

Silk Hose New Hats

Just arrived, a new shipment of Silk Hose for women, consisting of browns, grays and blacks, in all sizes; priced from 75c up to \$2.50 pair.

New spring Hats arriving daily, in a great assortment of styles, come in and see them; all at a low price.

Organdies Voiles

Beautiful new Organdies for spring and summer wear, in plain colors and figured designs; priced per yard 98c and \$1.25.

New spring patterns in fancy figured Voiles, in dark and light colors, in a great variety of patterns; priced per yard 50c, 75c, 98c and \$1.25.

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Gill Piston Rings will add power to your motor, increase its efficiency, and save gas and oil. They pay for themselves in a few months.

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The Old Quays of Paris



On the Bank of the Seine.

IN ONE of his most charming passages Anatole France evokes a fleeting memory of the quays along the Seine, "where one disturbs the dust-covered books of the 5-cent stall, and a thousand shadows terrible and charming." It isn't our purpose to revive these memories; to do so would be to parade the whole past in review; we shall simply state the magic which draws and which holds to the quays of the Seine, writes L. A. Des Garets in La France.

The quays? Along both sides of our river they run! But when we speak of quays, we mean, of course, the quays of the left bank. There is the heart of Paris. Who would deny it? The action of those workers who live in the neighborhood of the quays—artists, thinkers, poets or simple workmen—when they seek their river, is one of happy indolence. They do not pause before the windows of the antiquaries' shops; they go toward the rampart which courageous and determined booksellers have raised, before the river of forgetfulness, the dike which will protect their books. It is there that, in the summer sun, as well as in winter fog, are the last resting places of the production of man's thought. It is there that a book, after good or bad fortune, comes to take its last chance; it is there that they are viewed by the savants, in search of information, or with sentimental curiosity by Miss Pinson. . . . yes, the last refuge and the tranquil resting place over which watch the high profile of the Edifice and the towers of Notre Dame!

Where Point of Interest Begins. The quays start a little above the Palais Bourbon, at the palace of the Legion of Honor, once the famous Hotel Salin. During the revolution, since the prince of Salm-Krburg had been given command of a battalion of the Lafayette guard, his palace became the meeting place of the Reformist club. Later the same building received the members of the Cercle Constitutionnel, until the day when Napoleon made it the seat of the grand chancelor of the Legion of Honor. It is a pity that this charming Greek temple should be eclipsed by the surrounding buildings.

Next there is the Quai Voltaire, where Mme. Cecile Sorel makes her home, near the house in which Voltaire died. When one enters this building the ghost of the mighty century appears; you are received with the graciousness of Celline. Everything in this house bears the imprint of Louis XIV, and nothing could be more a part of it than the character of the great artist who lives there. Here died Ingres; there was the convent of the Theotimus, brought to France from Italy by Mazzini. Further along, at the corner of the Rue de Beaune, used to stand the barracks of the gray musketeers.

The Famous "Bridge of Tears." Let us stop at the Institute. From here all the Paris of yesterday is seen; the towers of Notre Dame, the Louvre, the Saint-Chapelle, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the conciergerie, the palais de Justice and the Pont-Neuf, still looking very solid. Since it was opened to traffic by Henry III, the same day he lost his favorite, Quibus, the Parisians called it "the bridge of tears." That did not prevent it, however, from becoming the center of animation of the city where all Paris gathered to be amused by the news of the gazettes and the smiles of Fabrice. Next we see the palace of the prince of Conti, today one of the treasury buildings. To save ourselves both remorse and regret let us put aside the sad memories of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and of the conciergerie. Let us instead follow along the Quai Conti, in the footsteps of Lamartine, of Victor Hugo, of Sainte Beuve, of Alfred de Musset and of all those others who have been familiar of the quays.

Alas! Where are the glories of the past? Under the dome of the Institute? Quays Are Charming. Our quays are indeed charming, with the movement of tramways, wagons and carriages, with the whistling of the horns and those thousand small noises which are multiplied by the waters of the river. I love to watch the barges who come to load there, coast by the families waiting their youngsters along, by the hand, and teaching them history, retrospectively. I love to see these youngsters, with respectful eyes lifted toward these great relics of the past, pointed out by the paternal hand, while their thoughts, I know, are wandering toward the Jardin des Plantes and the greater attractions of the monkey cage.

Resting his elbows on his boxes, the bookseller watches the crowd; he exchanges greetings with Maurice Barres, Leon Bourgeois, Raoul Ponchon. . . . A young servant girl comes timidly to ask for the "Clef des Songes"; a collegian inquires for a dictionary. Liked by the American Soldier. The American soldiers liked our quays very much. More than one, under the influence of these skies, sought the disease and became bibliophile or numismatist or philatelist. All of them have kept an exquisite memory of this corner of Paris. There, in fact, men and things exchange a pleasant smile, as though the people of the twentieth century had found them the good fellows of other days.

The softness of night descends like a mantle over the old river. The sun has set. Heedless of time, the immortal city falls asleep in the shadows of night, inviolate and splendid, peopled with glorious spirits, evoked from the past.

MUCH LIKE A FLOATING FIELD Sargasso Sea. With its Wondrous Vegetation, Has the Appearance of a Prairie. In hearing the Sargasso sea it presents the appearance of a vast, undulating prairie, clothed in bright yellow vegetation. On coming on deck one might imagine oneself and ship set down in the midst of a field. As far as the eye can reach is the yellow wood to be seen, in masses more or less compact, according to whether the winds are light or strong; sometimes in lines many miles in length and but 20 feet wide with intervals of clear water between; sometimes in dense circular patches like floating islands. In this moving continent life runs high. Myriads of tiny crabs, some of them no larger than peas, cluster about the tangled fronds. Wedged-looking little shrimps with wondrous eyes of long stems, each facet shedding a brilliant greenish light, sparkling like a cut gem. Water fleas in a hundred varieties, colors and shapes. Little warrlike animals, black with brilliant orange stripes, lead an active life here, wiggling among the leathery leaves. Lovely corallines infest the branches, plumed feathers with infundibular petals. It is the ideal breeding place of all manner of marine life, for the heat of the sun is very great, so great, indeed, that in the moonday glare the fish sink several feet to the cooler waters below the algae.

