

LOYALTY-- IN A DESERTED PALACE

Mother of Bootleg King Carries on for Him-- Grants Interview

By Allen Sumner NEA Service Writer CINCINNATI, O., Nov. 26-- "Mother Remus," the 77-year-old mother of George Remus, bootleg king now on trial for his life, a self-confessed murderer, has come back to her son's Dream Palace on the hill.

And "Mother Remus" who preferred her own tiny and shabby Chicago flat in the days when priceless rugs and tapestries and carvings and oils and bits of bronzes and marble figured "The King's" mansion of many rooms, now sleeps, or tries to, in a great bare room at the top of the barren palace and trembles to hear the bare boughs of the trees in the park below scrape and grate across her window.

"Mother Remus," who preferred her coffee from a thick white mug and her kuchen from a thick china plate to all the squabs and terrapin and truffles and woodcock and caviar served on her son's solid gold service plates, now stirs lentil soup on the huge kitchen stove of the empty palace where once were cooked veritable Lucullan feasts for her son and his guests.

And George, "The King," smiles in his cell when "mama's soup" or kuchen or hamsteffer is brought him nearly every day.

An Empty Palace

And "Mother Remus," who "didn't feel right" in George's house in the days when gold and ruby wines flowed like water at his great feasts, when six maids tried to help her bathe and dress and eat, when five gardeners trimmed the holly and hick and sweet briar in the vast acres about the mansion, now sweeps the cobblestones from the once tiled walls of George's stripped and fluted home, or scrubs on her knees the corners of the priceless marble fireplaces, the sole ornaments in the nude rooms. As she scrubs or sweeps or cooks, she mutters words at the dead woman, Imogene Remus, who brought her son so low.

She is almost happy now, because "Mr. Remus" needs me now," she never calls her only living son anything but "Mr. Remus." To her he is still the pompous, dignified, all-great, "King" who staggered his mother and who with tales of his wealth, and who laughing at the pleadings to stop spending money "so crazy like," "Maybe he would not like me photographed in an apron and not dressed up so fine," she said in her broken English. "They got my picture once when I was in my house apron and 'Mr. Remus' didn't like it at all. He said his mother should not be seen like that."

But "Mother Remus" does not see that things are different now and that George Remus, attorney as well as prisoner at the bar, wants the world to know that he has a stouped and shabby little old mother who believes in him with all her heart and who lives in a dirty, dismal house when all others have fled.

The days when "Mr. Remus" kept mother more sequestered were when Imogene Remus, his second wife, now dead by his own hand, illumined from her home on the hill all Cincinnati with the glory thrown by her \$100,000 worth of diamonds, the pearls on her breast and fingers, and the rubies and emeralds in her hair.

Those were the days when the marble swimming pool, which a glass-roofed promenade connected with the mansion, saw hundreds of the world's richest girls collected by Remus dining there.

Prates Her Boy

Those were the days when orchids made the air of the Remus greenhouses heavy with perfume, when the whole world was trying to part "The King" from his money, charging him ten times what other men paid for their wife's clothes and jewelry and furniture.

But no word of reproach to "Mr. Remus," only rhapsodies of praise for the little four-year-old boy whom she brought with her from Germany nearly a half century ago. The boy who at 12 sent to work in his uncle's Chicago drug store when his father, a lumberman, could no longer support his family.

"Such a good boy till he married that woman," the little old woman said.

"Mother Remus" led me through the half hundred rooms of "The Mansion of Many Rooms," pointing out with anger and disgust traces of the ravages made by her son's wife who looted the house while her husband was securely behind penitentiary bars.

She took me to the odd card room on the third floor with its benches of acorn of elgus and beads and diamonds; the billiard room with the massive mahogany claw-footed table.

"That was too heavy for her to move or it wouldn't be here," she said.

She showed me the vast tiled floor bathroom and showed me where the leather seats along the wall had been pried from their hinges. She showed me the solid old doors, with hollow carvings where plate glass mirrors had been. She showed me jagged corners on fireplaces and mantles from which

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



marble figures had been hacked away.

The dining room with its huge built-in hand-carved buffet, which once groined under trays of rich foods and decanters of wine, contained only a bare picnic table. The only other furniture in the house were the three or four cheap beds where "The King's" mother, his sister and her husband, and a care-taker sleep.

