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ONE PRICE CLOTHIER ALEXANDER CO. ONTARIO, OREGON

Soldier Boys' Letters To Relatives And Friends Give Glimpses of Army Life

The following letters received by relatives and friends from well known Ontario boys who are now serving with Uncle Sam's liberty army give glimpses of the life as they see it in the camps. These letters, too show how far flung is the training camps for service. One letter comes from American Lake near the Pacific, one from Camp Kelley, near the Gulf of Mexico, while another comes from far France across the Atlantic.

IN FRANCE, Feb. 3.—Dear Folks? I received mamma's and Muriel's letters here today and believe that they were about as welcome Christmas gifts as you could have sent, even if they did arrive more than a month late. I suppose that when you read my last letter you thought that I was pretty well disgusted with this country. Well, I was when I wrote it but now that I have had time to look around a little bit the world is beginning to look brighter. I don't like the French ways of doing things but wherever there are any United States troops they are making things look American.

We have a Y. M. C. A. with a piano and writing tables and are living in wooden barracks shipped from the "States." But about the most important thing is that we are eating all we want three times a day and it is not of the canned beef and hard bread class that I supposed we would have.

It is not very cold over here now, only freezing a thin coat of ice at night, which is melted by ten o'clock in the morning. It seems as though spring is about two months earlier here than it is over there and the muddy part of spring is just about past.

I don't like the French scenery very well, as it is made up of old stone houses that look to be about a thousand years old and also look as if no human being could live in them and be comfortable.

We are able to buy about anything we want over here and it does not cost much more than it costs over there. The French women do our laundry for us and they charge about the same as our laundries charge. We don't have the facilities

for doing it ourselves. Of course we do all our business in the French money.

By the way, on the boat coming over I met a man by the name of Ellis P. Frinck, who said he went to school at Corvallis, Or., and was acquainted with Damon. He was in the the army and gave me his address. I may take the trouble to look him up when I get a chance.

Mail service is very good over considering the amount of it and the way it is necessary to handle it over here.

Well, I will have to say goodbye for this time as I want to write to Damon. It seems as though it takes about all of my spare time writing.

Your loving son,
KENNETH MILLIKIN.

Flying Department Headquarters, Kelly Field No. 2, February 27, 1918.

—Mr. Ray Wilson, Ontario, Oregon: Received your letter a few days ago but have been so busy and worried that I haven't found time to answer it until this morning and as everything is not going very swiftly I will answer it. We are working about 12 hours per day here in this office just now but I don't think we will have to continue this very long. Now they are flying on an average of 20 hours per day and want to fly 24 hours before long. They are installing a lighting system to land by. When they can fly every hour of the day and night that is getting some training. I have not got to make a flight yet but hope to be able to get into the school and make a flight if there is any chance for me.

I have been working on some papers to get me into West Point and think I have just about got them through. They have been approved by the commanding general of the Southern Department and I will report for examination next month some time and if I pass will be sent there for schooling. I think that would be a better place than here in this camp although I would have to work a little more there than I have been doing, for this is a joke.

Lee Maddux left for the ground school for training to be an officer.

I think he will make it fine from the reports of the last examinations and will be out in two or three months. I have not seen Bob Madden in a long time but heard last night he was in a squadron leaving before long. Henry Cassidy and I are on this field and get to see each other most every day now and I guess we are the only ones that will be left here in a short time. We are both content here for awhile but this summer I would just as soon move.

I guess since prices have been advancing and so many laws against the sale of certain things that it does make it bad for the stores. It seems to me like every thing has advanced over 50 per cent but that does not bother us boys for the government is feeding and clothing us just now and will for a long time I guess. From the looks of things we will be in the service for some time now.

How do Bark and Conley like the Army by this time? Send me their address and I will write them some time. It is not very far from here to Jacksonville and they are organizing an aviation school there now. Several squadrons have gone down there from here for training. We received the news last night that they are going to organize a school in Wyoming and if they do our squadron may be sent there about the first one. It is under orders to leave now and I guess it is going to Oklahoma but all us boys here in the office are already to be transferred out to some other squadron.

This month is just about all gone and we will stand muster, sign the roll and receive our numbers which we will carry through the war with us. We are always glad to sign the payroll for that means our pay will come in ten days after that and we all need that. It seems like it takes a lot of money to keep us going in this place with things so high.

I can't think of any more news to write this time, as there is nothing interesting happens around here. I will write when I can but don't wait for me to write for I am busy some times and am always glad to receive a letter. Best regards to all,
SGT. ARTHUR MORE.

CAMP LEWIS, FEB. 24.—Mr. Chas. Smith, Ontario, Or.: I suppose you think I have forgotten you, but I haven't. I have just neglected writing. You know how it is, a fellow will just neglect those things. Well, how are you folks? I am feeling fine. I have gained several pounds since I came here. I am in the quartermaster corps. I like it much better than any other branch of the service. I have got a good job. Well, I call it a good one. I don't have anything to do but sit by the fire. I have got charge of the ice department. There's nothing much going now. We only deliver about seven tons a day now, but it will take a lot more when the weather gets hot. All I do is check it out of the car and keep the books.

