

# Diamond

SQUEEGEE TREAD TIRES

## Fit For Battle

TIRES, like men, have to be "stripped for action" if they're going into battle.

Under the terrific battering of American roads, "extra features" are a burden, guarantees are useless. Only clean-cut, well-built tires can stand the punishment.

We're glad to tell you that Diamonds are rolling up thousands of miles for our customers, with "come-backs" so few and far between that they don't count.

Diamonds are "fit for battle," ready to jump from our complete stock to your car on short notice.

Diamond Tubes keep their life for years. We consider them the best tube on the market.

### Grants Pass Hardware Co.

209 6th St.

Grants Pass, Ore.



## "Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPY

Machine Gunner Serving in France

### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I**—Fired by the news of the shooting of the Lusitania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

**CHAPTER II**—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets somewhere in France, where he first makes the acquaintance of the ever-present "Goldies."

**CHAPTER III**—Empey attends his first church services at the front while a German fighter circles over the congregation.

**CHAPTER IV**—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

**CHAPTER V**—Empey learns to adopt the motto of the British Tommy, "If you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

**CHAPTER VI**—Back in rest billets, Empey gets his first experience as a mess orderly.

**CHAPTER VII**—Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed.

**CHAPTER VIII**—Back in the front-line trench, Empey meets his first friend of the trenches "Go West."

**CHAPTER IX**—Empey makes his first visit to a dugout in "Suicide Ditch."

**CHAPTER X**—Empey learns what constitutes a "day's work" in the front-line trench.

**CHAPTER XI**—Empey goes "over the top" for the first time in a charge on the German trenches and is wounded by a bayonet thrust.

**CHAPTER XII**—Empey joins the "mid-side club" as the bombing squad is called.

**CHAPTER XIII**—Each Tommy gets an official hat.

**CHAPTER XIV**—Empey helps dig an advanced trench under German fire.

**CHAPTER XV**—On "listening post" in No Man's Land.

"I stammered, 'Sir, I know absolutely nothing."

"That's easy to see," he roared; "that stupid face tells me that. Shut up. Get out; but I think you are a d—d liar just the same. Back to your battery."

I saluted and made my exit.

"That night the captain sent for us. With fear and trembling we went to his dugout. He was alone. After saluting we stood at attention in front of him and waited. His say was short.

"Don't you two ever get it into your heads that Morse is a dead language. I've known it for years. The two of you had better get rid of that nervous habit of tapping transmitters; it's dangerous. That's all."

"We saluted, and were just going out the door of the dugout when the captain called us back and said:

"Smoke Goldfakes! Yes! Well, there are two (ins of them on my table. Go back to the battery, and keep your tongues between your teeth. Understand?"

"We understood.

"For five weeks afterwards our battery did nothing but extra fatigues. We were satisfied and so were the men. It was worth it to put one over

on Old Pepper, to say nothing of the injury caused to Fritz' feelings."

When Wilson had finished his story I looked up and the dugout was jammed. An artillery captain and two officers had also entered and stayed for the finish. Wilson spat out an enormous quid of tobacco, looked up, saw the captain, and got as red as a carnation. The captain smiled and left. Wilson whispered to me:

"Blime me, Tank, I see where I clik for crucifixion. That captain is the same one that checked us Goldfakes in his dugout and here I have been 'checking me waight about in his hearing."

Wilson never cliked his crucifixion.

Quite a contrast to Wilson was another character in our brigade named Scott; we called him "Old Scotty" on account of his age. He was fifty-seven, although looking forty. "Old Scotty" had been born in the Northwest and had served in the Northwest Mounted police. He was a typical cowpuncher and Indian fighter and was a dead shot with the rifle, and took no pains to disguise this fact from us. He used to take care of his rifle as if it were a baby. In his spare moments you could always see him cleaning it or polishing the stock. One betide the man who by mistake happened to get hold of this rifle; he soon found out his error. Scott was as deaf as a mule, and it was amusing at parade to watch him in the manual of arms, stily glancing out of the corner of his eye at the man next to him to see what the order was. How he passed the doctor was a mystery to us; he must have bluffed his way through, because he certainly was independent. Beside him the Fourth of July looked like Good Friday. He wore at the time a large sombrero, had a Mexican stock saddle over his shoulder, a sistrin on his arm, and a "forty-five" hanging from his hip. Dumping this paraphernalia on the floor he went up to the recruiting officer and shouted: "I'm from America, west of the Rockies, and want to join your d—d army. I've got no use for a German and can shoot some. At Scotland Yard they turned us down; said I was deaf and so I am. I don't hanker to ship in with a d—d mud-crunching outfit, but the cavalry's full, so I guess this regiment's better than ours, so trot out your papers and I'll sign 'em." He told them he was forty and slipped by. I was on recruiting service at the time he applied for enlistment.

