

The Elite THEATRE

A Home Show Owned By Home People. Our Profits Remain Here

FOUR REELS OF REFINED PICTURES AND ILLUSTRATED SONG DAILY.

CHANGE OF PICTURES SUNDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY.

SEVENTH IS PIPPIN'S TOO

McIVOR GETS AWAY WITH SIXTH VICTORY.

Famous Southpaw Lets Boise Down With Scattering Hits Again.

(Boise Statesman.) Chiefly through the efforts of one Kelly, parading in the box score under the misnomer of second baseman, Boise lost the last game of the series to Barry's bunch, 4 to 1. Kelly wallowed around at second like a derelict in a storm. He had more boots than a regiment of cavalry, and his errors of omission were much worse than those he committed. If he had been trying to throw the game he could not have done worse.

Except for the odd exhibition given by Kelly, the game was the best of the series. Mays and McIvor pitched grand ball. The La Grande southpaw allowed but five hits, and three of the seven swats credited to the visitors are scratches, two of them due to Kelly's miserable fielding.

Again pausing to except Kelly, the fielding throughout the contest was superb. The game was fast and snappy and until the seventh inning the score was close enough to make the excitement intense. The gong did not ring at all until the sixth, and there was not a base hit until the third.

The score:

BOISE.	
	AB R H PO A E
Kelly, 2b-rt	4 0 1 0 4 3
Altmatt, ss	2 1 0 2 4 2
Clark, 1b	2 0 0 9 0 0
Scott, rf-2b	4 0 0 1 0 0
Gimlin, cf	4 0 2 2 0 0
West, lf	4 0 0 2 0 0
Fox, c	4 0 1 8 4 0
McGeehan, 3b	4 0 0 3 5 1
Mays, p	3 0 1 0 3 0
*R. Smith	1 0 0 0 0 0
22 1 5 27 20 6	

*Batted for Mays in the ninth.

LA GRANDE.

LA GRANDE.	
	AB R H PO A E
Mensor, cf	5 0 1 3 0 0
Barry, 1b	4 1 2 8 0 0
H. Smith, rf	4 0 0 1 0 0
Harmon, lf	4 0 2 3 0 0
Luttrell, 3b	4 0 0 3 0 0
King, c	4 1 1 6 2 0
Forbes, 2b	3 0 0 2 3 1
Naughton, ss	3 1 1 4 1 2
McIvor, p	4 1 0 0 1 0
35 4 7 27 10 3	

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Boise	0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0
La Grande	0 0 0 0 1 3 0 0

SUMMARY.

First base on errors, Boise 3. La Grande 5; sacrifice hits, Forbes, Clark; stolen bases, Harmon, Naughton; two base hits, Mays, Barry; double play, King to Naughton; struck out, by Mays 8, McIvor 3; base on balls, off Mays 1, McIvor 3. Time of game, 1:39. Umpire, Knell.

Manager Jack Barry and his trustees who have been clouting the ball unmercifully the past week, arrived in La Grande this morning with all the ado of pennant winners. They have been swamped with glad hands and "go get 'ems." They tarry here tonight and then go on to Pendleton to have a roundup all of their own.

Yesterday's victory makes six for McIvor out of eight pitched in the Tri-State league. The ex-Seattleite is certainly going some.

Jimmie Mensor rather expected to meet his brother Eddie Mensor, the Portlander who left yesterday for Pittsburg, his future stamping ground but the brothers missed each other some way.

Yesterday Walla Walla won again, making it five out of six and making the standings like this:

	W.	L.	PC.
Walla Walla	33	18	.647
Pendleton	26	26	.500
Boise	24	27	.471
La Grande	19	31	.380

Five Games Means Something Five games out of seven played this week on the La Grande side.

ledger—an exact reverse of the customary rule of "at of the custom wherein" as Tri-State league Grande figured. By taking yesterday's game from Boise, La Grande paved the way to climb out of the basement and as Walla Walla seems unbeatable, it is more than likely that Boise will continue to lose pretty freely and if she drops about four games out of the series and La Grande can take four from Pendleton the Pippins will shake the must of the cellar from their sandals and proceed to reach for second place whence she is destined sure enough.

Evelyn Pierce

A Story of the Old U. S. Army

By EDWIN THORNTON

The days of army posts on the western frontier, a garrison shut up by itself with no outsiders to see or talk with or even hear about, are over. Then, too, in those days—they are not so far distant—occasionally Indians must be driven back on to their reservations, and sometimes they would be too strong for the little garrison, and days and nights of agony would pass in expectation of their making a break in the walls and murdering every one inside the inclosure, including women and children.

