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Everything Has Raised
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Service

(Continued from page 5.)

Every few minutes a bullet would crack overhead or a machine gun would traverse back and forth.

Then all firing suddenly ceased. I whispered to Wheeler, "Keep your eye skinned, mate; most likely Fritz has a patrol out—that's why the Boches have stopped firing."

We were each armed with a rifle and bayonet and three Mills bombs to be used for defense only.

I had my ear to the ground. All of a sudden I heard faint, dull thuds. In a low but excited voice I whispered to Wheeler, "I think they are mining, listen."

He put his ear to the ground and in an unsteady voice spoke into my ear:

"Yank, that's a patrol and it's heading our way. For God's sake keep still."

I was as still as a mouse and was scared stiff.

Hardly breathing and with eyes trying to pierce the inky blackness, we waited. I would have given a thousand pounds to have been safely in my dugout.

Then we plainly heard footsteps and our hearts stood still.

A dark form suddenly loomed up in

front of me; it looked as big as the Woolworth building. I could hear the blood rushing through my veins and it sounded as loud as Niagara falls.

Forms seemed to emerge from the darkness. There were seven of them in all. I tried to wish them away. I never wished harder in my life. They muttered a few words in German and melted into the blackness. I didn't stop wishing either.

All of a sudden we heard a stumble, a muddy splash, and a muttered "Donner und Blitzen." One of the Boches had tumbled into a shell hole. Neither of us laughed. At that time it didn't strike us as funny.

About twenty minutes after the Germans had disappeared something from the rear grabbed me by the foot. I nearly fainted with fright. Then a welcome whisper in a cockney accent, "I s'y, myte, we've come to relieve you."

Wheeler and I crawled back to our trench; we looked like wet hens and felt worse. After a swig of rum we were soon fast asleep on the fire step in our wet clothes.

The next morning I was as stiff as a poker and every joint ached like I had tooth, but I was still alive, so it did not matter.

RED CROSS News and Notes.

FIFTY THOUSAND SOLDIER FAMILIES IN FRANCE AIDED

The American Red Cross has divided among the departments of France, five millions of francs to aid the soldier families which have suffered most grievously in the war. To say that the French nation has been touched to its heart is no exaggeration.

General Petain, senators, presidents of departmental councils, were among the first to reply in terms of warmest thanks; but other letters that have come in to headquarters—hundreds of them—breathe a deeper gratitude because they are from those to whom the money means the vital necessities of life.

The donations are made in allotments of 100 francs to each family. In some instances this sum goes through the prefectures of the various departments, in others it goes direct. Some have received it at the Mairie—getting it from "le bon pere" after he has said mass.

But however it comes, and by whatever local medium, they know the source of this beneficence and are greatly moved by the generosity of the American people.

A very young child has laboriously written:

"My little sister and I thank the American Red Cross so very much for the gift of 100 francs to our mama. Our papa died for France, and, Monsieur, long live America!—our ally, who has come to help us drive away those nasty Boches, and who will revenge the death of our papa."

This is one of the many that have come from the pens of children. The seven ages of our ephemeral existence are, however, amply represented.

The girl of seventeen writes: "It is a wonderful kind of friendship, as I was left alone without father and brothers; a deed of friendship rich with material and moral encouragement that I shall keep as a precious memory of the American Red Cross."

A young widow says:

"I have received the donation from the Red Cross of America, and am so grateful for this good action. Please, Monsieur, tell to this organization, and the generous souls across the water, of my profoundest and sincerest thanks. I shall teach my fatherless children to love and respect our good ally—America. For myself, I shall never forget!"

This quotation comes from a grandmother—and the aged have tasted the bitterness of war:

"Monsieur, I address to you my thanks for the generous gift from the American Red Cross, which was paid to me at the Marie of the 15th arrondissement. Yet I do not know

how to express my thanks—my gratitude! My grandson, who was all my hope and my support, fell at the age of 26, mortally wounded in Belgium, and died a prisoner in Germany. It is he who still is watching over me from his tomb, and I thank you in his name. I am 74 years old and have been ill for years; now I shall never recover from his death.

"I pray that God will chastise and revenge us on this cursed Germany, and that He will bless all those generous people in beloved America who have helped so generously the stricken ones here who are suffering in this way."

And another woman writes: "This gift will enable me to send a parcel to my poor husband who writes from Germany (a prisoner) saying that he is starving. God bless the American Red Cross which came at such a sad time to brighten our lives with a ray of sunlight, and to help us reach the harbor of peace. Of this I shall keep the remembrance all my life; and teach it to my wee ones when they are old enough to learn how to love America."

