

THE WAR, THE FARM AND THE FARMER

By Herbert Quick
Member Federal Farm Loan Board

What the Imperial German government offered the farmers of America in its ruthless submarine warfare was not the loss of profits, but slavery to the sabre-rattler of Potsdam. He purposed to make us slaves by murdering the people who took our products to market. By all the laws of civilized warfare, commerce under a neutral flag was free from any hindrance except the legal interference justified by war. But the Germans not only stopped merchant vessels, they sank them. Sank them without warning, without trace—the most devilish thing war has seen since the savages scalped our ancestors and threw screaming babies into the flames of burning cabins.

The German plan of sinking merchant vessels without trace is based on the murderer's maxim that "dead men tell no tales." It was executed by the massacre of men, women and children, who, having committed themselves to small boats in the open sea after their ships were torpedoed, were mercilessly raked with gunfire, and exterminated to the last unprotected, unprotected soul! These are the murders that stain the hands of the Kaiser, his advisers and minions. These outrages were perpetrated on neutral vessels when all that civilized warfare gave the Germans a right to do even with the merchant vessel under a hostile flag, was to stop it at sea and make it a prize of war.

To kill the civilians on board, even under a hostile flag, was nothing but unmitigated murder. And these murders were committed in order that we might be enslaved! Having the right to take the sea with his fleet, but being afraid to do so for fear he might lose it, and being unable by fair means to stop the selling of our products to his enemies, the Kaiser declared that he would do it by the foulest methods ever resorted to in war. He declared the sea closed, and that he would keep it closed, not by war, but by murder.

To have submitted would have cost us dear in prosperity but that would have been the least of our loss.

We should have had to grovel before the German government.

We should have had to accept murder as the second of three articles. The

third to be published next week.)

der as a thing against which we could not defend ourselves.

We should have allowed this new horror to become a part of all future wars, and have been responsible for its incorporation into international law.

We should have proved that because the fire which burns up our farms' usefulness is beyond the horizon, we would submit to the kindling of it.

We might have accepted the seventy cents for wheat and the six cents for cotton, but we could not have done it merely because we were commanded to do it. By so doing we should have accepted degradation. We should have begun, after winning our freedom in our own revolution and establishing a union on the foundation of liberty in the blood and tears of our war between the states, to kneel under to autocracy! We should have basely yielded up our birthright as Americans.

Such a thought is intolerable. Peace at such a price would not be peace, but only a preparation for a future revolt against subjugation. Better any sort of war, better war forever, than that.

Whenever the time comes for new sacrifices, let us remember that we fight, not for our liberties tomorrow, or next year or twenty years from now, but for our freedom today. Not for the right to live in the future, but for the right to make a living this year.

German oppression had begun to pinch us before we entered the war. If we had not declared war, but had accepted the conditions of life ordered for us by the Kaiser, we should today be a poverty-stricken people. Our factories would be shut down, our workmen unemployed, our people starving, our farmers ruined by the poverty of those for whose consumption they grow their crops. There is loss and sacrifice in the war, but there would have been far more of loss and sacrifice in accepting the German terms. We should have lost more in money than we have spent in the war, but we should have lost something far more precious. We should have lost our souls.

(This is the second of three articles. The

Wine of Life

By CATHERINE HOPSON

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"Want a lift?" called out a cheery voice, as jingling sleigh bells slowed up.

Amy Davanant, teacher of the Pine Grove school, stepped aside in the road at the approach of bells, and then turned with a slight pucker between her smooth brows at the futility of the question. Her need of a "lift" was obvious since she was floundering through fourteen inches of unbroken snow. Besides, she felt pined that Duncan Alden, unlike the other young people in the community, had made no effort to get acquainted since her coming among them.

"Oh—it's you, Miss Davanant," Alden said when he saw who it was. Then he jumped out to help her in the sleigh.

"I don't wonder you didn't recognize me, I'm so wrapped up," she laughed, as he tucked the robe around her.

"Why in the name of common sense didn't the Perkinses take you to school on a day like this?" he asked, when the jingle of bells began again.

She laughed. "They seldom think it's necessary. Their daughter, Amelia, once taught this school when she was a girl, and walked back and forth every day of the term. She set an uncomfortable precedent."

