

We Give "J.N." Green Stamps

DO YOU SAVE THEM If you do not you are losing a very substantial saving that you should be enjoying. A discount that you positively can not afford to miss, a discount that would take care of your Christmas expenditures or pay your water rent, buy a ton or two of coal, help pay your grocery bill or a new dress or suit. You can't afford to miss this, can you? Get busy and save S. & H. Green Stamps.



There is a Distinctly Foreign Air to Many of the

Gay New Blouses

In some it is evidenced in the wide and vivid bandings and embroideries that outline the sleeves and sometimes the girdle, reminiscent of Russia and Bulgaria. Others gleam with iridescent beads, while some most unusual blouses bespeak originality by their brilliant stitchings.

The styles of neckline, cuff and over-blouse effect are so varied that any taste can find its fancy realized.

The materials are crepe de chine and crepe-knit, pussy-willow taffetas and Vassar crepe—and the shades include all that have ever been seen—or imagined.

The blouses are moderately priced from \$6.75 to \$19.95.

Plain Facts and Plain Colors

We have so many of the new materials that are now popular. The following items are especially good in the solid or plain colors:

- IMPORTED ORGANDIE—Jade, orange, orchid, Nile, apricot, navy, rose, flame, black; 44 inch; yard \$1.35
- ORGANDY—White, navy, black, jade, sky, peach, orange, Copenhagen; 40 inch; yard 75c
- LINEN SUITING—Rose, jade, orange, pink, yellow, sky, Copenhagen, light green, flame; 36 inch; yard 68c
- IMPORTED RATINE—Peach, flame, white, Copenhagen, brown; 36 inch; yard \$1.50
- JAPANESE NAINSOOK—Pink, blue, maize, white; 36 inch; yd. 50c
- VOILES—Pink, sky, yellow, green, navy, black; 40 inch; yd. 75c
- BARRED FLAXON—Maize, light blue, pink; 36 inch; yd. 80c
- GILBRAE FRENCH GINGHAM—Pink, blue, yellow, green, lavender, tan; 32 inch; yard 70c
- JAPANESE CREPE—Brown, green, navy, lavender, maize, rose, light blue white; 32 inch; yard 50c

"The Sign of the Trident"

Adapted by Herdert Crooker, from the Pathe photoplay serial, "White Eagle" starring Ruth Roland. Original story by Val Cleveland. Copyright by Pathe Exchange, Inc.

Madame Piper, the palmist, who had become the whim of San Francisco society, gave a gasp of surprise as she bent over the hand of a young woman who sat opposite her. Only a single light threw its ray downward upon the two as they sat in the bizarre studio. The palmist searched the face of the girl and again bent over her palm as if to assure herself that her eyes did not deceive her.

"One moment, please," she said to the girl, and rising to her feet she disappeared between the black velvet curtains at one end of the huge room.

Curiosity had prompted Ruth Randolph to visit the celebrated interpreter of destiny. All her friends in the art school had spoken of the woman and although Ruth had laughed at them and chided them, her curiosity got the better of her, and she too decided to visit the seeress.

Ruth Randolph was a typical modern American girl. Her beauty and wit had made her one of the most popular young women in the art school, and her skill as a clay modeler had earned her an enviable reputation in San Francisco art circles. Ruth's preference in her modeling was for Indian subjects, a preference perhaps not accidental, as she had vague memories of childhood days—days when she and her father had been wanderers on the plains and among the canyons.

In the adjoining room, Madame Piper had pulled a small envelope from a drawer in her desk and was reading the contents.

"Dear Madame:

If you had tattoo mark trident like this (a design was sketched here)—on the left palm of a woman, ask her to return to me in two days and then telegraph us. You will receive \$1000 reward."

P. O. Box No. 17.
San Mario, Calif.

Madame Piper re-read the note carefully and then pried it back in the desk. She was not averse to intrigue, such as this appeared to be. Indeed, this was not the first time that something of this sort had come to her attention. Closing the desk, she drew the curtains aside and in another moment had taken her seat opposite Ruth, taking the girl's hands in hers as she bent over it carefully and studied it.

"Beware the trident, it is an ill omen," she finally said, indicating a small figure resembling a three-pronged spear.

"I never knew the meaning of it," the girl smiled.

"It's a tattoo. Return Thursday evening and I'll try to tell you more about it," came the slow answer, "and please leave your name with Abdul," she added, indicating the tall Hindu who was stationed in the reception room.

