

CHAPTER NEEDS MORE HELPERS

MONTH'S QUOTA IS FAR BEHIND AND REQUEST IS MADE THAT ALL MEMBERS TURN IN AND DO THEIR SHARE.

(From Saturday's Daily.)

More helpers are urgently needed by the Red Cross to complete the quota for June before the end of the fiscal month, June 23, according to Mrs. Birdsall, who has charge of the work. Owing to other affairs coming up during the month, the attendance at headquarters has not been as great this month as previously.

Mrs. Birdsall has announced that the chapter would like the following articles to complete one dozen baby layettes:

Thirty-six bands, to be made of 28-inch flannel, cut 6 inches wide, rolled and pinned with four small safety pins. One yard of flannel will make six bands.

Twenty pairs of booties, to be made of flannel or white woolen material, or may be crocheted or knitted or new ones purchased.

Twenty-two swaddling blankets, 28x32 inches and bound with a bias binding 3 1/2 inches wide of muslin that both sides of the blanket may be alike. These are to be made of wool flannel or woolen blanketing.

Twelve wrapping blankets, or cape with hood attached, pattern to be followed for the latter. Outing flannel in pine blue or white may be used. The wrapping blanket to be made a yard square, the edges hemmed and featherstitched or bound with bias binding.

Nine dozen diapers, 20 to 22 inches wide.

If one article is contributed it will greatly assist in making up the required quota. Helpers will make and bring in whatever article they can immediately. There are only two weeks to complete this quota.

Patterns of the shirts and booties will be furnished upon application at headquarters.

Four chairs at your service at the Metropolitan. No waiting.—Adv.

REED-SMITH COMPANY SELLS ENTIRE STOCK

Bon Marche of Seattle Takes All Merchandise of Local Firm—R. M. Smith Here for Eight Years.

(From Friday's Daily.)

Announcement was made yesterday afternoon that the Reed-Smith Mercantile Co. had sold its entire stock of merchandise, bringing to an end the career of a successful mercantile business here which has played a prominent part in the development of the city in the past eight years.

The Bon Marche of Seattle is the purchaser and will remove the complete stock to Seattle, at once to be placed on sale in its store there. R. Nordsoff, vice president of the Bon Marche, and F. McL. Radford, another representative, spent yesterday here going over the stock and concluding negotiations with R. M. Smith. In addition to the goods on hand, the buyers take all purchases made by the company for fall delivery.

Monday, June 16, will be the last day on which the store will be open.

The Smith store was opened here in 1910 by R. M. Smith, who came from Wellsville, Mo. In 1913 the present store building was erected, the company occupying the north half until 1915, when it spread out into the whole building. Originally known as the R. M. Smith Mercantile Co., in 1916 the business was re-incorporated as Reed-Smith Mercantile Co., giving recognition to the interest held by C. W., W. H. and C. D. Reed of Wellsville, Mo. At this time the capitalization was increased from \$13,000 to \$25,000.

It is expected that one of the Reed brothers will shortly come to Bend to assist Mr. Smith in closing details.

Speaking of the sale this morning, Mr. Smith said: "We are selling out at this time because of the great uncertainty caused by war conditions, and because we have received an extremely favorable offer for our whole stock. My own plans are unsettled, but I'm ready to do anything Uncle Sam wants of me to help win the war. We were greatly complimented by the Bon Marche people who spent Thursday here. They said that we had the best stock of the best quality of merchandise they had ever seen."

So far as is known no arrangements have been made for leasing the Smith building for any other business.



CHAPTER XX.

"Chats With Fritz."

We were swimming in money, from the receipts of our theatrical venture, and had forgotten all about the war, when an order came through that our brigade would again take over their sector of the line.

The day that these orders were issued, our captain assembled the company and asked for volunteers to go to the Machine Gun school at St. Omar. I volunteered and was accepted.

