

MAZOLA

This delicious cooking and salad oil from corn is wonderfully economical

Mazola is a pure oil, pressed from American corn, for deep frying, sautéing, shortening and salad dressings.

Mazola can be used over and over again—it does not transmit taste or odor from one food to another.

Since Mazola is a vegetable oil it enables you to follow the plans of the Food Administration for saving butter, lard and suet. More economical than the old cooking mediums, too.

Get Mazola from your grocer in pint, quart, half-gallon or gallon tins—the large sizes are the most economical. Also ask for the free Mazola Book of Recipes, or write us direct.



Syrups

Use PEERLESS SYRUP for Your Hot Cakes Made in La Grande It is cheaper than any other maple-flavored syrup on the market.

Irish Mackerel, 15c each.

Home-made Sauerkraut.

Fresh Apple Cider

Lewis Corn Meal, made in La Grande.

Cluster Raisins at a special price.

Eat more Cheese. We handle Tillamook Full Cream Cheese.

CALL MAIN 35

HUG'S GROCERY

Dishes for Mestless Days Macaroni Salmon—Mash one-half can of salmon with a fork. To one-half cupful of rich milk add four tablespoonfuls of fine bread crumbs, heat hot, and add one tablespoonful of butter, two beaten eggs, a dash of pepper, and a little salt. Mix well. Have cups well buttered, and lined with cooked macaroni and fill them with the salmon. Set cups in a pan of hot water, and bake twenty minutes. Serve hot.—Farm and Fireside.

SONGS OF THE SAMMIES

By J. W. PEGLER (United Press Staff Correspondent.) WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY ARMY, FRANCE, Dec. 6. —(By Mail.)—Half the Sammies in this town woke up with the "gimmies" today. "Got a cigarette?" was the breakfast greeting and it has been the watch-word of smoke-hungry mortals all day long. Tobacco just ain't in this town, except for the small surplus stocks that foresighted soldiers have stowed away in their kit-bags. Even the village tobacco-depot is sold out—which means that Sammy is in awful straits for a smoke. No one buys French cigarettes if he can possibly rustle a piece of rattan horsewhip or baby-carriage. The quartermaster is "all out" but expects some in "tomorrow." Tomorrow is an elastic term which may mean two o'clock next week.

The Red Cross Drug Store The PRESCRIPTION STORE

The Mammoth Grocery

1211 ADAMS AVENUE

C. R. SIMKINS, Prop.

HOVERIZE

And eat corn 2 cans for 25c or \$2.25 per case delivered SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK ONLY

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

Special Attention Paid to Telephone Orders

PHONE MAIN 82

PORTLAND MARKETS

PORTLAND, Jan. 7.—The week's opening market was confronted by a somewhat heavier offering than we have had for some weeks past, and all conditions seem to be about normal. There were about 3000 hogs and half as many cattle in the yards for Monday morning's market. It seemed in the opening that there was a chance for a break in the hog market and the cattle market seemed to be about 25 cents low on the good end, with 20 to 35 cents low on the medium and thin stuff. There were heavy demands, however, and a large number of buyers in the yards, so that the day's trading developed a stronger market in both the hog and cattle sections than was indicated in the early hours of trading. The afternoon's trading seemed to be just about steady in the cattle section, with everything moving promptly, and the last half of the trading in the hog market was done on a basis of added strength. One load of hogs crossed the scales at 15.75, several loads at 15.60 and 15.65, and the bulk of offerings brought 15.50, while only a few stragglers, poorly finished offerings went down as low as 15.40 and 15.50. We are leaving the quotations as given in the previous scales, but the market at this writing seems to be tepping these quotations.

In the cattle department, the bulk of the good steers went at 10c. They were not equal, however, in quality to the steers which brought 10.25 a week ago, and there were no top steers offered in today's market. We figure the cattle market steady to 15c lower at the close of today's trading. The best cows in the lot, while probably not equal to those that brought the best prices last week, sold for 7.50, but the bulk of choice cows sold at 7.50.

Feeder stuff was somewhat eased off in price, with a limited demand, and canners and the poorer quality of killing stuff suffered on an average for the days trading about 20 to 25 cents. The following quotations were based on the morning's trading and are not up to what the afternoon's market would warrant:

CATTLE—Med. to choice steers, 9.75-10.25; good to medium steers, 8.50-9.50; common to good steers, 7.00-8.40; choice cows and heifers, 7.00-7.50; common to good cows and heifers, 5.75-7.00; canners, 3.00-5.25; bulls, 4.50-6.75; calves, 7.00-10.00; stockers and feeders, 6.00-8.00.

