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WHY WE ARE AT WAR WITH GERMANY

By EPHRAIM DOUGLASS ADAMS
Executive Head, History Department
Leland Stanford Junior University

"The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible government, which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, is now carrying out the plan without regard to the sacred obligations of the long-established principles of international action and honor. This war is not the German people. It is the ruthless master of the German people. It is our business to see to it that the history of the rest of the world is no longer left to its handling."
—President Wilson, August 27, 1917.

DOLLARS OR BOYS.

The three great needs constantly put forth from Washington are: (1) food conservation to aid our Allies; (2) men; (3) money. The first, the Food Administration Bureau is attempting to secure largely by voluntary efforts. The second has been placed by law on a compulsory basis in the draft. The third will be compulsory by laws increasing present taxation to the extent of about one-quarter of the annual expenditures in the war; but three-quarters must be provided not by voluntary gift, but by voluntary loans.

The ease with which the draft of men was carried through, the quiet acquiescence of America in it, when advised by America's self-chosen leaders, was a magnificent proof of the essential patriotism of our people and of our confidence that we are a truly democratic nation. We trusted our advisers because we had ourselves elected them. Now we must trust them with our money and we must be ready for sacrifices. This war can not even be begun to be won until the people of America fully realize that sacrifices of all sorts, but especially of men and money, are inevitable.

Popular opinion seems to think we have already given much. Let us be honest. What have we given? True, we are preparing to give men and machines, and are spending money in that preparation, but our spending is as yet but a drop in the bucket compared to what our Allies have been spending for three years in defense of us. For that is what they have been doing—defending the world, and so defending us. We have been lending them money, at a good rate of interest. They do not ask us to give, even now. All that they expect is that we also shall bear our burdens, as they also shall theirs, in this war for the future of our world and for safety.

Look at the efforts of Great Britain's effort at grand totals, but at facts applied to the individual. In the last British War Loan there was a total of \$4,350,000,000 in cash subscriptions, which means about \$100 per person—men, women, and children. (The best that Germany was able to do in her last loan was \$30 per person.) To equal Britain's effort America, after she had been three years at war, would have to subscribe \$10,000,000,000 in a single loan. Through taxation, interest on loans, and higher cost of living, it is estimated that every Englishman with an annual income of \$2,500 gives \$750 to support the war. One reason for this high cost is that Britain began the war without properly appreciating its financial burdens. It was the "Business as Usual" cry that prevented the pouring out of money at first which, if then given, might have meant a saving for England later, and especially a saving of English lives.

This war can not be won without sacrifice. Let no one think it. If Germany wins, or even makes a draw of it, our future sacrifices will be many times greater. Let no one deceive himself as to that. Right now we are pouring out boys—getting them ready. We must pour out dollars to equip them, but most of all, to furnish them with the instruments of war that their lives may not be lost by being put up as man power against machinery. Many of our boys will die; but some we may save if we are ready to spend the last dollar of our resources in giving them the tools with which to make a fair fight.

Right now it is "dollars and boys." In some ways it is a question of "dollars or boys." This is no abstract generalization. It is a question for YOU to answer personally, with serious thought of what money YOU have available. Every dollar held back for mere luxury, for non-essentials during this war, means a greater chance of the loss of a boy—it may be of your boy.

If you have no boy in service, and hold back your dollars, can you look your neighbor in the face when he loses his boy? If you do hold back, where do you think you are going to stand in your neighbor's estimation when this war ends?

In the Murfree Criminal Case

A Woman's Faithfulness Saved the Day.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The assistant district attorney pushed back his chair with a gesture of weariness. "Is that all, Jackson?" he asked of the clerk at his elbow.

"Here are the papers in the Murfree case, Mr. Chalmers," replied the man, thrusting a sheaf of papers before his superior. "Mr. Lantry was working on them when he was stricken, and he made memoranda of all the most important."

"Very well. Leave them on my desk, and I will go over the matter this evening."

When he was alone Chalmers arose and paced the floor with quick, impatient strides. His broad shoulders hunched despondently, and his genial face was graven in lines of care as he went to and fro.

The day had been full of disagreeable happenings. He had returned that morning from a long trip abroad to find his chief stricken with apoplexy on the eve of a great legal fight. The principal malefactor in this case was a rich man, James White Murfree, and it happened that Murfree was the man who had run a race with Chalmers for the hand and heart of Alice Leigh, and Murfree, with the money, had won.

Suddenly the outer door of his office swung open and closed. A tall man, clad in a richly furred overcoat, walked swiftly to his desk and looked down at him with the patronizing stare of James White Murfree.

Chalmers motioned toward a chair and challenged the other's errand with frank inquiry in his brown eyes.

Murfree's long, pale face did not change color under the scrutiny. His cold gray eyes surveyed the younger man with a speculative interest.

