

EASTMAN KODAKS

PHONE 2

REXALL REMEDIES

THE ONTARIO PHARMACY THE REXALL STORE

NYAL'S QUALITY GOODS

Headquarters for out-of-town visitors. When in Ontario call on us.

All Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

ODAS. CANDIES

SIGN THE W. S. S. PLEDGE CARDS AND HELP
WIN THE WAR

Wilson Bros. Department Store

DRY GOODS DEPT.

One lot Children's Hats, 50c value

40c

Voile Organdie Waist

\$1.35 to \$1.75

Children's Dresses, all colors and styles

45c to \$1.95

Full line of White Slippers and Shoes for Ladies
and ChildrenLadies Men's and Misses guaranteed non-breakable
Tayo Panama Hats

\$1.50

White Dress Goods, Voile, Flaxen Organdie, Cross
Bar, Domestics, Poplin, Pique and Palm beach cloth

18c to 85c

GROCERY DEPT.

Peaberry Coffee, 35c grade 22c
Macaroni, per package 10c
Package raisins, 2 for 10c
5-pound pail lard \$1.40
10-pound pail lard 2.75
Wedding Breakfast syrup, per gal. 1.00

ELOUR SUBSTITUTES

Rice flour, per pound 11c
Corn meal, 9 pound sacks 75c
Corn meal, 24 pound sacks 1.80
Corn meal, 48 pound sacks 3.60
Mothers oats, per package 35c
Barley flour, in bulk 7c
Barley flour, 9 pound sacks 75c
Barley flour, 24 pound sacks 1.80
Barley flour 48 pound sacks 3.00

Lemons, per doz 50c
Bananas, per doz 45c
Bread, per loaf 10c
2 cans milk for 25c
Creamery butter 45c

Wilson Bros. Department Store

SWAT THE KAISER BY BUYING W. S. S. STAMPS

THE ONTARIO LAUNDRY

SOFT WATER—BETTER WORK
Leave bundles at Gibson's Barber Shop

NYSSA BARBER SHOP

Shaving, Hair Cutting, Hot and Cold Baths
NYSSA OREGON

GET INTO THE WAR BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

Millions of little children, proud of the flag and with true patriotism in their hearts, are buying War Savings Stamps. Every dollar helps support the Government and helps to win the war.

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS NOW
AND EVERY WEEK

(This space donated by S. F. Foster.)

FOR FRITZ'S SAKE

By MAUNA COWLES.

(Copyright, 1918, by the McClure Newspaper-Syndicate.)

"It is perfectly outrageous for you to go on talking German," Mrs. Van Bergen told her daughter Freda, as they approached the hotel where the Van Bergens had their winter apartments. Freda raised two Teutonic eyes to her mother appealingly. "But Fritz can not understand English," she said. "Can you, Fritz, dear?" At which a very long short-legged dachshund, whose silky coat showed Freda's devoted care, wagged his tail and flapped his ears.

"Well, of course you will do as you choose—you always do," said Mrs. Van Bergen. "But I think you are taking risks. You are a perfect Gretchen type."

"But Van Bergen isn't German—it's Holland Dutch," insisted Freda. "And anyway, I'm sure I don't look like a spy."

"You can never tell," reiterated the mother. "Sometimes simple-looking people are shrewd enough, and it would be just like the Huns to make an accomplice of a simple little Gretchen—and that's what you look like."

The next morning, as she was taking her breakfast in the Van Bergen apartment, with the cherished Fritz sitting on a cushion in a chair at her side—for Freda breakfasted an hour or so before her parents—she glanced at the headline in a newspaper, emitted a little shriek of fright, and then began to fondle Fritz's soft long ears because she needed some encouragement. The article whose headlines she had read told of the taking of a girl as a spy, and of the suspicion entertained by the secret service men of three or four women accomplices. One of them, the account said, was a blonde young German girl of the perfect Gretchen type. Soon, however, Freda forgot her fright and she was light-hearted and joyous when she started forth from the hotel with Fritz.

