Holiday Plans for Home Comers

Mother Dear:

Only two days left, and then home, good old home, at last. And you most of all, you and Dad. I scarcely wait to see you and tell you all the news—when does old interest do? And how many does he expect to bring?—I've asked Christine, her folks are abroad, and she shouldn't have to be lonesome at Christmas, should she?

Aunt Madge's uncle is in California, thinks himself the cutest bachelor! Fritz is being two perfectly miserable chaps—they'll need to be watched—to be as nice as he is. Fritz—he might bring him I should think—but don't you dare say I suggested him, will you? Fritz is a regular brother and he does tease most cruelly, dear him!

Excited Over Homecoming

There, isn't that most mixed up start? Well, you understand, you old money bunch. I just get so excited over getting home, and seeing you and bringing the girls to my home, and that reminds me I have the loveliest plan for this Christmas, dearie. We are to do the work and planning and fussing around, and you and Dad are to be our guests and be waited on.

Gretchen and Madge think it is a stunch of an idea, and have planned afterwards if it's possible, some aprons in which they expect to have a wicked soup ladle—and turkey on me, dearie, we don't want to be all worn out when we have. So you are to have breakfast in bed—that will be a novelty for you.

And you must submit with the best grace you can summon, if I have to send Fritz up to choke the alarm clock and hold you in bed till we arrive with the breakfast. Never mind, we will get Dad off further—you see if we don't. Maybe the coffee will be fried and the cut meat too strong, but think how he will appreciate your sweet breakfasts when we get back to college again.

She Plans a Dance

Let me see, we will want to have a dance one evening, of course—where's my calendar? And the big country club dance is New Year's Eve, so let's have ours Monday night. Well to go back to the beginning. Why ever do folks start there? Its so much more fun to start in the middle.

We'll get in on the twenty-third on that 4:30 train, and get our stockings ready on the twenty-fourth, and take care of your distribution of baskets to the submerged tenth if that's what you call 'em.

And then Christmas Eve will be by ourselves, of course. If you'll have the tree there, we'll set it up and trim it and all, sweetness—and Mother, dear, only think, it is Madge's first tree, and her a woman grown almost—if you don't mind the English. I did have to squeeze back a tear when she said it would be her first tree—but they've lived in hotels you know. Poor lambie, we'll make it up for her.

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And, of course, a big feed Christmas day, to run true to form. And skating afterwards if its possible. You'll ask all the old crowd to our dance, dear, won't you? Would do it myself, but there won't be time after we get there. Monday we'll be busy with decorating the house and getting our best things all ready for the evening. Then folks always have had a good time at our parties, and this time is to be no exception.

Sing at Tea Time

Let's see I forget church, Sunday, didn't I? And a little sing at home at tea time would be nice, wouldn't it?

Tuesday will be pretty well a toss for we'll be resting I think, and we can keep Tuesday and Wednesday evenings open for kids to other folks' homes. We'll be skating and we can get in one or two hikes, maybe.

Then the Country club dance on New Year's Eve, and then back to the grind again Monday. There, I don't mean that, because I sure am having the grandest time at school, as you perfectly well know, dear heart. But I do have such a good time at home, I can't bear to think of going back, and this is to be the best time ever—isn't it?

Shopping All Done

Have all my shopping done, and most of the packages mailed—and oh, wait, till you see what I've made for you—but there you can't guess. Lots of love and kisses from your own little Sugar Pie.

How's that for sentimental?

Your own Mary Lee.

Poets' Corner

I LOSE MY TEETH

By FLORA L. BARRIE.

Yes, Irvin Cobb kept all his teeth.
The ones on top and those beneath.
But I, long old I beg and squall
Must go with just no teeth at all.
I cooked to keep at least a few,
So I my Double-Mint could chew.
The doctor said—"Now, can't you see
That teeth like you have are N. G.?
Soon rheumatic will be your fate
You'll fold up like a figure eight.
And grunt and groan a year or so,
Then on a marble slab you'll go."
"Oh, shush," cried I, "Don't talk like that.
You scare away my pounds of fat."
I hurried to a dentist's chair
While something seemed to say—
"Beware."
I never knew men were so mean
Let's draw a curtain on the scene.
You won't believe me when I say
My friends highbrow me every day.
They look at me and smirk and grin
And say—"Look what the cat brought in."
I bravely try to bear my loss
And tell the whole world—"Applesauce."
Since I must spend my hard-earned cash
For bowls of mush and soup and hash.
Yet even though I cry and scold,
I'll wear nice warm teeth when I'm old.
But next time Lord, if you don't mind,
Please born me with the China kind.

