

REST ROOM AT TEMPLE ATTRACTS MANY VISITORS

The rest room of the city, conducted by the ladies of the local W. C. T. U. in the Liberty Temple here, is proving a big success from every angle. Mrs. Kyler, of this city, who had charge of the rooms Saturday, reports the following out-of-town guests registering at the rooms: Mrs. Lulu Nichol, of Dayton, Ore.; Ethal A. Poland, McMinnville; Max W. Wilkins, Portland; Mrs. R. E. Butler, Jennings Lodge; Mrs. Fahay, Portland; Mrs. P. H. Durham, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mrs. J. B. Haraf, Cooke, Wash.; Mrs. W. M. Steele, Berkeley, Cal.; Mrs. J. W. Cole, Liberal; Mrs. E. L. Moore, Aurora; Mrs. A. T. Parker, Gladstone; Mrs. Fred M. Kiel, Aurora; Mrs. Carl Huffman, Hubbard; Mrs. Emily Dyes, Portland; Mrs. D. O. Anderson, Portland; Mrs. Lilla LePort, Dayton; Mrs. Amy Aldrich, Pendleton; Mrs. Ida Durham, The Dalles; Mrs. C. E. Hopkins, West Linn; Mrs. Viola Bennett, Willamette; Mrs. M. A. Thompson and son, Gladstone; Miss D. A. Baker, Portland; Myrtle Baker, Portland; Harriett B. Bly, Carus.

SWAFFORD AND McDONALD ARRIVE HOME—GIVE TALK

Lieutenant Harold Swafford, who has been in France since the beginning of the war, and S. McDonald, Sergeant in the U. S. Army and for the past year doing duty in Europe, have both returned to this city from overseas. Lieutenant Swafford and Sergeant McDonald had charge of the services Sunday evening at the Methodist church, and told of their experiences while serving their country in France. Both are very well known in this city. Lieutenant Swafford being formerly employed by the Crown-Willamette company, and Sergeant McDonald being at one time in the real estate business here.

ELKS, NOTICE!

There will be installation of officers of the Elks Lodge on next Friday evening. All Elks are requested to attend—something doing. There will be a big feed at the end of the ceremonies. Don't forget—next Friday night.

GEORGE SWAFFORD, Secretary.

OLD PIONEER VISITS HERE FROM IDAHO

Israel Putnam, old time pioneer of this county, was in the city Monday visiting old friends and acquaintances. Years ago, Mr. Putnam operated a small farm near Rock Island in this county. He is now residing on his homestead near Hebo, Idaho, which is one of the best in that section. Mr. Putnam claims that Idaho is a great country. He is 87 years of age, and hale and hearty. He claims that near where he is located, that section has received much rain the past winter. His son, Charles, who has been with the aero section in France, will be home soon, according to a telegram received by Mr. Putnam.

MRS. SCHOOLEY SUES FOR DIVORCE HERE FRIDAY

Sophia M. Schooley entered suit for divorce against her husband, William F. Schooley here Friday. She alleges in her complaint that her husband has associated with other women and that she has suffered cruel and inhuman treatment. Schooley is a local real estate man of this city. The couple was married at Dayton, Ohio, September 29, 1898. Mrs. Schooley also alleges in her complaint that her husband has failed to provide for herself and son. The couple has another son, aged 19, who is now in the navy.

The baseball team of the Barclay school of this city, defeated the team of the Maple Lane school Friday by a score of 24 to 5. The Barclay team is made up of the following players: John Contreras, 2d base; Ronald Kellogg, s. s.; Everett Cannon, 3rd base; Vernon Jarratt, c. f.; Alfred Lott, c. f.; Charles Clayton, l. f.; Wilbur Kriewell, c.; Lloyd Baxter and Walter Henrick, catchers.

Weekly Health Talks

Where Most Sickness Begins and Ends

BY FRANKLIN DUANE, M. D.

