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THE AIR GAME IS A YOUNG MAN'S GAME IN BRITISH ARMY

British Airman Flies at Rate of 120 Miles an Hour—Plunges Headlong to Earth—Lands Safely—Boy Just Over 20 Masters Difficult Art—Single Handed He Attacked and Defeated Four German Airplanes.

BY WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS

(United Press Staff Correspondent)

With the British Armies in the Field, July 9.—(By Mail)—“The air game is a young man's game.” Axiom of every European army.

Today I stood on a British aerodrome just behind the lines watching the practice flights of the youngsters stationed there when a speck in the eastern sky caused someone to remark:

“Here comes a bird! It's Pat. Watch him.”

I watched. At 120 miles an hour the speck came at us. Suddenly, at a height of about a mile the machine slowly turned over sideways, then plunged earthward upside-down.

“He's done himself in!” someone exclaimed.

It certainly looked so. Pat's machine, the engine stopped, was lunging earthward, perpendicularly, spinning round and round on its own axis. Then, suddenly it straightened out flat, went a hundred yards and shot up into the air, again perpendicularly. Slowly, gracefully the aeroplane turned over on its back, again upside down, looped the loop twice, flew on straight, rolled over and over, plunged sideways, went into another nosedive first with a right hand spin then a left hand one, and so on until he had everyone gasping for breath.

Finally the machine came down and lit on the field. Out of the pilot's seat climbed a blooded, goggled being which, with one quick jerk tore hood and goggles from head and face and behold: A kid, a boy, a stripling just turned 20.

It was Pat, star pilot, Boche-killer, blushing and smiling like a sweet girl graduate. He wasn't swanking, nor

swaggering, but behaving exactly like any kid home from school after algebra and football. For that is just the way he looked—like a kid who has done a little mathematics and considerable football—hair tumbled, face red and glowing, eyes sparkling.

Nobody asked him if there had been anything doing over the line, not anymore than one brother asks another that question when they meet at home after office hours. But, as you shall see, it had been what you or I would call a rather busy day. However I did not find that out until later—the next day, in fact, when I read the air reports.

An hour after Pat had come down I saw him again. This time he was washed and combed and had on his slacks—which is English army stuff for trousers—instead of his breeches and leggings. He was in the R. F. C. reading-room, a room in a shack and next door to the dining room. He and another kid—a major if you please—in an air pilot's uniform were singing:

“Hallelujah! I'm a bum!
Hallelujah! Bum again!
Hallelujah! Give us a handout
To save us from sin.”

This verse was sung in a deep bass, to the well known revivalist tune, then, as the next lines were reached, the bass changed into the high falsetto of the farmer's wife as she stands on the back porch:

“Oh, why don't you work
As other men do?”
And then the bass again, imitating the bum:
“How the hell can I work
When there's no work to do!”

There was nothing evil, nothing sacrilegious about it. Nothing more devilish than healthy boys, with bright, clean minds. These were just kids having fun.

Outside on a court leveled and laid out in what was recently a cornfield, four more kids were playing tennis across a net made of wire originally intended to keep trenches from caving in. Near this was another court, a badminton one, and here four more beardless boche-killers were raqueting feathered globules about like mad. All day they had been fighting in the air, miles above the earth, waylaid, stalking Prussian airmen in the clouds—these school-kids—and now they were having a bit of relaxation before dinner. More kids still were grouped about a tent on the edge of the badminton court and a hilarious contest was going on seeing who could climb over the roof of the tent in quickest time. The winner was the padre, the airman's chaplain—bully good man that he is—who came sliding down the nearside of the steep tenor crying as he came:

“Here comes a perfectly good parson!”

And the kids about him laughed like kids at a Punch and Judy show, over the antics of their padre who influences them like a real father. The next day I read the air reports. I found all these kids had been in a big fight that very day. Thirty-nine of them had fought over 60 German airmen and had bested them. They had sent seven enemy machines crashing through the clouds to the ground, bombed two railway stations, given the range for any number of direct hits on Prussian artillery, dived at, and silenced a number of anti-aircraft guns which were hampering them in their work.

And Pat?

Pat had attacked four German Albatross machines single-handed, and scattered them, all save one which he riddled with his bullets and flung head over heels three miles to the earth where it smashed and blazed and glowed until it was cinders, its pilot and observing officer perishing in the crash.

And then, Pat, attacked in his turn by ten enemy machines as he flew alone three miles above the ground, escaped by a “nose spin” a literal drop out of the blue such as I had seen him do that afternoon over the aerodrome.

When I read these reports two thoughts chased themselves round and round in my head. One was:

“The air game is a young man's game.”

And the other was in the guise of a haunting tune:

“Hallelujah! I'm a bum!
Hallelujah! Bum again!
Hallelujah! Give us a handout
To save us from sin.”

