

# THE KENWORTHY THEATRE

## WEDNESDAY 8th

### JANUARY

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## NOT a Moving PICTURE



THE MOST FASCINATING  
COMEDY OF THE DAY

# DADDY LONG LEGS

By Jean Webster  
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## JULIAETTA HAS RAISED HER QUOTA

FIRST TOWN IN COUNTY TO GO  
OVER THE TOP—DOUBLE  
SHOWER FOR BRIDES

JULIAETTA, Jan. 2.—Again Juliaetta has gone over the top—as usual. Juliaetta's quota for the sale of war saving stamps was \$10,000. Postmaster Charles G. Talbot reports that his sales reached the sum total of \$11,700 maturity value. Juliaetta is only a fourth class post office, but when the citizens of the village are weighed upon the balances of patriotism, they rise up to the first class or 100 per cent, then throw in \$1700 for good measure. Hats off to the little village in Big Potlatch canyon.

Last evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George McClintic in Juliaetta a double "shower party" was given in honor of two couples who were married during the holiday period—Olive Morgan, who became the wife of Clyde Nichols and Nettie Burns, who was united in marriage with Gordon Penland. The former will take up their abode on the Nichols farm, while the latter couple will go to the coast where young Penland has been employed for some time in the shipyards. Both couples were the recipients of many useful and valuable presents.

On Tuesday morning the mercury registered zero in Juliaetta and on New Year's morning two below zero was recorded. It became cloudy last night, however, and at 8 o'clock it was 18 above, and this (Thursday morning) it was 20 above. A sprinkle

of snow fell during the night. A number of water pipes were burst as a result of the sudden low temperature, and houseplants were ruined.

### Hotel Moscow Arrivals.

O. P. Hendershot, Boise; C. J. Shanahan, C. O. Larson, L. M. Thornton, Spokane; Marie Corwin, Palouse; E. S. Mulhall, Lewiston; M. E. Conboy, Seattle; Wm. Wallace, Great Falls, Mont.; Roy M. Walker and wife, W. L. Lauder, Jack Woodworth, Ira Stair, Alfred S. Anderson, B. M. Emmett, Moscow; C. H. Beyner, San Francisco; O. E. Victor, Columbus, O.; H. E. Morris, Lapwai; P. E. Beckman and wife, Homer, Idaho; Dean C. Poindexter, Fraser, Idaho.

## ENGLAND SIZES VALUABLE WOOL

VIOLATION OF NEUTRALITY  
HAS BEEN MADE AGAINST  
SWEDISH ARMY OFFICIAL

LONDON.—Charges of flagrant abuse of neutrality by a Swedish army official have been made in the Prize Court here by Sir Frederick Smith, attorney general. He asked for condemnation as a prize of \$2,500,000 worth of wool, seized in seven vessels and claimed by the Royal Swedish army administration. The wool, the attorney general alleges, was bought with German money for use in Germany.

This was one of a series of cases, Sir Frederick Smith asserted, in which the late Swedish government, or Lieutenant-Colonel Wikland, head of the equipment section of the Swedish army, lent its name improperly as consignees. Wikland, who had not been repudiated by

the Swedish government, Sir Frederick said, had bought goods with funds supplied by Germany.

"These are grave allegations," said the attorney general. "It is not quite clear where the money came from, but there were sham shippers and sham consignees of a commodity of which Germany was in desperate need, and either or both lent themselves to chicanery in order that this court and the representatives of the British navy might be misled."

### IDAHO'S GREAT MINERAL WEALTH

(Continued from page 1.)

Ivan was the largest lead producer, followed by the Hercules, Hecla, and Morning. Considerable lead was produced by the Tamarack & Custer, Gold Hunter, Consolidated Interstate Callahan, Caledonia, Sierra Nevada, and Last Chance, at Wardner. Of the total lead, the Coeur d'Alene district produced about 286,000,000 pounds. In other districts of the state large tonnages of lead ore and concentrate came from the Idaho Continental, Pittsburg-Idaho, Latest Out, and Independence mines, near Ketchum, in Blaine county. The Greenhill Cleveland, formerly a large producer of both lead and zinc, was closed in the early part of the year. Toward the end of the year shipments from the Caledonia mine, near Wardner, were decidedly decreased. A notable production, however, came from both the Hecla and the Tamarack and Custer properties.

