

PORTLAND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

New Houston Hotel
Sixth and Everett Sts., Portland, Ore.
Four blocks from Union Depot. Two blocks from New Postoffice. Modern and fireproof. Over 100 outside rooms. Rates 75c to \$2.00.
CHAS. G. HOPKINS, Manager.

400 Rooms Near Both Absolutely
100 Baths Depots Fireproof
Hotel Hoyt
Corner Sixth and Hoyt Sts., Portland, Ore.
LOU HIMES, Manager.
RATES:—75c to \$2. SPECIAL—Week or Month

SHIP Veal, Pork, Beef,
Poultry, Butter, Eggs
and Farm Produce,
to the Old Reliable Everette house with a
record of 45 years of Square Dealings, and
be assured of TOP MARKET PRICES.
F. M. CRONKHITE,
45-47 Front Street, Portland, Oregon

MONEY FOR YOU.
Thousands of trained young people needed.
Behrke-Walker Business College, Portland, places
students in positions. Enroll any time. Free
Catalogue.
Hides, Pelts, Casaca Wool & Mohair
We want all you have. Write for Prices and Shipping Terms.
THE H. F. NORTON COMPANY,
Portland, Ore., Seattle, Wa., Bellingham, Wa.

FRED DUNDEE
MOTOR CAR REPAIRING
MACHINE WORK
MAGNETO SERVICE STATION
ALL KINDS OF
WELDING
CYLINDER GRINDING
PROMPT ATTENTION
TO ALL ORDERS
Broadway at Flanders, Portland, Or.

White Leghorn Baby Chix
from heavy laying (Hoganized) stock. \$10.00
per 100. We guarantee safe arrival.
THE PIONEER HATCHERY
415 Sixth Street. Petaluma, Cal.

Nortonia Hotel
11th and Stark.
Portland's Leading Family Hotel
A GOOD PLACE TO STOP
when in the city.
An Excellent Dining Room
in connection
MODERATE PRICES

The MAGIC MOP 98¢
PARCEL POST SPECIAL
Lenses the Housewife's Struggle.
No back-scrubbing. Thousands more in
use. Self-acting. Simple and practical.
Full directions with each mop.
H. C. FICKETT, 1010 BROADWAY, PORTLAND, OREGON

LISTEN TO THIS!
SAYS CORNS LIFT
RIGHT OUT NOW

You corn-pestered men and women
need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes
that nearly killed you before, says
this Cincinnati authority, because a
few drops of freezeone applied directly
on a tender, aching corn or callous
stops soreness at once and soon the
corn or hardened callous loosens so it
can be lifted out, root and all, with-
out pain.
A small bottle of freezeone costs
very little at any drug store, but will
positively take off every hard or soft
corn or callous. This should be tried
as it is inexpensive and is said not to
irritate the surrounding skin.
If your druggist hasn't any freezeone
tell him to get a small bottle for you
from his wholesale drug house. It is
fine stuff and acts like a charm every
time.—Adv.

Bad Finish.
"This Hindenburg is always talking
about his drives."
"Yes," commented the man who
wears a golf cap to work. "He makes
some big drives. But he doesn't seem
to be any good on the putting green."
—Exchange.

Putting Art in Artillery.
Teacher, to current events class—
Now, Willie, can you tell me what is
the largest gun the Germans use?—
er—
Teacher—Correct, Willie.—Cartoons
Magazine.

Language of Flowers.
Orchids—You're out of your class.
Roses—You can't afford to get mar-
ried.
Violets—Better pay your room rent,
my lad.
Jonquils—Big show for the money,
old top.—Kansas City Journal.

A Warning.
"If you find your master in a rum-
inating condition, don't go near
him."
"Why, sir? Is it ketchin'?"—Ex-
change.

