

# TWO LA GRANDE TEAMS WIN FROM UNION IN MIGHTY GAMES

Revenge garnished with honey was sipped by the M. I. A. basketball quintet last night when the team defeated the mighty Union Federals in the Y. M. C. A. gym, and to add undefiled sweetness to the occasion from a La Grande standpoint, the M. I. A. girls nosed out at the tape of an exciting match between the suffragettes, and made a double-headed victory for La Grande out of double-headed game. The dregs of the goblet of defeat were swallowed by both Union boys and girls with but little grimacing, and the 124 members of the Union party went away sick at heart, 'tis true, but albeit with dignified bearing. In spite of the most intense rivalry, the Union people came and went, rubbed elbows with strangers and were jammed in the mad rush to get standing room at the gym, yet not during the whole evening was there a time when either host or guest behaved other than ladies and gentlemen should behave. The ructions that sometimes come under the heat of battle were pleasingly missing.

The Union girls took an early lead off the M. I. A. girls and with Amy Hibberd of Union doing sensational basketshooting, the Union girls had little worry. But, just before the curtain was to be rung down on the scene, with La Grande in the rear, a new basketball heroine jumped into the limelight in the shape of Miss Jennie Ainsworth. Blanch Clark started the rally with a pretty basket, and then Miss Ainsworth threw three in the twinkling of an eye, and the young lady had grabbed defeat and hurled it afar, leading her colleagues through the gates of victory, as the final whistle sounded.

**Boys Show Vim.**  
The boys were the main attraction, of course. Upon the outcome depended the championship of the two towns and, largely, the championship of Eastern Oregon, though there remain other contenders.

The crowd was so immense that sheer numbers shunted it on the playing floor—a floor new to both teams and they were therefore on equality. Yet this was disadvantage to both, equally, and the teams made the best of it. Except for some brilliant shots for baskets, there was nothing to give class to the playing, and the tremendous excitement that threatened to tear the roof off the building resulted from the free for all scrambles and eyelash attempts at baskets. It was a squirming, twisting, wriggling mass of legs and arms and out of the melee occasionally came a basket. It may not have been much basketball but it furnished excitement—plenty of it.

Union threatened seriously to overtake a substantial lead the locals earned early, when they got together late in the game and shot some splendid baskets. La Grande stopped it by

opening up momentarily and the eleventh-hour Union rally died in the effort. The officials ruled with justice to all, so far as that is possible. The scores for the two games follows:

M. I. A.			
Goals	Free Throws	Points	Total
Farley, c. ....	3	0	6
Larsen, f. ....	2	2	8
Schofield, f. ....	2	0	4
Bean, g. ....	0	0	0
Woods, g. ....	3	3	9
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>11</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>27</b>

Union.			
Goals	Free Throw	Points	Total
Goodbrod, f. ....	2	4	8
McCann, f. ....	2	0	4
Harn, c. ....	3	0	6
Weaver, g. ....	0	0	0
Miller, g. ....	0	0	0
Hall, g. ....	0	0	0
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>7</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>19</b>

Union Girls.			
Goals	Free Throws	Points	Total
Hilda Nielson, c. ....	0	0	0
Hazel Stringham, g. ....	0	0	0
Hazel Greenwood, g. ....	0	0	0
Pearl Metcalf, f. ....	1	0	2
Reva Stringham, f. ....	0	0	0
Amy Hibbard, f. ....	4	0	8
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>5</b>	<b>0</b>	<b>10</b>

La Grande Girls.			
Goals	Free Throws	Points	Total
Geddes, c. ....	0	0	0
Ainsworth, f. ....	4	1	9
Black, f. ....	1	0	2
Schofield, f. ....	1	0	2
Burns, g. ....	0	0	0
Carbine, g. ....	0	0	0
Kinneda, g. ....	0	0	0
<b>Total</b> .....	<b>6</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>13</b>

**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.

**Stage or Car Fare Paid.**  
To students enrolling for the mid-winter term, paying four months tuition in advance. Write for particulars.