Yet there was a pleasant side to the life. The garrison shut off from the world constituted a family consisting of two divisions, the one being composed of the officers and their families, the other of the men and their families. Between officers and men was a dividing line as to association on familiar terms, but there was a union of heart. The enlisted men understood that this line had from time immemorial been considered necessary to the discipline and efficiency of an army.

Years ago there was one of these army posts in what is now a sovereign state in the American Union. One day when a supply train arrived it brought something to stir the tiresome life of the officers' division—a young lady. She came to visit Mrs. Major Bertrand, wife of the commandant, whose niece she was. Her coming had been talked about, but her appearance was disappointing. She was not especially pretty, though she possessed a soft dark eye which was very expressive, though of what no one could exactly determine.

Within four hours after her arrival she had divided the garrison into two sections, consisting of those who liked and those who distrusted her.

However, it was not long before her friends were converted to the opposite side by the fact that she was capable of talking with a private in the ranks named Conover. A few of those who had fancied her remonstrated with her, telling her that perhaps she didn't know that association with an enlisted man by the families of the officers was prohibited. She listened to them demurely with those singular eyes of hers fixed on them, but said nothing. Nevertheless only a few days had passed when she was again seen talking with the same man.

The matter now came to the ears of Mrs. Bertrand, who gave her niece a lecture and told her that if she was against caught noticing any one of the enlisted men as an equal she should be sent home. Then Evelyn—Evelyn Pierce was her name—asked with real or feigned innocence—her aunt could not tell which—why she could not treat one in the ranks just as she would treat an officer. Mrs. Bertrand could only say that it wasn't the custom and has been an unwritten law in the army.

And so Miss Pierce was in disfavor. Those who showed their condemnation most openly were the women of the garrison. The officers, whatever they thought of the young lady's action though they refrained from showing her marked attention, always treated her with studied politeness. This was due the commandant's wife, whose niece and guest she was. But it was not long before several of the unmarried officers began to find it difficult to

let Miss Pierce alone. There was some thing about her that the cloud hanging over her could not obscure. Furthermore, she had voluntarily brought that cloud upon herself and gave no evidence of being ashamed of it. Possibly an attraction in her was that no one could quite make her out. Some said she was a fool, others that she was very shrewd.

One day an Indian came into the fort and told the major commanding that those of his tribe on the reservation were preparing for war. The major had no time to lose and he said that he would be disconcerted to find that the Indians were not his brothers and that the love would be a grievous error.

At any rate, he had come to warn his white brother, and having done so he would not go back. He must remain in the fort or be killed. He was, of course, suffered to remain.

The coming of this redskin, who soon became known as Uncas, cast a deeper blot upon Miss Pierce. He was seen to look at her covetously and she had been chatted with by Private Conover. Soon after this conversation she went to the major and told him to look out for Uncas. The major asked her on what she based her distrust, and she replied that he had a wicked eye. The major told his wife what Evelyn said, but as no one else had noticed any wickedness in the redskin's eye and as Mrs. Bertrand was very much troubled about Evelyn's actions she lost her equanimity and attributed her niece's accusation to a desire to hide the real cause of her treatment of him. The major did not agree with his wife, but he could not see Uncas out on suspicion to be murdered by his own people, so he took no action in the premises.

One evening when darkness had fallen Uncas was not Evelyn just going into her aunt's quarters and beckoned her to follow him whispering "I show you something to prove me the white man's friend." She did as he desired, and he led her to the back of the magazine, which was hidden from view, and, removing some rubbish, exposed a hole through which, by stooping, one might pass.

"Go in," he said. "I show you what I mean."

Evelyn drew back. "I show you that somebody here is a traitor; he goin' blow up magazine."

Evelyn hesitated, but not for long. Possibly the man whom she knew had been captivated by her appearance— for she had spoken to him but once and then to warn him not to trouble her—had a secret which he would give to her alone. Rending low, she went through the opening. She could see nothing for the darkness. On a shelf stood a lantern, which Uncas instantly lighted; then, after pretending to look for something, seizing her and clapping his hand over her mouth, he dragged her through another opening, and she found herself outside the fort.

What she had suspected was plain to her now, though so great was her terror that it only flashed through her mind. Uncas had come to the fort to effect an entrance for his comrades. He had secretly made the opening to the magazine, concealed it and made another through the wall of the fort. Desiring to possess her, he had arranged to take her with him when he went back to his people. Doubtless long before dawn he would lead them through the magazine into the fort and massacre the garrison before they could form to repel the attack.