When Freda returned her mother had gone out for a shopping tour and again her only companion was Fritz. He sat beside her as she practiced a Beethoven sonata on the piano. The telephone sounded and presently her mother's maid came to her to say that a Mr. Drew wished to speak to her. But as Freda had never heard of a Mr. Drew and did not wish to interrupt her practicing she asked the maid to take the message.

"He says he is very sorry, miss, to disturb you, but all he wants to know is whether or not you're a German."

Freda thought immediately of the headlines she had seen in the paper.

"I can't imagine why he wants to know," she said. "Will you please ask him who he is and what his business is."

The maid returned, saying that Mr. Drew realized that he had been abrupt, but he would call and explain himself at the apartment.

All Freda's fears returned and, gathering Fritz in her arms, she hurried to her room.

Presently the maid came to her room, bearing a card. Under the name of Mr. Drew there was the simple words, "National Detective Bureau," and the address of that concern.

"He says if he could please to see you, he would explain why he was intruding," the maid said.

Freda's round blue eyes were rounder and bluer than ever, and her heart had never before beaten so fast. "If I had only taken mother's advice," she whispered to Fritz in German. "Tell him I'm—I'm ill," she said to the maid. "And if he starts to search the apartment," she added with trembling voice, "Why, you'll know I've gone down the fire escape."

Mr. Drew did not attempt to search the apartment, but he told the maid he was extremely sorry to have bothered Miss Van Bergen, and that he was surprised that she was ill, since he had seen her that morning.

Freda kept to her room the rest of the day. She did not want to go without dinner, for she was hungry. Besides, if she said she was ill, she would be treated as an invalid, and this she detested. What she finally did was to slip away before dinner time, leaving word with her mother's maid that she had gone to dine with a chum and would be back right after dinner. The chum with whom she wished to dine was not at home, and what refreshments she did have that night she got at a French pastry shop.

When she came back, she found her mother and father, whom she had not seen before that day, and there was something in her mother's manner as she greeted her in the hall that told her that a guest was present, and that she should be on her best behavior. The guest was Henry Drew. Her father had recently discovered him to

be the son of one of his best friends. Everything in Freda's parents' manner showed supreme approval of the young man.

"I especially tried to get in touch with you this morning," Mr. Drew told Freda as soon as they could have a little tête-à-tête conversation. "It was awfully important of me, but you see I'm working for my uncle—the one that has a detective business—and I'm on a shop-lifting case—trying to locate some stolen goods."

"Then you—don't think I'm a spy?" she said. "And you don't think I'm that Gretchen girl with the dachshund they've been trying to find?"

"I think you are the most charming little girl in the world," said Mr. Drew.

TRAIN MIND TO REMEMBER

By the Proper Exercise of Will One Can Teach the Brain to Register Photographs.

A man who has a wonderful memory says in the American Magazine:

"If you can train your right arm to deliver a good blow, you can train your memory to retain facts. There are just as many flabby-minded men in the world as there are flabby-bodied ones. Both kinds of flabbiness are due to laziness, the one mental, the other physical."

Above all, you must remember that the brain is a photographic machine—and you can make it take an enormous number of photographs. I don't contend that each man may eventually have as good a memory as his neighbor's, but I am firmly convinced that 99 men out of 100 can have better and more serviceable memories than they now have.

Teach your brain to register photographs of what you want it to retain. Be enthusiastic about it. Work at it every day while you are doing your other work. It isn't very hard. Most men use about 30 per cent of their available energy when they're working. Concentrate on what you are doing. Let it soak into you. Absorb it—and always absorb it with the conviction that it is going to stay absorbed.

There you have my recipe for a good memory: Determine to remember, don't worry, and learn how not to let your office worries and work go to bed with you at night—and, above all things, get into the open and give nature a chance. Fresh air and sunshine have as beneficial an effect on the memory as they do on the other parts of your general makeup.

ORIGIN OF ALPHABET LOST

Generally Accepted Theory is That the Letters First Came Into Use Among the Egyptians.

The alphabet we use is a queer thing, when we come to think of it. In effect, it is made up of conventional signs.