It can be said broadly that most human ills begin in the stomach and end in the stomach. Good digestion means good health, and poor digestion means bad health. The minute your stomach fails to properly dispose of the food you eat, troubles begin to crop out in various forms. Indigestion and dyspepsia are the commonest forms, but thin, impure blood, headaches, backaches, pimples, blotches, dizziness, belching, coated tongue, weakness, poor appetite, sleeplessness, coughs, colds and bronchitis are almost as common. There is but one way to have good health, and that is to put and keep your stomach in good order. This is easy to do if you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a wonderful tonic and blood purifier, and is so safe to take, for it is made of roots and herbs. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., stands behind this standard medicine, and it is good to know that so distinguished a physician is proud to have his name identified with it. When you take Golden Medical Discovery, you are getting the benefit of the experience of a doctor whose reputation goes all around the earth. Still more, you get a temperance medicine that contains not a drop of alcohol or narcotic of any kind. Long ago Dr. Pierce combined certain valuable vegetable ingredients—without the use of alcohol—so that these remedies always have been strictly temperance medicines. If pills are torturing you, get and use Pierce's Anodyne Pile Ointment. The quick relief it gives is hard to believe until you try it. If constipated, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be taken while using Anodyne Pile Ointment. Few indeed are the cases which these splendid remedies will not relieve and usually overcome. They are so good that nearly every drug store has them for sale.

"Somewhere in France" with Arthur Guy Empey

Author of "OVER THE TOP" (Continued from Last Week)

"The first wave had gone about sixty yards when Ginger let out a curse. Huston had been hit and was down, and he saw his revenge slipping through his fingers. But no, Huston was not dead; he was trying to rise to his feet; he was up, hopping on one leg, with the blood pouring from the other. Then he fell again, but was soon sitting up bandaging his wounded leg, using a tourniquet from his first-aid packet.

"A surge of unloving joy ran through Ginger. Lifting the safety latch on his rifle, unheeding the rain of bullets which were ripping and tearing the sand-bagged parapet about him, he took deliberate aim at Huston. Then he saw a vision of Betty, dressed in black, with tear-stained eyes. With a muttered curse Ginger threw the rifle from him, climbed over the parapet and raced across No Man's land. No act of his should bring tears to Betty's brown eyes. He would save her worthless lover and then get killed himself—it didn't matter.

"Reaching Huston he hissed at him: 'Damn you, I was going to kill you, but I won't. I'll carry you back to Betty. But always remember it was the man you robbed who saved your worthless life, you despicable skunk!'



"Damn You, I Was Going to Kill You; But I Won't."

"That's it, is it? Whine, damn you, whine! It's music to my ears, Lieutenant Huston begging a 'billy boulder' for his life, and the boulder giving it to him. I would to God that Betty could see and hear you now."

"With that Ginger stooped and, by main strength, lifted Huston onto his back and staggered toward our lines. The bullets and pieces of shrapnel were cracking and 'swishing' all around. He had gone about fifty yards when a piece of shell hit his left arm just below the shoulder. Down he went, Huston with him, but was soon up, his left arm dangling and swinging at his side. Turning to Huston, who was lying on his back, he said: 'I'm hard hit—it's your life or mine. We're only ten yards from our trench; try to make it on your own. You ought to be able to crawl in.'

"But Huston answered: 'Burton, don't leave me—I am bleeding to death. For the love of God get me in! You can have Betty, money, anything I have. It is all yours—just save my life. Answer me, man, answer—'

"You want my answer, do you? Well, take it and damn you! With that Ginger slapped the officer in the face; then, grabbing him by the collar with his right arm, the blood soaking his tunic from the shell wound in his left, Ginger slowly dragged Huston to the trench and fainted. A mighty cheer went up from our lines. Stretcher bearers took them both to an advanced first-aid post, and their journey to Bighty and Betty was started.

On the trip over Ginger never regained consciousness. They landed in a hospital in England and were put in beds next to each other. Ginger was taken up into the 'pictures' (operating theater), where his arm was amputated at the shoulder. Huston's wound was slight; bullet through the calf of leg.

