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Baker \$17,000 Short

BAKER, April 13.—The deficit of \$42,250 in the Baker district in the Third Liberty loan campaign, reported Thursday night, was cut down to about \$17,000 by the reports made to Chairman B. E. Harter yesterday, banking hours being included. No reports from the outside districts were received from Mr. Harter yesterday, the committee members having reported "over the top" Thursday, may not report again until they have completely or nearly cleaned up their districts. The local solicitors are still at work and considerable territory in the city and adjacent district is still to be covered.

CAPT. ROOSEVELT AT HOSPITAL

PARIS, April 13.—Captain Archie Roosevelt, who was wounded in action on the American front and who was decorated with the croix de guerre while on an operating table in a field hospital, has been removed to a hospital in Paris, it was announced today.

UNCALLED FOR LETTERS.

List of letters remaining uncalled for during the week ending April 13, 1918: Gentlemen. Anderson, Harvey. Bennet, Harry. Brooks, W. M. Callihan, G. T. Fuller, Ed. Hammond, Eugene. Hicks, R. L. Jackson, R. Maye, Henry J. Nelson, Benson. Wells, A. O. Ladies. Burford, Mrs. W. S. Kimbell, Mrs. Mary. Lewis, Miss Dora and Flora Miller, Mrs. Nora. These letters will be sent to the Dead Letter Office on April 20, 1918, if not delivered before. In calling for the above, please say "Advertised," giving date of list. E. E. BRAGG, P.M.

TAR AND FEATHERS

Indignant Women in Michigan Show Resentment. MONTROSE, Mich., April 13.—(By United Press.)—Twenty women of this city, tarred and feathered Mrs. Harley Stafford, a German, last night, for alleged unpatriotic utterances. Men bound Stafford, her husband, while the women finished the work.

LONDON AGAIN RAIDED

Two Women, Six Men and Three Children Are Killed. LONDON, April 13.—Four airships participated in last night's enemy air raid, Lord French has announced. Bombs were dropped in the open country, and two women, six men and three women were killed and sixty-two injured.

OREGON LAND TO BE LEASED.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 13.—As a part of the government's plans to encourage increased production of food, the reclamation service will lease 50,000 acres of public land in Lake, Harney, Malheur and Grant counties, Oregon, for agricultural and pasturage purposes. The land is now withdrawn from all forms of entry.

FIRE SWEEPS TOWN.

VERMILLION, Alberta, April 12.—Fire swept the main business section here early today doing \$500,000 damage.

Let us Want Work for YOU

"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 meets the acquaintance of the ever-present "cooties." CHAPTER III—Empey attends his first church services at the front while a German bomber circles over the congregation. CHAPTER IV—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time. CHAPTER V—Empey learns to adopt the motto of the British Tommy, "If you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry." CHAPTER VI—Back in rest billets, Empey gets his first experience as a night orderly. CHAPTER VII—Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed. CHAPTER VIII—Back in the front-line trench, Empey sees his first friend of the trenches "go West." CHAPTER IX—Empey makes his first visit to a dugout in "Suicide Ditch." CHAPTER X—Empey learns what constitutes a "day's work" in the front-line trench. CHAPTER XI—Empey goes "over the top" for the first time in a charge on the German trenches and is wounded by a bayonet thrust. CHAPTER XII—Empey joins the "suicide club" as the bombing squad is called. CHAPTER XIII—Each Tommy gets an official bath.

"Me and my mate, a lad named Harry Cassell, a bombardier in D 238 battery, or lance corporal, as you call it in the infantry, used to relieve the telephonists. We would do two hours on and four off. I would be on duty in the advanced observation post, while he would be at the other end of the wire in the battery dugout signaling station. We were supposed to send through orders for the battery to fire when ordered to do so by the observation officer in the advanced post. But very few messages were sent. It was only in case of an actual attack, that we would get a chance to earn our 'two and six' a day. You see, Old Pepper had issued orders not to fire except when the orders came from him. And with Old Pepper orders is orders, and made to obey.

