

CANDY MAKERS PLAN CAMPAIGN

MANUFACTURERS TELL PUBLIC THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CANDY SITUATION, SHOWING THEIR CONSUMPTION OF SUGAR SMALL.

(From Tuesday's Daily.)
The candy makers of Oregon are planning to tell the general public the facts about the candy industry and about candy as a food product. Due to much misunderstanding and to a lack of a definite knowledge of the facts, the candy industry has been brought to the verge of collapse. Ask the average man or woman how much sugar goes into the making of candy and you will find that it is the general opinion that all the way from 25% to 50% goes into candy making.

This has led many people to believe that if the candy factories were still further restricted or possibly put out of business the sugar shortage problem would be solved. But this is not correct. Far from using 25% to 50% of the candy industry uses something less than 8% of the sugar used in this country. Even if the entire amount were cut off from candy making, the sugar situation would not be greatly relieved.

The candy makers contend that all should share alike in the saving of sugar. They have already given until it hurts. There is no more patriotic body of men than the men in the candy business and they have gladly given up their supplies, but they now feel that the interests of the country call for a definite knowledge of the facts. People must realize that the candy industry alone cannot save enough sugar to solve the problem. Many people, without knowing the facts, have felt that candy could be curtailed and the problem solved. But facts show that the place to save sugar where it really counts is in the home, from now on. Figures show that out of the 84 pounds normally used by each person in the United States in one year, less than 7 pounds are used in candy, while 60 pounds are used in the home on the table. The saving of 10 per cent. in the home is nearly equal to the saving of 100 per cent. in the candy industry. Candy makers believe that a fair minded public, with these facts in mind, will be willing to help share the strain to the end that the big industry built up through many years can survive and go through without further curtailment as the curtailment now is coming to the point where the future of the industry is looked to with fear.

It is believed by the candy makers that as the general public comes to learn of the high food value of candy and also realizes the lengths to which the industry has already gone that relief will not be withheld. The series of advertisements now running in The Bulletin is the method of expression selected by the candy makers as a means to enable them to get the full facts before the public.

BEND OFFICER WINS COMMISSION

(From Monday's Daily.)
CAMP LEWIS, Tacoma, July 22.—Sergeant Albert L. Zacharias, of the school for cooks and bakers, was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Quartermaster corps of the National Army, according to a telegram received today from war department. Lieutenant Zacharias has his home in Bend, Ore. He is detailed for duty with a bakery company at the Presidio.

Mr. Zacharias was formerly office manager for the Universal garage in this city, and left here about six months ago.

County Filings.

Deschutes County Abstract company's report of instruments filed for record in Deschutes county:
U. S. to Elijah H. Sparks, patent. State of Oregon to Theo. Olson, deed.
Chas. L. Mead to W. Hogan, warranty deed, \$10.
Oregon Trunk Dev. Co. to Mrs. M. A. Porter, warranty deed.
The Bend Co. to Fred Seeling, warranty deed, \$1.
The Bend Co. to Dragan Mirich, warranty deed, \$1.
Elihu S. Payne to Thos. J. Quigley, warranty deed, \$1,200.

One cent a word is all a little. Want Ad will cost you.

OVER THE TOP WITH EMPEY

(Continued from page 6.)

German trench is unoccupied." Anyway, we got careless, but not so careless that we sang patriotic songs or made any unnecessary noise. During the intervals of falling star shells we carried on with our wire cutting until at last we succeeded in getting through the German barbed wire. At this point we were only ten feet from the German trenches. If we were discovered, we were like rats in a trap. Our way was cut off unless we ran along the wire to the narrow lane we had cut through. With our hearts in our mouths we waited for the three-tap signal to rush the German trench. Three taps had gotten about halfway down the line when suddenly about ten to twenty German star shells were fired all along the trench and landed in the barbed wire in rear of us, turning night into day and silhouetting us against the wall of light made by the flares. In the glaring light we were confronted by the following unpleasant scene.

All along the German trench, at about three-foot intervals, stood a big Prussian guardsman with his rifle at the aim, and then we found out why we had not been challenged when the man sneezed and the barbed wire had been improperly cut. About three feet in front of the trench they had constructed a single fence of barbed wire and we knew our chances were one thousand to one of returning alive. We could not rush their trench on account of this second defense. Then in front of me the challenge, "Halt," given in English rang out, and one of the finest things I have ever heard of on the western front took place.

From the middle of our line some Tommy answered the challenge with, "Aw, go to h—l." It must have been the man who had sneezed or who had improperly cut the barbed wire; he wanted to show Fritz that he could die game. Then came the volley. Machine guns were turned loose and several bombs were thrown in our rear. The Boche in front of me was looking down his sight. This fellow might have, under ordinary circumstances, been handsome, but when I viewed him from the front of his rifle he had the goblins of childhood imagination relegated to the shade.

