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THE HOUSE OF COMFORT

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Adapted from Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice"

Pathe's Weekly
A perfect film for particular people.

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An unusually fine comedy. An Edison.

ALWAYS A DIME'S WORTH.

THE McNEILS DUO COMEDY ACT
In a "Wee Bit" of Scotch and Irish.

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY "THE VENGEANCE OF DURAND"
A two reel Vitagraph masterpiece.

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Telegraphy, Spanish and a full practical course in business. Enroll at any time. Office help supplied at a moment's notice.

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THE SAFE WAY



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that are correct, give comfort and look well.

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—Longfellow.

THE RELIEF OF EYESTRAIN IS OUR SPECIALTY.
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S. C. KINGSLEY
will do your **Boot and Shoe Repairing**
neatly and promptly. Prices reasonable.
At L. J. French Shoe Store.

Trout Season Is Now Open
(Continued from Page 1)

The sage hen law is the same in the new code as formerly. The grouse season, duck, native pheasant and deer law was changed. Grouse and native pheasant season opens September 1st and closes October 31. The duck season in all counties east of the Cascades opens on September 15th and closes February 15th. Season in Baker county closes April 1st. The deer season opens on August 1st and closes October 31st. The limit on deer is three deer with horns in any one season.

Parents should see to it that their boys don't take the chances of being hauled up before the juvenile court for carrying their shooter, off their parents' property. Every officer of the state, county or precinct is authorized by law to enforce this law and is sworn to do so.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

If it isn't an EASTMAN, it isn't a KODAK. Red Cross Drug Store. 3-28-1f

RITTER
The photographer in your town. 11-1f

DR. H. S. BROWNTON, Dentist. Office over Sherry's theatre.

Re up-to-date. Wear the American Queen. Mrs. O. C. Coombs, Corsetiere, 1103 L avenue. Phone Black 831. Order now for spring fitting.

Miss Anna Belle Mower, once a resident of La Grande was married March 24 to R. H. Loser of Lebanon, Pa.

Remember the box social at the Christian church tonight. Ladies, bring a box with lunch for two. Men 25c.

LOST—Between M avenue and North side school house, large brown muff lined with corduroy velvet. Finder please phone J. B. Stoddard, Fruitdale, Ore. 4-1-2t

MODERN PAINLESS DENTISTS — Dr. D. J. Gilliland, Operator; Dr. Thos. C. Olmstead, Mgr. Dentist and Adams Ave., La Grande, Ore.

WANTED—Good second hand furniture. Phone Red 1751. 4-1-1f

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PERSONALS.

S. D. Peterson, an attorney of Milton and formerly in the state legislature, left for Wallowa county today after being marooned here by slides for several days. While here he was a guest of City Attorney J. P. Rusk.

W. A. Miller, a Wallowa attorney, returned to his home this morning, after an enforced stay here of several days.

James Kane Murph., a mining engineer of Anaconda, Montana, was in the city this morning on his way to Lostine to look after some copper properties.

Dr. Clyde B. Hockett returned to his home in Enterprise this morning.

F. H. Deneen, a Baker resident, transacted business in the city last night.

Miss Pearl Price is over from Hot Lake today on a shopping tour.

Fred Montgomery has returned from a four-months' visit in the East and South.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Richardson, formerly of this city, who have been touring California during the winter, returned to their home in Tamarack, Idaho, today.

AT ARCADE TODAY.

Tonight is the last chance to see "The Palace of Flames," the three reel feature at the Arcade. This picture is without a doubt an extraordinary production in every way. The fire scenes are especially effective.

For tomorrow night only Dr. John P. McKie will play by special request the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and Schumann's "Traumerel." The violin used by Dr. McKie is of Oregon wood and was made by Dr. George Collins of Albany, Oregon. Dr. McKie has recently returned from an extended trip throughout Europe and was especially honored by being invited to play at the Castle of Count De La Roer, in France, where the violin was greatly admired for its purity of tone.

How Names Are Changed.

There was a curious transformation of names among the refugees who flocked to England after the revolution of the edict of Nantes. Many of the Huguenots translated their names into English, sometimes with a slight alteration of the sense. Boleau became Drinkwater; Delamere, Bythessea; Joffemine, Prettyman; Loiseau, Bird; Lefevre, Smith; Dubois, Wood, and Sauvage, Savage or Wild.

