

Red Cross Drug Store

The Prescription Store.

Social and Personal

Mrs. Sam Harris and son have gone to Portland to visit Mrs. Harris' parents for several weeks.

Mrs. Grace Berry of Fayette is visiting her sister, Mrs. Stella Ingle.

Geo. Kerr, of Island City, left this morning for Portland, where he expects to make his future residence.

C. H. Stueheli, of Baker, well known wholesale grocer of that city, is in La Grande today on business.

Rev. Boudinot Seelye of Portland arrived on the noon train today. He will speak in the Presbyterian church tomorrow evening.

T. B. Barber of Walla Walla arrived in La Grande last night. He was on his way to Enterprise, leaving for that place this morning, to close up a deal for the purchase of some land.

J. P. Cladwell, leader of the O. W. band, requests that all members of that organization gather at Zuber hall tomorrow before the arrival of the troop train which is expected sometime during the day.

Engineer and Mrs. J. Y. Walnum arrived home this morning from a visit of a week in Portland. Mrs. Walnum will remain in La Grande to visit relatives but Mr. Walnum proceeded to his regular work at Durkee.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bushne and little daughter, of Joseph, were in La Grande last night on their way to Portland. Mr. Bushne intends to look for a new location, either in Portland or in that part of the state.

W. J. Clay and Jasper Hyton, two Wallawa boys, who were with the 62nd regiment, from which a number of other local boys returned yesterday, went through La Grande this morning on his way to their homes.

Members of the Community Choir are urged to keep in mind the regular practice of that organization Monday evening as there is much work to be done, to make up the loss of the last couple of months. It is requested by the leader that every member make a special effort to attend.

Mrs. F. S. Ivathoe and Mrs. F. G. Schilke left this morning for Portland where they will attend the meeting of the League to Enforce Peace.

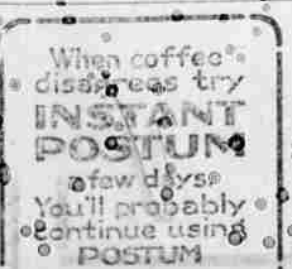
REPEATS HIS BUSINESS SUCCESS IN KHAKI



He made a fortune and passed 50 years—then the war came. In he went, Henry D. Lindley of Texas, for he couldn't resist the call. He was so full of pep—he climbed to the rank of colonel. Then he was shifted to the war risk bureau of the treasury—and his former experience as an insurance man—has put him across big.

Plants That Grow in Craters.
In the crater of the extinct volcano Huila, in the Hawaiian islands, there flourishes a curious plant, locally known as "Sword Sedges." They are evidently some kind of cacti. Efforts to propagate them elsewhere have, it is said, always failed. The crater where they are found is a huge chalice-shaped bowl, absolutely dry and devoid of any other form of vegetation.

Have the model, which stands for fair working conditions, put on your job printing. The Observer is one of the two shops in town observing labor principles. Phone Main 37.



which will be addressed by a number of the most prominent men of the United States. They will be away for several days.

Rev. James Leitch, of Boise, who has been appointed to the pastorate of the Island City Methodist church, arrived in La Grande on No. 17 this morning. He commences his duties on his new charge tomorrow, when he will preach at both morning and evening services in the Island City church. Mrs. Leitch will arrive from Boise Monday, to join her husband.

IN OTHERS' SHOES.

"This afternoon at the Neighborhood club the names of the women were called who are to go to the Red Cross rooms to work tomorrow and mine was one of them," I said to my husband as we sat by the open fire in our cozy living room. "You know Mrs. Fred Kiddle is the Red Cross committee for the club. They say she always goes herself every week at least three days but I am not going."

The room was scattered with new books and games, for the children had had a party, the occasion being Mary's eighth birthday. The children, weary from the excitement of the afternoon, had been tucked away in their pretty twin beds earlier than usual.

Jack looked handsomer than ever as he sat in slippers and gown in the big easy chair. He took his pipe from his lips and said "Red Cross work? Why those women are months behind the times. Don't they know that the armistice was signed November 11th and this is the middle of February. Somebody ought to tell them to 'get next'?"

"Well, Jack, this sewing is for the women and children of France, but I will just tell Mrs. Kiddle that I think those women are just as able to do their own sewing as I am, with my two children, to do it for them."