The hard part isn't to learn, but, having reached middle life, to forget.

The moment how in the neighborhood always belongs to somebody else.

Idaho Pheasants Suffering From T. B., Is Report

BOISE, Ida., Dec. 18—Some Idaho pheasants which have visited barnyards are infected with tuberculosis. The state game department drew this deduction from reports on analyses conducted on the carcass of a diseased bird, by W. V. Leonard, state chemist.

Birds so affected are safe for food if cooked for 20 minutes or more at a temperature of 240 degrees, Mr. Leonard declared. The disease shows itself in swollen and enlarged organs, filled with minute white granules. The liver of the bird sent for analysis, said R. E. Thomas, state game warden, "looked like a cauliflower."

Wednesday was the last day of what Mr. Thomas said was one of the most successful pheasant seasons on record. The birds were unusually plentiful, since the open winter of 1925-1926 encouraged increase of the birds to a number hitherto unprecedented.

The bad weather during the fall prevented the slaughter being as heavy as usual, Mr. Thomas said, and if the winter is not too severe, the number of birds "carried over" will be larger than usual, he added.

The warden expects reports shortly on the test of pheasants' crops conducted by farmers, to determine whether the birds are a menace to growing grain or a help, by their destruction of insects.

Bean Acreage To Be Reduced 1027

WASHINGTON (AP) — Few baked beans and less bean soup are in prospect for the coming year, all because of unseasonable weather at harvest time. The bean crop has been greatly reduced through losses from that cause, the department of agriculture has announced.

About 17,000,000 bushels were harvested, compared with 26,000,000 bushels last year, but frost damage is expected to reduce considerably the quantity fit for human consumption.

New York and Michigan, the great bean-growing states, suffered the heaviest losses.

UNION PERSONALS

UNION, (Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Elm Mayfield were La Grande shoppers last week.

Bert Knight shipped a carload of fat hogs to Portland market last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Smith and family motored to Weiser, Idaho, last Sunday, where they spent the day visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Smith.

Frank Conner, of Conner's store here, spent Tuesday at Enterprise transacting business. He owns a clothing store there.

Jacob Kohler and J. R. Weaver were business visitors in La Grande Tuesday.

Mrs. W. O. Haggerty and Mrs. Bert Knight were Christmas shopping in La Grande Tuesday afternoon.

Morton Kibbe, of Island City, and Raymond McKinnon, of La Grande, were Union visitors Wednesday.

Among those from Union who attended the Union county chamber of commerce banquet for the state board of regents Tuesday evening were Mayor M. S. Levy, W. W. Stevens, county commissioner, T. T. Cook, president of the Union commercial club, and C. L. Caldwell.

Output of Mines Shows an Increase

MACKAY Dec. 18—Concentrates and ore from the famous Livingston mines have been rapidly increasing for the last couple of months.

The fleet of trucks is delivering approximately one railroad carload of concentrates to Mackay each day and to this is added several carloads of crude high-grade ore each week and the output will continue to increase, as the mill capacity has not yet been reached and the mine ore production capacity is practically unlimited, for during the last year, ever since the big strike was made last Christmas, stope after stope has been brought in and ore reserves developed with every foot of ore advance in the numerous places where men are employed.

During the storm period of the last half of November, trucking operations were exceedingly difficult, but now that the roads have frozen up, the fleet of trucks has been enlarged and is catching up with the mill and mine output.

THE OLSON CASE

—NEA Chicago Bureau

Albert Olson, father of Barbara Olson, Wisconsin youth sought in the slayer of his sweetheart, is pictured above. Below is the little Lutheran church near Sterling, Wis., scene of the funeral of Clara Olson, the victim of the tragedy. "My boy is innocent," Albert Olson contends.

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