Some names became so corrupted as to be unrecognizable. Chapuis became Shoppee; Beaufoy, Boffin; and Conde, Cundy. Similar havoc, though on a less extensive scale, has been played with English names in France. Marzari's successor Colbert, descended from an Englishman named Cuthbert, and the real name of the famous artist who decorated Versailles was not Le Brun, but Brown. And we may counter that with the Toilers, who are the Taillefers of France.

Two Thrusts.

A certain congressman was deprecating in Washington an international "mistake de convenience."

"Two men were talking about this marriage cynically, but truthfully," he said. "The first man remarked: 'Of course the earl won't be able to support Miss Lottie Golde in the style she's been accustomed to.'"

"Oh," said the other, "her father will make allowance for that."

The congressman gave a grim laugh and resumed:

"The first man looked thoughtful for a moment. Then he said: 'Despite the stories about the earl's past, it does seem to me that he's Miss Golde's devoted slave.'"

"Oh, yes," was the other man's reply; "he's eager for the bonds, all right."—Washington Star.

He Knows.

A recent medical publication, particularly intended for undergraduates, contained various chapters—ethics, legal forms, economics, etc. That the book should be attractive several pictures were decided on, and a photographer was called in. In the course of the discussion as to subjects suitable many suggestions were made until they came to the chapter "The Mistakes in Medical Practice."

"That's dead easy," the camera artist said promptly. "I'll just go out and photograph a passing funeral."—Lippincott's.

Diplomatic.

Mrs. Wombat proceeded to use some very plain language.

Mr. Wombat objected.

"Don't what I said true?" demanded Mrs. Wombat.

"Yes, but, woman, be more diplomatic. You talk as if you were abrogating a treaty."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CHECKMATING JUSTICE.

An Inside View of the Way Criminal Cases Are Handled.

In "Courts, Criminals and the Camera" Arthur Train, the author, once an assistant district attorney in New York city, says that our present system of administering justice offers no deterrent to the embryonic or professional criminal. The administration of justice is a clever game between judge and lawyer in which the moves are made with a view to checkmating justice, not in the trial courtroom, but before the appellate tribunal two or three years hence.

"My young fellow," said a grizzled veteran of the criminal bar to me long years ago after our jury had gone out, "there's lots of things in this game you ain't got on to yet. Do you think I care what this jury does? Not one mite. I got a nice little error into the case the very first day, and I've set back ever since. S'pose we are convicted? I'll get Jim here [the prisoner] out on a certificate, and it'll be two years before the court of appeals will get around to the case. Meantime Jim'll be out makin' money to pay me my fee. Won't you, Jim?"

"Then your witnesses will be gone, and nobody'll remember what on earth it's all about. You'll be down in Wall street practicin' real law yourself, and the indictment will kick around the office for a year or so, all covered with dust, and then some day I'll get a friend of mine to come in quietly and move to dismiss. And it'll be dismissed. Don't you worry! Why, a thousand other murders will have been committed in this county by the time that happens. Bless your soul, you can't go on tryin' the same man forever! Give the other fellows a chance. You shake your head? Well, it's a fact, I've been doin' it for forty years. You'll see."

And I did. That may not be why men kill, but perhaps it may have something to do with it.

PAINTING A HORSE.

The Scheme That Delighted Detaille Upset Meissonier.

In other days, on the Boulevard Malesherbes, Edouard Detaille and Meissonier, his master, lived in adjoining houses. Their workshops almost touched each other. It happened that Detaille was painting some cavalrymen furiously charging the enemy. He found it necessary to excite the horse posing as a model to give the appearance of a frenzied gallop. But it was in vain that the jockey, who held the bridle, snatched his tongue; the animal drowsed.

Detaille then ordered another domestic to strike upon a Chinese gong. For fully five minutes the horse was terribly frightened, and the painter was delighted. But the animal soon became accustomed to the tomtom and drowsed again. To draw the valiant steed from his torpor it was necessary to strike the bronze disk with greater force. This was done. It was as if a cannon was being fired.

On the other side of the wall Meissonier was painting, quite gently, Napoleon I. mounted upon a white horse in repose, observing in the distance the catastrophes of an immense battle. He had mounted a horseman in a gray redingote upon the beast that served as a model. As the blows were struck on the gong in the atelier of Detaille the imperial mount shook and snorted in a fiery way, which was far from pleasing to Meissonier.

