

Decoration Day

Doubly Sacred This Year

The sacrifice of men which we are now making for the Freedom of the World causes us to look with unusual pride upon our fallen heroes of this and former conflicts. Their deeds and examples of patriotism, should serve to fire the true fighting spirit of all loyal Americans. On

Thursday, May Thirty

let us all join in paying tribute to these heroes in a manner that is commensurate with our loyalty and patriotism.

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DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

"Headin' South"

Directed by ARTHUR ROSSON under supervision of ALLAN DWAN
Photographed by HUGH MCCLUNG and HARRY THOMP



An ARTCRAFT Picture

Also HAROLD LLOYD In

"BY THE SAD SEA WAVES"

TOMORROW

ARCADE THEATRE

OVER THE TOP

(Continued from page two)

Bully beef, water and biscuits were left beside him for his supper.

The sentry, seeing that he ate nothing, came inside and shook him by the shoulder, saying in a kind voice:

"Cheer, laddie, better eat something. You'll feel better. Don't give up hope. You'll be pardoned before morning. I know the way they run these things. They're only trying to scare you, that's all. Come now, that's a good lad, eat something. It'll make the world look different to you."

The good-hearted sentry knew he was lying about the pardon. He knew nothing short of a miracle could save the poor lad.

Lloyd listened eagerly to his sentry's words, and believed them. A look of hope came into his eyes, and he ravenously ate the meal beside him.

In about an hour's time, the chaplain came to see him, but Lloyd would have none of him. He wanted no pardon; he was to be pardoned.

The artillery behind the lines suddenly opened up with everything they had. An intense bombardment of the enemy's lines had commenced. The roar of the guns was deafening. Lloyd's fears came back with a rush, and he cowered on the earthen floor with his hands over his face.

The sentry, seeing his position, came in and tried to cheer him by talking to him:

"Never mind them guns, boy, they won't hurt you. They are ours. We are giving the Boches a dose of their



He Betrayed His Country.

own medicine. Our boys are going over the top at dawn of the morning to take their trenches. We'll give 'em a taste of cold steel with their sausages and beer. You just sit tight now until they relieve you. I'll have to go now, lad, as it's nearly time for my relief, and I don't want them to see me n-talkin' with you. So long, laddie, cheer."

With this, the sentry resumed the pacing of his post. In about ten minutes' time he was relieved, and a D company man took his place.

Looking into the guardhouse, the sentry noticed the cowering attitude of Lloyd, and, with a sneer, said to him:

"Instead of whimpering in that corner, you ought to be saying your prayers. It's badly conscripted like you what's spoilt our record. We've been out here high on eighteen months, and you're the first man to desert his post. The whole battalion is laughing and poppin' fun at D company, had luck to you! but you won't get another chance to disgrace us. They'll put your lights out in the morning!"

After listening to this tirade, Lloyd, in a faltering voice, asked: "They are not going to shoot me, are they? Why, the other sentry said they'd pardon me. For God's sake—don't tell me I'm to be shot!" and his voice died away in a sob.

"Of course, they're going to shoot you. The other sentry was just a kid—tryin' to cheer some one. You ain't got no more chance o' bein' pardoned than I have of gettin' to be colonel of my batt."

When the fact that all hope was gone finally entered Lloyd's brain, a calm seemed to settle over him, and rising to his knees, with his arms stretched out to heaven, he prayed, and all of his soul entered into the prayer.

"O, good and merciful God, give me strength to die like a man! Deliver me from this coward's death. Give me a chance to die like my mates in the fighting line, to die fighting for my country. I ask this of thee."

A peace, hitherto unknown, came to him, and he crouched and covered no more, but calmly waited the dawn, ready to go to his death. The shells were bursting all around the guardhouse, but he hardly noticed them.

While waiting there, the voice of the sentry, singing in a low tone, came to him. He was singing the chorus of the popular trench ditty:

I want to go home, I want to go home. I don't want to go to the trenches no more. Where the "whizzbangs" and "sausages" fear gallop. Take me over the sea, where the Allemands can't get at me. Oh, no, I don't want to die! I want to go home.

Lloyd listened to the words with a strange interest, and wondered what kind of a home he would go to across the Great Divide. It would be the only home he had ever known.

Suddenly there came a great rushing through the air, a blinding, a deafen-

ing report, and the sandbag walls of the guardhouse toppled over, and then—blackness.

When Lloyd recovered consciousness, he was lying on his right side, facing what used to be the entrance of the guardhouse. Now, it was only a jumble of rent and torn sandbags. His head seemed bursting. He slowly rose on his elbow, and there in the east the dawn was breaking. But what was that mangled shape lying over there among the sandbags? Slowly dragging himself to it, he saw the body of the sentry. One look was enough to know that he was dead. The soldier's head was missing. The sentry had had his wish gratified. He had "gone home." He was safe at last from the "whizzbangs" and the Allemands.