"You are dead right, my dear. They are simply pauperizing those people. You went enough when the war was on. Let's see, how often did you go, anyway?"

"Why, I tried to go every Tuesday afternoon, but I couldn't always, because Tuesday is club day and I wanted to help keep that up, and then our card club went on Tuesdays fortnightly. I was going to drop out of the card club, but was afraid I would not be invited in after the way was over and really we are living in such morbid times that one needs these outside affairs to avoid depression. Somebody must remain stable in a time like this when so many lose their heads."

"Gee," said Jack. "Speaking of the armistice, I tell you that bit me about right, for dearest, my name was the first one in the next draft. I never told you, but thought I'd wait till it came."

"Yes, dear," I said, "but I did know and, oh, I had such awful dreams. I dreamed once that I had to take a position."

"Foolish dream," laughed Jack. "Why, I had enough income on those mortgages that I sent to Idaho to get them out of this state. Mortgages are not taxed up there. You know the war board never got next to those mortgages. Every fellow for himself is a pretty safe guide."

Jack soon retired, but I lingered by the fire as I had yards of tatting to make for Mary's new dress. It does seem good to tat again and not mind who sees you. But the warm fire and cozy chair soon overcame my tired senses and I fell asleep and dreamed that I was a little girl in France. I had a little brother and he seemed to be our Sammie. My father was so kind to us and used to take us with him when he went out to till the little patch of ground he called a farm. We had such good times picking flowers. Sam and I, while mother helped father in the field. Then we would all go back to our home in the village. It was small, but so clean and our clothes were plain, but always comfortable and neat.

One day my father came home very early and told my mother that he must go at once, for there was war. My mother fell on his shoulder and cried so bitterly. He gently lifted her head and stroked her pretty brown hair, saying, "Viva la France, Viva la France." He told her to take good care of the children and his voice choked a bit when he spoke of his unborn babe. He looked in mother's eyes and said that her face, crowned with

the soft shining hair of brown, would always be before him in battle, and that her face would stand for all the mothers of the world. Then mother held up her head as though she remembered that "No man's armor was ever firmly set unless a woman's hand had buckled it." Now she gives my father much cheer and they clasp each other again, crying "Viva la France." He kissed Sammie and me and was gone and I never saw my father again.

Mother never seemed the same again. She went about the home, caring for everything and feeding us better than ever. But Sammie and I often found her crying and we could not understand. Soon there came lots of people and told mother to hurry for the Germans were coming. She only had time to do up some food and then we joined the hurrying throng of old men and women and children. One morning mother showed us a little babe. She had no clothes for it and so had to wrap the babe in her own petticoat.

Some of the people had halted in a small village with mother until we could go on. But while we were there a lot of German soldiers came through. In the excitement I got separated from my mother and hid all day in a thick bush. I was so frightened. But at last I grew so hungry that I crept out to find mother. An old woman said that the soldiers had killed our pretty baby and had taken mother away and they had cut Sammie's right hand off so he could never use it against their ruler and he was taken away somewhere. For many months we were shut up in this village with no food. We ate roots to keep from starving. Sometimes provisions would be sent in to us, but the soldiers on guard would take them from us. My shoes were worn and my clothes fell in rags. How I longed for my mother who never came back.

After so long a time, oh, how long I cannot tell, there was a great noise and commotion. Everybody was crying and praying and saying "Vive la France," and then I followed the people out on the road and here came soldiers carrying a beautiful flag. Somebody said it was a flag without a stain and I couldn't see any stain on it. And the soldiers were singing something that sounded like "It's over, over there." The villagers wept and knelt as they passed, and kissed them. It seemed so strange to see them do this, for we had been so frightened of soldiers, and it was soldiers that took away my mother. But they didn't look like the same and some way I was not afraid of them, either. I think it was the beautiful flag. Surely soldiers carrying a flag without a stain must be very kind. So I slipped up to, and kissed one on the hands. You know, he took me up in his arms and said, "Rove, we would do it all over again for the joy of rescuing these little children."