It was Old Scotty's great ambition to be a sniper or "body snatcher," as Mr. Atkins calls it. The day that he was detailed as brigade sniper he celebrated his appointment by blowing the whole platoon to fags.

Being a Yank, Old Scotty took a liking to me and used to spin some great yarns about the plains, and the whole platoon would drink these in and ask for more. Ananias was a rookie compared with him.

The ex-plainman and discipline could not agree, but the officers all liked him, even if he was hard to manage, so when he was detailed as a sniper a sign of relief went up from the officers' mess.

Old Scotty had the freedom of his

brigade. He used to draw two or three days' rations and disappear with his glass, range finder and rifle, and we would see or hear no more of him until suddenly he would reappear with a couple of notches added to those already on the butt of his rifle. Every time he got a German it meant another notch. He was proud of these notches.

But after a few months Father Rheumatism got him and he was sent to Blighty; the air in the wake of his stretcher was blue with curses. Old Scotty surely could swear; some of his outbursts actually burned you.

"No doubt, at this writing, he is 'somewhere in Blighty' pussy footing it on a bridge or along the wall of some munition plant with the "O. R." or Home Defense corps.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### Out in Front.

After tea Lieutenant Stores of our section came into the dugout and informed me that I was "for" a reconnoitering patrol and would carry six Mills bombs.

At 11:30 that night twelve men, our lieutenant and myself went out in front on a patrol in No Man's Land.

We cruised around in the dark for about two hours, just knocking about looking for trouble, on the lookout for Boche working parties to see what they were doing.

Around two in the morning we were carefully picking our way about thirty yards in front of the German barbed wire, when we walked into a Boche covering party nearly thirty strong. Then the music started, the fiddler rendered his bill, and we paid.

Fighting in the dark with a bayonet is not very pleasant. The Germans took it on the run, but our officer was so novice at the game and didn't follow them. He gave the order "down on the ground, bug it close."

Just in time, too, because a volley skinned over our heads. Then in low tones we were told to separate and crawl back to our trenches, each man on his own.

We could see the flashes of their rifles in the darkness, but the bullets were going over our heads.

We lost three men killed and one wounded in the arm. If it hadn't been for our officer's quick thinking the whole patrol would have probably been wiped out.

After about twenty minutes' wait we went out again and discovered that the Germans had a wiring party working on their barbed wire. We returned to our trenches unobserved with the information and our machine guns immediately got busy.

The next night four men were sent out to go over and examine the German barbed wire and see if they had



A Hidden Gun.

cut lanes through it; if so, this pre-arranged an early morning attack on our trenches.

Of course I had to be one of the four selected for the job. It was just like sending a fellow to the undertaker's to order his own coffin.

At ten o'clock we started out, armed with three bombs, a bayonet and revolver. After getting into No Man's Land we separated. Crawling four or five feet at a time, ducking our shells, with strays cracking overhead, I reached their wire. I scooted along this inch by inch, scarcely breathing. I could hear them talking in their trench, my heart was pounding against my ribs. One false move or the least noise from me meant discovery and almost certain death.

After covering my sector I quietly crawled back. I had gotten about half way when I noticed that my revolver was missing. It was pitch dark. I turned about to see if I could find it; it couldn't be far away, because about three or four minutes previously I had felt the butt in the holster. I crawled around in circles and at last found it. Then started on my way back to our trenches, as I thought.

Pretty soon I reached barbed wire, and was just going to give the password when something told me not to. I put out my hand and touched one of

the barbed wire stakes. It was iron. The British are of wood, while the Germans are iron. My heart stopped beating; by mistake I had crawled back to the German lines.

I turned slowly about and my tank caught on the wire and made a loud ripping noise.

A sharp challenge rang out. I sprang to my feet, ducking low, and ran madly back toward our lines. The Germans started firing. The bullets were biting all around me, when bang! I ran smash into our wire, and a sharp challenge, "Alt, who comes there?" rang out. I gasped out the password, and, groping my way through the lane in the wire, tearing my hands and uniform, I tumbled into our trench and was safe, but I was a nervous wreck for an hour, until a drink of rum brought me round.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### Staged Under Fire.

Three days after the incident just related our company was relieved from the front line and carried. We stayed in reserve billets for about two weeks when we received the welcome news that our division would go back to the line "to rest billets." We would remain in these billets for at least two months, this in order to be restored to our full strength by drafts of recruits from Blighty.