"While Ginger was coming out of ether he told all he knew. A Red Cross nurse, with tear-dimmed eyes, was holding his hand. Occasionally she would look across at Huston in the next bed; he would slowly nod his head at each questioning glance of hers, while the red blood of shame



A Red-Cross Nurse With Tear-Dimmed Eyes Was Holding His Hand.

mounted to his temples. "Then Ginger came to. He saw a beautiful vision. Thought he was dreaming. Sitting by his bed, dressed in a Red Cross nurse's uniform, was Betty, Huston's Betty, holding his hand. Betty, with tears in her eyes, but this time tears of joy. The sweat came out on his forehead—it couldn't be true. He gasped out the one word, 'Betty!'

"Stooping over, the vision kissed him on the lips and murmured, 'My Ginger, you have come back to Betty!'

"Then he slept. Next morning the colonel of the hospital came to Ginger's bedside and congratulated him, telling him that he had been recommended for the V. C. Ginger refused the V. C. from the government; said he had not earned it, would not give the reasons but persisted in his refusal. They can't force you to take a V. C.

"Five months later Ginger and Betty were married. She cuts his meat for him now; says that all his faults were contained in his left arm. He lost that. So, you see, Ginger was somewhat of a man, after all, wasn't he, mates?"

We agreed that he was. I asked Happy how he came to know these details. He answered: "Well, Yank, Betty happens to be my sister. Gimme a fag, some one. I am about talked out, and, anyway, we've only got a few minutes before 'stand to.'"

Just then the voice of our sergeant sounded from the mouth of the dug-out: "Equipment! Stand to!"

So it was a case of turn out and mount our gun on the parapet. It was just getting dark. We would dismount it at "Stand down" in the morning. Tommy is like an owl, sleeps in the day and watches at night. It was a miserable night, rainy and chilly. The mud in the trenches in some places was up to our knees. We knew we were in for it and wished we were back in Bighty, where one can at least change his clothes when they get wet, instead of waiting for a sunny day to dry them. At times we have been wet for a fortnight.

The Winning of a D. C. M.

By Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey

Author of "Over the Top," "First Call," Etc.

Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seventeen Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

Our gun's crew, as was its wont, was sitting on the straw in the corner of our billet, far from the rest of the section. The previous night we had been relieved from the fire trench, and were "resting" in rest billets. Our "day's rest" had been occupied in digging a bombing trench, this trench to be used for the purpose of breaking in would-be bombers.

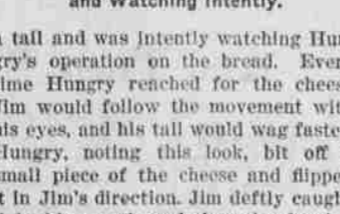
Hungry Foxcroft was slicing away at a huge loaf of bread, while on his knee he was balancing a piece of "issue" cheese. His jack-knife was pretty dull and the bread was hard, so every now and then he would pause in his cutting operation to take a large bite from the cheese.

Curly Wallace whispered to me: "Three bob to a tanner, Yank, that he eats the cheese before he finishes slicing that 'rooty.'"

"Nothing doing, Curly, you are Scotch, and did you ever see a Scotsman bet on anything unless it was a sure winner?"

He answered in an undertone: "Well, let's make it a pack of fags. How about it, Yank?"

I acquiesced. (Curly won the fags.) Sallor Bill was sitting next to Curly, and had our mascot, Jim—a gawky-looking nut—between his knees, and was picking hard pieces of mud from his paws. Jim was wagging his stump of



Jim Was Wagging His Stump of a Tail and Watching Intently.

a tall and was intently watching Hungry's operation on the bread. Every time Hungry reached for the cheese Jim would follow the movement with his eyes, and his tail would wag faster. Hungry, noting this look, bit off a small piece of the cheese and flipped it in Jim's direction. Jim deftly caught it in his mouth and then the fun began. Our mascot hated cheese. It was fun to see him spit it out and sneeze. Key Honney reached over, took the candle, and started searching in his pack, amidst a chorus of growls from us at his rudeness in thus depriving us of light. I was watching him closely and suspected what was coming. Sure enough, out came that harmonica and I knew it was up to me to start the ball of conversation rolling before he began playing, because, after he had once started, nothing short of a German "five-nine" shellburst would stop him. So I slyly kicked Sallor Bill, who immediately got wise, and then I broke the ice with:

"Sallor, I heard you say this afternoon, while we were building that traverse, that it was your opinion that darn few medals were really won; that it was more or less an accident. Now, just because your D. C. M. came up with the ration, and, as you say, it was wished on you, there is no reason in my mind to class every winner of a medal as being 'accidentally lucky.'"