Just then some one pulled my arm and I looked and there was our Sammie. I hardly knew him. He had on such a nice suit. He said the soldiers had adopted him. Then he showed me a new hand they had got for him. He took a little letter out of his pocket. He said it was in the pocket when they gave him the clothes. A little boy in Oregon had written it. His name was Jack Coolidge. He had put a little piece of money in it for Sammie. The soldiers told him to always keep the money, for it was good luck.

to have a piece of American coin. The soldiers let Sammie stay with me when they learned that I was his sister.

One day a woman came to the village and began looking about. It seemed as soon as I saw her that she was like my mother, but her hair was white and she was very thin, and weak, and bent, and there were scars on her face. The minute she saw me she clasped me to her bosom and then I knew it was my mother. For there is something that is "Mother" that never grows white or thin or weak or bent, and you can tell it beneath any mask. How those eyes that had been dry and stony for months poured forth their pent-up fountains of tears. How she kissed the stump of Sammie's arm.

Then the brave little mother straightened up and said: "Children, we are going home." And so the villagers gave us some food which the soldiers had given them and we started out. After a few days we came to the little village where our home was. Mother hurried us along at greatest speed. We almost ran for mother kept saying that she would make me some clothes out of some of her old ones just as soon as she got home and as we talked on and planned, for hope will revive even in a broken life. We passed house after house that was tumbled down, but on we went. When we came to the place that was our home there stood only the front wall and the doortop. My mother sank down on the step and buried her face in her hands.

As Sammie and I stood looking on, not knowing what to do a little girl came up to me. She had on a pretty brown dress and shoes and stockings and a warm cape and hood. She showed us teeth all to me and then opened her dress and showed me a little chemise that had a pretty blue ribbon in it and a little piece of cloth that said "Made by La Grande Chapter." She said to hurry to the top of the hill as there was a lady there giving out those clothes and she would give me a dress for mother, too. I waited for no more but ran as fast as my bleeding feet would take me over the frozen ground. I thought of nothing but a dress for mother and the chemise with the pretty blue ribbon. When I got to the top of the hill I found the lady and she had a red cross on her cape. But she put her arms around me and tears filled her eyes as she said, "My poor child, the clothes are all gone." She turned to someone standing by and said: "You know the women in America have quit sewing since the war closed. Oh! if they could only see what we do they would not stop." And there seemed to stand in our midst one clothed in white, and someone whispered, "The White Cross." He touched the lady, who had just given me her cape, and said: "As you have done it to this, my little one, you have done it unto me."

At that I awoke and so awestruck was I with the dream that I could not shake it off at once. I ran and looked at the twin beds—the children were both there as warm as toast. I even looked at Sammie's hands—I stooped and kissed them. I ran and woke Jack and told it all to him. He said: "Go down, dear, and bring home all the sewing you want to. I was just joking." I ran to the phone, for it was yet early and called Mrs. Resenbaum and said: "Save me a dozen of those little girls' chemises to make and I want to furnish the ribbon myself."

MR. SIDNEY LYLE
The piano tuner, is at the Foley hotel. 2-13-3tp

Have you had time to drop in at Silverthorn's fountain and try one of those new drinks? You will find a fruit nut sundae or a chocolate surprise sundae—or a malt milk with whipped cream just about right.

Silverthorn's
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LA GRANDE, OREGON.
2-14-3t

ELKS ATTENTION.
Elk's social dance, Monday night, February 17th. All Elks and their families invited.
ELKS' SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

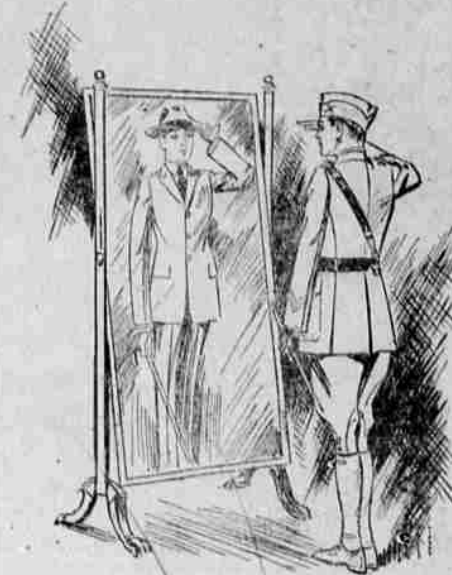
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