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Then our store is sanitarily perfect. Everything about it is clean, wholesome, reliable. We offer you the best things to eat, delivered to you in the best condition to eat.

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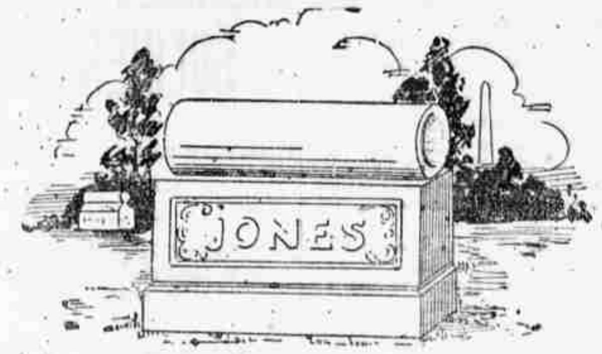

BLUE MOUNTAIN MARBLE & GRANITE CO.
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1502 S Ave., La Grande, Oregon.

Two Prize Stories From the High School "Mimir"

From the high school "Mimir" for 1919, the little magazine published at the end of each school year by the pupils of the La Grande high school, are taken the two stories appearing below. The "Mimir" was reviewed in the Sunday Morning Observer of a week ago, and the entertaining reading which the extracts taken from it provided will be well supplemented by these two stories by pupils of the high school.

"KULTUR"

(Prize Story)

Karl Von Eler is a Prussian, and a representative of the truest German Kultur. Before everything to him comes The State, and he loves it truly, passionately, believing entirely in its doctrines, almost worshiping its Kaiser.

The following, translated from a book exceedingly useful to the German propagandists will show the part he was playing when America entered the War: "Number 6736. Karl Von Eler, alias Charles Alden, formerly of Essen, Prussian, now serving the Vaterland in the United States of America, Washington, D. C. secretly. Age, 27. Unmarried. Description: handsome, tall and well built, carriage erect; features, regular; hair, light brown; eyes, blue. The little finger of his left hand is slightly bent, otherwise he has no noticeable peculiarities or deformities. Personality, fascinating. Education, graduated from the University of Berlin and spent two years in the Berlin Academy of Science, speaks German, French and English fluently. Character, good. He is greatly devoted to the Vaterland and will probably prove worthy of advancement."

It was in the summer of 1917, before the war was being taken seriously by the Americans, that he met Claire Thornton. His orders sent him to a summer resort in New Jersey where he amused himself by watching the German propaganda spread. At one of the social affairs he was strolling, as was his habit, from group to group listening to the conversations and if possible gaining or saying something for the good of his country. He heard her say as he came up: "I really can't see why they want to send our men over there to fight. It isn't our quarrel. Of course I'm patriotic and the government places a great deal of trust in Daddy, but—" she shrugged her shoulders. He looked at her carefully. She was a pretty, slender, dainty, with auburn hair, hazel eyes and fair complexion. Later he asked one of his friends who she was.

"Oh she's the adopted daughter of James Thornton. I guess she's his boss, he fairly worships her. They say that he's making plans for a new model of an aeroplane for the government. She's pretty isn't she, half the fellows are crazy over her, there's Dick Latour now, he'd do anything for her."

"Dick Latour, it sounds familiar. I wonder——"

"You may have seen him in Europe, he's traveled a good deal, he studied in the Academy of Sciences in Berlin."

"In Berlin—!" Karl started slightly.

"Yes, he doesn't say much about it now, that city is no longer popular."

"Would you mind introducing me to Miss Thornton?" A glimpse of his short soliloquy, as they walked toward her, may be enlightening. "Yes, she is pretty and she controls her father, I will become acquainted with her at once. Richard Latour, you love her, that is bad, it might be embarrassing to meet you here."

And then began his desperate flirtation with Claire Thornton. A word of explanation is necessary, he did not wish to play with her, it would have brought him only pain to know that he had broken her heart, but the good of the German State called for it and neither his feelings nor hers could be considered.

Two weeks later he wrote a report, in part as follows: "To get results from flirting seems impossible so I have become engaged. I hope to get some plans soon. Is she important enough to bother marrying?"

The same afternoon he received a visit from Richard Latour, who came to the point at once. "You are not Charles Alden. You are a good Prussian, and I have found out several things about you. We have been pals and I haven't forgot that you once saved my life and I've come to tell you that unless you get out of here at once you may have trouble. Germany may be all right in its place, but no American wants to see America dominated by a German Kultur any more more than invaded by a German army."