The laughter of Pat, the boy Boche-killer, as he came back in deep, burlesque tones imitating the bum's reply to the farmer's wife, was part of the music:

“Howthehell can I work
When there's no work to do!”

Wallowa Lake Items

By Arthur Ruod
Wallowa Lake, Aug. 9.—(Special)—J. A. Gyllensberg of Baker spent a few days with his family who are camped at the Park.

Messrs F. E. and C. T. Cockburn and wives are enjoying their vacation at the head of Wallowa Lake this week, with the intention of staying until about Sept. 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Northlander and family and Mr. and Mrs. H. Humbel and family were among the picnickers who spent Sunday at the Park.

Among the natural beauty seekers who are at the head of the Lake are a party who have spent several weeks in seeing the many beauty spots of Wallowa County. The upper Lostine River was their last

stop before coming here. Those in the party are: Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Stewart and daughter, Violet, of Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Wilson and daughter, Larelle, of Wallowa; Mrs. E. S. Cameron of Seattle and Miss Patience Winans of Walla Walla.

Charles Anderson a contractor from Baker is building a beautiful bungalow for James Dalton of North Powder. The best of mountain spring water will be piped from a spring of the mountain side and electrically for lighting and heating can be had by connecting up with the Amusement Company's Power House which is across the river. One feature of this beautiful summer residence is the great fireplace which stands in the dining room.

Mary Beaudoin and her two sisters, Alice and Eileen are enjoying camping at the Park.

Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Mittauer of Baker and Mrs. J. P. Davis of Omaha, Nebraska are among the camping parties who are registered at the Wallowa Lake Park this week.

Each year Wallowa Lake sends many people to enjoy the beauties of Wallowa Lake.

S. F. Clarke and wife, A. N. Clarke and family and F. B. Clarke and family are among the people from that place who are here now.

W. L. Morse of the Portland Oregonian spent a short vacation at the Park the first of the week.

A. B. Smith was a week end visitor at the camp of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hilton of La Grande.

The following party spent a few days in the Amusement Company's Cottage this week: Mrs. Loyd Scriber of La Grande, Mrs. Clyde Seitz and son of Eugene, Mrs. W. G. Francis of Sidney, Illinois and Mr. and Mrs. Arch Bacon of La Grande.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Drowley are registered at the Park this week.

A party of relatives and friends are enjoying camping together at the head of Lake Wallowa this week.

Those in the party are: Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Dobbin and daughter of State Center, Iowa, Mrs. J. Dobbin and family, J. J. Dobbin, Elmer Dobbin and family and Arthur Scott and family.

On August 18th, the Joseph Commercial Club will entertain a large party of O. W. R. & N. employees and their families at Wallowa Lake Park. It is expected that fully eight hundred persons will be entertained.

Because of the lack of rain the lake is getting quite low. Reports say that there is plenty of snow left in the mountains.

Swimming is “all the rage” at the Park this week. As the water in the lake goes down a fine sandy beach is left to be enjoyed to the fullest extent.

Red Cross Notes

Auxiliaries to the Red Cross are sending in wellmade supplies. A partial list is given below:

- Elgin Auxiliary.
 - 7 dozen handkerchiefs.
 - 3 dozen bath towels.
 - 2 dozen tray cloths.
 - 3 1/2 dozen surgeons aprons
- North Powder Auxiliary.
 - 38 pairs operating leggings
 - 16 dozen dusters.
- Union Branch.
 - 27 1/2 dozen operating sheets.
- Enterprise Auxiliary.
 - 32 suits pajamas.
- Summerville-Imbler Auxiliary
 - 42 dozen operating towels.
 - 11 ice bag covers.
 - 1 hot water bottle cover.
 - 3 handkerchiefs.
 - 1 bag gun rags.
- Wallowa Auxiliary.
 - 12-14 dozen hospital shirts.
 - 13-4 dozen tea towels.
 - 12-3 dozen shoulder wraps.
 - 12 1/2 dozen handkerchief substitutes.
 - 11-4 dozen tray cloths.
 - 20 dozen handkerchiefs.
 - 31-6 dozen napkins.
 - Gun rags.
- Cove Auxiliary.
 - 40 nightgales.
 - 10 towels
 - 29 napkins
 - 9 tray cloths.
 - 38 handkerchiefs.
 - 42 wash cloths.
 - 8 dusters.
 - 2 water bottle covers.
 - 1 pair wristlets.
 - 1 bag soft cloths.

CHINESE PHEASANT WILL BE RAISED HERE
The Wing, Fin and Fleetfoot Club has received a telegram apprising them of the arrival this morning of four crates of about two dozen Chinese pheasant each for propagation purposes. They are to be taken out to the County Poor Farm where they will be cared for by some of the inmates who are able to do so. The



At the end of the historic Lewis & Clark trail, on the Pacific Ocean, lies 25 miles of forest-skirted, surf-washed CLATSOP BEACH. Fine bathing in Surf and two large Natoria at SEASIDE and GEARHART. Manifold amusements, golf, tennis, fishing, etc. Inexpensive hotel, cottage and camp accommodations.

