

The Dean Tatom Co.

Phone 688

SOLID PACK GALLON FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Sliced Peaches	50c
Halves Peaches	50c
Loganberries	50c
Blackberries	50c
Apples	50c
Gooseberries	65c
Pumpkin	50c
Huckleberries	75c
Small White Beans, pound	15c
Hominy, 2 large cans	25c
Ripe Olives, in tin	10c, 20c
Maccaroons in packages	10c

GERMAN CASUALTIES ARE OVER FOUR MILLIONS

LONDON, April 18.—German casualties as reported in the German official casualty lists during the month of March total 54,803 men, according to a statement made public here last night.

The statement says that the March casualties, added to those reported previously, bring the total given in the German official lists since the beginning of the war to a total of 4,189,946 as follows:

Killed or died of wounds, 960,760.
Died of sickness, 63,920.
Prisoners or missing, 512,855.
Wounded, 2,643,425.

Reserve Corps Filled Up.
WASHINGTON, April 15.—Examination for quartermasters office reserve corps is discontinued indefinitely because the corps received an excess number of applicants.

If You Suffer From Catarrh

don't make the fatal mistake of regarding it as a trifling matter. Authorities agree that Catarrh is an infection of the blood. Consequently, sprays, salves and lotions can afford only temporary relief, because they do not reach the source of the disease—the blood. When you depend on these temporary remedies alone your case is likely to grow steadily worse until it becomes chronic and possibly affects the lungs.

spitting and hawking and evil odor of the breath will not only cause misery to you, but will make your presence obnoxious to others. S. S. S., which has been the standard blood medicine for fifty years, will relieve your catarrh, because it will purify your blood and relieve it of the accumulated poisons. S. S. S. contains no mineral or habit-forming drugs. S. S. S. is on sale at all druggists and the advice of our medical department is at your disposal, free of charge. Swift Specific Co., 302 Swift Building, Atlanta, Ga.

ROUND-UP PICTURES STIR OLD BROADWAY

The Pendleton Round-Up, as depicted in reel life, is the leading attraction on Broadway, according to J. "Arabol" Greene in a letter to his old friend, Jack Robinson, proprietor of the Domestic Laundry. He writes about his own experiences in visiting the picture show in faraway New York in a very interesting way. His letter follows:

New York, April 14, 1917.
Mr. John F. Robinson, Domestic Laundry, Pendleton, Oregon.
Friend Jack:—

I just want you (or a moment to imagine yourself as I was one evening this week.

After having a sumptuous dinner and lighting my six-bit Havana, I started to stroll up Broadway, wondering how to pass the lonesome evening. All of a sudden a great electric sign blazed out in the distance, reading: "Pendleton Round-Up."

I took off my glasses, polished them up and took another look. Then I got a move on.

When I arrived at this theater there was a double line half a block long. I elbowed my way to the box office, laid down my four bit piece and got a ticket, went in and settled myself for a grand show. And believe me, it was some show!

It opened with a grand parade with the crack cowboys, cowgirls and Indians. The audience began to sit up and take notice. Then the riding, roping and tying. I began to get somewhat excited. And when the champion of all bulldozers was doing his stunt, I could not restrain myself any longer, and let out two or three yips that would do credit to any cowboy.

Then a heavy hand came down on my shoulder and said where do you think you are? This is Broadway, not Wyoming. Then an usher came to me and said the manager of the theater wished me to come over to his box, which I did.

He said, "You must be from the West?" I said, "Yes, I was a cow-puncher once." We shook hands, he smiled and said he also had been one a long time ago. He then invited me to sit down and told me I could sip as loud and as long as I wished to. And believe me I did. Say, it was some show! And I was pleased to know that Pendleton nestling in the eastern mountains of Oregon was very much on the map, and the leading attraction on Broadway. The city where plays and shows are thrown in the discard every day.

It pleased me to know that my good friend Let 'er Buck was instrumental in making this great show a success. And I wish to congratulate your Commercial club and all your people in your biggest small city in the world and last but not least my good friend

Let 'er Buck for the most enjoyable evening I have had since I have been in this old town.

I herewith enclose you the program, and in conclusion I wish to say when you have your next Round-Up if it is a possible thing for me to do, I shall certainly be there with bells on. I beg to remain,

Yours very truly,
J. ARABOL GREENE.

WANTED—A BATTLE SONG

Chance for Writer to "Put Over" Anthem to Stir U. S. Troops.

Powder and cannon and steel, These have their fighting part. But the army fights best, By an ancient test,

That fights with a song in his heart. CHICAGO, April 14.—In the cafeteria the vocalists are working their larynxes to death trying to "put a real one over." The critical patriots draped about the cafe tables hearken and remain unmoved. They rise for "The Spangled Banner," cheer for "Dixie" and put their forks down for "America." But the whimsies about the assorted hearts of Maryland, Michigan, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Illinois leave them cold. The big song is still unborn, the song that will make the feet of the army tingle and the heart of it grow strong.

It is "Tipperary" that is credited with winning as many battles for the English as any of their generals. The French likewise have walked through the hail across No Man's Land with boulevard refrains on their lips.

Something With a Swing Wanted. "Something with a swing," said Capt. F. R. Kenney of the regular army recruiting station in South State street. "If I knew what I'd write it myself. There won't be any mistaking it when it comes, though. Everybody will know it's the song." "Now is the time for every jaw band hero to come to the aid of his country," said another officer at the station. "We don't want any classical stuff or any old stuff. The old airs are still great, but this is a new war and we want a new song."

