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The Railroad Raiders

By Frank H. Spearman

Adapted From the Motion Picture Version Produced by Signal Film Corporation and Featuring Helen Helms

SYNOPSIS.

Arnold, discharged station agent, forms a band of robbers and by the use of a double robot the Dear Head station. The father of Helen Helms is convicted of the theft. With Webb, the investigator, she fights against the band of robbers. Masters, her father's double, leads the robbers in their crimes. Wilson, the railroad manager, is a victim of the gang. His son, Roy, does not know that his father conspires with his crooked henchmen to lower the standard of the road's organization. Wilson meets his death in a wreck. Masters and Marshall plan to rid themselves of Helen by abducting her and selling her to a Chinaman; but they steal the wrong woman. They are chased but escape.

EIGHTH EPISODE

The Knotted Cord.

In the office of the chief of police, Helen, with Melrose, Webb and Roy Wilson, impatiently awaited news concerning touring car No. 52479. Instead of news, a call came from the depot reporting that a patrol officer had been knocked on the head and left senseless on the platform. From the baggage man the chief got a description of the officer's assailants and what was of the more importance, learned that the two men had shipped a trunk on No. 9 to Pedro.

"Lady Melrose may be in that trunk," exclaimed Helen, listening eagerly.

Melrose snorted incredulously: "Impossible!"

"No," persisted Helen impetuously. "With that gang nothing is impossible." She turned quickly to her companions: "We can beat Number Nine's time to Pedro. Come!"

Webb started for the door. Wilson and Helen were close behind and Melrose, half-dazed at the suddenness of the move, followed. They tumbled into a police car, and with a sergeant at the wheel started at emergency speed for the harbor terminal.

The highway parallels the railroad track to Pedro, and after catching sight of the train they soon overhauled it. Helen, always the wit and resource of the party, now gave her orders to the driver: "Beat the train to the Burnett bridge—the overhead crossing. I'll drop from it to the top of the train and if Lady Melrose is in that trunk, I'll take her place."

The startling proposal shook even Webb's courage; he caught his breath. Wilson and Melrose declared her insane, but Helen was obdurate and she carried her point. The sergeant urged the police car madly ahead. Once at the bridge, Helen, clinging to the edge, swung hand over hand above No. 9's track. As the train shot under her, she dropped to the baggage-car roof.

The messenger within heard the heavy fall. Believing he faced a hold-up, he slammed all doors shut and made ready for defense. But Helen, lowering herself from the top of the car, showed him, through the window, her star. He promptly opened the door, and swinging inside, she explained. But when she helped him open the trunk, her fears were realized: Lady Melrose lay senseless within it.

With the aid of the messenger, Helen lifted her gently out, and then, to the amazement of the trainman, told him she herself would take the place of the unconscious woman—directing him how to close the trunk and leave it to be claimed.

Her companions in the police machine, by speeding furiously, had already beaten the train into Pedro—the intention being to let the Raiders claim their trunk and follow them to their headquarters that might be taken together.

When the train pulled in, Marshall and Masters claimed their trunk, and putting it into their machine, started away, Helen's companions following.

But careful as Webb was, Masters saw the pursuers. "Webb's behind us," he cried to Marshall.

Marshall acted promptly. "Get her out of the trunk," he shouted as the car roared with the breakneck speed. "Throw it overboard and we'll beat it for Ling Wo's."

Helen, listening, heard the words. Ripping a strip of cord from the trunk lining, she rapidly tied into it by means of knots, the dots and dashes of a Morse message. The abductors were already opening the trunk. Resisting an impulse to use her pistol, she feigned unconsciousness in order to go through to the end and capture all concerned. The next moment she was lifted from her hiding place and the trunk was thrown off. The machine was now within sight of the ferry slip; a boat was about to start across the bay. With Helen between them, the two men hastened aboard just as Webb's car reached the discarded trunk on the roadway. Unluckily, Webb stopped to open the trunk. Then, finding it empty, he dashed for the ferry, but only to see the boat halfway across the bay.

