

AROUND THE EDGES

It is but a short time until the clocks must be set ahead an hour. People in the farming districts, as a rule, have no use for the daylight saving plan. A woman out in the valley says that Mayor Higgins of Detroit years ago got the people to use "vacant lots" for gardening and the plan was a success without regard to the time by the clock and she argues that the same thing would be done now if those who want to work in the garden have a serious intent in that direction. "Anyhow," she says, "I don't intend to get up till I get ready and that will be soon enough." But the great majority are not worried over the proposed change either way. Some of the objections, which may stand as the rule are expressed this way:

Average house wife in La Grande—"It doesn't make any difference about the time of day. My husband is always thirty minutes late for meals, anyway."

Friends of Fred Meyers and Tom Seropian—"It makes our notes come due just that much sooner."

Crafty Matron Who is Actual Boss of the Household—"The only successful way to amuse the extra hour is to advance the clock a few minutes each day until finally the sixty minutes is blotted out in the past and then you've got 'em."

Mountain Climbers, Fishermen and Joy Riders—"Set the clock far enough ahead so there won't be any time for work."

It is difficult to please all.

Here's a heart throb: A little Swiss woman past 50 was making up beds in a large hotel in Oregon when a lady guest at the hotel drew the Swiss woman into conversation. "And did the war affect your home," remarked the lady, thinking nothing of what she was saying. The little Swiss woman looked up with a face that showed deep sorrow had left its trace and said, "Yes, the war was very cruel to me, for I lost three of the finest sons a woman ever had. But they fell in battle and they fell in the allied cause." The last remark had peculiarly substantial ring to it and showed the heart, while almost breaking, felt the death of her sons was for the right. Further inquiry showed that she had just buried another child who died from the epidemic in this country. As we looked at that little soul bearing her burden without notoriety, giving her life and blood for the flag without even so much as special mention by war bodies, we thought there is yet a great portion of the people who live lives that, while they fail to attract the spotlight, they are nevertheless wonderful lives.

Recently when ex-President Taft was in Portland, Olf Groupe was conversing with two friends from Baker in a Portland hotel, when Mr. A. W. Pearley, well known railroad man and on several occasions given mention as Mr. Taft's double, entered the hotel lobby. The Baker boys were convinced and agreed with Mr. Groupe that it was Mr. Taft himself. Mr. Pearley stepped over to the clear stand and incidentally said "Good evening, Mr. Groupe." The Baker lads were very much surprised and thereupon covered Olf with such queries as: "How do you happen to have Mr. Taft's personal acquaintance?" "Where did you meet him?" etc.

Land office and postoffice applicants on the Republican side of the house are beginning to show up since the belief prevails among many that there is a possibility of a change in national administration. And there is a split in the Democratic party also which gives Chamberlain and anti-Chamberlain Democrats a chance to quarrel and some Democrats are holding to the belief that if the party wins it will be hard for present officials to pick the right side of the quarrel. So it begins to grow merry among those who would serve their country by attending to La Grande land office and postoffice duties.

One of the greatest living models of Parsimony is William Hawkins, who owns a farm in the Hot Lake neighborhood, a smaller tract in Fruitdale and also holds down a place in the railroad machine shops. He lives close to the river and in the morning takes the last stride over the Park bridge at exactly twenty minutes of the working hour. People living along the route set their

clocks by him and those who have no clocks know the time of day to the dot when "Bill" Hawkins passes.

Joe Egan, of the train dispatchers' office, makes it a part of his morning's devotion to walk five to ten miles before breakfast. Yesterday morning he went out to the Low Pines and saw a greater variety of birds for the season than usual and among them were blue birds which are known everywhere. "This is really the first thing I have seen this year," says Joe, "that actually confirms my suspicion that spring is here."

The flagpole at Island City had been raised and the children were all happy. When the youngsters went to school the following morning they joyfully told their teacher that the new flagpole was up. "Fine," said the teacher, "now will they raise the flag with a ceremony?" One little Island City boy immediately responded "Now, they got a pulley in the top of the pole and they are going to raise the flag with a rope."

N. K. West was a visitor in Portland this week and one of the papers designated him as a "prominent stockman of La Grande." Up here in La Grande he is known principally as a merchant. It left to "Ken" himself he would probably appreciate the distinction of being a "prominent stockman" more than of a vendor of goods, wares and merchandise. But he fills the bill either way.

The big papers have been filled lately with reports of Paul Beck, a war official of the eastern country, who is under a cloud on the charge of crooked work. This is not our Paul Beck, the La Grande boy who put in fifteen months overseas and a few days ago "blew in" from Kansas City with a brand new bride as a part of his (not military) equipment.

If one does not believe the world is money-mad and that the spending habit has reached a high point, he should spend a week in some of the larger cities and note the habits of the people. Without becoming an alarmist, one has to join with dear old Walter Pierce's tremolo exclamation: "How long, oh, how long can such a condition last?"

It has been suggested that a torch-light procession be formed to welcome home our boys. It is said it will have two purposes—one to show appreciation of the boys and the other to give light on the depot platform so the hand boys can read their music and pedestrians can safely get around in the large crowds that are sure to be present.

The state game department is having a nervous shock and all its numerous officers are waiting patiently to see if the axe falls on Carl Shoemaker, the head. But nervous shocks around a state house come so thick and fast that they almost keep time with the heart beats of a chief executive.

WORK OF W. C. C. S. WILL KEEP RIGHT ON

Care of the Soldier, Sailor and Marines in Uniform and Out, Will Not Stop.

