

Southern

Van Camps Concentrated

Prepared from the choicest material and in a cleanly manner by an experienced chef, Mock Turtle, Tomato, Bullion, Vegetable, Ox Tail and Chicken

FATTISON BROS. GROCERIES Phone Black 81

LA GRANDE EVENING OBSERVER

Published Daily Except Sunday.

GEORGE H. CURREY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

United Press Telegraph Service.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Daily, single copy 5c
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 any article appearing over a nominal signature. Signed articles will be returned subject to the discretion of the editor. Please sign your articles and save disappointment.

Advertising Rates.

Local reading notices 10c per line
Insertion; 5c per line for each
subsequent insertion.
Resolutions of condolence, 5c a line.

Cattle growers and dealers are nonplussed at the slump in prices that has taken place during the past few days. Owing to the demoralized conditions in the east caused by the boycott on meat, growers as far east as Utah have been sending their stock to the coast. The result being that more cattle were received at the Union stock yards in Portland day before yesterday than on any day since their establishment. With the price of hay advancing and the price of meat declining at this season of the year, is one of the freaks of the market.

There are reported to be less apples on the market in the Coast states at the beginning of this year than there were at the same time last year. The figures furnished by the trade are 127,000 boxes for 1910, as against 160,000 boxes last year. At present Oregon has 10,000 boxes, and last year had 24,700. These figures represent the cold storage stocks.

Those who have taken their annual inventories will never have any regret in looking over their balances for the year 1909. But better yet, the year 1910 starts or with promise of still greater activity. Our banks are full of money, everything that we produce commands fancy prices and from a commercial standpoint there are no clouds on the horizon of 1910.

Oregon is not the only state where the people should be protected from the smooth traveling spectacle vender. Several states in the middle west have passed stringent laws. Unless you know with whom you are dealing you are on dangerous ground.

Loggers on Puget Sound have raised the price of logs. Think of it, the mills are paying twice the amount for high grade logs that common lumber sold for a few years ago on this coast. The price of logging logs will be advanced to \$14 per thousand.

A petition signed by 239 voters of the city of Ashland has been filed asking for the recall of their mayor.

Several had the pleasure of viewing Comet A-1910 again last night. Many thought it had passed out of sight.

Mr. Groundhog can see his shadow today if he makes the attempt.

A Sextette of Cute Beauties.
Of the twenty odd and novel stage dances that have followed the Oriental Gaiety Theatre (London) Company which swept everything in this country some twenty years ago when Fred Leslie and Nellie Farren headed the company with dancers like Letty Lind, Sylvia Gray and others, whose gyrations in flowing acrodeon pleated skirts fairly captured this country by storm has there been so novel a stage

divertement at the Collier Ballet in the "Top of the World," and this does not except the Famous Peacock Ballet in The Devils Auction. The French Quadrille Dancers in The Black Crook, the famous Champagne dance in The Silver Slipper, nor the wonderful ballet of live Cockatoos in The Twelve Temptations. The Collier Dogs in "The Top of the World" are said to be the most wonderful animals ever seen and really do almost anything but talk.

The girls pictured above are those that dance with the dogs, and are Katherine Wentworth who dances with Major, Reat Walker with Raffles, Ethel Ricketts with Teddy, Elsie Bates with Snowball, Marjorie Plimmer with Bob and Rae Bates with Dynamite.

THE CLASH TODAY

CANNON WILL RESIGN IF HE IS FORCED OFF COMMITTEE

Insurgents say they will demand his removal, come what may.

Washington, Feb. 2.—Following a failure of President Taft to induce the insurgents to compromise on the house rules and a threat by Speaker Cannon that he would resign the Speakership if he was removed from membership of the rules committee, war between the insurgents and the regulars is bitterer than ever.

"We will accept no compromise unless it means that the speaker is removed from the rules committee," declared the insurgents to the president.

"I'll resign the speakership if I am taken out of the rules committee," said Cannon to the president.

Taft then urged the insurgents to agree to compromise one that would require the removal of Cannon from the committee, but the insurgents replied:

"Cannon must go or we will absolutely not compromise under any circumstances. We'll support all Taft legislation we consider good, but will not enter caucus," is the final ultimatum of the insurgents today.

ST. RUVIORS VISIT MINES

PATHETIC SCENE ABOUT CHERRY MINES TODAY.

Though killed long since, bodies are still in the mines.

Cherry Hill, Feb. 2.—A great crowd of survivors of the St. Paul mine disaster which killed nearly 400 men, gathered around the mine shaft today to watch the workmen clear away the masses that impeded the work of rescuing the dead bodies. It is believed that 210 corpses are still underground.