Sixteen men from our brigade left for the course in machine gunnery. This course lasted two weeks and we rejoined our unit and were assigned to the brigade machine gun company. It almost broke my heart to leave my company mates.

The gun we used was the Vickers, Light 303, water cooled.

I was still a member of the Snide club, having jumped from the frying pan into the fire. I was assigned to section 1, gun No. 2, and the first time "in" took position in the front-line trench.

During the day our gun would be dismounted on the fire step ready for instant use. We shared a dugout with the Lewis gunners. At "stand to" we would mount our gun on the parapet and go on watch beside it until "stand down" in the morning. Then the gun would be dismounted and again placed in readiness on the fire step.

We did eight days in the front-line trench without anything unusual happening outside of the ordinary trench routine. On the night that we were to "carry out," a bombing raid against the German lines was pulled off. This raiding party consisted of sixty company men, sixteen bombers, and four Lewis machine guns with their crews.

The raid took the Boches by surprise and was a complete success, the party bringing back twenty-one prisoners.

The Germans must have been awfully sore, because they turned loose a barrage of shrapnel, with a few "Minnies" and "whizz bangs" intermixed. The shells were dropping into our front line like hailstones.

To get even, we could have left the prisoners in the fire trench, in charge of the men on guard and let them click Fritz's strafing but Tommy does not treat prisoners that way.

Five of them were brought into my dugout and turned over to me so that they would be safe from the German fire.

In the candlelight, they looked very much shaken, nerves gone and chalky faces, with the exception of one, a great big fellow. He looked very much at ease. I liked him from the start.

I got out the rum jar and gave each a nip and passed around some fags, the old reliable Woodbines. The other prisoners looked their gratitude, but the big fellow said in English, "Thank you, sir, the rum is excellent and I appreciate it, also your kindness."

He told me his name was Carl Schmidt, of the Sixty-sixth Bavarian Light Infantry; that he had lived six years in New York (knew the city better than I did), had been to Coney Island and many of our ball games. He was a regular fan. I couldn't make him believe that Hans Wagner wasn't the best ball player in the world.

From New York he had gone to London, where he worked as a waiter in the Hotel Russell. Just before the war he went home to Germany to see his parents, the war came and he was conscripted.

He told me he was very sorry to hear that London was in ruins from the Zeppelin raids. I could not convince him otherwise, for hadn't he seen moving pictures in one of the German cities of St. Paul's cathedral in ruins.

I changed the subject because he was so stubborn in his belief. It was my intention to try and pump him for information as to the methods of the German snipers, who had been causing us trouble in the last few days.

I broached the subject and he shut up like a clam. After a few minutes he very innocently said:

"German snipers get paid rewards for killing the English."

I eagerly asked, "What are they?"

He answered:

"For killing or wounding an English private, the sniper gets one mark. For killing or wounding an English officer he gets five marks, but if he kills a Red Cap or English general, the sniper gets twenty-one days tied to the wheel of a limber as punishment for his carelessness."

Then he paused, waiting for me to bite, I suppose.

I bit all right and asked him why the sniper was punished for killing an English general. With a smile he replied:

"Well, you see, if all the English generals were killed, there would be no one left to make costly mistakes."

I shut him up, he was getting too

"OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

fresh for a prisoner. After a while he winked at me and I winked back, then the escort came to take the prisoners to the rear. I shook hands and wished him "The best of luck and a safe journey to Blighty."

I liked that prisoner, he was a fine fellow, had an Iron Cross, too. I advised him to keep it out of sight, or some Tommy would be sending it home to his girl in Blighty as a souvenir.

One dark and rainy night while on guard we were looking over the top from the fire step of our front-line trench, when we heard a noise immediately in front of our barbed wire. The sentry next to me challenged, "Halt, who comes there?" and brought his rifle to the aim. His challenge was answered in German. A captain in the next traverse climbed upon the sand-bagged parapet to investigate—a brave but foolhardy deed—"Crack" went a bullet and he tumbled back into the trench with a hole through his stomach and died a few minutes later. A lance corporal in the next platoon was so enraged at the captain's death that he chucked a Mills bomb in the direction of the noise with the shouted warning to us: "Duck your nappers, my lucky lads." A sharp dynamite report, a flare in front of us, and then silence.

