

# CURE THAT COUGH WITH Blue Mountain Cough Remedy

The old reliable Cure. Every Bottle Guaranteed

## Red Cross Drug Store

### LA GRANDE EVENING OBSERVER

Published Daily Except Sunday.  
GEORGE H. CURREY,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

United Press Telegraph Service.

#### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Daily, single copy ..... 6c  
Daily, per month ..... 65c  
Daily, six months in advance ... \$3.50  
Daily, one year in advance ..... \$6.50  
Weekly, six months in advance .. 75c  
Weekly, one year in advance .... \$1.00

Entered at the postoffice at La Grande as second-class matter.

This paper will not publish an article appearing over a nom d. plume. Signed articles will be refused subject to the discretion of the editor. Please sign your articles and save disappointment.

#### Advertising Rates.

Special reading notices 10c per line first insertion; 5c per line for each subsequent insertion.

Resolution of condolence, 5c a line.

Think of it. There is not a five-acre strawberry tract in the county. Here, where our berries come in at just the proper season to bring steady uniform prices that pay. This is certainly a most attractive field for small capital.

Investigate our present school facilities, and if you are not a booster for the proposed new high school building we miss our guess. One tax payer remarked yesterday that the increase of taxes on a \$75,000 building meant an additional \$3,750. His attention was called to the fact that last year no less than 70 students left the county for outside points, and in most cases they should have been in a good high school, and that to maintain these students abroad, no less than \$30,000 was expended. There are always twice as many students who would like to go abroad that do. Thus it is safe to say that if La Grande had a school here the best in the valley and properly equipped that this city would be the school center of Union county and our tax money would come back to us directly.

The holiday season being over it is about time for the "eye specialist" with his case of stock glasses to visit the cities and country, representing himself to be from some city of note, just out for a little recreation trip, or some sort of an excuse to touch the unsuspecting victim for about four times the price they could secure the same grade of goods for of established home opticians. Did you ever hear of many traveling vendors offering to fit and furnish spectacles for \$4, or \$6 or \$7.50? These are the prevailing prices quoted for first-class goods by established opticians everywhere. Occasionally these prices go a little higher, but when you fall into the hands of the stranger, your sac is always the "exceptional." A little common judgment would save this county several thousand dollars each year.

In Georgia, the day of the one-mule farmer, who makes only one crop, is rapidly disappearing and in order to keep pace with the industrial development of the country the farmer is beginning to realize the fact that he must adopt new methods different from those in use twenty years ago and these new methods are what the State College of Agriculture is demonstrating this week to agriculturalists gathered from all over the state. Always the "Empire State of the South," Georgia is now leading in progressive methods of farming. Acting along this line, the State College is setting before the farmers of the state the newest and best methods of intensive farming, and showing them by actual experiment and demonstration that their crops can be increased to double and triple what they have been by the use of improved methods of fertil-

#### zation and rotation of crops.

A woeful waste of whiskey and wine was prevented in Squedunk by the quick action and presence of mind of a score of pet snakes, which are among the attractions of Pete Pillson's safe.

A stick of dynamite which some one had placed on the stove to thaw out, exploded with great suddenness and vigor. The building was shaken to its foundations, and every barrel of wine and whiskey on the place was leaking copiously, when Pillson's snakes came to the rescue. Wrapping themselves firmly about the barrels they kept the receptacles together until the contents could be drawn off into new containers. Then they went back to their cage hissing in unison a great sigh of relief. Pillson accounts for the action of his pets by the fact that they are hoop snakes.

It is expected that before long Canada will have a gold coinage of its own. Canadian currency is similar to that of this country, dollars and cents being used as a basis of value, instead of the mother country's pounds, shillings and pence, but heretofore there has been no gold coins of the Dominion, with but the exception of comparatively few gold sovereigns coined at the royal mint. The denominations will be \$5 and \$10. The gold will be obtained from the Yukon region, and an effort will be made to establish a government purchasing agency at Dawson. The mint will be able, it is thought, to make a small margin of profit on coining gold.

The agriculturalists of this county are looking forward to exceptionally large crops this year. Not for years has the ground been frozen to the present depth. This is equal to a plowing the depth of the frost without turning the soil over. The freezing and thawing is equal to thorough cultivation. This breaks the soil so the roots of cereals, grasses and fruit trees take a deeper hold. Minnesota owes her reputation for fine wheat to the fact that frost annually reaches a depth of from five to ten feet. We seldom have a frost over 12 inches, and many years this depth is not reached, but this year those who are excavating for pipes state the frost exceeds three feet.

