

200

Two Hundred Imported Spring Suitings in for your inspection—all imported goods, as we cannot guarantee domestic colors this year. The price of Ladies' Custom Made Suits are \$40.00 up; Men's \$38.00 up. All Suits are made in our store. We can take your measure and send and get you a suit for \$18.00 to \$27.00. This suit is made by the Royal Tailors of Chicago. We have Blue Serges, Ready-Made Suits, \$15.00. These are American made clothes—a good suit for the money. We are closing out the HARLOW SHOES, the line we have carried for 12 years, but they have gone out of business. We are selling these shoes below the present cost of them. Shoes that were sold for \$3.65 wholesale, now cost us \$5.40 wholesale. The shoemen claim they will cost double the price within a year. This is a good chance to lay in a supply. We guarantee everything that leaves the store. We claim to give better values for the same class of goods than anyone in the city—enquire of one of our customers.

The TOGGERY

Simms Describes How It Feels to Be Up in a Balloon

Half a Mile Up in the Air With Hostile Battery Shooting At Him Is the Experience of United Press Correspondent—Batteries Are Called Up By 'Phone.

BY WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS
(United Press Staff Correspondent.)
With the British Armies in the Field, Feb. 8.—(By Bail)—What does it feel like to have a hostile battery of artillery pick you up and begin shooting at you while you hang in a basket half a mile high in an captive balloon? Suppose, as you dangled at the top end of the wire cable no thicker than a child's little finger, the German howitzers should suddenly try to smash the auto-truck carrying the winch holding the ground end of the string. Suppose, you, up there in the winter sky, saw an aeroplane making for you and you knew it would do its best to shoot fire arrows into your "sausage"

cause it to explode and chuck you headlong to the frozen earth below? Or, failing to explode, the balloon caught fire and you, to save yourself, had to plunge downward to the tail end of a parachute with shrapnel bursting about you all the time? Think you could do your work calmly, accurately? Think you would be sufficiently cool-headed to call up on the telephone, whose wires disappeared under you in a dizzy dip groundward, and tell somebody in a little office about it and have him get your own batteries working? These are the working conditions of every day of the soldiers attached to the balloon sections of the army. Thanks to the courtesy of a major commanding one of these sections I

was allowed to go up with an observation officer in one of these famous "sausages." The latter was a young lieutenant, in reality an American, whose father once lived in Cincinnati. High in the air, over a world covered by four inches of snow while the noise of the Big War bounded up in lumpy explosions and the concussion of the larger guns could be felt distinctly, he explained his work just as you would explain yours, in the office, shop or on the farm. Through the glasses the zig-zagging white lines of the trenches showed plainly. "See", he said, looking through his glasses, "there are two distinct networks of trenches, with a narrow space between which is free from criss-crossing lines. That space is No-Man's-Land. Of course all activity on the other side of that space is German activity, and that is part of the job we are up here to attend to. "See that village beyond the German lines to the left?" he continued standing himself without touching the sides of the basket—one of the secrets of accurate balloon observation. "That is Blank. And, to the right there, the road where you see the double row of trees. That is the part of the line we—this balloon section—are interested in. Other parts are under observation from those balloons you see to the north and south of us—though, naturally, we co-operate very closely one balloon with another so that the minimum observable activity gets past us. Troops in march, supply columns, working parties among or behind the trenches, things like that we signal to our artillery and get a battery—or several batteries—working. We give them the range, then, as they fire, we give them corrections: So many degrees to right or left, too long or too short. The whole thing is done by telephone, right from this basket. Here: Put this on your head." The head-harness of a telephone girl was handed me. I put it on. "Time me," said the lieutenant, "I am going to call up a battery. Hello, ABC-44" he called. "Hello, Battery ABC-44!" came the reply it seemed almost immediately. As a matter of fact it has taken 10 seconds. "Test!" the young officer replied into the transmitter. "You see," he went on, "the thing is very rapid. It has to be rapid. Nevertheless my call had to pass through a central. As the sausage swayed gently to and fro, a frosty haze of blueish purple stole between us and the lines. Beneath, the snowy earth was plainly visible but objects two or three miles off were completely hidden from view. High over the haze, on the horizon sailed an aeroplane. About it, like a dozen lady's powder-puffs, shrapnel were bursting. Then, without warning, like a dozen claps of thunder in rapid succession, came the reports of shells bursting about the lieutenant's balloon. "Hello," he said calmly, in the tone of a busy man-about-town who sees an old acquaintance approaching, "what's this?" And slowly he turned to size up the bursts of black smoke drifting away in the wind. "Yes," he said, speaking into the telephone, "Yes. Yes, it was in our neighborhood. Can't say. Can't see anything from here. It's too thick." "Believe I told you," he casually remarked to me, "that though there isn't one chance in a hundred of your having to do the thing, if you should have to go over, remember all you've got to do is to balance yourself on the edge of the basket and then let go. The parachute, attached to the harness you've got on, will do the rest." I looked down. Jiminy, what a fall! And the face of the earth all chapped and rough and frozen over with snow. "These balloons are much better than the ones we had at the beginning of the war," he said, cheerfully changing the subject. "I mean the ones you've no doubt seen with kite-tails. They Another series of thunder-claps, this time on the other side of the balloon. Seemed as if a battery had turned loose all it had with one pull of the trigger. "Don't let that worry you," the lieutenant said smiling like a cherub with