Explaining to the curious that they were taking a sick woman to the hospital, Masters and Marshall, without interference, got Helen to Ling Wo's. True to his word, the latter paid the two men the money promised, but as her captors started to go, Helen covered them with her revolver.

She was now, however, in perilous

surroundings. A noose was dropped suddenly from above; it caught her gun hand and jerked her arm above her head. Disarming her, with a laugh, Marshall and Masters, money in hand, left her Ling Wo's prisoner. Webb, with his men, had gone back to the trunk. It was Roy who, picking up the cord that lay in the trunk bottom and running it idly through his hands, realized suddenly that the fiber bore a message. To decipher this was the work of a moment and he read Helen's words aloud: "At Ling Wo's place."

"We can get into Ling Wo's place through the company warehouse," he said hurriedly. "But we must get there quick!"

The machine was run at top speed back to the ferry. The party caught a boat, and once across the bay they ran through the railroad warehouse, broke open a door, smashed into Ling Wo's, and after a sharp fight, overpowered him and his gang and rescued Helen.

Marshall and Masters went straight to a wharf saloon, where Burke was to telephone them for news.

At Mountain Springs, Desmond had been advised of the selection of Roy Wilson as president of the line. When he showed Burke the wire the latter shook his head. "I'm afraid that boy won't stand for any crookedness," he muttered.

"He'll have to go east, anyway," observed Desmond. "So he won't bother us."

Burke now told Desmond of Marshall and Masters' latest exploit. But, deeply interested in Helen herself, Desmond was enraged at her abduction. Burke, taken completely aback, listened in humiliation to his outburst of wrath. "I won't have women mixed up in this work," declared the angry Easterner.

"Apostle of morality, eh?" sneered Burke.

"No, I fight men," snapped Desmond tersely. "Remember that, or you go to the discard. I'm going to break up the transfer business at the terminal," he added, most unexpectedly.

"Tain't the road?" asked Burke.

"For a while," returned Desmond bluntly.

The intrigue suited Burke. He advised Marshall and Masters and the two made ready to loot a merchandise car on the freight ferry.

Returning with Helen from Pedro to headquarters, Roy Wilson received the news of his election. His friends crowded about to congratulate. With them were Desmond and Burke. "When are you going East?" asked Desmond of the new executive.

Roy glanced toward Helen: "The minute we run the Railroad Haglers to earth—and get Helen's father out of the penitentiary."

Burke looked reproachfully at Desmond; his plans were threatened, but neither could say anything.

Down at Pedro the Raiders, all set, awaited in their launch the arrival of darkness to loot the car ferry. And news of their success reached Mountain Springs next morning when an excited Englishman, in spots and frog suit pushed past the headquarters' office boy and catching at the first clerk he encountered, harangued him excitedly. The clerk could make nothing of what he was saying, but others gathering managed to get a coherent statement. "Somebody," declared the Englishman, "robbed my car, crossing the ferry last night."

Burke, in the group, suspected this must be the loot he carried off by Marshall's gang. He took the irate Englishman to Desmond.

"This is Mr. Chapman," he began; but could get no further. Chapman in great excitement interrupted him, and Burke, taking a comedy cue, as Chapman tried to talk him down, talked rapidly back at the wrathful shipper. Desmond for a time could get nothing of what either was saying. But when Burke quieted down, Chapman reiterated his charge that his car had been robbed on the ferry.

Desmond sneered at the statement and Chapman, more furious than ever, exploded again with wrath. Desmond finally set him roughly down in a chair and turned to Burke, but the moment he took his hands off Chapman the latter bounding to his feet, took the war path again. Thinking by this time the scene had gone far enough, Desmond, to placate the angry man, handed him a cigar. Chapman dashed it to the floor. Desmond took him by the shoulders. "See here," he exclaimed sharply. "Listen!"

"I won't listen," yelled the indignant man.