Turn this page upside down, and you cannot read it. It might almost as well be printed in Russian characters or in Arabic.

Few subjects have enlisted on the part of language students more speculative thought than the origin of the alphabet. It is today a matter much in dispute.

There are those who aver that on pebbles almost as ancient as the early cave dwellers of southern Europe have been found inscribed characters representing the origin of some of our alphabetical letters of today.

But the theory most generally accepted at the present time is that the letters of our alphabet originated with the ancient Egyptians. They were, to begin with, "ideographs."

Take "S" for example. In form it represents a snake. The sound of the letter is the hissing of a snake. There you have it. What more could be demanded of a single letter in an alphabet? It is a whole picture.

"Q" is supposed to have been a knot in a string—the letter being originally a piece of sinew. "G" was a bow pulled taut. "C" was the hollowed hand, from which one drank—whence the sound of the letter. "L" was the crooked stick used in primitive times as a plow. "N" was a pickaxe. "V" was an ox yoke. "X" was a crossroads. "T" was a tally—a primitive mode of counting. "Y" was the right hand upheld.

Gem State Lumber Co. for posts.

PATENT'S

trade marks and copyrights obtained or to fee. Read model, sketches or photos and descriptions for FREE SEARCH and report on patentability. Bank references.

PATENTS BUILD FORTUNES for you. Your free booklet tells how, what to invent and save you money. Write today.

D. SWIFT & CO.

PATENT LAWYERS,
303 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

Batteries Charged.

We charge storage batteries at the Nyssa Garage.

A BARGAIN IN CITY PROPERTY

House and two lots. For further particulars call at this office.

Gem State Lumber Co. for lath.

The Journal prints all the good home news—also advertising—phone us.

Butter wrappers printed while you wait at the Journal office.

Hot Weather's Call for Comfort

We have it in

Oil Stoves

Refrigerators

Ice Cream Freezers

Hammocks

Electric Fans

Electric Irons

Water Bags

We have just received
Our Binder Twine. Come
in and leave order early

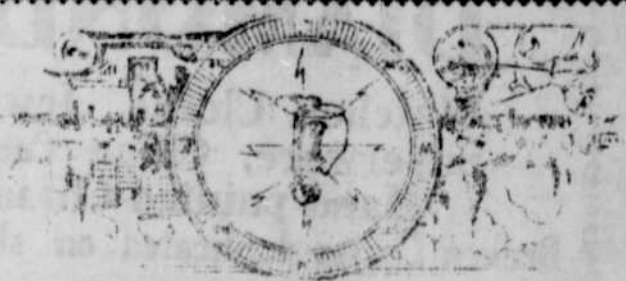
HOTEL WESTERN

MRS. C. C. FORBES, PROP.

First Class Meals—Moderate Prices.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO COMMERCIAL TRADE

STAR ROOMING HOUSE IN CONNECTION



STOP A MOMENT

YOU who are without Telephone Service; compare its daily cost to you with many other things you buy each day. We believe you will find that it will save you money. Try it.

Malheur Home Telephone Co.

Parma Elevator

Buyers of Grain and Seed of
All Kinds

Call Us on Phone No. 85

F. J. WALMSEY, Mgr.

glish
Y
ISH

Idaho.

place of
located in
re, which
Block.

f Harness
ning Ma-
Wagons,
Twine.

, Harness
work guar-
ge of the

ance

ction, Adversity
l quarter.

if you know, that
able com-
ss.

e, all and every
Company.

ty Co.
nt

R NATION--IN-

STAMPT
Serves

ARE

Stone Jars of 1-2
Crocks, Pitchers,
Jars. Also a large
Glassware, fancy
other things all the

STORE

ASK FOR

TRUST

ERS.

leson, Brogan,
d Vale.

BAKERY
ON.

ASE CO.

terial Directors

store. Phone 50-SS
SS.

arma, Idaho.

State Lumber Co. for all kinds
ing material. no41-4f

rtb, sea and sky the Germans
inning to "discover America."

ident Wilson will have to catch
asian before he can help him.