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R. C. BOONE, Special Agent, Tillamook, Oregon.

**Obituary of Henry L. Lederer.**

Henry L. Lederer, the subject of this obituary and narrative, was born of Baravian parentage in Michigan in 1841, and died at Garibaldi, Oregon, June 4th, 1919, being 78 years of age, was buried in Bay City cemetery. He leaves a wife, Ruth Wilkes Lederer and four children to mourn their loss, as follows: Mrs. Annie Luarey, Aleska, Ore.; Mrs. Mary Mathews, Portland; Mrs. Bertha Loomis, Alaska; and Ulyssis Lederer, of Brooks, Or., and many old neighbor friends and acquaintances, who knew and walked with him in life, ever believing in the sincere honesty, integrity, loyalty and friendship of Henry Lederer.

Mr. Lederer was an old soldier of the civil war, and the story of his experience there, told the writer by himself one beautiful Sunday morning many years ago. I never have forgotten, and was so interested in it that I had him repeat facts of it several times afterwards. But like the generality of such men, Lederer never seemed to realize that he had went through anything extraordinary but simply accepted his experiences as a mere matter of fact. He volunteered in a Michigan regiment in the early months of the war, and I think was a member of the 11th corps, that he said one some running at Bull Run. He was in the unfortunate undertaking of Gen. Burnside to break Lee's line by crossing the Potomac and capturing Fredericksburg, where, after a bloody repulse, a noiseless retreat back across the Potomac in the following dark night alone saved the Union army from a loss of many thousand prisoners. Lederer's regiment was also in McClellan's attempt by change of base to break through to Richmond, resulting in the bloody repulse of Fair-osa, Seven Pines and Malvern Hill. After the latter battle, worn out by marching and fighting in the hot Virginia sun, he said he awoke the next morning to discover that he was lying on his back in four inches of water. It had rained in the night, but in his exhausted condition he had not known it. At the great battle of Gettysburg, the second day, it becoming now evident to Meade that Lee was going to give a trial of strength Lederer's regiment was 30 miles away, but was ordered to march immediately to Gettysburg, this march that day was a fright, the day very warm and amidst clouds of dust stirred into the air by the marching thousands, together with troops of cavalry hastening by on the gallop, created conditions almost uncarable, but they got there on the battle ground at night fall, a much wearied regiment and took po-

sition in the little "Round Top," which proved to be where the great struggle of the next day took place, when the rebel Gen. Pickett made his heroic assault against the Union lines with 18,000 men—and lost. I have partly forgotten Lederer's description of what he saw of that great charge, so will not attempt to give it, but we can have no doubt of the duty that he faithfully performed there. Some time after this, having been promoted to a sergeant, if I remember rightly, he was ordered out one night to the front line of pickets, to carry some word to them. He passed some Union soldiers playing cards by a little fire. He asked them where the pickets were. They told him on out further in the brush. He went forward in the darkness, but finding no pickets, he still continued going and started down a little hill in the glen, when all at once he stepped on a boynet and then discovered a line of them stretching away on either side of him. He had walked into a regiment of rebels lying flat on the ground. An officer raised and ordered him to surrender, which of course there was nothing else to do. After questioning him as to how he came to be there, a guard marched him to Longstreet's headquarters for examination. He was questioned as to what general direction the Union army was moving, he told them he did not know anything about it. Lederer said he had an idea of which direction our army was going, but determined to not give away information that he might possess. He said Gen. Longstreet cursed a little and ordered him kept prisoner without any food in order to make him reveal his knowledge. Being called the second day to headquarters, Longstreet came himself into the tent and demanded again Lederer's knowledge of the Union army movements, but he still stubbornly disclaimed any knowledge of the matter. Longstreet whirled with an impatient gesture to a subordinate and exclaimed "To hell with the damned fool Dutchman, take him away," and Lee's famous marshal strode disgustedly out of the tent.

