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Every one new, dainty and in the most alluring styles imaginable. Waists that will please every one who sees them. Priced \$1.00 to \$12.50.

Hill's Department Store

THEDA BARA IN "CLEOPATRA" AT THE STAR
NEXT SUNDAY AND MONDAY



OWING TO THE CONDITION GOVERNING THE SALE OF FLOUR, WE ARE BREAKING THE ORIGINAL SACKS OF FLOUR AND AM SELLING ANY SMALLER AMOUNT DESIRED WITH THE EQUAL AMOUNT OF SUBSTITUTES.

THIS ALSO APPLIES TO ORIGINAL PACKAGES OF SUBSTITUTES.

YOURS FOR CO-OPERATION TO ENABLE UNCLE SAM TO WIN THE WAR.

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ST. PATRICKS DANCE

AT REX HALL
MONDAY, MARCH 18
TICKETS \$1.00

Auspices of L. H. S. Alumni Association
Benefit of L. H. S. Service Flag and Army and Navy Auxiliary

S-T-A-R

PHOTOPLAY OF MYSTERY AND VAUDEVILLE ACT.

Miss Gail Kane's new American Mutual production, "The Bride's Silence" reveals the brilliant young star in a new type of character—one which gives full play to her acknowledged genius for emotional interpretation.

Miss Kane portrays a girl who fights through years of mental anguish to protect her family name, convinced that a crime has been perpetrated by a member of that family, only to discover at last that her fears were groundless.

This thrilling photoplay of mystery will be presented at the Star on Saturday only.

In connection with this picture a special big act of vaudeville has been engaged to play here for the one day. The act is known as La Varre, Carter and La Varre, two charming young ladies and a brilliant young man. They put on an act of singing and dancing that has proven a big hit where ever they have shown. They recently played the Orpheum at Seattle and made a big hit there with their act.

THEDA BARA AS "CLEOPATRA."

The Star Theater will have for its attraction on next Sunday and Monday, William Fox's remarkable film production, "Cleopatra," with Theda Bara in the title, which has all the opulence and extravagance of gorgeous pageantry; the brilliancy of Roman and Egyptian colorings; the trappings of state, all combined in the dramatic and inspiring events that transpired as history has chronicled during the reign of Cleopatra of Egypt, bringing with it the downfall of both Julius Caesar and Marc Antony, through their relations with her.

It is the story of a vampire's power to sway by her charm of beauty of face and figure, those whom she has ordained shall come within the spell of her alluring personality. Great men as they were, both Caesar and Marc Antony found her irresistible and fell before her. In the end she dies, a fallen queen, by suicide, the bite of the asp held in her hand killing her.

The opportunities for dramatic, sensational and realistic picturing were never greater, and in illustrating the reign of Cleopatra, queen of the Egyptians, and shows many thrilling and new scenes, in which the war element plays a large part. Last time today.

See the dangers of circumstantial evidence at the Star Saturday. 1-15-11

A good kodak that gives entire satisfaction, that you can buy at Silverthorn's Family Drug Store at \$2.00, at \$4.50, at \$7.50, at \$10.00, at \$12.50 or at as much more as you wish to pay. Better come in and let us show you these. 3-11-11

ever recorded, with eighty vessels on the scene that burn and sink; Octavius' army on the run over the desert to enter Alexandria; scenes of chariots being drawn by running horses, are all too interesting to miss and are given an importance in this picture which has endowed them with verity as history has recorded these events.

Theda Bara is said to have realized with greater distinction than her past work has ever indicated, the power to portray Cleopatra in all her wondrous charm. She appears in fifty costumes that are both daring and sensational—they are gorgeous creations—effecting a rare picture of beauty as the Siren of the Nile.

Descriptive music, played by an orchestra, will follow the presentation of the play.

SHERRY'S

In spite of the expectations that we had of the new William Fox production, "For Liberty," that was shown yesterday for the first time at Sherry theatre, the actual showing of the film was a delightful surprise.

This new picture has a wonderful story to tell, and it is set in surroundings that are bound to be of utmost interest to every American. Americans believe they had some idea of what was going on in Berlin at the time that war was declared by the United States, but "For Liberty" shows that our knowledge was of the most limited sort, and that we had no real insight into the intrigues, and difficulties, and tragedies that were occurring.

However, "For Liberty," it must be understood, is first and foremost a story of the life of an American woman of the highest instincts, who is true to her country and to her affections. The working out of a romance in the midst of the atmosphere that existed in Germany when America went into the war, was certainly a hazardous thing, but the leading figure in "For Liberty," shows that with the heart true it is possible to keep the head clear.

Gladys Brockwell, who is the star of this brilliant play, does her very best work in it. All that she has done previously only gives a forecast of the ability which she shows in this new drama.

Miss Brockwell is well supported in her difficult work by an excellent cast. The play is beautifully presented, and shows many thrilling and new scenes, in which the war element plays a large part. Last time today.