Again Desmond was forced to push him in a chair. "Keep quiet long enough to allow me to appoint a man to investigate your charge," he shouted. "This somewhat subdued Chapman's choler. But Desmond, already upset, and forgetting that Roy was now his own superior, called in the latter and asked him to go with Chapman to Pedro to investigate the case. Roy made no objection whatever. Indeed, he welcomed the opportunity and his frank, honest face made a happy impression on Chapman. The two men left talking most amiably together.

Too late Desmond realized his blunder. He turned to Burke. "Get word to Marshall that Wilson is on the job." (END OF EIGHTH EPISODE.)

Firm as a Rock.

"Albert," said his wife, who knew she was going to vote some day and thought she had better get wise on various matters and things, "I understand from Mrs. Blazman that her husband has got his business down to a firm basis again."

"That's a long way from the reports I've been getting. Just what did she say?"

"Why, Albert, she said it was on the rocky edge."

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FIR TWIGS
By Lue F. Vernon

Recently in Portland, a couple were divorced who had lived in the same house for 12 years; their principal communication during the time being the long letters the wife would write and leave about the house for her husband.

This case proves an exception to the rule—the wife did not ask her husband to post her letters to him, therefore she knew she would not discover them in his pocket several weeks afterwards.

This is one time, thank goodness, when poor hubby escaped a certain lecture for not mailing letters as requested by wife.

Alexander D. Protopopoff, of Petrograd, ex-Minister of the Interior under the late monarchy, has been declared insane by a medical commission of inquiry. While his friends would regret his misfortune they should have expected and been prepared to learn of it at any moment, taking into consideration the latter part of his name.

Your per capita of money circulating in the United States is \$47.03. Wager all you have of the amount in your pocket right now, is the —.03. Look and see. No cheating.

When Industrial Workers of the World "hoot and jeer" at our soldiers, as was the case recently, according to a news dispatch from Oroville, Calif., it is time Uncle Sam discarded his soft gloves and went after them with bare knuckles, so to speak.

Where there's a will there is a way for lawyers to break it.

A woman in Eugene has filed suit for a divorce from her husband, alleging extreme cruelty. Among acts cited was this: When her husband learned what the cost of an operation, essential to her health, would be, he refused to consent to the expense, telling her it would be cheaper to buy a casket.

And this from him who promised to "love and cherish her unto death." She must suffer extreme cruelty all right—cruelty at thought of marrying such a miserable two-legged animal. And speaking of a casket, there are certain men(?) in the world who do not deserve a casket—quick lime being the proper thing.

A scientist declares that the man of the future will be devoid of teeth or hair, and also of the little toe. Scientists are not to be judged by this incident. Some of them really talk sense.

LUE F. VERNON.

Ray Logan went to North Powder this morning on business.

Remember the date of the Red Cross Chinarrita, Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 27 and 28. 11-24-17.

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Violet Mac Millan
 in
"THE GIRL WHO WON OUT"
 also
A Comedy

ARCADE

JULIAN ELLINGE HAS REMARKABLE CAREER.

Julian Ellinge, the popular feminine impersonator who is appearing in his first photoplay, "The Countess Charming," at the Arcade theatre today and tomorrow, has had one of the most picturesquely meteoric careers of the theatrical world. From a small position as clerk in a wholesale house in Boston, he has risen to be one of the highest paid actors of the stage. For many of his vaudeville engagements Ellinge received a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a week, while the sum he is receiving for his motion picture work is even more astounding.

Julian Ellinge was born in Butte, Mont., but his parents moved to Boston while he was still very young, and it was there he received his education, until he was forced to go to work at 14.

The story that he is a Harvard man doubtless owes its origin to the fact that Ellinge, whose real name is William Dalton, belonged to the Boston Cadets, a military organization, many of the members of which were Harvard men. The cadets were in the habit of giving excellent amateur theatricals yearly, and it was in one of these, namely "Miss Simplicity," that Ellinge gained his first notoriety.

During the filming of the motion picture, "The Countess Charming," Ellinge and his company were the most envied people at the Los Angeles studio, for during the extreme heat they were sent nearly every day to the beach to film bathing scenes. While the rest of the stars and their companies were toiling in the heat around the studios, Ellinge, Donald Crisp, his director, and a large number of actors and actresses in the cast were gaily sporting themselves in the cooling ocean surf at the beach.

