

Cove's Cherry Fair Was A Great Event

There was nothing the matter with Cove's Cherry Fair this year. During the past few years Cove has played in more or less hard luck at times, but when they had no cherries they had no fair, which is to the credit of the people, for they did not desire to fool anyone.

This year they have a crop that will bring in \$50,000 to that corner of the valley for cherries alone and they were certainly entitled to have their annual cherry fair, and they had it.

Aside from the cherry feature the Cove event has grown to be a homecoming of the people in the Grande Ronde valley. Those who live at a distance and plan to come back once a year try and make it so they can attend the cherry fair and meet their friends.

The day was therefore, one of renewal of friendship; one that tory of the valley; one that thrashed out some of the ancient grudges brought people together and made them realize once more that life is worth living, but it is worth more when people can mingle and enjoy each other's company once in a while.

The hot wave broke just in time to make the Cherry Fair a delightful occasion from a weather standpoint. Instead of experiencing the hot sultry afternoon, which many expected, the day was cool and balmy. The dust, which kept so many La Grande people at home, was not had at all, and everyone who attended enjoyed the day.

The forenoon was taken up with the visiting of friends and many were the reminiscences recalled regarding the earlier experiences of people in this valley.

Assembled to rely upon for our work-O-Way clothes. Many of the new models have collars and cuffs in white, for like the good-lookingingham dress is shown above, where a bit of white protrudes also set in at the front of the skirt in the form of a tab with pointed ends. These are turned back and fastened down with hat pearl buttons.

of we Summer Complaint Quickly Relieved for A. Ch. Kie...

"About two years ago when suffering from a severe attack of summer complaint, I took Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy and it

recited the following appropriate verses of his own make:
Now that we've crowned our king and queen
As rulers of fair cherry land,
A message of good cheer they bring
Proclaiming peace on every land.

The League of Nations has a friend
As every man with all his heart
Whose Lodge was on the battlefield
And in the conflict Borah part.

Beneath Old Glory's folds unfurled
We pray the ruler of the world—
Protect us ever with thy might
That devastating war will cease.

And bring us everlasting peace.
"A Cherry Day Song" by a company of little girls was a pleasing number and received applause. This was followed by Mrs. Irene Carter and Miss Vina Conley in a well rendered piano duet.

The audience showed great appreciation of the vocal solo by Mrs. Ray Barker and vigorously encored the singer.

Mr. Antles then produced the Cove Community choir which is an organization of ladies and gentlemen of Cove and they rendered some first class selections to the delight of all.

A Dutch drill by the children of the fifth and sixth grades was well rendered showing the youngsters to have been well trained.

At intervals the O-W band kept up its high standard of music rendered selection after selection.

The speakers of the day were Hon. Dunham Wright, of Medical Springs, and Bruce Dennis of La Grande. Mr. Wright made a magnificent talk to the people recalling that the event there is a simultaneous visit, and he set on cleverly. Elbow sleeves have a flaring flounce and piping defines all important lines, a band of running down the top of the sleeve.

relieved me almost instantly," writes Mrs. Henry Jewett, Clark Mills, N. Y. This is an excellent remedy for colic and diarrhoea and should be kept at hand by every family.

with emotion she more and more

again permit the grass to die on that beautiful spot of ground when water was so nearby in abundance. He told of the park before there was a tree planted on it and complimented the Episcopal church for the generosity it had displayed for people of the present to gather.

Mrs. Nora Webb of Union played a saxophone solo and received the high applause to which she was entitled.

Five boxes of choice cherries were contributed by C. H. Ogilvie, one of the best cherry raisers in Oregon, to the Salvation Army and Col. Tom Johnson was called upon to sell the fruit at auction so that the proceeds could be turned over to the Salvation Army's fund. Tom was at his best and he pulled forth in his sonorous voice a brief history of the work done by the Salvation Army offering at the same time a box of cherries to the bidders. One dollar, two dollars, two and a half went the bidding. But Al Daniels, an old Cove boy who still carries the pride of his native community in his breast although he is now located in La Grande, came to the front with a five dollar offer on the box. It was sold. Another and another went to Daniels for five dollars, until he had purchased the five boxes and gave his check to the association for twenty-five dollars which was immediately turned over to Captain Smith of the Salvation Army.

This completed the program at the grove and the ball game between Baker and Cove was announced. It was a fast and furious game. Baker managed to grab off two scores in the first and one in the second inning, after which Cove's old heads settled down and shut them out in procession. Baker's team was in good trim for it kept Cove down to one score and the game closed three to one in favor of Baker.

Cove's team is among the top catchers this year, even though the game went to Baker, and in the Oregon league the Cove players are set on cleverly. Elbow sleeves have a flaring flounce and piping defines all important lines, a band of running down the top of the sleeve.

poised, impassive, unperturbable tenance which gives no slightest hope of the hopes and fears it manifests. A physiognomy under complete control is almost essential to a diplomat and this ability to hide emotions was what the Japanese envoys had in mind to give the best possible impression. Countenances which lit up with emotion are more and more

cupped the young people and until late in the night the jolly fun makers held forth in honor of Cove's Cherry Fair—an event that is a part of Union county for years and years, to come.

NEAR THE HEART OF THE WEST By Isabel Williams

"Are there interesting places to visit? And how do you manage to pass the time? Tell me what you do with yourself there anyhow," wrote a friend of mine whom I was trying to persuade to come out for the summer. "I am so tired of a conventional life. I'd like to do what I really feel like doing, for once, to be myself and yet not seem odd."

