

STATE TICKET

U. S. SENATOR (Short Term).
F. W. MULKEY,
of Multnomah County.

U. S. SENATOR (Long Term).
JONATHAN BOURNE, JR.,
of Multnomah County.

FOR CONGRESS
Congressional District.
WILLIS C. HAWLEY,
of Marion County.

FOR GOVERNOR
JAMES WITHYCOMBE,
of Washington County.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE
F. W. BENSON,
of Douglas County.

FOR TREASURER OF STATE
GEO. A. STEEL,
of Clackamas County.

FOR JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT
ROBERT EAKIN,
of Union County.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL
A. M. CRAWFORD,
of Douglas County.

FOR STATE SUPERINTENDENT
J. H. ACKERMAN,
of Multnomah County.

FOR STATE PRINTER
WILLIS S. DUNIWAY,
of Multnomah County.

FOR LABOR COMMISSIONER
O. P. HOFF,
of Multnomah County.

FOR JOINT SENATOR
Linn and Marion Counties
FRANK J. MILLER,
of Linn County.

MARION COUNTY REPUBLICAN TICKET

FOR STATE SENATOR
Marion County.
THOS. B. KAY,
of Salem.

FOR REPRESENTATIVES
FRANK DAVEY,
of Salem.

FOR COUNTY CLERK
R. D. ALLEN,
of Salem.

FOR COUNTY RECORDER
D. G. DRAGER,
of Mehama.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER
W. Y. RICHARDSON,
of Stayton.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR
B. B. HERRICK, JR.,
of Turner.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER
A. M. CLOUGH,
of Salem.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER
W. H. GOULET,
of Woodburn.

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ALL THESE MADE IN OREGON

(Pendleton Tribune.)

A writer in the Portland Telegram gives the following interesting description of the things one may see at the "Made in Oregon" fair:

Do you know that you can get up in the morning and bathe in the purest crystal water, from springs in this state, forced through pipes made in this state, poured into a bathtub made in the state, use soap made in Oregon, a flesh brush made here, too; dry yourself with an Oregon towel, dress yourself with Oregon-made garments from skin to topcoat, sit down to breakfast where not even the pinch of salt or the napkin need come from other states nor a morsel of food be imported? You may light a Portland-made cigar and go over to your office and sit down to an Oregon-made desk, write your letters on home-made stationery, read your paper in the light of Oregon-made lamps, and talk over Oregon-made telephone wires.

You can build yourself an Oregon-made home, in which not a nail, board, stone or brick need come from without; in which doors, windows, floors, decorations, plumbing, fixtures, furniture and carpets may bear the "home-made" mark. Your wife may sweep the floor with Oregon-made brooms. You may mow and sweep your lawn with home-made implements, you may fill your home-made stove or furnace with home-made coals, and run your automobile with home-made gasoline.

This Is Independence.

You can cut your wood with a home-made saw and split it with a home-made ax. You may trim your orchard with home-made pruning shears, whittle a stick with an Oregon knife and shave your face with a Eugene, Ore., razor, cutlery that rivals the world-famed steel of Sheffield. You may ply the limpid Willamette or the rolling Columbia in a Portland-built launch, equipped with a home-made motor. You may drive your Oregon-bred team in Oregon-made harness, hitched to a home-made vehicle.

In the evening when the weary day is done, you may sit down and read your daily paper, printed on Oregon-made paper, and with Oregon-made ink, after you have lunched on Oregon-made smoking jacket, and finally you may tumble into an Oregon-made bed, on an Oregon-made mattress, between Oregon-made sheets under Oregon-made comforters and then drop off into slumber to dream of Oregon-made wealth.

You may plaster your walls with Portland adamant and beautify them with Oregon wallpaper; you may cover your roof and pave your boulevards with Portland asphalt and protect your furnace with a home-made asbestos jacket; you may thwart the sweltering rays of the noonday sun with home-made awnings and enjoy your siesta in a Portland hammock; you may partake of the fluffiest cake made with Portland baking powder, equip your bank with home-made fixtures and pack your Oregon apples in barrels from Oregon cooper shops.

You may drink your Oregon beer and cider and girdle your golden grain with Oregon twine; you may drape your cozy corners with Indian blankets of home-made, that rival the "Navajos" in beauty, texture and design.

You may whip the Oregon streams with a Portland rod and reel and bring home your catch in a Portland creel; you may bridge your rivers with Oregon structural steel and spread your Oregon buckwheat cakes with Oregon syrup and eat them with a rasher of Oregon bacon.

You may climb the snowy mountains with Oregon canned goods in your pack and wrap your body in Oregon furs or sleeping-bags; you may tie up your Oregon-built ships with Portland-made hawsers or cast off an Oregon anchor if you tarry in midstream.

Portland drugs were the mightiest boon to the Bay City sick and injured after the earthquake, and Oregon instruments were the surgeon's dependence in the relief camps.

