

Farm Machines Save in Cost of Help

The matter of help never meant more to the farmer than in this year of nineteen seventeen. With large sums at stake, both in the harvest and in the seed planted, help is scarce and expensive. Farm machines cut down the cost of production. It costs less to own machinery and use it than not to own it at all. It is expensive to do without machinery when crops are as valuable as they are at present

If You Need New Machinery This Fall now is the time to order it.

Prices are steadily increasing. Such is the demand that are subject to delays. If you would avoid vexation and

bother and have your machine when the crop demands it order now.

WINEGAR & LORENCE, Monmouth

ing, and I am therefore compelled to say that there wasn't a man in the sixty who didn't show the strain in his pallor and nervousness. Under orders, we discarded our trench helmets and substituted knitted skullcaps or empty mess tins. Then we blackened our hands and faces with ashes from a camp fire so as to avoid being seen as long as possible. After this they loaded us into motor trucks and took us up to "Shrapnel Corner," from which point we went in on foot. Just before we left a staff captain came along and gave us a little talk.

"This is the first time you men have been tested," he said. "You're Canadians. I needn't say anything more to you. They're going to be popping them

off at a great rate while you're on your way across. Remember that you'd better not stand up straight, because our shells will be going over just six and a half feet from the ground where it's level. If you stand up straight you're likely to be hit in the head, but don't let that worry you, because if you do get hit in the head you won't know it. So why in h— worry about it?" That was his farewell. He jumped on his horse and rode off.

The Bomb Raid.

The point we were to attack had been selected long before by our scouts. It was not, as you might suppose, the weakest point in the German line. It was, on the contrary, the strongest. It was considered that the moral effect of cleaning up a weak point would be comparatively small, whereas to break in at the strongest point would be something really worth while. And if we were to take a chance it really wouldn't pay to hesitate about degrees. The section we were to raid had a frontage of 150 yards and a depth of 200 yards. It had been explained to us that we were to be supported by a "box barrage," or curtain fire, from our artillery to last exactly twenty-six minutes—that is, for twenty-six minutes from the time when we started "over the top" our artillery, several miles back, would drop a "curtain" of shells all around the edges of that 150 yard by 200 yard section. We were to have fifteen minutes in which to do our work. Any man not out at the end of the fifteen minutes would necessarily be caught in our own fire, as our artillery would then change from a "box" to pour a straight curtain fire covering all of the spot of our operations.

Our officers set their watches very carefully with those of the artillery officers before we went forward to the front trenches. We reached the front at 11 p. m., and not until our arrival there were we informed of the "zero

hour"—the time when the attack was to be made. The hour of 12:10 had been selected. The waiting from 11 o'clock until that time was simply an agony. Some of our men sat stupid and inert. Others kept talking constantly about the most inconsequential matters. One man undertook to tell a funny story. No one listened to it, and the laugh at the end was emaciated and ghastly. The inaction was driving us all into a state of funk. I could actually feel my nerve oozing out at my finger tips, and if we had had to wait fifteen minutes longer I wouldn't have been able to climb out of the trench.

About half an hour before we were to go over every man had his eye up the trench, for we knew "the rummies" were coming that way. The rum gang serves out a stiff shot of Jamaica just before an attack, and it would be a real test of temperance to see a man refuse. There were no prohibitionists in our set. Whether or not we got our full ration depended on whether the sergeant in charge was drunk or sober. After the shot began to work one man next me pounded my leg and hollered in my ear:

"I say, why all this red tape? Let's go over now."

That noggin of rum is a life saver.

When the hour approached for us to start the artillery fire was so heavy that orders had to be shouted into ears from man to man. The bombardment was of course, along a couple of miles of front so that the Germans would not know where to expect us. At 12 o'clock exactly they began pulling down a section of the parapet so that we wouldn't have to climb over it and we were off.

There are six articles in this remarkable series by Sergeant McClintock. Two have already been printed, and the third will appear soon. It is the most interesting one of the series thus far and is entitled:

"Over the Top and Give 'Em Hell!"

The English Tommy's battle cry as he breaks from his trench. The bomb raid and what happened. Of sixty that started forty-six failed to return because the Germans had prepared a surprise for them. Graphic description of Sergeant McClintock's terrible experience.

