

To The Youngsters—Forty To Sixty Years Young



Get that "Million Dollar Look" It's the Royal Tailored Look!

A man is as old as he feels—and dresses. The only man who ought to be Oslerized is the man who dresses the part. A dowdy looking suit of clothes makes a dowdy looking man regardless of his age.

Youth is not a matter of years, but of efficiency; and to dress efficiently is to look efficient and feel it.

This store has long been known as a Young Men's store. Yet we serve as many young men of forty and fifty as we serve youngsters just over their teens.

It's wonderful what a youth-giving tonic a snug trim English cut Royal Tailored suit is to a man. Talk about the Fountain of Eternal Youth—Ponce de Leon didn't find it simply because he did not look up a local Royal Tailor dealer.

The beautiful part of a Royal Tailored to order suit is that it fits perfectly the figure it's made for—be it slim or stout, short or tall, angular or round. That's in the guarantee that comes with the suit. Your money back if it doesn't come true.

500 woolen fabrics—blithsome or dignified—as you prefer—at this store waiting for you to name a choice.

Prices: \$16 to \$35 for the utmost in Custom Clothes.

RELIABLE MERCHANDISE

GEIBEL'S

RELIABLE METHODS

Department Store

TWO SUFFER IN STUBBLE FIRE

Alice, March 18. (Special)—Floyd McKennon and Ed Leadbetter were

burning stubble an evening or two ago, and the fire got way with them and swept into a fence. They fought till they were overcome with smoke. Floyd came to himself and called Ed, but received no answer. He hunted as long as he could see then called for help, stating that he was sure that Ed had perished in the flames. Ere the help arrived he found Ed in a half-conscious condition. He was smoke-dazed but had a very close call to burning or suffocation. He must have remained in that condition

for nearly an hour while they were hunting for him.

About 25 of the neighbors quietly gathered at the parsonage and gave Rev. I. V. Maxey a genuine surprise on the eve of his birthday last Thursday night, March 11. The evening was spent in a social way which was enjoyed by all. The guests departed near the wee hours of the morning wishing their pastor many happy returns of his natal day.

Some more cases of quasi-whooping cough in the neighborhood. The old time whoop is absent. Perhaps this is the modern Wilson administration cough which has been Bur-banked and lost the whoop.

The school is progressing nicely with Miss Flora Davidson at the helm in the higher grades and Miss Edna Martin of the primary.

John Clark who was operated upon for appendicitis is better at the writing. Bruce is running the farm and doing all the work in John's absence.

E. M. Murphy has just returned from a business trip to Milton, Walla Walla and Pendleton and reports that a great many through that section are bothered with the grip.

TRENCHES MAKE BEASTS

(Continued from Page 1.)

world. There's a pair of nippers in the rotting hand. For some weeks the back was arched upward, but recently it has begun to sag. The clothes flapped more and more widely each day as the body slowly shrivels. Nobody from either side has been able to get to that body to bury it. It is buried in the air on a barbed wire and it will be gradually shot away.

Living cheek to jowl with dead men; that's the thing that turns you to a beast, but it's a part of trench life that is unavoidable.

The first thing that shocks you in the trenches is to discover that, after a time, you are able to watch men writhing in pain, with perfect equanimity. My first experience happened one day when a young Englishman of my squad, named Sanuels, tried to short-cut to the rear and, instead of following the maze of trenches, got out into the open in front of our trench. A german bullet passed through his lungs and we saw him topple only fifteen feet away from us. He writhed and moaned, but our officers wouldn't let us try to get him. The Germans didn't shoot at him any more, because they knew they had landed him.

Our lieutenant sent to another part of the trenches for a Red Cross man, who came after about an hour. This Red Cross doctor was a young Swiss named Scherr. He climbed right out of the trench and started towards the writhing figure of Sanuels, but a bullet passed through his head, and after flopping about for a minute or two, Scherr's body stiffened and we could see he was dead.

