

LA GRANDE IS BEATEN AGAIN

ENTERPRISE TAKES GAME LAST NIGHT 43 TO 24.

La Grande Shows Big Improvement in Form but Can't Win.

Enterprise, Jan. 30.—(Special.)—The slump which the La Grande high school basketball team has fallen into, continues to grip the destinies of the squad. Enterprise defeated the Wallowa county invaders last night 43 to 24. However, it must be said that the La Grande team showed a big improvement in form over the previous night's performance, but while the La Grander were greatly improved, the slippery floor, similar in every respect to the famous Union court, prevented the visitors from doing effective work.

It is the opinion of the La Grande players that Enterprise has a better team than Wallowa, although Wallowa defeated Enterprise a week ago at Enterprise.

The La Grande team goes to Joseph tonight for the last game of the series. Enterprise and Wallowa are both to play at La Grande later in the season.

NEWS ABOUT SPORTS.

Compilation of scores made by Oregon bluecock destroyers in various registered shoots during 1914, have been made, and La Grande gets prominent mention. In fact all Eastern Oregon does. Lou Rayburn is way up towards the top, and out of 150 contestants, Claude Mackey of La Grande ranks 13th. Mackey has a percent of .8685 out of 350 birds shot at. Rayburn has a percent of .9061 out of 650 birds shot at. The high average for the year, both professional and amateur, is held by H. R. E. Verdine of Portland—.9321 out of 1900 birds shot at. Several non-registered shoots were held, but are not considered in these tables, which reduces the number really shot at during the year for practically all the contestants. Al. Jones, B. W. Brady and others from Wallowa county fared well in the averages.

The admission ticket to the Y. M. C. A. for employed boys has been dropped to \$3.00 for the term. The change was officially announced last night by Secretary Rudd.

In order to accommodate more people, sidelines can be drawn at the "Y" floor and thus let people stand or sit against the east wall. This will tend to save cuticle too, for the brick is anything but soft material to rub elbows on.

A marvelous mark for alley bowl.

ing was established by Bill Gray, the well known Vancouver expert, at a recent test, when, bowling continuously for fifteen and one-half hours, he rolled 125 games for an average of 180.80. In all Gray dropped 21,680 pins, his highest game being 241, and his worst effort 118. Gray's performance is said to be a world's record, the best previous mark for twenty-four hours' bowling being 114 games for an average of 175.

Pendleton bowlers defeated Walla Walla in the match between clubs representing the two cities at the Bungalow Alleys Thursday night. The score was 2865 for Pendleton and 2621 for Walla Walla, giving the home club a margin of 244 pins.

Iron Horse on Trout Creek
 Excellent progress has been made in the last week by the tracklayers on the East Oregon Lumber Company's new railroad. The rails were down well into the old Baddeley ranch yesterday, and before the week is out the Hanson place will be reached.

The construction crew starts from Enterprise early in the morning and spends the entire day at the end of the line. The engine caboose, ballast car and flat car loaded with rails comprise the train at present. Before long the work of ballasting the track already laid will begin, and then there will be more for the engine crew to do through the day. A. W. Green is engineer and Sterling Smittle is fireman.

The ties are now laid on the frozen ground and the rails spiked to them. A dirt bank has been opened at the lower end of the old Baddeley ranch, and a driveway erected over the track. Scrapers can load ballast cars here and the dirt will be distributed along the tract and the rails leveled. The cold weather and frozen ground have not interfered at all with the track laying and the work is going on very smoothly.

It is a strange sight to note the construction train pushing its way up Trout creek. The whistle of the engine is heard as it passes through the town and it begins to sound very businesslike.

In the tie camp the activity continues, and the timbers are hauled down on the grade in a steady stream. It is only a matter of a few weeks now until the first unit of the railroad will be fully finished—Enterprise Chiefly.

BACK IN NEWSPAPER WORK

E. H. Flagg Starts a New Paper at Warrenton, Oregon

E. H. Flagg, a former editor of the Elgin Recorder, but who for several years has been operating a job printing shop near Portland, has started up a new newspaper at Warrenton, Oregon.

Warrenton is just beyond Astoria and has been greatly advertised and exploited during the past year, and chances seem favorable for it becoming a good sized town within a few years.

UNION BAND HEADS FIVE

VALLENT BATTLE TO BE STAGED MONDAY.

New Floor Gives Neither Team an Advantage Over Other.

