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ARC ADE

SISTER MAKES BROTHER ENLIST

Canadian Girl Forces Brother to Enlist and Do His "Bit"

Little Amelia Nobbs became a martyr to the cause of patriotism while doing her bit in the Triangle patriotic drama, "For Valour," at the Arcade Theatre on Sunday only. Amelia must have been born under an unlucky star, for all her father's attention was centered upon her brother. Her father told Amelia that women were useless for anything but housework.

But this brave little girl was endowed with a spirit of bravery and a fervor of patriotism that would well have honored many a man. When Canada was called to give her best and finest youths for the common cause, "Melba" was greatly touched at her country's crisis.

It was then her brother Henry showed his real make-up by striking his duty and becoming a slacker. Then "Melba" received the opportunity she had longed for—the chance to do her bit; the possibility of serving her country. And so it was that she prevailed upon her brother to enlist. She tried to make him see his country's over-powering need for men and that it was his duty to volunteer his services to the land of his birth. But Henry was a coward and preferred to hide behind the skirts of the girl he loved rather than accept the honor of fighting for his country.

Chance made Henry a thief, and in his trouble he came to "Melba" for help. It is then that this brave, patriotic child made her supreme sacrifice and wrote her name high in the niche of Canadian patriots. How "Melba" helped her brother pay back the money he had stolen and made him see "the light" are the thrilling and soul-stirring episodes of this Triangle drama, "For Valour." Winifred Allen is starred in this production supported by a cast including Robert Bartholomew, Henry Weaver and Mabel Ballin.

"THE SUNSET TRAIL"

Although in the first part of the

Under the Camouflage

(Continued from Page One)

four and a half million men and women with which it starts was seen to grow into a majority of the country's electors, with young liberals flocking to it from offices and comfortable homes; with England's "Intellectuals" finding in it a machine gathering to itself the brains to safeguard its interests. It was to be not merely the organized labor party, but the true democratic party in British politics.

The Labor Party is anchored to the trades union movement," he continued. "The things it will work for are things this movement has sought to obtain—has worked for conscientiously—for a long time. We are only making a political program of the things they've wanted and always will want until they get it—an equal opportunity to share in the world's blessings. Sound political economy is the basis of our program. Given the votes we'll prove our case."

LONDON, Dec. 12.—There's a mystery at No. 10 Downing street. There's been a strange disappearance from the Prime Minister's residence. Haven't been able to get to the bottom of it yet, but can offer certain facts that furnish, at least, a clue.

When I went in to see Sutherland, Lloyd George's secretary, this afternoon a strange doorman opened the door. I asked what had become of the boy who always before had opened the door. It was as surprising to find a stranger on that job as it would be to find No. 10 wearing a new coat of paint, something which the house never has done, judging from its appearance.

The new doorman looked mysterious but said he didn't know. I asked the middle-aged messenger who has been there a long time. He likewise looked mysterious and said he didn't know. I asked Sutherland, with the same result, including the look of mystery.

Now the former door-boy was not an ordinary door-boy at all. For one thing he was never very serious, while a regular door-boy is always terribly serious. The one who has disappeared was very friendly; after we had become acquainted, through his inquiry regarding a friend of his in Watertown, N. Y., whom I didn't happen to know, we had many interesting conversations on the war, politics, American buffaloes and various things. Perhaps it was the fact that I once lived in New York City, which is adjacent to Watertown, that made him so friendly, but in any event he usually did his best to entertain me while I waited.

A contributing factor, no doubt, was the fact that I nearly always called at his tea or lunch time, though I called at widely varying hours of the day, and most people are good-natured at that time. This boy, with a sandwich in one rosy cheek and another in his hand, was a sight to cheer any visitor. Of course, important visitors were not likely to see him thus, for if a peek through the window revealed that it was Sir Edward Carson or someone like that, he simply swallowed the sandwich that was in his cheek and hid the other one under his coat before opening the door.

