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HILL'S

Department Store

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPY
Machine Gunner Serving in France

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 "cookies."

CHAPTER III—Empey attends his first church services at the front while a German Fokker 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 mess 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 "Sudette Trench."

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 "audible club" as the bombing squad is called.

CHAPTER XIII—Each Tommy gets an official bath.

CHAPTER XIV—Empey helps dig an advanced trench under German fire.

CHAPTER XV—On "listening post" in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER XVI—Two artillerymen "put one over" on Old Pepper, their regimental commander.

CHAPTER XVII—Empey has narrow escape while on patrol duty in No Man's Land.

CHAPTER XVIII—Back in rest billets Empey writes and stencils a farewell letter.

CHAPTER XIX—Soldiers have many ways to amuse themselves while "on their own."

CHAPTER XXIII:

Gas Attacks and Spies.

Three days after we had silenced Fritz, the Germans sent over gas. It did not catch us unawares, because the wind had been made to order, that is, it was blowing from the German trenches toward ours at the rate of about five miles per hour.

Warnings had been passed down the trench to keep a sharp lookout for gas. We had a new man at the periscope, on this afternoon in question; I was sitting on the fire step, cleaning my rifle, when he called out to me:

"There's a sort of greenish, yellow cloud rolling along the ground out in front. It's coming."

But I waited for no more, grabbing my bayonet, which was detached from the rifle, I gave the alarm by banging an empty shell case, which was hanging near the periscope. At the same instant, songs started ringing down the trench, the signal for Tommy to don his respirator, or smoke helmet, as we call it.

Gas travels quickly, so you must not lose any time; you generally have about eighteen or twenty seconds in which to adjust your gas helmet.

A gas helmet is made of cloth, treated with chemicals. There are two windows, or glass eyes, in it, through which

you can see. Inside there is a rubber-covered tube, which goes in the mouth. You breathe through your nose; the gas passing through the cloth helmet, is neutralized by the action of the chemicals. The foul air is exhaled through the tube in the mouth, this tube being so constructed that it prevents the inhaling of the outside air or gas. One helmet is good for five hours of the strongest gas. Each Tommy carries two of them slung around his shoulder in a waterproof canvas bag. He must wear this bag at all times, even while sleeping. To change a defective helmet, you take out the new one, hold your breath, pull the old one off, placing the new one over your head, tucking in the loose ends under the collar of your tunic.

For a minute, pandemonium reigned in our trench—Tommy's adjusting their helmets, bombers running here and there, and men turning out of the dugouts with fixed bayonets, to man the fire step.

Re-enforcements were pouring out of the communication trenches.

Our gun's crew were busy mounting the machine gun on the parapet and bringing up extra ammunition from the dugout.

German gas is heavier than air and soon fills the trenches and dugouts, where it has been known to lurk for two or three days, until the air is purified by means of large chemical sprayers.

We had to work quickly, as Fritz generally follows the gas with an infantry attack.

A company man on our right was fast as a cat in getting on his helmet; he sank to the ground, clutching at his throat, and after a few spasmodic twinges went West (died). It was horrible to see him die, but we were powerless to help him. In the corner of a traverse, a little maddy cur dog, one of the company's pets, was lying dead, with his paws over his nose.

It's the animals that suffer the most—the horses, mules, cattle, dogs, cats and rats—they having no helmets to save them. Tommy does not sympathize with rats in a gas attack.

At times gas has been known to travel, with dire results, fifteen miles behind the lines.

A gas or smoke helmet, as it is called, at the best is a vile-smelling thing, and it is not long before one gets a violent headache from wearing it.

Our eighteen-pounders were hurrying in No Man's Land, in an effort, by the artillery, to disperse the gas clouds.

The fire step was lined with crouching men, bayonets fixed, and bombs near at hand to repel the expected attack.

Our artillery had put a barrage of curtain fire on the German lines, to try and break up their attack and keep back re-enforcements.

I trained my machine gun on their trench and its bullets were raking the parapet.

Then over they came, bayonets glinting. In their respirators, which have a large snout in front, they looked like some horrible nightmares.

All along our trench, rifles and machine guns spoke, our snipers were bursting over their heads. They went down in heaps, but new ones took the places of the fallen. Nothing could stop that mad rush. The Germans reached our barbed wire, which had previously been demolished by their shells, then it was bomb against bomb, and the devil for all.

Suddenly my head seemed to burst from a loud "crack" in my ear. Then

he never gave us an hour's rest. Our reputation as machine gunners was at stake; we tried various ruses to locate and put this gun out of action, but each one proved to be a failure, and Fritz became a worse nuisance than ever. He was getting fresher and more careless every day, took all kinds of liberties with us—thought he was invulnerable.

Then one of our crew got a brilliant idea and we were all enthusiastic to put it to the test.