France never forgets—either an injury or a kindness.

Kamela auxiliary is setting a good example by paying for their supplies. They have just turned into the chapter fund \$25 for supplies and \$5 for memberships.

Ladies in the neighborhood of Lane Chapel are doing their share towards keeping the chapter's "fires burning," by a gift of \$20 yesterday. This is not the first gift of this kind from these ladies. They seem to have the habit of giving to the Red Cross.

To the Chapter Chairman: We have today received the following telegram:

"Captain Utassy, attached to Italian commission, just arrived from Italy for the sole purpose of recruiting 100 picked men as ambulance drivers for the Italian front. This is a wonderful opportunity for seasoned men of independent means over draft ago, but careful consideration will be given by army men over 25 years rejected by army for more or less technical reasons. Importance of immediate action absolutely necessary. All cost of equipment and living expenses abroad covered by Red Cross and transportation expenses will be paid if necessary. Captain Utassy is planning to return by the end of April."

Your cooperation will be very helpful in securing prompt response to this call. Sincerely yours,

EARL KILPATRICK,
Director Bureau of Development

CHAPTER XVI.

Battery D 238.

The day after this I received the glad tidings that I would occupy the machine gunners' dugout right near the advanced artillery observation post. This dugout was a roomy affair, dry as tinder, and real cots in it. These cots had been made by the R. E.'s who had previously occupied the dugout. I was the first to enter and promptly made a signboard with my name and number on it and suspended it from the foot of the most comfortable cot therein.

In the trenches it is always "first come, first served," and this is lived up to by all.

Two R. E. men (Royal Field artillery) from the nearby observation post were allowed the privilege of stopping in this dugout when off duty.

One of these men, Bombardier Wilson by name, who belonged to Battery D 238, seemed to take a liking to me, and I returned this feeling.

In two days' time we were pretty chummy, and he told me how his battery in the early days of the war had put over a stunt on Old Pepper, and had gotten away with it.

I will endeavor to give the story as far as memory will permit in his own words:

"I came out with the first expeditionary force, and, like all the rest, thought we would have the enemy licked in jig time, and be able to eat Christmas dinner at home. Well, so far, I have eaten two Christmas dinners in the trenches, and am liable to eat two more, the way things are pointing. That is, if Fritz don't drop a 'whizz-bang' on me, and send me to Blighty. Sometimes I wish I would get hit, because it's no great picnic out here, and twenty-two months of it makes you fed up."

"It's fairly cushy now compared to what it used to be, although I admit this trench is a trifle rough. Now, we send over five shells to their one. We are getting our own back, but in the early days it was different. Then you had to take everything without reply. In fact, we would get twenty shells in return for every one we sent over. Fritz seemed to enjoy it, but we British didn't; we were the sufferers. Just one casualty after another. Sometimes whole platoons would disappear, especially when a 'Jack Johnson' plunked into their middle. It got so bad that a fellow, when writing home, wouldn't ask for any cigarettes to be sent out, because he was afraid he wouldn't be there to receive them."

"After the drive to Paris was turned back, trench warfare started. Our general grabbed a map, drew a pencil across it, and said, 'Dig here.' Then

he went back to his tea, and Tommy armed himself with a pick and shovel and started digging. He's been digging ever since.

"Of course we dug those trenches at night, but it was hot work, what with the rifle and machine-gun fire. The stretcher bearers worked harder than the diggers."

"Those trenches, bloomin' ditches, I call them, were nightmares. They were only about five feet deep, and you used to get the backache from bending down. It wasn't exactly safe to stand upright, either, because as soon as your napper showed over the top a bullet would bounce off it, or else come so close it would make your hair stand."

"We used to fill sandbags and stick them on top of the parapet to make it higher, but no use; they would be there about an hour and then Fritz would turn loose and blow them to bits. My neck used to be sore from ducking shells and bullets."

"Where my battery was stationed a hasty trench had been dug, which the boys nicknamed 'Suicide ditch,' and, believe me, Yank, this was the original 'Suicide ditch.' All the others are imitations."