I came to the clue. One day for my amusement he took from the hatrack a shining silk hat and adorned himself in it. Parading back and forth across the ante-room he whispered:

"This is Lord Rhondada's!" There was a sound of important personages coming down the hall. The boy got the hat back on the rack just in time for Lord Rhondada to miss seeing him do it.

Now, according to the law of averages, Lord Rhondada was bound to catch the boy at it sooner or later, wasn't he? Then, suppose he caught him not only with the silk hat on, but with the sandwich in his cheek! Lord Rhondada is Food Controller and under the Defense of the Realm Act he has almost unlimited powers.

I don't say I've solved the mystery, but there are certain logical deductions that seem almost unavoidable.

carries the audience to a mining town in the West, through the ever-present labor troubles, down the shaft of a burning mine and out, after numerous difficulties, to peace-adjustment and personal happiness.

The plot is unusual and excellent, the acting good and the Photoplay unsurpassed. Suspense is sustained until the end and the message of the "Courage of the Commonplace" is especially valuable at this time when that courage is greatly needed all over the world.

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\$100 Reward, \$100
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Medicine that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, etc.

ARC ADE, SUNDAY ONLY



WINIFRED ALLEN IN TRIANGLE PLAY, "FOR VALOUR."

WHAT THE ARMY Y. M. C. A. IS DOING IN FRANCE

(Letter to Mrs. U. H. Gibbs from Miss Alice J. Knight, formerly deaconess in Eastern Oregon.) (SECOND INSTALLMENT)

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, December 16, 1917.

My Dear Friends:— We had our food from the Army messes. The men went after it at noon and night and we ate it on a board table, with tin mess plates, "frying pans" I called them, and I washed the greasy dishes as best I could, in a very little cold water.

All this, cold and damp and uncomfortable as it all was, is not a circumstance to conditions in some places. In one I have heard of, the woman worked, the only one, has stood ankle deep in mud for weeks, because they have had to work in a tent and it has rained incessantly.

After about ten days two more women came and gradually the roof was repaired and a sing put in, etc. Stoves, I am told, arrived a little while ago and coal has finally been procured, so they are getting farther along toward the proper working, but perhaps two weeks after the arrival of these new workers I was requested to transfer to another place. I packed up, went to headquarters, "Somewhere in France," and was sent back again, as in the meantime representations had been made of the great need here, so back I came in a few days, and returned to that canteen, but very soon was sent to the one in the town, where I now am.

At the camp, they have only the American soldiers. Here in town we have many of the French and men in other branches of the service, such as sailors, mechanics, interpreters, etc.

The town canteen at present is in a house rented for the purpose, but before very long we expect to have a large building erected which will enable us to do our work much more effectively than we can in our present quarters.

The house door opens right upon the street. A long narrow hall runs straight ahead. Three rooms, two on one side and one on the other are fitted up with little tables and chairs. In one are games in another a piano and open grate fires now burn in them all. Back further is the kitchen and the canteen.

Upstairs are reading and writing rooms, and our own offices or rest room and on the third floor the best rooms for the men secretaries.

Owing to the small size of the rooms a sort of shed has been built out in the rear, where we now have the canteen. It is by no means a good place for it, as the cement under our feet is wet all the time and the sewer runs under it. When the tide is high and it sets back, we do not enjoy the smell, but I trust we shall be out of it by the time warm weather comes. Indeed, by then, I hope to be near the front myself.

We employ four French women in the work of the house. I am the housekeeper and manage the care of the house, the matter of sandwiches and hot drinks for the canteen and the women. As my French is limited to a very small number of words and phrases, though I am striving to improve it, you may imagine I sometimes have my difficulties.

Hot chocolate and coffee go on sale at eleven in the morning and sandwiches appear at one o'clock. The canteen is open from ten in the morning to nine in the evening on week days. We have lately closed it on Sundays, except from four to seven, though of course the house is open all the time, and we have a service at half past ten in the morning and a talk to the men at seven or seven thirty.