Union as a town is going to move into La Grande Monday night. Her basketball team—that is the Athletic Club team, is bringing the Union band with it, and a crowd of people that will probably be half as large as the Union population. The cause of all the excitement is the basketball game between Union and La Grande M. I. A. at the gymnasium Monday night. Each team has defeated the other, though each time on their respective floor, and now the two teams will play on a floor with which neither is familiar. On the floor there will be no disadvantage to either team, for both baskets and floor are entirely new to the M. I. A., they having been practicing and playing on the high school gymnasium floor in the past.

The game between the Union girls and the M. I. A. girls which was to have been played at Union a week ago, will be staged here Monday night making of the contest a doubleheaded proposition. As this will be one of the few girls' games of the year that fact alone should draw a good crowd.

A referee will be brought from the Baker "Y" to officiate. After the two games a dance will be given at Rex hall to which all are invited.

Hauling in Much Wheat.

(Enterprise Chiefly.)

A dozen sleds have been on the road during the last week hauling wheat from Paradise to Enterprise. Last week O. L. Berland and a few other men brought grain in six loads of Straley and Beach wheat were brought down on Monday and four loads the day following. The drivers were Roy Ralls, Ernest Fisher, Harry Miller, Dale Beach, Newman Phillips, Mr. Graham, Ollie and Eddie Barnes, and their cousin, and John Bollin. Sleighting has been good to within a mile or two of Enterprise, where the snow is so light that the sleds drag on bare ground.

Important to Piano Owners.

Sidney Lyle, the well known piano tuner, is at the Foley hotel. Reference furnished from J. J. McClelland of the Utah Conservatory, also Whitman Conservatory of Walla Walla.—Adv. 1 29 st.

To Catarrh Victims.

Be wise in time and use Hyomet for catarrh and head colds. Neglected catarrh too frequently destroys the hearing, smell and taste. Get a Hyomet outfit from Newlin-Drug Co. It's the quick, simple and effective remedy.—Adv.

LOCAL CHINESE EXPECT TO STUDY BASKETBALL AND THEN PRODUCE A TEAM FROM YOUNG MEN'S ORIENTAL CLUB

Three Lines of Endeavor Purposed by Popular Club Among Celestials Who Make La Grande Their Home—Gymnasium Yet to Be Completed.

PROMINENT CHINESE WHO HEAD ORIENTAL CLUB.



Toy Young, President



Lem Young Vice-president.



William Eng, Sec.-Treas.

Mental, social and physical—just like an occidental Y. M. C. A.—are three motives of the La Grande Oriental Young Men's club, which recently was incorporated under the state laws, and which is now ready to meet two of the fundamental purposes of the order, namely mental and social entertainment. Just as soon as the club can get at it, the physical end will be taken up. In fact, so enthused are the Chinese boys who belong to it that they are coming out en masse to the Amateur Basketball league games one of these fine days and get a notion of what the game is and then go back to their own little club rooms and learn something about the sport. After due deliberation and practice they are going to put on gym suits and send a quintet against some La Grande team. This is not a far fetched notion but a plausible scheme now be-

ing worked out by the leaders of the Oriental club.

To promote the mental and social affairs of the Chinese boys, they have reading rooms supplied with periodicals where the boys, when off shift, can congregate and amuse themselves.

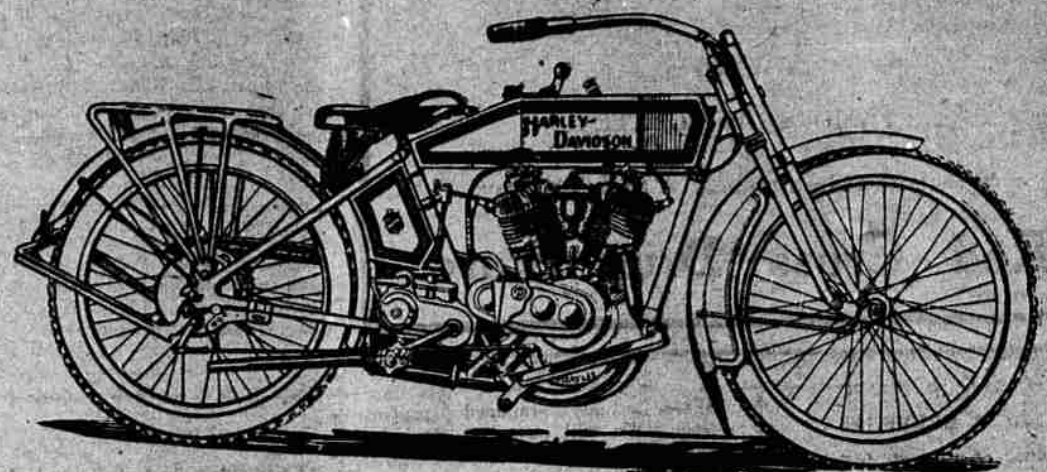
"Chinese boys are like other boys—they want recreation and amusement," said Toy Young, president of the club, in discussing purposes and motives of the club. "We now have our club, located at 2010 Fourth street in the building occupied by T. H. Lung & Company, a place where the boys meet for recreation and rest. It keeps them together and amuses them with solid things. We have about 40 members in the club and it is entirely co-operative. What ever the expenses are at the end of the month, each member has to pay his share of,