Fruit men from all sections of the valley state that the indications are for one of the largest apple crops in the history of the county, and that those who do not have the nerve to thin their trees will realize when the time comes to receive the money for their crops that they have made a mistake.

Citizens of Franklin and Tilton are up in arms against the local bakers, who have increased the price of doughnuts from ten to twelve cents a dozen. It is also alleged that holes in the doughnuts are larger. It is understood that a demand will be made for a government investigation.

There should be a good attendance at the debate between the high school teams of Elgin and this city Friday evening at the Christian Church.

Examinations are about over and next week school will resume its usual condition on beginning a new term.

One or two more police raids and Recorder Cox's office will look like a sampling room of a wholesale liquor house.

FOR RENT—Five rooms in a tea-room house. Apply to 703 Washington Ave. 1-20126.

#### Warning.

The public is hereby warned not to buy B. of R. T. dance tickets that have been printed in black. The genuine tickets are printed in red and have the seal of the lodge upon them. By order of the committee

### THEIR HONEYMOON.

By E. L. MARSH.  
Copyright, 1924, by American Press Association.

Evan Wilder was a hard worker and a despoiler of every one who was not wrapped in his or her daily occupation. "I'm a practical sort of fellow," he used to say, "and don't go much on sentiment." It did not occur to him that there are two worlds—the practical and the ideal. One who could look out far into space at a spiral nebula—a forming universe—and be filled with contempt for a transaction in cotton yarn Evan could not understand. He would call such a person an idiotic star gazer.

On Evan's thirtieth birthday he said to himself: "I have accumulated sufficient funds to have a home. There can be no home without a woman. She is needed to run the household. I will marry."

And so he married. He was careful in his selection to secure a practical girl like himself. He asked her friends if there was any business about her, and they all replied in the negative. He talked "practical" to her, and she convinced him that she was more practical than he. In planning for the wedding he told her that honeymooners served no other purpose than to make brides and grooms tired of each other. They would come home at the end of their honeymoon's first quarter. She assented.

They had no sooner settled themselves in their seats on the train after the wedding than Mrs. Wilder took a book out of her hand bag and began to read. Evan turned and looked at her curiously. She paid no attention to him, but went on reading, and he turned away to the window. For the first time in his life he had felt a desire to say something tender. But there was little encouragement to "talk soft" to a woman deeply interested in a book. He desisted. On arrival at their destination the newly married wife told her husband that she was very tired after the preparations for the wedding and wished a room to herself at the hotel. There was something so decided in the proposition that the husband did not venture an objection.

The place of their quarter of a honeymoon was at the seaside. Evan arose in the morning, having lain awake all night in a mental grumble. He went down to breakfast. After waiting half an hour for his bride he sent a servant to her room to learn when she would be down. He received in reply a bit of paper on which was written: "Dear Evan—Don't mind me, I'm making up sleep. Hope you'll find something to do to kill time."

Evan sat down to breakfast alone. He had planned that first breakfast and wondered how he would ever get through it. He would read his paper and his wife would object. He would lay it aside and try to say something agreeable to her and she would point. She had relieved him of her presence at this undesirable first breakfast, and he was at perfect liberty to read his paper as he liked.

He strolled during the morning over the beach thinking of how different was the reality from what he had conceived. He had expected to be bored, but in a different way. An old joke about the waning of the honeymoon wherein the bride had wished for some friend and the groom even for an enemy occurred to him. He caught sight at the same moment of one of his chums walking ahead of him. He turned and walked in an opposite direction.

At noon his wife came down looking refreshed and very pretty. "Why, Evan," she said, "how dismal you look!"

"I think I have had cause. Am I to spend the whole time alone?"

"Not all of it. I've some letters to write this afternoon, but we can dine together."

"Do you consider your action proper for a bride?"

"Even, dear, don't you understand?"

"Understand what?"

"We don't wish to tire of each other during the first week of wedded life."

Wilder was silent.

"I wish you to get used to me gradually," she continued, "as one becomes accustomed to a new dish for which a taste must be acquired."

"H'm!"

"Get a boat or something this afternoon. Can't you go fishing? We'll dine together at 7 and listen to the music afterward."

"And then?"

"Why, I'll do some reading."

"And tomorrow?"

