PERFUMES

Houbigant Paris

Fresh, Fragrant and Delightfully Different.

The concentrated odors of all the world have been gathered together at our perfume counter—there to be selected as Christmas gifts. They may be tested and chosen in bulk or in fancy gift package. We also have an excellent line of Toilet Waters, Sachet Powders, etc. Her Christmas will not be complete without some of these dainty odors. If she has a special favorite, we probably know what it is.

SNAPP'S LA GRANDE PHARMACY

ALVIN SNAPP, Proprietor.

MAIN 40 FARMERS MAIN 311

WANTED RAGS 3c PER LB.

The Biggest and Best shipment of

DOLLS

are now on display.

You have only to glance in our window to appreciate the beauty of this year's dolls but come in and let us show you additional stock.

NEWLIN'S BOOK & STATIONERY STORE

SHERRY'S

LAST TIMES TODAY

Hale Hamilton

IN

"The Four Flusher"

and the last chapter of

"THE PERILS OF THUNDER MOUNTAIN."

TOMORROW

Sessue Hayakawa

Supported by Tsuru Aoki and a Brilliant Cast in

"A Heart in Pawn"

on the Japanese Artist's stage and on the United States "SHADOWS"

La Grande COMEDY

A Thanksgiving to God for His House

LORD, thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof,
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where thou my chamber for to ward
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate;
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who thither come and freely get . . .
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall
And kitchen's small;
A little butery and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unlost, unhead;
Some little sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine
The pulse is thine,
And all the other bits that be
There placed by thee;
The roots, the purslain and the mess
Of water cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes them, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crownest my gittern's
hearth,
With gladness mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides my fainting ewes to bear
Me twice each year;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream, for wine—
All these and better thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart. —Robert Herrick.

Giving Thanks Together

By Catherine Cranmer

"IT'S A shame not to share this good dinner with some one," said Lydia, who had loved to cook from the days when she baked mud pies in the sun until the nights when she made fudge in a chafing dish. It was partly because of her taste for cooking and partly because of her distaste for boarding-house life that she gladly availed herself of a suite in the first one-tenant apartment house erected in her city. Her living room with its tiny fireplace was flanked on one end by a bathroom and a bed alcove, and on the other by a complete and compact kitchenette.

On Thanksgiving day Lydia flitted from room to room singing gay snatches of song. Her trim little figure was lost in the loveliness of a long-sleeved white apron with which her former landlady had endowed her when she set out on this housekeeping venture. Her auburn hair was soft about her flushed face and her blue eyes were bright with enthusiasm as she concocted tempting dishes for her Thanksgiving dinner.

The plump chicken browning in the tiny oven was small, and the quivering mold of cranberry jelly just turned out was small, yet there was much more of each than Lydia alone could eat, healthy and hungry as she was. This thought came to her as she was arranging pieces of toast for asparagus and with the thought came a hospitable longing to share her good dinner with some one else who was healthy and hungry. The girls who were her co-workers in the public library either had homes in the city or had gone to their homes outside the city for Thanksgiving holiday, and besides them she had made few acquaintances in the city, so she could think of no one to invite.

She reflected that there must be many lonely people in that city who would gladly share with her the dainty meal that was now almost ready to serve. Then she thought of the young man who lived alone in the suite across the hall from hers and of whom she had caught occasional glimpses through his open door as he hope-speculated idly from over a drawing board. She found herself wondering, as she had several times before, whether her neighbor was an artist. She thought he looked too intellectual for that.

Lydia smiled and blushed as she recalled the episode the evening before when her spilled cranberries had crashed under the passing feet of this young man, who had come strides out from the apartment which she was sharing in the narrow corridor of the place. The scattered berries in the narrow hall had turned turtle when she stepped on her hands and knees. There had been amusing apologies from both, and although the young man had helped to recover the berries, he had re-entered his apartment so abruptly that Lydia was puzzled to know whether he was displeased or embarrassed by the incident.

Just when Lydia's chicken reached the right degree of brownness the young man in the suite across the hall completed the inking of the last lines in the plans he was to enter in the prize competition for a design for a new public building. His deep sigh of satisfied relief at the finished task was followed almost immediately by the thought that he was very hungry. He, too, had a fancy for cooking and had taken the apartment that he might have, in addition to uninterrupted opportunity for study, the privilege of preparing coffee and eggs just to suit his breakfast taste.