Handy Literature.

Saunderson found it very hard work selling books. The volumes he had to offer, one of which he had to carry with him as a sample, were very heavy, and nobody seemed to want them. But he was a persistent man, and even the stubborn Mrs. Bowling could not send him away unheard. "We have all the books we can use," she said, "and we really can't afford any more reading matter. Why, I haven't even opened the second vol-

ume of that Roman history you sold us last spring. Now, if you were selling one of those adjustable ironing boards"—"I've got just the thing!" said Saunderson cheerfully. "There are twelve books in this set, and you can use either one or two or three, and so on up to six, to tilt your board any way you want to. And between whiles when your iron is heating you have good literature to refresh your mind."

A Bonehead.

There are many things dropped in the subway ticket chopper by absent-minded riders besides the little piece of pasteboard which entitles them to a ride. An eccentric looking young man and his particularly eccentric looking wife hurried up to the door of a Broadway theater last night. The man reached into his pocket, handed the doorman some tickets and, assisting his wife before him, turned to receive the stubs. "These are subway tickets," said the doorman. At the rate of two pockets per second the young man searched himself. Then he clapped his hand on his forehead. "Good heavens, Annie," he gasped, "I put the seats in the subway!" And what Annie said about boneheads was only heard by herself.—New York Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch

The KITCHEN CUPBOARD

WASH DAY MENU.

MONDAY—BREAKFAST.
Steamed Cereal With Dates.
Panned Chicken Cakes.
Bran Gems. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Stuffed Eggs.
Potato and Beet Salad.
Finger Rolls.
Tarts and Tea.

DINNER.
Little Neck Clams on Half Shell.
Sliced Mutton Reheated in Sauce.
Hashed Browned Potatoes.
Dandelion Salad.
Stewed Prunes Stuffed With Nuts.

Luncheon Tasties.

HAM CROQUETTES.—A cupful of finely chopped boiled ham, a cupful of breadcrumbs, two cupfuls of hot mashed potato, a large tablespoonful of butter, three eggs and a speck of cayenne pepper. Beat ham, butter, pepper and two eggs into the potato. Let the mixture cool slightly, then shape into croquettes. Roll in breadcrumbs, dip in the third egg, beaten, then in crumbs. Put into frying basket and plunge into boiling fat.

Cook two minutes.

Baked Ham With Tart or Spice Sauce.—A ham, dash of pepper and cloves, three tablespoonfuls of flour, a quarter cupful of brown sugar, two cupfuls of water, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a few whole spices. The ham should be boiled the day before. Wash in warm water, then put on to boil in cold water enough to cover. Boil slowly thirty to forty-five minutes, leave in stock twenty-four hours. Remove the skin and dust with pepper and place cloves in the fat part. Cover with two tablespoonfuls of flour and brown sugar, add water, put in hot oven and bake forty-five minutes or until nice and brown, basting two or three times. Remove ham to hot platter and to the gravy add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, the whole spices and enough water to make two cupfuls. Add a tablespoonful of flour thickening and boil three minutes; then strain.

Bacon and Split Peas.—Put the peas to soak the day before required. Wash them well and remove any that are discolored. Tie the peas loosely in a muslin bag, then boil until quite soft. While the peas are cooking trim off the rind of some fat bacon, and just before the peas are ready fry the bacon, place on a dish and keep hot. Rub the peas through a sieve, then add the seasoning and some of the bacon fat. The bacon and peas should be served in separate dishes.

Anna Thompson.

THE FIRST BIRD NORTH.

WHAT impulse stirred your breast
Before the rest?
What feeling sent you forth
The first bird north?

DID fellows bid you stay
And make delay,
Declare that you would fall
In storm and hail?

NAY, you came not in vain
Though winter slain,
Your form so stark and chill
Is prophet still.

—McLandburgh Wilson.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

In Odd Fellows Hall

Services, - - - 11.00 a. m.

Subject:

Life

Sunday School, - - 10.00 a. m.

Wednesday evening meeting, 8.00 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH

G. A. POLLARD, PASTOR

Sunday School, - - 10.00 a. m.

Preaching Service, - 11.00 a. m.

C. U. E. Meeting, - 6.30 p. m.

Preaching Service, - 7.30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 8.00 p. m.