

E. & W. Chandler The Different Store

Buy Thrift Stamps!

Your Harvest Supplies

We can furnish you what you need. Try us

Summer Dress Goods

Our stock is complete in all the different fabrics so popular this season and the prices are right

Our line of Women's, Misses
and Children's Footwear
is very complete and priced right

Buy Thrift Stamps

McDowell Bros. & St. John
APIARY

Bee Keepers Supplies of all kinds

Hives, Supers, Cards, Foundation, etc.

All orders filled promptly and satisfaction guaranteed
Write, phone or call for prices.

C. C. St. John, Manager, - Richland, Oregon

THE RICHLAND HOTEL

L. S. KELLY, Manager

Clean and Comfortable Rooms Properly Cooked Meals
Prompt and Efficient Service Reasonable Rates
Sunday Dinner a Specialty Your Patronage Solicited

EVERYONE MUST HELP.

Wars cannot be fought without money, and upon the Treasury centers every financial demand upon the Nation.

The rich of this country cannot alone meet the needs of the Nation; the men of the country cannot do it alone; the women of the country cannot do it alone; but all of us, the people of the United States, disregarding partizanship, forgetting selfish interests, thinking only of the supremacy of right and determining to vindicate the majesty of American ideals and secure the safety of America and civilization, can do the great and splendid work which God has called upon us to do.

W. G. McADOO,
Secretary of the Treasury.



Back These Boys With Your Dollars

A War Savings Stamp Is as Secure
as a National Bank Note

My Vision

Composed by Miss Harriet Sharp and delivered by her at the Decoration Day exercises in Richland, 1918.

It had been a long, hard day of both physical and mental strain and I sat down in a soft cushioned seat in the garden to rest my weary frame from the labors of the day and to call back my mind from the worries and cares of a nineteen hundred and eighteen existence.

As I sat there, all nature seemed to realize my state and did its best for my convenience.

The deep quiet shadows that envelop the eventide drew their shady curtains close about me, seemingly to shut out all approach to my seclusion. The tall old elm under which I sat swayed gently back and forth as though lulling me to rest. While the sweet pale faces of May rosebuds nodded to me through the gloom and whispered: "Yes, we know, we know; sleep now and we'll keep watch." And, with their sweet lulling fragrance affusing the cool evening air, I was rapidly slipping away into dream land when I was refrained by a gentle touch on my arm.

Startled, I looked up quickly and beheld a beautiful white-robed creature bending close above me. "Who are you?" I asked as quickly as I found breath for the effort, and, bending low and in a tense whisper, it said: "I am the spirit of seventeen hundred seventy-six, eighteen hundred sixty-one, and last, yet greatest of all, nineteen hundred and eighteen." Then, in a still lower whisper and, if possible, a more tense tone, said: "Come with me and I will introduce you into the things that are."

I know not why, but I rose up quickly and followed.

It was a long journey, over hill and vale, over water and over land. The pinions on which I traveled grew weary of the journey, but the Spirit led on and I followed.

And then—why had not I thought of it before? That which weighed my mind to its heaviest through each day and terrorized my dreams far into the night. A mighty whiff of powder rushed in upon me, while the bursting shells of cannon and mammoth guns deafened me with their deadly roar.

And I looked and beheld the mighty nations of the world contending in one fierce struggle. My breath jerked with fear and my wings lowered as though to drop, but the spirit said "Bear up now, for worse things are yet to come."

I looked at those blood-drenched nations basking in human blood and, for the first time in our journey, I addressed my companion. "Oh Spirit," I cried, "Worse things? How can there be worse things?"

And he lifted up a veil and I recognized it to be the veil of the past and beyond that veil I saw a nation clean and prosperous, beautiful in simple home life, blessed with a happy people.

The picture shifted and I saw that nation running with human

blood, its picturesque fields devastated by the cruel hand of a most cruelly waged war. I saw innocent childhood, maimed for life, peeping from behind obstructions to a parent to succor it in its trouble—looking for one that would never be again—and I saw the purity of womanhood trampled to death beneath the savage foot of the enemy, and I cried "O Belgium, who will avenge you this ghastly wrong?" Then I whispered to the Spirit "It is enough," and he lowered the veil and again I was in the present.

