

I suppose you want to know
Why the black border around the
Nut Column. It's because I am
Mourning a sad death which
Occurred here in Colville—the
Demise of the most precious thing
The town possessed—the untimely
End of her self-respect.
For it must have surely died
When Colville failed to go over
The top in the W. S. S. drive—
To do her part, and do it well.
Crepe should hang from every
Home and store, for what is a
Man or a town without
Self-respect? Oh, yes, our quota
Was big, but so are the marches;
The trenches are muddy, the gas
Is poisonous, and the battle roar
Is terrific with the boys in France.
And do they falter?
Some here did their part, 'tis true,
But it isn't the amount seen on the
Pledge card that tells how well
Each one did, for no one knows
Except the signer just what
Sacrifice the sum means to him,
And if you could see the homes of
Some who gave, and their lack of
Means, and yet note the
Earnestness with which they gave,
Their amounts would look bigger
Than the thousand-dollar limit.
Some pledged to save, but what
They gave was not an amount
Which meant sacrifice or
Renunciation or any noble thing,
But instead 'twas but a surplus

And they were able to meet it
In immediate cash so that it
Wouldn't bother them again
Between now and January.
What I want to know is, what are
They going to give up the rest of
The year? Those who did not
Sign at all are admitting that
They are not going to do one
Thing the rest of the year
Toward saving the hundreds of
Millions of dollars which have
Heretofore been spent annually
For non-essentials—and you all
Know that we can't win this war
If we continue to do all the
Things, and buy all the things,
We did before we had a war on
Our hands. There are some who
Say they buy no luxuries, but
There are women in France and
Belgium who would think many of
Our "necessities" the most
Luxurious luxuries imaginable—
As they hold their starving babes
And view the embers of what was
Once home to them before the
Looting Huns came in hordes
Through their peaceful villages.
Could you women look straight
Into the eyes of some poor
Belgian woman and say "I've done
My best to help end the war
Which brought your misery?"
'Tis time to prove that we yet can
Resurrect our self-respect,
Meet our obligation in our quota,
And then take off this mourning.
—By Miss Print.

HAVE YOU WRITTEN

BOYS NEED LETTERS BADLY
WRITES Y. M. C. A. WORKER

"There are three things which will save and keep your boys over there, and they are 1stly, Letters; 2ndly, Letters; 3dly, LETTERS. So tell it far and wide that letters will help win the war also. My experiences with many and many of 'our boys' these past six weeks have fully confirmed me in what I state."

The above is an extract from a letter to E. C. Durdle, Stevens county agriculturist, from E. A. Ballis, a Y. M. C. A. worker at the front in France. This letter is of unusual interest, especially to those who are interested in the work the Y. M. C. A. is doing, for it shows the part the organization is playing in keeping up the spirit and courage of the boys at the front.

He described the joy of some French soldiers, poilus, when he presented them with kits sent by American girls. Each soldier to receive a kit was to consider himself adopted and all the next day they crowded his office to leave their names and addresses.

The love of the officers for their men was illustrated by an incident one night when Mr. Ballis sat down to supper with some French officers and noticed a lieutenant who was not in his usual good spirit. He passed by many appetizing dishes and finally Mr. Ballis said "What's the matter, lieutenant, have you got 'caffaerd'?" (French slang for the blues or homesickness.)

"No, 'tis not that, but just as bad," he replied. Then he told the men that he was quite blue because he had received orders to transfer some of his guns and what was worse, get their crews to the Somme. "Then I can't reconcile myself," he said, "to sending my boys (for boys they were, 17, 18 and 19 years of age) to their sure death in the Somme" and the way he shook his head and closed his eyes was pitiful to see. He knew, for he had made the campaign from Charleroi to Verdun.

"Well, forgive me," said the lieutenant, "if I brought this subject up during the meal, but I love my lads. They are perfectly enthusiastic about going, but I know they go to their death and then those letters I will have to write to their homes." And then the tears welled up in a strong French officer's eyes, he the bravest of the brave.

Mr. Ballis told of an impromptu concert in the central hut one night for some of the American soldiers, who had come into that sector to learn the war game from the French and who were to be sent out that night on a raid. That is to say, they were to let the artillery "shoot up and shoot to pieces" the German trench and the barbed wire entanglements in front of them. Then as soon as the ground was clear of obstructions, to charge over to destroy the Boche trench under cover of their own barrage fire and bring back as many prisoners as possible.