"When a fellow went into that trench it was an even gamble that he would come out on a stretcher. At one time a Scotch battalion held it, and when they heard the betting was even money that they'd come out on stretchers, they grabbed all the bets in sight. Like a lot of bally idiots, several of the battery men fell for their game, and put up real money. The 'Jocks' suffered a lot of casualties, and the prospects looked bright for the battery men to collect some easy money. So when the battalion was relieved the gamblers lined up. Several 'Jocks' got their money for emerging safely, but the ones who clicked it weren't there to pay. The artillerymen had never thought it out that way. Those Scotches were bound to be sure winners, no matter how the wind blew. So take a tip from me, never bet with a Scotchie, 'cause you'll lose money."

"At one part of our trench where a communication trench joined the front line a Tommy had stuck up a wooden signpost with three hands or arms on it. One of the hands, pointing to the German lines, read, 'To Berlin'; the one pointing down the communication trench read, 'To Blighty'; while the other said, 'Suicide Ditch. Change Here for Stretchers.'"

"Farther down from this guide post, the trench ran through an old orchard. On the edge of this orchard our battery had constructed an advanced observation post. The trees screened it from the enemy airmen and the roof was turreted. It wasn't cushy like ours, no timber or concrete reinforcements,

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Pure Lard, No. 5 \$1.45, No. 10 \$2.90
Crisco, small 32c, med. \$1, large \$1.85
Tea Garden Syrup, full qt, 36c half gallon, 70c, gallon..... \$1.40
Taffy Syrup, No. 5 can 58c, No. Welch's Grape Juice, pt. 25c, half gallon..... 76c
Alber's Oatflakes, 35c pkgs..... 29c
Quaker Oatflakes, 35c pkg..... 27c
Fresh Peanut Butter, lb..... 19c

Fresh Cocoanuts, each..... 10c
Fresh bulk Cocoanut, shredded lb 28c
M. J. B. Coffee, 1lb. 38c, 3lbs. \$1.10
5 lbs..... \$1.75
Pineapple, small can, 15c, large..... 26c
Corn, Sweet Iowa, can..... 11c
Peas, Standard Quality, can..... 12c
Turnips, choice, 6lbs..... 15c
Onions, first class, 6lbs..... 15c
Potatoes, 20 lbs..... 25c
Select Stock Seed Potatoes—Netted 10 can..... \$1.05
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just walls of sandbags. From it a splendid view of the German lines could be obtained. This post wasn't exactly safe. It was a hot corner, shells plunking all around, and the bullets cutting leaves off the trees. Many a time when relieving the signaler at the 'phone, I had to crawl on my belly like a worm to keep from being hit.

"It was an observation post sure enough. That's all the use it was. Just observe all day, but never a message back for our battery to open up. You see, at this point of the line there were strict orders not to fire a shell, unless specially ordered to do so from brigade headquarters. Blime me, if anyone disobeyed that command, our general—yes, it was Old Pepper—would have court-martialed the whole expeditionary force. Nobody went out of their way to disobey Old Pepper in those days, because he couldn't be called a parson; he was more like a pirate. If at any time the devil should feel lonely and sigh for a proper mate, Old Pepper would get the first call. Facing the Germans wasn't half bad

compared with an interview with that old firebrand.

"If a company or battalion should give way a few yards against a superior force of Boches, Old Pepper would send for the commanding officer. In about half an hour the officer would come back with his face the color of a brick, and in a few hours what was left of his command would be holding their original position."

"I have seen an officer who wouldn't say d—n for a thousand quid spend five minutes with the old boy, and when he returned the flow of language from his lips would make a navy blush for shame."

"What I am going to tell you is how two of us put it over on the old scamp, and got away with it. It was a risky thing, too, because Old Pepper wouldn't have been exactly mild with us if he had got next to the game."

(To Be Continued.)

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

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Thousands Have Discovered Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are a Harmless Substitute.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets—the substitute for calomel—are a mild but sure laxative, and their effect on the liver is almost instantaneous. They are the result of Dr. Edwards' determination not to treat liver and bowel complaints with calomel. His efforts to banish it brought out these little olive-colored tablets.

These pleasant little tablets do the good that calomel does, but have no bad after effects. They don't injure the teeth like strong liquids or calomel. They take hold of the trouble and quickly correct it. Why cure the liver at the expense of the teeth? Calomel sometimes plays havoc with the gums. So do strong liquids. It is best not to take calomel, but to let Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets take its place.

Most headaches, "dullness" and that lazy feeling come from constipation and a disordered liver. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets when you feel "lousy" and "heavy." Note how they "clear" clouded brain and how they "perk up" the spirits. 10c and 25c a box. All druggists.