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THE HOTEL JENNINGS

DO YOU want to save all you can to buy W. S. Stamps? If so, stop at the Jennings Hotel at Joseph, as it has now changed hands and is a first class hotel. We are now equipped to solicit your patronage. It is well heated, with no extra charge.

Headquarters for Lake Wallowa Tourists and Commercial Men. Auto Bus Meets All Trains; Autos for Hire. Office, Joseph-Enterprise Auto Bus Line, Handling Passengers and Baggage

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
Machine Gunner Serving in France

(Copyright, 1917, by Arthur Guy Empey)
SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II.—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets "somewhere in France," where he first makes the acquaintance of the ever-present "coolies."

CHAPTER III.

I Go to Church.

Upon enlistment we had identity disks issued to us. These were small disks of red fiber worn around the neck by means of a string. Most of the Tommies also used a little metal disk which they wore around the left wrist by means of a chain. They had previously figured it out that if their heads were blown off, the disk on the left wrist would identify them. If they lost their left arm the disk around the neck would serve the purpose, but if their head and left arm were blown off, no one would care who they were, so it

did not matter. On one side of the disk was inscribed your rank, name, number and battalion, while on the other was stamped your religion.

C. of E., meaning Church of England; R. C., Roman Catholic; W., Wesleyan; P., Presbyterian; but if you happened to be an atheist they left it blank. I just handed you a pick and shovel. On my disk was stamped C. of E. This is how I got it: The lieutenant who enlisted me asked my religion. I was not sure of the religion of the British army, so I answered, "Oh, any old thing," and he promptly put down C. of E.

Now, just imagine my hard luck. Out of five religions I was unlucky enough to pick the only one where church parade was compulsory!

The next morning was Sunday. I was sitting in the billet writing home to my sister telling her of my wonderful exploits while under fire—all recruits do this. The sergeant major put his head in the door of the billet and shouted: "C. of E. outside for church parade!"

I kept on writing. Turning to me, in a loud voice, he asked, "Empey, aren't you C. of E.?"

I answered, "Yes." In an angry tone, he commanded, "Don't you 'yeep' me. Say, 'Yes, sergeant major!'"

"I did so. Somewhat mollified, he ordered, 'Outside for church parade.' I looked up and answered, 'I am not going to church this morning.' He said, 'Oh, yes, you are!'"

I answered, "Oh, no, I'm not"—But I went.

We lined up outside with rifles and bayonets, 120 rounds of ammunition, wearing our tin hats, and the march to church began. After marching about five miles, we turned off the road into an open field. At one end of this field the chaplain was standing in a timber. We formed a semicircle around him. Overhead there was a black speck circling round and round in the sky. This was a German Fokker. The chaplain had a book in his left hand—left eye on the book—right eye on the airplane. We Tommies were lucky, we had no books, so had both eyes on the airplane.

After church parade we were marched back to our billets, and played football all afternoon.

CHAPTER IV.

"Into the Trench."

The next morning the draft was inspected by our general, and we were assigned to different companies. The boys in the brigade had nicknamed this general Old Pepper, and he certainly earned the sobriquet. I was assigned to B company with another American named Stewart.

For the next ten days we "rested"

repairing roads for the Frenchies, drilling, and digging bombing trenches. One morning we were informed that we were going up the line, and our march began.

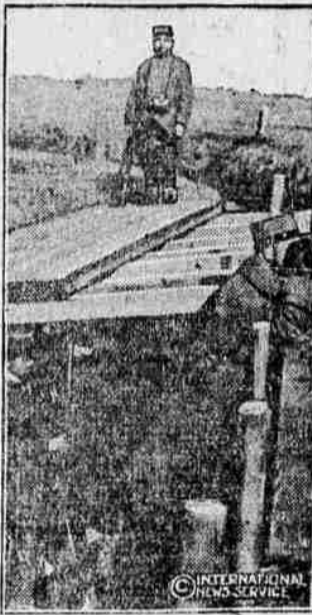
It took us three days to reach reserve billets—each day's march bringing the sound of the guns nearer and nearer. At night, way off in the distance we could see their flashes, which lighted up the sky with a red glare.

Against the horizon we could see numerous observation balloons or "sausages" as they are called.

On the afternoon of the third day's march I witnessed my first airplane being shelled. A thrill ran through me and I gazed in awe. The airplane was making wide circles in the air, while little puffs of white smoke were bursting all around it. These puffs appeared like tiny balls of cotton while after each burst could be heard a dull "pop." The sergeant of my platoon informed us that it was a German airplane and I wondered how he could tell from such a distance because the plane seemed like a little black speck in the sky. I expressed my doubt as to whether it was English, French or German. With a look of contempt he further informed us that the allied anti-aircraft shells when exploding emitted white smoke while the German shells gave forth black smoke, and, as he expressed it, "It must be an Alledmand because our pom-poms are shelling, and I know our batteries are not off their little nappers and are certainly not strafing our own planes, and another piece of advice—don't chuck your weight about until you've been up the line and learnt something."

I immediately quit "chucking my weight about" from that time on.

