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of cupids bathing there, the fire of your eyes penetrate my whole anatomy as a load of buck shot goes through a barn door, your nose is as perfect as if carved from a piece of marble, and your mouth is puckered with sweetness.

If these few words will enable you to see the inside of my soul and assist me in winning your affection I shall be happy. If you cannot reciprocate my soul mastering passions, I will pine away like a poisoned rat and fall away from the flourishing vine of life an untimely branch, and when in coming years, when the shadows grow from the hills and the philosophical frogs sing their cheerful evening hymns, you, happy in another's love can come and shed a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting place of yours truly.

### WHERE I FOUND HER

By WILLIAM R. KING

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What tragedies, what joys, are constantly being enacted in a great city! And the ups and downs there are! Walk along an important thoroughfare and suddenly you come upon a wedding party just entering or just coming out of a church. Proceed a little farther and you see a crowd gathered about an auto. A child has been run over and killed. Still farther you meet a starving mother with a sickly babe in her arms. A nurse trundling a child dressed in embroidered and lace garments turns the perambulator for fear her charge will be contaminated.

One bright moonlight night I was walking over a bridge. The scene was pleasing, and I paused and leaned over the rail to enjoy it. "How fine it is," I remarked to myself, "to live in a city! By day there is the excitement of people and vehicles passing and repassing, the hum of business and pleasure; by night myriads of lights, with occasionally the one great night lamp of heaven to illumine the whole."

Suddenly to my left down on the water I heard a splash. A moment later a human figure came to the surface and went down again. A boat shot under an arch, and a man in it dived and brought up a woman, and the two were hauled into the boat. A policeman ordered the boatman to pull ashore. While they were doing so I went to where he was standing.

"What were you doing?" asked the policeman of the girl, who by this time showed signs of life.

"I wanted to die. Why didn't you let me alone?"

"What's the matter?"

"No home, nothing to do to earn a living, tired and heart-sick."

"Well, you'll have to come along with me to answer to a charge of suicide."

"Policeman," I said, "will you let me provide a carriage?"

"I can call the patrol wagon."

An empty carriage was passing. I hailed it, and the policeman, the girl and I got in and were driven to the police station.

I must pause here in my story to tell what I afterward learned of the girl's history. Some twenty years before one passing up one of the fashionable streets of the city on a certain day and hour would have seen a party emerging from a church. A young bride and groom were starting in life with every prospect of happiness. The groom's father was head of a large business, and the son had been made a junior partner on the day of his marriage. A little girl was born to the couple, and she was taken to church bundled in embroidered and lace garments, like the child in the perambulator I have referred to, that she might be baptized. Then in a handsome stone residence there was a christening feast, with a millionaire for godfather.

That was the year before the great panic of '73, when one morning it was announced that a great business house had failed and down went the other concerns like card houses. The father and son of this story fell with the rest, the father dying of disappointment and wounded pride. The clothing of the baby girl from that moment began to grow plain, then dingy. Her father died, and her mother lived in want. The child grew to womanhood with no remembrance of her baby clothes. When her sun arose the sun of her family set. Then her mother died. The girl went from place to place begging for a situation, but nobody wanted her. Then one night she stood on the bridge. The waters below said, "Come, I will give you rest."

The morning after the attempted suicide I went to the courtroom where the good and the bad, the fortunate and the unregenerate, were brought up before a magistrate. In her turn the girl was led in and placed in the dock. She had no defense. She simply said that she had not discouraged, and, passing over the bridge on her way to her dingy room which she had been notified she must leave on the morrow,

she had looked out on the brilliant scene, then down on the water, and she could not resist the call to oblivion. The downward slide in life, though it had marred, had not destroyed her comeliness. There was evidence of an inherited refinement both in person and bearing.

Suddenly a member of the police court arose and said that there was a young man present who would marry the girl if she were willing. He was produced. The girl looked at him, then languidly gave her consent. What could she do?

"Judge," I said, rising, "if you will send the girl to some home where she will be protected I will interest myself in her."

The judge asked the girl which plan she would prefer, and she chose my plan. She was sent to a home for indigent girls, and soon afterward I called upon the matron and got her charge's story as I have given it here.

I looked up a few of those who had known her parents, but found there was no one to take an interest in her. Some were dead, some were very poor, and the children of those who had kept in touch with the upper stratum had no use for the children of those who had gone down. What was to be done for her I must do myself. I followed the example of the young man who had offered to marry her. I could do nothing for her in any other way. She consented, not languidly, as she had done with the other, but gladly.

spite their lengthened cooking, are not leathery. The amalgamation and assimilation of the variety of constituents are perfect; the result is bliss.

There is a story told of one eminent litterateur who had seven helpings of the pudding and still yearned for more, and there is another remarkable narrative of four men who ordered a pudding of the regulation size and finished it among them.

J. Pierpont Morgan praised the pudding, and Theodore Roosevelt was delighted with it. Lord Beaconsfield bestowed his approbation thereon, and Gladstone thought it far superior to his famous "three courses." Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, Swinburne, Tennyson, Trollope, Whistler, Leighton, Sala, Phil May—all sorts of the best of men of their day have fed upon the pudding, and it no doubt helped to inspire their work.

