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FALL FROCKS TO BE RECKLESSLY COVERED WITH BEAD DESIGNS

MILADY WILL SPARKLE ALLURINGLY WITH NEWEST DRESS CREATIONS.

In Every Possible Model Tiny Adornments Will Cover Dresses of Those Desiring to Be Summery Up to the Fashion—Beaded Baby Also Come Into Good Taste This Season.

BY MARGARET MASON. (Written for the United Press.) Betty bought a box of beads. A lead-trimmed frock to try. She now has lots of beads on hand—Likewise a beady eye.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—The latest fashionable bag of tricks is a bag of beads. Marie Lanvin is the Parisian courtier who has spilled the beads and scattered them recklessly all over the fall frocks, frills and furbelows.

Think what a beautiful consistency it only Bear had been the designer to put the bead on. But Marie beat him to the bead and now everything is beaded to beat the band, the beaded band, of course, which has been with us for many seasons.

In the windows of two of the smartest hat shops on Fifth avenue every single one of the new fall models had a garnishment of beads as its sole adornment. The big broad flat black velvet shapes have a flat bead-trimming either set on or else beaded right on the hat surface itself. In the latter class is a sprawling sort of an octopus design done in a single row of steel beads. Another has a tiny humming bird of feathers perched on a nest shaped medallion of variegated bead eggs. Just as a suggestion anent this egg idea it seems to me a cunning little gold fish nesting on a bunch of bead roe could be a heap more realistic and effectively reproduced in beadwork. Be that as it may single flat blossoms of beadwork cling barnacle-like to the broad black velvet brims. On the jaunty little turban shapes bristling batons of beads stick out like the quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Beaded tassels also dangle dangerously, promising that many an eye this fall though not many beads will be beaded.

The beadwork designs on the fall frocks and gowns are wonderfully alluring. Floral and conventional motifs are picked out in the most exquisite of beaded colorings and just a touch is used on a girdle, a sleeve or a bodice with an effective and telling artistry. On many of the pastel tinted frocks that promise to lead the mode this autumn a vivid splash of colorful beadwork, a single glowing scarlet flower, an orange or emerald fruit at the shoulder, the throat or the waistline adds just the needed beadful touch.

Beaded bags are in again with a vengeance, not the silk bags with bead trimmings that have dangled from all the best arms this summer but the real old fashioned all-over beaded bags with their quaint pink and yellow garlands on bright green and blue backgrounds. Black beaded designs on gold and vice versa play a big part in the present-day old fashioned bead bags and black and green is another smart combination.

Water Shortage is Ended. WENATCHEE, Wash., Aug. 13.—The unusual season here has resulted in water trouble and water shortage. With the exception of the Gunn ditch all irrigation canals have given more or less trouble to the water users. The high line is carrying a full head and no further trouble is expected. The temporary injunction obtained by Roy Reid et al. water users on the Stemilt, on July 29 against Morse Tyler et al. of the upper Stemilt section, was quashed yesterday by Judge McCoy, upon the motion of the defendants' attorneys. The injunction, restraining Tyler from taking water for irrigation purposes from the Semitt creek, was based upon an old court decree.

Zepheles Are Sighted. AMSTERDAM, Aug. 11.—Five Zepheles were sighted at the entrance of the Zuyder Zee cruising in a northwesterly direction. The course would take them to Scotland.

Wife Alleges Cruelty. OREGON CITY, Ore., Aug. 12.—Mrs. M. B. Califf of Oregon City filed divorce suit against William C. Califf in the circuit court, alleging cruelty. They were married in this city, April 22, 1908. Mrs. Califf wants \$25 monthly.

Sometimes a group of improvisators, with harp and violin and a singer, recount the sorrows and the yearnings of the departing soldiers. But Rome stops to listen. The servant girl brushes a tear from her eye surreptitiously buys a copy of the touching ballad for a penny. Others crowd forward to listen to the words. From morning until night you may run across them, these singers in the squares, beside the Spanish steps, near the churches. Some of the improvisators strumming their plaintive tunes on the guitars use ballads of other days brought up to date. And if the improvisators collect a couple of lire from one concert and sale of cigarettes they are more than satisfied.

One of the songs heard most frequently in Rome has a highly Eugenic flavor—even in its dialect. "Lo scarto di Vittorio non lo voglio. Quando rivie di mia amore me lo piglio."