Then came a flash in front of me, the flare of his rifle—and my head seemed to burst. A bullet had hit me on the left side of my face about half an inch from my eye, smashing the cheek bones. I put my hand to my face and fell forward, biting the ground and kicking my feet. I thought I was dying, but, do you know, my past life did not unfold before me the way it does in novels.

The blood was streaming down my tunic, and the pain was awful. When I came to I said to myself, "Emp, old boy, you belong in Jersey City, and you'd better get back there as quickly as possible."

The bullets were cracking overhead. I crawled a few feet back to the German barbed wire, and in a stooping position, guiding myself by the wire, I went down the line looking for the lane we had cut through. Before reaching this lane I came to a limp form which seemed like a bag of oats hanging over the wire. In the dim light I could see that its hands were blackened, and knew it was the body of one of my mates. I put my hand on his head, the top of which had been blown off by a bomb. My fingers sank into the hole. I pulled my hand back full of blood and brains, then I went crazy with fear and horror and rushed along the wire until I came to our lane. I had just turned down this lane when something inside of me seemed to say, "Look around." I did so; a bullet caught me on the left shoulder. It did not hurt much, just felt as if someone had punched me in the back, and then my left side went numb. My arm was dangling like a rag. I fell forward in a sitting position. But all the fear had left me and I was consumed with rage and cursed the German trenches. With my right hand I felt in my tunic for my first-aid or shell dressing. In feeling over my tunic my hand came in contact with one of the bombs which I carried. Gripping it, I pulled the pin out with my teeth and blindly threw it towards the German trench. I must have been out of my head, because I was only ten feet from the trench and took a chance of being mangled. If the bomb had failed to go into the trench I would have been blown to bits by the explosion of my own bomb.

By the flare of the explosion of the bomb, which luckily landed in their trench, I saw one big Boche throw up his arms and fall backwards, while his rifle flew into the air. Another one witted and fell forward across the sandbags—then blackness. Realizing what a foolhardy and risky thing I had done, I was again seized with a horrible fear. I dragged myself to my feet and ran madly down the lane through the barbed wire, stumbling over cut wires, tearing my uniform, and lacerating my hands and legs. Just as I was about to reach No Man's Land again, that same voice seemed to say, "Turn around." I did so, when, "crack," another bullet caught me, this time in the left shoulder about one-half inch away from the other wound. Then it was taps for me. The lights went out.

When I came to I was crouching in a hole in No Man's Land. This shell hole was about three feet deep, so that it brought my head a few inches below the level of the ground. How I reached this hole I will never know. German

"typewriters" were traversing back and forth in No Man's Land, the bullets biting the edge of my shell hole and throwing dirt all over me. Overhead shrapnel was bursting. I could hear the fragments slap the ground. Then I went out once more. When I came to everything was silence and darkness in No Man's Land. I was soaked with blood and a big flap from the wound in my cheek was hanging over my mouth. The blood running from this flap choked me. Out of the corner of my mouth I would try and blow it back, but it would not move. I reached for my shell dressing and tried, with one hand, to bandage my face to prevent the flow. I had an awful horror of bleeding to death and was getting very faint. You would have laughed if you had seen my ludicrous attempts at bandaging with one hand. The pains in my wounded shoulder were awful and I was getting sick at the stomach. I gave up the bandaging stunt as a bad job, and then fainted.

When I came to, hell was let loose. An intense bombardment was on, and on the whole my position was decidedly unpleasant. Then, suddenly, our barrage ceased. The silence almost hurt, but not for long, because Fritz turned loose with shrapnel, machine guns, and rifle fire. Then all along our line came a cheer and our boys came over the top in a charge. The first wave was composed of "Jocks." They were a magnificent sight, kilts, flapping in the wind, bare knees showing, and their bayonets glistening. In the first wave that passed my shell hole, one of the "Jocks," an immense fellow, about six feet two inches in height jumped right over me. On the right and left of me several soldiers in colored kilts were huddled on the ground, then over came the second wave, also "Jocks." One young Scottie, when he came abreast of my shell hole, leaped into the air, his rifle shooting out of his hands, landing about six feet in front of him, bayonet first, and stuck in the ground, the butt trembling. This impressed me greatly.

