

"THIRD DEGREE" COMING NOV. 1



The 'Third Degree' is a hummer as the gallery says, and when it reaches La Grande on November 1st for one performance, La Grande will see what one so often reads about—the wrong effects from "sweating" a suspected criminal. It is written with finish, human interest prevails and there is every reason to say that it ranks as high as "Paid in Full" and "The Lion and the Mouse."

although he was skilled in sometimes guessing the purport of her conversation when he had not been listening, now he was quite nonplused. But he hazarded a guess, based on previous complaints.

"You said we needed a new sofa for the parlor, but that we must have a lamp first," said Mr. Gadwall boldly.

His wife's smile warned him that he had committed himself in some way. "You are too clever for me, Henry," she said sweetly. "We do need the sofa, and you have promised it to me for Christmas. About the lamp—by saving 184 Bubble Froth soap wrappers we can get a beautiful lamp as a premium. It won't cost us a penny."

"Well?" inquired Mr. Gadwall. "What do you think of the idea?"

"Do Flower & Meal keep it?" "No—there's the trouble. It can only be bought at one of the Bubble Froth stores in town. I thought you would not mind bringing down a box of soap now and then. When you're commuting it's easy to stop in one of their downtown stores and get a small box."

"Very well," returned Mr. Gadwall relievedly; "if that's all that's required I guess we can have a parlor lamp. Why not wait a little while—not as long as you will be collecting soap wrappers—and go to a china store and buy a lamp straight?"

"That's Gadwall extravagance!" lamented Mrs. Gadwall. "What is the use of paying \$15 for a lamp when I can get a fifteen dollar lamp free with only 184 soap wrappers?"

"Enough said!" declared Mr. Gadwall crisply. "Make out your soap order and I'll bring some up tomorrow night, although I won't promise to shave with it."

The next evening when Mr. Gadwall alighted from the train at Lawn Villas he carried a weighty package down the half mile of road that separated him from his suburban home.

He thumped it down on the kitchen table with a mighty groan. "There, Sarah! The next consignment of this confounded soap you want you can have sent down by express! My arm is stiff and sore."

Mrs. Gadwall was busily cutting the cords that confined the cakes of soap. "I thought if you brought the soap down we could save express charges and have the lamp a clear profit," she explained. "There, that's the toilet soap. Isn't it sweet and refreshing, Henry?"

"Smells greasy," he declared, wrinkling his nose with disgust. "See the trademark, Henry—a magician scrubbing a little black boy white with Bubble Froth soap," pursued Mrs. Gadwall, undaunted by his criticism. "Isn't it appropriate?"

"It would be more appropriate if they had the magician transforming a worn out horse into a cake of Bubble Froth soap," grinned Mr. Gadwall, somewhat mollified by this flash of his own wit.

"Henry Gadwall! Why, it says on the wrapper that it is made from purely vegetable oils."

"Then if that's so it must be made from horse-radish," he retorted, escaping from the room.

After that it became a common sight to see Henry Gadwall staggering home under a load of soap. Somehow the large cakes softened and melted mysteriously in the water and did not last. It made what Mr. Gadwall called a "violent" lather, which was the only quality borne out by the highly colored advertisements.

At first all the Gadwalls used Bubble Froth soap, but after little Horace Gadwall's tender skin had broken forth in an alarming eruption, which the family physician declared to be due to the use of the soap, his cake-of-castle was restored to his little fingers, and one member of the family was freed from the thralldom of the new cleanser.

Mr. Gadwall was the next deserter from the ranks. He claimed that the new soap did not properly cleanse, that its perfume was disagreeable, and, moreover, that it chapped his skin. As cold weather was coming on, he could testify to this latter fact by displaying cracked and bleeding fingers and lips from the too vigorous use of the soap.

As for Mrs. Gadwall, as time went on she grew to hate the very sight of Bubble Froth soap. Her washerwoman complained that it did not properly cleanse the clothes. Her maid protested that it was useless for dishwashing. Her own experience was that it was ruining her own good complexion, and still with a persistence worthy of a better object she stuck to the soap, although in the cellar there was accumulated a formidable pile of unused cakes on a shelf in a dark corner, while Mr. Gadwall made his periodical purchases of soap and Mrs. Gadwall saved the wrappers.

The parlor lamp loomed up largely on the horizon now. Mrs. Gadwall had made a trip to town and looked at the articles displayed in the large premium rooms of the Bubble Froth people, and she came home with renewed confidence and enthusiasm concerning a very handsome lamp she had seen. "Wrought iron base, Henry, and has an art shade highly ornamented with art glass in amber, and it has a long banded fringe. It's just beautiful!"

"Very well, my dear; I'm glad you like it," returned Henry Gadwall, who was quite weary of the lamp by this

time. In gloomy moments he had declared that his dishes, his clothes and his home smelled rankly of Bubble Froth soap.