Which is to say—"Those refused by Victor Emanuel I do not want; When my love returns from the war I will marry him."

Other famous songs beloved of improvisators and populace are "Addio mia bella, addio," which unpoetically translated from poetic Italian ballads of the people is "Good by, my love, good by. The army is departing and if I did not depart I would be a villain. But I am not leaving you alone, I leave you a little son who will console you, the son of our first love."

So that Italy is commemorating its war-babies in ballad form.

Another ballad which brings tears to the eyes of the girls left behind is "Ti saluto, amorosa mia."

"I salute you my love, I am going away but I will return. When I return I will bring you a flower. Long live love. When I return I bring you a flower. Long live love and he who knows how to love."

It is needless to say that this song is one of the hits of the day, and always gets many a damp eye from the listening throng.

And there are many others quite too tragic and love laden to degrade through inferior translation. As for the improvisators, they reap their

German Chancellor Leading Daughter to Altar



Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, inventor of the famous "scrap of paper," the other day led his daughter Lea to the altar to give her away to Count Zeeb Burkersroda. This photograph shows the chancellor and his daughter on their way to the church through a throng of people collected near their home. The count is just behind. The daughter is very nearly as tall as the chancellor, as shown by this photograph and he is six feet four inches.

Stories From the War Zone

BY AYICE ROHE. (United Press Staff Correspondent.)

ROME, July 16.—(By Mail.)—Moonlight in Rome, the sound of a guitar, a singer's voice declaiming deeds of war, of love, of partings, of promised returns. In ancient palaces heads are silhouetted against yellow squares of light. In the Piazza a crowd gathers about the singer.

Yes, this is twentieth century Rome and the singer is no medieval troubador. But he is quite as picturesque, quite as romantic, laden as though he had lived hundreds of years ago. For he is an improvisator and he represents a custom as old as the ancient palaces under whose broad portals he is singing.

His name is Sor Capanna and he is known from one end of Rome to the other for he is not the composer of that modern satirical song "Big William?" He is singing it now and for one solda you may buy the same poetic narration of the improvisator's estimation of the kaiser.

Sor Capanna is one of many improvisators in Rome today, for the entrance of Italy into the war has brought them all out again like mushrooms—or perhaps one should say flowers after a rain. They sing, most of them, songs of love, farewells of soldiers departing to the war, admonishing their sweethearts to be brave and true during their absence. Many of them sing the compositions of Sor Capanna, peer of improvisators but the majority of them improvise. All improvise the music so that the words you hear sung under your window at night may be the same you heard the morning in the piazza but the music is altogether different.

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small harvest off the loves and sorrows of soldiers' sweethearts.

LONDON, July 16.—(By Mail.)—England's women are crying for war work. Let them serve their country, is today the demand of England's suffragettes. They have dropped their fight for suffrage but the "wild women" are still fighting the government with verbal vim that is heard throughout the nation.

"Let the women get into the munition factories and let the men go to the front," say the women. "It is agony to think that women could have done and have not been allowed to do since the beginning of the war" said Christobel Pankhurst in an interview. "We are devoured by anxiety when we think of women's hands still idle while precious time is slipping by."

"The women of France are not obliged, as British women are, to beg and pray to be allowed to protect their husbands or sons at the front and to defend their homes, their honor, their country, by working in munition factories. We are told by our cabinet ministers that the women of France are turning out shells and making fuses. We are told that shell and fuse making is not highly skilled work and can be learned quickly by intelligent persons."

"And in the same breath we are told that England is short of munitions. It is a challenge to the intelligence of British women and it is madness, suicidal madness, not to mobilize the women of this country that they may render such service."

THE PASSIN OF SHORTY BLAKE AND WES MOORE. The roulette ball was spinning; Shorty Blake was in the game and the way he shovd his chips around was anything but tame. Half a dozen men stood near him, but they went an easy pace an' their playin' 'side o' his was like a deuce spot 'side an ace. Shorty kept a waiter busy. When he'd had, well, maybe, six, he began to drop his winnings. (Booze an' roulette seldom mix.) He was playin' 'cuzin', drinkin' when there stepped in through the door the one man that Shorty hated.

Him an' Wesley had some trouble about a girl named Mary Gray. They was both in love with Mary—that's the story, anyway. Things was lookin' pretty thick in the roulette room that night. Shorty kept on playin' reckless. He got even once ag'in, but the game had failed to let him see his enemy come in. Shorty sudden-like got foolish—pushed his whole pile on the red. "Rich er busted—now er never! Let 'er flicker," Shorty said.