A cold, drizzling rain made the outdoors so uninviting that the young man decided to have a broiled bacon sandwich and coffee and cheese at home instead of going out for a late dinner in a cafe. He opened the door of the icebox and shut it with a slam, for he found that he had no cream, and he liked a lot of cream in his coffee. Now, a lonely man or a hungry man will frequently go far from conventionality. John Parker was both lonely and hungry; his supply of cream was exhausted and the grocery stores were closed for the holiday. Besides, rain was pouring outside and the girl across the hall let tantalizing odors escape her doorway. Suddenly he determined to ask her for cream to go with his coffee.

"Bread Cast Upon the Waters," She Said Smilingly.

As he went swinging through his doorway he almost collided with Lydia, who stood just outside blushingly offering him a tray containing a generous share of her good dinner.

"Bread cast upon the waters," she said smilingly, "and the cranberries you cast back into the hall have returned to you. I just couldn't bear not to share my Thanksgiving dinner with some one!" there was a tremulous catch in her voice. "And you seemed to be as alone as I; will you take this?" readily.

"You are inconceivably kind," said the young man, as he took the tray. "And a wonderful cook besides," nibbling the edge of the tempting food. "I was coming over to ask you for some cream on the chance that you'd be neighborly, but I didn't dream of such a neighborliness as this."

Lydia caught the yearning glance in his eyes as he looked through her open doorway at the daintily set table, and as she returned to that table there were tears of gratitude in her own eyes at the thought of having at least shared some of her Thanksgiving with another.

As for the young man among the

The Concealed Tempting Dishes.

[illegible]

Don't worry if you break your [illegible] We can repair it quickly. [illegible] Motor Company. 11-26tf

Dr. J. L. Ingle and Dr. Margaret Ingle, Osteopathic physicians moved to La Grande National Bank building. 11-7-tf

Your Day to Give Thanks is Thanksgiving

Thoughtfully and carefully as you look back over your year's events, this one Thanksgiving, especially, you should be thankful. Under these times of stress and reconstruction, you are living and living well—you should be thankful.

The war is over and the boys are home—you should be thankful. You are doing well and your future is greater today than ever before—you should be thankful.

We are thankful for many things in our lives and for the good friendship and patronage from you good people of La Grande. So, tomorrow, to Him who rules from above, we will give thanks with you.

J. C. Penney Co.
Incorporated
197 BUSY STORES

hat, he did some hard thinking as he ate his lonely dinner. The drift of his thinking was discernible afterward in his muttered remarks as he stood with his hands in his pockets and stared out through the rain-rippled window at the reflection of the lights in the shiny wet street below.

"The way to a man's heart may be through his stomach," he said. "I'm not so sure of that; but the way to cure a taste for lone living is to try it when you have a neighbor as charming as mine. I'm thankful I tried it, but I'm quite convinced of its folly. And now to convince my neighbor!"

And subsequently he succeeded in convincing her.

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PLANTS FOR THANKSGIVING

Beautiful cyclamen and ferns. See our window. Cherry's Florist. 11-24-3t

LIVE POULTRY.

Consult us when you have live poultry to sell. We pay highest market prices. 11-19-tf VALLEY CREAMERY.

SPLENDID ROLE IN "PAID IN FULL" FOR PAULINE FREDERICK

Appearing in one of the best roles of her screen career, Pauline Frederick, the beautiful Paramount star will be seen in her new photoplay, "Paid in Full," at the Arcade theatre Thursday and Friday. This is a superb picturization of Eugene Walter's famous play of the same name that was produced in New York in 1907 and subsequently presented on tour with enormous success for several years.

The story of the picture which was adapted by Charles E. Whittaker and directed by Emile Chautard, is a powerful one and deals with the trials of a young woman who is the wife of a shiftless and improvident clerk. He steals a large sum of money from his employer, a chandler known as Captain Williams, and to avoid prosecution he sends his wife to his employer as his intermediary.

The old Captain seeks to ensnare the wife in his toils, but when a breezy Westerner, who secretly loves the woman, threatens to kill him if he takes advantage of her helplessness, he gives up the game and sends her away with a letter exonerating her husband. She then calls her husband, who commits suicide in despair, leaving her free to wed the man who had befriended and loved her for years.

STOMACH UPSET?

Get at the Real Cause—Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

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