The mine output of recoverable zinc in Idaho decreased from 73,883,186 pounds in 1917 to approximately 47,000,000 pounds in 1918. This decrease of over 32,000,000 pounds was due largely to increased expenses and the lower price of smelter. One of the main decreases was made by the largest zinc producer in the state, the Consolidated Interstate Callahan which was treating a large tonnage of accumulated tailings during the third quarter of the year, while development was progressing in the mine. The Success mine, which was formerly a large zinc producer, shipped only about one-fourth of its former output. Other zinc shipments were made from the Morning, Frisco, Hercules, and Hecla. The Douglas property, one Pine Creek, was not as productive as formerly on account of difficulty in transporting the ore, and the Surprise Consolidated, in the same district, was idle. Considerable shipments of zinc ore came from the Amazon-Manhattan, adjoining the Interstate Callahan, and in Blaine county shipments were made from the North Star and the Kusa property.

Dividends from Idaho mining companies for the first eleven months of 1918 amounted to about \$7,007,105. Those for the Hercules and Bunker Hill & Sullivan have been estimated by the mining press.

### News from Khaki Boys

Mrs. May Clark has received the following letter from her husband, Sergeant Roy Clark, who is with the American expeditionary forces in France. The young man is a son of Bay Clark, the well known pioneer, now living at Potlatch. The letter follows:

I have a furlough coming up tomorrow. Eighteen of us get a trip to St. Meno. Ten per cent of the company get to go at a time. We drew for it this morning and I was one of the lucky ones. We get seven days over there, not counting our time on the road. Car fare, food, and lodging are free and we are to get a lay-over in Paris. The place we are going to is a port on the English Channel. I anticipate a very nice trip. I wish you were here to take it with me. Wouldn't we have one big time? But I'm indulging in dreams. Cut it out. Roy. I made a trip to Metz a few days ago and had one perfectly good time. Strathern, two others and yours truly, composed the party. There are lots of trucks on the roads all the time we had very little hiking to do. We stopped in Toul for a couple of hours and looked the town over. We went on to a town by the name of Pont au Meuson where we stopped for the night. We ran into Ray Pelton. They had been there about a week. The town was only about eight kilometers from the German front lines. The town had been shelled pretty heavy and the big concern across the Meuse river had been about half shot down. They had it patched up with lumber. We hit for the German trenches early in the morning and had one sweet time getting through their wire. Their main lines were on top of a high range of hills that run along the river. The sides of the hills were covered with heavy brush and scattered timber. And the wire entanglements were so thick that a dog could hardly get through. We had to pick our way through where the wire had been shot up. They had occupied the trenches for over three years and everything was built of reinforced concrete or heavy timbers. The dugouts were of concrete sheathed with railroad iron and were finished up as nice as most houses. Everything was electric lighted and telephones were everywhere. Clothes, ammunition and guns were everywhere. They had power plants and machine shops and even a small cable railroad to handle their heavy ammunition. The big guns had been moved out but big ammunition piles were everywhere. They even had beer gardens and empty bottles were everywhere. We found one dugout with several crates that hadn't been opened but we were afraid to try them. We followed the trenches for 3 or 4 miles and came out at a town where a bunch of colored soldiers were stationed. We caught a French troop train that was going through in the direction of Metz. We landed in Metz about 4 o'clock and proceeded to take in the town. We hit out the next morning and came home by way of Nancy. Nancy is a very nice town a little larger than Spokane, I imagine. It had been bombed from the air several times but wasn't badly damaged. It was sure a badly shot up country we were through. I got back with beautiful souvenirs including a German officers spike helmet. Each of

us got one and we brought one to the captain. This French flag is one from an arch in Metz that they built for Gen. Petaine, when he marched into Metz. Strat and I climbed up the side of the arch and captured ourselves a couple of drapereaux. We seen towns as large as Moscow or larger that were simply shot to the ground. Some towns didn't have a thing five feet from the ground. Others were blown up in parts. It was sure some trip. I have a great desire to visit Rheims and then I'm ready to aller pair Amerique.

Sgt. ROY H. CLARK.

## MOSCOW MISSIONARY WRITES FROM INDIA

DAUGHTER OF MOSCOW MINISTER  
AND GRADUATE OF UNIVERSITY IN ORIENT

Miss Annetta Mow, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Mow of Moscow, is now a missionary in India and has written an intensely interesting letter to her parents in which she tells much about the people in that country. Miss Mow is a graduate of the University of Idaho, class of 1913 and has been in India about a year. Her letter, written September 6, follows:

Now I want to tell you about the trip that we took yesterday. I mean Goldie and I, and the Bible woman, "Sunderbie." We left Dahanu on the noon train and went to the next station south. Here we got off of the train and walked a little ways to the first village. I guess you know that a village consists of four to a dozen grass huts, sometimes there are more huts together, but many many times there are only a half dozen in a group. It seems very odd to me to think of them as villages. Near this station there are quite a lot of such villages.

