

Personal Mention

Mrs. Olive Stanfield left this morning on Nov. 24 for a three months trip to the east. She will visit relatives in Massachusetts and New York and then to visit Washington, D. C., before returning to La Grande.

Mrs. A. M. Berger of this city, left this morning for Ontario, Oregon, where she was called by the serious illness of her brother.

Mrs. V. E. Anderson left this morning for Huntington, where she will spend a short time.

Miss Gardiner arrived in La Grande this morning from Portland on a short business and pleasure trip. Mr. Gardiner is a former resident of this city.

H. A. Hartwell was among the Huntington guests at the Foley last evening.

H. C. Hamilton, Nash motor car dealer from Baker, is in La Grande today attending to business matters.

W. R. Hershman came down from Seattle last evening on a short business and pleasure trip and is stopping at the Foley.

E. R. Wright, who makes his home in Baker, was registered among the



Son
Here is the infant son of Mrs. Pat Somerset, known on the stage as Edith Day. The lad recently arrived in New York from abroad.

1224 Street Friday afternoon at the Island City church.
The remains are at the morgue.
Funeral services tomorrow.

BYRON G. LEEDY.

HIGARDI, Ore.—Byron G. Leedy former state master of the grange and at one time a member of the board of regents of the Oregon Agricultural college, who died at the family home here Sunday morning at the age of 68 years, was interred yesterday afternoon at the services held at the Evangelical church. The services conducted by the pastor of the church.

Eastern Oregon grange members and citizens in general were acquainted with Mr. Leedy and know of his death was received in La Grande and vicinity with regret.

Forget to Get Tired.
RODOLPH, Ore.—Fred W. Wilson, circuit judge here from The Dalles today sentenced George Casper, aged 28 years to 18 months in the penitentiary for forged checks.

Quality, who was indicted last week originally entered a plea of not guilty. Henry Steiner, indicted for forgery with a brother, J. C. Steiner, who was sent to the penitentiary last week was sentenced to eight months by Judge Wilson. Sheriff Johnson will take the prisoners to Salem tomorrow.

When, may says he is standing by the constitution, he generally means that he is hiding behind it.

An Hour Spent in a Hotel Lobby, Produces

(Continued from page 1)

254, yet this dress did not fit me so wallpaper as to give me away entirely and Solomon and his friends had nothing on me, once I had it on.

After a secret session with Beauty Clay, from which I emerged looking like what I am, I was tempted to try a little rouge. Said Tommy Stone to me: "Now, you look a whole lot better at the present time than you ever thought you would, and you know that rouge makes you look as if you had a temperature of 104 or had worn a red hat in an Oregon rain. Be sensible for once."

So I said, "Get thee behind me," and set forth.

As I went into the hotel lobby I noticed an empty rocker in the half-lit room. I walked over and seated myself in it after removing my coat, so that all I wore was the modest, unassuming white see my new gown before they saw my face. I thought it best. It worked.

My right hand neighbor was a long, lean human, the kind who has his necktie parallel to the edge of his dress, who must have all his buttons on, all the pits removed from his primes before he sits them, and who has a nervous chill in his hands where his hands ought to be.

After gazing at me for some time, he said in a kindly voice: "Are you unhappy?"

"Yes, I am," I replied.

"I thought so," answered he, with what he imagined was a sympathetic grin, but only looked to me as if he also had eaten shrimp salad. "Doesn't your husband understand you?"

"Doesn't he?" asked I. "Oh, yes, dear, he understands me so well, I can't bluff him at all. That's why I am unhappy."

"Well, I'll tell you, girlie—," started he.

"Gladly!" I asked. "What detained you? You are just twenty years too late to commence calling me that. And if you keep on, I feel sure that I shall cry on your shoulder."

"No, no, my good woman not here."

"Well, where then?" asked I with a grin. I lost him right there.

"Do you know," smiled he, "on getting a good look at you, I believe you are one of those giddy women, who run around sticking their noses in other people's business."

"Perhaps," answered I. "Just let your gaze dwell upon that same nose and you will soon see that it was built for the job."

"From the way you talk," continued my right hand knight, "I doubt very much as to whether you are a lady."

"Please doubt, dear grouch," I comforted him. "Once I went to a prize fight and once I passed a policeman. Outside of that, I am a first class sample of a perfect lady."

"With that, I turned my back on him; but even though my dress was made in La Gloria, my back was not so fitly suited to having it covered from my waist band to my neck.