He was ordered sent along with some other prisoners, south to the notorious prison of Andersonville. I will not undertake to give all that Lederer stated as to the prisoners wretched treatment at this prison, as his story corroborates just what history afterwards gave it. Hundreds of the weaker ones simply starved to death. Nearly every day finding sand in their beans, and few beans at that, after some months he managed to escape (I have forgotten how) and traveled by night to the north getting food, sometimes from negroes

and sometimes getting corn and vegetables, where he could steal them occasionally, but in the worn and starved condition one night he reached the banks of the Pee Dee river. He sat down dejectedly on the bank wondering how he was to get across. He went to sleep. Was awakened by a hand on his shoulder to find himself overtaken by two rebel soldiers, one of whom was for shooting him at once. The other one, however, objected. Lederer was so disengaged and disheartened at his recapture that he begged them to kill him at once, but to spite him, neither one wanted to kill him then, so he was marched back to Andersonville again. The prison of Andersonville covered an area of about 30 acres, through which a small stream of water flowed. The stockade walls was about 10 feet high around the outside, and nearly to the top ran a narrow platform, where the armed guards could walk and easily look over and watch the various movements of the prisoners, 10 feet inside of the stockade and running clear around the enclosure a marked line, called the "dead line" across which no prisoner was allowed to step, and was liable to be instantly shot if he did. Lederer one day took his cup and went down the little stream to get a drink. He knelt down, but not over the line, but reached over the line to get the purer water from above. A guard saw him, fired, and slightly wounded Lederer. Enraged at the inhumanity of the act, cursed the guard roundly. The latter swore he would kill him as soon as he could but our soldiers hurried away out of danger. Lederer's escape from Andersonville was accomplished in this way: The prison authorities (for which they should have some credit) allowed the sick, those able to walk outside the prison under guard, a short distance to a hillside where they could lie down in the grass and shade, as a respite from the odors and stench of the prison grounds. This was usually done in the morning, and they marched back in the afternoon or evening. Lederer and a comrade planned to fall in behind the line of individuals if it could be accomplished without the notice of the guards. This they successfully carried out, and managed to secrete themselves in some way, when the sick was returned to the grounds. Their absence not being discovered, after nightfall they were clear away and on their way north. After some time traveling by night, sometimes starving and at other times procuring food from negroes, they came to a point finally in their destination that they were compelled to apply to what they thought was the residence of negroes in the day time. So Lederer stepped

up to the door and knocked. To their astonishment the door was thrown open and in it stepped a white man with a gun leveled and ordering them to throw up their hands. This Lederer did, but his comrade dodged quickly around the corner of the house and out of sight. The confederate stepped out then and asked which way the man ran, Lederer told him that way, pointing back of the house. The man hurried around the corner to look for the fleeing Yankee and that was our soldier's opportunity. He ran the other way, and soon was safe in the woods, and the last ever heard or saw of his comrade. Lederer continued north traveling by night, procuring food when he could from the sympathizing blacks, until they told him he was near the Union lines. Coming one day to a much traveled highway, he hid himself by the wayside, to watch and see who traveled that road so much. After a while, to his great joy he saw a troop of Union cavalry with the dear old flag in their midst. He rushed out and hailed them. Now his old blue uniform was long since gone and he was dressed in the cast of butternut rugs of some confederate soldier. Now occurred what was natural enough, but hard to consider. The cavalry took him prisoner as a southern spy, and was tried by a court martial as a spy, of course. He told them what regiment he belonged to and when and where he was taken, they decided to hold him prisoner until his story was substantiated. After a time his old regiment was communicated with and his story found to be true, he was then forwarded to his old comrades. Can we realize what a happy day that must have been to him. After much suffering he had "come through". Henry Lederer in his great simplicity of character, steadfastness of purpose and loyalty to his cause was a fair representative of the typical Union soldier of the civil war.

Another hero gone, who his duty had done, his deeds scarcely known, his trials meagerly sung. For a principal he fought, starved, suffered and bled. To his memory peace, his remains sleep with the honored dead.