Just before reaching reserve billets we were marching along, laughing, and singing one of Tommy's trench ditties:



A Bomb Proof.

were constantly whistling over the village and bursting in our rear, searching for our artillery.

These fellows were cold, damp and smelly, and overrun with large rats—big black fellows. Most of the Tommies slept with their overcoats over their faces. I did not. In the middle of the night I woke up in terror. The cold, clammy feet of a rat had passed over my face. I immediately smothered myself in my overcoat, but could not sleep for the rest of that night.

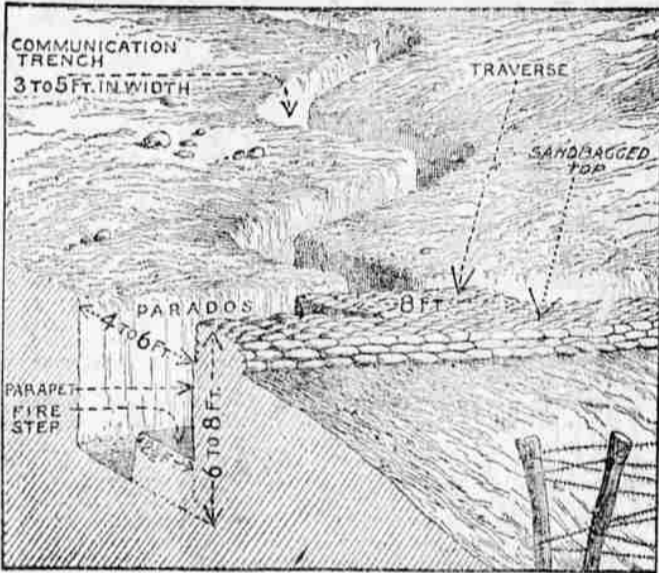


Diagram Showing Typical Front-Line and Communication Trenches.

I want to go home. I want to go home. I don't want to go to the trenches no more. Where sausages and whizz-bangs are galore. Take me over the sea, Where the Alledmand can't get at me, Oh, my, I don't want to die, I want to go home—

when overhead came a "swish" through the air, rapidly followed by three others. Then about two hundred yards to our left in a large field, four columns of black earth and smoke rose into the air, and the ground trembled from the report—the explosion of four German five-nine's, or "sou'boxes." A sharp whistle blast, immediately followed by two short ones, rang out from the head of our column. This was to take up "artillery formation." We divided into small squads and went into the fields on the right and left of the road, and crouched on the ground. No other shells followed this salvo. It was our first baptism by shell fire. From the waist up I was all enthusiasm, but from there down, everything was missing. I thought I should die with fright.

After awhile, we reformed into columns of fours, and proceeded on our way.

About five that night, we reached the ruined village of H—, and I got my first sight of the awful destruction caused by German Kultur.

Marching down the main street we came to the heart of the village, and took up quarters in shellproof cellars (shellproof until hit by a shell). Shells

Next evening, we took over our sector of the line. In single file we wound our way through a zigzag communication trench, six inches deep with mud. This trench was called "Whisky street." On our way up to the front line an occasional flare of bursting shrapnel would light up the sky and we could hear the fragments splashing the ground above us on our right and left. Then a Fritz would traverse back and forth with his "type-writer" or machine gun. The bullets made a sharp crackling noise overhead.

The boy in front of me named Prentice crumpled up without a word. A piece of shell had gone through his shrapnel-proof helmet. I felt sick and weak.

In about thirty minutes we reached the front line. It was dark as pitch. Every now and then a German star shell would pierce the blackness out in front with its silvery light. I was trembling all over, and felt very lonely and afraid. All orders were given in whispers. The company we relieved filed past us and disappeared into the blackness of the communication trench leading to the rear. As they passed us, they whispered, "The best o' luck mates."

I set on the fire step of the trench with the rest of the men. In each traverse two of the older men had been put on guard with their heads sticking over the top, and with their eyes trying to pierce the blackness in "No Man's Land." In this trench there

were only two dugouts, and these were used by Lewis and Vickers machine gunners, so it was the fire step for us. Pretty soon it started to rain. We put on our "mucks," but they were not much protection. The rain trickled down our backs, and it was not long before we were wet and cold. How I passed that night I will never know, but without any unusual occurrence, dawn arrived.

The word "stand down" was passed along the line, and the sentries got down off the fire step. Pretty soon the rain issue came along, and it was a Godsend. It warmed our chilled bodies and put new life into us. Then from the communication trenches came dishes or iron pots, filled with steaming tea, which had two wooden stakes through their handles, and were carried by two men. I filled my canteen and drank the hot tea without taking it from my lips. It was not long before I was asleep in the mud on the fire step.

My ambition had been attained! I was in a front-line trench on the western front, and oh, how I wished I were back in Jersey City.

(To Be Continued.)

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BIT OF A BONNET MATCHED BY SCARF



This bit of a bonnet is built, fold on fold, of the softest leaf green chiffon and climaxed with a June rose and its sheaf of green leaves. With the bonnet is worn a long, long, scarf of the green chiffon, swathed about the throat, and clasped close with a tiny cluster of roses.

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