Guess I must describe one of these huts, so you can see it from the outside. Indeed I think they are real pretty from the outside. Just imagine a low square grass hut whose roof has four slopes. Many times the eaves of the roof are not more than three feet from the ground and so we have to stoop when we enter them. Not all of the roofs are covered with grass, but many of them have large leaves tied together and fastened on the roof. And many of these huts have vines growing up over the roofs, and that makes them look so pretty. Yesterday we saw a lot that had large pumpkin vines on the roof, and we saw the large pumpkins and squash up there too. Some have gourds on the roof and others have vines that have pretty purple and yellow flowers. I think you can imagine how pretty a group of these vine-clad huts must look from a distance. You notice that I say they are nice from a distance or on the outside, I cannot say the same for the inside, as you will see later on.

Our Bible woman led the way and we followed. We had to walk through a muddy lane, but we stepped on the drier spots and got through O. K. The first hut we came to, a pack of children were playing about the door, and of course they were dressed "Indian style," and had no clothes on except for a string about the waist and a small cloth hung over the string. The people of the place had just finished limping the front veranda (which was a little square place in front of the door about three by three feet). I have described the process of "limping" to you already, and so you know that if we went in on that fresh floor that it would be like stepping around in a barnyard. But then it was dry enough that we could step in under the porch on leaves which were put on the floor to walk on, until the floor would be dry. They carried a bench in for Goldie and me to sit down on, and brought a little low stool for Sunderbie. We all sat down, and so did our audience, after Sunderbie told them to sit down. (Isn't that funny to sit down, but that's the way here). That was a strange looking audience. A couple of women sat around in front of us and inside a tiny little room at one side were some men and boys, and then in another room were some more women and children. And just back of them were three big oxen and a calf and a brood of chickens. That was in the main room of the house, and of course that is where the animals have their home too. They ate their grass and laid down to chew their cud as unconcerned as though we had not come to tell a Bible story and sing songs. Isn't it funny? I guess I had better not try to describe how the men and women were dressed, or undressed rather. But that is the way most of the poor working people of this country dress and we get used to it and think very little about it. When the women tucked up their saris for work, their legs are bare until far above the knees, and their very short jackets allow much of the stomach to be uncovered. But somehow the dark skin of their bodies is such a covering to them, that it does not look anything like it would in America.

Well, Sunderbie selected a song, and she, and Goldie sang it. Anyone who has never heard one of these native Christian songs don't know how they sound, and I cannot tell you. But they seem to go sliding around from major into minor keys that I fear all the time that they will run off the track. But they don't. After they had sung that song then Sunderbie began to tell a story, and although I could not understand any of it (because it was in Marathi, and not G. Ujara, I knew that she gave them a good lesson. After that she said we would go, and we all left, after saying, "salaam," to the household.

Then we walked over to another hut, that looked just like the first one from the outside. This time we didn't go inside, but just sat on the narrow platform that runs around the hut just under the eaves. Again they sang a song and Sunderbie told a story. The audience looked about the same. I did love to listen to Sunderbie as she talked, for I could see that she was enjoying her work and that the people listened well, and ever now and then some one would shake her or his head in assent. Again we went on to the next hut, and here everyone was inside the house.

Then on our way to the village school, we stopped at another home, and we sat on the outside while the household sat on the inside, but we were glad that they would listen. Sunderbie told a

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See these on tables No. 1 and 2.

# DAVIDS'

Sunderbie called inside and asked if we could come in. They said yes, and we stooped and went in. It was so dark within that for a little while it was hard to see what all was in there. But presently we saw the family—which was a big one. Over in one corner a big lazy man got up and tucked his dhoter about him (the dhoter is about four yards of cloth which the men wear instead of trousers). And then he doubled up a heavy pad of bedding and gave us the straw mat to sit on, which had been under his bedding. Goldie and I sat down Hindu style on the matting, while Sunderbie sat on the floor. Not far from us sat the woman on the floor with her sardee wrapped about her little boy, about a year old. He was so hidden under her sardee that we would hardly have known he was there had he not moved and stuck his head out now and then. And then there were a lot of older children perched around on the floor. Sunderbie gave each of them a S. S. card, and they were glad to get it for they so seldom ever have anything nice. Then to our left and behind us were some men and large boys, back there with the oxen and chickens. Just at my left hand a small fire was burning right out on the floor. While they were singing a couple other men came in and sat down and lighted their "native" cigarette (which are made out of leaves off of trees from the coals of that fire). This time Sunderbie gave a long story about the Prodigal Son, and I know she said some things about their heathen gods because I heard their names. It looked to me as though it was very interesting and I did wish that I could understand.

And then we went to another hut. Here we saw about the same things as before. I noticed their beds in this hut. They are wooden bedsteads and have ropes strung in and out for the strings. Old ragged cloths are thrown on them and here the people slept. I certainly am thankful for my nice soft, clean, white bed with its mosquito-net all tucked around me.