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W. P. KINOM, Prop.

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# NEW ALLIES ARE AWAITED

## ELKS AND "Y" INSTITUTIONS TO BE GOOD.

### Bowling Fraternity Looks Forward With Interest to Opening.

Two bowling allies that will no doubt be the source of pleasure to a large number of people are to be put into operation in this city ere many moons. The Y. M. C. A. alleys will be rushed to completion, and as soon as the Elks' home is finished, the alleys in that building will be ready. That both will have a liberal following is certain. Both the "Y" and the Elks will make special efforts to put in the very best allies that the members of each institution may have the best there is to be had. The bowling fraternity in the city is looking forward to the opening of these two allies with a great deal of pleasure.

Following a remarkable bowling match last Sunday afternoon in which Humphreys and Scott bowled 1318 pins, Walden and Crow 1189 local bowlers look forward in anticipation of a visit from the Pendleton aggregation which will play a "return" game with La Grande Saturday evening, February 6th. Pendleton defeated La Grande in the last game, held on the alleys of the victorious team, by a margin of only six pins. The coming game promises to be a battle royal between the "Buckaroos" and the "Potatoe Rollers." The game will be called promptly at 8:15.

The La Grande bowlers are contemplating attending the Northwest Bowling tournament and convention to be held at Spokane in March, and with the marked improvement that has been noted in this team during the past year, it is obvious they are a factor of some weight to be reckoned with.

### THE MASTER KEY.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

The next few moments were to live long in John's memory as the strangest of his life.

"Be careful!" warned the officer. "The rascals may start shooting."

Even as he spoke there was a ruddy flash down the dark alleyway, and Dorr staggered back.

"Only my arm," he muttered.

"Come on! Don't give 'em another chance at us here! Rush 'em!"

An instant later they stood in the cylindrical room. John stared about him, but the lieutenant merely remarked: "This room was built merely for tourists' consumption. Let me see that arm of yours!"

Examination proved the wound to be slight. They glanced up from it to see the doorway swing slowly away as the

room revolved.

"Trapped by smoke!" said the lieutenant. He laid a warning hand on Dorr's arm. "Keep quiet. We've lost our directions and we must wait a moment till we discover where that doorway is."

So they stood hesitant for a few seconds. A panel slipped open in the wall and a woman's face appeared for an instant. Swift as the Chinaman was, the police officer was quicker and he plunged through the shallow panel, with Dorr at his shoulder.

Once through they paused in the semidarkness to orientate themselves. Finally the lieutenant stepped forward. "This way," he said. "I hear voices."

At that very moment there came up to them an unearthly scream, a shriek of pure terror.

"Huh!" John yelled, and he and the officer both plunged forward.

Instead of the firm footing they expected empty air received them. Twenty feet below they struck the water.

Splintering and swearing, the policeman helped Dorr to a little ledge that ran alongside the tunnel.

"The miserable Chinuk dropped us into the big sewer," he gasped. "It runs into the bay just a little ways on. We'll have to swim for it, partner."

Dorr looked down at his arm and shook his head. "Isn't that a boat over there?" he demanded, pointing into the shadow.

"Blamed if it ain't," said the lieutenant, much relieved. "We'll soon be out of here."

In spite of his wound Dorr insisted on rowing, and the officer philosophically allowed him to, seating himself gingerly in the stern of the little craft and fending it off the brick walls of the tunnel with his hands as the swift current drew them onward.

To John the whole affair seemed like a dream. He saw the great dripping arches sliding past overhead to join the long vista of arches that bridged the glistening water which splashed gently along to the call of the tide; he saw the dark bulk of the lieutenant in the stern; he felt the pain of his wound; he still heard Ruth's wild call for help. But it was all unrelated, as if each were a fact by itself, isolated. He struggled to gather his senses together.

"Look out!" shouted the policeman suddenly as the great half cylinder curved sharply and a blast of fresh air struck them. "We'll be swept out into the bay! Keep the boat trim!"

Awakened by this warning, John devoted himself to his oars and a half moment later steered their little craft out under the piles of a wharf.