"Know why I'm here?" asked Murfree suddenly.

Chalmers nodded curtly. "Not hard to conjecture."

"No use tackling old Lantry, even if he had not crumpled up on the job—heard you were here and they sent me around."

"Nothing doing," remarked Chalmers grimly.

"It's a matter of a cool million for you," suggested Murfree, his sharp eyes greedily noting the papers Chalmers was gathering together. "Don't be a fool. It will make you a rich man for life."

"Remember, Murfree, that it's no use for you to strain your mental forces trying to understand my motives for keeping my hands clean in such matters as yours. When you picked me out for bribery you got hold of the wrong man."

Murfree arose with a harsh laugh. "I'll give you time to think it over, Chalmers. Don't be a fool. I'm coming back at 9 o'clock for your answer. If you agree, all you've got to do is to lose that bunch of incriminating evidence—oh, I'll admit it is on me—where I can pick it up, and I'll turn over government bonds for ten hundred thousand. So long!"

Murfree had baited his hook well. A million dollars was a tempting morsel to dangle before the eyes of a man who had, as Murfree had sneeringly said, worked his way up from a penniless boyhood to the honorable position he now held.

It was a tempting proposition, and Chalmers hesitated. His head dropped lower until his face was quite hidden in his hands. There was no sound save the ticking of the clock and a distant roar of traffic from the street far below.

He was a lonely man. He lived at his club, and it was his lot to spend long evenings there, and his wistful eyes would often follow the careless and reluctant home going of easy natured men.

The inner door opened softly, and his secretary stood on the threshold. She was young and straight and slim, with soft, steady dark eyes and a mist of dusky hair which emphasized the pallor of her cheeks and the scarlet of her lips.

She looked at the bent head of her employer with strange intensity; then with a quick movement she leaned forward and removed the packet of documents in the case of the state versus James Murfree et al.

As soon as she regained her own office she sat down before a desk and folded and addressed letters with careful precision. Her cheeks were flushed now, and a pulse beat quickly in her pretty throat above the frill of white ruching.

After awhile the outer door opened again, and Murfree's harsh voice broke the silence. The girl listened breathlessly.

There was the sound of a scraping chair, a long interval of silence, and the door opened and closed behind the assistant district attorney. His face wore a look of acute anxiety.

"Miss Wainwright," he asked, "have you seen the papers in the Murfree case? It is very singular. They were on my desk a few moments ago, and now they have completely disappeared." He eyed her keenly. He had long depended on her to straighten out the tangles in the daily routine of his office, and now he came instinctively to her for help.

The girl arose to her feet and faced him. She leaned against the desk as if for support, and her hands were clasped tightly together. Her lips parted, and her breath died away in a frightened little gasp.

"Have you seen the papers?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said. "I have hidden them."

She clung desperately to the desk, and when she spoke there was an obstinate note in her low voice: "I cannot return them to you, Mr. Chalmers. I hope you will forgive me. I could not help it—it all happened so quickly. I overheard what he said in there an hour ago"— She nodded toward his private office.

Chalmers regarded her curiously. "Well?" he said defiantly. "Granted that you did overhear what was not intended for your ears, I cannot see that you were justified in"— He hesitated.

"I was afraid," she stammered breathlessly—"I was afraid you would give the papers to him!"

The assistant district attorney laughed harshly. The intrusion of a personal note in the dull routine of his office was not distasteful, though it was unexpected, and there was something in the mutinous bearing of the girl that compelled his admiration.

For three years she had worked faithfully at his elbow. Careful, painstaking and cheerful, she represented the highest type of the refined business woman, and Chalmers realized in that moment that to her assistance and co-operation might be ascribed a degree of the success he had attained.

He winced now as he recognized the quality of the courage that had overcome her extreme sensitiveness and reserve and emboldened her to defy him.

"I am afraid you have a poor opinion of my honor," he said rather awkwardly.

"But you hesitated, sir," she said quickly, and then as if conscious of her presumption tears filled her eyes. There was a long silence.

"I thank you," he said thickly. "I believe I would have done it if you had not prevented me."

Alma Wainwright was pinning on her hat. Her face was like snow, and her scarlet lips were trembling. When she spoke it was with averted eyes.

"Here are the papers, Mr. Chalmers. Please forgive me for my impertinence and—presumption. I cannot come back. I am very sorry. You must find another secretary."

She moved toward the door, but the large frame of the assistant district attorney blocked her path.

"Wait a minute, please," he said in a queer voice. "I never—no one has ever shown any interest in my successes or failures before. I thank you. It is very beautiful to me. I seem to have been walking in darkness—behind a closed door. Something has happened. May I come and explain it after this affair is over?"

The silver-tongued orator stammered awkwardly before her, but to her ears his words were sweetest music.

