

# Household Necessities

are often hard to find if you have to go to one place for one thing and to a different place for another.

We are in business to supply the necessities of your family and every other family in this community. Our large stock of

## Household Supplies

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The Quality Store

Condon, Oregon

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PUT OUR GOODIES  
IN THE CHILDRENS  
LUNCH BASKETS

THE LITTLE ONES GOING TO SCHOOL NEED NOURISHING FOODS FOR THEIR GROWING BODIES. THEIR LUNCH SHOULD BE WHOLESOME BUT NOT "HEAVY." HEAVY FOOD MAKES THE CHILDREN DROWSY AND THEY LOSE INTEREST IN THEIR SCHOOL WORK.

COME IN AND SEE THE THINGS WE HAVE FOR THEIR SCHOOL LUNCH—COOKIES AND Dainty THINGS FOR SANDWICHES THAT WILL PLEASE AND NOURISH THEM.

GIVE US YOUR GROCERY ORDER TODAY.

### W. S. Farr's Cash Store

Condon

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Oregon

The American Army in France is getting good soft bread made from pure wheat flour.—Official Bulletin. Makes a fellow feel that he has been helping some by giving up white bread at home, doesn't it?

The person who is continually parading his virtues attracts suspicion. He should remember that the most successful counterfeit is the one that attracts the least attention.

Uncle Sam is asking you to help him by getting in your fuel now. Early ordering makes it possible to relieve freight congestion during the winter.

"It looks like rain this morning," said the milkman as he poured the milk into his customer's pan. "It always does," replied the customer.

Did you ever notice how much more study the slender girl puts into the proper manner to cross her legs than does her more chunky sister?

The self-made man thinks he used up all the clear timber.

Are you ready for the next Liberty Loan? Sure.

A smile always helps.

## "OUTWITTING THE HUN"

By

LIEUTENANT  
PAT O'BRIEN

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### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Introductory. Pat O'Brien tells of his purpose in writing the story of his adventures.

CHAPTER II—Tells of his enlistment in the Royal Flying Corps, his training in Canada and his transfer to France for active duty.

CHAPTER III—Describes fights in which he brought down two German airplanes and his final fight in which he was brought down wounded within the German lines and was made a prisoner of war.

CHAPTER IV—Discovers that German hospital staff barbarously neglected the fatally wounded and devoted their energies to restoring those who might be returned to the firing lines. Witnesses death in fight of his best chum, Lieut. Paul Rainey.

CHAPTER V—He is taken to the officers' prison camp at Courtrai. There he began planning his escape. By great sacrifice he manages to save and hide away two daily rations of bread.

CHAPTER VI—He confiscates a map of Germany and just half an hour later is put on a train bound for a prison camp in Germany. He leaps through a window while the train is traveling at a rate of 30 miles an hour.

CHAPTER VII—For nine days he crawls through Germany, hiding during the day, traveling at night, guided by the stars and subsisting on raw vegetables. He covers 75 miles before reaching Luxembourg.

CHAPTER VIII—For nine days more he struggles on in a weakened condition through Luxembourg in the direction of Belgium.

Then for the first time in my life I fainted—fainted from utter exhaustion.

It was now about 4 o'clock in the morning and I was entirely unprotected from observation. If anyone had come along I would have been found lying there dead to the world.

Possibly two hours passed before I regained consciousness, and then, no doubt, only because the rain was beating in my face.

I knew that I had to get away, as it was broad daylight. Moreover, there was a tow-path right there and any minute a boat might come along and find me. But it was equally dangerous for me to attempt to travel very far. Fortunately I found some shrubbery near by and I hid there all day, without food or drink.

That night I made a little headway, but when day broke I had a dreadful fever and was delirious. I talked to myself and thereby increased my chances of capture. In my lucid intervals when I realized that I had been talking, the thought sent a chill through me, because in the silent night even the slightest sound carries far across the Belgian country. I began to fear that another day of this would about finish me.

I have a distinct recollection of a ridiculous conversation I carried on with an imaginary Pat O'Brien—a sort of duplicate of myself. I argued with him as I marched drearily along, and he answered me back in kind, and when we disagreed, I called on my one constant friend, the North Star, to stand by me.

"There you are, you old North Star," I cried aloud. "You want me to get to Holland, don't you? But this Pat O'Brien—this Pat O'Brien who calls himself a soldier—he's got a yellow streak—North Star—and he says it can't be done! He wants me to quit—to lie down here for the Huns to

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### ATTENTION!

I wish to close out my large wall paper stock and will, until further notice, give 25 per cent discount on all sales. Nearly all my stock was ordered before the rise of paper stock. Paper is still going up and this is the time to buy.

W. A. DARLING,  
47tf Armory Hall Annex.



"I Kept Pulling and Crawling Up That Infernal Bank."

me the farther I went, and all the time I had before me the spectre of that electric barrier between Belgium and Holland, even if I ever reached there alive. What was the use of further suffering when I would probably be captured in the end anyway?

Before giving up, however, I decided upon one bold move. I would approach one of the houses in the vicinity and get food there or die in the effort.

I picked out a small house because I figured there would be less likelihood of soldiers being billeted there. Then I wrapped a stone in my khaki handkerchief as a sort of camouflaged weapon, determined to kill the occupant of the house, German or Belgian, if that step was necessary in order to get food. I tried the well in the yard, but it would not work, and then I went up to the door and knocked.

It was 1 o'clock in the morning. An old lady came to the window and looked out. She could not imagine what I was, probably, because I was still attired in that old overcoat. She gave a cry and her husband and a boy came to the door.

They could not speak English and I could not speak Flemish, but I pointed to my flying coat and then to the sky and said "Flieger" (flier), which I thought would tell them what I was.

Whether they understood or were intimidated by the hard-looking appearance, I don't know, but certainly it would have to be a brave old man and boy who would start an argument with such a villainous looking character as stood before them that night! I had not shaved for a month, my clothes were wet, torn and dirty, my leggings were gone—they had gotten so heavy I had to discard them—my hair was matted and my cheeks were flushed with fever. In my hand I

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