"Where to now?" he demanded dully.

The lieutenant pointed a thick forefinger toward another small boat a few rods away. "There is Sing Wah now, by smoke!" he exclaimed.

John Dorr glanced around. He first saw the impassive visage of the Chinese and then the figure crouched in the stern sheets. It was Ruth! He raised his voice in a triumphant yell. Hearing that call from her mate, the girl roused herself and cried back across the water: "John! John!"

At this point the police officer took part with a stern order to Sing Wah to stop rowing and surrender. He emphasized this command by covering the Chinese with his revolver.

Sing Wah was of no mind to be caught in this way. With a dexterous sweep of the oars he swirled his little skiff around so that Ruth was between him and the other boat, and he never ceased to pull doggedly away.

"You've got to row, son," said the lieutenant grimly. "Mr. Sing Wah doesn't intend to be caught so easily. I daren't shoot for fear of hitting the girl."

John saw the reasonableness of this and bent to his oars without regard to his wound. The boat surged through the water after the other.

With a good lead of a hundred yards Sing Wah stood a fair show of gaining his object—a landing under some wharf and a quiet escape. He knew that if he were to fall into the hands of the police under the present circumstances he would be treated mercilessly. He rowed furiously.

But the Chinese had long since ceased active life. And his muscles were soft. John Dorr steadily gained on him. Slowly he crept up, foot by foot, inch by inch, his eyes fixed on the steady figure of the officer in the stern.

At last he caught encouragement from the policeman's face. He heaved the skiff fairly out of the water, grasped the stern of the other boat and before the Chinese could clear himself for a leap overboard was upon him.

Now, Sing Wah was a true oriental. It showed in his swift drawing of a knife and a swifter slash at John Dorr's arm. But he was too late. With an inarticulate roar of rage John flung the knife overboard and then flung its owner after it.

Sing Wah gone and swimming away toward the shelter of a nearby wharf, John strode back to where Ruth lay half insensible and picked her up in his arms.

"Honey! Honey!" he murmured. "You're safe with me!"

Very slowly she opened her eyes and gazed long and searchingly into his face. It was indeed true that she was safe. She laid her head on his shoulder in perfect confidence that all was well. The police lieutenant stepped into the boat and took the oars.

"It's not like Sing Wah to be doing such tricks," he argued to himself. "I believe that Harry Wilkerson is back of this. I'll just keep an eye out for Mr. Wilkerson."

The lieutenant contemplated his dripping uniform with a frown, which softened when he looked up at the two lovers. He pulled more strongly for the landing.

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**LIKE th' Irishman sez:**  
"One man's ez good ez another an' a durn sight better." Anyway, one man can't get no better tobacco 'n another ef they both get **VELVET.**



**VELVET, The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco,** combines the smoking qualities that gave Kentucky Burley its title of "Nature's Pipe Tobacco," with an exclusive VELVET aged-in-the-wood mellowness.

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CHINESE ROOT AND HERB REMEDIES  
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**All high class and guaranteed to please or return and get your money back**

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### DRINK HOT TEA FOR A BAD COLD

Get a small package of Hamburg Breast Tea, or as the German folks call it, "Hamburger Brust Thee," at any pharmacy. Take a tablespoonful of the tea, put a cup of boiling water upon it, pour through a sieve and drink a teacup full at any time during the day or before retiring. It is the most effective way to break a cold and cure grip, as it opens the pores of the skin, relieving congestion. Also loosens the bowels, thus driving a cold from the system.

Try it the next time you suffer from a cold or the grip. It is inexpensive and entirely vegetable, therefore safe and harmless.

### RUB BACKACHE AND LUMBAGO RIGHT OUT

Rub Pain and Stiffness away with a small bottle of old honest St. Jacobs Oil

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a 25 cent bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating oil needs to be used only once. It takes the ache and pain right out of your back and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn the skin.

Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly!

—Adv.

**Black Silk Stove Polish**  
Liquid or Paste  
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(To be Continued.)