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ARCADE

UNITED PRESS CORRESPONDENT PLAYS TAG WITH DEATH IN AIR

William Phillip Simms Makes Ascent in an Observation Balloon in the Midst of an Arctic Gale—Observers Telephone Down to Earth What They See.

The following is the first of a series of four articles by Simms describing his experiences with a sausage balloon at the British front. We consider them extraordinarily thrilling and human; one of the best things Simms has done.—Editor.

BY WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS
(United Press Staff Correspondent.)

With the British Armies in the Field, Feb. 1.—(By Mail.)—To find out what it is like up there, dangling for hours in a tiny basket swung under an observation balloon, a mile above the snow-and-ice-covered earth while a forty-mile gale cuts by, from the pole, I was today allowed to make the ascent. I do not care to make another. Enough's enough.

Midwinter. Four inches of snow. Thermometer hovering down around zero. The trees crack and crack in agony as the ground-breeze sways their stiffened limbs. As you climb out of your motor car, in which you more than half froze, your nose is red your eyes are watering and your feet twin appendages of pain; hands, horrible hurting things; fingers about to snap off.

Your "sausage"—as observation balloons are known throughout the armies—is being held down by the side of the road, in the edge of a wheat field. It is of the new French type, shaped like a short link of a pig sausage, and does not need the kite-tail of its predecessors to keep it headed into the wind. Despite the forty-odd troopers holding on to its tethering ropes now, it swings slowly back and forth like a titanic elephant to which a schoolboy has just fed a plug of tobacco. It looks baleful, even murderous in a mild, concealed sort of way, and seems to be glaring angrily at the little basket in the snow in front of it.

Thirty yards away, in the road, is its winch—the heavy auto-truck with its motor-driven drum for letting out and drawing in the slender wire cable controlling the height of the balloon. One needle tells the altitude, another the exact "pull," or wind-pressure against the bag at any given moment. The cable is made to stand a four-ton strain and as a fifty-mile wind exerts a pull of about a ton, the string seems pretty safe.

"Come with me," says a dapper young wing-lieutenant, "and I'll find you something to wear. Blessed cold up there." You follow the boyish-looking officer to his billet—a glossy wagon-home brought up to date; a motor vehicle of the "delivery" sort, in which he lives summer and winter. Later you discover three things about this young man: First, that he is very much on to his job; second, that he is fearless; third, that he is really an American, his father coming from Cincinnati.

"Get into these," he says handing you a lot of clothes built for polar exploration. As well as your numbness from the cold permits you stagger out of your own overcoat and boots and with the lieutenant's aid, muddle into the new kit. First you put on a canvas and rope harness—a broad band about each leg and one under the arms, a loop of stout rope sticking up past your chin. Next comes the thigh boots made of sheepskin with the wool inside, the bottoms being of rubber and leather in layers. A huge leather ulster is put on now, this too, being fur-lined and fur-collared, the sleeves having elastic at the wrists to retain the heat of the body. Over the head goes a leather hood fur lined like the rest. This fits the head snugly down to the eyes, drapes down over the fur collar of the ulster and leaves only eyes, nose and mouth exposed. At the ears are perforations—far one must be able to hear as well as to see. Huge, fur-lined gauntleted gloves complete your costume and out of the vehicle you climb, nimble as an infant hippopotamus.

The balloon looks more menacing than ever now. They have let the beast rise a little and it is swaying over the basket as though in a terrible temper. Soldiers give the young lieutenant a leg and into the basket he goes. You follow.

"Here," says the lieutenant handing you a stout stick about a foot long and about the middle of which a rope has been neatly spliced.

"What's this for?" you ask, accepting the offering.

"Slip the stick through the rope loop sticking out the top of your overcoat there," he replies. "That attaches you to the parachute." To the parachute, eh? you think to yourself. Which means that maybe you'll have to come down in it whether you want to or not. You look into the icy-blue sky and upon the icebound earth and think what it must be like to fall out of the one onto the other. And the Germans, within easy range, may be watching with their artillery primed, for your sausage to stick up its head.

"Let her go!" snaps the young lieut-

tenant.

"Ready, men! Let her go!" repeats the wing-sergeant. The winchman moves a lever and the world begins to fall away. At first the basket swings dizzily but at two hundred feet it steadies itself and rides evenly until when far off the earth there is a jerk and a bobble which sets the basket rocking hair-raisingly for a fraction of a minute which seems some years.

"Winch stopped," says the lieutenant, who now adjusts a telephone receiver and transmitter to his head, just as you have seen many a "central" do, and talks. "Give her more cable," he says. "We are not high enough."

And up you go again. The wind which was scarcely noticeable on the ground has increased steadily. It is blowing 35 miles an hour now. A nickel-plated wheel on a cross-bar just over your head, is revolving so fast you can not see its blades. It is an electrical wind-gage which not only tells the man in the basket how fast the wind blows, but people on the ground as well. Another bobble marks the stoppage of the balloon and the gage shows you to be about half a mile high.