"It's hard to live up to some one else's reputation, especially in a winter like this."

"Maybe the paragon Amelia didn't have so much snow to wade through. But in most ways the Perkinses are very kind to me," she amended, lest she should seem to disparage the good people with whom she boarded.

"Yes? But it must be pretty dull for you there—just those two old people." He glanced commiseratingly at the bright-eyed girl beside him.

"It isn't exactly exciting," she acknowledged.

When they reached the district schoolhouse, the unbroken snow and smokeless chimney told them that they were the first arrivals.

"Oh, I'm afraid Ted isn't there," she exclaimed in dismay. "He's the boy I hired to build fires for me."

"Allow me to be Ted this morning," laughed he. "I'm a good hand at fire building. A case of practice making perfect, you know."

She protested, but he had his way, and soon had a glowing fire in the rusty stove. This done, his glance traversed the typical country school-room back to the dainty, city-bred girl before him.

Genuine concern was in his face.

This blizzard's made traveling mighty bad. I doubt if any of the pupils get here this morning. Most of them live so far away. What'll you do if they don't come?"

"Oh, stay out the time, I'll have to on account of the salary you know. The directors aren't very lenient in the matter of lateness."

"That's so. But it's a pretty dreary proposition. I'll drop in at noon to see how you're making out." With a few last laughing words of advice, he left; and the merry sound of bells died away in the distance.

He was right about the pupils. No one came. Amy put in the morning correcting papers and finishing pieces of work she had been obliged to neglect in the stress of regular routine. All the time, though she would not acknowledge it to herself, the thought of Alden's promise to drop in at noon was a cheering factor.

However, when twelve o'clock came he did not appear and she was setting out a cold lunch from her lunch box when she heard bells again. She opened the door. Alden stood there, fur-coated, fur-capped, his dark eyes shining.

"I'm afraid I'm a bit late, Miss Davanant," his keen glance took in the forlorn, empty schoolroom. "I see my prophecy proved true."

She laughingly nodded.

"I'm glad of it," he said naively. "For it makes possible the wish I've been harboring that you would do me the honor of taking pot-luck dinner with me. I'm not much of a cook, but I can make bully soup; and I've a whole kettle full on the stove in my cabin."

Her eyes brightened, but hesitancy shone in their depths.

"Oh, I know it may be a bit unconventional. But surely this blizzard might allow us some latitude in that direction. Besides, we have Lassie, here, for a chaperone," he nodded at the gentle-eyed collie at his feet.

She laughed. "It does seem as if the storm might make some concessions. But can you get back by one o'clock? I might have some pupils by then, you know."

He gave hearty assurance, and before she could change her mind he bundled her into her wraps.

Again the jingling cutter made the half-mile trip to his cabin, where the

appetizing odor of steaming tomato soup greeted them. The cabin was a cozy, two-roomed affair, bachelor in appointments, but with books and magazines everywhere. Amy drew a long breath. After five homesick months away from her kind in the narrow isolation of the Perkins home, it was good to be in a book-loving atmosphere again.

To do her honor, he spread a clean white cloth over the little, oil-cloth covered table, and served the steaming tomato soup. They were as merry as two children while they ate. Lassie sat beside them in gracious forbearance as they talked and laughed. Both were surprised when the clock struck one. Quickly they entered the cutter and drove back to the schoolhouse, where silence again greeted them.

"We needn't have hurried so after all," protested he.

"Some of the pupils may come yet," answered she.

He brought in more wood for her, and with advice about keeping up the fire well, went away.

The afternoon dragged. No one came. She finished the odd jobs which occupied her during the morning, and time hung heavily on her hands. The storm, which had abated at noon, increased in fury. The air seemed full of snow, and smooth unbroken expanses of prairie stretched out around her for miles and miles.

She had no assurance that Mr. Perkins would come for her at four o'clock—he never did. And Alden had not said anything about coming back. Her spirits which a little while ago were gay and carefree, slumped to zero point.

"How shall I get home? How can I ever go alone through this storm?" She did not wish to desert her post before four o'clock, and during the last hour stood at the window watching each way of the road for a passing team that might help her out of her difficulty. But none came by. Above the noise of the storm, she could sometimes catch howls of coyotes. Tears gathered in her eyes at the desolation of it all.