Everyone was happy and contented at these tidings; all you could hear around the billets was whistling and singing. The day after the receipt of the order we hiked for five days, making an average of about twelve miles per day until we arrived at the small town of O—

It took us about three days to get settled, and from then on our cushy time started. We would parade from 8:45 in the morning until 12 noon. Then except for an occasional billet or brigade guard we were on our own. For the first four or five afternoons I spent my time in bringing up to date my neglected correspondence.

Tommy loves to be amused, and being a Yank, they turned to me for something new in this line. I taught them how to pitch horseshoes, and this game made a great hit for about ten days. Then Tommy turned to America for a new diversion. I was up in the air until a happy thought came to me. Why not write a sketch and break Tommy in as an actor?

One evening after "lights out," when you are not supposed to talk, I imparted my scheme in whispers to the section. They eagerly accepted the idea of forming a stock company and could hardly wait until the morning for further details.

After parade, the next afternoon I was almost mobbed. Everyone in the section wanted a part in the proposed sketch. When I informed them that it would take at least ten days of hard work to write the plot, they were bitterly disappointed. I immediately got busy, made a desk out of biscuit tins in the corner of the billet, and put up a sign "Empey & Wallace Theatrical Co." About twenty of the section, upon reading this sign, immediately applied for the position of office boy. I accepted the twenty applicants, and sent them on scouting parties throughout the deserted French village. These parties were to search all the attics for discarded civilian clothes, and anything that we could use in the props of our proposed company.

About five that night they returned covered with grime and dust, but loaded down with a miscellaneous assortment of everything under the sun. They must have thought that I was going to start a department store, judging from the different things they brought back from their pillage.

(To Be Continued.)

## "See 'Gots-It' Pool Off This Corn."

Leaves The Toe as Smooth as the Palm of Your Hand.

The corn never grows that "Gots-It" will not get. It never irritates the skin, never makes your toe sore. Just two drops of "Gots-It" and presto! the corn-pain vanishes. Shortly you can peel the corn right



It's Wonderful to See "Gots-It" Pool off Corn off with your finger and there you are—pain-free and happy, with the toe as smooth and corn-free as your palm. "Gots-It" is the only safe way in the world to treat a corn or callus. It's the sure way—the way that never fails. It is tried and true—used by millions every year. It always works. "Gots-It" makes cutting and digging at a corn and fussing with bandages, salves or anything else entirely unnecessary. "Gots-It" is sold by all druggists (you need pay no more than 25 cents), or it will be sent direct by S. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sold in Grants Pass and recommended as the world's best corn remedy by George U. ...

# Classified Advertising

### FOR SALE

O. & C. GRANT LANDS—Blue print plats showing lands in Josephine county, \$1.50. Address 'A. E. Voorhies, Grants Pass.

FOR SALE—Good modern house, close to, north side. Inquire No. 2323, care Courier.

FOR SALE—Reclaimed seed wheat: Little Club, \$2.15; Jenkins Club, \$2.25; Washington Hybrid No. 148, \$2.50; Marquis, \$2.50; also Beardless Barley, White C-14, Alfalfa Seed and all Grasses and Clovers. Ralph Waldo Elden, Central Post.

HEMTITCHING and peccot edge, 18 cents per yard. Mail orders will receive prompt and careful attention. The Vanity Shop, Medford Oregon, 114 West Main.

FOR SALE—Set fine assay scales. Seven ore trucks. Cheap. C. W. Ament.

FOR SALE—Span of mare and not old, about 1200 each, also harness and wagon. A steady job with the team until July at \$5 per day for 9 hours. Address 813 North Eighth street.

FOR SALE—67 White Leghorns—hens—fine laying strain. Mrs. J. F. Strong, 1114 Pine street.

FOR SALE OR TRADE for live stock—40 acre farm on Pacific highway, 5 miles from Grants Pass, 25 acres in cultivation, fenced and cross fenced with wire, 5-room modern bungalow, barn and other buildings. For particulars address E. J. Lind, R. D. No. 1, Kerby, Ore.

FOR SALE—2-year old registered Ayrshire bull. River Bend farm. Ed. L. Schmidt and Son.

FOR SALE—Two young draft teams. One pair geldings. One pair mares. H. E. Gordon, R. F. D. No. 2, Grants Pass, Ore.

HEAVY TEAM for sale at Grants Pass Livery. Good logging team.

FOR SALE—one 1916 three speed Harley, \$175; one 1914 Indian, \$75; one 1914 Harley-Davidson, \$75; one Flying Merkel, \$30; second-hand bicycles from \$5 to \$25. Paramount Cyclery.

### TO RENT

FURNISHED ROOMS—Large, comfortable and conveniently located. 411 C street.

PARTLY FURNISHED cottage for rent, 50 feet from pavement, also unfurnished cottage on pavement, \$8 per month. Inquire A. E. Voorhies.