I saw in the chair to my left what I have always had—handkerchief form— I had headed man.

Handheaded men look so sanitary, like an operating room or a well kept bathtub.

This one seemed worried. A lean worried man, I never mind, but a fat worried man always makes me recommend milk of magnesia, for nine times out of ten, that is the remedy needed. But it seems I had struck the truth.

"Do you believe that marriage is a failure?" asked he, real and like. "I'll tell you," said I. "I'm not qualified to answer that, steel are still on the job, but I often think I will take the bankruptcy law in matrimony. If I am going to do it, I must get busy while I have a few cents left to locate a new model taker, for who ever heard of a good bankrupt coming out with no assets?"

"After I have retired permanently," I continued, "I will be able to give you a better answer."

"Now, instead," argued he, "don't you think that a woman in ought to forgive a man for his mistakes?"

"Sure I do," I replied. "So does the Lord. He says to forgive 70 x 7 times. But then, you see, the Lord didn't have to live with a man."

"With a sigh, he sank back in his chair and I let the poor soul glompe had something on his chest but far be it from me to ask what it was, in spite of my nose.

I turned to see what had become of my lanky friend and found a round dolly faced male occupying the chair. It was very good to look upon, and gave me a glance supposed to melt

Obituary

GOTTLIEB G. BUESING.
The death of Gottlieb G. Buesing yesterday, at the end of a lingering illness of three years, terminated the career of one of the Grande Ronde valley's prominent farmers. Mr. Buesing was born on the ocean, landing in New York City a few days later on March 22, 1849. His parents located in Quincy, Illinois, where he grew to manhood, securing extensive land holdings in this locality.

At Warsaw, Ill., Mr. Buesing was united in marriage to Miss Marie Doedelcher, who died in La Grande in 1902. To this union was born five girls and six boys. Those surviving are Mrs. J. H. Humpen, Warsaw, Ill.; Mrs. Ed. Meyerick, Mrs. John H. Clark and Mrs. J. B. McLaughlin, La Grande; Mrs. Bruce Clark, Alford; William Buesing, Elmer, Idaho; George Buesing, Casper, Wyo.; Henry, John, Charles and Benjamin Buesing, all in La Grande.

In the year 1902 Mr. Buesing removed with his family to Oregon, settling in the Grande Ronde valley where they have since resided. With his sons, Henry, Charles, Benjamin and John, he acquired one of the largest and best equipped farms in the valley.

All who knew Mr. Buesing through personal association or business dealings testify to his as a man of sterling qualities, one whose friendship for his fellow men will never fade from the memories of those who knew him.

Funeral services will be held at

Obituary

my heart, I felt quite sure of myself but still I believe in safety first, so I said to the Lord—"Now, Lord, you know what you did to Pharoah's heart? You had better not busy with me or I will be talking baby talk to this male and feeling him lump sugar."

But I need not have feared.

He was the nicest thing in a male form, outside of a lawyer, I have ever met.

"Where is your husband?" asked he.

"When people ask me things that are none of their business I always prevaricate. This time I went further, with less style and more chances of landing in the city bootlegger restaurant, I told."

"In the graveyard, the last time I saw him," I said, "but knowing him as well as I did, I can't say where he is at the present time. But I'm a good dresser."

"Haven't you a family?" continued this Sherlock Holmes.

"You got it the first time," I answered.

"Where is it?" he suddenly inquired.

"What?" asked I.

"The family," said he.

"My family is not an it," I answered. "He is a he and he is home in a cage."

"Are you not ashamed to sit around in a lobby talking to men with an affected moral at home in a cage?"

"I'm not," I said. "As I told you before, he is a male, and when he finds he can't get into his pants he under his wing, stands on one foot and goes to sleep. Characteristic of males in general, is it not?"

"Do you know," smiled he, "I believe you are different and—"

"No, Mr.," I interrupted. "You have judged the wrong female to warble to. You remind me of a man in our town who warbled little love ditties to a female who didn't belong to him and when he was caught he said 'A woman came into my life.' Too bad, wasn't it? I'll wager that woman would have walked into his life and right out again if he hadn't said 'Tarry awhile, sweet maiden' or words to that effect."

"Huh," said he. "Which proves that when you agree with a man you are a wonderful woman, if not, you are peculiar."

My hour was up, so I prepared to leave.