"I can't stay here all night," her quivering lips whispered. "Oh, why didn't I ask Mr. Alden to take me back to the Perkinses at noon, even if I lost my position by so doing? Surely they would have forgiven me for missing half a day—when none of the children came."

She was nervously putting on her wraps, when a knock sounded at the door. She had heard no sound of approaching sleigh-bells, and for a moment stood in terror. What if it were some tramp seeking shelter? Then, summoning her courage, she went to the door and found Duncan Alden standing there.

"Oh, I'm so glad—I'm so glad to see someone," she cried, her face pale, and her brown eyes under the tumbled curls pitifully glad.

"Why—you poor little girl." His laugh was shaky. "This must have been a horrible day for you. I'm afraid we folks who're used to it haven't realized what a prairie blizzard must mean to you."

"Oh, I usually get along well enough—but today—"

"This is the limit. I telephoned to Mr. Perkins to see if he was coming for you, but he said he wouldn't think of taking his horses out in this blizzard. Some people are more considerate of their horses than anything else, you know. And I'm afraid you'll put me in the same class when I tell you that I couldn't drive my horse tonight. He cast a shoe going home this noon, and for some reason is terribly lame. I've been working over him—that's why I'm late. I kept hoping he could make it; but he simply can't go. However, I'm here with a snow shovel."

"But can we walk over to the Perkinses?" she faltered.

"No, but I phoned to Mrs. Tolan; they're the people who live in the cabin just beyond me, you know, and she wants you to stay there tonight. It's three-quarters of a mile from here, but with a snow shovel and a strong right arm, I think we can make it."

So they started forth. The snow had drifted over the path made by the sleighs earlier in the day; and the shovel was necessarily brought into service the greater part of the way. The late afternoon wind increased in fury, and Amy was obliged to hold her muff against her face to keep it from freezing. Nevertheless, despite their exertions, they found time for merry talk.

At last they saw shining out before them the welcoming light of the Tolans' cabin. Before ascending the little hill on which it stood, they paused to catch their breath.

"I'm mighty glad the storm came today and gave me a chance to know you," declared the man. "I've thought you were a city product who wouldn't care for pioneer life and people—that's why I've avoided you. But you've certainly shown yourself mighty plucky today." Something in his keen eyes made her own drop shyly as he added: "Five months of your stay's been wasted for me, but—I'm going to try and make up for lost time."

The wind howled, and around them

stretched the desolate, snow-covered prairie; but it might have been a rose-garden for all the two young people heeded, for their eyes were bright with youth and joy and wine of life.

How Glass Industry Shifted.

The ancient Roman glass works shipped to all parts of the civilized world; and specimens of their productions are today found throughout Europe, and even in Ireland. When Rome commenced to decline and her great people fled to Byzantium, they took with them their glass industries, and Constantinople became the greatest glass manufacturing city in the world. This prestige it held up to the tenth or eleventh century, and when it entered upon its decline and fall the glassblowers fled to Venice and there established what afterward grew into the celebrated Venetian glassware.

Never make a bluff at pilfering a kiss unless you are prepared to go through with it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

We have often quoted that old verse, "Gather your roses while ye may," and we can well now change it to "gather your vegetables," for by so doing we can accomplish great good.

"We stand behind our boys in France and we will not call it a sacrifice but a privilege to do our bit toward feeding them Over There."—Emma V. Milliken.

Conserve, reserve and preserve all of these fine fruits and vegetables that are now within your reach; you will need them the coming winter.

DR. C. F. CHAPIN

Dentist

SCIO, OREGON

Phone 277

Railroad Time Table

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains

Woodburn-Springfield Branch

WEST SCIO

North 7:55 a.m.
South 5:19 p.m.

Corvallis & Eastern

MUNKERS

To Albany 8:11 a.m.
To Detroit 1:14 p.m.

Motor service discontinued.

Linn County Officials

District Attorney..... Gail S. Hill
State Senators, S. M. Garland and E. D. Cusick for Linn and Lane.
Representatives, Charles Childs, W. P. Elmore, F. H. Porter
County Judge..... D. B. McKnight
Commissioners, J. D. Irvine, and T. J. Butler.

