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**WHEAT CROPS IN WALLOWA FINE**

**GENERAL REVIEW OF WHEAT INDUSTRY OVER THERE**

**Conditions Favor Large Crops and They Are Annual Occurrences**

Enterprise, Ore., July 30.—Wheat harvest in Wallowa county annually grows more prominent, from the financial point of view. A few years ago this was unknown. It was undreamed. Cattle and sheep ranged the hills. The soil was said to be too "thin" on the uplands to raise good wheat. Lack of moisture was given as a cause for wheat failure. But for two weeks now, the harvest time differing slightly with different sections of the county, the wheat harvest has been going merrily on, and those same hills have been yielding from forty to sixty bushels of wheat to the acre.

Sections of Montana, according to report, yield a harvest of from eighteen to twenty bushels of wheat to the acre. The virgin wheat lands of this county would count that all but a total failure of the crop. Here the wheat growers smile, even though the spring grain is under the average, owing to an unusually dry June. The fall wheat is good, as proven by the harvest now under way, with the quality of the wheat much better than it generally is during an excessively rainy season.

These facts delight the wheat grower of Wallowa county, who raises wheat on land that was tabooed in the general understanding, up to a few brief years ago; and not only these facts, but the more profitable one of raising from this land some of the best wheat coming to market, yields an additional cause for general rejoicing among wheat growers here.

Between Enterprise and the city of Wallowa the fall wheat is better than during many years before, and is as good as during any one year in the past twenty. That is a big cry for Wallowa hill lands as wheat growing soil. This refers to fall wheat raised annually.

Hiram Meek, formerly an Ohio farmer, is at present engaged in harvesting 100 acres of fall wheat in the section mentioned. In Ohio he used to cut as high as twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, if everything went well; if rain fell at the proper time; if the wheat did not "winter kill"; if the weevil did not get into it, nor the rust carry it off, nor any one of a score of other afflictions incident to Ohio wheat growing did not interfere. Sometimes in Ohio, Mr. Meek raised as little as ten and fifteen bushels to the acre of winter wheat. And speaking of "thin soil", Ohio has considerable of it, with the lime rock shouldering up at intervals, penetrating cultivated fields and pastures and glaring like famine at the intensely hot sun.

In Wallowa county Mr. Meek has been raising wheat for eighteen years. His lowest average, according to his statements in interview, has been forty bushels to the acre in the eighteen years. The price of wheat per bushel, in the earlier day here, took on the color of the low price wheat in every other community, but Mr. Meek had more of it to sell than he would have had in Ohio at the same price. Today and doubtless for the future, the price of wheat is good as every farmer knows, and having lots of it means that the grower is getting rich and will for some time keep on getting rich.

To give the matter further emphasis, C. E. Haskett is another wheat grower in this county, in the same district with Mr. Meek. He has taken to the Wallowa county hill lands with the eye and confidence of a prophet, and has there abided for nearly a generation. The result is the natural and logical one of fortunate independence, a good wheat ranch, no debts, no mortgages, good stock and fine buildings about him, and from forty to sixty bushels of wheat to the acre annually. Mr. Haskett is just now harvesting something over 100 acres of fall grain—wheat.

It will startle the homeseeker to hear, upon the heels of such a wheat statement, that there are thousands and tens of thousands of such wheat land in Wallowa county still waiting settlement, but that is true. Too many homeseekers arrive with the prejudice that wheat lands, in order

to be good and profitable, must be stretched out in "flats" or covered with smoothly growing clover like an old field in the "east" that has been hewed out of an oak forest these hundred years. Unfortunately, or fortunately, the glacial era did not stop to smooth the wrinkles out of Wallowa county and erect a comfortable ten-room cottage with plumbing conveniences, on each 160 acres. Nor did the glacial era do that in Ohio and Illinois. As a matter of fact it requires the same hardy pioneer effort in the new and undeveloped section of the northwest today, that it required in early Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, to develop these sections. There is the advantage of modern machinery and modern transportation today here over the pioneer days of the east. And grappling these advantages to him, any homeseeker willing to work can find good land and can get rich growing wheat in Wallowa county. At the outset it is like everything else, notably, hard work; and the degree of success depends upon the homeseeker's degree of industry, patience and perseverance. But the returns are big and happy, bringing competence, independence, fortitude in money ways as in many other ways.