Experiences like this hardened us and finally we got to the place where, if a man was killed or wounded, he was blamed for carelessness. When Visconcellos, a merchant of Paris, was killed, with a rifle bullet through his head, while he was peeping about a trench, Lieut. Francois, who conducted the funeral ceremony, said to us as we stood over the grave:

"This is a lesson for you, young men to take to heart. You must not be careless."

Think of that as part of the funeral service. Most of the divisions of infantry-

men who spent five days watching in the trenches during the forty-seven consecutive days that it was there with the machine gun squad, buried their dead right in the trenches. Sometimes they would scoop out a grave in the side of the trench or sometimes they would dig a grave in the floor of the trench. They would not know, of course, where other divisions had buried theirs. So it was no uncommon thing to come across a rotting body. Then that part of the trench would be polluted for days until the rain had washed away the last traces of the unspeakable mess.

There you are, among the dead. No cave man lived so terribly as you do. At least, he buried his dead at a distant point and lived away from the grave; but we were prisoners with our dead, sleeping, as it were alongside of them, as such prisoners as they. You get to feel that the only difference between you and a dead man is that your little bullet hasn't found you yet.

Looking death in the face in this way, a strange custom rose up among the men in the trenches. There was a little Greek in our trench who was a fatalist. He used to say "I know I'll get it some of these days when my time comes."

Now the minute you hear a soldier talking that way, you know that he will get it. A trench is no place for a fatalist, and a fatalist, in my experience, is not a good soldier because he will grow impatient over the delay in the coming of death and will at last, take foolish chances; that no sane man would take. This Greek had a very beautiful knife and all of the men in the trench had their eye on it, for in all trenches it is the custom of the men to divide among themselves all the belongings of the dead man which will be of use in the trench.

When the little Greek was finally shot through the brain one day, there was a dignified rush for the knife and we found that it was missing. Somebody had stolen it from him, it appeared, before he was dead. I had a pair of field glasses which were very expensive and more than one man asked me to promise him that, when I was killed, the glasses would go to him. Every valuable possession of every man in the trenches that can be legitimately claimed for trench service is marked by his comrades. It's just a cold blooded custom that has grown out of the cold-blooded and close acquaintance with death.

If you think that heroes and idols grow in the trenches, you are wrong. The life is too beast-like for such human beings.

The Court of Last Resort.

Around the stove of the cross roads grocery is the real court of last resort, for it finally overrules all others. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been brought before this court in almost every cross roads grocery in the country where man expects to receive full value for his money that this remedy is most appreciated. Obtainable everywhere.

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Home Baking Reduces Cost of Living



THE U. S. Dept. of Agriculture in Experiment Station Bulletin No. 142 says that ten cents worth of wheat supplies almost three times as much protein and ten times as much energy as round steak, and with some other cuts of meat the difference is even greater.

If then, one really desires to reduce her weekly meat and grocery bills, she need only make more use of her oven.

Who ever heard man, woman or child complain that good home-made biscuits, muffins, cake and cookies appeared on the table too often? Instead the tendency is "to make a meal of them" and the variety is so great that something you bake yourself could well be the chief feature of every meal.

Home Baking is Simplified by the Use of K C Baking Powder



With K C, you can make things moist and rich yet have them light and feathery, wholesome and digestible. Biscuits may be mixed the night before and baked fresh for breakfast. Muffins need not be dry and heavy. You can make a cake so light that you can hardly get it out of the pan whole, yet it will not fall.

K C is not like the old fashioned baking powder. It is double acting and continues to give off leavening gas until the dough is cooked through. K C is sold at a fair price—a large can for 25 cents. This would be no object if strength and purity were sacrificed, but every can is fully guaranteed under State and National Pure Food laws and to please. We take all the chances. Your money back if you do not get better results with K C than any baking powder you ever used.

Include a can in your next grocery order, try some of the new recipes that appear in this paper from time to time. Then you will have gone far toward solving this vexing "Cost of Living" problem.

SALE!



Yes, and it is on the very best of sugar cured hams, shoulders and bacon.

- Mount Emily, sugar cured hams, per lb 18¢
- Mount Emily sugar cured shoulders, per lb 13¢
- Mount Emily sugar cured breakfast bacon 20¢

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