"The Germans must have known about these orders, for even in the day their transports and troops used to expose themselves as if they were on parade. This sure got up our nose, sitting there day after day, with fine targets in front of us but unable to send over a shell. We heartily cursed Old Pepper, his orders, the government, the people at home, and everything in general. But the Boches didn't mind cursing and got very careless. Blime me, they were badly sulking. Used to, when using a certain road, throw their caps into the air as a taunt at our helplessness.

"Cassell had been a telegrapher in civil life and joined up when war was declared. As for me, I knew Morse

learned it at the signaller's school back in 1910. With an officer in the observation post, we could not carry on the kind of conversation that's usual between two mates, so we used the Morse code. To send, one of us would tap the transmitter with his finger nails, and the one on the other end would get it through the receiver. Many an hour was whiled away in this manner passing compliments back and forth.

"In the observation post the officer used to sit for hours with a powerful pair of field glasses to his eyes. Through a cleverly concealed loophole he would scan the ground behind the German trenches, looking for targets and finding many. This officer, Captain A— by name, had a habit of talking out loud to himself. Sometimes he would vent his opinion, same as a common private does when he's wrought up. Once upon a time the captain had been on Old Pepper's staff, so he could pass and blind in the most approved style. Got to be sort of a habit with him.

"About six thousand yards from us, behind the German lines, was a road in plain view of our post. For the last three days Fritz had brought companies of troops down this road in broad daylight. They were never shelled. Whenever this happened the captain would froth at the mouth and let out a volume of Old Pepper's religion which used to make me love him.

"Every battery has a range chart on which distinctive landmarks are noted, with the range for each. These landmarks are called targets, and are numbered. On our battery's chart, that road was called 'Target 17. Range 6000, 3 degrees 30 minutes left.' D 238 battery consisted of four '4.2' howitzers, and fired a 35-pound H. E. shell. As you know, H. E. means 'high explosive.' I don't like bumping up my own battery, but we had a record in the division for direct hits, and our boys were just pining away for a chance to exhibit their skill in the eyes of Fritz.

"On the afternoon of the fourth day of Fritz' contemptuous use of the road mentioned the captain and I were at our posts as usual. Fritz was strafing us pretty rough, just like he's doing now. The shells were playing leapfrog all through that orchard.

"I was carrying on a conversation in our 'tap' code with Cassell at the other end. It ran something like this: "Say, Cassell, how would you like to be in the saloon bar of the King's Arms down Rye Lane with a bottle of Bass in front of you, and that blonde barnyard waiting to fill 'em up again?"

"Cassell had a fancy for that particular blonde. The answer came back in the shape of a volley of curses. I changed the subject.

"After a while our talk veered round to the way the Boches had been exposing themselves on the road down on the chart as Target 17. What he said about these Boches would never have passed the censors, though I believe it would have gone through our censor easily enough.

"The bursting shells were making such a din that I packed up talking and took to watching the captain. He was fidgeting around on an old sandbag with the glass to his eye. Occasionally he would let out a grunt, and make some remark I couldn't hear on

TODAY TOMORROW A CHALLENGE TO HUMANITY "For the Freedom of the World" THE GREATEST AND MOST TIMELY PATRIOTIC PHOTOPLAY EVER PRODUCED. ADMISSION Matinees 20c; Children 5c Evenings 25c; Children 10c VAUDEVILLE John Buckley Singing and Dancing S-T-A-R

account of the noise, but I guessed what it was all right. Fritz was getting fresh again on that road. "Cassell had been sending in the 'tap code' to me, but I was fed up and didn't bother with it. Then he sent O. S. and I was all attention, for this was a call used between us which meant that something important was on. I was all ears in an instant. Then Cassell turned loose. "You blankety blank dud, I have been trying to raise you for fifteen minutes. What's the matter, are you asleep? (Just as if anyone could have slept in that infernal racket!) Never mind framing a nasty answer. Just listen! "Are you game for putting something over on the Boches and Old Pepper all in one? "I answered that I was game enough when it came to putting it over the Boches, but confessed that I had a weakness of the spine, even at the mention of Old Pepper's name. "He came back with, 'It's so absurdly easy and simple that there is no chance of the old heathen ruminating it. Anyway, if we're caught, I'll take the blame.'