In the hut, each raider wearing a white brassard on his right and left arm, were both Poilus and U. S. A. boys. Comic recitations and songs, nearly all parodies of popular songs at home, furnished the entertainment. "Of all the parodies that evening that gripped me tight and made me choke with suppressed emotion was the parody on 'It's a Long, Long Trail a Winding.' Then they sang 'Glory, Glory to the Raiders,' to the tune of 'Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!' Several of the boys entrusted little keepsakes to the Y. M. C. A. leader before they went on the raid with instructions to send it to their loved ones.

"At midnight they were to start for the trenches, a distance of about two miles. At 3 a. m. the great barrage started. Never did I hear such a barrage fire since I came to the front. Out of bed I sprang and to the window, looking out upon the horizon where 'our boys' were to play the game. The sky was red. The great guns boomed and boomed. My shell pocket house was undergoing a thousand quakes, but it was not my house but my boys I was thinking of, sending out one and all of them in those cold and early hours of the morn. Believe me, Washington friends, I had very little sleep that night.

"At 9 a. m. I met the boys returning from the raid. Somehow all the lads who had left trinkets and keepsakes with me returned to claim them, but some of the other boys whom I had known and gripped in heart as well as by the hand did not come back. Some mothers in America will miss them. Some friends in America will miss them, and yet I shall not wish these poor boys back, for I am learning here, that it is not all death to die. Those precious lives have not been in vain. Yes, 'war' is hell, but there is a grandeur in it too. And our boys have shown those grand and noble qualities of the great game. How your heart would have thrilled last Saturday could you have

witnessed the great review of American troops, bands playing, colors flying, while distinguished generals bestowed and pinned upon our lads and companions the 'Croix de Guerre' for valorous work and deeds done in the raids I spoke of. The enthusiasm and 'elan' of our boys have certainly been a great inspiration and encouragement to the French."

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED WHILE OUT IN WOODS

That Fred Biinger, the nineteen-year-old boy who was found dead about half a mile from his cabin on the Fourth of July, accidentally shot himself with his automatic rifle, was the opinion formed after a post mortem examination yesterday morning. He was last seen by his brother Carl June 19, and had been missed since then, but his absence caused no uneasiness until a few days ago. Search was begun for the boy Tuesday, when his brother John, home on furlough from the spruce camp, got up a searching party.

Fred left his brother Carl's cabin June 19 and about a week afterward Carl went to the former's cabin and found the door locked. He heard the clock ticking and came to the conclusion that his brother was somewhere near the premises, and returned home.

When John Biinger came home on furlough Tuesday he failed to find his brother home and neighbors commenced to scour the woods for him. John had to leave before his brother was found. The morning of the Fourth Loren Tabb discovered the body about half a mile from Fred's cabin. It was evident that the boy had stopped to rest on a log and that the gun was accidentally discharged, the bullet entering his side. From the condition of the grocery supply, it was thought that he had started on his hunting trip June 20 and it is thought that the accident occurred on the same day.

The unfortunate boy was the son of Mr. and Mrs. August Biinger and has been a resident of Threeforks for the last five years. He and his brothers owned homesteads there. Beside his brothers, Carl, Charles and John, he is survived by a sister Charlotte of Northport.

The funeral services were held yesterday at 12.30 at the McCord undertaking parlors, Rev. George Kline preaching the funeral sermon. Mrs. L. G. Keller sang. Interment was at Highland.

LOCAL QUOTA IS NOT RAISED

HAS PLEDGED BUT \$55,000 OF \$110,000 QUOTA—COUNTY REPORTED BETTER

Campaign to Continue, Says R. A. Thayer, Chairman of Drive in School District No. 2

School district No. 2 has not pledged herself to save more than half of her allotted quota of War Saving Stamps, which means that this district has people in it who have not done their patriotic duty. The campaign is to be continued until the quota is reached and those who have not pledged do so, and those who have shirked in doing their full part, sign up to their limit. Reports indicate that only about \$55,000 of the \$110,000 quota has been pledged. In this issue appear the names of school district 2 subscribers.

"The result of the stamp drive in Colville is a disgrace," said Hugh Waddell, county chairman. He said, however, that reports from other parts of the county are highly satisfactory, even when the quotas were acknowledged to be somewhat high.