As I approached the door a rather pleasant looking individual stepped up to me and said, "Good evening, madam, I am a millionaire, traveling for experience and also to see the country. Would you like to hear my story?"

"Shush," said I. "Do they know you are out?" You sound, like you came from Pendleton. You don't look like a millionaire. All that I ever saw, either living or in the pictures, had a bit of their anatomy. Of course, you may be one who pays his bills the first of the month; that may account for your ordinary appearance."

"Don't try to kid me, madam," said he, loftily. "I am a millionaire and I'm looking for a job."

"How is your work?" said I, as I gently steered him towards the elevator. "Are you staying here, or home?"

"I am," he replied.

"Well, listen to me. I don't know where you got it, but my nose and your back tell me you did marriage to some one in our strictly temperate city. Anyway you take it upstairs with you and go to bed with it. If you go down our main thoroughfare telling folks that you are a rolled millionaire, you will be given a love pat on the head before you have gone two blocks or see traffic cop will pinch you for carrying an overstuffed tank. They'll get a job reading the chief's household and scrubbing headquarters' reception coat."

As he went into the elevator he was shouting the elevator man about something. I saw a look of being related to the Duke of something-anything, even if his name was plain John Jones.

I had spent an hour in the lobby. I had found out the "Why?" of it, of course. I had observed myself, to some extent, but I had not felt as happy as I had expected.

There was a reason and on thinking it over I am sure that it was due to my former belief, in which I have more faith than ever, that—

Lays of mud and a sure-remind me. The just beauty that they love. And believe me, I am thankful God gave me a lonely night.

Now it's predicted that in thirty years, maybe only twenty years, there won't be any Thanksgiving turkeys left! Even so post-Thanksgiving day lunch! It's an ill-wind, etc., that has no silver lining.



MRS. FRED DEWITZ
If You're a Young Woman or Even in Middle Life Here is Some Good Advice For You

Salem, Ore.—"While bringing up my family I depended upon Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to keep up my strength. It was especially beneficial to me during the trying months of expectancy, relieving me of nausea and quieting to my nerves, and I do believe that I would not have come into the critical time of life so easily and comfortably as I did had it not been for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I have given the 'Prescription' to my daughters also when they had need of a special tonic and invigorant and they have always been benefited and strengthened by its use. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is truly a woman's medicine that I take pleasure in recommending."—Mrs. Fred Dewitz, 625 N. Central St. Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. Write for free advice.

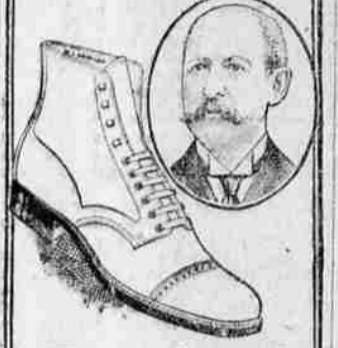
For Sale

Six-room modern house on North Side. Price \$2,750.00. Terms, \$40.00 cash and \$40.00 per month.

Old house and two good lots near Central school. Price, \$1,250.00. Terms, \$50.00 cash, balance \$22.00 per month, or will exchange for small home under bill.

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Six-room house, nearly full basement, modern except furnace, all furnished, good garage. Located on Fourth street near the Mormon tabernacle, paved street and cement sidewalk in and all paid for. Price, \$2,000.00. Terms on part of it.

Five-room plastered house, cold storage, garage, chicken house and run, electric lights, city water; also good driven well. Two lots on Division street near Bowman House mill. Newly painted and calced. Price \$1,800 and \$250 cash will handle it.

Five-room house, full basement, electric lights, a good driven well, garage, half acre lot, located on Willow street near the Island City highway, all for \$2,500.00. Terms on part of it. Will also throw in a cow.

We carry all kinds of insurance.

Phy, Black & Stoop

In The La Grande National Bank Bldg
La Grande, Oregon.
PHONE MAIN 55

What Are You Going to Buy Dad for Christmas?

IS IT TO BE THE SAME OLD THING—
A necktie he never wears? A box of cigars he gives away? A box of handkerchiefs or a pair of slippers he doesn't need?
WHY NOT SOMETHING FOR THE CAR FOR XMAS!
A pair of Driving Gloves, a Cigar Lighter, a Visor, a Rear Vision Mirror, an Automatic Windshield Cleaner, Windshield Wings, a Spotlight, a Bumper, a Stop-Signal, a Moto-meter, a Tire Cover, a Set of Spark Plugs
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