F. M. Lamb.

Attorney General a Mitchell Palmer, who seems to conduct his office mostly from the political stump, complained in a speech before the Democratic National Committee that it used to be said the Republican party was the war party. Certainly. Wasn't the Democratic national campaign of 1916 run on the theory that the Republicans were the war party, while the Democrats, thank God, kept us out of war?

**SENATOR SMOOT  
URGES ECONOMY.**  
Republicans Advised to Begin Cutting Appropriations and Expenditures.

The Republicans in Congress must begin immediately to cut down the appropriations and expenditures of the Government, in the opinion of Senator Smoot, of Utah, a member of the committee on appropriations. There is no possible other way in which to provide for a reduction of the heavy taxes which were levied to meet war expenditures, he said.

"A beginning must be made, and it should be made at once, in the process of reducing government expenditures," said Senator Smoot.

**12 Billions Must be Spent.**  
"Taking into account the bills which have been made for war purposes and the contracts which must be paid for, the government, during the next year, will have to expend \$12,000,000,000. From taxation it will not be possible to raise more than four or five billion dollars. This means that the government will have to sell securities amounting to seven or eight billions of dollars. The people might just as well realize this now as later. I believe that the treasury department will undertake to finance these loans through the banks, selling to them short term notes. But whatever the source, the money must be raised."

"With such a situation confronting the country, it is suicidal for the Government to continue to spend money as it has been doing the last two years. Congress must reduce appropriations all along the line."

"I believe the Republicans, now that they are in control of Congress, will economize. Certainly I shall urge it as strongly as I can."

**Would Cut in Departments.**  
"Take the situation with regard to the government departments right here in Washington. I believe that at least one-third of all the help the departments have can be saved. The other two thirds can do the work. In many of the offices they are falling over each other."

Senator Smoot said that the big organizations built up here for war purposes have got to go, now that peace has returned, and that the heads of departments and bureaus might as well realize it.

"Take these government dormitories on the Union Station plaza" he continued "the government is losing about \$343,000 a year on them now."

"Take the farm loan board. The government is spending about \$247,000 a year to pay for supervising the

work of the banks, yet the farm loan banks are making money and it is ridiculous that the government should be asked to appropriate for their supervision. These are only two instances out of many thousands of dollars that may be saved."

**What Is Man?**

A writer of The Electrical Experimenter asks the question (surely an old and baffling one) and submits a "scientific" answer as follows:  
"A man weighing 150 pounds will contain approximately 8,500 cubic feet of gas—oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen—in his constitution, which at 80 cents a thousand cubic feet would be worth \$2.80 for illuminating purposes. He also contains all the necessary fats to make a fifteen pound candle, and thus, together with the 3,500 cubic feet of gases, he possesses considerable illuminating possibilities. His system contains 22 pounds and 10 ounces of carbon, or enough to make 780 dozen, or 9,360 lead pencils. There are about 50 grams of iron in his blood, and the rest of the body would supply enough of this metal to make one spike large enough to hold his weight. A healthy man contains 54 ounces of phosphorus. This deadly poison would make 800,000 matches or enough poison to kill 500 persons. This, with 2 ounces of lime, makes the stiff bones and brains. No difference how sour a man looks, he contains about 60 lumps of sugar of the ordinary cubical dimensions, and to make the seasoning complete there are 20 spoonfuls of salt. If a man were distilled into water he would make about 38 quarts, or more than half his entire weight. He also contains a great deal of starch, chloride of potash, magnesium, sulphur and hydrochloric acid in his wonderful human system."

"Break the shells of 1,000 eggs into a huge pan or basin, and you have the contents to make a man from his toenails to the most delicate tissues of his brain. And this is the scientific answer to the question, 'What is man?'"

The first war for which we will have to furnish soldiers under the Versailles covenant is to be at Fiume where the national council has adopted a resolution of fealty to Italy concluding: "Anyway trying to change actual facts as to Fiume should come and try to impose changes by force."

President Wilson says we are no longer a nation of dollar worshippers. One gets so little for a dollar under a Democratic administration that it isn't entitled to any reverence.

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