"Under these conditions I told him to spit out his scheme. It was so daring and simple that it took my breath away. This is what he proposed: "If the Boches should use that road again, to send by the tap system the target and range. I had previously told him about our captain talking out loud as if he were sending through orders. Well, if this happened, I was to send the dope to Cassell and he would transmit it to the battery commander as officially coming through the observation post. Then the battery would open up. Afterwards, during the investigation, Cassell would swear he received it direct. They would have to relieve him, because it was impossible from his post in the battery dugout to know that the road was being used at that time by the Germans. And also it was impossible for him to give the target, range and degrees. You know a battery chart is not passed around among the men like a newspaper from Blighty. From him the investigation would go to the observation post, and the observing officer could truthfully swear that I had not sent the message by phone, and that no orders to fire had been issued by him. The investigators would then be up in the air, we would be safe, the Boches would receive a good bashing, and we would get our own back on Old Pepper. It was too good to be true. I gleefully fell in with the scheme, and told Cassell I was his man.

its range was barged into my mind. "Over the wire I tapped, 'D 238 battery, Target 17, Range 6000, 3 degrees 30 minutes, left, salvo, fire.' Cassell O. K'd my message, and with the receiver pressed against my ear, I waited and listened. In a couple of minutes very faintly over the wire came the voice of our battery commander issuing the order: 'D 238 battery, Salvo! Fire!'

"Then a roar through the receiver as the four guns belched forth, a screaming and whistling overhead, and the shells were on their way. "The captain jumped as if he were shot, and let out a great big expressive 'O—h, and eagerly turned his glasses in the direction of the German road. I also strained my eyes watching that target. Four black clouds of dust rose up right in the middle of the German column. Four direct hits—another record for D 238.

"The shells kept on whistling overhead, and I had counted twenty-four of them when the firing suddenly ceased. When the smoke and dust clouds lifted the destruction on that road was awful. Overturned limbers and guns, wagons smashed up, trees felled in all directions. The road and roadside were spotted all over with little field gray dots, the toll of our guns.

"The captain, in his excitement, had slipped off the sandbag, and was on his knees in the mud, the glass still at his eye. He was muttering to himself and shaking his thigh with his disengaged hand. At every slap a big round 'cuss' word would escape from his lips followed by:

"Good! Fine! Marvelous! Pretty Work! Direct hits all! "Then he turned to me and shouted: "Wilson, what do you think of it? Did you ever see the like of it in your life? D—n fine work, I call it! "Pretty soon a look of wonder stole over his face and he exclaimed: "But who in h—l gave them the order to fire. Range and everything correct, too. I know I can't, Wilson, did I give you any order for the battery to open up? Of course I didn't, did I?"