Sore Eyes
Granulated Eyelids,
Eyes inflamed by expo-
sure to Sun, Dust and Wind
quickly relieved by Murine
Eye Remedy. No Smarting,
Just Eye Comfort. At
Druggists or by mail 50c per Bottle. Murine
Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye
782 ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

**Let Cuticura Be
Your Beauty Doctor**
P. N. U. No. 23, 1918

**Sapolio doing its work. Scouring
for U.S. Marine Corps recruits.**
Join Now!
APPLY AT ANY
POST OFFICE
for
SERVICE UNDER THIS EMBLEM
Men who wear
this emblem
are
U.S.
MARINES

"OVER THE TOP" AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT ARTHUR GUY EMPEY MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

FOREWORD
"Over the Top" is a true
story of trench warfare on
the French front, written by
an American soldier who
got into the great war two
years ahead of his country.
Sergeant Empey tells what
the fighting men have done
and how they have done it.
He knows because he was
one of them. His experi-
ences are grim, but they are
thrilling, and they are light-
ened by a delightful touch of
humor.

CHAPTER I.
—1—
From Mufti to Khaki.
It was in an office in Jersey City.
I was sitting at my desk talking to
a Lieutenant of the Jersey National
Guard. On the wall was a big war
map decorated with variously colored
little flags showing the position of the
opposing armies on the western front
in France. In front of me on the desk
lay a New York paper with big flaring
headlines:
**LUSITANIA SUNK! AMERICAN
LIVES LOST!**
The windows were open and a feel-
ing of spring pervaded the air. Through
the open windows came the strains of
a hurdy-gurdy playing in the street—"I
Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier."
"Lusitania Sunk! American Lives
Lost!"—"I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be
a Soldier." To us these did not seem
to be a joke.
The lieutenant in silence opened one
of the lower drawers of his desk and
took from it an American flag which he
solemnly draped over the war map on
the wall. Then, turning to me with a
grim face, said:
"How about it, sergeant? You had
better get out the muster roll of the
Mounted Scouts, as I think they will
be needed in the course of a few days."
We busied ourselves till late in the
evening writing out emergency telegrams
for the men to report when the call
should come from Washington. Then
we went home.
I crossed over to New York, and as
I went up Fulton street to take the
subway to Brooklyn, the lights in the
tall buildings of New York seemed to
be burning brighter than usual, as if
they, too, had read "Lusitania Sunk!
American Lives Lost." They seemed
to be glowing with anger and righteous
indignation, and their rays wiggled
the message, "Repay!"
Months passed, the telegrams lying
handy, but covered with dust. Then,
one morning the lieutenant with a
sigh of disgust removed the flag from
the war map and returned to his desk.
I immediately followed this action by
throwing the telegrams into the wastebasket.
Then we looked at each other in
silence. He was squirming in his chair
and I felt depressed and uneasy.
The telephone rang and I answered
it. It was a business call for me, re-
questing my services for an out-of-
town assignment. Business was not
very good, so this was very welcome.
After listening to the proposition I
seemed to be swayed by a peculiarly
strong force within me, and answered,
"I am sorry that I cannot accept your
offer, but I am leaving for England
next week," and hung up the receiver.
The lieutenant swung around in his
chair, and stared at me in blank aston-
ishment. A sinking sensation came
over me, but I defiantly answered his
look with, "Well, it's so, I'm going."
And I went.
The trip across was uneventful. I
landed at Tilbury, England, then got
into a string of matchbox cars and pro-
ceeded to London, arriving there about
10 p. m. I took a room in a hotel
near St. Pancras station for "five and
six—five extra." The room was minus
the fire, but the "extra" seemed to
keep me warm. That night there was
a Zeppelin raid, but I didn't see much
of it, because the silt in the curtains
was too small and I had no desire to
make it larger. Next morning the tel-
ephone bell rang, and someone asked,
"Are you there?" I was, hardly. Any-
way, I learned that the Zeps had re-
turned to their fatherland, so I went
out into the street expecting to see
scenes of awful devastation and a cov-
ering populace, but everything was
normal. People were calmly proceed-
ing to their work. Crossing the street,
I accosted a Bobble with:
"Can you direct me to the place of
damage?"
He asked me, "What damage?"
In surprise, I answered, "Why, the
damage caused by the Zep."