HOGS—Prime light, 15.45-15.60; prime heavy, 15.50-15.65; pigs, 13.50-14.50; bulk, 15.50.

There were no sheep offered to test that section of the market and we are quoting at steady, at the following prices: Western lambs, 13.00-13.50; Valley lambs, 12.50-13.00; yearlings, 12.00-12.50; wethers, 11.75-12.25; ewes, 8.00-10.00.

SHEEP—Western lambs, 13.00-13.50; Valley lambs, 12.50-13.00; yearlings, 12.00-12.50; wethers, 11.75-12.25; ewes, 8.00-10.00.

THANKSGIVING DAY FOR ENGLAND JANUARY 6TH (United Press)

LONDON, Jan. 5.—In a letter addressed "to my people" the King set aside Sunday, January 6 as a "special day of prayer and thanksgiving in all the churches throughout my dominions."

The King's proclamation says: The world-wide struggle for the triumph of right and liberty is entering upon its last and most difficult phase. The enemy is striving by desperate assault and subtle intrigue to perpetuate the wrongs already committed and to stem the tide of a free civilization. We have yet to complete the great task to which more than three years ago we dedicated ourselves.

"At such a time I would call on you to devote a special day to prayer, that we may have the clearest victory of our cause."

For Burning Eczema

Greasy salves and ointments should not be applied if good clear skin is wanted. From any druggist for 25c. or \$1.00 for extra large size, get a bottle of zemo. When applied as directed it effectively removes eczema, quickly stops itching, and heals skin troubles, also sores, burns, wounds and chafing. It penetrates, cleanses and soothes. Zemo is a clean, dependable and inexpensive, penetrating, antiseptic liquid. Try it, as we believe nothing you have ever used is as effective and satisfying.

The E. W. Rose Co., Cleveland, O.

The Railroad Raiders

By Frank H. Spearman

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

SYNOPSIS.

Helen Holmes undertakes to frustrate the moves of a band of raiders who infect the community and offices of the K. and W. railroad. She is assisted by the investigator Webb, who fights the gang under the leadership of one Burke and his pals Marshall and Masters. Roy Wilson, who succeeds to the presidency of the road after the death of his father, rallies his forces to clean out the men who are doing all in their power to ruin the prestige of the company. The Raiders attempt his life several times, but he is saved each time by the quick action of Helen. Burke and his confederate Desmond plan to put a spur through to a copper mine for a rival road. Roy and Helen, with the help of a professional pickpocket, substitute their own contract for that of the rival company. By the use of acid the Raiders cut wires in signal stations throughout the K. and W. system, causing numerous serious wrecks. In the investigation of the most recent, Helen traces the crimes to Burke and moves to trap his gang.

FOURTEENTH EPISODE

The Trap.

Making their way undetected across the roofs, the Raiders secreted themselves behind trees near Desmond's home and the police captain returned with Helen to the station.

A group of Eastern security holders, disgusted with the Mountain Springs situation, arrived that day on a special. Roy and Webb met them and Desmond came over to headquarters to learn what he could. His reception was a chilly one. Lorimer, who headed the Eastern visitors, openly upbraided him: "You are responsible for all the trouble the K. and W. Easterner listen to any defense, and he finally advised Roy to order Desmond out of the right of way."

Turning then to the yardmaster, Lorimer told him the special car would leave on No. 29. Desmond overheard this, and he was already in an ugly humor. Going home, he heard the Raiders calling from the trees and leaving his machine, he joined them: "I want to handle No. 29 this afternoon at Pico's," he said to Marshall. "Pick up two men at Bullock's and go to Bullock's shack near Pico."

Desmond then dispatched his driver for a second machine and directed his gang to wait in the shrubbery.

At headquarters, Helen, after a change of clothing, joined Webb and Roy who had explained, satisfactorily, to the stockholders about the Raiders. Roy handed Helen Bulletin 321.

Until further notice, semaphores will be disregarded. Trains approaching station will be governed by hand signals.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

Helen put the notice in her pocket and went to lunch.