Capt. Edward A. Evers explained that the war was not going to be fought by "highbrows," that no war ever was and that Irving Berlin (who is considering, by the way, of changing his name to New York) rather than Walter Damrosch was the logical genius to lend his nation's soul on the wings of song.

Popular Output Declines. Inquiries at several of the song departments and music store revealed a decline in the usual output of popular melodies and jingles. At one place in State street the professor at the piano was pounding out the music of "Poor Butterfly," one of the hits of the late Hippodrome show.

"Here it is, boys," yelled the optimistic capper, "here's the tune to go to war with."

At another place "In Michigan," a melody of last year's dim paleontic musical past, was being wrenched from the piano. But, as insinuated



"The Power behind the Dough"

Ask your grocer—He knows

there was a noticeable absence of variety.

"Where are they?" repeated one of the cappers. "Say, the're workin' doin' der dooty. Wait a week. We'll have a flock of marchin' songs for sale that'll make the 'The Marzally look like a Sunday school chant."

ORANGE BLOSSOM FARMS.

Plantations in France Handed Down From Previous Generations. N

A minor trade which has been badly hit is the orange blossom industry. Weddings are simple affairs nowadays and there is not much demand for the fragrant white flowers. Practically all the orange blossoms that reaches London is grown in the south of France, a few miles back of the coast line, in the sheltered valleys of the Alpes Maritimes.

There is, in ordinary times, always a demand for the blossoms, for the

perfume manufacturers are ready buyers if the other market should fail. These plantations are handed on from one generation to another in the same family, and there would be small encouragement for rival planters, as the trees do not yield much in the way of a floral crop until they are a fair age.

NOW DYNAMITING U BOATS.

AS THEY ONCE KILLED FISH

NEW YORK, April 15.—Dynamiting submarines, as people used to dynamite fish before it became illegal, is the latest scheme of the English, according to Dr. McKim, the American veterinary surgeon who has just returned from a German prison camp, where he was one of the Yarrowdale prisoners, and who has been telling his experiences.

"They attach a giant bomb to the tail of a patrol boat or destroyer,"

says Dr. McKim, "and drop it when a submarine is sighted. It explodes at a given depth and nearly blows the patrol boat out of the water. But the water transmits shock so readily that it also destroys the U boat."

VON BISSING IS DEAD.

AMSTERDAM, April 18.—General Von Bissing, German governor of Belgium, is dead, according to apparently authentic reports. He was ill several months ago with pneumonia. He ruled Belgium with a hand of steel. He approved the death sentence of Edith Cavell, the English nurse and conceived the idea of deporting Belgians.

Dr. Liebkecht in his cell will be interested to hear that the German military policy is universally popular in Germany.

Mr. American! Do Your Part!

MRS. AMERICAN AND ALL THE FAMILY CAN HELP

All of Europe—neutral as well as warring countries—has been placed on short food rations to eke out supplies until the new crop is harvested. This country entered the present crop year last July with 164,000,000 bushels of wheat carried over from the crop of 1915, and in 1916 produced 482,000,000 bushels of winter wheat and 158,000,000 of spring wheat; total supply 804,000,000. This year there will be practically no wheat carried over and the government's estimate on the winter crop forecasts a yield of only 430,000,000. On this basis the spring wheat crop must be 214,000,000 bushels larger than last year in order to give us a wheat supply equal to what we will export and consume in the crop year now closing. This is an alarming outlook. The spring wheat crop is notoriously subject to weather conditions. More spring wheat should be sown, but it is doubtful if the wheat shortage can be made up. Other food crops must be grown to meet the deficiency.

This country is now at war, and our allies, Belgium, Great Britain, France and Italy are dependent upon us for food. They will have no reserves and must have more from us in the coming year than in the past, or they will not be able to feed all their people. Added to the appeals of starving humanity will be military reasons making it impossible for us to put an embargo upon the exportation of food. We must divide what we grow this year with these countries and with the neutral countries—Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland and Spain—which are not self sustaining in grain supplies. And not only must we supply enough to keep these people from starving, but enough to cover the heavy losses at sea which result from the submarine warfare. If we grow no more food than we did last year—and so far the outlook is for less—there is a danger of a food situation such as the world in modern times has not dreamed of. No other country has the resources in land and population to meet this emergency but the United States. There is no business upon which all other business depends as upon this of growing a big crop in America this year. And the work must be started immediately. There is no time to wait on organization from outside. The emergency can only be met by spontaneous action in every state, county and school district forming local organizations.

Picture in your mind what conditions will be in our own cities next winter, and of the effect upon all industry, if food supplies are scarcer and dearer than they are now! It must be impressed upon everybody that no wage advances or regulation of prices can add one bushel of wheat or potatoes to the supply after the growing season is over.

The Governor of Iowa has called for the enlistment of boys from 12 to 18 to work either in town gardens or upon the farms. President Wilson says that these boys will be "Soldiers of the Community." There are fine possibilities in this idea. The boys may be brought to feel that they are serving their country as truly as their elder brothers who enlist in army or navy; and the girls should have a chance as well. They should have a medal to keep as lifelong evidence of their service in the last great war—let us hope—of the world's history.

Although it is of course desirable to increase the farm crops, and especially the spring wheat crop, it may be that the best chance to increase the food supply is by the intensive cultivation of garden tracts in and adjacent to towns, where labor additional to the regular farm supply can be secured for growing potatoes, beans, onions, etc. Each community is able to go ahead upon this work without help from outside. The aggregate result will depend upon the efficiency of the local organization.

RESPECTFULLY,

The First National Bank of Pendleton
The American National Bank, Pendleton