

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
 The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
 NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

CAMERAS WILL MAP TRAIN

SPUD SHIPMENT TO LEAVE ELGIN TOMORROW.

Spud Train Will Be Featured by O.-W. Company in Photographs.

Photographs of the banner trainload of spuds to start east tomorrow will be taken in the local yard tomorrow morning when a special from Elgin reaches here to make up for the run to Denver, the first principal stop. The trainload will be unique in many ways representing above all, the first of its kind to be sent out of Eastern Oregon. There will be but 21 carloads however, rather than 24 as first planned, and subsequent trainloads are to be shipped out later. But because this is the first O.-W. photographers will take views of the monster shipment before its gets under way for the east. The Elgin people aim to designate each car carrying spuds to that wherever the cars go the Elgin potato district will be brought before the public.

Stock Shipments Heavy.

A great deal of stock is moving west and eastward this week. A trainload was fed in the yards here last night and sent west and this evening another stock train is due from the east. Equipment for a trainload of 11 cars of sheep was sent to Joseph today and will reach here tomorrow and head for the Chicago markets.

TITLE FIRM ORGANIZED

C. M. LOCKWOOD TO BE MANAGER OF NEW COMPANY.

Company Capitalized at \$15,000 to Open Abstract Business.

Articles of Incorporation of the Abstract and Title company have been filed with the secretary of state.

The new company has purchased and taken over the abstract plant of the La Grande Investment company, and will open an office in this city for business on February 1st, 1912.

With a modern and up-to-date plant, and backed by its capital stock of \$15,000, the new company will be in a position to issue accurate and reliable abstracts of title to real estate in this county.

The personnel of the directors and officers of the company has not been made public as yet; however, it is understood that C. M. Lockwood who for the past year, has had charge of the La Grande Investment company, will be the manager of the new company.

SHIP BODY TO ILLINOIS.

Remains of Late Roy Crandall to Be Sent to Kirksville, Ill.

On instructions received by Coroner C. T. Bacon from the father of the late Roy Crandall who perished on the mountains Monday after being shot since Saturday morning, the remains which have been lying in the Henry & Carr undertaking parlors, will be shipped east today. They go to Kirksville, Ill., for interment.

There is Only One "Bromo Quinine"
That is Laxative Bromo Quinine
 USED THE WORLD OVER TO CURE A COLIC IN ONE DAY.

Always remember the full name. Look for this signature on every box. 25c.

PLAYING CARDS.

An Interesting Study From Historic and Pictorial Viewpoints.

Quite apart from their use in various games, playing cards are an interesting study from historic and pictorial points of view. Take first their numerical arrangement—52 cards, 365 pips or dots and 13 tricks, representing the weeks and days in the year and the lunar months.

There are four suits, representing four classes of people as they were divided at the time the pack of cards we now use was devised by the French. The "spades" stood for pikemen or soldiers, the clubs for clover, typifying farmers; the diamonds for building flies, representing artisans, and the hearts for choirmen or ecclesiastics.

The "kings" and "queens" at that time were more or less correct likenesses of certain royal and noble personages. Even in our modern packs it is said that one of the queens is a conventionalized portrait of Elizabeth of York, who was engaged to the dauphin of France.

The "knives" were then the king's jesters, and even these cards may be portraits. All the court cards, in fact, retain their sixteenth century characteristics. Cards are among the few things that have not changed with the centuries.—Brooklyn Eagle.

ENGLISHMEN'S GAMES.

Quaint Hindu View of the Beating and Kicking of Balls.

Some amusing descriptions of East Indian life are given in Mrs. Penny's book, "The Rajah." Here is a Hindu servant's opinion of the English devotion to ball games, given to four rams—princesses—whom he was trying to enlighten:

"The English," he said, "all play ball. Some beat balls with iron shod sticks, standing in the fields and striking with sufficient force to break a man's skull; some beat the ball with a long bit of wood in front of three sticks that represent their gods, some with corded spoons over a net wall, some with long handled hammers as they sit on horses; some kick the ball with their feet. The balls are of all sizes from a small orange to a man's head."

"By whose orders do they kick and beat balls?" he was asked.

"By order of their pujaris," the syce replied, "and he must know, because he serves the writing sahib."

"Why should such an order be given?" asked the second rani.

"They are a fierce and warlike people, those English, who must be always fighting and beating some one. It is by this means only that they are prevented from killing each other."

"But the Missie Sahib—would she, too, beat and fight?"

"She is strong. Who knows? At Bombay and Calcutta the English ladies beat balls over the wall of net. They do it that they may bear children fierce and strong like their fathers. When the babies are but a few months old they give them balls to beat with their little hands and to creep after as soon as they can move by themselves."

A Queer Monument.

A monument erected in the Straglieno cemetery has a very curious history. It is that of an old woman of Genoa, who made a living by selling strings of nuts in the streets. By frugality and industry she succeeded in amassing a small fortune in this way and then commissioned a well known sculptor of Genoa, Luigi Orongo, to make a life sized portrait of her in marble just as she appeared at her pitch in the streets. This statue she ordered to be placed in the famous Straglieno cemetery, probably the largest in the world.—Wide World Magazine.