Right now I can see the butt of that gun trembling. The Scottie made a complete turn in the air, hit the ground, rolling over twice, each time clawing at the earth, and then remained still, about four feet from me, in a sort of sitting position. I called to him, "Are you hurt badly, Jock?" but no answer. He was dead. A dark red smudge was coming through his tunic right under the heart. The blood ran down his bare knees, making a horrible sight. On his right side he carried his water bottle. I was crazy for a drink and tried to reach this, but for the life of me could not negotiate that four feet. Then I became unconscious. When I woke up I was in an advanced first-aid post. I asked the doctor if we had taken the trench. "We took the trench and the wood beyond, all right," he said, "and you fellows did your bit; but, my lad, that was thirty-six hours ago. You were lying in No Man's Land in that bally hole for a day and a half. It's a wonder you are alive." He also told me that out of the twenty that were in the raiding party, seventeen were killed. The officer died of wounds in crawling back to our trench and I was severely wounded, but one fellow returned without a scratch, without any prisoners. No doubt this chap was the one who had sneezed and improperly cut the barbed wire.

ARMY RULES ARE DRAWN TIGHTER

NEW SPECIFICATIONS FOR THE HEIGHT AND CHEST MEASUREMENT—MUST SHOW PROOF OF AGE OF APPLICANT.

(From Saturday's Daily.)
Conditions and rules under which men under or over draft age are to be accepted in the service are being drawn tighter under each new order issued recruiting districts, according to a bulletin received by Sergeant Harvey of the army recruiting station in this city.

Under the new table of height, weight and chest measurement, applicants who are below 63 inches in height will not be accepted. At this height the applicant must weigh at least 116 pounds, with a chest measurement of 39 inches, mobility of two inches.

Hereafter no applicant under the registration age will be accepted unless evidence is produced that he is over 15 years of age. Either a certified copy of birth certificate, baptismal record or school certificate must be produced, and in case none of these are available, then an affidavit from the parent or guardian. All evidence of age must be forwarded by the recruiting officer to the district office.

All applicants must now have three serviceable masticating teeth, both upper and lower, and so opposed as to serve the purpose of incision. In all, an applicant must have 12 serviceable natural teeth, six of which must be molars and six incisors.

Fewer at Health Resorts This Year.
Increased expenses in traveling and at health resorts will keep many hay fever and asthma sufferers home this summer. Foley's Honey and Tar is recommended as a satisfactory remedy for hay fever and asthma. It heals and soothes, allays inflammation and irritation, and eases the choking sensation. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

RAISE MONEY FOR THE RED CROSS

Tug-of-War at Scandinavian Picnic Nets Sum of \$17.25 for the Local Chapter.

(From Monday's Daily.)
Seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents was raised on the outcome of a tug-of-war at the Scandinavian picnic which was held on Tumalo creek yesterday afternoon. Two teams picked from among those present contested for supremacy, and the audience made wagers on the outcome, the winners turning over their winnings to the Red Cross. There were a large number of people in attendance at the picnic during the entire day and until late in the evening. Sports were held, the contesting teams being chosen from the Norwegian and Swedish societies.

Those making up the winning team in the Red Cross tug-of-war were H. D. Bolser, Carl Youngren, N. Hagen, R. Wiek, A. H. Tagt, J. Tagt, C. Birkund, N. Skjersaa, O. Carson, W. F. Shoults.

The money was tendered to the Red Cross chapter today by O. Hansen.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE.
In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Deschutes County. In the Matter of the Estate of Jessie Belle Thayer, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was on the 12th day of July, 1918, duly appointed executrix of the last will and testament of Jessie Belle Thayer, deceased. All persons having claims against the estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified in the manner provided by law within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice at the office of H. C. Ellis, in the First National Bank building, Bend, Deschutes county, Oregon.
Date of first publication, July 18, 1918.

EMPLOYEES WILL RECEIVE BACK PAY

(From Monday's Daily.)
Some \$3,000 in back pay will be disbursed among the employees of the Oregon Trunk stationed at Bend in the next few days. This represents the pay for the months from January to May, ordered paid railroad employees on the recent adjustment of wages. The men to benefit here include train men, station men, section hands and members of the mechanical department.

TEUFEL HUND POSTERS AT MARINE OFFICES

"Teufel Hund," the German nickname for the American Marines, is the leading display line on the new Marine recruiting placards and posters received by the local recruiting station. Beneath this the Marine bulldog is shown chasing the German daschund. The last line, perhaps the most attractive on the poster, is "Devil Dog Recruiting Station, 25 O'Kane Building."

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Annexed of the Estate of Edward C. Penrose, Deceased.
20-23c

SUMMONS.

In the Justice Court for the District of Bend, Deschutes County, Oregon.

Mary E. Hoover, doing business as the Universal Garage, plaintiff, vs. F. P. Drake, defendant.