Apparently any cook can fashion it, mix it, fix it, boil it. Let any cook try it. Lots of cooks have tried it, but the results have not been satisfactory. There was a man who once ran the Old Cheshire Cheese, and in his day the pudding first achieved its great fame. When he sold the old hostelry and took a house in the financial district he announced that the same pudding—the same in every respect—would be served every Saturday.

Many of the Cheese's old patrons came around to celebrate. There was the size, but the aroma was wanting; there were the identical materials, but the flavor was not in them. It was not the same, not a bit of it. There was something missing. It may have been the shades of the departed great ones of a bygone time. And so it is that today the famous dish of the Old Cheshire Cheese tastes as of old, and its devotees cannot be seduced by any designing invitation based upon "just as good" simply because there is nothing just as good.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Thoughts are mightier than the strength of hand.—Sophocles.

### Plan For Centralization.

"Further, this centralizing idea is going to offer the general public an easy way to keep in touch with progress in the whole field. In these busy days not many men or women have time to look into the work of hundreds of organizations scattered all over the United States. But when we get a central clearing house—call it a 'philanthropy trust' if you like—then any person can find out with not much trouble what is being done in any given line of effort."

Another benefit aimed at in this unity of purpose is the bringing together of the scientific students and the practical workers. The theorists and the field workers have not always advanced in step. The conference intends to assist each class to understand the other and thus benefit the general purpose for which both are striving by different but equally important methods. The Child Conference has its eyes fixed on Washington and wants some day to secure a federal children's bureau. Resolutions have already been adopted favoring bills before congress for that purpose.

"The time has come, in the opinion of this conference, a last year's resolution ran, when all efforts for the amelioration of the conditions of childhood of a charitable and philanthropic nature should be based upon and so far as practicable guided by the results of scientific child study, and only thus may the various lines be given a more scientific and workers a more professional character."

In other words, this organization intends to kill off a lot of haphazard work that has been going on with the avowed purpose of helping children and substitute work that is more intelligently directed and more beneficial to those who do it, to those who are the subjects and likewise to those who support it by money or personal interest.

## A LOST LETTER IS FOUND

LOVER'S OUTBURST PICKED UP ON THE STREETS.

The Owner Can Have Original Copy If He Will But Identify It.

Apparently some one in La Grande is suffering from the love microbe. At least the following letter which was picked up on the street and handed to the Observer would indicate it:

La Grande, Ore.

Dear Angelface:

I beg to apologize for addressing you in this manner, being an entire stranger, but having the misfortune to be unknown to you is my only excuse for this strange proceeding, which, I know is entirely at variance with the rules of etiquette. I have on two occasions seen you on the street, and I am frank to confess that your appearance has made so deep an impression on me as to make me extremely desirous of forming your acquaintance. Trusting that you will do me the favor of allowing this to commence a friendship which I hope will not be regretted by either of us.

Every time I think of you my heart flaps up and down like a churn-dasher; sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrill through it like needles through a pair of linen trousers, as a gosing swimmeth in a mud puddle so swimmeth I in a sea of glory, visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming bird's plinon visit me in my slumbers and borne on their invisible wings your image stands before me and I reach out to grasp it like a cat would a mouse, when I first beheld your angelic perfections I was bewildered, my brain whirled around like a bumble bee under a glass tumbler, my eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accent of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in sweet adoration I drank the sweet infections of love. Since the light of your life fell upon my life I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my suspenders to the top of a bell tower and ring the bell for fire. Day and night you are in my thoughts, when the fay mird pipes his tuneful lay in the shades of the old apple tree by the spring house, when the awaking pig ariseth from his bed and grunteth and goeth forth for his refreshments when the drowsy beetle wheels its drowning flight at noontide and when the lowing herd comes home at milking time, I think of you and like a piece of gum elastic my heart seems to stretch clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of my sorrel horse powdered with gold, your liquid depths I behold a legion eyes are glorious to contemplate, in

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Oregon

Threshers' Association

Albany, Ore., June 2 and 3, 1910

Round trip rate of one and one-third fare on the certificate plan will be made by the O. R. & N. and S. P. Co.'s. Tickets on sale May 29th to June 3d inclusive, good for return until June 10th.

Important subjects will be discussed including an address by a Special Representative of the United States Government.

For further information as to rates, dates of sale, etc., call on any

O. R. & N. or S. P. Agent

## New Jewelry

I am daily receiving the latest designs in Spring and Summer Jewelry, which when added to my already large stock will give my patrons the best selection of any store in Eastern Oregon.

You can have your watch repaired in first-class shape for a less price that you can have it spoiled for elsewhere.

I have fitted eyes for twenty years and have been located here permanently for that time. You can ask any of my customers and they will tell you my glasses give perfect satisfaction. Everything that leaves this store is guaranteed to give you satisfaction.

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Place your ORDER With Us For Lunch Good for your trip to UNION Cakes, bread, fruit, pickles and canned goods.

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