"And why not? You must admit that German [illegible] equals that of any other country in the world. Not the kind [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] a mug of beer and pinochle [illegible], though the editors forget or ignore the [illegible] of France or the dwindling towns of Italy. Taking it seriously. Literature, Art, Music. Gothe certainly can be placed with Shakespeare or Dante and Heine is easily the equal of Tennyson and Longfellow.

"In music Germany unquestionably leads the world. Almost all the greatest composers are either German or received their education in Germany. In science and philosophy she has been for years the acknowledged head. She has absorbed the best culture in Europe and adding it to her own has made a Kultur which would last even if The Empire failed. It is too good to lose. The Americans who are trying to destroy it here are fools, there is no advancement in being narrow. Germany became great because she was willing to try everything."

"Oh, I admit what you say of that," the American replied. "It's the other part of it, the political and international ideas that we won't accept. England, France and America are fighting for the civilization of the world."

"The civilization of the world is Germany's greatest wish, this war is being fought for the advancement of German Kultur. The countries opposed to The Empire may be good, but when Germany controls them they will be better. England is all right, but rather deteriorated. It is well enough that 'The Lion' slept secure in its belief of power while the Black Eagle sharpened its claws. A few months of submarine warfare and she will be ready to progress along German lines.

"France—ah! Germany has many an old score to settle with France!" he spoke with feeling. Then continued, calm again. "It's really amusing to read the screams and [illegible] of the orations on 'Glorious France,' and on the terrible suffering caused by the Germans. They speak as though wars have not always been so. It is too bad indeed," there was a note of sadness in his voice, "that cities must be destroyed and people murdered, but it is necessary to cause fear of the soldiery. The people knew it would inevitably come if they resisted. Why did they resist? The suffering could have been lessened ninety per cent. As it was, the Belgians could not be a mere [illegible] stand in the way of advancement of the State—Necessity knows no law."

"They speak of Germany taking Alsace and Loraine in 1870. Alsace and Loraine belong to her. Louis the [illegible] of France took them [illegible] countries [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible]. It was [illegible]. The Empire [illegible] she should [illegible] them [illegible] France [illegible] with unkindness.

"And America? America is only [illegible] the best nation allied against Germany. I will compare her government, her greatest pride with ours. Our towns have local self government and a show of power in the Reichstag, but the Kaiser with his advisers, is acknowledged the real government. He is trained from boyhood for it. He is trained with the idea that he is God's representative, and that his mission is the aggrandizement and the betterment of the German Empire. If, as they say here, he is wrong, it is not his fault. He believes entirely that what he is doing is for the best, he is a worshipper of Kultur. His power lies in the army and with it he keeps peace in his realm and his place in the world. The people have good laws and, except in war times, their taxes are light. They are free to advance in every way and Germany is the most progressive nation in Europe today.

"The end certainly justifies the means, for out of all this horror and bloodshed will emerge a great nation, which will come, in time, to satisfy all people, and the Kaiser will be the chief minister and its motto will be Kultur!"

The German's eyes were shining with the dream of The State. For a moment Richard Latour regarded him silently, then he rose. "That time can never come Karl," he said. "the Germans in that idea, the Americans in another and they are as far apart as the poles. I agree with you that German Kultur is too good to lose, that it will live. I hope indeed that the time will come when it will be more carefully studied than now, but you could not in two hundred and fifty years take away the American people's love of Liberty.

"I am an American, goodbye." He turned again to the door and said earnestly, "I drive to Washington tonight, let me warn you again in the name of the old friendship to go, at once."

After he had gone number 6736 closed and locked the door, went to the desk, sat down, and from a drawer took his complete report. For several moments he regarded it uncertainly but intently. It was hard to do, he had always been fond of Dick, and had he not just warned him? Yes, it was hard. Yet he was an enemy to The State. Carefully he dipped his pen in the ink and added a post script: "Richard Latour is a dangerous man. He leaves for Washington, D. C. tonight." A few minutes later he gave it to his German messenger saying, "to get it to Washington as quickly as possible."

That night at Mrs. Lang's dinner party he asked Claire about the plans for the aeroplane. They were not finished.

At about eleven he was called to the telephone. "Karl?" the voice at the other end enquired. "Yes?" "This is Emil Heiser. They have found you out. Go while you have time. Goodbye."