With a smile, I replied, "Well, it's up
to the state a little."
Then I was taken before the doctor
and passed as physically fit, and was
issued a uniform. When I reported
back to the lieutenant, he suggested
that, being an American, I go on re-
cruiting service and try to shame some
of the slackers into joining the army.
"All you have to do," he said, "is to
go out on the street, and when you see
a young fellow in mufti who looks
physically fit, just stop him and give
him this kind of a talk: 'Aren't you
ashamed of yourself, a Britisher, physi-
cally fit, and in mufti when your king
and country need you? Don't you
know that your country is at war and
that the place for every young Briton
is on the firing line? Here I am, an
American, in khaki, who came four
thousand miles to fight for your king
and country, and you, as yet, have not
enlisted. Why don't you join? Now
is the time.'
"This argument ought to get many
recruits, Empey, so go out and see
what you can do."
He then gave me a small rosette of
red, white and blue ribbon, with three
little streamers hanging down. This
was the recruiting insignia and was
to be worn on the left side of the cap.
Armed with a swagger stick and my
patriotic rosette, I went out into Tot-
tenham Court road in quest of cannon
fodder.
Two or three poorly dressed civili-
ans passed me, and although they ap-
peared physically fit, I said to myself,
"They don't want to join the army;
perhaps they have someone dependent
on them for support," so I did not ac-
cost them.
Coming down the street I saw a
young dandy, top hat and all, with a
fashionably dressed girl walking be-
side him. I muttered, "You are my
meat," and when he came abreast of
me I stepped directly in his path and
stopped him with my swagger stick,
saying:
"You would look fine in khaki; why
not change that top hat for a steel
helmet? Aren't you ashamed of your-
self, a husky young chap like you in
mufti when men are needed in the
trenches? Here I am, an American,
came four thousand miles from Ogden,
Utah, just outside of New York, to
fight for your king and country. Don't
be a slacker, buck up and get into uni-
form; come over to the recruiting of-
fice and I'll have you enlisted."
He yawned and answered, "I don't
care if you came forty thousand miles,
no one asked you to," and he walked
on. The girl gave me a sneering look;
I was speechless.
I recruited for three weeks and nearly
got one recruit.
This perhaps was not the greatest
stunt in the world, but it got back at
the officer who had told me, "Yes, we
take anything over here." I had been
spending a good lot of my recruiting
time in the saloon bar of the Wheat
Sheep bar (there was a very attractive
blonde barmaid, who helped kill time—
I was not as serious in those days as
I was a little later when I reached
the front)—well, it was the sixth day
and my recruiting report was blank.
I was getting low in the pocket—bar-
maids haven't much use for anyone
who cannot buy drinks—so I looked
around for recruiting material. You
know a man on recruiting service gets
a "bob" or shilling for every recruit
he entices into joining the army, the
recruit is supposed to get this, but he
would not be a recruit if he were wise
to this fact, would he?
Down at the end of the bar was a
young fellow in mufti who was very
patriotic—he had about four "Old
Six" ales aboard. He asked me if he
could join, showed me his left hand,
two fingers were missing, but I said
that did not matter as "we take any-
thing over here." The left hand is
the rifle hand as the piece is carried
at the slope on the left shoulder. Near-
ly everything in England is "by the
left," even general traffic keeps to the
port side.
I took the applicant over to head-
quarters, where he was hurriedly ex-
amined. Recruiting surgeons were
busy in those days and did not have
much time for thorough physical exam-
inations. My recruit was passed as
"fit" by the doctor and turned over to
a corporal to make note of his scars.
I was mystified. Suddenly the cor-
poral burst out with, "Blime me, two
of his fingers are gone." Turning to
me he said, "You certainly have your
nerve with you, not 'alf you ain't, to
bring this beggar in."
The doctor came over and exploded,
"What do you mean by bringing in a
man in this condition?"
Looking out of the corner of my eye
I noticed that the officer who had re-
cruited me had joined the group, and
I could not help answering, "Well, sir,
I was told that you took anything over
here."
I think they called it "Yankee im-
pudence," anyhow it ended my recruit-
ing.