We immediately sent up two star shells, and in their light could see two dark forms lying on the ground close to our wire. A sergeant and four stretcher-bearers went out in front and soon returned, carrying two limp bodies. Down in the dugout, in the flickering light of three candles, we saw that they were two German officers, one a captain and the other an "unteroffizier," a rank one grade higher than a sergeant general, but below the grade of lieutenant.

The captain's face had been almost completely torn away by the bomb's explosion. The unteroffizier was alive, breathing with difficulty. In a few minutes he opened his eyes and blinked in the glare of the candles.

The pair had evidently been drinking heavily, for the alcohol fumes were sickening and completely pervaded the dugout. I turned away in disgust, hating to see a man cross the Great Divide full of booze.

One of our officers could speak German and he questioned the dying man.

In a faint voice, interrupted by frequent hiccoughs, the unteroffizier told his story.

There had been a drinking bout among the officers in one of the German dugouts, the main beverage being champagne. With a drunken leer he informed us that champagne was plentiful on their side and that it did not cost them anything either. About seven that night the conversation had turned to the "contemptible" English, and the captain had made a wager that he would hang his cap on the English barbed wire to show his contempt for the English sentries. The wager was accepted. At eight o'clock the captain and he had crept out into No Man's Land to carry out this wager.

They had gotten about halfway across when the drink took effect and the captain fell asleep. After about two hours of vain attempts the unteroffizier had at last succeeded in waking the captain, reminded him of his bet, and warned him that he would be the laughing stock of the officers' mess if he did not accomplish his object, but the captain was trembling all over and insisted on returning to the German lines. In the darkness they lost their bearings and crawled toward the English trenches. They reached the barbed wire and were suddenly challenged by our sentry. Being too drunk to realize that the challenge was in English, the captain refused to crawl back. Finally the unteroffizier convinced his superior that they were in front of the English wire. Realizing this too late, the captain drew his revolver and with a muttered curse fired blindly toward our trench. His bullet no doubt killed our captain.

Then the bomb came over and there he was, dying—and a good job too, we thought. The captain dead? Well, his men wouldn't weep at the news.

Without giving us any further information the unteroffizier died.

We searched the bodies for identification disks but they had left everything behind before starting on their foolhardy errand.

Quiet Water Supply Pump.

A noiseless water supply pump of small capacity is described in Poular Mechanics Magazine. At a distance of ten feet, it is claimed, the only sound to be heard is the hum of the motor. It operates at a speed of 500 revolutions a minute and therefore can be belt driven. The pump is supplied with an air cock and is used with either open or pressure tank systems.

Something to sell? Advertise in The Bulletin's classified column.

A little show of General helps the Observation Officer through many a hard hour.



Next afternoon we buried them in our little cemetery apart from the graves of the Tommies. If you ever go into that cemetery you will see two little wooden crosses in the corner of the cemetery set away from the rest. They read:

Captain
German Army
Died—1918
Unknown
R. I. P.

Unteroffizier
German Army
Died—1918
Unknown
R. I. P.

(To Be Continued.)

"OVER THE TOP"

with EMPEY himself in the leading role of the 10 reel Vitagraph Super Feature. The Greatest War Picture ever made, will be at the

Liberty Theatre
July 2-3-4

It comes to Bend immediately following it's remarkable Portland run.

HARTWIG SPEAKS AT LUMBER MILLS TODAY

Meeting Scheduled for Hippodrome Tonight Eliminated—Will Devote Time at Mills.

(From Monday's Daily.)