This medal business was a sore point with Sallor Bill, and he came right back at me with: "Well, if any of you lubbers can tell me where a D. C. M. truly came aboard in a shipshape manner—that is, up the after gangplank—then I will strike my colors and lay up on a lee shore for drydock."

Key Honney had just taken a long, indrawn breath, and his cheeks were puffed out like a balloon, preparatory to blowing it into the harmonica, which he had at his lips, but paused, and, removing the musical instrument of torture, he exploded: "Blime me, I know of a bloke who won a D. C. M., and it wasn't accidental or lucky, either. I was right out in front with him. Blime me, I sure had the wind up, but with French it was 'business as usual.' He just carried on."

We all chirped in, "Come on, Ikey, let's have the story."

"I will if you'll just let me play this one tune first," answered Ikey. He started in and was accompanied by a dismal, moaning howl from Jim. Ikey had been playing about a minute, when the orderly sergeant poked his head in the door of the billet, saying: "The captain says to stop that infernal noise."

Highly insulted, Ikey stopped, with: "Some people 'ave no idea of music."

We agreed with him. Somewhat mollified, he started: "Corporal French is the same bloke who just returned from Bighty and joined the Third section yesterday."

(Author's Note.—The incident here related is a true happening. Corporal French, in the D. C. M. in the manner described by Honney, I will not attempt to give it in the cockney dialect.)

"We were holding a part of the line up Promelles way, and were about two hundred yards from the Germans. This sure was a 'hot' section of the line. We were against the Prussians and it was a case, at night, of keeping your ears and eyes open. No Man's land was full of their patrols and ours, and many fights took place between them.

"One night we would send over a trench-raiding party and the next night over would come Fritz. "There was a certain part of our trench nicknamed Death alley, and the company which held it was sure to click it hard in casualties. In five nights in I clicked for three reconnoitering patrols.

"John French—he was a lance corporal then—was in charge of our section. This was before I went to machine gunners' school and transferred to this outfit. This French certainly was an artist when it came to scouting in No Man's land. He knew every inch of the ground out in front, and was like a cat—he could see in the dark.

"On the night that he won his D. C. M. he had been out in front with a patrol for two hours, and had just returned to the fire trench. A sentry down on the right of Death alley reported a suspicious noise out in front, and our captain gave orders for another patrol to go out and investigate.

"Corporal Hawkins was next on the list for the job, but, blime me, he surd had the wind up, and was shaking and trembling like a dish of jelly. "A new lieutenant, Newall by name had just come out from Bighty, and a pretty fine officer, too. Now, don't you chaps think because this chap was killed that I say he was a good officer, because, dead or alive, you would have to go a bloomin' long way to get another man like Newall. But this young lieutenant was all eagerness to get out in front. You see, it was his first time over the top. He noticed that Hawkins was shaky, and so did French. French went up to the officer and said:

"Sir, Corporal Hawkins has been feeling queer for the last couple of days, and I would deem it a favor if I could go in his place."

"Now, don't think that Hawkins was a coward, because he was not, for the best of us are liable to get the 'shakes' at times. You know, Hawkins was killed at La Bassée a couple of months ago—killed while going over the top.

"There were seven in this patrol—Lieutenant Newall, Corporal French, myself and four more from B-company. "About sixty yards from Fritz's trench an old ditch—must have been the bed of a creek, but at that time was dry—ran parallel with the German barbed wire. Lining the edge of this ditch was a scrubby sort of hedge which made a fine hiding place for a patrol. Why Fritz had not sent out a working party and done away with this screen was a mystery to us.