in that way there is no extravagance."

The officers and incorporators of the club are Toy Young president, Lem Young vice-president and William Eng, secretary-treasurer. The Chinese boys besides the officers who belong to the club include the following:

Lee Kee, Yea See Wo, Lem Yuan, T. B. Fong, K. B. Quin, Jim Lee, Ching Wah, Lee Tin Ling, Jim Livermore, Wong Man Yea, Joe Sue, Li Be Sin, Li Wo, Wing Lee Tong, Wong Duck, Tong Kin Yoo, Young Hing, Lem Sing, Toy Sam Young, Huey Ball, Wong Wing, Wong Gee, Sam Chow, Ching A. Sing, Eng Tom, Eng Qui Mon, C. M. Wah, Lem Toy, Henry Tie Ning, Kim Chung Que, Ng Hak Pon, Ng Man Keun, Lem No, Ng Ben, Ng K. Men, Tell Don, Mack See, Ng S. Gee, Henry C. Chaw, T. H. Lung & Co., Toy Bros. Store, Tong Bo and Sam Tuse.

New Motorcycle Arrives



3 Speed 11 H. P.

1915 HARLEY DAVIDSON IS HERE

See the machine with the three speed gear and the electric system that are like that of the most modern automobile.

**Prices: Range from \$220 to \$330
 Used Machines from \$75.00 up**

Ask about our time payment plan. You can buy one of these machines for a small payment down and a small monthly payment.

W. H. BOHNENKAMP CO.

It Beats Both Booze and Pool.

"Money spent for gasoline is certainly a much better investment than the same amount spent for booze, pool, bowling, theatres or cabaret entertainment."

We all know this. To those who have been through the mill, the fact that booze at last biteth like a behemoth and stingeth like the stingaree, is a twice-told tale. But not so to the new convert to motor-cycling telling his story to Austin W. Burges, who travels Texas for the Milwaukee brand gray gasoline steeds. The other fellow had just found out these things for himself, having only recently bought a motorcycle, and talked with the enthusiasm of a new discovery. And Burges listened as if it was a special revelation, as the enthusiast went on—

"It's a heap more fun; a fellow sleeps much better at night and he sure does feel a heap better in the morning. No more of this so-called city entertainment for me. 'Back to Nature' is all right."

"A lot of us guys laugh at these spring poets, but, take it from me, they're all right. I can't write their kind of stuff, and I don't say that I can understand it when I read it. But I can feel it in my system all O. K.—just take it from me."

"A fellow doesn't have to take a course in biology to appreciate teh country. I know a sparrow from a robin and maybe I know a wren from a swallow, but what I don't know about birds would fill a book. And yet I like to get out in the country and watch them and hear them."

"Some of the guys who used to envy me when I was a shark on the pool table now think I am kind of dippy. They think that this stuff about liking the birds, trees, flowers and streams and all this other country dope is kind of slushy."

"But there are a couple of my old pals who understand. I got them going first on the tandem and since then both of them have bought machines. We are a heap healthier, huskier and happier than we were when we were hanging around the pool room and sticking in on an open game. Now we are in on a real open game."

"And, say, we got the other guys on the run, too, you bet. They don't kid us any more. Several of them are saving their money and you can take it from me that it won't be long before all of our old bunch is together again and it will be out in the country somewhere every time we get a chance, instead of slipping down town to some dump where the sun never shines and they don't know the meaning of fresh air."