County Clerk..... R. M. Russell
Sheriff..... D. H. Bodine
Treasurer..... W. W. Francis
Recorder..... Velma G. Davis
Assessor..... E. C. Fisher
School Supt..... Ida Cummings
Coroner..... Wm. Fortmiller
Health Officer..... Dr. W. H. Davis
Fruit Inspector..... D. W. Bumbaugh
Stock Inspector..... D. Taylor

CITY OF SCIO

Mayor..... F. T. Thayer
Recorder..... J. S. Sticha
Marshal..... W. A. Cross
Treasurer..... Roy Shelton
Councilmen, N. I. Morrison, R. Cain, Fred Bilyeu, W. E. Arnold, W. J. Chroma, J. M. Lindley.
School Directors, F. T. Thayer, A. G. Prill, J. L. Calavan.
J. F. Wesely, Clerk.

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SHALL WE SEE IT THROUGH OR QUIT?

The Government is finding it necessary to call upon us three times within a year to provide by subscriptions to Liberty Loans, sums of money hitherto considered of fabulous proportions. These facts should impress upon us as no more words could do, the intense seriousness, the stern necessities, of the situation.

Continued acquaintance with the more serious aspects of life is apt to breed indifference, and to distort our mental vision. As the soldier shudders with horror at his first sight of carnage, but later becomes hardened, so are we apt to become complacent under conditions which call actually for increasingly strenuous effort.

The Liberty Loan with its original accompaniments of novelty and noise appealed to our national love of a new sensation. In the Third Campaign much of the novelty will be lacking, but the serious purpose behind the campaign will have grown. Our money was needed when both the First and Second Liberty Loans were floated, but it will be more than ever needed when the Third Loan is called for. Our army has grown, our national pay-roll has grown, the needs of our allies have grown, the necessity of forever banishing the unspeakable menace of Prussianism has grown. No longer can we hope that the entrance of this country into the struggle will induce an early peace. More arrogant, more desperate than even the German Government puts forward its impossible claims upon the rights and life of humanity.

Our Government in its growing need is calling upon us to give up our luxuries, is conscripting the lives of our sons, is controlling trade, labor, and prices, with an ever increasing earnestness and firmness of purpose.

The test of our personal strength of character and determination is at hand. Your Government pleads with you very earnestly to preach and practice both before and during the next Liberty Loan Campaign a steadfastness of purpose, an unselfish patriotism, which shall reflect the spirit of a man who having set his hand to the execution of a necessary task would rather lose that hand than draw it back. This is the spirit of our President, of our allies—it is surely our own.

THRIFT AND CONSERVATION

Last year at this time the great cry was conservation. This year it is thrift. Last year the nation was urged by the Government to conserve the natural resources and the products of the farms and fields and factories. Greater crops were urged, and canning clubs and city gardens were the order of the day. This year the nation is being taught the lesson of spending its money wisely. The nation is being shown the importance of putting every cent where it will do the most good.

Conservation and thrift go hand in hand. The fact that the farmer is being told this year to be thrifty does not mean he is not to plant every acre available and till his crops carefully and harvest them when they are ready for the reaper. It means that he must invest wisely the money he gets for the splendid crops he has demonstrated he is able to raise.

The farmer, as a rule, can find something for which to spend almost every dollar he gets. There always is machinery to be bought or repaired, notes to be met, fertilizer to be purchased, harness, lubricating oil and groceries and clothing to be paid for in the neighboring town. But in the last few years most of the thrifty farmers have been so well paid for their produce that they are now "on their feet," or more nearly so than ever before.

This country has been good to them, for they have lived in peace and have been provided by the Federal Loan Bureau with cheap money with which to pursue the arts of peace. Any economies they can practice at this time will give them additional money with which to lend financial aid to the Government in its great war for righteousness and fair dealing.

Every dollar loaned to the Government is a practical protest against the plans of a greedy, unscrupulous, soulless power intent on world conquest, and every dollar thus advanced serves to shorten the period of war and bring nearer the day of universal and enduring peace.

"Who will dare to weaken our Western front by a single troop or a single gun?"—George Clemenceau, Premier of France, Dec. 25, 1915. If you fail to buy Liberty Bonds you will weaken the front!