The stone lions which Imogene Remus had torn from their moorings before a Cincinnati store and brought up Fries Hill, casually writing a \$4000 check to pay for them, are gone now from their station before the Remus driveway.

Only Desolation Now

The park is a tangled, sodden mass of leaves and brambles. The huge servants' clock beside "The King's" bed can summon no servants now. The silver fixtures in his bathroom are tarnished, and only black holes in the wall tell

where various unique toilet articles of silver and gold and mother of pearl were fastened.

Of the wall of "The King's" bedroom is a picture of his mother and one of himself. She likes to sit alone in this empty room and gaze at the two pictures. "She is here in his mansion--almost happy, because to her he turned, the woman who possessed him in days of plenty is gone and spurned."

"Poor boy, he always wanted a home," she moans, "and all he got was this place."

SEVERELY--AND IS KILLED

EVERETT, Wash. Nov. 29 (AP).--When his heel caught on a loose board while darting across a railroad crossing, Charles Labronny fell directly in the path of an on-rushing train and was killed yesterday at Mukitoo, near here. His body was tossed 165 feet. He is survived by his widow.

ELGIN PERSONALS

ELGIN. (Special)--The Eastern Star gave a very interesting party Friday evening after lodge. Several very amusing games were played and enjoyed by all. A special feature was the rocky road to Dublin and the trip was successfully made by J. Y. Wright. A delicious lunch was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hill and daughter, Wilma, were business visitors to La Grande Saturday.

Myron Hug returned Sunday from Portland where he saw the new Ford.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Witherspoon and family went to Wallawa to spend Thanksgiving at the Homer Bechter home.

Mrs. Willis arrived Wednesday from Fresno, Cal., where she has been visiting at the home of her

brother for several months. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hug spent Thursday in La Grande at the home of their daughter, Mrs. C. P. Holbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Huffman of La Grande, visited from Tuesday to Thursday with relatives and friends.

Mrs. C. H. McNab and son, Harry, were business visitors to La Grande Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Hixby left Wednesday evening to spend the holidays at her home at Milton.

The Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Pollock, of Vale, arrived Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving with friends.

Mrs. S. L. Burnham was a weekend visitor at the Charles Patton home at Joseph.

Mrs. Luella Long was a business visitor to La Grande one day last week.

Sheriff Jesse Hreshers spent Thanksgiving with his family.

Charles Esoll, who has been attending school in Portland, spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Esoll.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Holbrook, of La Grande, visited with relatives Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Shelton and son, Donald, were visiting here with relatives Sunday. Their home is in La Grande.

Mrs. Dexter Melroy, of Portland, visited with Mrs. J. N. Chandler Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Brack, of La Grande, spent Sunday visiting friends and relatives.

The Rebekah lodge held a very successful Thanksgiving dinner at its hall Thursday. The dinner was served at 2 o'clock and the afternoon and evening was spent in dancing and playing games. Supper was served in the evening about 6:30 attended.

E. L. Garret, of Hoshoe Bend, is visiting at the home of his aunt, Mrs. W. E. Brownell. He may spend the winter here.

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Wonder What an Empty Cigarette Package Thinks About : : By BRIGGS

Comic strip panels with dialogue about Old Gold cigarettes. Panel 1: 'WELL, WELL, YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT OLD GEORGE FATE HAS IN STORE FOR YOU... IT'S UP IN THE WORLD ONE MINUTE, AND DOWN AND OUT THE NEXT'. Panel 2: 'IT WAS ONLY TWO HOURS AGO THAT I WAS SITTING FAT AND HANDSOME, ALL WRAPPED UP IN NICE GLAZED TISSUE PAPER'. Panel 3: 'AND LOOK AT ME NOW! DIRTY AND CRUMPLED... NO GOOD TO ANYBODY'. Panel 4: 'OUCH! THAT BIG GUY NEEDN'T HAVE STEPPED ON ME'. Panel 5: 'NOW LOOK WHERE THEY'VE KICKED ME! AND ONCE UPON A TIME I HELD TWENTY CIGARETTES-- AND DARN GOOD ONES TOO!'. Panel 6: 'AND YOU COULDN'T TEASE A COUGH OUT ONE OF THEM!' BUT THAT'S ALL THE THANKS YOU GET IN THIS WORLD!'

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