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idea is to raise enough of these birds for distribution here instead of importing them every year.

WHY BRITISH LABOR SUPPORTS THE WAR

BY J. A. SEDDON.

Introductory Note.—Mr. J. A. Seddon is one of the best known and most influential of British labor leaders. He has served as President of the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants—a union which he helped to organize—as Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, and as President of the Trades Union Congress. This last office is the supreme honor organized British labor can bestow. From 1906 to 1910 he was Labor Member of Parliament for the Newton Division of Lancashire.

At the outbreak of war, in August, 1914, Mr. Seddon promptly and unhesitatingly took up the national cause. He has since done notable service. Previously he had been an outspoken opponent of militarism in any form.

In the following he shows how the same fundamental principles which once made him a pacifist—love of liberty, love of justice and a desire for the well-being of mankind—today make him, and the overwhelming mass of British workers, stern supporters of war.

The progress of the war and my experiences during a visit to France helped to convince me that until international disarmament comes and the character of the German is transformed, we must guard ourselves by national service against future dangers. The so-called voluntary system cost us dearly. Witness the destruction of so many of our first Expeditionary Force in France, because we had not the trained men to send to their support.

I believe that the nation must create a system which will give us security for the future, and that such a system can be established without dislocating the industry of the country. We cannot risk the repetition of 1914.

The coming of America into the war has brought fresh hope and encouragement. I never had any doubt of the sympathy of vast masses of American people. I saw much of them in the early days of the war. I have heard much from them since. President Wilson's speech declaring war revealed the greatness of his conception. It thrilled England. I started reading it when beginning a railway journey. I passed several stations beyond my destination before I had finished. I had forgotten everything but the President's words. Now that America is by our side the sympathy and friendship between the workers of our two lands will be closer than ever. For our aims are one.

Terrible as this war has been, and heavy as is its cost, I am yet profoundly convinced that it is bringing us new vision, new hopes, new life. A common sorrow over lost ones is helping to break down many old barriers. The sense of a common fellowship is uniting us.

K. O. M. ASSOCIATION GETS BUSY

Preparatory to their Annual Picnic, which will this year be held Sunday, September 2, at Riverside Park, the officers of the Kansas-Oklahoma-Missouri Association held a meeting Tuesday and outlined the program for this year, also elected A. B. Davis, of Kansas, president to fill the vacancy caused by the absence of F. J. Bradley in Cuba.

The principal address of the afternoon program, which commences promptly after the picnic dinner between twelve and one, will be delivered this year by Rev. G. L. Clark, who favored the Association once before and whom they are lucky to get again this year, as he expects to leave soon in connection with the Y. M. C. A. army work. This afternoon address and program is open to the public.

For the benefit of any new comers,

and also those who have not become members heretofore or attended the picnics, the explanation is made that anyone who came to Oregon from either Kansas, Oklahoma or Missouri (and their families) are eligible to membership and welcome to the picnic dinner by paying the Association dues of 50c per family per year, which dues are expended in providing entertainment for the members in the way of music, free treats, etc.

These dues can be paid at any time, but should be in the hands of the secretary at least two days before the picnic date, so that it can all be expended for entertainment, also that the Association can get an idea of how many to provide for. Those wishing to become members of the association and aid in these annual picnics, where old associations can be renewed and new ones made, can secure membership tickets at the office of the La Grande Printing Company in the West-Jacobson building.

HUSBAND SWALLOWS HER SILVER SPOONS

Philadelphia, Aug. 9.—(Special)—For several weeks Mrs. Joseph Quinlan had been mystified by the disappearance of numerous articles from her household. She changed servants half a dozen times, but the articles, such as silver spoons and pieces of household hardware continued to be missed. Recently her husband became ill and was sent to the Philadelphia hospital, and there the surgeons cut open his stomach and removed the following articles:

- Thirty-four silver teaspoons.
- One alcohol cigar lighter and chain.
- One padlock.
- Twelve screen door hooks.
- One glass medicine dropper.
- Six 10-penny nails.
- Thirty-six carpet tacks.
- Thirteen metal buttons.
- Six safety pins.
- Forty pieces printer's type.
- Four souvenir medals.
- Nineteen screws (assorted sizes).
- Two hundred and forty-seven pebbles.

Disordered nerves were responsible. Mr. Quinlan confessed he was unable to overcome his appetite when tempted, for instance, by a nice nickel-plated screen door hook.

Dr. and Mrs. A. M. McKennon left last night for their home in Clarksville, Ark. after a month's visit with Mrs. McKennon's sons Harris and Robert French. While here they attended the dual celebration of the McKennon reunion and the 95th birthday of the Dr.'s mother, which celebration took place on the 6th of July.

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