In this home was a woman that Goldie told me has asked to become a Christian, but she would have to leave her village and her caste to be a Christian and come over here to the Mission Compound. And there is no room over here for her and no work to give her, and so she stays there. I do think it is such a shame that our missions are not strong enough yet to care for all such people. But we are praying that it will soon become stronger and that we shall have the room and the place for all such.

The next time we went over into another village, which was just over inside an inclosure fenced in by these sticky cacti. There were perhaps a half dozen huts inside this inclosure. Here we saw the ITCH. Oh those poor people, they were just covered with itch. We just felt as though we should have brought the dispensary along and plastered these people with salve.

The first hut we went to, we sat down on the narrow platform about the hut under the eaves and under the tiny porch. The woman was busy putting those "cigarette" leaves together into little bundles for sale. About her were four or five children and they were so itchy that they were in misery. There was one little girl especially that I noticed. She was about three or four years old, and she just scratched and cried. Her whole face was one of misery. Her hair stood on her head in every direction of the compass. On her elbows I saw where the pus of the itch was oozing out. The poor poor little thing. If she could have been put in a good bath and covered with iodine and salve, she might have some hope of getting rid of that itch. The father sat there too, and he also had the itch. And he held the little baby and his little feet were festered. Do you wonder that we just long that we might do something for these ignorant suffering people. We are trying to help, but our efforts seem so small, for there are thousands about us that need to be taught how to live. We do rejoice for those that have accepted Christianity and who are living like we feel they should. Oh there is such a difference between their homes and these heathen homes.

Then on our way to the village school, we stopped at another home, and we sat on the outside while the household sat on the inside, but we were glad that they would listen. Sunderbie told a

couple of stories and then we went on.

After walking some little distance down along the railroad we came to the school. This is a Christian school, and since Anna Eby went home, Goldie has the oversight and direction of these schools. When I describe it to you, you will think that it is a strange school, but when we see the good that is done, and the difference it makes in the lives of the children, we are so thankful that the effort pays. Yes, it is a very queer school house. Just off of the road we turned into a hut. It looked more like a tumble-down wagon shed than most anything I can compare it to. In the front, and to one side, in a corner were the students. They sat on two benches that filled two sides of the walls. All together there must have been about 16 there. One was a girl and she was dressed like a boy. Her name is "Sunder" which means "Beautiful."

The teacher was the wife of one of our Christian men. She is a nice little woman and seems to be doing real good work. But there is not the order in this school that we have in U. S. A. Every youngster does about as he likes. There were three little fat fellows there that just kept things moving. They did not study and tried to keep others from it too. The teacher would look at them and shake her head and tell them to behave, but they were too full of mischief to mind. It seemed that they were trying to show off for our benefit.

As the different classes recited they gave us their books to look at, but you can guess how much I knew of what they read! They were four grades there, and the two higher grades were doing real good work, it seemed.

During the last half hour they had their Bible lesson. This consisted in telling stories to them and having them tell other Bible stories. And those little heathen children would get up by the teacher's desk and tell about Adam and Eve, Moses, etc. They also sang several songs for us.

Goldie and I sat on the "home-made" chairs, which almost needed to have a label on them to know that they were chairs. And Sunderbie, climbed up on the bedstead and sat there.

While we were listening, the husband of the teacher made tea for us, and brought each of us a cup of tea. It was very good. We then got out our lunch of sandwiches and coconut and ate that along with our tea. But we didn't care to eat where all the children would watch us, so we went over to one side and into a little tiny room, that we so warm that I got hot right away.

After seeing the school, we went to another house. This was the best one we had been in during the day. A large hanging swing, with room enough for four hung down in the middle of the room. We sat on that. They were hulling and cleaning rice in that room, and so we watched that process for awhile, as they shook it out their wicker shovels, or scoops. In this home one of the boys is a Christian.

Then Goldie took me over to the place where she and Anna had their tent last January. They were down there for some time and got into lots of homes. That really is the only way to reach these people. One must go and live near enough where you can visit their homes and not have to spend so much time on the railroad going to and from your work.

By this time it was nearly 5 o'clock and so we had to return to the station to take the train for Dahanu. The train was a little late and so we had plenty of time.

It took us about a half hour to get back home. That surely was a day for me. It was the first time that I had been in heathen homes, and so I saw lots of things. As yet I do not know what my line of work will be here in India, but if I have this line of Evangelistic work you can tell by this letter what kind of work I shall be doing as soon as I get the language.

I have certainly enjoyed my visit here at Dahanu with the girls. They have such a nice home now. But it is certainly a contrast to the home they lived in before they got in their new house. They took me to see where they used to live the other evening, and when I saw those little dark rooms and heard how the cats used to crunch bones under their beds at night, I understood why they appreciate their new home so much. They say it is like a palace to what they had.

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