Otto R. Hartwig, president of the State Federation of Labor, arrived in the city this morning in the interest of the state war savings campaign. This morning Mr. Hartwig addressed the employees of The Shevlin-Hixon Lumber Company and this afternoon will make a similar address to the crews of the Brooks-Scanlon mill. The meeting which had been arranged for this evening at the Hippodrome has been given up on account of this being pay day, and during his stay here probably no other addresses will be made other than where he meets the men at their place of employment.

HELD FOR GRAND JURY FOR THEFT OF SHEEP

(From Tuesday's Daily.) Charles Stauffer, arrested last Saturday on a complaint sworn to

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The Daily

Is Read by Everyone in Bend

The Weekly

(Circulation 1750)

Reaches Everyone Who Buys or Sells in Bend, and Circulates

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Oregon

You Get What You Want
PHONE 561

He Will Welcome a pouch of Real GRAVELY Chewing Plug

Any gift from the folks back home means a lot to the boy.

When you send him tobacco, let it be good tobacco—tobacco worth sending all that long way—the flat, compressed plug of Real Gravelly.

Give any man a chew of Real Gravelly Plug, and he will tell you that's the kind to send. Send the best!

Ordinary plug is false economy. It costs less per week to chew Real Gravelly, because a small chew of it lasts a long while.

If you smoke a pipe, slice Gravelly with your knife and add a little to your smoking tobacco. It will give flavor—improve your smoke.

SEND YOUR FRIEND IN THE U. S. SERVICE A POUCH OF GRAVELLY

Dealers all around here carry it in 10c pouches. A 3c stamp will put it into his hands in any Training Camp or Support of the U. S. A. Even "over there" a 3c stamp will take it to him.

P. B. GRAVELLY TOBACCO COMPANY, Danville, Va.

The Patent Pouch keeps it Fresh and Clean and Good—It is not Real Gravelly without this Protection Seal

Established 1881

by W. W. Brown, and charged with the theft of thirteen head of sheep from the complainant, at the preliminary hearing in Judge Eastes' court today was bound over to the grand jury in the sum of \$1,000. H. H. De Armond and N. G. Wallace were attorneys for the state and J. A. Moore for the defense.

Stauffer in his defense stated that the sheep in question had been brought to him by a man named Perry and that he had taken them to raise on shares. He admitted that the sheep were later sold, but said the sale had been sanctioned by Perry. He denied that he had any knowledge of the sheep belonging to Brown, but that he did know that they were "pickups."

FOREST FIRES ARE NOW UNDER CONTROL

(From Tuesday's Daily.)

Forest fires in the Deschutes national forest, occurring within the past four days, are now under control, according to Forest Supervisor Jacobson, who returned this morn-

ing from a trip to Big and Little rivers, the scene of one of the fires, and the summit station. At Paulina prairie about two hundred acres were burned over before the fire fighters had the blaze under control.

EMBLEM CLUB DINNER SUCCESS

(From Monday's Daily.)

More than two hundred members of the state bankers' association and the Emblem club and the citizens of Bend attended the reception tendered by the Emblem club to the bankers on Saturday evening. All during the course of the banquet the songs and nonsense rhymes of the club were sung, interspersed with addresses by the visiting bankers, who responded to the call of A. Whelan, toastmaster. Many were the eulogies tendered to the Emblem club and to Bend for her hospitality during the two days.

The dinner commenced at 5 o'clock and was finished in time to take the visitors, who were compelled to leave town that evening, to the train.

Shoes for Real Service

OUR SPECIALTY IS TO MAKE SHOES THAT STAND THE TEST

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Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

More and more the enclosed motor car grows strong in popular favor. It's natural, especially with Ford cars, which are busy running every day of the year—winter and summer the Ford serves faithfully and profitably. So for a real genuine family car there is nothing equal to the Ford Sedan at \$695 f. o. b. Detroit. Seats five. Large doors, plate glass sliding windows, silk curtains, deeply upholstered seats, latest type ventilating windshield—a car of refined luxury with the overlastingly reliable Ford chassis. Come in and know more about this superior car.

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BEND, OREGON

