

ONE MORE WEEK - ONE MORE WEEK

The success of our Six Day Shoe Sale has caused us to continue the Sale one more week. This includes

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J. EMIGH IS REAL ORATOR

DELIVERS STIRRING SPEECH TO
Klickitat PIONEERS.

Grande Buttermaker is Foremost
Speaker of the Day.

Jarvis Emigh, a local creamery man recently delivered a stirring speech to the Klickitat County Pioneer association at Cleveland, Washington. The association of pioneers convened in June and the Klickitat County Agriculturist of Goldendale, on June 20, contained a very interesting synopsis of the speech delivered by the La Grande man to his former fellow citizens. The address was the leading feature of the day, and that Mr. Emigh knows how to deliver an interesting speech as well as he does how to make butter, is indicated from the following review of his address:

Address by Jarvis Emigh.
Mr. Chairman, Old Friends and Neighbors:—This home coming means more to us who have wandered away from the old locations than it does to you who have staid steadfast to your first choice. Something—not the fertility of the soil, the beauty of landscape, nor natural resources of this particular section—calls us back; and while these hills and valleys may not be rated as high on the real estate markets as is the irrigated, suburban tracts, it has a value to us that can not be measured in dollars and cents. Every acre of prairie, every foot or rocky swale, the evergreen hills, Alder Creek, Pine creek, Wood Gulch, The Old Simcoes in the background, and the distant view of the Blue Mountains, is in a picture stamped deep in our hearts, a picture no artist can paint, a picture time can not efface.

Early associations has made us love this place. "Tender memories 'round us twine, like the ivy-green 'round the Pine,"—and why shouldn't we love the Alder Creek country! We gave it the best part, the very heart, of our lives. Our children were all born here; our own flesh and blood are mingling their "dust and ashes" with this soil.

We have come together, or rather gone back together, to the good old

days of yesterday. We have reversed the wheels of time. We have turned back the hands of the clock of life, and we stand again at the break of day on the free, wild, open prairie, where we laid the cornerstones of these prosperous homes.

We are here to enjoy this occasion to the fullest possible limit. It is better to laugh than to cry. A smile is better than a tear. So let us call up the pleasant hours, the morning sunshine, the bright, glad days when we were blest with health and happiness, and with the joy and fullness of our young manhood and womanhood. Let us be sure that we do not make the mistake that so many do on gatherings of this kind, by dwelling on the hardships and privations we had to suffer, as though we were making a bid for the sympathy of the younger generation. They should envy us those bygone days, instead of looking on us with thoughts of pity and sympathy.

We are getting old. Natural laws are forcing us back into the unknown from whence we came. One by one we are being swallowed up by the waves of the Eternal sea, and this alone may be just cause for a little kindly sympathy from those who are following on; we ask for none for having lived as early pioneers of eastern Klickitat. It were better to be old and near the end now than never to have lived through that glad spring-time of life; than never to have known that feeling of trusting faith, brotherly kindness, and mutual interest that springs eternal in the hearts of the early pioneers.

There have been great changes in all the walks of life since we made our first camp on the head of Alder creek, and the present generation wonder how we could have possibly endured our existence, without the inventions and improvements of today. How life could have been worth the living, without the speed, rush and confusion of the electric age.

No, we had no automobiles or flying machines, to hurry us from one trouble to another. Instead of the stench of the gasoline, the air was laden with the fragrance of the syringa and wild rose. Instead of the chug-chug of the engines we had the soft whisperings of the pines, or the sweet notes of the lark. We had no use for a carburetor, or a speedometer, to our old Studebakers or Bains. We had no sparker or self-starter to our home-made sleighs, but we had Old Price, Rattler, and Lucy, Pacer and Nellie, Old Maud, Rover, Gam and

Jennie—and somehow we "got there" just the same!

We had no picture hats, peek-a-boo waists or hobbled, split or X-ray skirts. But we had fine, modest, handsome women, who were willing to live within their means and dress within the bounds of reason!

We had no telephones to gossip over and to rubber-neck on when our neighbors' call was turned in. No, ours was not a long-distance age, and we had plenty of time to go to each others' homes, where we talked from heart-to-heart.

We had no phonographs saving away on liggity two-steps, but nature's phonograph was storing away records on the pages of memory; storing mother's comforting soothing words, storing words of sympathy in times of sorrow; words of happy congratulation in moments of joy, and today we can turn back the wheels of time and live it all over again.

The moving picture machines had not begun their harvest of nickels and dimes, but we were making miles of perfect films, and nature's camera was stamping on our hearts the living pictures of beauty that we can now throw on the screen to time today, and joyfully live over.

We had no electric lights. Our tall oil lamps were not turned on with the touch of a button; but "Home Sweet Home" meant just as much to us in our little clapboard cabins as it does in the modern mansions, with all their bright lights and mortgages!

Memory! God's greatest gift to the human race. What would life be without memory? What would the hope of heaven be without it? In memory's casket we hold our most precious treasures; we count its stores among our richest blessings. There is no death while memory lasts, but when memory fades, then all things pass away.

Years ago, when we could labor for days on some entertainment, and our mothers and wives would work hard to get up the big dinner, it would seem that we were giving too much for the little we received. But we were building better than we knew. Like the moving picture camera and the gramophone recorder, we were filling away, to be called up at will, every happy day, every glad hour.