I am going to try to get a ten-day furlough this spring and I'll see you. This is a warm climate. The coldest weather we've had is 15 above zero. It has sure rained a lot this winter. There are about 1800 men leaving here this week for eastern points. There were 2200 left today. They were going to Camp Green, N. C. I guess I am signed up permanently. I just as soon stay here.

How are B. B. Wood and family? I haven't heard from them for a long time. What are Jones' folks doing? I must write to them again soon. You know I have so many to write to it's hard to get around to all of them.

Well, I will close. Write me a long letter and tell me all the news. Give my regards to Mrs. S. and the youngsters.

Your friend,
LEROY WRINKLE,
Misc. Detach. I. M. C., Camp Lewis, Washington.

Operate Like Pickpockets.
The mail order house system experts in the advertising art are something like the pickpocket who, in an attempt to divert suspicion from himself, joins the throng and shouts "Stop thief!" as loudly as any one. Look through the mail order catalogues and you will find that nearly all of them will tell you that their houses are the cheapest places to buy; that they have the best facilities.

They will intimate that the other fellow is the one to avoid if you do not want to get "branded" and that it is the other fellow that handles the trash. When a dog bites you the first time blame the dog; if he bites you again blame yourself. If the mail order houses get the best of you once blame them; if they do it again blame your self for being such an unthickable chump.

WANTED—A furnished house by responsible party. Phone 91-w.

ORGANIZE FOR GENERAL GOOD

Live Merchants' Associations Needed by Communities.

CO-OPERATION IS NECESSARY

How to Hold Local Patronage Despite the Aggressive Assaults of Mail Order Houses—Special Days a Splendid Scheme That is Productive of Excellent Results.

The community which does not organize for the general good of its citizens is in a precarious state, an organization accomplishes everything when it is perfect. It unites the community by one of the strongest of all ties—the desire of improving every citizen's condition.

Co-operation accomplishes everything when it is perfect. It satisfies desires, simplifies needs, fulfills the wishes and becomes a constant source of benefit.

Men's hearts ought not to be set against one another, but set with one another and all against the community evil.

Unites by Strongest Tie.

Co-operation tends to wear off those prejudices which maintain destruction and animosity between business interests.

It softens and polishes the manners of men. It disposes them to peace by establishing in their community an order of citizens bound by their interests to be the guardians of public welfare.

Live merchants' associations, live individual merchants with inventive minds, can do much toward regaining and holding the farmers' patronage now being sought and fought for by the aggressive mail order houses.

All of the merchants of a town or county co-operating as members of the right kind of an association can accomplish much to the general benefit of all concerned in the solution of the retail mail order problem.

Must Conserve All Interests.

Too many combinations of merchants fail because too often those organizing them lose sight of the law of mutual benefit and seek to advance the selfish interests of the merchants alone at the expense of their custom-

Law of Mutual Benefit.

But, starting with the fact that the farmer and townsman are interested in making the town and country prosperous, you would have the best mutual benefit on which to build an association that would be powerful in convincing all the people of the town that "it pays to keep your money at home."

Getting farmers to town, it seems to me also, is the most important feature of a merchants' association. And having "specials" or "bargain" for getting them into the store is the field of the merchant's individual efforts within which he should make every bit of his liberty to act.

Many Merchants Offer Prize.

In many parts of the country merchants' associations have established what they call "carriage" or "county court day," or "fair day," or "market day," and on these days all merchant advertisers that he will give prizes for the largest number of orders brought to his store, or for the best roll of butter, or for the best bushel of potatoes.

There are many other legitimate schemes which may be used to create interest and draw the people to the store.

Sometimes several merchants advertise the same kind of produce of this stimulates interest and results in sharper competition.

On these "special" days the merchants often arrange to have all their best stock on hand to sell at a kind of second-hand market. Farm utensils, household goods, books, cattle, etc., on a commission basis. Sales are made the auctioneer receives 5 per cent; if no sales are made there is no expense incurred.

Wonderfully Helpful.

Propositions of this character are wonderfully helpful in bringing people to town, and when they get to town it is a comparatively easy matter to interest them in something they need.

These "special" days, however, will be arranged to correspond with the periods of farm work. For instance, it would be useless to arrange such days when the farmer is in the midst of planting or harvesting.

Not an Ordinary Husband.

The lady to the aeroplane dealer:—I wish you wouldn't try to get my husband.

The salesman:—And why not, madam?

—Because he isn't to be trusted with a cent.

That's a question, isn't it, my dear?—My husband?—Cheerful, my dear.

GIRL WANTED for general house work on ranch. Apply at Argus office No. 9-21*