The meeting of the citizens of school district number two at the courthouse Friday evening was well attended and enthusiastic. Many increased their subscriptions at that time, showing that the majority of people had not realized the full meaning of the campaign and their duty in it. It only remains to wake up the others and City Chairman R. A. Thayer is continuing the campaign.

The financial side of the question was explained by Mr. Thayer at the courthouse meeting. The Colville band, under the leadership of Professor Edwin Wetmore, played patriotic airs as the crowd assembled on the courthouse lawn. Mrs. J. C. Harrigan, accompanied by Mrs. L. G. Keller at the piano, sang "Laddie in Khaki" and "They're All Out of Step But Jim," both selections receiving much applause. Miss Frances Robinson gave a reading entitled "A Swede's Idea of a Minute Woman," followed by a short talk. Rev. Leonard Garver, as the speaker of the evening, made an address which was enthusiastically received. After the program, while Mrs. Harrigan sang "God Be With Our Boys Tonight," many of the audience went to the tables provided for that purpose and signed up pledge cards. Minute Women and a committee of men personally urged upon members of the crowd that they sign up to their full share. A number of business girls took charge of the tables where cards were signed.

Doan's Regulents are recommended by many who say they operate easily, without griping and without bad after effects. 30c at all drug stores.—adv.

ALL WORN OUT

Does morning find you with a lame, stiff and aching back? Are you tired all the time—and work a burden? Have you suspected your kidneys? Grateful people endorse Doan's Kidney Pills. You can rely on their statements.

G. W. Stoops, S. Third St., Ritzville, Wash., says: "For a long time I was troubled by weak kidneys. My back pained me for days and when I went to bed, I could get no rest. I felt all worn out mornings and every change in the weather made me worse. The kidney secretions were retarded, too. After taking two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I was cured and my back has never bothered me since. My kidneys have been in good shape, too." (Statement given October 12, 1912.)

In July, 1916, Mr. Stoops added: "I always keep Doan's Kidney Pills of hand and when I need a kidney medicine, a few doses correct any trouble I might have."

The above is not an isolated case. Mr. Stoops is only one of many in this vicinity who have gratefully endorsed Doan's. If your back aches—if your kidneys bother you—don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. Stoops had. 60c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

NO MORE HOLD UPS ON BATTERY REPAIRS

\$6.50 for Insulations, Renewals 3-cell batteries. \$7.50 for 6 cell 12 volt batteries. All work guaranteed.

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ASK AT THE FOUNTAIN

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Leader Water System

The Handiest Helper on the Farm.

Saves Time, Money, Work—You can have plenty of fresh running water, where and when you want it. You have more time to do other and better things than pumping water.

WRITE US FOR CATALOGUE or ask your Local Dealer.

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Send your old tires to us—we will half cost and return them promptly—like new.
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1500 Watt Generator

Starts and stops itself—costs less to operate—runs with kerosene or distillate, plenty of power to do all the ranch chores—full 3 1-2 H. P. engine.

Guaranteed to Satisfy
INSTALL IT NOW
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LUBRICATING OILS

TRACTOR, AUTO, MILL, ENGINE, HARVESTER AND HARD OILS, CASTOR, MACHINERY AND KEROSENE. FARMERS, WRITE FOR PRICES

TRUE'S OIL CO.
SPOKANE, WASH.

RELIABLE PORTABLE DRAG SAW

Two good men will cut 15 to 25 cords per day—4 h. engine, 2 cycle, patented safety clutch—all working parts interchangeable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ask for catalogue—Dealers wanted.

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Hotel Ridpath

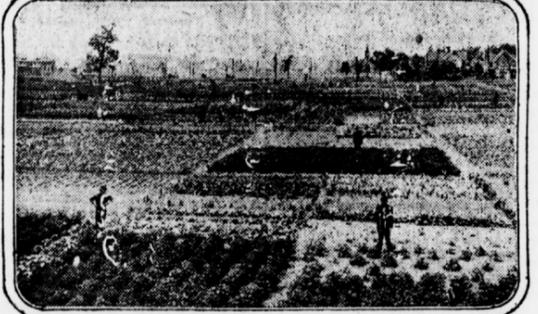
544 FIRST AVE., SPOKANE
Family Hotel, Centrally Located.
125 Large, Modern Alky Rooms.
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Sullivan's Electric Cafeteria
In connection with this hotel assures you "Good Eats" at reasonable prices.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND SLAUGHTER

Plant a War Garden, Help Win the War.