Up in the north part of the county the wheat grower is king. And today, after performing the drudgery which hinges on all beginnings, he puts considerable recreation into his life while not growing wheat—or while watching his wheat grow and while waiting for harvest. He goes fishing and hunting whenever he wants to. He builds him a good home and creates a paradise around it. He has some of the finest springs of water in the world. Timber for building purposes is at hand. Sub-irrigation of the whole cultivable part of the north county assures crops. He fattens his hogs on corn raised there. And after everything is "laid by" for the summer, and he wants to take a trip "back east" to see the folks, he has the money in the National bank of Enterprise to take it.

These hill lands are being redeemed from waste rapidly. The time is not greatly distant when not a rood of cultivable land will remain in the entire county, subject to settlement. The wheat belt, like the great corn belt of Illinois, Iowa and eastern Kansas and Nebraska and northern Missouri is too limited ever to see the price of wheat slip back into the thirty cent column. And the outlook for the wheat grower is better, investment and effort considered, than the outlook for any other form of husbandry. This appeals with staggering emphasis when one considers that the Wallowa county hill lands produce from forty to sixty bushels of wheat to the acre. Hills that can be had at present for almost nothing!

**What It Achieved**  
 By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS  
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Ed Archer and Molly Doyle were as children one of those couples we like to read about, but the stories of whose loves are rarely finished by marriage.

There was something enduring about the affair between Ed and Molly. At any rate, it lasted till Ed went away to college, and that is about as long as child loves usually last. In this case there was nothing on either side to indicate that during Ed's college course love was smoldering in his breast or that of his child love. There was no correspondence between them, and if either ever thought of the other no one besides themselves knew it. They missed each other when Ed returned for the only vacation he spent at home, and when he was graduated as a civil engineer a position was ready for him, of which he at once availed himself. Therefore they did not meet from the time he began his studies till two years after he had been bucking against the world.

When they did meet Ed was paying attention to a young widow of means. His mother was not well, and he left his work and his charmer to pay the mother a visit. While at home he called on Molly Doyle.

Now, it happened that Molly and Ed's widow had a mutual friend. So when Ed appeared Molly knew all about his intentions, or at least what appeared to be his intentions.

She came down to meet him with a letter in her hand. After greeting him she threw the missive on a table. It was addressed and stamped ready for the mail. Molly wrote a large hand, and it didn't require a microscope to read the name of the person for whom the letter was intended. Indeed, one could decipher it from across an ordinary sized room. Molly was not ex-

pected any return of that sweet interchange of sentiment which marks a child love. Ed made approaches toward speaking of it, but met with no encouragement. The conversation turned upon Molly's friend, who was also the widow's friend, and this led to some mention of the latter, but Molly did not speak of her as a matter of interest to her or her visitor. If she had any feeling about the widow she didn't show it.

Ed's call lasted a couple of hours. When he arose to depart he asked: "Is the letter on the table for the mail?"

"It is."  
 "Let me post it for you. I pass the office on my way home."  
 "Thank you very much."  
 She handed him the letter. He put it in his pocket and took leave.

The next evening he called, bringing with him some flowers. Molly softened a little at the gift. When he spoke of how many flowers he had given her when they were children she said that now he spoke of it she remembered them very well.

"By the bye," said Ed, "on leaving you last evening I was so engrossed with the pleasure of meeting you again that I forgot to post the letter you committed to my care. I have brought it back to you, thinking that after the delay you might wish to reconsider sending it."

There was an odd look in Molly's eye and a faint tinge of color in her cheek. Instead of looking disturbed over Ed's forgetfulness, she looked rather pleased.

"Tonight as you pass the office will you post it?" she said and spoke of other matters.