It was "busted," Shorty staggered then he turned an' seen Wes Moore. "Blast your hide—you was

my hoodoo." Shorty's voice had reached a roar. "I'm half drunk myself, you're sober. Drink at whiskeys an' we'll fight." Moore just smiled at him an' answered: "Sure! I got you! That's all right."

Six big slugs of booze he ordered an' he downed 'em right way. "Now," he says, "you onery cheap skate, we'll decide who gets Miss Gray." Quick as lightnin' guns was flashin' two reports rang out as one. Just two shots—that's all they fired, an' the damage had been done.

As the boys picked up the rivals so's to make room for the game, a loud laugh came from the banker—Charley Baker was his name. "Two fools less!" he said, while grinnin'.

"Fightin' over Miss Gray! What if I'd a-told these blockheads Mary married me today?"

Sure enough, the girl they wanted had been married to that guy. "Did not want to tell," said Baker. "Sech a good, stiff scrap was nigh." Then the ball he started spinnin' and the game was on once more. In the card room Wes was lyin'—so was Shorty—on the floor.

World's End Coming Again. DALLAS, Tex., Aug. 12.—"Bruder Scott" of the colored apostolic faith or "Holy Rollers" solemnly avers the world's about to end. "Beloveds," he told his congregation, "de kingdom an near at hand. "Ah has seen a vision and Ah knows. Las' month I seen dem carrior crows gain' in great numbers to de destructin of kingdoms just as de Good Book prophesed. Ah' whah was dem carrior crows grins. Day was gain to Mexico, dat's whah dey

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Our showing for Fall, 1915, consists of all the newest creations in popular priced and latest styles of Coats, Suits and Skirts, direct from the country's foremost makers.

Large showing of Suits for Stout Ladies, all are moderately priced.

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was gwine. An' what fo' was dey gwine to Mexico? To eat de kings, dat's whah for.

"An' dat ain't all beloveds. Dem Germans is killin' everbody over yondah and pretty soon dey's gwine hop over here and you'll be dead, dat's whah you will. You all see de kingdoms comin'."

NEW PRESIDENT CHOSEN AT HAITIEN ELECTION

PORT AU PRINCE, Aug. 13.—Senate President Sudre Dartinguave was elected president of Haiti by the national assembly. Dartinguave's election probably will mean a continuation of civil war as he is a bitter opponent of Dr. Bobo, revolutionary candidate.

Submarine Sinks Cruiser. BERLIN, Aug. 12.—(By wire to Sayville.)—The British auxiliary cruiser India, formerly a Peninsula and Oriental liner, was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine north of Bodge, just as she was entering Restford.

The German admiralty, announcing the exploit, stated that the Swedish steamer Geosteland saved 86 of the crew.

The India was built in 1896 and registered 7900 tons.

Mexican Bandit Killed. BROWNSVILLE, Aug. 11.—A Mexican bandit was killed in an encounter with the American border patrol between Donna and Mercedes. American troops captured a mule carrying a load of ammunition.

Important to Health During Hot Weather

SUMMER CONDITIONS CONTRIBUTE IN VARIOUS WAYS TO CONSTIPATION.

At no time should people be more careful of the condition of their bowels than during the hot weather. Constipation should be guarded against especially, as many serious, and often fatal, diseases are traceable to neglect.

Some people find that certain fruits have a laxative effect, but this cannot always be depended upon; a mild laxative-remedy that will act gently, yet positively, without griping or shock to the system, is far preferable. A combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin, sold in drug stores under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is highly recommended as being easy and natural in its action, pleasant to the taste and certain in its effect. A dose of this excellent remedy at bedtime will restore normal activity in the morning, carrying off the heaviness and bloating. Salts, cathartics and purgatives should be avoided as they upset the entire system, and at best afford but temporary relief.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is not expensive and can be obtained in any drug store for fifty cents a bottle. For a free trial bottle, write to Dr. W. H. Caldwell, 423 Washington St., Monticello, Ill.



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BE PREPARED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OPPORTUNITIES AS THEY ARE PRESENTED. THIS CAN BEST BE DONE BY ACCUMULATING FUNDS IN OUR SAVINGS DEPARTMENT. A LIBERAL RATE OF INTEREST PAID AND YOUR DEPOSIT IS ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

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New Post Toasties

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