In "The Countess Charming," Ellinge appears part of the time as a beautifully gowned foreign countess and many of the very latest designs in bathing suits are worn.

Canetta and Rydel, showing the latest in dance steps. Arcade Hippodrome night. 11-26-21.

Canetta and Rydel, showing the latest in dance steps. Arcade Hippodrome night. 11-26-21.



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S-T-A-R

WONDERFUL PICTURE COMING TO THE STAR

For next Saturday and Sunday the Star theatre will show the picture, "Where Are My Children." This is a picture which deals with a subject that is of great concern to the nation and of which the Moving Picture World has the following to say: "The producers directly responsible for the picture are to be thanked. Much to commend in the picture; much to excite earnest discussion. A serious contribution to the discussion of an interesting subject."

As this picture deals with a subject better understood by the mature mind children under 16 years of age will not be admitted to the theatre during the showing of the picture unless accompanied by their parents.

Attractive Girl Baby.

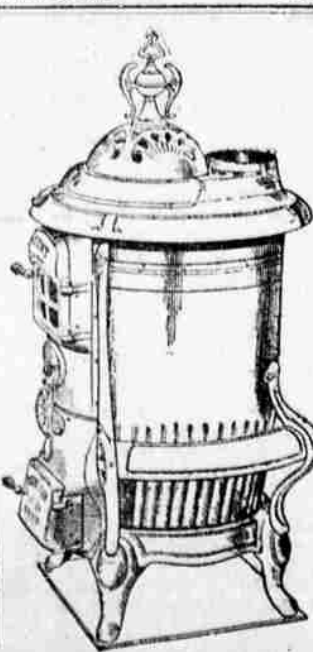
One of the most attractive babies who ever posed for the screen will be seen in the Butterfly picture, "The Girl Who Won Out," which will be shown at the Star theatre tonight and stars Violet MacMillan, the little vaudeville headliner, who divides her time between the stage and the screen. She is little Barbara Conley, not quite four years old, who makes her photoplay debut in this picture. She stands the ordeal like a veteran, cries, laughs, smiles, and points exactly as her director orders. She became devoted to Miss MacMillan during their association, and enjoyed her picture experience thoroughly. It is quite safe to prophesy that other directors at Universal City (where Butterfly pictures are made) will take advantage of the unusual charm and ability of the tiny actress.

The Horse Trot, one of the latest dances. At the Arcade Hippodrome night. 11-26-21.

A glareless screen for portable electric lamps has been devised.

An Old Man's Stomach.

As we grow older and less active, less and less food is required to meet the demands of our bodies. If too much is habitually taken, the stomach will rebel. When a man reaches the advanced age of 85 or 90, you will find that he is a light eater. Be as careful as you will, however, you will occasionally eat more than you should and will feel the need of Chamberlain's Tablets to correct the disorder. These tablets do not contain poison, but strengthen the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. They also cause a gentle movement of the bowels.



TO SHELTER AN EVENING TOILETTE



The attractive model shown in the photograph is unusually handsome and rich in effect. The coat itself is of a material called panama, a sort of silk velvet with a slightly corded effect. The cape collar, cuffs and hand at the bottom of the coat are of kerami polar bear.

Suggestions for Public Speakers—

The National Security League is publishing a series of pamphlets under the title "Patriotism Through Education," dealing with America's part in the war, and enlightening the public in regard to German government and policy. Another booklet from the same source is "Handbook of the War for Public Speakers," containing quotations from many authorities. The public library has also received a bound volume, "Out of their own mouths." This gives "the best possible statement of the principles by which the Prussian monarchs and ministers were governed, of the World empire which they hoped to establish, and of the means by which they expected to destroy Civilization and to set up in its place the Dominion of the Hun. Observe that these statements do not come from me, i. e. the editor of the book) or from any other partisan of civilization, but from the Germans themselves."

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