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You Won't Care If Germans Overrun This Country; You Will Be Dead, Says Author

(By Ellis Parker Butler.)
If the Germans win this war and come to America to punish us, you won't care. You may care a little at first. It may make your blood boil to see some shaved-head hog-herder in the Kaiser's uniform strike your wife across the face with the flat of his hand, or to hear the shrieks of your daughter as one of the Kaiser's grinning under-officers drags her away, but you won't care long. I'll tell you why.

You'll be dead.
There was a cabled paragraph in the newspapers a day or two ago that reported the Russians are feeling better inclined toward the allies. The reason was that the German troops were poison-gassing the civil populations of the captured towns. It is an easy way to get rid of civil population, and, now, that the Germans have hit upon it, they will probably use it in all cases where they wish to make room for German culture.

Poison-gassing the civilian population is easier and quicker than shooting it, as was done in Belgium. It is easier and quicker than "deporting" it, as was done with the Armenians, although the German-ruled Turks found that a satisfactory way to lead whole cities to death. The Germans are especially apt to stick to poison-gassing civilians because it is their own happy thought and the highest exemplification of their own efficient Kultur.

In America, where there are great sections given up to agriculture, it will probably be necessary for the Germans to bayonet and shoot many who are now living on the farms, although they may be able to form county concentration camps and gas all who are gathered in those camps. In the cities the work would be easier. On a given day and at a given hour, the German troops would put on their gas-masks and thus protected release great quantities of poison-gas. The civil population would immediately die. Germany would have a free hand for colonization and America would be thoroughly German from then on. There would be no one here to interfere with the German plans. "New Germany" would be all German. You would not care—you would be dead.

If you think Germany is not capable of doing this very thing it is because you have not thought about Germany lately. That cable message says Germany is doing it in eastern Russia. To Germany we are more troublesome and less civilized than eastern Russia. We are too numerous to deport. The easiest way would be to gas us in the bulk.

No decent nation does such things, but Germany is not in the decent nation class. Think a minute.

Germany is a murderer. She threw civilized ways aside and began slinking men, women and children in the bulk long ago. Germany is a pirate, and is using submarines contrary to all agreements and pacts. Germany invented poison gas and used it, when its use in battle was as forbidden and uncivilized as its use to kill civilian populations. We have a great country over here, and a population that would be endlessly troublesome to Germany if she tried to rule us. If Germany comes to the United States she will wish to kill us off as if we were rats. Germany wants to make the world safe for Germany.

I don't know how you feel about it, but I don't want to be gassed. I don't want any poison-gassing nation left on the face of the earth. I am not even strong in my friendship for murderers and pirates. I don't see today, anything good in Germany, or anything decent, or anything deserving respect. I can't think of anything so hideous or disgusting that she would not do if she thought it would profit her. She is not fighting as a civilized nation fights; she is outlawed and degraded. She must be whipped, beaten into the slime she has created, her rulers punished for their filthy crimes and then, if the world of decent men sees fit, her population may be put on good behavior for fifty years. At the end of that time, if civilization has taken the place of the barbarism now existing in Germany, it may be possible to admit Germany to a place in the councils of the nations once more. Until then, look out for poison-gas! Beat the Hun into his own mud, or he will come over here and despoilate America by his own hell-concocted method.

SOLDIER BOYS WERE WILLING TO MARRY NEVSA

(By Maximilian Foster.)
PARIS—Nevsa McMein, the illustrator who paints all the covers for all the American magazines in France working with the Y. M. C. A. A few days ago in a Red Triangle hut out on the Verdun front, Miss McMein was demonstrating how easy it is to make \$1000 by drawing a cover for a magazine, when one of the soldier boys in the crowd sang out: "Nevsa, where did you get that name of yours?"
With good nature, Miss McMein stopped her entertainment to tell him. Marguerite is her real name, but not liking it she had wished for years to find a substitute. Finally, while she was visiting Homer Davenport's horse farm a beautiful Arab mount was shown to her. Its name was Nevsa, and that settled it. Miss McMein took it for her own. The explanation having been made, the youthful and very good looking young artist added that she would like to change McMein too, but she was afraid she never could.
Instantly there came a roar from the crowd.
"Oh, yes you can, Nevsa, there's sixteen hundred of us in this regiment that'll do it for you any time."

GOVERNOR'S WIFE



The wife of Governor Northey of British East Africa is serving in a hospital in France.

Company Cut Hay

(Continued from page 5.)

But the idea dawned on the old French woman. "Oh, vous voulez du lait," she said, "Bon." She motioned him to follow her.

In the little hut, he gave him a chair, and brought a pitcher of milk, which he drank as he ate his cheese and bread. She looked on, delighted that he had accepted something, but amazed that he would drink milk. "Americans are funny," she declared. "Milk is for cheese and babies with us, and you drink it and refuse wine. Americans are funny."

He agrees.
It being French, he said "Ouf," and missed the point.
Then she brought out some pictures. "My husband," she said. "He is dead."

"My boy, this is," she said, showing another picture. "He was killed in the war at Verdun."

"My daughter and her baby," she described a third photo. "She is sick now and cannot work. I must cut the hay and run the farm."

Someway with gestures she made him understand. It touched his honest farmer boy's heart.

"No, you don't have to. I'll do it. I'll bring some fellows from C company tomorrow, and we'll do it in a jiffy."

Just Fun for the Boys.

She did not understand, naturally, but smiled and thanked him as he departed with, "Don't you cut that hay, C company will do it. We'll be over tomorrow. It's fun for us, just like being back on the farm."

Next day an old French woman cutting hay and then resting, cutting more and resting more, was amazed when eight husky doughboys came clambering over the fence led by her friend of the day before. "They're all good farm hands," he declared by way of introduction, and this is my bunkie. He can talk French." He said it with pride.

Among them they had enough French to make her understand they would cut her entire hay crop if she would but borrow the scythes. After some urging she did, from astonished and sure.

The doughboys set to work, and the swathe they cut showed they were men of experience on the farm. In a little over two hours the entire hay crop was cut, and they returned with their scythes to the house.

It was then the old Frenchwoman showed a touch of genius. Bringing out a pail of milk, she gave each doughboy a big glass of it.

"Ouf, but that's good," expressed their joy better than more polished words.

More Work Ahead.

As they departed, the pathfinder to the hayfield said, through his bunkie interpreter, "If we don't have to go to the trenches, we'll come back in a couple days and put it in the barn for you. But it's slow cutting with these damp nights."

She thanked them all profusely.

"And say," he said, "if we're around here we'll come and plow for you this fall. Summer-fallow's what this land needs. We'll do it for you, that is, if we're not hitting Germans, or else all through and back in America."

"And, say, that milk sure was good. Gosh, I feel just as though I'd had a trip home after smelling that new-brown hay and drinking a glass of honest-to-goodness milk. Good-by, Madame."



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