

Compare Values

We invite you to compare our Ed. V. Price suit values with any in town.

We are not afraid of any comparison you can give these offerings as we know if you give them a rigid test it will only bring out their merits more clearly.

The spring samples and styles look good to us. They will to you. Come and see. Open Sundays.....

Lester Wade's

Exclusive Store for Men. Condon, Oregon

Fossil, Phone 3 Condon, M51 Mayville, 3

CONE LUMBER COMPANY

Lone Rock, Oregon

Manufacturers of all kinds of rough and dressed lumber and mouldings
An up-to-date mill Newly improved

Good Grades

Right Prices

THE WELL GROOMED MAN

Attracts Favorable Attention at All Times

Why wear that wrinkled, baggy suit, when a small outlay will make it look as neat as when new?
DRY CLEANING AND PRESSING
Adds new life to your clothes and dignity and confidence to yourself. Bring your clothes to us. We re-make them at small cost to you.

C. A. DEMAREE

TAILOR SHOP CONDON, OREG.

The Pleasures of Life

They are of many kinds and derived from many sources.

The greatest source of pleasure, and one that is always commendable is Beauty.

And there is no object of Beauty that surpasses appropriate

....Jewelry....

Our line is especially choice. You will experience great pleasure in just seeing these splendid articles, and greater still from possessing them.

HEAR THE PATHEPHONE

E. W. HUTCHINSON

South Main Street :: Condon, Oregon

OVER THE TOP

By Arthur Guy Empey, an American soldier
From page 4

for that purpose. The quartermaster sergeant never goes into the front-line trench. He doesn't have to, and I have never heard of one volunteering to do so.

The company sergeant major sorts the rations and sends them in. Tommy's trench rations consist of all the bully beef he can eat, biscuits, cheese, tinned butter (sometimes 17 men to a tin), jam or marmalade, and occasionally fresh bread (ten to a loaf). When it is possible he gets tea and stew.

When things are quiet, and Fritz is behaving like a gentleman, which seldom happens, Tommy has the opportunity of making dessert. This is "trench pudding." It is made from broken biscuits, condensed milk, jam—a little water added, slightly flavored with mud—put into a canteen and cooked over a little spirit stove known as "Tommy's cooker."

(A firm in Blighty widely advertises these cookers as a necessity for the men in the trenches. Gullible people buy them—ship them to the Tommies, who, immediately upon receipt of same throw them over the parapet. Sometimes a Tommy falls for the ad, and uses the cooker in a dugout to the disgust and discomfort of the other occupants.)

This mess is stirred up in a tin and allowed to simmer over the flames from the cooker until Tommy decides that it has reached sufficient (glue-like) consistency. He takes his bayonet and by means of the handle carries the mess up in the front trench to cool. After it has cooled off he tries to eat it. Generally one or two Tommies in a section have cast-iron stomachs and the tin is soon emptied. Once I tasted trench pudding, but only once.

In addition to the regular ration issue Tommy uses another channel to enlarge his menu.

In the English papers a "Lonely Soldier" column is run. This is for the soldiers at the front who are supposed to be without friends or relatives. They write to the papers and their names are published. Girls and women in England answer them, and send out parcels of foodstuffs, cigarettes, candy, etc. I have known a "lonely" soldier to receive as many as five parcels and eleven letters in one week.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Little Wooden Cross.

After remaining in rest billets for eight days, we received the unwelcome tidings that the next morning we would "go in" to "take over." At six in the morning our march started and, after a long march down the dusty road, we again arrived at reserve billets.

I was No. 1 in the leading set of fours. The man on my left was named "Pete Walling," a cheery sort of fellow. He laughed and joked all the way on the march, buoying up my drooping spirits. I could not figure out anything attractive in again occupying the front line, but Pete did not seem to mind, said it was all in a lifetime. My left heel was blistered from the rubbing of my heavy marching boot. Pete noticed that I was limping and offered to carry my rifle, but by this time I had learned the ethics of the march in the British army and courteously refused his offer.