STICK TO YOUR TRADE

By B. CRITTENDEN LYTLE.
(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

We move in. Getting accustomed to one kind of work, we are unfitted for another. Let a husband ask his wife to buy him a few cigars and the wrappers will likely be paper colored, to look like tobacco leaf. Let a wife ask her husband to hire a maid and, though she may be comely, she will

have to be a girl of instant.

One would suppose that all soldiering is alike. Nothing of the kind. An infantryman knows nothing about cannon; an artilleryman knows nothing about the signal service.

These remarks are a preface to the recital of an attempt to make a fighter out of a musician—an army musician. Jacob Gobelier was a bugler in one of the regular regiments. When the regiment was preparing to go to Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American war he became ambitious to be a real soldier instead of a tooter. His sergeant told him that he had better stick to his bugle, but Jacob said that when a bugler was killed in battle there was no glory in his death. He preferred to die with weapons in his hands instead of a bugle.

So Jacob became a soldier and was in the first battle fought after the troops landed near Santiago. Unfortunately it was his first fight, and he was rattled. Men were being shot down beside him by an enemy they could not see. Some of the corps were getting back; others were standing. Jacob got it into his head that he should sound a retreat. Putting his hand back to grasp his bugle, he found a revolver instead. Putting the muzzle into his mouth, he tried to blow. In his excitement he must have pulled the trigger, for he was brought to his senses by feeling something warm on his jaw, and, putting his hand there, he found blood pouring from a hole in his cheek. The wonder was that the bullet had not gone through the vertebrae at the back of his neck and killed him. He must have blown through a corner of his mouth.

Jacob was in a hospital till pretty near the end of the war. It would have been better for him to return to the duties of a bugler, but the hole in his cheek didn't close up, and an attempt to blow a bugle would send all the wind out at the side of his face instead of through his bugle.

When Jacob returned to duty he found it impossible to explain to his comrades how he came by the hole in his cheek. The story got out, and he was laughed at. This fired him with a desire to redeem himself. He longed for an opportunity, and the opportunity came. There was no lack of fighting around Santiago. True, the Spanish and American forces were standing off from one another, but there were sorties and charges. One day Jacob was in some very thick fighting. The colonel was racing about with his bugler at his heels blowing his orders when suddenly the bugle dropped from his hand and he fell from his horse. The colonel, seeing his bugler knocked out, looked about for another, but there was none at hand. The captain of Jacob's company, realizing his predicament, cried out:

"We've got a bugler here, colonel. Gobelier, get up there on that horse!"

Gobelier, obedient and forgetting that he had been disqualified to blow orders by his wound, picked up the bugle, mounted the horse and placed himself directly in the colonel's rear. The Spaniards were preparing to crush the American troops on that part of the field. The colonel saw a brigade of the enemy swinging round on his right to get in his rear and gave Jacob an order to signal a change of front. Jacob put his bugle to his lips and blew, but there was no sound. All the wind was going out through the hole in his cheek.

The colonel looked at him in surprise and anger. Jacob clapped his hand to his cheek, but did not succeed in forcing the wind through the bugle. Shutting his mouth, he put the bugle to the hole in his cheek. Since no wind could get out through his mouth it went through his cheek. At any rate, enough of it got through the bugle to faintly sound the colonel's order. But Jacob's delay gave the enemy an advantage that pretty nearly caused the capture of the regiment. It was saved only by support coming in the nick of time. When the fighting was over the colonel called out to Jacob's captain:

"Keep that man in the ranks, captain. He's no good for a bugler."

"He was a good bugler, colonel, but he insisted on going into the ranks. The first thing he did was to try to blow a signal on his pistol and shot a hole in his cheek. Now he's no good for either a soldier or a bugler."

After this episode Jacob was so ridiculed by the men that he tried to get himself killed in order to escape their jokes. To make matters worse it seemed that all the buglers in the army were getting shot, and the commanding officers were always sending for men who could sound the calls. It was constantly: "Say, Gobelier, you can blow a bugle, can't you? Oh, I forgot. You ruined your wind trying to blow down the muzzle of a pistol." These and other references to his misfortune so worked upon Jacob that he gave up trying to be a hero and concluded to

Not a Suffragist Yet.

During a presidential campaign the question of woman suffrage was much discussed among women pro and con and at an afternoon tea the conversation turned that way among the women guests.

"Are you a woman suffragist?" asked the one who was most interested.

"Indeed, I am not," replied the other most emphatically.

"Oh, that's too bad! But, just supposing you were, whom would you support in the present campaign?"

"The same man I've always supported, of course," was the apt reply—"my husband."—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Son Andy.