Owing to the increased
cost of all kinds of ma-
terial the retail selling
price of
KOVERALLS
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
has been advanced to
\$1.25 the Suit
Excellence of quality and
workmanship guaranteed
as heretofore.
Look for this Red
Woven
Label
MADE BY
Levi Strauss & Co., San Francisco
Awarded GRAND PRIZE at P. I. E.
Mfrs. of "Freedom-Alls"
the new garment for women

Carelessness.
Wife (reading)—Thief grabs lady's
\$500 meshbag with two pennies in it.
Husband (a preacher)—Ah, ladies
should be more careful on their way
to church.—Houston Chronicle.
When Mary's Lamb Grew Up.
Mary had a little lamb—
But how that lamb has grown!
Now Mary'd rather walk a mile
Than face that lamb alone.
—Boston Transcript.

Habit.
"That telephone frets me like an
aching tooth," said the man who
jumps every time the bell rings.
"Yes," commented the sardonic citi-
zen; "there is a similarity; and the
quicker part of it is that you lack the
nerve to have either taken out."
—Washington Star.
Real Art.
"He's a clever photographer."
"Makes pictures of people as they
look, I presume."
"Cleverer than that. He makes
them as they think they look."
—Detroit Free Press.

A PRETTY FACE is the result of a
healthy physical
condition. "Beauty
is but skin deep"
yet it greatly de-
pends on a clear
complexion, free
from wrinkles and
hollow cheeks.
Health always
brings wealth of
beauty. A health-
y state of the sys-
tem comes with
Doctor Pierce's
Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine
prepared for woman's ailments—it
cures those derangements and weak-
nesses which make woman's life miser-
able.
You can overcome most bodily ills,
escape sickness, build up your health
with regular hours, plenty of water,
sensible food, and a chance to get the
poison out of the system. Take a
natural laxative once or twice weekly.
Such a one is made of May-apple, juice
of aloes, and root of jalap, sugar-coat-
ed and supplied to all druggists years
ago by Doctor Pierce and known as
Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Get
them to-day!—Adv.

Polite Repartee.
Stupid Maid—Mrs. Juggins says she
ain't homo, ma'am.
Clever Caller—All right; tell her I
was awfully afraid she would be.—
Baltimore American.
Couldn't Miss Them.
"Did you observe all the meatless
and wheelless days?"
"Observe them! They have been
forced on my attention."
—Washington Star.
Impervious.
"The language you use to that mule
is perfectly shocking."
"Yes," replied the driver. "It seems
to get a rise out of everybody but the
mule."
—Washington Star.

**THIS WEAK,
NERVOUS MOTHER**
Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound
Restored Her Health.
Philadelphia, Pa.—"I was very weak,
always tired, my back ached, and I felt
sickly most of the time. I went to a
doctor and he said I had nervous in-
dignation, which added to my weak
condition kept me worrying most of
the time—and he said if I could not
stop that, I could not get well. I
heard something about Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound and I thought
my husband wanted me to try it. I
took it for a week and felt a little bet-
ter. I kept it up for three months, and
I feel fine and can eat anything now
without distress or nervousness."
—Mrs. J. WORTHLINE, 2842 North Taylor St.,
Philadelphia Pa.
The majority of mothers nowadays
overdo, there are so many demands
upon their time and strength; the result
is invariably a weakened, run-down,
nervous condition with headaches, back-
ache, irritability and depression—and
soon more serious ailments develop.
It is at such periods in life that Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will
restore a normal healthy condition, as
it did to Mrs. Worthline.



Guy Empey.

**In training quarters, "some-
where in France," Empey hears
the big guns booming and makes
the acquaintance of the "coo-
ties." Read about his experi-
ences in the next installment.**

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Newport News."

In Virginia's early days communi-
cation with the mother country was,
of course, wholly by ships, and when
one was expected the colonists were
all eagerness for the news from home.
On the occasion of one, it may have
been the first, of a certain Captain
Newport's expected return from Eng-
land, at or near the place now bearing
his name, a large number of persons
collected to receive "Newport's news."
Hence the name, now shortened to its
present form.

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