"I shall expect you," she said, placing her hand in his outstretched palm.

"I must fire Murfree before you

pass out," he said lightly, and he went back to accomplish that feat, which was only the forerunner of the total disaster that fell upon Murfree a few days afterward.

Blake's Invisible Model.

William Blake, the artist and poet, moved continually in a company of angels and patriarchs. J. F. Uiset in his "Insanity of Genius" recalls the story of a friend of Cunningham who once called on Blake and found him sitting, pencil in hand, and drawing a portrait with all the seeming anxiety of a man who is conscious of having a fastidious sitter. He looked and drew, and drew and looked, yet no living soul was visible. "Disturb me not," said Blake in a whisper. "I have some one sitting to me." "Sitting to you?" exclaimed the astonished visitor. "Where is he? I see no one." "But I see him," answered Blake haughtily. "There he is. His name is Lot. You may read him in the Scriptures. He is sitting for his portrait."

WET OR WASHED EGGS.

They Spoil Easily and Cause an Enormous and Needless Loss.

Eggs are needlessly spoiled every year by washing and wetting. Approximately 5,916,000 dozen eggs spoil every year because some one has let clean eggs get wet or has washed dirty eggs before sending them to market, according to the specialists of the United States department of agriculture. Careful investigation of large quantities of stored eggs show that from 17 to 22 per cent of washed eggs become worthless in storage, whereas only 4 to 8 per cent of dirty eggs stored unwashed spoil. The explanation is simple.

Water removes from the shell of the egg a gelatinous covering which helps keep air and germs out of the inside of the egg. Once the covering is removed by washing of rain which gets to eggs in the nest, germs and mold have ready access to the contents and spoil the eggs.

The enormous loss in storage eggs largely can be prevented if producers and egg handlers, especially during March, April and May, refrain from washing eggs destined for the storage markets and take pains to reduce the number of dirty eggs by providing plenty of clean, sheltered nests for their hens.

In view of this great loss of valuable food the department urges country storekeepers and hucksters not to accept washed eggs for shipment in case lots. Shiny eggs, especially in the early spring, probably have been washed. All washed eggs purchased should be sold locally for immediate consumption.

CREDIT AS CAPITAL.

Use It, Invest It, but Do Not Impair Nor Squander It.

A prominent member of the financial district, who has had many ups and downs—financially—who has been independently rich on several different occasions and who has as frequently been in the place where he did not know where next month's rent might come from, states unequivocally that "credit is a man's best capital."

He says that credit is something that may be invested and used to great advantage in business, but should not be squandered, lived on or worn away. "A man's credit may outlast a dozen fortunes and enable him to succeed on another attempt," he avers, and states further that he has recently written something to the effect that it is useless and foolish to advise men to keep out of debt. Useless, because men who are not so constituted cannot keep out of debt, and foolish because the great majority of men cannot do business without credit.

"To use one's credit in business may be a wise and profitable investment, but to live on credit and thus wear it away is always dangerous. A man should live on what he earns and invest his credit only after careful investigation, and when his best judgment convinces him that it will be safe and likely to yield a profit."

The author of the foregoing is now in circumstances of affluence after having lost high well on to a dozen fortunes. He attributes his final success to the fact that he never abused his credit.—Wall Street Journal.

Pay, Pray and Peg Away.

In a Long Island village there used to be and still is a group of people who thought a good deal of each other in spite of what they said, which was frequently of an unsympathetic nature. The group existed under various self imposed names and had a semihumorous motto, which ran, "Pay, pray and peg away."

All the members of this little association are still alive, kicking and good natured.

It seems a good idea to suggest that their motto be made public and urged for more general adoption.—New York Sun.

July Clearance

During this month we go through stock and select short ends and broken lines and reduce from regular prices.

YOU CAN PICK REAL BARGAINS DURING OUR JULY CLEARANCE

SELIG'S, Cash Price Store, Meeting and Beating Competition

The Little Check

"You don't need to give me a very large check book," said a young lady who had just opened a bank account. "I will not write any large checks."

Of course that's just a joke but did you ever stop to think what a powerful thing a little check can become when properly filled out with your name at the bottom? It will buy your groceries, and safeguard your savings. It stimulates commercial confidence and signifies success. "The Check's the Thing."

BANK OF FALLS CITY.

WE HANDLE ONLY THE BEST GRADES of Clothing Ed. V. Price & Co's Are Guaranteed FOR SALE BY FALLS CITY LUMBER & LOGGING CO.

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.....REDUCED PRICES ON BEEF.....

Owing to a decline in price of beef cattle we are now selling beef at 10c to 22c per pound.

Will buy your Beeves, Veals, Hogs and Chickens.

CALL AND GIVE US A TRIAL. WE WILL PLEASE YOU.

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