

Society News

Pukwana Camp Fire Girls Give Mother, Daughter Banquet

The members of the Pukwana Camp Fire group staged their first "Mothers and Daughters" banquet last evening in the dining room of the First Methodist Episcopal church. It was a very pretty party and for it, great credit is due the girls who were responsible for its success, assisted as they were by their guardian, Mrs. H. F. Tyler and assistant guardian, Mrs. E. Russell Scott. The girls had arranged three tables at which were seated the forty guests present, the girls and their mothers. Yellow and green were the predominant colors, baskets of yellow daffodils and yellow tapers in green stencils being used with taste. At each place was a dainty miss, fashioned from two shades of crepe paper and bearing the resemblance, really, of a rose. The lace on which she stood was a very good picture of the entire group together with a verse of greeting to the honored guests.

Following the dinner, which was served in two courses, the girls sang "Bury My Love" and then Miss Barbara Coolidge, acting as toast-mistress, announced the different numbers on the after-dinner program. Miss Lenore Hendley, president of the group, spoke very gracious words of welcome to the mothers, and Mrs. H. E. Dixon responded in an equally gracious manner. Miss Jean McKennon gave a talk on what campfire is and what the girls do, which was very enlightening to those present and not themselves. Camp Fire girls, Janet Hingner and Margaret Davy, played a piano duet, Lydia Mae Hollister played a piano solo and this was followed by a skillfully done by Charlie Taylor and Margaret Davy. Dorothy Wall and Cornelia Daly gave the last number, a tap dance, after which all the girls sang "Now Our Camp Fire Cadeau."

The different committees responsible for the success of the banquet were three. On the table decoration committee were Charlie Taylor, Margaret Davy, Janet Hingner, Jean McKennon, Leola Wilcock and Dorothy Wall. On the program committee served Barbara Coolidge, Margaret Dixon, Cornelia Daly, Pauline LaFreniere, Ruth Mayne and Mildred Patton. The kitchen committee, consisted of Fern Brodwin, Aida Hank, Lydia Mae Hollister, Doris Duncan, Mildred Miller and Eleanor Dahl.

Besides the mothers and daughters, two special guests last evening were Dr. Lewa Wilkes, head of the sponsor's association, and Mrs. Vernon E. Hall who has assisted considerably with this particular organization.

Members of the Lucky Dozen club met at the home of Mrs. Ralph Trill on Adams avenue Friday for one of their delightful social and work meetings. The work for the afternoon was quilting which always lends time for informal sociability. Mrs. Trill was assisted by Verle Hamlin and Belhel Trill in serving a two course lunch.

About forty relatives gathered yesterday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Webb, 1291 Y avenue to properly celebrate the passing of "Grandma" Webb's 73d birthday anniversary, and they came not only from La Grande and the surrounding neighborhood but also from Union and Baker. A sumptuous dinner was served at noon the guests being seated at three tables. Decorations were pink and white, charming. The birthday cake was, naturally, one of the attractive features of the dinner. The afternoon was spent informally in visiting. Mrs. Webb received many beautiful gifts from her guests.

Mary Aston Daly was eight years old Saturday and 23 little girl friends helped her in properly observing it at the home of Mrs. Gates. Games that little girls simply adore in play, helping prepare the refreshments, and admiring the gifts that were brought to Mary Aston, made up a very full and a very thrilling afternoon. Many had a birthday cake with eight candles and the ice cream she served had pretty red hearts in the center.

The members of the Sacajawea group of Camp Fire girls held a very interesting meeting yesterday afternoon in their room at the Lutheran church, the Misses Jean French and Myrtle Schultz being the members of the committee responsible for the program of the afternoon. Preceding the meeting Miss Katie Keller won for herself the sincere gratitude of the girls for proceeding to the church and getting the room all clean and in readiness for the gathering. The girls mothers had been invited to be present yesterday but only two could come, Mrs. Dahl and Mrs. Ebert. In their honor, the girls sang a mother song and in honor of new girls who have recently been voted to membership in the group, the guardian, Mrs. Awe read the constitution. Miss Jean French gave a talk on "Posture" and Myrtle Schultz talked on "Food as Related to Health." Rev. Hess of the Baptist church was present and spoke very interestingly on "Factors Which Make Us What We Are." In the course of his talk, Mr. Hess made the statement that going back for 21 generations, each of us is a part of one million people. Lemonade and wafers were served at the close of the program.

Everything is about in readiness for the 27th annual May ball to be given tomorrow, Wednesday evening, May 8 by the Eagles at their

Mrs. Henry Hill Entertains Club

Nine members of the Sacajawea group of Camp Fire girls took a journey to Cove one day last week and are describing their trip in quite enthusiastic terms. Henry Jensen and Mr. Dahl served as chauffeurs for the party and Mrs. Fred Gehring, the assistant guardian, was chaperon. The girls first went to the Cove swimming pool where they had a picnic. Later ascension grounds captured their attention and there they enjoyed their lunch and an hour or so of games. The committee responsible for the excursion consisted of Edna Jensen and Edna Brown. In the crowd making the expedition were Jean French, Myrtle Schultz, Edna Jensen, Edna Brown, Natalie Ebert, Helen Hughes, Katie Keller, Florence Hicks and Eleanor Dahl.