"If you should have to jump," the lieutenant explains, "all you do is to climb up on the edge of the basket, on your side, balance yourself there, then let go in an upright position. That's all there is to it."

"Where's the parachute?" you ask just to show you are not yet speechless.

"There are two, of course," he says. "One for you and one for me. They are on our respective sides of the car. Look down." You look. You see the parachute-case, fastened to the side of the basket. Inside is the Japanese silk thing, your sole hold on life if anything happens to the balloon. And—

"There are the Germans, over there," remarks the lieutenant, pointing eastward, northward and southward.

"What!" you gasp. "All around us?"

"We're in a salient," he explains. Though not very high—just half a mile—you now begin to understand what balloon observers are up against. Overhead a sky the color of an iceberg. Beneath, ice and snow. About you, an arctic gale. The artillery thunders and a few thousands yards away are the German batteries which may get you at any moment. Or a hostile aeroplane may shoot blazing arrows into your sausage, set it on fire and leave you to get to the ground as best you can. You suddenly discover a tremendous admiration for these men who hang up in the icy sky and telephone down to earth what they see, men, who, unlike the more romantic aviator, not often break into sweat. (Next article: Under fire in a balloon.)



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A pipe load of VELVET gives you every last bit of enjoyment that there is in a pipe.

The best natured fellow in the world will lose his temper if you push him too hard. An' even good Euryley tobacco loses a lot of its fren'liness if you rush the curin'.

10c Tins; 5c Metal-lined Bags; 1 lb. Glass Humidor

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LONGFELLOW WAS BORN 110 YEARS AGO TUESDAY
Portland, Me., Feb. 28.—(United Press)—One hundred and ten years ago Tuesday one of the world's best beloved poet was born in Portland. His name was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The three story frame building at the corner of Fore and Hancock streets where he was born still stands and has been made an international memorial by the International Longfellow society, which has been organized for that purpose.

When You Have a Cold.

It is when you have a severe cold that you appreciate the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mrs. Frank Crocker, Pana, Ill., writes: "Our five-year-old son Paul caught a severe cold last winter that settled on his lungs and he had terrible coughing spells. We were greatly worried about him as the medicine we gave him did not help him in the least. A neighbor spoke so highly of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy that I got a bottle of it. The first dose benefitted him so much that I continued giving it to him until he was cured."

SUFFRAGISTS TO CONVENE AND DISCUSS WAR AID POLICY

Washington, D. C., Feb. 28.—(United Press)—Prior to the White House demonstration the Congressional Union and the National Woman's party will hold conventions at the national headquarters of the union here, beginning day after tomorrow.

Two important subjects are to be considered by the delegates—the advisability of framing a war time policy for suffragists and the proposal that has been made to combine the voting and non-voting women of the country into one big political organization by a merger of the union and the woman's party.

Stiff, Sore Muscles Relieved.

Cramped muscles or soreness following a cold or case of gripe are eased and relieved by an application of Sloan's Liniment. Does not stain the skin or clog the pores like mussy ointments or plasters and penetrates quickly without rubbing. Limber up your muscles after exercise, drive out the pains and aches of rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, strains, sprains and bruises with Sloan's Liniment. Get a bottle today. At all druggists, 25c.

"Western Yellow Pine in Oregon" is the title of U. S. Department of Agriculture bulletin 418, received yesterday at the local public library.

Chamberlain Tablets.

These tablets are intended especially for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. If you are troubled with heartburn, indigestion or constipation they will do you good.

JOSEPH GETS NEW MILL

Joseph, Ore., Feb. 28.—(Special.)—H. E. and G. F. Dawson of this city and S. L. Shonts of Wallace, Idaho, have announced the organization of the Dawson Lumber company, a new Joseph sawmill industry which, when put in operation about July 1, will have a daily capacity of 50,000 feet and will employ 100 men.

J. C. Edsell, who was the supervising engineer of the Eastern Oregon Lumber Mill at Enterprise, will have charge of the construction and operation of the mill. The new company has sufficient timber holdings to supply its mill for 20 years. All the necessary machinery and equipment is now on hand and 1,000,000 feet of logs are in its yard ready for the sawyers.

Worms Easily Removed.

Mother, if your child whines, is fretful and cries out in sleep, he is probably suffering from worms. These parasites drain his vitality and make him more susceptible to serious diseases. Quickly and safely kill and remove the worms from your child's system with Kickapoo Worm Killer. This pleasant candy laxative in tablet form quickly relieves the trouble and your child brightens up. Get Kickapoo Worm Killer at your druggist, 25c.

Money to Loan

Have \$50,000.00 @ 7 per cent in amounts from \$2500.00 up, to loan on Grande Ronde Valley Farms.

Have \$50,000.00 @ 8 per cent in amounts from \$1000.00 up, to loan on farms in Union County.

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\$ 500.00 @ 10 Per Cent
\$ 700.00 @ 10 Per Cent
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