a cold reddened face. "They nearly always fire short." Nearly always, NEARLY! "As I was saying," he went on, "the old fashioned balloons were the limit. They wallowed around exactly like a ship in a storm. And believe me, to be seasick in a balloon—as many an observer has been—and have to give directions to the artillery between sick spells, is SOME job Hello! Hello! (This into the telephone) Yes, all right. (Tact to me) Whenever you get ready and think you've seen enough, I'll signal to be hauled down"

(Continued on Page 6.)

ELECTRIC SUPPLY CO.

AUSTIN BROWNELL, Manager
HOUSE WIRING A SPECIALTY

Supplies and Heating Devices
Phone Main 726
Sommer Hotel Building, next to Western Union

Job Printing quickly and neatly done at The Observer

American Oil

(Liquid Petrolatum Heavy)
A PURE WHITE MINERAL OIL
Free From All Irritating Ingredients
An Effective internal lubricant, for use in the treatment of
Chronic Constipation
A trial treatment will convince YOU of its merits
Levy-Vogel Drug Co.
Prescription Specialists

Spring Is Coming, So Are Germs--

The long-delayed Spring time will soon be here in spite of the abundance of snow still "with us." Are you, Mrs. Housewife, and Mrs. Mother, mindful of the added dangers of contaminated milk that come with warm weather? Are you giving the same care and precaution to clean milk that you are to the baby's food—and your own? Are you aware that in Summer time greater vigilance against impure milk is needed than in winter? Is the dairy supplying your milk a clean dairy, or is your milk supplied by people who give milk scant consideration, having other work to do—and let you take what comes from the barn, milk, dirt, filth and all? Are you buying milk from dairymen who make that their own and sole business along scientific lines? Pure Milk & Cream Company equipment, supervision and sole time is devoted to the end of pure milk. It is only a matter of time until the vision will come to every housewife and mother in La Grande. Why not "Get the vision" right now? Milk, Cream, Buttermilk, on Delivery Outfits. Retail window at the plant,

Pure Milk & Cream Co.
(Dealers in pure milk and cream.)



—don't be content with taste alone

You had to be—up to lately. But not any more. Because this new Chesterfield Cigarette not only pleases the taste but, in addition, gives smokers a new kind of cigarette enjoyment—
Chesterfields let you know you are smoking—they "SATISFY"!
And yet, they're mild!
The blend is what does it—the new and skilful proportioning of the pure, natural Imported and Domestic tobaccos. And the blend can't be copied.

Try Chesterfields. Today.
Legally Milder Tobacco Co.

20 for 10¢



Chesterfield CIGARETTES

of IMPORTED and DOMESTIC tobaccos—Blended

They "Satisfy"—and yet they're Mild