Bobby Was Hungry. The father of the family always repeated a very long grace at the dinner table. The children expected it and had been taught by mother to be very reverent during that period. In father's absence she in turn said a very short one—perhaps partly as a reward for their good behavior during father's turns. But recently when they came to table very hungry indeed, there before them was a plate of fried chicken and a large lemon pie. Father took his place and looked around the table to see that all hands were folded and all heads bowed. They were and he was just preparing to bow his when six-year-old Bobby said in an agonized tone: "Oh, mother, don't you suppose you could say grace today even if father is home?"

A Paradoxical Fact. "Did you see where sugar is going to soar in price and may be scarce this summer? What will the women do then for preserving?" "I don't know. It looks as though preserves may be in a pickle."

The Result. "I suppose the war has interfered very much with the international marriage market." "Yes, in so many countries now it's hard to get a good title to them."

Confectioners estimate that production has increased the demand for their wares forty per cent.

THEATRES

SCENES IN HADES ARE REPRODUCED ON SCREEN IN NORMA'S NEW FILM

Scenes in Hades, said to rival even the most fanciful of Dore's famous drawings, have been reproduced on the screen in Norma Talmadge's latest First National starring vehicle, "The Branded Woman," which will be shown at the Arcade Theatre today and Saturday.

The scenes of the Far East reveal an open market place and a slave-block, where Norma, as the heroine, is sold at public auction, with donkeys, camels and natives in picturesque costume lending a touch of "atmosphere."

But most remarkable of all are the allegorical scenes in Hades. One of these sets, which represents a dream of Norma's, wherein she imagines herself dragged down by Society into a hideous whirlpool of slime and filth, from which she is rescued by the man she loves, was filmed in a huge, discolored and apparently filled with horrible creeping creatures like the "slimy things that crawl with wings" in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

TOM MIX AT THE STAR THEATRE SATURDAY

Tom Mix is said to loosen up a whole bagful of new stunts in "The Texan," his William Fox latest, which comes 5:15 P.M. at the Star Theatre Saturday. Mix will have some job on his hands living up to his advance notices on this picture; but he always makes good, and it is safe to predict that this picture will be no exception. James B. Hendryx wrote the story. Lynn Reynolds directed the film and Gloria Hope, the Titian-haired beauty, is the leading woman. A two-reel Fox comedy is also on the same program.

"MAKE EACH PICTURE BETTER THAN LAST" IS FAIRBANKS' MOTTO

One of the most conscientious producers in the motion picture industry is Douglas Fairbanks, and the cornerstone upon which his popularity rests is inscribed with the following motto: "Make each new picture better than the last." With this aim in mind, "The Nut" which opens today at the Sherry Theatre for a two-day run, was chosen as Fairbanks' fifth vehicle for the United Artists.

It is believed that for originality this picture will be recognized as one of the year's outstanding successes. Also showing "Mutt & Jeff."

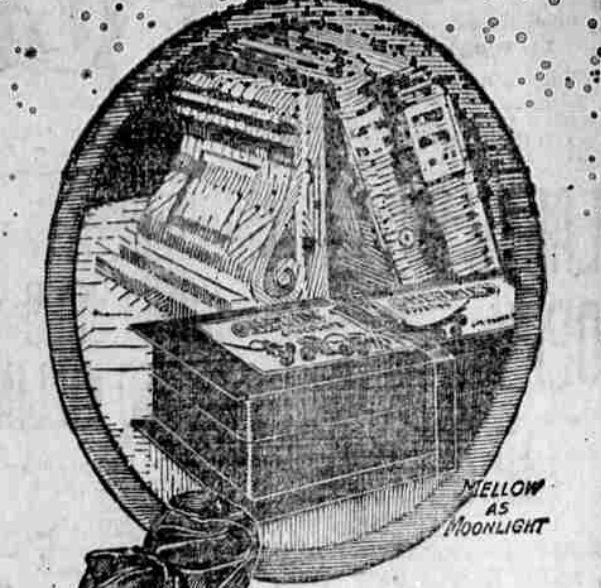
Over \$5000.00 reductions in 90 days. We have been readjusting prices all over the store and are still at the work. It is no small task to adjust prices on such a wide line of goods as you find in our store. Our general reduction on the whole store is fully \$5,000.00 in the past three months and we promise all customer to continue to lower prices as rapidly as the factory costs permit it. This is a positively true statement of facts. We believe all kinds of merchandise in retail stores should, and will, be reduced in price every soon. We feel we are heading the cost list. Please let us show you the many of these reductions at our store.

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Rich, ruby-red cherries from sun-flecked orchards hidden in the delicious creme and chocolate that only Vogan can make. Small wonder many people are partial to this Vogan confection.

At better dealers everywhere.

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Don't drag around in a half-hearted way—too weak to accomplish anything, but still not really ill. Such a condition is caused by overwork, mental strain, loss of sleep or worry. Throw off this distressing condition by using VINOL.

This is a strengthening, sustaining tonic and nerve builder that will quickly relieve and cure nervous debility, mental depression, nervous dyspepsia, etc.

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In the spring most people need a good tonic.

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