Evelyn was very strong for a girl. She had not been captured long before summoning all her strength for a supreme effort—it was enhanced by terror—she wrenched herself from the Indian, and before he could get his grip on her again she darted away for the fort. She ran in the dark, but took no thought of falling. Fortune favored her in this, while it deserted the Indian. He fell, and while he was getting on his feet again Evelyn gained sufficient advantage to reach the opening into the fort and pass through it. When Uncas entered through the same aperture she was standing by a barrel of gunpowder, from which the head had been removed, holding the lantern directly over it.

"Come a step farther," she said, "and I'll drop it."

She stood at bay ready to sacrifice herself and the Indian. Savage as he was, he at once began to look for some strategem by which he could gain the advantage of her. Drawing away, he feigned fright, then penitence, telling her he had been tempted by his passion for her to take her to his own wigwam and make her his wife. He would rather die than harm her.

This and other things he said watching her like a cat for an opportunity to catch her off her guard and get her again in his power. Meanwhile she was thinking how to get out of his clutches. She could hear a sentry walking on the parapet, though his steps were only audible to her when he came to that end of his beat nearest the magazine. He had turned and gone to the other end when she formed a resolution. She listened to Uncas as though moved by his penitence till the sentry came back to the end of his beat nearest her, then gave a shriek so loud that had it not been inclosed would have awakened the garrison.

Major Bertrand had given orders that a key to the magazine door should hang in the sentry box of the man who

guarded it. Since the magazine was never unguarded the key was always within reach of a sentinel. The man, hearing the shriek, seized the key, opening the door, saw Evelyn standing by a powder barrel. The commandant saw him she pointed to the hole in the wall leading from the hole in the magazine. A sentinel had beaten a retreat within a few minutes men on horseback started after Uncas. In his fall when chasing Evelyn he had received a sprain which deterred him in his flight. Hearing his pursuers near upon him, he crawled under a bush, but they had caught sight of him and, pressing on, dragged him out.

When they reached the fort with him they took him to the commandant's quarters, where Evelyn had gone and, after a fainting spell, had regained somewhat of her equanimity.

After a brief examination Uncas was taken out and shot.

So ended an attempt of the Indians to gain by strategem possession of the fort, which doubtless would have been successful had not the man to put it in practice lost his head over a woman. Had he not attempted to take Evelyn with him he could easily have introduced his red brothers and caught the garrison napping.

A great change came over those who had turned a cold shoulder upon Evelyn. She had earned their respect against the savage and by her heroism had saved them from being massacred. And not long afterward another matter was cleared up.

Private Conover was not Conover at all, but Eugene Werner, a gentleman's son, who had enlisted in the ranks for the life, the experience and a possible commission in the army. Evelyn had recognized him as such when the others had either failed to do so or had declined to take notice of the fact. After the episode which had nearly become a tragedy Evelyn openly associated with him, and Major Bertrand for her sake recommended the young man for a commission. Then he and Evelyn became engaged and were married at the fort.

It was then that a latent infatuation several of the officers had conceived for Evelyn flamed up, and they condemned themselves for not having made an effort to win her.

Changing Fashions. Father (meditating on time's changes)—Ab, yes, the fashion of this world passeth away; Daughter—Indeed it does, papa, I shall want a new hat next week.

Life is the suffer, death the angel sent to draw the unwilling bolts and set us free.—Lowell

Auction Sale JULY 17, 1912

17 head of horses; consisting of

- 1 6-year-old mare, good worker.
- 1 4-year-old mare with colt by her side.
- 1 4-year-old team. Will make a good family or truckster's team.
- 1 4-year-old horse broken.
- 2 3-year-old mares, broken.
- 1 3-year-old horse broken.
- 2 2-year-old mare and horse.
- 6 1-year-old colts.
- 1 12-foot McCormick push binder and header combined.
- 1 8 foot disc.
- 1 14 inch two bottom gang plow.
- 1 Jumbo separator and pickler, 1 grindstone, lumber and many other articles too numerous to mention.
- Black Percheron stallion 6 years old, weight 2,000 lbs.

AT E. S. NORRIS' FAIR VIEW RANCH FIVE MILES EAST OF ISLAND CITY.

Ed. Stringham Auctioneer

Notes for Women.