To F. P. Drake, the above named defendant: In the Name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint in the above entitled action on or before August 8th, 1918, that date being six weeks after the first publication of this summons, or for want thereof the plaintiff will take judgment against you for \$14.24 with interest thereon at 6% from Jan. 1st, 1918, and the costs and disbursements of this action.

J. A. EASTES, Justice of the Peace.
A. J. MOORE, Attorney for Plaintiff.

FOUND NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the city of Bend has taken up the following described live stock, to-wit: One bay mare, about 7 years old, brand II bar through top on left hip. The cost of redeeming said live stock will be \$1 per day in addition to the actual expense of keeping, together with the cost of this advertisement and all other necessary expenses. In case of failure to redeem on the part of owner, said live stock will be sold as provided by the charter of the city of Bend on July 27th, at 3:00 p. m., at the city pound.

L. A. W. NIXON, Chief of Police and ex-Officio Poundmaster.
—Adv.—183-20-21

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of De-

schutes,
C. S. Hudson, plaintiff, vs. John W. Baker, Allie N. Baker, also known as A. N. Baker; William Snell, Redmond Bank of Commerce, a corporation; George W. Wimer, trustee, and C. W. Ehret, C. N. Ehret and H. Ehret, co-partners doing business under the firm name and style of Ehret Bros., defendants.

To C. W. Ehret, C. N. Ehret and H. Ehret, co-partners, doing business under the firm name and style of Ehret Bros.: In the Name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, within six weeks after the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: On or before the 8th day of August, 1918, and if you fail so to do, for want thereof the plaintiff will take judgment against you and will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint herein, to-wit:

For a decree that the plaintiff is the owner in fee simple of the SW 1/4 of Section Twenty (20), Township Sixteen (16) South of Range Eleven (11) East, W. M., Deschutes County, Oregon, and that the defendants have not, nor either of them, or any other person, other than the plaintiff, any right, title, estate, interest in or lien or claim upon the said real property, or any part thereof, and that plaintiff's title to said real property be silenced against said defendants and each of them, or any persons claiming any interest therein, and for such other relief as to the court may seem meet and equitable.

Service of this summons is made upon you by publication thereof in the Bend Bulletin for six successive weeks by virtue of an order made by T. E. J. Duffy, judge of the above entitled court, on the 6th day of June, 1918. Date of the first publication, June 27, 1918; last publication August 8, 1918.

17-23c VERNON A. FORBES, Attorney for the Plaintiff.
Postoffice Address: Bend, Oregon.

Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company

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COMPLETE STOCK of Standard Sizes.

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Manufacturers of Iron, Bronze and Semi-Steel Castings for Power Transmission Machinery; Wood Pipe Fittings, Grate Bars, Agricultural, Mining and Saw Mill Machinery, Ornamental and Structural Iron. WE ARE PREPARED TO RUSH YOUR ORDERS ON REPLACEMENTS FOR BROKEN CASTINGS ON ALL KINDS OF FARM MACHINERY.
BEND, OREGON.

Business and Professional Cards

<p>H. H. DeARMOND LAWYER O'Kane Building, Bend, Oregon</p>	<p>J. E. ENGBRETSON, PLUMBING AND HEATING 117 Minnesota Street. Estimates Cheerfully Furnished Jobbing Promptly Done.</p>
<p>H. C. ELLIS Attorney-at-Law United States Commissioner First National Bank Building BEND, OREGON</p>	<p>Phone Black 1291 LEE A. THOMAS, A. A. IA. Architect 2-4 O'Kane Building BEND - - - OREGON</p>
<p>W. W. FAULKNER, D. M. D. DENTIST Suite 6-8-10, O'Kane Building Bend, - - - Oregon</p>	<p>C. P. NISWONGER, Bend, Ore. UNDERTAKER Licensed Embalmer, Funeral Director. Phone Red 421. Lady Asst.</p>
<p>DR. TURNER EYE SPECIALIST, of Portland Visits Bend Monthly, Watch Paper for Dates, or Inquire of THORSON, THE JEWELER</p>	<p>DR. R. D. STOWELL Naturopathic Physician Over Logan Furniture Co. Wall Street Hours 9 to 5 Phone Red 482</p>
<p>THIS PAPER REPRESENTED FOR FOREIGN ADVERTISING BY THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION GENERAL OFFICES NEW YORK AND CHICAGO BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES</p>	<p>THE UNITED WAREHOUSE COMPANY Storage and Forwarding, General Commission Merchants. We carry Oil, Gasoline, Sugar, Flour, Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon and Lard.</p>
<p>Eastes-Anderson Farm Land Co. Irrigated Farm Lands a Specialty GENERAL INSURANCE First National Bank Building 124 Oregon Street Bend, Oregon</p>	