Mrs. A. L. Richardson won the high score yesterday, when Mrs. Henry Hill entertained the members of the Monday Bridge club at their regular bi-monthly luncheon. Mrs. H. L. Porech received the guest prize. Twelve ladies were guests of Mrs. Hill, bridge following the lovely luncheon served at the La Grande hotel. Mrs. Fred Hoffmann will be the next hostess in two weeks.

Eighteen members of the Art and Research club drove to Hot Lake yesterday where they were guests of Mrs. Hazel Pfy for the regular meeting of the organization. The study of the afternoon is reported as having been exceptionally interesting. Mrs. H. L. Ritter gave an excellent talk on John Alexander and Child Hassan. Substituting for Mrs. Humphreys, Mrs. H. H. Cleaver told of George Bellows and Gardner Symonds. Mrs. Cleaver emphasized the fact that the former was exceedingly partial to snow. Both talks were given in a very fascinating way and thoroughly appreciated.

Yesterday afternoon, Mrs. Gless Harden, 807 N. avenue had for her guests members of the Yinn club. Bridge furnished the diversion for the afternoon and after a few hours at the game, it was found that Mrs. Leola Voelz had made high score receiving first prize, and Mrs. C. B. Johnson received consolation. Mrs. Harden had used cherry blossoms very effectively for decorations throughout the afternoon. The next meeting will be at the country home of Mrs. Voelz.

A happy event featured the closing of last week, when at eight-thirty o'clock Rev. J. George Walz, pastor of the Presbyterian church, in the presence of Mrs. Walz and Miss Kuhl, read the marriage ceremony which united, Elbin Craig and Joseph E. Wayne, both of La Grande, as husband and wife. Mr. Wayne is employed at the Chevrolet garage. They will make their home in this city.

Four tables of bridge were at play when Mr. and Mrs. Audmer Payne entertained their dinner bridge club last evening at the Sacajawea Inn. First prize for the ladies was awarded to Mrs. Leola Russell, while Oscar Warnock won the gentleman's first honor.

Announcements

Mrs. May Moran will be the hostess to the Grande Ronde chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, tomorrow, Wednesday afternoon, at her home at 208 Third street.

Division A of the Loyal Sisters aid will meet Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Harry Sanders, 1103 Eleventh street. Each member is urged to be present.

Initiation at Crystal Rebekah lodge No. 59 has been postponed until May 15.

A special meeting for the purpose of initiation has been called by

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Mens' Outing Shoes



GOLD BULLETS

by Charles G. Booth

SYNOPSIS: Alex Peterson was a picturesque gambler of the California mining camps in the 80's. John Peebles buys one of Peterson's famous gold-mounted revolvers, loaded with gold bullets, from Nathan Hyde, crafty and secretive antique dealer. Hyde refuses to tell how he procured the weapon. Roy Hammond, lawyer and formerly a prospector, is visibly started when Hyde's unexpectedly enters Hyde's office. Hyde deftly covers him up on his desk. Peebles ponders on the possible connection between Peterson, his gun and gold bullets, and the furtive conversation in the antique shop.

Chapter 2
DEATH OVER THE WIRE

I had several things to do in town so instead of going straight home I dined at Galt's with my old friend, Captain Deacon, our chief of police. Deacon had done more than his share towards making the department as efficient as any in the state and I respect his keen driving brain.

The meal over and my business attended to, I drove slowly home. It was just ten minutes past nine when I arrived there. I was to remember this time.

Polyandria reclined on the porch. She got lazily up, stretched herself fore and aft and came purring towards me. I picked her up and she made herself comfortable on my shoulder. Polyandria is a gold-brown Ancona, a magnificent animal, and I suppose I am absurdly fond of her.

"No more complaints, Polyandria?" I inquired.

Luther McNair, a retired private detective of considerable reputation had recently come to Magnolia Avenue. It turned out that he has a passion for growing tomatoes. Polyandria got among the vines—so he said—and some little damage was done. I insisted on paying McNair's estimate of the damage, but he was quite nasty about it.

Lucy danced in just then. She is always dancing in upon me.

"Look at me instead of Polyandria, Uncle John. Am I all right?" I frowned. "How should I know whether you are all right? Ask Jerry."

"He's busy with his father. That horrid old mine again. He telephoned me during dinner. Something has happened."

"What?"

"He didn't say. Do you like my new dress?"

"You'll do," I said. "Where are you going?"

"To the Chesters. I am singing there. Jerry will come for me at seven."

Chapter 1, P. E. O. for Thursday afternoon, May 7, at two o'clock at the home of Mrs. Clyde Soltz, 602 M avenue.

The American Legion auxiliary will meet tonight at the home of Mrs. Shelton, Apartment 6, Foley building, to make poppies.

