

# NEW GOODS GALORE

Never in the history of our store have we received such reasonable and yet such desirable stylish merchandise. Every day's freight or express brings more of the very latest goods.

## Middie Blouses

in the very latest styles, in white and colors; in sizes 8 to 20, and 34 to 42. Prices range 1.00 to 1.75



## Women's Knit Underwear

Such daintiness and charm as must at once appeal to refined womanhood. There is another feature of attractiveness, also prices are exceedingly little. New features in union suit and single garments.



## Wash Goods

Good values in wash fabrics, that's the reason our wash goods section is busy these days. Thoughtful women should prepare for warm days that will soon be here. Do your sewing now.



RELIABLE  
MERCHANDISE

**GEIBEL'S**  
Department Store

RELIABLE  
METHODS

ed to shrink into hopeless despair as she realized the implacable organization against which she had pitted herself. "Mr. Perry, please." The yellow haired woman's voice had undergone a complete change. It was very pleasant of infection, though it rasped. "His wife wishes to speak with him." She handed over the telephone, and June, seeing Mrs. Perry's unsteadiness, rose and compassionately gave the woman her chair. The yellow haired one walked calmly over to her own desk and took up the extension phone. June looked at her hat and coat. She seemed quite bewildered. She could not quite understand what this was all about, but she did know that it was all unpleasant and heartless and degrading. She was starting to go when something on Mrs. Perry's face touched her sympathies and held her. "Yes, it's Gwen," trembled Mrs. Perry, her nervous fingers clutching desperately to keep the quaver from her voice. "I—I hope I haven't interrupted anything important." "Not very." The man's voice could be heard distinctly outside the phone. "Jack"—the voice was full of pleading—"I—I have to have some money." The frown of the yellow haired woman deepened as she listened to the man's reply. "I know it's a week before my allowance is due," urged Mrs. Perry, and now she turned her eyes imploringly toward the stony, yellow haired one. "But I just must have it! Eight hundred dollars!" The man's voice boomed an incredulous exclamation over the wire; then a sharp question. "Why—why, it's to pay bills! Yes, yes, Jack, I know I was supposed to keep them paid out of my allowance! I didn't want to tell you this until we could sit down quietly together, only they're pressing me for payment! And the allowance isn't enough, Jackson! Yes, I know you've raised it—oh!" The man's heavy voice had interrupted her calmly, coldly. She sank back limply in the chair. June hung up the receiver. She was surprised to see the yellow haired woman put up her own phone and come across the room with a benign expression. "Cheer up," she advised. "Hubby's all right." Mrs. Perry straightened up. "Yes," she said and moistened her lips, "he said that he'd go over those bills with me tonight." "I heard him myself." And the yellow haired woman grinned across at June. "Here's your I. O. U., dearie. I've O. K.'d it. You better go in and play awhile for your nerves."

The terrified little blond looked up incredulously. It was as if she had been given a drink of some strong stimulant, and she clutched eagerly at the memorandum slip. Perhaps with that she could win back all that she had lost! "Thank you!" she gasped and hurried from the room. The other woman grabbed her phone. "Eight-o-eight-o Garden!" she called. "Hello! Mr. Perry, please. This is his wife's friend." June moved for her hat and coat. "Hello, Mr. Perry! Say, your wife is at 48 Kingsley court gambling, and she's going to be exposed in half an hour if you aren't here to pay her debts." The man at the other end of the wire apparently took a moment to gasp for breath; then the wire boomed. "All right, bring the police if you want," snapped the yellow haired woman. "I guess I can stand the notoriety if you and your wife can. And, say, checks don't go. Bring cash. It's eight-fifty now." June stood aghast. A gambling house!

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

### DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Tee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus driving a cold from the system.

### RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

Rub Pain and Stiffness away with a small bottle of old honest St. Jacobs Oil. When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a 25 cent bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone. Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin. Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!

## EL GRILSTOVO \$5

A NEW PRODUCT OF THE HOT-POINT ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY, USES 600 WATTS, CAN BE USED TO BOIL, FRY, BROIL, TOAST, ETC. CALL AT OUR OFFICE AND SEE THIS APPLIANCE IT IS JUST WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

**Eastern Oregon Light & Power Company**

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**Phone Your Orders Early**

**Union County Co-Operative Association**  
BOTH PHONES

## RUNAWAY JUNE

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND LILLIAN CHESTER

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AT SHERRY'S  
Runs Each Wednesday and Thursday

FIFTH EPISODE.  
A Woman in Trouble.

CHAPTER I.

AT old black Aunt Debby was dressed in her best marketing clothes, the green percale with the big yellow flowers, and the little blue hat with the nodding red poppies was set far forward on her kinkless wig. The marketing trip to the city had been one of Aunt Debby's chief joys, but today the buoyancy and the high pitched laugh-of excitement were absent.

"You'll stop at Ned's for Mr. Moore, Debby," said Mrs. Moore. "Yassum." Aunt Debby stole a glance at June's portrait on the wall. "You—you ain't heard nothin' yet of Miss Junie?"