"French leading, followed by Lieutenant Newall, myself third, and the rest trailing behind, we crawled through a sap under our barbed wire leading out to a listening post in No Man's land. We each had three bombs. Newall carried a revolver—one of those Yankee Colts—and his cane. Blime me, I believe that officer slept with that cane. He never went without it. The rest of us were armed with bombs and rifles, bayonets fixed. We had previously blackened our bayonets so they would not shine in the glare of a star shell.

"Reaching the listening post French told us to wait about five minutes until he returned from a little scouting trip of his own. When he left, we, with every nerve tense, listened for his coming back. We could almost hear each other's hearts pumping, but not a sound around the listening post. Suddenly a voice, about six feet on my right whispered: 'All right the way is clear; follow me and carry on.' "My blood froze in my veins. It was unanny the way French approached us without being heard. "Then, with backs bending low, out of the listening post we went, in the direction of the ditch in front of the German barbed wire. We reached the scrubby hedge and lay down, about six feet apart, to listen. French and the

officer were on the right of our position. About twenty minutes had elapsed when suddenly, directly in front of the German wire we could see dark, shadowy forms rise from the ground and move along the wire. Silhouetted against the skyline these forms looked like huge giants, and took on horrible shapes. My heart almost stopped beating. I counted sixty-two in all, as the last form faded into the blackness on my left.

"A whisper came to my ears: "Don't move or make a sound, a strong German raiding party is going across. It was French's voice. I did not hear him approach me, nor leave. Yank, he must have got his training with the Indians on your great plains of America!

"I could hear a slight scraping noise on my right and left. Pretty soon the whole reconnoitering patrol was lying in a circle, heads in. French had, in his noiseless way, given orders for them to close in on me, and await instructions.

"Lieutenant Newall's voice, in a very low whisper, came to us: "Boys, the men in our trenches have received orders not to fire on account of our reconnoitering patrol being out in front. A strong German raiding party has just circled our left, and is making for our trench. It's up to us to send word back. We can't all go, because we might make too much noise and warn the German party, so it's up to one of us to carry the news back to the trench that the raiding party is on its way. With this information it will be quite easy for our boys to wipe them out. But its up to the rest of us to stick out here, and if we go west we have done our duty in a noble cause. Corporal French, you had better take the news back, because you are too valuable a man to sacrifice."

"French, under his breath, answered: "Sir, I've been out since Mons, and this is the first time that I've ever been insulted by an officer. If this patrol is going to click it, I'm going to click it too. If we come out of this you can try me for disobedience of orders, but here I stick, and I'll be damned if I go in, officer or no officer."

"Newall, in a voice husky with emotion, answered: "French, it's men like you that make it possible for 'our Little Island' to withstand the world. You are a true Briton, and I'm proud of you. "I was hoping that he would detail me to go back, but he didn't. Henderson was picked for the job. When Henderson left Newall shook hands all around. I felt queer and lonely. "You see, fellows, it was this way: Henderson was to tell the men in the trench that we had returned and that it was all right for them to turn loose on the raiding party with their rifle and machine gunfire, without us clicking their fire. Lieutenant Newall sure was a lad, not 'arf he weren't."

"That next twenty minutes of waiting was hell. Then, from out of the blackness, over toward our trench, rang that old familiar 'All, who goes there? We hugged the ground. We knew what was coming. Then, a volley from our trench, and four 'typewriters' (machine guns) turned loose. Bullets cracked right over our heads. One hit the ground about a foot from me, ricocheted, and went moaning and sighing over the German lines.

"Lieutenant Newall sobbed under his breath: "God, we're in direct line of our own fire. The trench-raiding party must have circled us. "Our boys in our trench sure were doing themselves proud. The bullets were cracking and biting the ground all around us.

"In between our trench and our party, curses rang out in German as the Boches clicked the fire from the English trench. Star shells were shooting into the air and dropping in No Man's land. It was a great but terrible sight which met our eyes. Fritz's raiding party was sure being wiped out.