What joy to live again those jolly old days of the eighties! Let us call up the first Fourth of July ever celebrated on Pine Creek. Hear W. R. Dunbar's words of eloquence as he delivers the oration. The voices of the pioneer women singing the na-

tional songs, and Jarve Emigh's agony as he struggles through Drake's "American Flag." We were all there for a good time, and without thought of profit. Cups were hanging on the barrels of lemonade—the real thing too—with lemons. Swings were hanging from the boughs of trees and they were all free, without money and without price.

And that dinner, boys! That table was loaded with the best food ever cooked, and everybody was invited to come up and eat.

Do you remember the roast pig that mother cooked and dressed, with marbles in its eyes? Say, I have eaten great chunks of that pig every Fourth of July for the past 30 years, and I still have the taste in my mouth! While the beauty of it all is, when we feast from memory's larder we can eat our pie, and still have it. The celebration ends with a horse race between Bunchgrass Johnny, Lucy and Nightshade, which nearly breaks up in a free-for-all fight, and when poor old dog Shep butts in and gets crippled for life!

As we turn back the old records we see whole chapters given up to politics, for as to politics and politicians, we were certainly the "real thing!" We could give all such modern guys like Bryan, Wilson, Debs and Roosevelt, cards spades and aces, and beat them a city block! We sure had the game down to a fine point. We would drive to Goldendale, 40 miles, after a candidate for office, who would tell us how smart we were, what a fine country we had, and how handsome our wives and babies were! And next day we would drive him to Yakima, 52 miles, and turn him loose on other victims!

We began like this: "We have with us tonight the greatest man since Lincoln. A man who as delegate to congress from the great Territory of Washington, will emancipate us from the great railroad octopus, and give us back our natural inheritance, our 40-mile strip of land from Duluth to Puget Sound! Ladies and gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing to you the Hon. Charles S. Voorhees, candidate for delegate to congress, who will introduce you on the political issues of the day!"

And then a few days later, Chairman Bob Graham says: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us tonight a man who has shown himself qualified to represent us in any position within the gift of the people! One who, like Moses of old, will lead us out of the bondage into the promised

land, and insure us all a happy home.

It gives me the greatest happiness to introduce to you the Hon. Mr. Bradshaw, candidate for delegate to congress on the republican ticket!"

We will stop for a moment, at the camp-meeting on Pine Creek, and listen again to the inspired words of power and eloquence of De Wesse and Spaulding, to Preacher Smith as he pleads with us to live better lives, and to Brother Jordan and Brother Jimmie, while Sisters Spoon, Graham and Bolten, lead in the sacred songs.

And here on this film we have a medley like hash! We see weddings, quilting bees, barn-raising, Christmas trees, debates, spelling matches, ball games, Indian races, dinner parties, etc. We see Ernest, Roy and Mabel, all on little Jenny, coming down the hill to school. Wouldn't the three "Spoons" and all their offsprings cut a great figure on that little pony now! We see good old neighbor Toby, and Coyote Brown, and Crocker, and Snowball. We see the Rev. Allyn, Rev. Thompson, and the good old mothers who organized the first church class in the old school house on the hill. We see R. O. Dunbar and others building the railroad from Goldendale to the head of the Glade, and turning square corners to suit the convenience of the settlers! But we must stop the machine, for our time is limited.

A great philosopher once said that "He who planted a tree, dug a well, or raised a good son, had immortalized his name and justified his existence;" so when we look back 33 years and see ourselves planting those little whips of trees, that for the past two decades has furnished luscious fruit, when we remember the well on the hill that we dug 22 feet deep into the hard earth, to the pure, sparkling water; and when we see our boy—now a strong, healthy man—who first saw the light of day in Old Klickitat on that Sunny Sunday in May, 1881, we feel that we have no apology to make for having lived.

Dear old friends, this may be the last reunion for some of us. In a few hours we part, perhaps never to meet again. We are like passengers traveling on the railroad train. We meet other passengers; we speak; we pass a pleasant hour or two together, and then we step out in the wide world and go our several ways. So with the swift-flying train of life. A few

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of us seem to ride in Pullmans, some in the regular day coaches, and very many on the rods and brake-beams. Often we reach our destination as planned; but millions go into the ditch. We are all going in the same direction, and at last we will all reach the same level. Uphill and down, through beautiful, flowery valleys and dark, dismal tunnels, and over high, rough mountains, and across broad, fertile plains; by winding rivers and placid lakes paved in sparkling sunshine and silvery moonlight.

On! On we go! at a terrific speed. Faster and faster as we near the end! End, is it! Does this train take us to the end, or is this short road only a feeder to some grand trunk line! Only a little branch that will put us down at the junction where we will board another and better train that will speed us away to where the Real Life begins!

We cannot see beyond the dark vale! But, brother and sister pioneers, when my train rolls into the last block, when I have used all of my mileage-book, and the conductor signals the engineer to whistle to the station where I must get off and step out into the Unknown—it will be a comfort to know that I have held your friendship to the last, and that I will be remembered kindly by the old pioneers in the reunions to follow.

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