At the sound of that name Bouncer rose instantly, head up, ears perked, tail wagging, eyes eager, mouth open. He was at the window with his paws on the sill and ready to bark. He whined instead and dropped his paws to the floor.

Where was June? That puzzling problem filled the entire mind of Aunt Debby as he by the side of the driver she spun into the city in the Moore limousine. And that puzzling problem filled the entire mind of John Moore as he sat in his office.

Where was June? A dozen private detectives were scouring the city of New York for her, and they reported to a stern faced young man who sat in the lonely apartments which June and he had fitted up to be their nest, his only companion a miniature of his lovely bride.

Where was June? Who was this mysterious Gilbert Blye? What was his power over Ned Warner's bride? Ned seized his hat and strode forth into the streets in his never ending search for June.

At that moment the door of a strange house had slammed abruptly behind beautiful June Warner. And Gilbert Blye had furnished this address to June's employment agency.



Today the Buoyancy and High Pitched Laugh Were Absent.

A blase looking page girl inspected June impudently in the dim light of the hall, then with a significant grin left June standing there and swaggered through a door at the end of the hall. June was startled as that door opened and a blaze of light came out with the chatter of many shrill voices. In there, amid wreaths of curling blue smoke, moved handsomely gowned women, and many of them nonchalantly puffed at cigarettes. At that instant the smiling Gilbert Blye's key grated in the lock.

A large yellow haired woman came hurrying from the salon with June's employment agency card in her hand. "Right this way, honey," she rasped in a voice to which the honey was foreign, and she led the way to a small side room at the left of the salon. As June reluctantly entered the strangely furnished little room at the left Gilbert Blye came in at the front door.

With a smile upon his lips and glinting in his dark eyes he hurried straight back toward the little room in which stood June, now alone and frightened.

At that instant a huge, clumsy maid came tumbling up from the basement, followed by a puff of yellow smoke. With her eyes distended and her mouth open, ready for the yell of "Fire!" she rushed to the door of the salon, but before she could reach it Gilbert Blye had her roughly by the arm and pushed her through the door which led to the basement. He stood staring at the smoke which came curling ominously through that opening, glanced again toward June's room and dashed down the stairs.

That was a strangely furnished little room in which June found herself.

There were two desks and a filing cabinet and some office chairs, but there were a luxurious couch and dainty hangings, a soft rug and pink paneled walls and ceiling. It was all so incongruous. And the work—it was queer too. The yellow haired woman came in from the parlor presently and explained the posting into small blank books of many memorandum slips. Each slip contained the name of a woman and a sum of money. There were no slips for men, but there were index cards about men. June puzzled as to what sort of business this might be.

The page girl swished in with one of the memorandum slips. The yellow head, whose face was puffy and more highly colored than was wholesome, took the slip, looked at the name on it, frowned, shook her head and went out with the girl. She entered the salon and stood surveying the scene with cold abstraction. Around a long table sat the women whom June had seen. They all had cards in front of them and stacks of playing chips, and a raw-boned woman sitting on a higher chair than the rest was dealing. The yellow haired woman fixed her attention on the gambler next to the dealer. She was a fluffy blond with a feverish glitter in her eyes, and she was bent so intently upon the fall of the cards that she did not notice the door open and close.

Poor June! She glanced about her with growing repugnance. She was abjectly miserable, and suddenly she was sobbing.

Ned! Why had she run away from him?

In the gambling room the fluffy blond who had played so feverishly staked and lost the last chip in front of her. She turned impatiently to look for the page girl. She met instead the cold, hard eye of the yellow haired woman, who quietly motioned her. The player rose reluctantly, and fright came into her face as she followed into the hall and to the little office where June had been installed.

"You've reached the limit, Mrs. Perry," announced the yellow haired woman, turning on the unlucky one sharply as she closed the door. Here is the I. O. U. Belle brought to me. I have not O. K.'d it."

"It's only for \$50," faltered Mrs. Perry.

"I wouldn't O. K. it for 50 cents," snapped the other. "Now, I want action. You'll telephone your husband from this room."

"No, no!" The woman wrung her hands. "I'll talk to him tonight!"

"I know that game," she scorned, and from June's desk she took an index card.

"Eight-o-eight-o Garden," she told the new secretary. "Ask for Mr. Perry, and say that his wife wishes to speak with him."

"No!" cried Mrs. Perry hysterically, and reached over June's shoulder to take the phone. The new secretary had made no move toward the phone.

She was staring at the yellow haired woman in astonishment. That determined person was not one to wrangle in emergencies. She snatched up the phone herself and called the number.

"You women think I'm a mark," she scornfully stated to Mrs. Perry while she waited. "You'd sting me for a thousand dollars rather than sting your husband for it. See this card?" She held it out. It contained the name of Jackson W. Perry, his business address, his home address, his financial rating, probable income, clubs and telephone numbers. And the unfortunate Mrs. Perry secured