This is my day: I go over a few minutes after eight and have breakfast, then we have prayers and after that I go into the reading room and arrange the papers and magazines, go around and see that the writing tables are supplied with pens and ink and that the women have made fires in all the rooms. Then I go at once to the kitchen.

unless I first have errands to do, and make sandwiches until twelve o'clock, when I go to dinner. All the Y. M. C. A. people who are in town eat together in the basement of the Y. M. C. A. Officers Club, which I forgot to say, is also here, and back of which is another house where we have our divisional headquarters.

Up to the present I have immediately returned to the canteen, taken my place at the sandwich counter and stayed right through until nine at night, but we now have two new women, one of whom is very efficient, and I am now taking a few hours off at that time.

I will try to describe a little what it is like when new troops arrive and we have a rush.

Here they come—pushing, crowding, laughing, filling the room so that they hardly have room to move. They want their money changed into French money and the cashier has his hands full; they want cigarettes and tobacco and chewing gum, and so on. The two women and one boy over there have their hands full also.

At my table, where are piles of sandwiches, jam, ham and cheese, the mob almost swamps me. They all want hot drinks and food, all at once and things are decidedly lively.

In the kitchen two French women make sandwiches and pour the drinks as I call for them, and in a little closet back of me another washes cups and spoons constantly.

I hand out sandwiches, make change, explain the French money, answer all sorts of questions and call for what I need from the kitchen—this last in French, as the women understand no English. In front and beside me, four deep and more, cased soldiers, sailors and marines, with an occasional French soldier, all clamorously calling for what they want, but they are all good natured and generally patient, and by depositing the first rows get what they want and others take their places.

When, at certain hours, the crowd thins, they stand about the table or about the counter, drinking or eating there, and talk with us. It is in this constant contact with the men that we come into contact with them and learn to know them. We hear many interesting things there from the boys and it is there that we have the chance to speak helpful and cheery words. No matter what else we may do in the way of direct religious and educational work, the great point of contact is the canteen.

At present the women of the Y. M. C. A. are all living in any place they can get in the town, but we expect soon to have one or two houses rented, where we shall all be together. The matter of fuel and

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transportation makes this desirable, as well as the fact that lodgings are increasingly difficult to obtain. I am desirous of obtaining a list of all our Eastern Oregon boys in France, or about to come, with their branch of the service and their regiments. If I can have this I may be able to see some of them, and at times to write their families of such meetings.

(To Be Continued.)

Reedport to erect a fine public school building.

Constant Sufferers Find Relief.

"I have been a constant sufferer from kidney trouble and three months ago was down sick in bed for my back ached so severely I couldn't get up," writes C. F. Reynolds, 412 Herriek St., Elmira, N. Y. "While in this condition we read of Foley Kidney Pills so I commenced taking them. In a few days I was up out of bed." Foley Kidney Pills strengthen kidneys and bladder. Recommended for backache, rheumatic pains, sore muscles, stiff joints. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

CENTRAL SCHOOL PUPILS OVER TOP

Ladies and Gentlemen: Introducing Central School.

Central School has entered the Thrift Stamp selling contest and nine of its pupils have already gone over the top. They are Justine Ford, Thel Green, Lanier Pierson, Elma Terry, Zelma Roe, Melvin Roe, and Arthur Underwood. They each sold \$50 worth of Thrift Stamps, thereby qualifying for membership in the Junior Rainbow Division. They will each receive a beautiful pin, and they are helping to win the war.

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SUNDAY

Winifred Allen

"For Valour"

A determined girl wins her brother for a noble cause in a patriotic play of today



TRIANGLE COMEDY

LATE CURRENT EVENTS

Arcade Theatre

Mr. Grain Farmer:

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A granary of this size can be moved anywhere and can be filled directly from the threshing, doing away with high priced labor handling and sewing sacks.

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Spend your money in your own valley by buying lumber manufactured at home. When you buy sacks part of the money goes to India.

BUILD YOUR GRANARIES NOW

Be prepared by building them before the farming season opens up. Be sure to get good lumber, well seasoned, as low grade lumber will give you trouble in a few seasons. Don't use green lumber.

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