Here was his scheme:

When firing my gun, I was to play my tune, and Fritz, no doubt, would fall for it, try to imitate me as an added insult. This gunner and two others would try, by the sound, to locate Fritz and his gun. After having got the location, they would mount two machine guns in trees, in a little clump of woods to the left of our cemetery, and while Fritz was in the middle of his lesson, would open up and trust to luck. By our calculations, it would take at least a week to pull off the stunt.

If Fritz refused to swallow our bait, it would be impossible to locate his special gun, and that's the one we were after, because they all sound alike, a slow pop-pup-pup.

Our prestige was hanging by a thread. In the battalion we had to endure all kinds of insults and fresh remarks as to our ability in silencing Fritz. Even to the battalion that German gun was a sore spot.

Next day, Fritz opened up as usual. I let him fire away for a while and then baited in with my "pop-pup-pup-pup-pup-pup." I kept this up quite a while, used two belts of ammunition. Fritz had stopped firing to listen. Then he started in; sure enough, he had fallen for our game, his gun was trying to imitate mine, but, at first he made a horrible mess of that tune. Again I baited in with a few bars and stopped. Then he tried to copy what I had played. He was a good sport all right, because his bullets were going away over our heads, must have been firing into the air. I commenced to feel friendly toward him.

This duet went on for five days. Fritz was a good pupil and learned rapidly. In fact, got better than his teacher. I commenced to feel jealous. When he had completely mastered the tune, he started sweeping the road again and we clicked it worse than ever. But he signed his death warrant by doing so, because my friendship turned to hate. Every time he fired he played that tune and we danced.

The boys in the battalion gave us

the "Hal! Hal!" They weren't in on our little fraud.

The originator of the ruse and the other two gunners had Fritz's location taped to the minute; they mounted their two guns, and also gave me the range. The next afternoon was set for the grand finale.

Our three guns, with different elevations, had their fire so arranged, that, opening up together, their bullets would suddenly drop on Fritz like a hailstorm.

About three the next day, Fritz started "pop-popping" that tune. I blew a sharp blast on a whistle, it was the signal agreed upon; we turned loose and Fritz's gun suddenly stopped in the middle of a bar. We had cooked his gun, and our ruse had worked. After firing two belts each, to make sure of our job, we hurriedly dismounted our guns and took cover in the dugout. We knew what to expect soon. We didn't have to wait long, three salvos of "whizz-bangs" came over from Fritz's artillery, a further confirmation that we had sent that musical machine-gunner on his Westward-bound journey.

That gun never bothered us again. We were the heroes of the battalion, our captain congratulated us, said it was a neat piece of work, and, consequently, we were all puffed up over the stunt.

There are several ways Tommy uses to disguise the location of his machine gun and get his range. Some of the most commonly used stunts are as follows:

At night, when he mounts his gun over the top of his trench and wants to get the range of Fritz's trench he adopts the method of what he terms "getting the sparks." This consists of firing bursts from his gun until the bullets hit the German barbed wire. He can tell when they are cutting the wire, because a bullet when it hits a wire throws out a blue electric spark. Machine-gun fire is very damaging to wire and causes many a wiring party to go out at night when it is quiet to repair the damage.

To disguise the flare of his gun at night when firing, Tommy uses what is called a flare protector. This is a stovepipe arrangement which fits over the barrel casing of the gun and screens the sparks from the right and left, but not from the front. So Tommy, always resourceful, adopts this scheme: About three feet or less in front of the gun he

drives two stakes into the ground, about five feet apart. Across these stakes he stretches a curtain made out of empty sandbags ripped open. He works this curtain in water and fires through it. The water prevents it catching fire and effectively screens the flare of the firing gun from the enemy.

enjoy report. All that I remember is that I was flying through the air, and wondering if I would land in a soft spot. Then the lights went out.

When I came to, Atwell was pouring water on my head out of his bottle. On the other side of the road the corporal was sitting, rubbing a lump on his forehead with his left hand, while his right arm was bound up in a blood-soaked bandage. He was moaning very loudly. I had an awful headache and the skin on the left side of my face was full of gravel and the blood was trickling from my nose.

But that ambulance was turned over in the ditch and was perforated with holes from fragments of the shell. One of the front wheels was slowly revolving, so I could not have been "out" for a long period.

The shells were still screaming overhead, but the battery had raised its fire and they were bursting in a little wood about half a mile from us.

Atwell spoke up. "I wish that officer hadn't wished us the best of luck." Then he commenced swearing. I couldn't help laughing, though my head was nigh to bursting.

Slowly rising to my feet I felt myself all over to make sure that there were no broken bones. But outside of a few bruises and scratches I was all right. The corporal was still moaning, but more from shock than pain. A shell splinter had gone through the flesh of his right forearm. Atwell and I, from our first-aid pouches, put a tourniquet on his arm to stop the bleeding and then gathered up our equipment.