Sweet and Hard.

The Royal band was playing for the king, Louis XIV., the "Miserere of Lully." The king was on his knees and so was the whole court. His majesty kept the awkward attitude until the end of the hymn. After rising, the king turned to the Count de Grammont and asked how he found the music. "Very sweet to the ear, sire, but very hard on the knees."

Gov. Woodrow Wilson is due in Chicago Feb. 12 to begin a short tour of Illinois and Wisconsin.

BUNKER'S RECORD

The Colonel Always Ready to Defend His Honor.

LED MEN IN BRAVE CHARGE.

Happened to Go the Way There Was No Enemy, and This Mistake Caused Cruel Remarks That Served as Basis For Challenges.

By M. QUAD.

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"It was my custom, sub," said Colonel Bunker as he carefully replaced the glass on the table and elevated his feet, "it was my custom in all perilous moments during the war to place myself at the head of my regiment and wave my sword and call upon my gallant men to follow me to victory or death. I do not go so far as to say that I originated this custom or practice, but I believe I followed it more closely than any other colonel in the service. When a private soldier sees his commanding officer ready to sacrifice his life there can be no hanging back.

"Yes, sub, I would place myself where shot and shell rained the thickest, and after allowing the men to steady themselves I would wave my sword and utter a few words of fervid eloquence. Then I would wheel and lead them, and it was seldom that victory did not perch upon our banners. She had to perch. There was no getting out of it.

"When you follow a fervid speech with a dash and a yell something has



MULE'S KICK PREVENTED DUEL.

got to break. The one noted exception was at the second battle of Manassas. My glorious old regiment was placed in a certain position and ordered to hold it until my judgment dictated an advance. We had fought for three hours when the opportune moment arrived. Placing myself in front of the line, I went through the usual waves and then said:

"Men, the enemy is in front of us! Who will follow me until the last one has died or surrendered?"

Dashed For Two Miles.

"I will!" shouted a hundred men, and the next moment we were dashing forward. After we had dashed about eighty rods I began to look for the enemy, but he was not to be found. We kept on for half a mile, but no enemy. We were determined to do or die, sub—do or die—and we continued charging ahead and thinking of our forefathers who died at Lexington or Bunker Hill until we had gone two miles. It then transpired that there was no enemy for ten miles in that direction, and after a rest we returned.

"I am sorry to say that our gallant dash was misconstrued in certain quarters. The brigadier, for instance, said he couldn't make out why we should go charging all over the country after an enemy that was close at hand. I repeated the words of my fervid address to him, but it was no go. I told him of our wish to die for our country, but he only smiled. At length, sub, at length when he became sarcastic I remarked that he was my superior officer and outside of any challenge from me, but if we both lived to the end of the war he would be forced to meet me on the field of honor. For my words I was put under arrest for two weeks.

Colonel Johnson Misunderstood.

"Colonel Johnson of my own brigade was another who did not understand the situation. It was just at the time blackberries were ripe, and would you believe, sub, that he had the impudence to ask me if I had taken my regiment on a little trip to gather the succulent fruit? I had him challenged within five seconds, but in going to the field selected I fell over a stone and injured my back so that I was laid up for a month. At the end of that time Colonel Johnson was drafted into another regiment, and we did not meet again until all was over. Then he came up to me one day with outstretched hand and said:

"Colonel Bunker, I have had almost three years in which to think that thing over, and I have come to the conclusion that blackberries had nothing to do with it. I think you were inspired altogether by heroism and that if you had found the enemy he would have been slain to the last man. Forget the words spoken years ago, sub; forget them."

Brigadier Was a Grocer.

"I had to forget them, sub. You can't force a man to fight you after he

has apologized. It was only a few weeks later when I met the brigadier. The war was over, and he had gone to keeping a grocery store. I walked in on him one day, but before I could make a remark he came bustling forward to say:

"Colonel Bunker, I am glad to see you, sub—mighty glad. When you wanted to die for your country at Second Manassas and made a dash of three miles in hopes to find some one to kill you, I did not exactly appreciate the sentiment nor the situation. I have given them much thought since, and I have come to the conclusion that you were right—no more than right. Accept my hand, sub, and let us bury the hatchet."

"Those were his words, sub, while his demeanor was in consonance with them. And what could I do but shake his hand and order twenty pounds of sugar sent to my house as a clincher?"

"Another of my critics was Majah Hoke. The majah insisted that my wish to die for my country had nothing to do with it; that I had been ordered to hold a certain position and that it was my duty to do it; that it looked more like leading a regiment out to play a game of baseball than to fight and other remarks that cut deep. I could not challenge him, he being my inferior, but I tweaked his nose for him and stated that if he would challenge me I would waive the difference in rank.

Mule Prevented the Duel.