The next evening Ed called again. This was three evenings in succession. He brought her a more substantial gift than flowers—a glove box, handsomely inlaid. She received it graciously.

"It is for atonement," he said.  
 "Atonement for what?"  
 "A bad memory. Again I have forgotten to drop your letter in the mail."

She gave him a forgiving smile—what else could she do after the atonement gift?—and said:  
 "Oh, it doesn't matter. Put it in as you go by tonight."

"You are very kind not to scold me. I shall keep my mind on it from the time I leave you."

"On the mailing of the letter?"  
 "The letter."

This evidently meant something more than the words, for Ed spoke them with his eyes fixed on her intently, and she dropped hers to the floor.

During the next call Mr. Archer made upon Miss Doyle he made no mention of the letter—at least until he arose to go. He brought her a gift, but kept it in his pocket till his visit was finished. He had a great deal to say about their childhood days—more, indeed, than he had to say about the eight or nine years that had passed since, during which he had made no effort to communicate with her or to see her. Indeed, on this latter subject he maintained a discreet silence.

It was near midnight when, having told her that he had loved her ever since he was a boy and could never love any one else, he took out his gift—a ring—and slipped it on her finger. She made no objection, since she had consented to a betrothal. Before leaving he threw the letter he had again failed to post on the table.

"Did it contain a 'Yes' or a 'No'?" he asked.  
 She opened it and displayed a sheet of blank paper.

**DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.**

Miss Johanna Redmond, daughter of John Redmond, M. P., has written a comedy sketch which is to be produced at a London music hall.

Mrs. Ella Flegg Young, Chicago's \$10,000 a year superintendent of schools, has started a movement toward safeguarding the eyes of public school pupils.

Mrs. Anna O. Hagstedt of New York is one of the first women to enter the class of airship inventors. Recently she was granted letters patent on a combination automobile, flying machine and boat.

Miss Alice Christopher of Evansville, Ill., on her marriage to Gerry E. Brown of Rhinelander, Wis., received an unusual bridal gift. The city of Chicago bestowed her family name on a municipal playground.

Miss Mary Katherine Letterman was a clerk in the diplomatic bureau of the state department when she was selected to serve as social secretary to Mrs. Taft. Miss Letterman is a native of Pennsylvania and was educated in France.

Miss Emily Butt was the first woman to have the privilege of the floor in a working session of the Mississippi legislature. It was accorded her in order that she might explain the meaning of the juvenile reformatory bill recently passed.

**The Writers.**

Mrs. Virginia Terhune Van de Water, the writer, is a daughter of Marlon Harland.  
 Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, was born in 1845 and is a leader

of the Nationalists in Poland today.  
 Word comes from London that Mr. William de Morgan is on his way back from Florence, bringing with him the final corrected proofs of his new book. An indication of how careful an artist this author is is the fact that he is said to have almost rewritten his novel in the proofs.

Margaret Chanler Aldrich, the author, is a sister of former Lieutenant Governor Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler and a great-niece of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. As Miss Chanler she was one of the founders and for seven years president of the Women's Municipal league of New York city.

**Bridge Hints.**

If you hold a good heart, don't discard it.

If you find an unguarded knife, kick him and run.

If you are short of honors, never mind. Many an obscure man dies rich.

With three good suits and four diamonds, it is safe to accept an invitation to a week end party.

If your partner is a dummy, don't complain; she probably wouldn't have married you if she hadn't been.

Holding a commanding club, don't hesitate to tell the cook it looks like rain if the soup justifies the declaration.

With the years against you, never venture a weak heart declaration unless you have diamonds enough to pull you through.—Smart Set.

**Kicking the Cat.**

Now they say cats spread disease; also they spread insomnia, profanity and a few other things.—Atlanta Constitution.

A well known naturalist estimates that in New England alone 1,500,000 birds are destroyed annually by cats.—Boston Globe.

Cats are responsible for many misdeeds on farms attributed to hawks, owls, skunks or weasels. A cat has been known to kill a whole brood of chickens in a day, a feat which only a mink could equal.—New York Post.

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