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LA GRANDE EVENING OBSERVER

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Spitting in Public Places.

People who have no sense of propriety or regard for the comfort of others and indulge in the habit of spitting in public places, including streetcars and on the sidewalks, may yet be convinced that they are encouraging the spread of disease. It has been conclusively shown that a high death rate is favored by indiscriminate spitting, says an exchange.

The campaign of education with regard to this matter ought to be kept up, for most of the people who are arrested for the offense do not understand why the authorities interfere with them, and it would not be possible to give every offender the benefit of the lesson at the police station, even if the police were to devote their entire attention to catching lawbreakers of this class.

In the course of its effort to reduce a death rate of 200 per 1000 for infants under one year of age, Birmingham, England, has carried on a number of sanitary investigations. One of the most important had as its object the discovery of the exact danger from public spitting.

Deposits on the pavement were examined in a large number of instances, and it was found that 7 per cent of the people who carelessly spat as they passed along the streets left virulent germs of consumption behind them to be carried home by other people on shoes or trailing skirts or to be breathed in with the dust. The results of the Birmingham inquiry have been confirmed by other tests in other cities including Liverpool.

Indiscriminate spitting is unnecessary, and aside from the danger, the offense to decency and the befouling of public places it is often unwholesome to the person who indulges in it.

People who are afflicted with tuberculosis, whether they are aware of the fact or not, are likely to be careless about spitting as are others who have only the ordinary assortment of disease germs in their mouths. Indeed, they are more likely than others to expectorate frequently. The percentage of persons who are tubercular is considerably less than the percentage of deposits found in Birmingham to be infected.

A petition has been circulated in this city this week purporting to originate with the hotel men of Portland, asking the subscribers to do all in their power to prevent the submission of the question of state-wide prohibition at the coming election. Some signed it and others refused. The Anti-Saloon League is covering the state with its representatives, all of which goes to show that the forces are already lining up for one of the most interesting contests ever waged in this state. There are sufficient counties in our state that have been working under local option dur-

ing the last four and two years to give the voters an opportunity to test the merits of the law and the effect it has on the general morals and taxation. We will not have to go to Maine, Kansas or a dozen or examples.

The Erie Railroad has been fined \$1000 in Jersey City as a nuisance for using soft coal and tooting its whistle too much. As a result we may presume that the mottoes, "Watch Our Smoke" and "Blow Your Own Horn," are at present wearing their faces toward the wall in the Erie offices.

Medford's indebtedness is now \$428,521. That town is going some because its people have faith enough in its future to invest in permanent improvements, which include a gravity water system, sewers, city hall and paved streets. Only in this way can cities be built up.—Eugene Guard.

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-

POOR DEARIE.

By EDGAR FALES MOODEY.
(Copyright, 1916, by American Press Association.)

"But, Edward!"
"What?"
"How are we going to live? You have been brought up to believe that you were to be your aunt's heir, and now you tell me that she has left the estate so tied up that you can't touch it and that her other relatives are likely to beat you out of it."

"That's so, and they will beat me out of it if they learn how matters stand."

"What do you mean by that?"
"I can't enlighten you without telling the whole story."

"Well, tell it."
"It's too ridiculous."

"Ridiculous! Can anything that separates us be ridiculous? I will not bring trouble on you and on myself by marrying you, who, having been brought up on expectations, have made no preparation for earning a living."

"Perhaps not, but you'll laugh all the same when I tell you to whom my aunt left her property."

"To whom did she leave it?"
"I am next of kin and at the death of the present incumbent will succeed to the estate."

"I didn't ask that. I asked whom your aunt made her heir."

"I am thinking of killing him."
"Oh, Edward!"
"It's the only sure way open to me. If the other branches of the family hear of how the matter stands they'll break the will."

"But in that case you will get your share."
"That would be a few thousand only. There are several hundred relatives. I want the whole property."

"Can't you compromise with this person whom your aunt made her heir?"
"No. He isn't capable of making an agreement. He does nothing but strut about."

"Come, come. Tell me the legal points. I have more head for such things than you suppose."
"Well, my aunt left the property to this person, and, considering who he is, the bequest is ridiculous. That will be the plea of the relatives if they try to break the will. But I, being the heir of this legatee at his death, will take possession of the property. The other heirs will still have good cause for a suit, but I will have the sneers of war. Understand?"

"Yes, perfectly. But this person to whom the property has been?"
"When you see him you will see a coxcomb."

"What was your aunt's attraction for him?"
"He was her husband."
"Her husband?"
"So she considered him."

"But I supposed your uncle died long ago."

