ere the dawn.
The race of life must needs be surely won,
So, without looking backward, I pass on.

My work also took me into Illinois and Iowa. In Illinois I delighted in viewing the Mississippi river. Surely an artist could find abundant inspiration there for a work of art. The effect of the red, yellow and green lights from the boats, bridges and landing places is gorgeous, especially at nightfall.

Iowa was also an interesting state. Many of my father's relatives live there. The piles of refuse from 300 to 500 feet high at the large coal mines resembled, at a distance, the ancient pyramids of Egypt.

As my work was confined almost solely to Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa, I was naturally more interested in the beauty and industry of these states than of any others.

I felt keenly, however, the lack of two things or inventions in these states which have become commonplace to us—airplanes and tractors.

VOTE NO. 60 [X] ON OFFICIAL BALLOT

CHARLES P. BARNARD
Republican Nominee for
COUNTY JUDGE
Lane County, Oregon

A BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION IN COUNTY AFFAIRS
FAVOR GIVING EACH ROAD DISTRICT ITS FAIR SHARE

In social life I observed with something akin to grief the pro-German sentiment along the eastern shores of the Mississippi; the extremely low standard of morals among our young people; the questionable places of amusement abounding everywhere; and the low spiritual ebb in the life of the churches.

I believe that these questions are of just as grave concern in America today as either the political or labor questions.

In speaking of my own special work I wish to say that I have enjoyed it very much. I was not able to cover all the territory which I wished to cover, however. Time passes so quickly and there is so much to do that one finds it difficult to traverse much territory within a short time.

Sometimes my audiences were large and sometimes small, but I usually felt that my entertainments were appreciated.

I learned within a short time that I was repaid more fully for my efforts in towns of twenty-five to thirty thousand population than in smaller towns. There are more people aesthetically inclined in the larger towns.

When called upon I spoke to the pupils in the high schools and in the grade schools.

In all, I feel that I have spent both a very profitable and a very successful summer. In my work I met many interesting and upright people. In Ottumwa, Iowa, a cousin of mine showed me the photograph of the fifth grade in which she was a pupil years ago. In this picture was also the photograph of Madame McGrew, I believe that even as a child she attracted much attention among her

fellow pupils by her singing. In this photograph her abundant and beautiful hair hangs in two large braids.

There are other interesting things concerning talented people which I learned while travelling, but which I cannot mention here.

Yes, I spent a delightful summer, among my people and in my work, yet after all I was glad to return to home and Oregon.

Frankly I believe that we have the finest state in the Union. I believe in Oregon and in her wonderful future. We have such a rich farming country; an unexcelled timber country; a country with unmeasured water power; a state with the best kind of climate; not to speak of its wonderful natural beauty; and still better we have a state blest with all kinds of educational advantages; we have a state composed of a very democratic class of people—and a patriotic class; and best of all we have a state filled with many large and powerful churches.

Oregon is a grand state, and God-given, and I for one shall not cease to sing its praise

Portland, Ore., Oct. 27.—Practically 60 per cent of the wood that is going into phonographs turned out by the four big companies manufacturing these instruments in Oregon comes from this state. One concern is experimenting with larch in the making of amplifiers, while all find that spruce is best for carrying tone. Even packing cases, in one instance, are being made from home-grown hemlock.

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