THIS IS THE WAR GARDEN PLANTED BY WORKERS IN A BIO-PLOW COMPANY

HELPING to increase our export food stocks, war gardens will be planted this year in greater numbers than ever before. Each American family that has a garden plot is being urged to become more nearly self-sustaining by making use of it. This will render a national service by lessening the burdens on our railroads. Fewer carloads of food hauled about the country means more cars of munitions and food sent to seaboard for the Allies.

The United States Department of Agriculture and State Agricultural Colleges have printed leaflets of instructions for gardeners which will be sent upon request without charge. It was only during the last winter that government experts were able to know definitely how great was the aid of 1917 war gardens. In many sections the potatoes and other vegetables raised enabled the people to escape a threatened famine in certain commodities that were held up on account of the railroad transportation crisis. Approximately 2,000,000 war gardens were planted in 1917—many were failures; but the gardener now knows more about raising vegetables and will do better in 1918.



Victory is a Question of Stamina
Send—the Wheat
Meat·Fats·Sugar
the fuel for Fighters
UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

SUMMIT VALLEY

Mrs. R. J. English, Representative
George Hague Jr. and Ray Brooks motored to Spokane Friday to attend the circus on Saturday, returning Sunday evening.

The Red Cross girls met with Mrs. R. J. English Thursday and tied a comfortable which they have pieced and donated to the local branch for their auction on the Fourth. The girls present were Miss Zelia McDaniel, Miss Dolly Graham, Miss Juanita Drake, Miss Delsie Rober, Miss Christina Habura and Miss Josie Hague.

Mrs. A. M. Sleasing returned from North Dakota Saturday where she has been spending the past month with relatives.

Mrs. Lavina Custer returned to her home at Corvina, California, after a short visit with her brother George Hague and family.

Paul Habura and wife were trading in Chewelah Thursday.

Miss Jose Hague and Miss Juanita Drake visited from Friday till Sunday at Arden, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Phillips.

John Alby and wife and baby were guests Sunday at the home of Mrs. Alby's parents Mr. and Mrs. Graham.

Miss Gena Garthe came up from Spokane to spend the Fourth with her parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Habura visited at Ole Johnson's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Garthe, Johnny and Miss Martha Garthe and Miss Zelia McDaniel visited at R. J. English's Sunday.

About five hundred people attended Gus Hoffman's sale Friday. Bidding was lively and everything sold well with the exception of the stock, machinery especially selling well. The Red Cross ladies had charge of the lunch and cleared about \$50.

The singing school met at the home of R. J. English Sunday evening, and spent the time with music and songs. Those present were Misses Catherine Cottman, Zelia McDaniel, Dolly Graham, Christina Habura, Bernice Rounds and Freeman Cogley, Walter Pearson, Vance McDaniel.

Halmer Alby, Andrew Habura, Fred Alby, Edmund Graham, Omar McDaniel, Ralph Graham and Ernest Cottman.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilson of Addy moved Tuesday to their new home recently purchased from Gus Hoffman.

Examiner gives the news

NOTICE OF HEARING.

In the matter of the hearing of the Electric Point Mining Company, a corporation.

Notice is hereby given that the Electric Point Mining Company, a corporation, has made application to the board of county commissioners of Stevens county for a franchise to erect and maintain a telephone line along, over and upon the Northport and Deep Creek road, the Deep Creek and Boundary road and the Roy Young road from the city of Northport to the mining property of said applicant, in Stevens county, Washington. Said franchise to continue for a period of not more than fifty years. And notice is further given that said application will be heard by said board at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon on the sixth day of July, 1918, at the commissioners' rooms in the courthouse in the city of Colville, Stevens county, Washington.

All persons interested may appear at said time and place and show cause why said application should not be granted.

Dated this twelfth day of June, 1918
EARLE T. GATES,
County Auditor.

By **Will C. Spedden,** deputy.

CALL FOR SCHOOL DISTRICT BONDS.
Bonds numbered five and six, Series "B" of school district number twenty, of Stevens county, Washington, together with accrued interest thereon, are hereby called for payment and interest ceases after August 1, 1918.

Dated at Colville, Washington, June 27, 1918.
IRVING D. SILL,
Treasurer of Stevens County, Washington.
First publication, June 27, 1918; last, July 13, 1918.