"So he did."
"Well, then, how is it that this—"
"Bigamist!"
"That's what he is. He has a couple of dozen wives."
"Edward, I'm not going to stand this any longer. You are attempting to make a fool of me."

"I assure you that everything I have said of him is true, and, worse, he has never been married to one of the wives with whom he lives."

"The best!"
"He is not a beast at all."
"Then for goodness' sake what kind of a person is he?"

"Listen to me. My aunt in her younger days was a great student. She studied everything—science, religion, philosophy. She passed from one system to another until she became a strong believer in the transmigration of souls. She was much attached to her husband, who humored her in her different faiths. There is no proof whatever but that she was sound in mind in her latter days, though she firmly believed that at her husband's death his soul passed into a little chick that broke through its shell the exact minute my uncle died. She at once took the greatest care of this chick, ordered a special house to be built for him and always called him 'Dearie,' the pet name she had had for my uncle. He grew up to be a fine rooster, and my aunt never relaxed the attention she had shown him from his birth."

"Well, when the old lady died and I came to look over her will, what did I find but that she had left her whole fortune to her husband in the body of this chicken."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Didn't I tell you you'd laugh?"
"It's too ridiculous."
"That's what I said too."
"Well"—after a pause—"what are you going to do?"

"Kill Dearie."
"And then?"
"Make application for the estate as his heir."

"Why not as next of kin?"
"There are too many next of kin. I would rather inherit \$300,000 from a rooster than a few hundred from a human being."

"Well, then, why don't you kill him?"
"He is protected. The woman to whom my aunt paid a large salary to take care of him never lets him out of her sight. Force of habit from knowing when my aunt lived that if Dearie suffered she would lose a fat job leads her to still watch. But I'm going to try to get at him tonight with a hatchet."

"Goodness gracious!"
"Oh, Edward, where have you been? There is blood on your shirt bosom!"
"There was blood in my eye last night."

"What have you done?"
"Dearie is no more. He is with his only legitimate wife."

The

Scrap Book

His Strong Point.
A senator who has grown very dignified in recent years was making a speech, says the Saturday Evening Post. After he had finished there was a reception at one of the hotels. A little man pushed eagerly forward.

"Hello, senator!" he shouted.
"How do you do, sir?"
"Say, senator, you remember me? I'm Jones—Jones of Springfield, you know. I met you down there. Remember how full we got together?"

"I do not," replied the senator icily. They pushed Jones away, but soon he was back.

"Hello, senator!" he shouted. "Don't you remember that time down in St. Louis we went out and made a night of it? Jones of Springfield, you know."

They shoved Jones away again, and somebody standing near the senator asked, "Who's your friend?"

"I don't know who he is, but he seems to be full on reminiscences."

With the Years.
Something remains for us to do or dare. Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear. For age is opportunity no less. Than youth itself, though in another dress. And as the evening twilight fades away The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.

—Longfellow.

The Brake on Tight.
Out of the Grand Central station, in New York, the other day came a couple evidently from up state regions. The old man grasped his carpetbag and bulging green umbrella firmly and looked up and down the street, his mouth agape.

"There's a heap o' sights in New

York, I guess, Maria," he said. "I misdoubt if we see them all."
The old lady's mouth set grimly.
"Want, Silas," she replied, and her manner was more than significant.
"bein's as I'm with you, there's some I expect, that you ain't goin' to see!"

Insulted.
Two brothers had the habit of calling on the same girl. One of the brothers, George, was to take part in some private theatricals, and the girl had promised to fix up a shirt and a pair of shoes for his costume. The articles were to be delivered to her on a certain evening.

Frank, the second brother, took it into his head to call on the girl that same evening. Frank knew nothing of the arrangements George had made with her to help him with his costume. He rang the bell, asked the maid to tell the girl that Mr. Allen had called and sat down in the parlor.

The maid went upstairs and presently returned, trying hard not to smile.
"Miss Jones says she is busy just now and that you are to send up your shirt and shoes," was the message she handed Frank.

"What?" he yelled.
"I'm to take up your shirt and shoes."

"Thanks, but I may need them myself to go home with. I hope Miss Jones will be better in the morning. Never mind; I will close the door myself."

Took the Boy's View.
A well known London comedian was starting at a music hall in a large town when he heard from a friend that the son of the landlady where he had taken rooms was going round the town saying that the star was rotten and not worth going to see.

The comedian went home and called the landlady and said: "Madam, you would not like me to leave your rooms and in the next town I went to tell my friends that were likely to visit you that your rooms were bad. Well, your little boy has made a statement that I am no use as a star, and I should like you to take him to task for it. Please don't hit him, but speak to him sternly and severely."

The landlady waited till the boy's father came home from work and told him about it.