He excused himself to the hostess. He was very sorry but it important business. It was not necessary to make his leaving noticeable, could he go through a side door? He found the door easily and stopped for a moment in the protecting shadow of the trees and bushes to wait for a group of men, coming toward his hiding place, to pass. He knew what failure to escape meant if the report were true, imprisonment, probably death. He thought of his mother and the news being brought to her, but she might not know for years—they told no more than was necessary in Germany. He knew that to his fellow spies he was merely a useful machine made to serve the Vaterland. It was rather hard, facing the danger alone, without even sympathy.

"Yes—dearest," she laid her hand on his arm.

"Charles," the low voice startled him from his disagreeable reveries. He turned and looked down into Claire Thornton's anxious face, half discernable in the shadow. "Mrs. Lang told me. Is it anything serious? Can I help in any way?" Her voice was hopeful, pleading.

"I'm in honor bound not to tell, but it helps more than you can guess, knowing that someone—cares!"

Then he took her in his arms and kissed her, and for the first time it was spontaneous, passionate, and for a moment, for the first time in his life, he wished that he had not been a German.

Five minutes later, his heart and brain on fire, he was in his car driving madly toward Washington.

The next morning he read the account of the death of Richard Latour, caused by an "accident"; collision of his car with another and knew that the German officials had received his message.

He was calm again, perfectly self possessed. No one knew of the struggle he had been through, of the battle between Love and Kultur. The decision was inevitable, he was a Prussian, and in the end was willing to sacrifice everything for the State.

That afternoon he received orders. I will quote them and let the reader imagine the result. "The report that you were discovered proved incorrect. You will go on with your work in New Jersey, as to your marriage to Cecilia Reichter, alias Claire Thornton, you may use your own judgment. It has often proved well for two spies to work together."

Beskie Andrews '21.

A ROUND PEG IN A SQUARE HOLE

(Second Prize Story)

There was a sad heart in the low stained, dark little house that stood humbly by the roadside under some elms. Rachel wringing the dish towel was not thinking of the blue and white checked linen that dripped in her hand. Her eyes wore a dreamy look as she paused a moment.

"A square peg," she said half aloud, "that's what I am. A square peg in a round hole." The dreamy look in her eyes changed to one of real trouble. Each day the visit of the postman was a dreaded event, bringing either no letter at all, or a worse disappointment in the shape of a courteous communication dealing a crushing blow to her hopes.

For Rachel was looking for work. Two years ago the luxuriously reared young lady in the big house on the hill would have snapped her fingers at the idea of working for her living. But these two years had brought her and her brother face to face with the realities of life, for they were orphans now. Their fortune which they had supposed to be substantial was gone, just as Rachel's dreams were gone.

Without Gregory's position in the amunition factory, they could not have managed, but the little vine-covered cottage was vastly different from the magnificent home Rachel had left, and she was so troubled about Gregory, whose work was so confining. If Rachel could find some way to support herself he could, with the little money still left, finish his course at college. But she found in looking for work that people wanted trained minds and skilled hands more than social graces.

The postman's whistle sent her

(Continued on page 8)

S. R. O.

—Crowds of jolly, good-natured customers throng our big shop almost to the **Standing Room Only** stage every day.

They are jolly and good-natured because they are getting just the cuts of meat they want—just when they want them, at prices which they have learned are right and reasonable for the **High Quality** (not quality, maybe high, maybe low), but genuine high quality meats they are getting.

Lots of your friends are in the crowd. Come in and visit with them, whether you need any meat or not; our tempting display of Fish, Fowl, Roasts and Steaks will be a pleasure to look at anyway.

Delicious Corn-Fed Boiling Beef .... 16c lb

B. Y. Z.

Grande Ronde Meat Co.

Saving The Small Sums

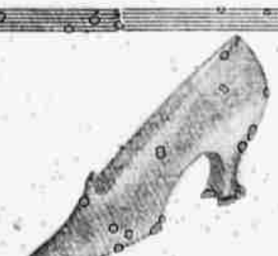
It is surprising how readily a large amount of money, when kept near at hand, can disappear.

It is equally surprising how quickly small sums carefully banked can accumulate into a comfortable reserve.

Our officers invite you to open a Savings Account in this institution and deposit therein those small sums that are so apt to "slip through the fingers."

United States National Bank

La Grande, Ore.



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The [illegible] received this season a light [illegible] priced at $9.50

Also a White [illegible] Colonial Pump, of the finest [illegible] priced at $7.00

Our [illegible] a wide range of styles and prices.

L. J. French Shoe Co.