"The majah was all giner, sub. He had the challenge ready in ten minutes, and all was arranged to meet next morning. Each was fully determined to kill the other, but we were not to meet. That night while he was going the rounds of the pickets he was so badly kicked by an army mule that he was sent to the hospital. A few days later he was gobbled up by the enemy and held prisoner to the end of the war. I met him on the streets of this town a year later. I was about to glare at him and pass him by when he held up his hand for me to halt and said:

"Colonel Bunker, I have come to the conclusion that my words of years ago were uncalculated for. You were not in a certain place to exercise your best judgment and whatever you did was right. I wish to recall those words, sub, and I wish you to accompany me around the corner and take a nip in honor of the renewal of our friendship."

"It was a time when all men were burying their animosities, and the majah and I soon buried ours. I then had only one more man to deal with. He had been lieutenant colonel in my brigade, and it had so happened that we had played poker together on many occasions. It had also happened, as it will sometimes, that I had most always been the winner. The colonel was a gentleman, sub, as well as a soldier, but his losses rankled a bit.

Bumblebees Won the Fight.

"When my troubles came he remarked that I was probably leading my regiment in search of a four ace hand, and when I called on him and demanded an apology he refused to make one. I waived the difference in rank and challenged him. He promptly accepted. As both of us wished to have the affair over with at the earliest possible moment we went out within the hour. As both of us were dead shots it was predicted that there would be a double tragedy, but there was a roaring farce instead.

"We entered a meadow well beyond the lines and were about to take position when we discovered that we had stirred up a nest of bumblebees. The insects attacked us with fury, and both of us were stung repeatedly before we could make our escape. The humor of the thing appealed to each man, and a few judicious words from the seconds brought about a reconciliation.

"I had determined to play no more poker with the colonel, but at his earnest and repeated solicitations I did relieve him of small sums at regular intervals for the next year or two. A good soldier and a game man, sub, but not up to the points of the great American game. That's all, sub; that's all."

And when the cocktail was brought he drank it at a gulp and was soon nodding in sleep.

Much Needed.



Hampton—We're forming a new association. Want to join?

Rhodes—What's it all about?

Hampton—We refuse to patronize restaurants with cups and saucers weighing more than ten pounds.—Chicago News

WOLTERS MUST DIE.

Governor Dix Refuses to Come to His Rescue—Will Be Electrocuted.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 24.—Governor Dix today refused to interfere in the execution of Albert Wolters who was sentenced to death for the murder of Ruth Wheeler in New York City. He advertised for a stenographer and when she replied he dismembered the body and stuffed it in a chimney. It was one of the big cases of recent years. Wolter is to die Monday.

Geibel's 1-2 Price Sale

Muslin Underwear

We have placed our entire line of Royal Muslin Underwear on tables in the center aisle and priced them at just half. Every careful and prudent woman who sees the splendid varieties we have provided notes the superb quality of Royal undermuslins, and figures the savings will surely provide now for all needs in Muslin Underwear.

WHAT

Better or stronger "Buy Now" argument could we advance than the price of one-half on the entire line of Muslin Underwear?

All Muslin Underwear On Sale At

1-2 PRICE

Geibel's

W C T U HEAD COMING

PRESIDENT OF STATE ORGANIZATION TO SPEAK.

Will Address Union Service at Methodist Church Sunday Night.

Ada Wallace Unruh, president of the Oregon Women's Temperance Union, will be in La Grande next Sunday and will address a union service at the Methodist church. Her specific theme has not been announced but it will deal with the temperance work in Oregon.

Mrs. Unruh is conceded to be exceptionally well versed on political topics, and as her ability as a speaker is well known, a large audience will no doubt greet her coming. The local W. C. T. U. is making preparations for her proper entertainment.

Pinehurst Trap Shooting.

Pinehurst, N. C., Jan. 24.—Noted marksmen from many parts of the country faced the traps here today at the opening of the fifth annual mid-winter handicap trapshooting tournament. The event is one of the biggest shooting tournaments of the year. A total of nearly \$2,000 added money is offered. The winner of the Pinehurst handicap, which will be shot next Saturday, will take down \$500 in cash and a silver trophy, valued at \$150.

Atlantic Whist Congress.

New York, Jan. 24.—Tournament play at the 14th annual congress of the Atlantic Whist association began at the Hotel Victoria in this city today and will continue until the end of the week. The association is composed of clubs in Boston, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington and numerous other cities.

To Honor Bishop Whitehead.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 24.—Bishop Daniel S. Tuttle of Missouri, the senior bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church, with a number of other prominent representatives of the denomination, is here to participate in a celebration arranged in honor of the 30th anniversary of the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, bishop of the Pittsburg diocese.

Attention

To all Women of Woodcraft. There will be a meeting of Grande Ronde Circle No. 47 on Friday, Jan. 26 at 2:30 p. m. At the residence of Mrs. C. I. Dunn, 1705 Cedar, to consider meeting place and any other business that may come before the Circle.

EDITH DUNN, Guardian Neighbor.

1-24-2t

Umbrella Repairing



don't be caught with a bad umbrella or without any umbrella at all. We can repair that umbrella of yours and make it as good as new? We do re-covering, supply new handles, fix broken ribs, etc. Charges moderate. First class work.

Leighton's Garage