"You might go off with one of those vacation parties for the day."

Evan's eyes flowed. "I'll see about

it." He said. They dined together and for a while after dinner listened to the hotel orchestra. Evan sat apparently conjuring up something in his mind. Presently he said, "The moon's full tonight."

"Some couple's honeymoon is ended at last, and they can get away from boredom."

"Sweetheart!" He looked at her reproachfully.

"What is it, dear?"

"Let us walk on the beach in the moonlight."

"Oh, Evan, how absurdly sentimental that would be!"

"Come!"

She went with him. He craned the hand that rested on his arm and they looked out at the shimmer on the rolling waters.

"Darling," he said, "I have been wrong."

"But you have discovered your mistake. I knew you would."

"You have shown it to me."

### The Scrap Book

Not Guilty. A very dignified and precise lady who lives in a suburb of Boston went away from home on a fortnight's visit to some relatives not long ago. After her return she was making an inspection of her house and came across a number of large, black, empty bottles in a corner of the cellar, partly covered with ashes. When, at the conclusion of banking hours, her husband came back from Boston, she met him at the door with the query, "Jim, where did all those empty bottles down cellar come from?"

Affecting an air of puzzled surprise, the honest man replied: "I'm sure I don't know, my dear. I never bought an empty bottle in my life."

True Nobleness. "For this true nobleness I seek in vain. In woman and in man I find it not; I almost weary of my earthly lot. My life springs are dried up with burning pain."

Thou findest it not? I pray thee look again. Look inward through the depths of thine own soul. How is it with thee? Art thou sound and whole? Doth narrow search show thee no earthly ailment? Be noble, and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping, but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own. Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes. Then will pure light around thy path be shed, and thou wilt never more be sad and lone. —Lowell.

Out of Sight of Land. "Yes," said a traveling man, "I was once out of sight of land on the Atlantic ocean twenty-one days."

There was a small sized crowd sitting around. Another man spoke up. "On the Pacific ocean one time I didn't see land for twenty-nine days."

A little baldheaded man knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I started across the Kaw river at Topeka in a skiff once," he said, "and was out of sight of land before I reached the other side."

"Aw, come off," said the man who had told the first tale. "The Kaw isn't more than 300 feet wide at Topeka."

"I didn't say it was," said the little baldheaded man quietly. "The skiff turned over, and I sank twice."—Denver Post.

Helping Out the Clerk. An honest farmer from south Jersey who was unusually ignorant of city ways went to a fashionable hotel in Philadelphia with his son. The father retired early, but the son went out to "see the town." At 12:30 o'clock the farmer went downstairs and inquired of the night clerk if the boy had returned yet. He was told that he had not. The father went back to his room. An hour later he again appeared before the clerk and said, "Hain't Jack in yet?" Again he was informed that the lad was out.

The old man made several subsequent trips, and still his boy was among the missing. Finally at 3:30 o'clock the farmer trudged wearily down the stairs and asked again if his boy had returned. "No; he's not in yet," replied the night clerk.

"Waal, I guess he won't come in then. Guess you needn't wait up any longer."

Puzzled. He had courted her for years, never missing his evening call, and finally was landed. On the day of the mar-

riage observed the bridegroom wandering about his new front yard in a restless manner, and with a very dejected expression. "Why, what's the matter, old man?" he asked. "You should be the happiest man alive, for today at least, and you look like a mule at a funeral."

"The bridegroom started. "Er—of course I am very happy," he asserted.

"Then why these glooms?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Bill," the bridegroom said in a burst of confidence, "I was just wondering where I am to spend my evenings hereafter."

A Shock For Shaw. Bernard Shaw some years ago met a young lady at a dinner party who said that she could read character from writing. Mr. Shaw denied belief in her powers and said that at any rate she could not read characters from typewriting.

Now, it happened that the host had just got a typewriter, and the young lady offered to be put to the test. The machine was brought, and Mr. Shaw, picking out the letters one by one, wrote his first name. Then he discovered that he had used only capital letters. So, sticking to the lower case, he wrote his last name.

Then he handed the result to his companion. "This was what she read: "BERNARD SHAW."

"It's as plain as anything," she said, with a smile. "It is your idea that, though there are a good many Shaws in the world, they are an undistinguished lot. You alone are Bernard Shaw, and your name is great."