On Thursday evening at about eight o'clock there was a ring at the door of Madame Piper. Abdul answered the door, looking out of the window. Loomis entered. Seeing a note lying on the floor, he picked it up and read:

"As you value your life and happiness, do not go to the wigwam tomorrow.

Quietly putting the note in his pocket, he joined the others at the window, and speaking to Ruth, told her that she must have been mistaken in supposing someone had entered her room. After they had departed, Ruth, disquieted and wondering, tried in vain to sleep.

At the wigwam, the next morning, all was bustle and excitement. Only Gray Wolf knew that an important event was to take place—his tribesmen doing his bidding and remaining in ignorance. The wigwam was a huge structure built in the form of a cliff. It peculiarly resembled a modern apartment house—scaling ladders serving as elevators, and ventilation very apparent. But to the cliff-dwelling tribes it was their home, and as a fortification it was unapproachable.

To Ruth the strange structure was a marvel of Indian architecture. Phil Stanton had been a school teacher, much to the girl's distress, but as white men were not allowed in the wigwam there was nothing either of them could do.

Brought into the presence of Gray Wolf, the girl was greeted with impressive solemnity and asked to show her left hand. Gray Wolf examined it closely and then held up his arm for inspection.

"Buffaloes and Blue Hawks!" he cried. "Behold White Eagle, your chieftainess!"

Ruth was bewildered—panic-stricken—by this strange turn of events. She made a dash for the door, but the Indians blocked her way and would not permit her flight. As she struggled to free herself, a pretty Indian girl, Moonlight, approached her and whispered:

"Pretend to yield—I will help you later."

Ruth stopped struggling and listened to Gray Wolf, who told her that no harm would come to her as long as she remained there peacefully. He ordered Moonlight to take the girl to her chambers, after which Ruth was to meet the medicine men in council.

"What is this all about?" she asked Moonlight, as soon as they were alone.

"It is because you bear the sign of the trident," explained the Indian girl. "When you were four years old, your father married the Princess Blue Wing, chieftainess of these two tribes of Canyon Indians—the Buffaloes and Blue Hawks. Your father and Blue Wing were very happy but one day he had to go back to his people. He never returned, and Blue Wing died of a broken heart. Now, while you are in no way a blood relation of Blue Wing, Gray Wolf believes you are the rightful ruler of the tribes. He expects you to decide which tribe, the Buffaloes or Blue Hawks, should come into possession of the Golden Pool."

As Ruth was about to question Moonlight and gain more information about the Golden Pool, an Indian entered.

"Gray Wolf requests Princess White Eagle to appear," he said.

Before Ruth left Moonlight she managed to whisper, "Get word to Phil Stanton at the ranch that I am a prisoner."

Ruth waited for sometime at the loor of the council chamber before she was admitted. Gray Wolf had been informing the two tribes of the real significance of the girl's presence. She, on the other hand, hoped that the delay would continue, as she knew

Little did the girl realize the intrigue and turmoil which was to ensue following her coming, nor was Phil Stanton aware of the events which would also thrust him into a leading role in the drama.

The two young people left the station at San Mario and proceeded to the Loomis ranch on horses which had been supplied. As they laughed and chatted and a clattering of hoofs behind them caused them to turn in their saddles. Ruth gasped with surprise. A horseman, clothed all in white, riding a white horse was bearing down upon them. A white head-dress hiding his features, and having only his eyes uncovered, strained behind him. He dashed up to the girl, thrust a note into her hand, and disappeared in a cloud of dust before either of the young people could say a word.

"Beware the trident," Ruth read. Both were puzzled over the note and the sudden disappearance of the rider. They decided, however, to say nothing to anyone about the incident, and retraced their way back to the road leading to the Loomis ranch.

When they arrived at the porch of the ranch house, Phil introduced Ruth to Julia Wells and Jim Loomis. After the first preliminaries, Phil informed her that the next day he was going to take her to Chief Gray Wolf, as he was most anxious to have this Indian immortalized in bronze. As Ruth was weary after her long trip, Miss Wells took her to her room where she prepared to retire for the night.

About midnight the girl was awakened by a noise in her room. Raising herself on her elbow, she opened her eyes in time to see a man, clothed entirely in white, make his escape from her window. With a cry of alarm she sprang from her bed, ran to the window and looked out—but the mysterious intruder had vanished. Julia and Phil, also aroused by the disturbance, rushed into the girl's room. As the three looked out of the window, Loomis entered. Seeing a note lying on the floor, he picked it up and read:

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Visit Our Pure Food Grocery Dept.
In Our Model Sanitary Basement, where CLEANLINESS, ECONOMY and SERVICE reign supreme.