So I wrote back, "La Grande's the place. You can be yourself here yet it is not so bad as you think. For instance, this morning I saw a pretty girl drive into town dressed in khaki pants, a brown blouse and jockey cap. Her cheeks were rosy and here wavy yellow hair caught the sunlight reflecting golden gleams, and she looked too cute for anything in those khaki pants. Five minutes later another young woman drove up in a handsome automobile, and she wore a blue bungalow apron and carried a market-basket.

Men march round dressed in quaint, serviceable khaki suits and rough brown combination suits—I don't know what they call them. Yet right across the way people are going along dressed in the height of fashion. It doesn't matter when you cross the street there are always stylish people across the way, and near at hand too.

And every day I see campers on their way. Such sturdy, healthy, tanned and happy looking people in all sorts of automobiles from the cheapest flivver to the most expensive touring car, all with tents and luggage piled in, and they sleep out any where their fancy dictates. In the canyons, on the mountains, beside some blue brook, under a starry covert.

Generally these fancy-free toletes are picturesque as well as sensible, but today I saw one which was only sensible when a stout woman in the fifties entered the shop where I was making a purchase. She had on khaki trousers and a brown blouse. Pretty soon, though, she went out and mounted her horse and rode away looking much better when she was

going very fast. And then as I walked down the street and over the bridge I came upon a big group of barefoot lads in overalls going swimming—a second glance, however, showed me the lads were all jassies, and I believe you couldn't find another place on earth, except the South Sea Islands, where people are permitted a freer choice in dress.

As for that we do with ourselves—we do most everything. Work for eight hours on week days, most of us, then settle to various enjoyments for nobody here is over-sixteen years old. Of course the years add up even to a hundred, but we never feel over sixteen years old.

You couldn't for you are so well, so delightfully healthy and strong. Tennis is popular. Automobileing is universal. Hikes appeal to many people, and a favorite hike along the historic clear, limpid Grande Ronde river also in one of the fine, big tanks in town. There are card clubs for everybody. Church affairs of course, both social and serious. (When I came here I asked somebody (she country was not prohibition then) "What do they use for communion wine in a dry state like Oregon?"

"Loganberry juice," came the man's prompt, sarcastic rejoinder. He was an Old Granch from the other coast and missed his wine and whiskey. His children, however, had benefited from Oregon's brave stand for temperance as they were better dressed and better fed than ever in their lives before.

If you own an automobile there is a fine choice of rides—if you don't own one yet (everybody does, in time) your friends will take you over every day. You ride through the valley, or along the foot-hills or down one of the beautiful canyons, or even to Pat Mahoney's pig pen

It's a real pretty ride there, up a smooth, steep and winding road leading into a pocket in the hills, and the first time I dashed along that road I sure thought I was discovering the best route to the handiomeat goat—but after a perfect mile or two it abruptly ended at Pat Mahoney's pig pen. The view was charming however.

In the tender quiet of the twilight I was riding along the foothills lately, and my companion, pointing far across the lovely valley to the distant mountains which were reflecting, chameleon-like, every delicate color of the rich sunset, rose and gold and heliotrope and gray, cried out, "Oh, I feel it so! All the beauty of these mountains. I don't just feel it with my mind, but I feel it even in my stomach and all through me!" And when we arrived at Pat Mahoney's pig pen I thought very likely it was that way with the pigs, too, for they do say Pat's pork beats all the other pork in the west, so probably the beauty of the landscape permeates all the pigs.

Besides those pleasures, there are fishing, camping and hunting. It would take a volume to describe the fishing so I will only say there is fishing in the river, in Wallowa Lake, in fourteen lesser lakes in the neighboring mountains, and in pretty Catherine Creek nearby.

Then, if you want to combine pleasure with profit, you can pick fruit. It's cherry season just now. After going through an Oregon cherry orchard nobody will ever brag of the cherries in Japan, for no cherries could be bigger and prettier and tastier than these. A friend and I never had had enough cherries to eat in all our lives, and so when we read an advertisement stating women, girls and boys were wanted for cherry picking, at good wages, we went right over to the cherry orchard and asked for a job. "All right," said the man, pleasantly and

promptly, "will you pick high or low?" It sounded like a game of seven-up, but I made a guess and said, "I guess we better pick low first. What's the difference?" "Why, it's eight cents a gallon if you pick on the ground, nine cents from a ladder, and ten if you climb into the topmost branch."

"We better start from the ground," said my friend, quickly. The man said all right, and gave us each a gallon tin-pail, and then he said, "You can put 'em on back there in the barn."

"Put what on?" asked my friend. "Overalls. Everybody wears them picking fruit."

"Oh, we didn't bring any this time. Can't we pick?" "Sure, but you're liable to tear 'em."

(Continued on Page 8.)

Walking Downstairs.
It is not so difficult to walk downstairs as to walk up, as everybody knows. Why not try it? It takes very little longer time and the many calls for the elevator for descending passengers could be reduced by a half at least if we were a bit thoughtful. The saving in current and fuel would be remarkable.

Old Age Unhealthy.
We can't help thinking, that the business of a centenarian is very unhealthy. We rarely hear of them unless they are dying.

Walking.
Walking! Walking! What pleasure there is in the mere act of walking upon some pleasant level! If received by alternating hill and dale, so much the better.—Edward P. Hood.

Optimistic Thought.
It is the duty of a sword to preserve tranquility by punishing the wicked and protecting the good.

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