We realized that we were in a dangerous spot. At any minute a shell might drop on the road and finish us off. The village we had left was not very far, so we told the corporal he had better go back to it and get his arm dressed, and then report the fact of the destruction of the ambulance to the military police. He was well able to walk, so he set off in the direction of the village, while Atwell and I continued our way on foot.

Without further mishap we arrived at our destination, and reported to brigade headquarters for rations and billets.

That night we slept in the battalion sergeant major's dugout. The next morning I went to a first-aid post and had the gravel picked out of my face.

The instructions we received from division headquarters read that we were out to catch spies, patrol trenches, search German den, reconnoiter in No Man's Land, and take part in trench raids and prevent the robbing of the dead.

I had a pass which would allow me to go anywhere at any time in the sector of the line held by our division. It gave me authority to stop and search ambulances, motor lorries, wagons and even officers and soldiers, whenever my suspicions deemed it necessary. Atwell and I were allowed to work together or singly—it was left to our judgment. We decided to team up.

The driver of the ambulance was a corporal of the B. A. M. C., and he had the "wind up," that is, he had an aversion to being under fire.

I was riding on the seat with him while Atwell was sitting in the ambulance, with his legs hanging out of the back.

As we passed through a shell-destroyed village a mounted military policeman stopped us and informed the driver to be very careful when we got out on the open road, as it was very dangerous, because the Germans lately had acquired the habit of shelling it.

The corporal asked the trooper if there was any other way around, and was informed that there was not. Upon this he got very nervous and wanted to turn back, but we insisted that he proceed and explained to him that he would get into serious trouble with his commanding officer if he returned without orders; we wanted to ride, not walk.

From his conversation we learned that he had recently come from England with a draft and had never been under fire, hence his nervousness.

We convinced him that there was not much danger, and he appeared greatly relieved.

When we at last turned into the open road we were not so confident. On each side there had been a line of trees, but now, all that was left of them were torn and battered stumps. The fields on each side of the road were dotted with recent shell holes, and we passed several in the road itself. We had gone about half a mile when a shell came whistling through the air and burst in a field about three hundred yards to our right. Another soon followed this one and burst on the edge of the road about four hundred yards in front of us.

I told the driver to throw in his speed clutch, as we must be in sight of the Germans. I knew the signs; that battery was ranging for us, and the quicker we got out of its zone of fire the better. The driver was trembling like a leaf, and every minute I expected him to pile us up in the ditch. I preferred the German fire.

In the back Atwell was holding onto the straps for dear life, and was singing at the top of his voice:

We beat you at the Marne,
We gave you hell at Neuve Chapelle,
And here we are again,
Just then we hit a small shell hole and nearly capsized. Upon a loud yell from the rear I looked behind, and there was Atwell sitting in the middle of the road, shaking his fist at us. His equipment, which he had taken off upon getting into the ambulance, was strung out on the ground, and his rifle was in the ditch.

I shouted to the driver to stop, and in his nervousness he put on the brakes. We nearly pitched out head first. But the applying of those brakes saved our lives. The next instant there was a blinding flash and a deaf-

my head began to swim, throat got dry, and a heavy pressure on the lungs warned me that my helmet was leaking. Turning by gun over to No. 2, I changed helmets.

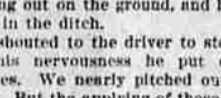
The trench started to wind like a snake, and sandbags appeared to be floating in the air. The noise was horrible; I sank onto the fire step, needles seemed to be pricking my flesh, then blackness.

I was awakened by one of my mates removing my smoke helmet. How delicious that cool, fresh air felt in my lungs.

A strong wind had arisen and dispersed the gas.

They told me that I had been "out" for three hours; they thought I was dead.

The attack had been repulsed after a hard fight. Twice the Germans had gained a foothold in our trench, but had been driven out by counterattacks. The trench was filled with their dead and ours. Through a periscope I counted eighteen dead Germans in our wire; they were a ghastly sight in



Showing How Fritz is Fooled.

(Continued on Page Six.)

Cause Of Headache

By knowing the cause, a disease may be often avoided. This is particularly true of headache. The most common cause of headache is a disordered stomach of constipation, which may easily be corrected by taking a few doses of Chamberlain's Tablets. Try it. Many others have obtained permanent relief by taking these Tablets. They are easy to take and mild and gentle in effect.

REBEKAHS ATTENTION

Tuesday evening, May 28th: is Social Evening, and all Rebekahs are earnestly requested to be present, and hear the report of Delegates of Assembly read.

By order of Committee.
5-27-11

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Union County.

La Grande National Bank of La Grande, Oregon, a banking corporation, plaintiff, vs. Turner Oliver and J. R. Oliver, defendants.