For tonight and Tuesday the Arcade theatre offers an exceptionally strong picture in "Votes for Women." This picture is very complete in two reels and shows us the suffrage movement step by step, giving us a very fine conception of this great movement as it is today. The leading parts are played by Dr. Anna Shaw, the national president, and Miss Jane Addams, national vice president. Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw and a score of other prominent suffragists, who made the trip from Chicago to New York, for the purpose of appearing in this picture. The picture ends with the enormous suffrage parade which recently took place on Fifth avenue, New York. This is an extremely interesting film and should be seen by every woman, interested or not. It is not a comedy, suffrage propaganda and was produced

but a serious presentation of the ed at great expense.

Ligonier Remembers Dead.

Ligonier, Pa., July 8.—Every store, mill, shop, mine and hotel was closed from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. today while the town paid a last tribute to some of the victims of Friday's wreck.

FALL BREAKS WRIST.

Miss Hazel Richardson Sustains Broken Wrist Yesterday.

Growing suddenly dizzy while swinging in the new playground swings at Riverside park, Miss Hazel Richardson of this city fell yesterday afternoon with great force. Her wrist was broken by the fall and she was badly shaken up, recovering from the shock quickly, however. Dr. Loughlin set the fracture and the gritty sufferer was soon on her feet again little "the worse for wear."

If You Are Interested in a Home or Investment LOOK THESE OVER

160 acres, 3 miles from town, 4 miles from railroad, all the very best of soil, small amount of timber on main county road and rural delivery. New seven room bungalow cost \$1,500.00 and splendid outbuildings. Commercial orchard of 400 trees in full bearing; small stream running across the property. This is a fine home and besides increasing in value will make good money every year. The price is only \$12,000.00; one fourth cash, balance on time at 8 per cent.

20 acres, 4 1-2 miles from town, good house, barn, and outbuildings. Best of soil, family orchard and running water. Fine place for fruit, berries or small general farm. Price \$2,000.00 one-half cash, balance reasonable time

25 acres of nine year old commercial orchard within two miles of La Grande. Good house, barn and outbuildings; on one of the main roads; in the very heart of the Grande Ronde Valley fruit district. The price of this property is \$12,500.00 and this year's crop will easily make the first payment.

40 acres, 3 miles from town, 1 mile from school, on county road and rural route, 35 acres in cultivation, family orchard, fair improvements, plenty of water, a fine small farm. This a splendid property and will rapidly increase in value. Price only \$2,350.00, terms.

16 acres, only one mile from La Grande, all in full bearing commercial orchard, except one acre. This property is well improved and a fine home. Good house, barn, fruit house, wind mill and outbuildings, telephone, rural route, in fact every convenience. The crop this year will pay more than half the purchase price which is \$10,850.00; good reasons for selling.

480 acres, four miles from good town, 80 acres in cultivation, 200 more can be cultivated, balance pasture and good timber. Plenty of water and good new improvements. One year's work will actually double the value of this property. The price now is \$27.50 per acre.

5 acres adjoining city limits of one of the small towns of the valley, perfectly level and best of soil. This entire tract has just been planted to commercial apples and pears, there being 240 of each. Enough produce can be grown between the rows to pay taxes and all expenses until the trees begin bearing. This entire tract is only \$1,200.00, and is only half the regular price asked for new orchards. A splendid investment.

40 acres of unimproved land, best of soil, covered with small second growth of pine. On one of the main county roads of the valley, on rural route and 4 miles from town. Improved land all around it cannot be bought for one hundred dollars per acre. Wood and posts on this forty will pay for clearing. Price is \$1,500.00—three hundred down, good terms on balance.

Also another forty acre tract, 4 miles from town on main county road; well improved, good buildings, running water, a fine productive little home for \$3,200.00.

3 acres, one mile from La Grande. Fine buildings, good orchard, strawberries, electric pump, telephone rural route, every modern convenience, one of the best improved little homes in the county. Price \$3,000.00.

2000 acres—One of the best stock ranches in Eastern Oregon. 250 acres under cultivation, 400 more can be cultivated, balance best pasture. Place well watered, some timber. County road on three sides, nine miles from railroad this property will appeal to any man looking for a stock ranch and can be had at the right price.

40 acres just in the edge of the valley, unimproved, all good soil, plenty of timber to pay for clearing, can be bought on good terms for \$600.00

100 acres, very best of soil in the center of the valley, all in cultivation, water running through it, price \$85.00 per acre. Some crop goes with it.

Have a fine big sheep ranch in Walowa county already stocked. We have farming lands from \$60.00 an acre up; lands in Union Wallowa and Baker counties; residence properties and the best vacant residence lots in the city. Write for information or come in and let us show you.

Security Land & Trust Company La Grande Nat'l Bank Bldg. La Grande, Oregon