FURNISHED 5-room cottage for rent, Mrs. G. P. Jester, 215 C street. Phone 168-R.

FOR RENT—First and second floors, Dean apartment house 515 North Sixth street.

### WANTED

WANTED—A girl for general housework on a farm. Mrs. H. I. Pelton, Gold Hill, Ore.

EXPERIENCED mill men wanted year around work. Excellent cook-house, electric lights, men's club, good wages, write to Modoc Lumber Company, Chiloquin, Oregon.

### LOST

LOST—Gold dollar with initials A. W. W. engraved on back. Finder please leave at Courier office No. 545.

ONE ADVERTISEMENT WILL NOT MAKE YOU A PORTNER, BUT IT WILL SERVE AS A STONE IN THE FOUNDATION OF BUSINESS SUCCESS.

### Political Cards.

Paid advertisements

EUGENE L. COBURN  
Republican Candidate for  
Nominee for  
COUNTY CLERK  
Present Incumbent

GEORGE LEWIS  
Candidate for Republican  
Nominee for  
SHERIFF  
Present Incumbent

### ATTORNEYS

M. D. Norton, Attorney-at-Law. Practice in all State and Federal Courts. First National Bank Bldg.

COLVIG & WILLIAMS, Attorneys-at-Law. Grants Pass Building Co. Bldg. Grants Pass, Oregon.

E. S. VAN DYKE, Attorney. Practice in all courts. First National Bank Building.

DURHAM & RICHARD, Attorneys-at-Law. Ochoo Masons Temple, Grants Pass Oregon.

O. S. BLANCHARD, Attorney-at-Law. Golden Rule Building. Phone 276, Grants Pass, Oregon.

BLANCHARD & BLANCHARD, Attorneys, Albert block. Phone 224-J. Practice in all courts; land board attorneys.

### VETERINARY SURGEON

DR. R. J. BRISTOL, Veterinarian. Office in Winstreet Impement Bldg. Phone 112-J. Residence Phone 295-R.

### PHYSICIANS

L. O. CLEMENT, M. D.—Practice limited to diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses fitted. Office hours 9-12, 2-5, or on appointment. Office phone, 67; residence phone 359-J.

S. LOUGHRIDGE, M. D., Physician and surgeon. City or country calls attended day or night. Residence phone 70; office phone 152. Sixth and H. Tiffin Building.

A. A. WITHAM, M. D., Physician and surgeon. Office: Hall Bldg., corner Sixth and I streets. Phone 20-see, 116; residence, 358-J. Hours, 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

DR. J. O. NIBLEY—Physician and surgeon. Lombard Building. Surgeon Utah-Idaho Sugar Co. Health Office. Office hours, 9 to 12 a. m. 1 to 5 p. m. Phone 210-J.

### PHOTO STUDIO

THE PICTURE MILL open daily 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. For Sunday sittings call Mill 222-R or residence 148-J.

### DRIVERS

E. C. MAOT, D. M. D.—First-class dentist. 109 1/2 South Sixth street, Grants Pass, Oregon.

### MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

J. E. MACHURAT, teacher of voice culture and singing. Lessons given at home of pupil if requested. Address 716 Lee St.

### MISCELLANEOUS

THE RED FRONT LIVERY, 324 South Sixth street, has changed hands and will hereafter be conducted by the undersigned on a feed barn, 10c per day for eight animals; patronage solicited. All accounts previous to March 9 are to be handled by R. Timment, R. B. Baber.

### DRAYAGE AND TRANSPORT

COMMERCIAL TRANSFER CO. IN kinds of drayage and transport work carefully and promptly done. Phone 181-J. Stand at night depot. A. Shada, Prop.

F. G. NEHAM, drayage and transport. Sales, piano and furniture moved packed, shipped and stored. Phone Clark and Nelson, No. 10. Residence phone 154-R.

### THE WORLD MOVIE; so do we

Bunch Bros. Transfer Co. Phone 287-R.

### TO EXCHANGE

WILL EXCHANGE corner lot at Second and C streets for dairy cows. Address Coa Schabert, R. F. D. No. 1.

TO EXCHANGE—A good carry for a disc or other farming implements. Call 603-F-12.

### The California and Oregon Coast Railroad Company

#### TIME CARD

Effective December 1, 1917.

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

Train 1 Lv. Grants Pass. 1:00 p. m.

Train 2 Lv. Water Creek 1:00 p. m.

All trains leave Grants Pass from the corner of G and Eighth streets, opposite the Southern Pacific depot.

For all information regarding freight and passenger service call on the office of the manager, Southern Building, or phone 121 for rates.