To Turner Oliver, the above-named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action and court, on or before June 20, 1918, and you are further notified that if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will take the judgment of the court against you for the sum of three thousand dollars, together with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum (from and after April 15th, 1917 (less the sum of \$60 paid October 27th, \$60 paid November 3, and \$20 paid December 15, all in 1917, and the further sum of \$20 paid Jan. 7th, 1918)—together with the sum of \$200 as attorney fees and the costs and disbursements of this action, and will take the order of the court for the sale of your real property attached in this action and

C. H. FINN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Residence and Post Office address,
La Grande, Oregon.

First publication, May 8, 1918.

Mothers of Oregon Prepare for Trouble!

When a girl becomes a woman, when a woman becomes a mother, and when a woman passes through the changes of middle life, are the three periods of life when health and strength are most needed to withstand the pain and distress often caused by severe organic disturbances. Many thousands along the Pacific Coast would testify just as do the following:



MORSON, OREGON.—"I am certainly glad to recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I think it is a God-send to mankind. During pregnancy I was, at, so sick with the terrible morning sickness, that I was afraid that I just could not get on. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and I was relieved at once—no more sickness, no heart-aches, no headaches, and I got through so well.—Mrs. W. E. Pockinus, Cave McCready Camp.

SOMERLA, OREGON.—"I have suffered everything during pregnancy but the last time I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and I never missed a meal and had comparatively no suffering. I would surely recommend the 'Prescription' to all prospective mothers and, also, for young girls coming into womanhood. A friend is taking this medicine now as I advised her to and she is improving fast. One would not know she was the same woman.—Miss H. E. Pockinus.

Arcade Theatre

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ELLA HALL
"A MOTHER'S SECRET"
A BLUEBIRD PHOTO-DRAMA

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4-Act Vaudeville Show

Coming Friday, Doug. Fairbanks

No Wheat Flour

Sales until June 1st. Help make Oregon Wheat- less, and by doing so you are supporting the first line trenches.

USE SUBSTITUTES.

Ask for our pamphlets how to use them. No charge.

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| Oat Flour. | Corn Starch. |
| Barley Flour. | Roller Oats. |
| Buckwheat Flour. | Yellow Meal. |
| Corn Flour. | White Meal. |
| Potato Flour. | Hominy. |
| Rice Flour. | Rice. |

Harris Grocery

situated in Union county, Oregon, to pay such judgment. This summons is published by order of Hon. J. W. Knowles, Judge of the above entitled court, made and entered on May 7th, 1918, fixing six consecutive weeks for such publication and in the La Grande Evening Observer, published at La Grande, Oregon.

C. H. FINN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Residence and Post Office address,
La Grande, Oregon.

First publication, May 8, 1918.

Do You Enjoy Life?
A man in good physical condition is almost certain to enjoy life, while the bilious and dyspeptic are less, do not enjoy their meals and feel miserable a good share of the time. This ill feeling is nearly always unnecessary. A few of Chamberlain's Tablets to tone up the stomach, improve the digestion and regulate the bowels in all that is needed. Try it.

A WANT AD will do it.

OIL BURNERS

Your wood is gone, the summer is here, that oil burner that you have longed for is ready to install in your Range—FREE TRAIL and guarantee cover your dollars.

BUY THRIFT STAMPS AT

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Fir and Jefferson E. J. DONOHUE Black 1241
Best Prices Paid for Used Furniture

SPECIAL SEED OFFER

To any man, woman, boy or girl in Union county, who will bring us 50 cents worth of potatoes this fall, we will give at this time \$1 Worth of Garden Seed Your Own Selection.

CHERRY'S FLORISTS

Help win the War. Plant your Garden now.

Mr. Grain Farmer:

Are you prepared to handle your grain in bulk? Do not wait until Spring and Summer when you are buried with work and worried with labor shortage, but build your granaries now.

You can buy the lumber and roofing paper for a first-class 1000 bushel portable granary for \$54.58 and it will last for 125.00 and this would be a dead loss against this year's crop.

A granary of this size can be moved anywhere and can be filled directly from the thresher, doing away with high priced labor handling and sewing sacks.

The boys in the trenches need the sacks for sand bags for the protection of their very lives and perhaps your boy is among them.

Spend your money in your own valley by buying lumber manufactured at home. When you buy sacks part of the money goes to India.

BUILD YOUR GRANARIES NOW

Be prepared by building them before the farming season opens up. Be sure to get good lumber, well seasoned, as low grade lumber will give you trouble in a few seasons. Don't use green lumber.

Save money—keep what you spend at home—prevent loss and damage from exposure to weather—leave the sacks for our boys in the trenches; help win the war by building granaries now.

Portable granaries of this type are universally used in other sections. One trip with a good team will haul the material for one granary. For particulars as well as prices on Union County lumber for all farm purposes, see

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