

(Continued from page 2)

dard of the vast majority of American citizens of German birth or descent, for they have been in America long enough to become Americanized; to have imbibed American ideas of liberty and self government. Such as these we can fraternize with and treat them as equal fellow citizens and neighbors. But we will be leery of the German emigrant hereafter. We prefer that they remain in the fatherland and assist in earning the money with which to pay the enormous debt they will owe the other nations of the world. We don't want them because they are a nation of cowardly bullies, liars, violators of women and enemies of civilization.

It is possible that with years of right education the German people may become worthy of association with right thinking and right acting people. But this will be when a new generation of people have forgotten the diabolical acts of this war and when the German men and women of today have paid the price of their infamy and unworthiness to civilization, when the twins, cowardice and brutality, have disappeared from the German character. We know the penalty is a fearful one yet we know it is justly merited.

The Portland Telegram must be very much afraid that Walter M. Pierce is to be Oregon's next governor. That paper objects to the use of and allusions on the Pierce campaign cards to war measures and our boys over there, and thinks such cards are next door to sacrilege. At the same time the Telegram urges the re-election of Governor Withycombe because of his patriotic acts. Why may not Senator Pierce be accredited with patriotism as well as Governor Withycombe? May not a native born American citizen be just as patriotic and just as zealous in support of the war as an American citizen by adoption even if he was made a citizen in Oregon? The Telegram is so intensely partisan that it thinks republican patriotism is several shades better than democratic patriotism. Politics are not adjourned in the tone of that paper by no manner of means, yet we give it credit for a strong leader in support of President Wilson in a late issue.

B. F. Ramp, a former Albany merchant but now a resident of Salem, is registered as a bond slacker. He has not bought a bond of either issue. Being the socialist candidate for governor Ramp's refusal to assist the government which protects him is a slam on Oregon socialists as a party. His son Floyd is now doing time in the federal penitentiary at McNeil island for interfering with the working of the draft at Roseburg.

Privileges of the Poor.

Will you show me any other people outside of the fairy books who can put the most fearful calamity on like a cloak and doff it at will, who can augment their families to seven or eight children overnight, and reduce them as readily to five or six on the following day if it but seem to them advisable? Where outside their ranks is there anyone capable of persuading you that it is a privilege to sleep cold so that some Darius you never saw or care to see shall, he had his allegorical mule, go better warmed? Who else, being neither of your kith nor kin, has such power over you that, with a mere bloodshot eye and shiver of the shoulders, they can turn your automobile, your furs, your warmth and all your pleasant pleasures into Dead sea apples of discomfort?—Laura Spencer Porter, in the Atlantic Magazine.

Its Class.

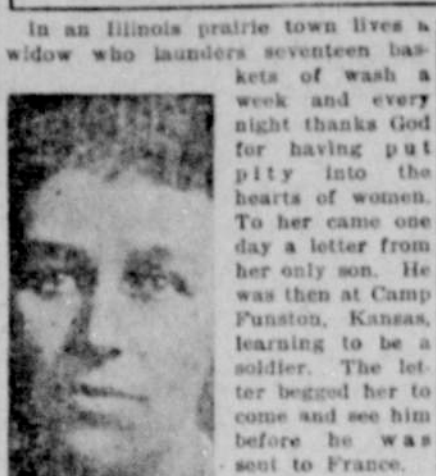
"A club buffet is a paradoxical sort of thing."
"Why so?"
"Because so many men use it when they are out of spirits."

WOMEN AND THE WAR



By MRS. HENRY P. DAVISON

Treasurer War Work Council
National Board Y. W. C. A.



Mrs. Davison

In an Illinois prairie town lives a widow who launders seventeen baskets of wash a week and every night thanks God for having put pity into the hearts of women. To her came one day a letter from her only son. He was then at Camp Funston, Kansas, learning to be a soldier. The letter begged her to come and see him before he was sent to France.

The mother opened the tin bank in which she had been hoarding her dimes and quarters against this day. The money was scarcely enough. Nevertheless she started. She walked the first eighteen miles. Then her strength gave out, and she took a train.

She did not know that visitors to Camp Funston stay in Junction City, eleven miles away. So she got off the train at Fort Riley. An officer set her right and she reached Junction City after dark. Somehow she found a rooming-house. Some one there stole five dollars from her—five of the precious dollars she had earned over the wash tub and saved by walking. Terror-stricken, she crept out of the house when no one was looking.

Later in the night a soldier found her trembling in the street, and took her to the rooms of the Young Women's Christian Association, rooms which the War Work Council had opened as a clearing-house for troubles. The poor frightened woman was put to bed, but she was too miserable to sleep. The matron got up at daybreak, built a fire, and comforted her. The son's commanding officer was reached by telephone early in the morning, and the boy came to his mother on the first trolley-car he could catch.

The two spent long, low-voiced hours together, perhaps the last hours they will have this side of heaven. Every moment was as precious as a month had been last year. The old lady had still one present worry. The boy's bad cold might turn into pneumonia if she left him. But she had not money enough to stay another night and buy a ticket home. When the matron told her that her bed was free, she broke down and cried and cried.

"I did not know there was so much pity left in the world," she sobbed.

She stayed till her boy's cold was better. Then she went back to her seventeen washings and her memories.

Because of the certainty of just such cases as this was Governmental sanction given to the activities of the War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A. From the Pacific to the Atlantic its field extends. Every state in the Union has its members. Urgent appeals for help are its cause and its

inspiration. Women of every race and creed are its wards. The task of the War Work Council is tremendous.

When the United States entered the great war the Young Women's Christian Association was, as always, working among women. With the call to new duties its members did not abandon their old responsibilities. The War Work Council was formed as an emergency measure to take care of the women who were caught in some of the mazes of war, just as the parent organization has taken care of them through many years of peace. The varied activities decided upon by the War Work Council follow closely the needs of the different communities of the country. Secretaries trained in the methods of the organization were sent out broadcast. They were instructed to report to the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York the lines of work which could be best followed in the various localities. These secretaries work in close cooperation with ministers, women's clubs, chambers of commerce, churches, military officials, and charitable societies. The record of a day's doings of a secretary reads like a novel, an economic treatise, and a psychological essay all compressed into a line-a-day entry.

A secretary sent out by the War Work Council must be equal to any emergency. Miss Lillian Hull at Chillicothe, close by Camp Sherman, hurrying along the street at nightfall came upon a forlorn couple. A Finnish soldier had found a job for his wife, so that she might come on from Cleveland. When she arrived she was refused the place because she spoke no English. Their money had been all spent on the railroad fare, and the soldier was due back at Camp. The situation was bad.

Thanks to Miss Hull a Chillicothean housewife now has an industrious and grateful domestic, a soldier is happy, and a soldier's wife is safe.

Army folks often benefit even more directly from the secretaries' work. In Bremerton, Washington, a secretary was accosted on the street by a sailor. She was a slender woman, and he had mistaken her for a girl.

"May I walk along with you?" he asked.

"Surely," she replied with mature understanding and intuition. "What is the matter? Are you homesick?"

The lad's story came out with a rush. Yes, he was homesick, so hopelessly, despairingly heartsick that he was on the verge of deserting. But this woman gave him genuine sympathy and encouragement. She saved him to his country.

From north, south, east and west these pioneer secretaries sent in their reports. The appalling size of the undertaking was revealed to the War Work Council. Systematization of the work was the first step. Out of the multitudinous phases certain lines of work were revealed.

(Continued —)

HEAVY WORK ON THE FIGHTING LINE



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