"The sidecar is the thing that broke the camel's back. Do you get me? When I saved up and got a sidecar the bunch down town handed me the laugh right. But I only grinned."

"The first chance I got—one evening—I picked up one of those comedians and gave him a ride. I pulled that off at night because I knew that Pete'd never take a chance on a daylight ride—he was afraid of being laughed at by the other fellows."

"I breezed along when he was waiting for a street car to go down town. As a matter of fact, I had been laying for him for a couple of nights, just to pull off this stunt. Pete is all right—only he got started wrong. He didn't think there was any fun in life if he didn't go down town every night and stick around until the owl car."

"Hop in," said I, "and I'll have you down town before you can say Jack Robinson." He hedged on this as I knew he would; said he wasn't going to ride in one of them things—and have all the other guys laugh at him when we pulled up at McCarthy's. I knew he was going to say that and told him I'd let him off a couple of blocks from McCarthy's, where no one would see him."

"It was a peach of a night—the stars were all out and it was kind of quiet like nd twinkling. I didn't beat it to get down town and when he said he wasn't in any hurry, I didn't ask him any more questions but headed him right straight out into the country. Pete didn't say a word. We

hadn't gone very far when the moon began to show up among the trees."

"The way that he lamped that moon you'd think he had never seen the moon before—at least, not that moon. But still he didn't say a word. Here and there a farm house, with its lights showing cheerfully the location of homes that really are homes. We could see the barns, too, in the moonlight. But mostly all we saw was just country."

"We scared up a couple of rabbits along the road and Pete was as tickled as a kid with the sight. 'Gee, see the rabbits,' he said. 'Uh huh,' said I and let it go at that. 'What was the use of talking? I had Pete out where I wanted him and knew that he was getting the idea quick.'

"The little trip that I had mapped out made sort of a circle a little more than thirty miles long. Pete hadn't peeped about the passing of the time so I just kept on going. The country through which we were going was pretty hilly. You could see the hills looming up ahead in the moonlight and they looked like mountains. I knew that Pete was surprised when he saw the ease with which the big two-speed twin snaked its load up those hills, but still he didn't say a word."

"On the way back to town I stopped on a bridge where there was quite a little waterfall. It was a favorite hangout of ours—my motorcycle pals and myself—but of course, it was all new stuff to Pete. We stayed there nearly half an hour, sitting on the bridge, and during that time Pete said next to nothing at all. He said 'Gee!' about half dozen times, and once he remarked, 'Say, this is great, isn't it?' I knew how he felt; it was no place for conversation. Finally I told him to climb in, that we had better be going because I wanted to get up early in the morning."

"The rhythmic purring was the only sound as we slipped along smoothly on our way back. Pete was doing a heap of thinking—I knew that. Still I said nothing. Just about that moment a skunk ran across the road in front of us."

"'What was that?'" said Pete.

"'A skunk,'" said I; "smells something like McCarthy's, doesn't it?'"

"'Say fellow, don't rub it in,' said Pete, and I let it go at that. When we got back to the city I started to hit down town, but Pee stopped me."

"'Nix on that down town stuff for me tonight—or any other night, I guess,' he said. 'You can put this in your pipe and smoke it: That Pete, the three-cushion champ at McCarthy's is saving his coin right now and will have a motorcycle of his own, and mighty soon, too.'

"'I have taken this little trip with you, Pete, just to hear you say those very words,' said I. 'You have some brains in that dome of yours—and I knew that I could depend upon your using them if you had half a chance.'

"'Pete got to bed earlier that night than he had in many years and when we said good-night it meant something to both of us.'

"'When we landed Pete we had the rest of the bunch on the run, because he always was looked upon as the leader in our crowd. There are nine of us who have teamed around together ever since we were kids.'

"'It did not take long to win over the rest of the bunch. They kidded Pete a little bit for a couple of days, but we got them—one by one—and gave them the same course of education that we had given Pete. There was nothing for them to do but to admit that they had been foolish in wasting all of their time down town.'

"'We all travel together now. Every morning we take a run out in the country somewhere. Our Saturday afternoons and Sundays we spend in a way that does us some good. When we go to work Monday morning we are ready to eat the work right up.'

"'The motorcycle certainly has made a heap of difference in us. It has made us happier and a heap healthier. We spend less money than we did in the old days around town and at the same time we are capable of holding down better jobs and getting better pay.'