So he visited his pupil, and an arrangement was effected. Detaille was to paint his galloping horse in the morning and Meissonier his unmoving steed in the afternoon. It was in this way that Napoleon I. was enabled to keep a firm seat in the saddle.—Cri de Paris.

Advertising Overlooked.

It was shortly before the funeral of a well known person, and a certain manager had just placed a wreath in as conspicuous a position as possible. But he didn't like the look of the very small card attached thereto, and so he fastened on one considerably larger, with "From the — theater" on it.

"How does that look now?" he said to one of his company who stood near.

"Oh, it's all right," responded the actor, whose sense of humor is just as great as his unquestioned dramatic ability, "but why not add 'Every evening at 87'?"—Pelican.

A Mighty Nimrod.

An Arkansas hunter fired one shot at a flock of ducks and brought down three. They fell in the river. He ran downstream to where there was a log and, holding to it, caught the ducks as they floated down. As he stood in the water fish wedged into the legs of his trousers so tightly that as he waded ashore a button flew off and killed a rabbit that was sitting on the bank.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

No, He Wasn't Full.

"I wouldn't shave myself today," said she quietly.

"Want to insinuate that I've been drinking, eh?" he stormed.

"Not at all, but that isn't a cup of lather you brought in from the kitchen just now. That's a charlotte russe."—Washington Herald.

Monte Carlo Robbers.

"They are greater robbers at Monte Carlo," said a traveler, speaking of high charges, "than anywhere in the world. The German tourist is sneered at in Monte Carlo because when he enters a barber shop he always asks what the charge is to be before he sits down in the chair. But what is a man to do in barber shops, where it is no uncommon thing to be charged \$2 or \$3 for the simplest operation?"

"And it's the same thing in the hotels. I know a man who took a suit at a Monte Carlo hotel without asking the price of anything—and in the restaurants of such hotels it's a common thing to find no prices even on the menus. Well, when this man came to pay his bill it was enormous. But he paid it. Then he said:

"Have you any twenty-five centime stamps?"

"Yes, monsieur," said the clerk.

"How many do you wish?"

"My friend smiled blandly.

"Tell me first, please," he said, "what you charge for them here?"—Exchange.

A Wonderful Gun.

Since the introduction of gunpowder as a propellant and the general use of firearms in warfare and hunting there has been a more or less insistent demand for mechanisms that would give the soldier or hunter a number of shots at his command without reloading and enable them to be rapidly discharged. The first patent for a firearm of this description seems to have been issued by the British patent office in 1718 to James Puckle, a citizen of London, for a gun mounted upon a tripod, having a single barrel and a revolving cylinder. Strangely enough, one of the claims set forth in this patent appears almost verbatim 135 years later in a patent taken out by Rollin White, an American inventor of a revolving pistol. Another curious claim of the patent was: "The mechanism permits the use of square bullets against the Turk and round bullets against Christians. Moreover, so great is the rapidity of fire that ships armed with the gun cannot be boarded by any attacking force."—S. J. Fort in Outing.

The Unicorn.

The unicorn was one of the fabled monsters of antiquity. It was, according to a summary of the opinions of several of the old time writers, a beast about the size of a common horse, but with very short legs. The people of the middle ages believed in the existence of three kinds of unicorns—the magnificent white unicorn, which had a purple face and blue eyes and a single horn a yard in length; the egisserion, which resembled a gigantic deer and had a very sharp horn growing from the middle of the forehead, and the monoceros, or common unicorn. The white unicorn's horn was of three different colors—white at the lower part, black as ebony in the middle and red at the point. Common unicorns were said to have had horns about eighteen inches in length, but so strong that they could easily kill an elephant.

"Man of Straw."

The phrase "a man of straw" had its origin in England at a time when men might easily be procured to furnish evidence upon oath in almost any emergency. It appears that persons of this description were accustomed to walk openly in Westminster hall with a straw projecting from their shoes, thus signifying that they sought employment as witnesses; hence the expression.

An advocate who desired a convenient witness knew by this sign where to find one, and the colloquy between the two was brief.

"Don't you remember?" the advocate would ask. The party would glance at the fee and give no sign, but when the fee was increased his powers of memory increased with it, and straw shoes went into court and swore as desired.—Boston Herald.

Hopelessly Tangled.

Professor Thinkout was about to be married and had just received an invitation to his own wedding, which he had absentmindedly mailed to himself.

"Well, well," he mused, "what does this mean? My fiancée's name on a wedding invitation! The faithless husky! And great Logarithms! There's my name on it too. Guess she's untrue or I'm about to be a bigamist."—Exchange.