At Desmond's, Marshall leaving in the second machine with a driver, started for Bullock's; Desmond, Burke and Masters drove off in the other machine. Shortly afterward Helen, detained in a street car at a crossing, saw the Desmond Machine waiting beside her for the crossing gates to lift, and at once recognized the occupants. Slipping quickly off the street car, she hid herself, unobserved, on the tire rack on the back of Desmond's machine.

Marshall having found Bullock, the two left his shack and started for the Raiders' headquarters. At a fork in the road, however, Marshall caught sight of Desmond's car, not far ahead, with Helen riding securely at the back on the tire rack. He spurred forward. Helen saw him coming, and to escape, dropped off; but she was too late. Marshall's driver ran alongside and Marshall, standing on the running board, caught her up as he swept past, and dragged her into his machine. Attracting Desmond's attention, he explained, "Good," cried Desmond, "Bring her along."

Reaching the quarters, Masters was for throttling Helen. "She got me once," he muttered, "but she won't do it again."

"Just what do you mean, Masters?" demanded Desmond. Masters only grinned and intimated with his hands what he meant to do to his prisoner. "Nothing doing," declared Desmond curtly. "I said no once, and that goes."

Even then Masters made a spring for her. Desmond jumped between Helen and his angry gangster, threw Helen into a sort of a closet, slammed the door and locked it, pocketing the key. Masters started for him, and Desmond snatching a club, stood at bay. But once more he proved himself master: "She stays in there," said he, pointing, "until the job on Number Twenty is done." The gang, to console themselves, turned to the contents of Helen's pockets, which they had rifled. They found Bulletin 321. Burke made a face. "That spills the beans," he observed.

For a moment Desmond feared so, too. But he was not to be balked. "Marshall," he asked, "can you fire an engine?" "I can," was the answer. "Get a pair of overalls," directed Desmond, and when Marshall returned with a rig, Desmond gave orders to Burke: "You look after Number Twenty's engine, Marshall will play fireman."

With the words he took up a small bottle containing a drug and handing it to Burke, told him what he wanted. To Bullock he only said: "Have the rest of the gang at Pico trestle to get Marshall when Number Twenty passes."

They left the room, with Helen still a prisoner. She had heard all, but was helpless. Desmond, Burke and Marshall drove away in one machine,

COLUMBIA RECORDS

Will Play On Your Machine

If you own a Victrola, Pathe, Brunswick, Senora, Playerphone, Stewart, Lewald or an Edison,



They will all play Columbia Double Disc Records

Our stock of Records is very large and clean. We receive the Latest Records every month and will be glad to play them for you.

Come in and hear some Columbia Records.

W. H. Bohnenkamp Company

While the others returned to the shack. When Desmond reached Mountain Springs the special was being made up. Marshall reconnoitering the engine, found the fireman missing. He attacked him from behind and the next moment was rolling him unconscious over an embankment. Returning to the engine, he went to work in the fireman's place. Desmond and Burke, rounding a corner, were watching the engineer. "That's old Jake," muttered Desmond. "He can't run a mile without coffee and pie."

It was, in truth, not long before Jake did head for the lunch room. Burke, following him, fell to talking with him and when Jake ordered coffee, Burke did likewise. Then, emptying parts of the small bottle into his own coffee, he asked Jake to pass the sugar. As the engineer turned to reach it, Burke switched cups and Jake, drinking the drugged beverage, began before long to show its effects.

Meantime Roy left the stockholders at their car and started along the train. "Don't forget Bulletin 321," he cautioned the conductor. The latter tapped his pocket. "I've got it right here." Walking on, the two reached the drugged engineer, now half staggering. Roy was suspicious. "But Jake never took a drink in his life," declared the conductor. Something, however, was evidently wrong and to get out on time, Roy resolved to take Jake's place himself. "Wire for relief to meet the train at Fielding," was all he said as he climbed into the engine.

The Raiders had meant to get the drugged engineer started in the cab, so Marshall could run the train. Seeing Roy, Marshall was at a loss for a moment. Then he picked up the fireman's goggles, put them on, and determined to bluff the situation through. At the Raiders' headquarters a light was flashed on the table. One of the men noticed it. It was their telegraph system, tapped in on the K. and W. wires. One of them read aloud and Helen heard: "Number Twenty is on time. We'd better get down to the trestle."