Like a flash it came to Lloyd that he was free. Free to go "over the top" with his company. Free to die like a true Briton fighting for his king and country. A great gladness and warmth came over him. Carefully stepping over the body of the sentry, he started on a mad race down the ruined street of the village, amid the bursting shells, minding them not, dodging through or around hurrying platoons on their way to also go "over the top." Coming to a communication trench he could not get through, it was blocked with laughing, cheering and cursing soldiers. Climbing out of the trench, he ran wildly along the top, never heeding the rain of machine-gun bullets and shells, not even hearing the shouts of the officers, telling him to get back into the trench. He was going to join his company, he was going to fight with them. He, the despised coward, had come into his own.

While he was racing along, jumping over trenches crowded with soldiers, a ringing cheer broke out all along the front line, and his heart sank. He knew he was too late. His company had gone over. But still he ran madly. He would catch them. He would die with them.

Meanwhile his company had gone "over." They, with the other companies had taken the first and second German trenches, and had pushed steadily on to the third line. D company, led by their captain, the one who had sent Lloyd to division headquarters for trial, charged with desertion, had pushed steadily forward until they found themselves far in advance of the rest of the attacking force. "Bombing out" trench after trench, and using their bayonets, they came to a German communication trench, which ended in a blind alley, and then the captain, and what was left of his men, knew they were in a trap. They would not retire. D company never retired, and they were D company. Right in front of them they could see hundreds of Germans preparing to rush them with bomb and bayonet. They would have some chance if ammunition and bombs could reach them from the rear. Their supply was exhausted, and the men realized it would be a case of dying as bravely as possible, or making a run for it. But D company would not run. It was against their traditions and principles.

The Germans would have to advance across an open space of three to four hundred yards before they could get within bombing distance of the trench, and then it would be all their own way.

Turning to his company, the captain said:

"Men, it's a case of going West for us. We are out of ammunition and bombs, and the Boches have us in a trap. They will bomb us out. Our bayonets are useless here. We will have to go over and meet them, and it's a case of thirty to one, so send every thrust home, and die like the men of D company should. When I give the word, follow me, and up and at them. Give them a—! Lord, if we only had a machine gun, we could wipe them out! Here they come, get ready, men!"

Just as he finished speaking, the welcome "rump-rump" of a machine gun in their rear rang out, and the front line of the crushing Germans seemed to melt away. They wavered, but once again came rushing forward. Down went their second line. The machine gun was taking an awful toll of lives. Then again they tried to advance, but the machine gun moved them down. Dropping their rifles and bombs, they broke and fled in a wild rush back to their trench, amid the cheers of "D" company. They were forming again for another attempt, when in the rear of D company came a mighty cheer. The ammunition had arrived and with it a battalion of Scotch to re-enforce them. They were saved. The unknown machine gunner had come to the rescue in the nick of time.

With the re-enforcements it was an easy task to take the third German line.

After the attack was over, the captain and three of his commissioned officers, waded their way back to the position where the machine gun had done its deadly work. He wanted to thank the gunner in the name of D company for his magnificent deed. They arrived at the gun, and an awful sight met their eyes.

Lloyd had reached the front line trench, after his company had left it. A strange company was dimly crawling up the trench ladders. They were re-enforcements going over. They were Scotch, and they made a magnificent sight in their brightly colored kilts and bare knees.

Jumping over the trench, Lloyd raced across "No Man's Land," unheeding the rain of bullets leaping over dark forms on the ground, some of which lay still, while others called out to him as he speeded past.

He came to the German front line, but it was deserted, except for heaps of dead and wounded—a grim tribute to the work of his company, good old D company. Lying in trenches, and gasping for breath, Lloyd could see right ahead of him his company in a dead-ended sap of a communication trench, and across the open, away in front of them, a mass of Germans preparing for a charge. Why didn't D company fire on them? Why were they (To be continued)

MEMORIAL DAY

"OVER THERE"

OVER THERE TODAY, in bleeding France, all American women engaged in the HOLIEST CAUSE known to mankind—THE RED CROSS—and the SALVATION ARMY women engaged in relief work OVER THERE will place Flowers and an American Flag upon every grave of an American fighter, soldier or sailor, who has been buried in France since the war began. ARE YOU DOING YOUR BIT HERE? Look in the mirror and ask that question on this, the saddest Memorial Day our beloved country has ever had.

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Methodist Church
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Full 10lb. sack Nebraska Hominy	73c	15c pkg. Kellogg's Corn Flakes	11c
Full 9lb sack Fancy Oat Flakes	62c	15c pkg. Krinkle Corn Flakes	9c
Quaker White Oats, 35c pkg.	24c	15c pkg. Post Toasties	11c
Albers' Oat Flakes, 20c pkg.	14c	15c pkg. Washington Crisps	9c
9 8-10lb. sack Barley Flour	90c	Lard Substitutes	
Full 10lb. sack Rice Flour	98c	Crisco, small 32c, 3lbs. \$1.00, 6 lbs.	\$1.35
Best California Head Rice, 5lb. sack	50c	Cottolene, small 49c, med.	98c
9 8-10lb. sack Graham Flour	58c	Pearl Shortening or White Ribbon, No. 5 can	\$1.28
9 lb. sack Oatmeal	76c	Compound, No. 5 can	\$1.20
		Wesson Oil, small 35c medium 70c	

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