(From Woman's Home Companion) The room was pleasant and cheerful. It combined the independence of a club with the charm of home. It was full of groups; young girls in pretty, simple dresses; sailors of our navy. They were dancing and talking and sitting at their ease in their own time.

"Are you glad the war is over?" asked one of the girls between dances.

The sailor's yes had a qualification in it, and under the question in his eyes, he added:

"Well, I'm sorry in one way. People won't be nice to us any more. We'll just be ruff-ruff again."

She looked at him perplexed and a little wistful, and he did not know the accusation that there was in his words. But to him—and he had seen active service—the war had brought something good, something desirable, and he felt that peace would take it away from him. People Won't be Nice to us any more. Is that true? Are we going to be it be true? We have learned a lesson.

ATTORNEY GENERAL FIGHTING QUAKER



The case of a "big" man not being recognized at home has again been exemplified in the appointment of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer. Stroudsburg, Pa., has just started strutting in all the importance of being the home of the Attorney General, when all the time Washington knew Palmer's real ability. He fills the place vacated through the resignation of former Attorney-General Gregory. He is a fighting Quaker.

many things from this war, and not the least of our new knowledge has been how to be neighbors. We have been lonely even in a great group, and we have given our soldiers and sailors an opportunity for the casual friendly contacts of life that are otherwise denied them by the conditions of their work.

And now that the war is over, will it all stop? Will we forget what we have newly learned? Now that they have brought back the victory they went after, will they be "just ruff-ruff again?"

To be sure, the number of service clubs, the frequency of these friendly informal parties, must lessen. But must they all go?

And, most important of all, will the fine spirit of cordiality and fellowship, of neighborliness in a big sense, vanish with the war?

Oh, will the vision, born of such suffering, endure, and the new order prosper above the old?

Neighbor Women Note. Among the senses that of over-hearing seems to be the most acute.—Todes Blade.

PLEASED WITH GRANDE RONDE

In the year 1907, E. J. Conrad was among the "influx" which began to flow into Grande Ronde from Idaho. Like most all others of his class, he wanted a farm so he bought the 160 acres near the base of Mt. Emily, which was the original homestead of William E. Woodell, deceased. For this farm he paid the unusual price of the time for the tract, in the nineteen years which Mr. Conrad lived on the place he built ad substantial farm and added other improvements to the total value of about \$4000. He has just concluded the sale of the place to W. A. Bull, a young neighbor, who was reared in the vicinity, and received \$162,50 per acre or a total of \$26,000.

"I don't know just exactly how to express myself about Grande Ronde valley," said Mr. Conrad yesterday, "but I might give you some idea by comparison as to what my estimate is. In 1911 I owned a farm ten years and when I sold out I received just the same price I gave for it—there was no increase in value. In Grande Ronde I received less the value of improvements I have made, the difference between \$26 per acre and \$162,50 per acre. You can figure out the percentage to suit yourself, but I know that it was a good investment for each and every year I have been there just on the increase in value, and, incidentally it shows the difference between this part of Oregon and the place I lived in Utah—that just about measures my opinion as to the comparative merits of the two localities, and that's fair enough, isn't it?"

Between this deal he has just closed and receipt of the news yesterday that one of his boys who has been in service overseas had safely arrived in New York, Mr. Conrad was in a very satisfactory state of mind and has about decided to "locate" here. His good fortune is also appreciated by a large number of friends who expect to welcome him soon as a resident of La Grande.

Mr. Bull, the purchaser, is one of the valley's progressive young men, thoroughly familiar with the farming game and in the opinion of Mr. Conrad and others as well, will "make good."

What a Church Paper

Had to Say About

Rev. J. A. Smith

In a write-up of the Presbyterian church of Concordia, Kansas, which appeared in the Herald and Prebyster, Cleveland, in August, 1917, the writer spoke of the church's pastor, Rev. James Aiken Smith, as follows:

"Rev. James Aiken Smith, the

present pastor of the Concordia church, is a Kansas product, having been born in Garretts, Kan., Oct. 5, 1879. His seminary course was taken in McCormick Seminary. From the time he entered the ministry he has given indubitable evidences of his call to the ministry, and in every place his praises are sounded far and wide as a man of God, full of zeal and good works, and loved by all regardless of denomination. By his public-spiritedness, spirituality and devotion to the kingdom of Christ at large he has made a record such as is not common to men. Combined with all this, he is a strong preacher of the Word, evangelist and evangelistic to the core. His work in the Sixth Church of Cincinnati, O., and at Parkville, Mo., and on his late charge at Fort Scott, Kan., stands out prominently as abundant proof of a marvelous combination of graces and talents for the work of the ministry. The testimonials of ministers, editors, elders and people generally concur in his praise both as a preacher and pastor. The church at Concordia feels very deeply that God's hand is clearly seen in the providence that gave it such a pastor. From every nook and corner of the parish come the words of high appreciation of him. The future of the Concordia church is certainly a bright one, judging from present conditions and surroundings. Mr. Smith has been and now is the chairman of synod's committee on Evangelism, and as such he has already done a great work, and will be able to do even more, as his church is in fullest sympathy with the movement and grants him such time as may be needed for his work in this direction. Solomon Prebyster most heartily rejoices in the coming of Mr. Smith to our midst, for not only in the pastorate is he strong, but in the general work of the church among young and old is he a power for good."

Rev. Smith is to be the preacher at both services in the Presbyterian church in La Grande today and next Sunday, also. He made the trip from his Kansas home last week to get acquainted with the field here. The local congregation extended the invitation to Mr. Smith to come here with the idea of inviting him to the pastorate.

Internationally. Make this our conviction: "I am not born for one corner of the earth; my country is this world."—Seneca.

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