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Did I hear a faint groan?

I threw off the shackles that bound me, flung myself through the French window near my desk, and plunged into the maze of shrubbery outside.

The moon had not yet risen, but my feet quickly found the familiar winding path and I raced through the scented gloom toward the Orden house. Suddenly, I heard the pound of feet on the cinder walk ahead and as I neared the walk Jerry Ouden's white flannels flashed past into the drive.

"Jerry?" I called "Jerry! Jerry!"

Instead of replying, he went on like the wind and I stopped, dumbfounded. He had seemed to drop something as he passed, but the gloom was too deep for me to be sure of this.

The shadows of the place swayed him before I could tell whether he had come on to the garage, which lies on the other side of the house, or down to the avenue, and I stood with a queer coldness tightening about my heart.

Off again at top speed, I did not stop until I had climbed over the iron grille which embraces a tiny balcony just big enough to stand on outside the library window. The doors of the window were ajar, but drawn draperies concealed the room. I was sweating with dread. For the moment I couldn't have parted the curtains to see what Andrew's boy had fled from to save my soul.

Desperately beating my weakness back, I compelled myself to open the window, to part the curtains to look in.

Andrew Ouden sat at his desk, his head down upon it. The light of a reading lamp fell upon his neck where a cross of metal burned.

"You always say that, Mr. Ouden, you always say that. He said I was to ask you to call him up as soon as you came in. He seemed terrible upset about something. I didn't know you were home until Miss Lucy told me just now."

I crossed to the telephone wondering what was the matter with Andrew. Instead of taking the instrument up at once I unwrapped the Peterson revolver and ran my fingers caressingly over the barrel and gold-mounted butt. I was on the point of breaking the weapon when the telephone whirred sharply.

As I picked up the instrument my eye fell on the clock on the mantel. It was exactly nine-thirty.

"Hello," I called.

"Is that you, John? This is Andrew." The voice might have been any one's but his, so strained and unnatural did it sound.

"What is it, Andrew?"

"I want to see you. . . Come over, right away. You hear me? Right—"

The voice had stopped. Then I heard what might have been a gasp. Silence again. Now came a dull thud and a rattle.

"Andrew!" I shouted. "What's

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Jerry flees from his home just after his father has been murdered. Why didn't he stop when Peebles called? Another gripping chapter appears tomorrow.

Ella: "Is your husband clever?"

Both: "Yes, very. He remembers my birthdays and forgets my age."



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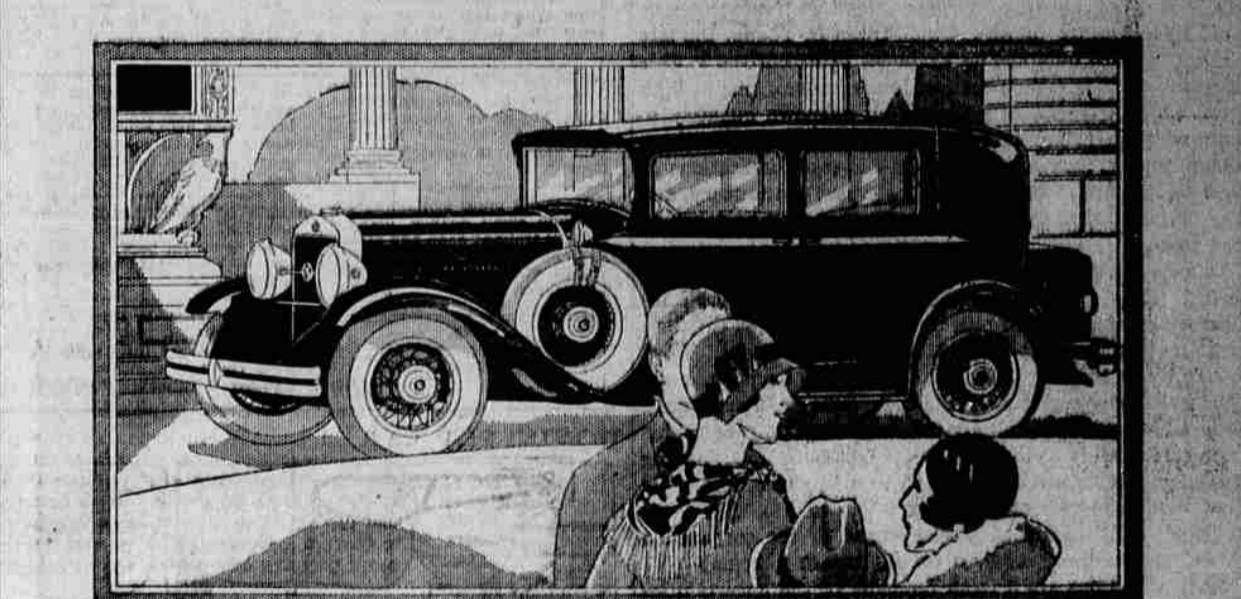
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