It was not until then that I realized the appalling strength of the enemy. I saw the valiant French lines gradually give place to the dreadful advance of the Huns; I saw the British after a noble attempt to stand, gradually withdraw and leave the field to the enemy. And I looked again and saw the khaki clad boys of our own Red, White and Blue standing out heroically against the dreadful and hellish onrush of the demonized enemy, and I saw those same boys lie mangled and bleeding on the ground while that demon host swept on to inner territory.

Terror stricken, I turned and cried "Oh what will be the end of this great and mighty tragedy? Are the nations of the world destined to be swayed by tyrannical hand of imperialism? Are the virtues symbolized in the Stars and Stripes of our flag of liberty to become crushed and extinguished by the blighting arm of tyranny? Are the liberties and principles won by our forefathers in the days of '76 and '61 to become only cherished memories of things that are passed in the minds and hearts of American people?"

But the Spirit said "Be calm, the fight is not over, America has only begun to enter into the struggle. She, with her great resources both of food and of human strength will change, if fate permits a change, this mighty struggle." But seeing my distress he bended low and in a softly soothing whisper said, "Come with me and I will show you the things that are to come."

And he lifted up a veil and I recognized it to be the veil of the future and beyond that veil I saw devastated nations being rapidly rebuilt and equipped in a most modern manner. I saw little Belgium blossoming once more into a bright and prosperous country, and I saw a conquered and ruined Germany lifted up out of the ashes of despair, ripening into a glorious land content only with peace and brotherly kindness.

With my heart well nigh bursting with rapture I glanced upward and saw Old Glory, the key to the secret of that great and mighty accomplishment, and with in its folds the Spirit and I read these words:

"Justice and Peace for all Nations and a Mighty World Democracy Now and Forever More."

Overcome with emotion, I slipped quietly back into the garden to smile at the sweet pale faces of May rose buds nodding to me through the gloom.

Flags! Flags!! Flags!!! Buy them at Richland Drug Store.—ad

MICKIE SAYS

HEY, Y' POOR WAMPUSI PAY FER THAT PAPER ER ELSE PUT IT BACK! IT COSTS US MONEY T' PRINT 'EM AN WE AINT GWIN' 'EM AWAY, EVEN IF YA DO SAY "THANKS" WHY DONT YA GO ROUN' TO THE BANK AN' ASK 'EM FER A SAMPLE, TOO!



What You Want

For Sale or Trade, For Rent, Wanted to Buy, Etc.

If its shingles, sash, doors, or blinds, you need—see Eldson.

Hay forks, machine oil, oilers and water bags at Raley's.—ad

Be sure and buy your flags for July 4th at Richland Drug Store.

For Sale or Trade—Registered O.I.C. boar pig, 8 weeks old. Apply to C. W. Davis on Daze Conrad place.—ad

Have good a 4-yr-old bay horse weight 1300 pounds that I will sell or trade for good cow. Eli Stanciu.—ad

For Rent—Building suitable for bakery, confectionery or restaurant. Call on or address Frank Clarke, Richland.—ad

You are going to celebrate some where this Fourth of July and will want to look your best; let us tog you up.
ad E. & W. Chandler.

LOST—On June 5th near New Bridge, a red valise containing stethoscope and other articles. Finder will leave same at News office and claim reward.

FOR SALE—Three large Durham-Jersey milch cows, just fresh and extra good milkers. Also eight weaned pigs. Call on John W. Patterson, Richland.

Cherries—Orders now booked for sweet cherries of all kinds at 20c gallon on trees or 30c gallon picked. Pearl Wright, on the Sam Saunders ranch.—ad1p

Friends of the News who have occasion to publish legal advertisements in settlement of estates or other probate matters or in cases in the district court will do this paper a favor by directing their attorney or the county official having such matters in charge to have such publication made in The Eagle Valley News.



... This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war ...