When they left, Helen tried to break out. She failed. But a sweater hung on the wall. From this she unraveled a cord and climbing up the door, threw the cord through the trestle, trying to reach the telegraph key. She finally took a weight, tied this to the string, and succeeded in catching the key. By pulling carefully, she could spell out words. The dispatcher heard her calling, and took her message.

Crooked fireman on No. 29. The Raiders will send Nos. 19 and 29 together at Pico trestle. Stop 13.

The dispatcher, stunned, called Pico; it was too late to reach No. 19. Helen again tried to break out. In the pocket of a coat on the wall she found matches, started a fire, and wrapping the coat over her head, crouched on the farther side of the closet till the door should weaken enough for her to break through. Watching her chance, she ran out through the flames, and up the track she saw the two trains approaching. On a passing track stood a box car. Huddling to this, she released the brake and it started down hill parallel to No. 20, and climbing to the top, waited for the train to overtake her.

Nearing the trestle, Marshall stripped off his goggles, and Roy recognized him. Helen came opposite the cab just as the two men grappled. Marshall struck Roy down as Helen, with a leap, landed in the cab. But Marshall picked Roy up, threw him bodily through the gangway and as the engine was crossing the creek, Roy plunged headlong into the water. The ruffian turned back. Helen, entering up an iron bar, struck him heavily across the head. As he dropped, she shut off the throttle and threw on the emergency air. Then, swinging to the side of the cab, she leaped over the trestle into the creek. Roy almost dead, felt an encircling arm and Helen started to swim with him for shore.

In spite of everything, the two trains came together. So much had their speed been checked that no lives were lost, but the engines were badly smashed and the crews, rushing out, saw the Raiders at the edge of the water. They started after them, firing

as they ran on. The Raiders took to their heels, returning the gunfire over their shoulders while they retreated. Helen, reaching shore with her burden, heard the shouting and dropping to the ground, held Roy out of range. Two of the Raiders, wounded, were caught—but the others got away. The railroad men hurried toward Roy and Helen. She had prevented a fatal wreck and saved Roy's life; but most of all she rejoiced in the capture of the murderous Marshall. (END OF FOURTEENTH EPISODE.)

Seattle Gets Cheap Power.

Private corporations serving the people of Seattle, Wash., with electric light and power have reduced rates during the last 15 years from 20 cents a kilowatt hour to 5 1/2 cents. There have been five separate reductions in the private company rates, and probably no other city has experienced a more radical lowering of rates in as short a time. The two private electric corporations that formerly existed in the city and the one that now exists have not hesitated to slash rates periodically, reducing them as much as 40 per cent at a slash, until now they are a quarter of what they formerly were.

Sodaville—Camp to be located here to get out chip knees.

FOR MAIDENS WHO LOVE WINTRY AIR



Here is the ideal costume the real outdoor girl of winter has yearned for. The breeches are of wool khaki, with high laced boots that look like puttees. The short, belted jacket is of chambray skin lined with wool. A clipped beaver hat, small, close and untrammied and a pair of leather gaitlets completes the costume.

Croup at Midnight; Well in Morning. "A few nights ago one of my patrons had a small child taken with croup about midnight," writes M. T. Davis, Bearsville, W. Va. "They came to my store and got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar. Before morning the child was entirely recovered. The father's name is C. C. Craven." Isn't it unwise to experiment with unknown cough medicines when you can get the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar? Best for coughs, colds, croup and lagrippe. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

"You seem happy, Dolores." "I am." "Is Ferd paying you more attention?" "No, but since this 3-cent postage came in he has stopped writing to a lot of out-of-town girls."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gardiner to have new newspaper.

LAW PRACTICE FOR SALE

My law practice nets me between \$5,000 and \$10,000, and I am a United States Commissioner for this district, City Recorder and City Attorney. I have enlisted in the United States navy and must sell my business and report for active duty in eight days.

I will dispose of all my interests for just what my library and office equipment is reasonably worth—and part cash if necessary, to first applicant. Wire or call on me AT ONCE.

CHAS. J. SHELTON, Halfway, Oregon. 1-7-6t.c



MODART CORSETS Front Laced

through the corsets themselves. We cannot hope to convey in words the merit of a corset which finds its most fitting expression in figures.

We can only tell you that the new design of MODART Front Laced Corsets seem to have acquired an added grace and to impart to the figure still something more of beauty and of poise.

We consider MODART the best corset at any price.

PAULINE LEDERLE