The father gave the boy a sound thrashing and sent him to bed, went that night to the hall to see the comedian act, returned home, woke the boy up and apologized to him.

A Hard Shot.
Dining as honored guest with the governors of various states was "Private" John Allen of Mississippi, whose very whimsical way of saying things makes people smile. He told himself what happened when he was called on to speak. "I got up and said, 'private' John Allen, 'then I came with the understanding that I was not to speak of my bills till then some one else had spoken the other end of the table' and I came with the understanding that I was not to speak of my bills till then some one else had spoken the other end of the table."

He Wasn't an Exception.
It was married men's night at the revival meeting. "Let all you husbands who have troubles in your minds stand up!" shouted the emotional preacher at the height of his spasm. Instantly every man in the church rose to his feet except one. "Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering out at this lone sinner, who occupied a chair near the door and apart from the others. "You are one in a million."

"It ain't that," piped back this one helplessly as the rest of the congregation turned to gaze suspiciously at him. "I can't get up; I'm paralyzed!"

The Abduction.
An Englishman from the rural districts who was on a visit to London drew up in a four wheeler opposite the British museum and, having alighted, timidly approached the cabman and tendered him 1 shilling and 6 pence as his fare.

Cabby, desecrating a half sovereign among the coppers, whipped up his horse and drove frantically away. Hearing cries from the countryman,

"What?" he yelled.
"I'm to take up your shirt and shoes."

"Thanks, but I may need them myself to go home with. I hope Miss Jones will be better in the morning. Never mind; I will close the door myself."

Didn't Keep a Diary.
At an important trial in a London law court one of the witnesses was an Irishwoman who was decided; hard to handle. She was particularly categorical as to her dates and told how "this happened at 4:27 on Tuesday, this at 6:33 on Friday," and so on. At last the patience of the advocate was exhausted.

"My dear woman," said the exasperated counsel, "do you keep a diary?"
"No, sir," replied the woman, "a dramshop."

The Way It Helps.
When Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, recommended a patient to drink wine the latter expressed some surprise, saying he thought Sir Andrew was a temperance doctor, to which Sir Andrew Clark replied:

"Oh, wine does sometimes help you to get through work. For instance, I have often twenty letters to answer after dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help."

"Indeed," said the patient, "does a pint of champagne really help you to answer the twenty letters?"
"No, no!" said Sir Andrew. "But when I've had a pint of champagne I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not!"

Have a Purpose.
It does not matter whether a man toll for months on a few inches of his canvas or cover a palace front with color in a day so only that it be with a solemn purpose that he have filled his heart with patience or urged his head to haste. This is the

who ran after the cab, he had an attack of deafness until, hearing Holborn viaduct, he was stopped by a policeman.

The countryman, much out of breath, soon came up with the cab, and cabby mentally bade goodby to the half sovereign.

"I ain't got nothin' of his," said the driver, turning appealingly to the policeman.

"Yes, he've!" yelled the flustered countryman. "Ye ran away w' me grandmother!"

Sure enough, there was the old lady still in the cab and staring, pale with fright, at the crowd and policeman.

Have a Purpose.
Have a purpose. No one ever reached great things without trying for them. Thoughts of what is great, love for great ideals, daily acts done in a great spirit, prepare the hero's hour and bring it to him. Purpose makes or mars life. Purposelessness ruins life.



"I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' OF HIS."

FIRST AID.

A Case Where It Was Applied Not Wisely, but Too Well.

An extremely ludicrous incident occurred in a fashionable church on a recent Sunday. A young lady, evidently a stranger, of a naturally pale complexion, accidentally let her handkerchief fall on the floor. By repeatedly stooping to reach it furtively she attracted the notice of a gentleman in the pew behind, who thought she was about to faint.

With the best of motives, therefore, he took her gently under the arms and raised her up, greatly to her surprise. As she tried to release herself another gentleman went to her assistance, and before the young lady knew what was the matter they were moving her out into the aisle.

Naturally she was too much astonished to find words for protest, and they had managed to half carry, half lead, her some distance when she directed an appealing look to another gentleman in a pew, as if asking him to help also. He, too, promptly rose from his seat and helped to lift her up and carry her into the vestry room.

There, as the three officious but well-meaning gentlemen were trying to force the now thoroughly exasperated lady into an armchair, she recovered her powers of speech, and the verbal explosion that followed, while it cleared away the misunderstanding, moved the very meek men who passed out of the vestry to mutter in unison, "Never again!"

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Extra Special Bargains For this week ONLY

15c Carnation Cream	-		10c
15c Tomatoes	-		10c
9 bars good Laundry soap	-		25c
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Dutch Cleanser	-		8c
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