We had gotten half-way through the communication trench, Pete in my immediate rear. He had his hand on my shoulder, as men in a communication trench have to do to keep in touch with each other. We had just climbed over a bashed-in part of the trench when in our rear a man tripped over a loose signal wire, and let out an oath. As usual, Pete rushed to his help. To reach the fallen man he had to cross this bashed-in part. A bullet cracked in the air and I ducked. Then a moan from the rear. My heart stood still. I went back and Pete was lying on the ground. By the aid of my flashlight I saw that he had his hand pressed to his right breast. The fingers were covered with blood. I flashed the light on his face and in its glow a grayish-blue color was stealing over his countenance. Pete looked up at me and said: "Well, Yank, they've done me in. I can feel myself going West." His voice was getting fainter and I had to kneel down to get his words. Then he gave me a message to write home to his mother and his sweetheart, and I, like a great big boob, cried like a baby. I was losing my first friend of the trenches.

Word was passed to the rear for a stretcher. He died before it arrived. Two of us put the body on the stretcher and carried it to the nearest first-aid post, where the doctor took an official record of Pete's name, number, rank and regiment from his identity disk, this to be used in the casualty lists and notification to his family.

We left Pete there, but it broke our hearts to do so. The doctor informed us that we could bury him the next morning. That afternoon five of the boys of our section, myself included, went to the little ruined village in the rear and from the deserted gardens of the French chateaux gathered grass and flowers. From these we made a wreath.

While the boys were making this wreath, I sat under a shot-scarred apple tree and carved out the following verses on a little wooden shield which we nailed on Pete's cross.

True to his God; true to Britain,
Doing his duty to the last,
Just one more name to be written
On the Roll of Honor of heroes passed—
Passed to their God, enshrined in glory,
Entering life of eternal rest,
One more chapter in England's story
Of her sons doing their best.

Rest, you soldier, mate so true,
Never forgotten by us below;
Know that we are thinking of you,
Ere to our rest we are hidden to go.

Next morning the whole section went over to say good-by to Pete, and laid him away to rest.

After each one had a look at the face of the dead, a corporal of the R. A. M. C. sewed up the remains in a blanket. Then placing two heavy ropes across the stretcher (to be used in lowering the body into the grave), we lifted Pete onto the stretcher, and reverently covered him with a large union jack, the flag he had died for.

The chaplain led the way, then came the officers of the section, followed by two of the men carrying a wreath. Immediately after came poor Pete on the flag-draped stretcher, carried by four soldiers. I was one of the four. Behind the stretcher, in column of fours, came the remainder of the section.

To get to the cemetery, we had to pass through the little shell destroyed village, where troops were hurrying to and fro.

As the funeral procession passed these troops came to the "attention" and smartly saluted the dead.

Poor Pete was receiving the only salute a private is entitled to "somewhere in France."

Now and again a shell from the German lines would go whistling over the village to burst in our artillery lines in the rear.

When we reached the cemetery we halted in front of an open grave, and laid the stretcher beside it. Forming a hollow square around the opening of the grave, the chaplain read the burial service.

German machine-gun bullets were "cracking" in the air above us, but Pete didn't mind, and neither did we. When the body was lowered into the grave the flag having been removed, we clicked our heels together and came to the salute.

I left before the grave was filled in. I could not bear to see the dirt thrown on the blanket-covered face of my comrade. On the western front there are no coffins, and you are lucky to get a blanket to protect you from the wet and the worms. Several of the section stayed and decorated the grave with white stones.

That night, in the light of a lonely candle in the machine gunner's dugout of the front-line trench I wrote two letters. One to Pete's mother, the other to his sweetheart. While doing this I cursed the Prussian war god with all my heart, and I think that St. Peter noted same.

The machine gunners in the dugout were laughing and joking. To them Pete was unknown. Pretty soon, in the warmth of their merriment, my blues disappeared. One soon forgets on the western front.

CHAPTER IX.

Suicide Annex.

I was in my first dugout and looked around curiously. Over the door of same was a little sign reading "Suicide Annex." One of the boys told me that this particular front trench was called "Suicide Ditch." Later on I learned that machine gunners and bombers are known as the "Suicide Club."