- FANCY BACON, the pound 33 1-3c
- BUTTER, choice fresh, the roll 65c
- SPINACH, crisp, fresh and clean, 2 pounds for 15c
- HUBBARD, 2 pounds for 15c
- STRAWBERRIES, the box 25c

NOW IS THE ACCEPTABLE TIME TO CHOOSE YOUR NEW Sports Skirt

A Remarkable Selection May be Had Here From \$5.95 TO \$25.00

Combined with the need that spring and summer activities bring for the clever sports skirts is the unusual opportunity to buy the finest skirts at prices that will please you. Designed from fabrics that will meet all the requirements for sports usage, these skirts feature all the new ideas of the season. In plaids—stripes—checks and plain colors; in pleated and plain modes—in all regular sizes and in stout models, they are exceptional values.



Stout Dresses in Slenderizing Lines

We have just received a shipment of special blouses for stout figures. Very fine Canton crepes are used in these dresses. Long-waisted models, plaited panels, narrow belts of self material, silk cord ornaments, touches of jade, green, henna and flame add a bright finishing touch; sizes 42 to 52; colors, navy, brown and black. Moderately priced.

MAKE THIS STORE YOUR STORE, IT'S HERE TO SERVE YOU.

THE PEOPLE'S WAREHOUSE

USE OUR FREE PHONES AND REST ROOM.

FORMER MILTON PASTOR DIED AT TWIN FALLS

By W. H. BIRDSELL (East Oregonian Special)

MILTON-FREEWATER, May 8.—Thomas L. Childers was born in Missouri, July 21, 1864, and passed from this life May 4, 1922 at Twin Falls, Ida. When he was thirteen years of age he came with his mother to Oregon by the way of the Isthmus of Panama. He is survived by four children, two sons and two daughters. The daughters are, Myrtle and Rena, both of Twin Falls, Ida. The sons are S. Earl of Eugene, Ore., and John Milton of Freewater, Ore.

For a number of years he was a faithful minister of the Gospel during which time he organized a number of congregations in the Palouse country which are now strong churches. He was a champion of all reforms, that stood for better citizenship, and the making of this world a better place to live in.

He was a resident of Milton, Ore., and vicinity from 1911 to 1919, and an active member of the Christian church here, serving as chairman of the church board for a number of years.

Funeral will be held from the Christian church, Milton, the Rev. O. D. Harris, officiating. Interment in the Old Fellows cemetery, Milton.

Frank Brown had the misfortune to break a rib, while in the act of greasing a wagon, the jack falling and letting the wagon fall on young Brown.

Mrs. C. W. Avery, wife of Weston's city marshal and Mrs. John York of that city were shopping in Milton, Saturday.

Money Scarce; Monte Carlo Runs Short

MONTE CARLO (By Mail to United Press).—This winter was expected to produce more gambling and bigger gambling on Riviera tables than any season in history.

But there was far less, and what there was, was comparatively trifling.

For the horde of gamblers which was expected this year at Monte Carlo, the Sporting Club opened its new "salle de jeux," twice as large as the original one, the very last word in gambling rooms. In this hall the big player of the year, according to habitues, has been a Greek shipper who makes his residence in Marseilles, a certain Vaghianno. James Hennessy, the "Brandy King," has done his share of playing as in past years. There have been some regulars, but the play has been nothing like that of previous seasons.

All over the world the reaction from the orgy of spending that came after the war has produced dams in the stream of gold that pours into Monte Carlo. Officials of the Casino and of the Sporting Club themselves—the two are really one organization—admit the dashing of their hopes for a big year.

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ALL THOSE WISHING TO HAVE THEIR RELATIVES' RESTING PLACES IMPROVED

before Decoration Day can call or come to the cemetery. I will be making improvements there for two or three weeks, making air-tight vaults, reinforcing cement, slabs lettered, curbs, cement alley.

FRANK DUPRAT

For Information Call 262-M

THEY SAY THE GERMANS HATE TO SEE THE YANKS GO.

WELL, GOODBYE!

MEIN GOODNESS! ALL DER MONEY IN DER WORLD

THE DOUGHBOY'S GOOD AMERICAN

THE BANKS OF THE RHINE THIS WAY TO U.S.A.