"Ten or fifteen dark forms, the remnants of the German raiding party, dashed past us in the direction of the German trench. We hugged the ground. It was our only chance. We knew that it would only be a few seconds before Fritz turned loose. If we had legged it for our trench we would have been wiped out by our own fire. You see, our boys thought we were safely in.

"Then, up went Fritz's star lights, turning night into day, and hell out loose. Their bullets were snapping twigs from the hedge over our heads. "Suddenly the fellow on my left, MacCanley by name, emitted a muffled groan, and started kicking the ground; then silence. He had gone west. A bullet through the napper, I suppose. There were now five of us left.

"Suddenly Lieutenant Newall, in a faint, choking voice, exclaimed: "They've got me, French; it's through the lung, and then fainter—'you're in command. See that—' His voice died away. Pretty soon he started moaning loudly. The Germans must have heard these moans, because they immediately turned their fire on us. French called to me: "Honney, come here, my lad, our officer has clicked it."

"I crawled over to him. He was sitting on the ground with the lieutenant's head resting in his lap, and was getting on his first-aid packet. I told him to get low or he would click it. He answered: "Since when does a bloomin' lance corporal take orders from a bloody private? You tell the rest of the boys, if they've not as yet gone west, to leg it back to our trench at the double and get a stretcher, and you go with them. This lad of ours has got to get medical attention, and damned quick, too, if we want to stop this bleeding!"

"Just then a German star shell landed about ten feet from us, and in its white, ghostly light I could see French sitting like a bloomin' statue, his hands covered with blood, trying to make a tourniquet out of a bandage and his bayonet.

"Then, with backs bending low, out of the listening post we went, in the direction of the ditch in front of the German barbed wire. We reached the scrubby hedge and lay down, about six feet apart, to listen. French and the

(Continued Next Week)

Courier and Farmer for \$1.15.

Loganberries Compared with HOPS and WHEAT

LOGANBERRIES On Basis of One Acre

Table showing costs for Loganberries in the first year, including preparing ground, plants, cultivation, and estimated yields.

Table showing costs for Loganberries in the second year, including cultivation, trellis, wire, training vines, and estimated yield.

Table showing costs for Loganberries in the third year, including cultivation, hoeing, picking, and net profits.

Table showing estimated yields for Loganberries in the third year across different acreages.

HOPS On Basis of One Acre

1200 lbs. per acre at average cost of production of 12c per lb. Loganberries at 2 tons per acre are equal to Hops at 21c per lb.

WHEAT On Basis of One Acre

25 bushels per acre at an average cost per bushel of \$1.00 and sale at \$2.00 per bushel. Loganberries at 2 tons per acre are equal to Wheat at \$4.00 per bu.

THE PHEZ COMPANY Formerly Pheasant Northwest Products Co. SALEM, OREGON

SUPT. KIRK ATTENDS SPOKANE CONVENTION

School Superintendent Kirk, who left this city Monday evening for Spokane, Wash., has gone to attend the Inland Empire Teachers' Association convention to be held Thursday and Friday.

Notice to Contractors

Sealed bids will be received at the office of the county clerk, at Oregon City, Oregon, until 11 o'clock on Saturday, April 19th, for grading three sections of the Logan-Portland road.

Separate bids will be received on the different sections on a yardage basis, or upon the entire work. Specifications for the above work will be on file in the office of the County Roadmaster.

H. S. ANDERSON, W. A. PROCTOR, W. F. HARRIS, County Court.

FOR SALE

Good team about 2700 lbs., 7 years old, gentle and true pullers. Some good cows.—S. O. Dillman, 8th and Main street, Oregon City.

ESTRAYED—Team, bay and black. Notify C. C. Tilgrim, Eagle Creek, Route 1.

PERUNA THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. I Ever Saw. Miss Ivy Gray, Fairview, Kentucky, writes: 'I have taken Peruna, and would say that it is the best medicine for coughs and colds I ever saw. I find that it always cures a cold in a short while. It also strengthens and builds up the system.'