Testing His Love.

"Has he ever tried to tell how much he loves you?"

"Frequently, but I am going to get some inside information this afternoon."

"How?"

"I am going to take my engagement ring to the jeweler."—Houston Post.

Pleasant.

"Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come!" exclaimed the girl. "Father is so excited and disturbed! Do go in and calm him."

"Very well," replied George. "What's the matter with him?"

"Why—er—I just told him you wanted to marry me."

The Amber Industry.

The business of obtaining amber from the ocean has been for long a state monopoly in Prussia. The chief center of the industry is in the province of eastern Prussia. The gathering of the amber goes on throughout the year, but it is most profitable at the time of the equinoctial storms, when the winds and the waves throw it ashore. After a storm the fishermen drag the beach. They deposit the haul upon the strand, where the women and children pick out the pieces of amber from among the seaweeds. The pieces are assorted according to size, color and form. The value of a piece of amber is enhanced when it contains the impressions of plant or animal substances. The prices of the pieces vary from about 13 cents to 75 cents, but may reach to \$100 or more. The price per pound runs from about \$1.25 to \$7.50. A very large piece sometimes attains the weight of sixteen or seventeen ounces. The color is most commonly the familiar yellow, but it may be reddish brown or emerald green or creamy color and some pieces are quite white. The total yield is valued at \$1,500,000 a year.—Harper's Weekly.

Long Arm of Coincidence.

An amusing story from the subject's concerns a householder who recently bought two theater tickets for his wife and himself, but inadvertently bought another married couple to spend the same evening at his house. When the mistake was discovered it was decided to hand the tickets to another friend rather than ask the expected guests to come on a subsequent evening. But the man to whom the tickets were given was called out of town, and he in turn hurriedly handed them over to a near neighbor, suggesting the latter should take his wife to the play. Now, this is where the long arm of coincidence comes in. The near neighbor and his wife were the invited guests of the purchaser of the tickets. They thought it would be a pity to lose the chance of such a fine dramatic treat, and, not knowing the real origin of the tickets, they wrote a note explaining the situation and used the two seats which their hosts had meant for themselves.—Glasgow News.

Changes His Face Quarterly.

He came to the club lunch—the youngest member—and was scarcely recognized, for he was clean shaven. We had known him with a mustache, with navy cut beard, with an imperial and with several other changes on the cheeks, chin and lip. But the clean shaven man was a wonder for a few moments—until some one said, "You, it is!" And the young man with the naked face confessed his identity. And he explained the reason for the change.

"I don't mind shaving," said the young man, "and I don't mind having my hair cut now and then. But what I really object to is having to get up every morning and looking at this same silly face in the glass. I'm going to alter it now and then. I've an architectural scheme that will rather surprise you. You can change your face every three months and copy the Day in the Looking Glass."—London Graphic.

A School Coinage.

It is not a generally known fact that the Bluecoat school (Christ's hospital) once possessed a coinage of its own. At that time the coin of the realm could not be used at the hospital. Before he could buy anything in the "back shop" a new boy had to get one of the beadies, who were the school money-changers, to change his shillings and pence into "house money," as it was called. This was made of copper, the coins being octagonal in shape, with their values stamped on them. These curious coins are now very rare, and numismatists possessing any are fortunate.—London Globe.

Meeting Requirements.

A woman buying groceries was annoyed by the whistling of the clerk who waited on her. She complained to the proprietor about it, and after she had gone that worthy gazed with a soul shaking frown on the boy and inquired why he had been so rude.

"Didn't you tell me the other day if I sold that lady anything on time I'd have to whistle before I got my money?" inquired the clerk, who felt sure of his ground.—Indianapolis News.

Out of Place.

A sentry, an Irishman, was on post duty for the first time at night when the officer of the day approached. He called, "Who comes there?"

"Officer of the day," was the reply.

"Then what are you dahn' out at night?" asked the sentry.—Rural Life.

A Hard Job.

"Good gracious! What makes you look like that? Has anything happened?"

"Well, I had my portrait painted recently by an impressionist, and I'm trying to look like it."—Pileguide Blast.

Just the Other Way.

Little Dolly—I haven't had a speaking all day. Uncle Henry—Been a good girl, eh? Little Dolly—Oh, it isn't that! Mama has been perfectly angelic.—Philadelphia Record.