You can pack your household goods in Oregon excelsior and Oregon burlap, and fence in your garden with Oregon wire, while if you use an Oregon-made saddle your mount will never "come a cropper."

Ads. Oregon Made.

The posters on the billboards announcing the made-in-Oregon fair are the work of Portland lithographers and the paste is made from Oregon flour. You can go through life buying Oregon clothes, eating Oregon foods and "boosting" Oregon industries and when you die they will put you in

an Oregon-made coffin, take you to an Oregon cemetery in an Oregon hearse, and the sun and rain for ages to come will beat down upon a grave dug with an Oregon spade, and over your head an Oregon tombstone will gather moss.

The magnitude of some of the home industries it but little realized, even by those who have done the most to make the present exposition a success. They are greeted with new surprises as each new shipment of Oregon-made product arrives.

Butter, Cheese, Etc.

Again, do you know that there is enough butter made in the state of Oregon each year to spread a slice of bread three inches wide and reaching around the world? A little computation will convince one of the fact.

Do you know that the annual cheese product of the state would furnish every man, woman and child in Portland with a delectable Welsh rarebit every day in the year?

Do you know that the 600,000,000 feet of lumber produced in this state, the past year, would lay a plank sidewalk two feet wide and two inches thick more than around the world at the equator, a distance of over 25,000 miles?

Do you know that there is enough soap made in Oregon to form a pyramid of suds larger than Mount Hood?

Interesting Figures.

Do you know that there are more people employed in the manufacturing industries in Oregon today than there were people in the state a few decades ago?

Do you know that if the products of the factories of this state were equitably distributed that every man, woman and child in the United States would get a dollar's worth?

Do you know that the wages paid to employes in these industries alone for the past year would build 20 skyscrapers the size of the Wells-Fargo building now under construction? Just think of it! That much money is paid out every year to labor alone. If one adds to this the value of the Oregon raw material used he would have to build 60 more Wells-Fargo buildings every year to use up all the money.

But why multiply instances like these? Those given are sufficient to impress any right-minded person of the importance of the made-in-Oregon campaign.

But, Mr. Citizen, just do this:

Take a little trip around town today and learn the first lesson of your much-neglected education in the school of home industry. You will marvel at the wonderful variety of the Beaver state's resources and its manifold industries, some of them only in their infancy, but big with possibilities—yet, and Mr. Citizen, you are largely to blame if the majority of them are only in their infancy. You haven't known about these things. You haven't asked your grocer, your butcher, your clothier, your hardware dealer for home-made goods. You have gone along all these years in the blissful ignorance of the bounties of your own state and calmly paid higher prices for poorer quality of goods from other states than home products would have cost you.

Second: Wool Producer.

Think for a moment that Oregon is the second wool-producing state in the Union; that the wool can go right from the back of the sheep to your own, without leaving the state, and that it is manufactured in the most modern equipped woolen mills in the United States.

Think for a moment that there is practically no limit to the power, heat and light that may be developed by harnessing the rivers and streams of the state. They are only waiting now for the harness. Grasp, if you can, the magnitude of the salmon industry of the state, when last year's output would make a cubical pile larger than the Portland postoffice.

A Positive Necessity.

Having to lay upon my bed for 14 days from a severely bruised leg, I only found relief when I used a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine for bruises ever sent to the afflicted. It has now become a positive necessity upon myself.

D. R. Byrnes, merchant, Doversville, Texas. 25c, 50c and \$1. D. J. Fry.

Boil Drinking Water.

While the work of enlarging the filtering system is in progress it would be better for all to boil their drinking water—The progress of the work will be noted in this paper.

5-19-11.

Perfect Sleep



**Women Who Are
Free From Female
Ills Sleep Soundly**

Points to the Cause

How many women are troubled with insomnia! How few, alas, habitually sleep the night through and rise refreshed.

If you can't sleep it is because your nerves will not let your body rest. Women's nervous troubles come from female diseases. Their delicate or-

ganism is a network of intricate nerves. No woman can suffer from female irregularities without eventually ruining her nervous system. Get rid of female disease and the perfect sleep of childhood will return.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

cures all female troubles and restores nerve equilibrium and brings sound, restful, healthful, natural sleep. Thus does this wonderful remedy operate to bring health to suffering women.

Wakefulness and Nervousness Cured

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Last spring, I lost my appetite, had headaches, and bearing down pains with cramps so that I was in perfect misery. I became wakeful and extremely nervous.

I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am pleased to state that I derived immediate benefit and soon enjoyed permanent relief.

Within eight weeks I was restored to normal health and felt refreshed and strengthened as though I had enjoyed a lengthy vacation.

Since that time I have recommended your Compound to a number of my lady friends suffering with female irregularities, and those who have used it report great benefit from its use.

965 College Ave., Appleton, Wis.

Vice-President Social Economic Club.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more women of female diseases than any other medicine in the world. Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, advises sick women free. She will write you a personal letter if you tell her about your case.

Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Where Others Fail

GREAT BASE RUNNING FEATS

Hugh S. Fullerton in Tacoma Ledger

(Tacoma Ledger.)

Good base running consists in reaching the base safely bad base running consists in being caught. At least that is the verdict of the crowd, and even an expert has a hard time to tell whether the base runner is good or bad. Some of the worst breaks made on bases win games and some of the best result in defeat. The expert can tell a good base runner by the way he gets the start, the ground he gains while the pitcher is delivering the ball, the way he slides to the objective base, and the judgment he uses in stealing.

A good base runner will take a chance at one stage of a game that he never would think of attempting at another; will make seemingly insane steals at unaccountable times. He is using his judgment.

Base running has, in a sense, become a lost art. Baseball now is played by certain mathematical rules and regulations, and there is no more of the brilliant individual feats of the old days. Every one who plays now knows just what stage the game is in, what to do in that stage, and if he does not the signals from the batter to show him his duty. In the old days most of them ran unaided by bunt, "squeeze," hit and run, or blocking or feinting to bunt to draw the fielders out of position.

Teams still run bases, hoping to demoralize the opposition, but not to the extent that they did in the early years of the game. In these days a team would run bases at every stage, and many a time would so upset the defense that it broke all to pieces, and the victors ran at will.

When Comiskey's St. Louis gang was sweeping the boards it got against the New York Giants, and there ensued the most daring exhibition of base running perhaps ever seen outside of the marvelous running of the old Chicago White Stockings. The association crowd expected and hoped to demoral-

ize the Giants, and they started at it.

In the first inning old Juice Latham rapped out a hit and tore for first. He went there, yelling like a Comanche that no National leaguer could put him out. He turned first, dashed for second, with the astounded Giants wild, and he beat the ball there. Never stopping, he turned and dashed for third. By that time the Giants had recovered a bit, and Juice was called out at third by the narrowest of margins after a desperate twisting slide. He always vowed he never was touched. The Browns tried to sweep the Giants off their feet. They ran the bases like wild men, but they were stopped. Buck Ewing's throwing was too much for them, and they actually were beaten at their own game.

Mike Kelly was perhaps the most daring of all base runners. He never was extremely fast, and in his latter years grew extremely slow—but he stole almost as many bases when slow as he ever did. Indeed, the best base runners the game has known were men of medium speed in running, and few of the really fast sprinters ever were good base runners. Kelly ran bases with his head instead of his feet.

One of the best tricks that the old team ever pulled off was against Boston in Chicago. Kelly engineered the deal, although he was on first base with a runner—Burns, I think—on third. One was out and the worst hitter in the team was up, with one run needed. Kelly was standing on first, and as the pitcher prepared to deliver the ball Kel went dashing towards second, yelling at the top of his voice.

The pitcher took a glance to see if the runner had left third, and saw him standing still and, to his astonishment, saw Kelly still tearing toward second. He hesitated, expecting Kelly would stop or slow up—then threw and threw high, while Kel, instead of sliding and reaching second in safety,

merely touched the base and turned towards third at top speed, leaving the second baseman holding the ball in astonishment. The runner at third had moved off ten feet as Kel came tearing towards him yelling commands and, catching the drift of the play, he sprinted for home. The throw went to the plate ahead of him as he rushed homeward, and seeing himself shut hopelessly out, he slowed up a bit, and Kelly, coming on from third, slid around him, escaped the astonished catcher, who was tagging the other runner, and scored, evening up the game.

Kelly invented the "Chicago slide," which was one of the greatest tricks ever pulled off. It was a combination slide, twist and dodge. The runner went straight down the line at top speed and, when nearing the base, threw himself either inside or outside the line, doubled the left leg under him (if sliding inside, or the right, if sliding outside), slid on the doubled up leg and the hip, hooked the foot of the other leg around the base, and pivoted on it, stopping on the opposite side of the base.

Every player of the old Chicago team practiced and perfected that slide and got away with hundreds of stolen bases when really they should have been touched out easy. There are some modern players who make the slide something as it was done then, but Bill Dahlen of New York really is the only one in either big leagues who executes it regularly and perfectly.

Elmer Foster was a great base runner, after his style. He ran regardless of consequences, and perhaps no man that ever played in fast company ever took an extra base on a hit oftener than did Elmer. He simply refused to stop at his legitimate destination, and kept right on. When he got caught he always said, "Why I wasn't a bit tired. Why should I have stopped running?"

One day Foster was running third, trying to score from second on a short hit, when Billy Kuehne bunched him with his hip, threw him out into the grass, and forced him to stop. Elmer was wild. He kept yelling, "I'll be around here again." The next time up he made a two base hit and he never stopped at second, but dashed on for third at top speed. The second baseman, surprised, made a high throw

(Continued on Page Six.)