The Best Way. Dr. Wood of Harrow once summoned a boy to his presence to rebuke him for missing a battalion drill. The doctor began: "Do you know, sir, that as a justice of the peace I can have you hung, as honorary colonel of the cadet corps I can have you shot and as your headmaster I can have you birched? Now, which sentence do you prefer?"

The humor of the situation overcame the culprit's awe. "I prefer to be shot, sir, because then you will surely be hanged."

Too Realistic. A fairly well to do but rather miserly farmer said to a friend: "Say, Bill, I'm going to kill my pig, but I owe so much pork to my neighbors that I shall have none left for myself if I pay it all back. What would you do?"

"Quite easy to trick 'em," said the friend. "Kill your pig and leave it hanging outside until late at night, so's every one can see it. Then take it in and say some one stole it. Stick to the pig and you'll be all right."

The farmer followed instructions, and the kind friend watched his chance and stole the pig. The poor farmer came around next morning to tell what had happened.

"Somebody's stolen my pig!" he cried.

"Good!" said the friend. "Stick to it, and the neighbors'll believe you, sure enough."

"But it was stolen, I tell you!"

"Excellent!" quoth the friend. "Just you stick to the tale."

"You confounded ass!" yelled the farmer. "Don't you understand? It was really stolen!"

"Superb!" laughed the delighted friend. "You ought to have been an actor, so you ought."

Then the farmer slammed the door and went away fuming.

Opportunity. Master of human destinies am I! Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait!

Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate Deserts and seas remote and, passing by Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late I knock unbidden once at every gate. If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before I turn away. It is the hour of fate, And they who follow me reach every state. Mortals desire and conquer every foe Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,

Condemned to failure, penury and woe. Seek me in vain and uselessly implore— I answer not and return no more. —John J. Ingalls.

### W.L. DOUGLAS \$3, \$3.50 & \$4 SHOES BOYS SHOES



#### THE LARGEST MAKER AND RETAILER OF MEN'S FINE SHOES IN THE WORLD.

"SUPERIOR TO OTHER MAKES." "I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the past six years, and always find they are far superior to all other high grade shoes in style, comfort and durability." W. G. JONES, 119 Howard Ave., Union, N. Y. If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would realize why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make. CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom. Take No. 10000000. If your dealer cannot fit you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog, W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

FOR SALE BY ASH BROTHERS

#### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Isolate tract Public land Sale Department of the Interior. U. S. Land office at La Grande, Oregon, December 18th 1909

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stats., 517), we will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 13th day of January, 1910 at this office the following described land: The SW 1-4 SE 1-4 Sec. 1, NE 1-4 SE 1-4 Sec. 2, T. 4S R. 27 EWM. Serial Nos. 06427 and 06428.

Any persons claiming adversely to the above described land are advised to file their claims or objections on or before the time designated for the time of the sale.

F. C. BRAMBELL, Register

#### To Whom It May Concern.

The firm of O. F. Coolidge, consisting of O. F. Coolidge, H. E. Coolidge, and O. R. Coolidge has sold out to O. R. Coolidge and is by mutual consent dissolved and the business will be continued by O. R. Coolidge. Those having claims against the firm will please present them and those owing due accounts or notes will please call and settle.

O. F. COOLIDGE, H. E. COOLIDGE, O. R. COOLIDGE.

1-11-17-

#### Notice.

La Grande, Oregon, January 13, 1910.—Inasmuch as at the present time the cost of living is much greater in proportion than the prevailing prices of labor, we, the undersigned carpenters hereby resolve and agree that after the 1st day of April A. D. 1910 the uniform wage for carpenters shall be \$4.00 per day of nine hours instead of \$3.50 as it is at present; and we hereby further agree that we will not do any work at less wages than the above rate.

Signed—J. N. Kohl, W. A. Ludiker, Joseph Horstman, M. M. Marquis, Thos. H. Moore, F. B. Houston, T. S. Spiker, C. L. Spiker, J. Spiker, C. D. Goodnough, D. E. Cook, J. J. Clancy, C. G. Green, F. W. Pattison, G.

There would not be a case of indigestion here if the readers who are subject to stomach trouble knew the tremendous anti-ferment and digestive virtues contained in Dispepsin. This harmless preparation will digest a heavy meal without the slightest fuss or discomfort, and relieve the sourest acid stomach in five minutes, besides overcoming foul and nauseous odors from the breath.

Ask your pharmacist to show you the formula plainly printed on each 50 cent case of Pape's Dispepsin, then