That dugout was muddy. The men kept in mud, washed in mud, ate mud, and dreamed mud. I had never before realized that so much discomfort and misery could be contained in those three little letters, M U D. The floor of the dugout was an inch deep in water. Outside it was raining cats and dogs, and thin rivulets were trickling down the steps. From the air shaft immediately above me came a drip, drip, drip. Suicide Annex was a hole eight feet wide, ten feet long and six feet high. It was about twenty feet below the fire trench; at least there were twenty steps leading down to it. These steps were cut into the earth, but at that time were muddy and slippery. A man had to be very careful or else he would "shoot the chutes." The air was foul, and you could cut the smoke from Tommy's fags with a knife. It was cold. The walls and roof were supported with heavy square-cut timbers, while the entrance was strengthened with sandbags. Nails had been driven into these timbers. On each nail hung a miscellaneous assortment of equipment. The lighting arrangements were superb—one candle in a reflector made from an ammunition tin. My teeth were chattering from the cold, and the drip from the airshaft did not help matters much. While I was sitting bemoaning my fate and wishing for the fireside at

A BADGE OF HONOR

A Liberty Loan button is a badge of honor. Rightfully obtained it marks the wearer as one who has performed a distinct, definite service to the country.

Not all can fight, not all can work directly for the Government; but in buying a Liberty Loan Bond, or War Savings Stamps, every American renders some service to the nation. It has been put within the reach and power of every citizen to aid the United States financially; it is a poor American who withholds support from the Government, from our soldiers and sailors fronting death on battlefields and oceans.

Iron crosses to German soldiers, and diamond orders exchanged between Turkish and German sovereigns may be the honors of atrocity. But a Liberty Loan button, simple as it is, signifies a patriotic duty done and is an insignia of honor.

"All that our soldiers need is a still better rear organization."—George Clemenceau, former Premier of France, Jan. 14, 1916. It is up to you to provide that by buying Liberty Bonds.

The Globe is Gilliam County's only official newspaper.



You Send the Order-- We Do the Rest

We're right here every day in the year ready to supply you with any and everything you need in the Best and Purest Family Groceries in the Markets

When you plan a special dinner, better see us—we can give you some valuable pointers, not only on articles to buy but attractive prices as well.

It's your order we are after—never fear but we will fill it to your satisfaction. We've everything to fill it with, and every inducement to fill it properly. You send the order and we'll do the rest—and YOU'LL BE SATISFIED.

FRANK SMITH

Cor. Summit and Main :: Condon, Oregon

CONDON DRAY & TRANSFER LINE

F. E. BENNET, Proprietor

Light and Heavy Hauling—Hauling Trunks and all job work a specialty
Phone No. 16X

CONDON

ORGO

Home Cooked Meals

Everything Clean

THE OREGON RESTAURANT

Mrs. B. B. Shadley, Prop.

Ask about meal ticket

Best in Condon

.. W-A-T-E-R ..

on the Farm is An Absolute Necessity. A Good Well on your Farm increases its value ten times the cost of the well.

WE FURNISH IT

Anything in the plumbing line will receive our prompt attention.

JAMIESON & MARSHALL

Sanitary Plumbers

Condon, Oregon

After a flight, and maybe a fight, a small chew of Real Gravely braces him up for another trip



Someone Sent Him a pouch of Real GRAVELY Chewing Plug

Tobacco is about the only comfort the soldier has—and no chance to smoke on duty! But a satisfying chew of Real Gravely Plug—he can enjoy that even in a shell hole in No Man's Land.

Give any man a chew of Real Gravely 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 Gravely, because a small chew of it lasts a long while.

If you smoke a pipe, slice Gravely 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 GRAVELY
Dealers all around here carry it in 10c pouches. A 3c stamp will put it into his hands in any Training Camp or Seaport of the U. S. A. Even "over there" a 3c stamp will take it to him. Your dealer will supply envelope and give you official directions how to address it.

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

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

Established 1901