Mrs. Gadwall had changed three washerwomen on account of the soap, and she had only retained Bridget because she had promised that hard-working dame her own choice of soaps if she would remain. Then there were more unused cakes added to the pile in the cellar, and after awhile no one in the house used it, but Mrs. Gadwall continued to purchase it, for the lamp was a tangible thing now, with only ten more soap wrappers standing between it and the Gadwall's front parlor.

At last one snowy morning in February Mrs. Gadwall untied the small package her husband had brought home the night before and disclosed the last ten cakes of soap that she had asked him to purchase. Gayly she stripped off the wrappers and once more counted the total number she possessed—184 at last!

Half an hour after luncheon she came into the kitchen dressed for outdoors. "Bridget," she announced, "I'm going into town on the 2.03. You will look after little Horace when he wakes from his nap?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Bridget cheerfully as her mistress laid a shining half dollar on the kitchen table. "I'm afraid you'll be havin' a terrible time of it. It's rainin' now and freekin' as it falls."

"I shall probably return with Mr. Gadwall," said she hastily, "and, oh, Bridget!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"If the charities department wagon should call for contributions you can give them all that soap in the cellar."

"Yes, ma'am—there'll be 142 cakes, I'm thinkin'," returned Bridget.

Mrs. Gadwall clutched the bag containing her soap wrappers and walked warily to the station. It was all up hill, and she had to tramp in the middle of the snowy road. It was raining and freezing as it fell. She told herself that they would have to take a cab when she and Henry returned that evening.

But somehow she missed her husband. Delayed street traffic made her late in reaching his office, and he had departed for home on an earlier train, so his stenographer said. "On account of the storm," the young woman had added.

Mrs. Gadwall was late in reaching the premium store of the soap company, but at last she surrendered her precious wrappers and received in return a large and showy lamp with much "art" glass in its makeup.

"Shall we send it, madam?" inquired the clerk, but Mrs. Gadwall recollected that the Colvins were coming over to play cards that evening, and she wanted the lamp to display to their admiring and possibly envious eyes.

"I will carry it if you will wrap it carefully," she said, and in spite of his protestations against the icy and inclement weather Mrs. Gadwall set forth with two huge bundles, one containing the lamp and the other the precious "art" glass globe.

She dismounted from the train at Lawn Villas with several other commuters, who, laden with bundles, railed at the delayed service on the line. The storm had ceased, stars shone overhead, but underfoot the walking was icy and treacherous.

At different turnings one after another of her fellow travelers left her until Mrs. Gadwall had to make her way down her own dimly lighted street alone. She passed the Colvins' house and, seeing a light in an upper room, decided that they were preparing for their card game.

The sight caused her to hasten her steps. Faster she walked, noting with satisfaction that Henry had cleared the walks in front of their place and wondering why he had not come forth to meet her. The lamp and shade were fearfully heavy, and her arms ached from carrying them, as well as her clumsy fur muff.

She managed to open the gate with an elbow and started down the walk toward the front door, which flew open at that instant, disclosing the anxious face of Mr. Henry Gadwall.

"Is that you, Sarah?" he asked. Before Mrs. Gadwall could reply her weary feet struck a bit of ice and treacherously deposited her in a crashing heap at the foot of the front steps.

"What is all this?" demanded her husband after he had picked her up and assured himself that she was unharmed. "What is all this broken stuff, Sarah?"

"My—my—my lamp—my—my Bubble Froth soap premium!" sobbed Mrs. Gadwall on her husband's shoulder.

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DR. M. K. HALL—Physician and Surgeon. Cor. Adams Ave. and Depot St. Phone, Main 22.

A. L. RICHARDSON, M. D.
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Drs. Richardson & Loughlin, Physicians and Surgeons. Phones—Office Black 1362. Dr. Richardson's Res.—Main 55. Dr. Loughlin's Res.—Main 757.

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B. P. O. E.—La Grande Lodge No. 422 meets each Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Elk's club, corner of Depot street and Washington avenue. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.

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KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Red Cross Lodge No. 27 meets every Monday night in Castle hall, (old Elk's hall.) A Pythian welcome to all visiting Knights.

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Mrs. Gadwall's Premium

A Case of False Economy

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"You save 184 soap wrappers and you get a parlor lamp!" declared Mrs. Gadwall enthusiastically. "I should think you'd be willing to bring down

a few bars of soap each week so as to have a new lamp for the parlor, Henry!" She emphasized his name in order to arouse his wavering interest.

"Eh?" ejaculated Henry, rattling his newspaper impatiently.

"You were not listening to a word I said," reproached Mrs. Gadwall.

"Yes, I was, Sarah. I heard every word," he equivocated, emerging from behind the paper and turning his gaze upon her, now with undoubted interest.

"Well, what did I say?" Mr. Gadwall hesitated. While he had been reading an especially delectable bit of baseball news the voice of Sarah, his wife, had floated over, around and under the newspaper, and

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