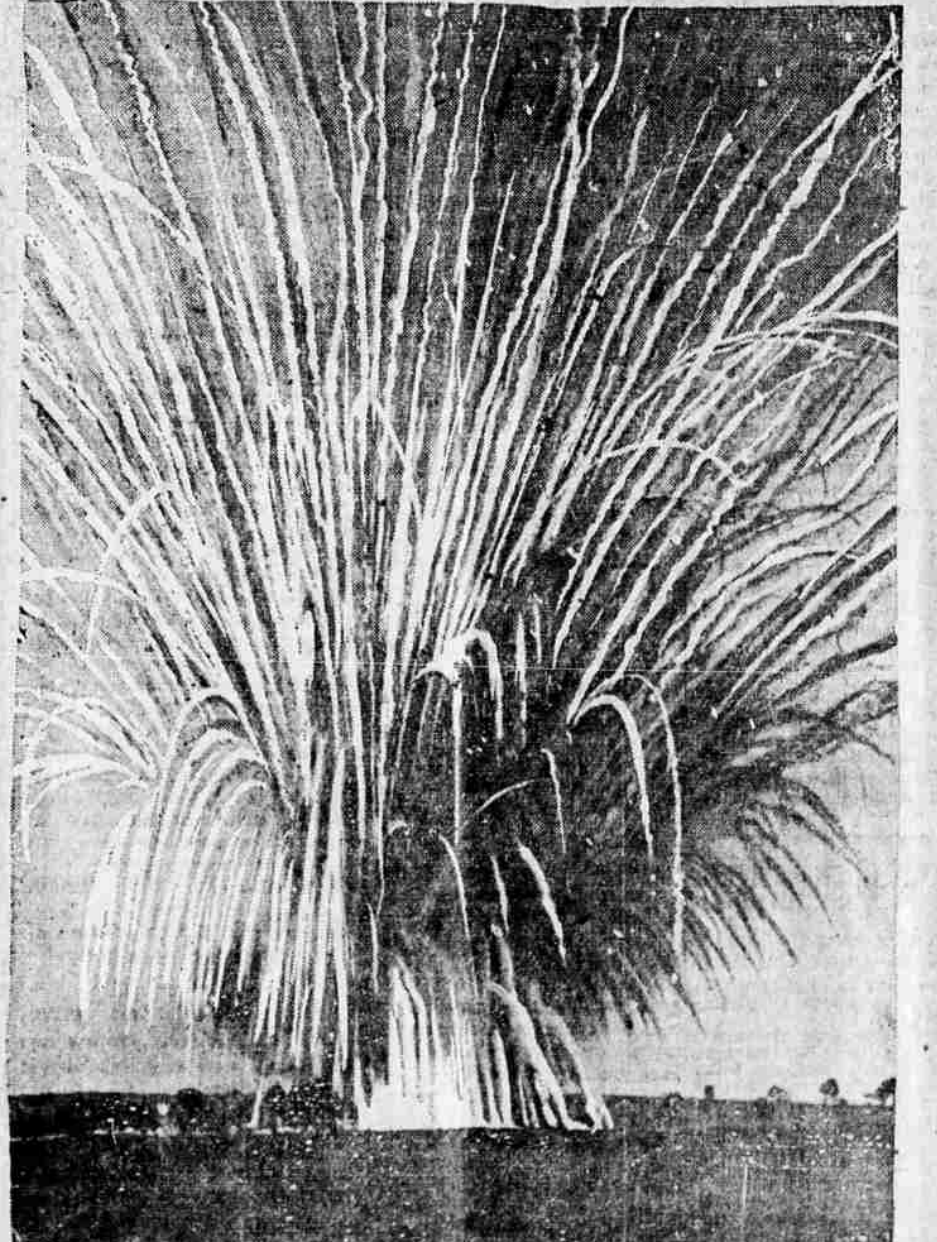
"I answered very emphatically, 'No, sir, you gave no command. Nothing went through the post. I'm awfully lute certain on that point, sir.' "Of course not, but what the hell, he replied. Then he muttered out loud:

"But, by Jove, wait till Old Pepper gets wind of this. That'll be for flying! "Just then Bombardier Cassell cut in on the wire: "General's compliments to Captain A—. He directs that officer and senior report at the double to the headquarters as soon as relieved. He'll now on the way!"

"In an undertone to me, and a brass front, Wilson, and for God's sake, stick," I answered with, 'Rely on me, mate, but I was trembling all over.' "I gave the general's message to the captain, and started packing up. "The relief arrived, and as we left the post the captain said:

(Continued from page 6.)

There's Death, Not Beauty, in This "Spring Flower"



(c) Underwood & Underwood Look closer and you'll see that it isn't a new species of flowering cactus, but a spot photograph of a bursting bomb. It's an incendiary bomb, such as the Germans use to illuminate the trenches at night, thus throwing every stick and stone in No Man's Land into relief, and shedding its fire on any scouting or patrol parties who happen to be between the trenches. This photo was taken by a watcher in the allied lines, a quarter of a mile from the scene of the explosion. It's a phase of fighting that has been told in the dispatches, but never before, we believe, recorded by the camera. Note the size of the trees nearby. ON TO, BERLIN!

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