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(This space donated by the Malheur County Bank.)

**GATE CITY JOURNAL**

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FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1918

**Notice to Advertisers.**  
All copy for changes of advertisements should be in the hands of the printer not later than Wednesday noon to insure its insertion in the following issue.

The American discipline abroad is said to be perfect because the native intelligence and training of the men prove to them the necessity and use of obedience. The German soldier is taught to be obedient because it will be worse for him if he is not. Naturally, the results gained from these opposite ideas are bound to count in favor of the greater intelligence. It is all the difference between the fighting of men and of machines.

Out of that boys' working reserve there will be growing a men's working reserve that will make American farming the greatest game of all the world and that will help to make American farming the most popular game in America, says Burlington Hawkeye. The trend to the cities and the towns must be halted, and the boys' working reserve is to be depended upon to bring about that change.

The returns from feeding birds are both direct and indirect. Results are immediate and interesting. The person whose observation is not amused and whose heart is not warmed by the eager response of a gathering of birds to the placing of food in a location where they can get a foothold and peck at it, must be exceptional and lacking in the attributes of humanity. Amuse yourself, be a foresighted farmer and be a patriot all in one by feeding the birds.

It is said now that another great commercial asset of Germany has been destroyed by the war in the supremacy gained by American toymakers. Germany, as the toy mart of the world, enjoyed a tremendous trade in this important branch. Now it has fallen another sacrifice to the inordinate ambition of the Hohenzollerns.

The world has arrived at a stage where the old idea of force is obsolete and thought is leading action. It is impossible for a nation to survive as a nation which continues to sneer at and despise national ideals as foolish, iridescent dreams not worth practical consideration.

With small fortunes spent in waste of results and the firing squad waiting at the end, the German propaganda in France has received a serious setback. A little drastic injection in methods in this country might accomplish similar results.

A New England boy of twelve who ran away from home to go to the war, shows how the up-to-date small boy changes his chronic ambition to fight and scalp Indians, when more inviting work is at hand.

**THEN AND NOW**

By IMES MACDONALD.

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Seven times in the last three weeks it had happened. Once it was a glove, once a scarf, twice a handkerchief. Seven times in all Laurens had returned late to his apartment to discover the air shaded with that indelible perfume—and some article of feminine apparel carelessly flung on his table. And always, from the slim vase on his mantel, there drooped a fresh rose.

He, Eduard Laurens, was buried up to his eyes in a mystery—a bewildering, opalescent, violet-scented mystery that was sprinkled with rose leaves and romance. He laughed softly as he touched the knob of his door and reached for his keys, when suddenly the knob turned in his hand, the door was drawn slowly open and he stood face to face with a strange young woman.

For a moment he thought he had made a mistake. "I'm sorry," he said. "I thought this was Laurens's apartment."

"It is," she smiled slightly, gathering herself in hand. "I am Mrs. Laurens."

"I didn't know there was a Mrs. Laurens, but I've been out of town for some time. My name's—Barton," lied Laurens.

In an hour he returned and she was gone, but pinned to the curtain that shut off his music room was a note: "I came once too often. Your friend, Mr. Barton, called and caught me as I was leaving. I beg of you to forgive me if any complications should arise from the awful fib I told him. It was the wonderful melodies of your new opera that first drew me down from the apartment above. I must caution you to have the latch fixed on the window on the fire escape. Under the circumstances I'm leaving the apartment upstairs tonight. This, of course, is good-by—and I'm sorry."

The next morning he was somewhat surprised to open his upstairs studio door to an elderly man whom he remembered to have met at some time or other, but could not place.

"I hate to presume," said the old gentleman, "and I hate to ask favors, Mr. Laurens, but I've a niece who has studied abroad for three years. She thinks she can sing. I do not know, perhaps she can. She has heard of your new opera, and wants to be given a chance at a small singing part."

"Why," said Laurens, cordially, "I'd be very glad to give her voice a try-out. Bring her up tomorrow at three, if it is convenient."

And so the next day at three they

came, and Laurens was astounded, for it was none other than the girl who claimed to be Mrs. Laurens.

"I was sure you could sing," he interrupted. "Is there anything in particular you would like to try?"

"The—opening song of—of—'Riane,'" she said, hesitatingly.

"How did you know about that?" he demanded. "Not more than three of my best friends have heard it as yet."

She dropped down on the bench beside him. "I—I stole the score from your apartment. That is—I copied as much of it as I could—and I've been working—working like mad on it. You were so—so nice to—pretend that you were not you, the other night. It was very considerate."

In an instant she felt the strong grasp of sensitive hands on her own, and she looked into his fine eyes and marveled.

"But you—you mustn't misunderstand," she went on. "The roses—and things were a tribute to your genius, to the soul of your music, not a token to you as a man. Please understand that," she finished gently.

"Of course," he said in an absent detached way of his. And he turned to the piano and burst forth into the brilliant prelude of his opera. Then he swung abruptly into the melodies of the first number—and she sang. He controlled his voice with an effort. "Katz must hear you tomorrow," he said. "He'll be crazy. Now try this!" And he broke into the "Passion Song" of the third act.

The flexibility of her voice was marvelous. It was so much part of her that unconsciously she acted as she sang. She couldn't help it. As she began the second song, a stocky, grizzled little man stood just within the door listening intently while she poured out the pent-up love of all the ages.

"What do you think of her, Katz?" he chuckled.

"You ask what I think of such a voice! Laurens, I go mad to find us a 'Riane'—unt she is here!"

Six months later Laurens stood in the star's dressing room face to face with Riane.

"Well," he said softly, "are you satisfied?"

"No!" she said, in spite of the flush of victory on her cheeks. "I find that something besides success is necessary to my happiness."

"You are a little carried away," he said, soothingly. "You are not quite yourself with all the excitement of success. Tomorrow, perhaps—"

"No, now!" she said tensely, her hands on his breast. "You are more necessary to my happiness than I ever believed any man ever could be."

"Of course," he smiled. "I've loved you always, but you forget," he reminded her, "once you said that the roses were only a tribute to the soul of my music, not a token to me as a man."

"Ah—but that was then, and this is now," she murmured.

**SUMMER FESTIVAL AND CARNIVAL**

**Nyssa, Tuesday, June 25th to 29th**

**5 Shows 5**

**FERRIS WHEEL Merry Go Round 20 Attractions**

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**SUPERBA AMUSEMENT CO**

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  - A Furniture Store with a \$12,000.00
  - A Butcher Shop with Sanitation Their First That
- Isn't That a Good Chance For a Wide Selection?**

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- Two Dry Goods and Ready-to-Wear
- One Men's Tailor Made Clothing Shop.
- A First Class Furniture Store with undertaking Department
- Two Blacksmiths and Woodworkers
- Three Garages (equipped to do your auto work right on the ground)
- Modern Butcher Shop
- Two Lumber Yards
- One of the Largest Milling and Elevator Companies in the State
- First-Class Hotel
- Real Estate Man (who gets results)
- A Bank Second to None in the Northwest
- An Up-to-Date Bakery
- And Last But Not Least Three Good Groceries.

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In Fact You Can Get Anything From a Pin to a Threshing Outfit and From a G-String to a Full Dress Suit in PARMA.