Dr. Andrew J. McCosh was in his college days a famous athlete. He could run faster, kick a football farther and jump higher than any man in Princeton. Publicly his father, President McCosh, took no notice of Andy's achievements. That he privately rejoiced in his son's prowess the students learned in this way:

Jimmy, as the president was familiarly called, though exceedingly courteous, was given to fits of abstraction in which he entirely forgot his surroundings.

Once at a reception in his home, apparently forgetful of all the world, he was pacing up and down the room with head bent and hands interlocked behind his back. Suddenly he walked up before a young lady and asked:

"How tall are ye?"

In an embarrassed way she replied:

"Why, doctor, I'm—I'm five feet two inches."

"My son Andy could jump over yet head," said the doctor and immediately resumed his walk.

An Aid to Digestion.

The Blanks had invited a guest to dinner. As the last course was reached little Willie, who had been closely watching the guest almost continually during the meal, looked over at him once more and said:

"You haven't changed a bit since you starting eating, have you, Mr. Curtis?"

"Why, no," laughed the visitor.

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because," blurted out Willie, confused by the pairs of eyes focused on him—"because I heard pa say you'd make a big hog of yourself as soon as you got your eyes on this feed."

Bargains in Real Estate.

No. 1.—157 acres Sandridge land, near Imbler; a good five room house, barns and other out buildings. 10 acres good orchard of which 8 is in good bearing; 30 acres in fall wheat, 10 acres in hay, balance all good grain or potato land, all under good fence, one mile from the town of Imbler, 1-2 mile from school. About \$1000.00 worth of nearly new household goods and farm implements goes with the place at the price of \$16,956. Easy terms.

No. 2.—50 acres, 7 miles from La Grande, all under cultivation, good 6-room house, good barn and all kinds of outbuildings. About two acres family orchard, 60 acres in alfalfa and timothy hay, good water right. R. F. D. by the door. 1-2 of a mile from school. About \$400 worth of personal property goes with the place at the price of \$6,400.00.

No. 3.—20 acres adjoining the above tract; splendid land well adapted to fruit growing or anything else. A small house and under fence. Price \$1300.00.

No. 4.—80 acres, 7 miles from La Grande. Good new 6-room house, good barn and other outbuildings. Two good living springs, and a stream of water for irrigation; all under good cultivation. R. F. D. by the door. Telephone line. Price \$6,000.00.

No. 5.—152 1-2 acres near the Connelly ware houses, all in fall wheat and alfalfa hay; good improvements. If sold at once can be purchased for \$14,500.00.

Scenic Theatre

Week Beginning January 31

Unequaled Vaudeville---Always Something New

The Old Time Favorites Here Once More

Walters and Murray

In Their Comedy Sketch

The Hired Hand In The Suit Case Automobile

Do not fail to see this as it is a novelty---Something New

Ed Imlay

The Ventriloquist with his life size Irish dummy Mike

Pictures Change 3 times each Week

We Always Have the Best or we Don't Show

Two Shows every evening. Doors open at 7:15 and 8:45

Admission 10c and 20c. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, Admission 5c and 10c

Don't Miss This Show

The Oregon

Go to the Oregon Roaming and Boarding

House For Newly Furnished Rooms

Dining Room in Connection

Rates Reasonable

MRS. G. E. MOORE, Prop.

GEORGE PALMER, Pres., W. L. BRENHOLTS, Asst. Cash. F. J. HOLMES, Vice-Pres. SHERWOOD WILLIAMS, 2nd Asst. Cash F. L. MEYERS, Cashier.

LA GRANDE NATIONAL BANK
OF LA GRANDE, OREGON
United States Depository
Capital and Surplus \$180,000.00

DIRECTORS

George Palmer

F. J. Holmes

W. J. Church

F. L. Meyers

C. C. Penington

G. L. Cleaver

F. M. Byrkit

W. L. Brenholts

W. M. Pierce

With our ample resources and facilities we can render you efficient service and handle your business to your entire satisfaction

No. 6.—A modern 5-room house and lot 60x120, in a good location and on cash terms for \$2200.00.

No. 7.—Two lots on Fourth street, 4-room house, small barn, city water and good well. Can be sold on the installment plan for \$700.00.

No. 8.—For 1775.00, one of the best houses in Old Town; 7-room house, stone foundation. Two lots, a snap if taken at once.

No. 9.—Three room house and one lot on Jefferson st. House furnished, good well; wood shed on the alley.

all for the very low price of \$550.

No. 10.—A five room brick modern house, barn, wood shed, two lots, 124x124, small orchard, shade trees, all fenced for \$2000.00.

No. 11.—A four room cottage on "O" st., close in, two lots, city water, and wood shed. On easy terms at the remarkably low price of \$1400.

I will be pleased to show you any of the above bargains at any time, whether you buy or not.

Yours respectfully,

C. J. BLACK, the Real Estate Man.