

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS

Editor and Owner.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Daily, single copy 5c
 Daily, per week 35c
 Daily, per month 65c

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

FIRE FIGHTING HEROES.

Though Chicago is hundreds of miles away, sympathy for the bereaved families there has reached even La Grande. When scores of families are thus robbed of father and husband it is sad indeed. Money cannot appease sorrow but it can lessen the burdens of life so that the thousands of dollars that will be subscribed by Chicago to care for the families of the dead firemen will not only be welcome to the widows and orphans but brands Chicago as a sympathetic community.

The details of the Chicago and Philadelphia fires are heartrending yet there is admiration for the men who gallantly met death while fighting to save the lives and property of others from the fire demon. In Chicago the fire chief and a half dozen other commanding officers of the department were killed. Directing his men in a desperate effort to check the flames, Chief Horan gave up his own life as a part of the work. The manner of his death is to his credit for it shows that he sent his men into no dangers that he would not face himself. He showed the same sort of courage as does a captain who refuses to leave his sinking ship until every passenger and member of the crew has first been rescued.

Whatever he may have been in life Chief Horan is a hero now. So are all the men who met death with him and so are the Philadelphia firemen who were killed. If that is any consolation.

INDIANS AND CAMP MEETING.

When Indians make special arrangements to lay aside other duties and pleasures to attend a camp meeting, then there is conclusive proof that Oregon's redman is not a degenerate scion of the hardy race, but has caught the spirit of the times and is as a whole, highly civilized. Not only are camp meetings in order but Christmas trees are to their liking. The following from the Pendleton East Oregonian is of interest in this connection:

Umatilla Indians to the number of 100 are now gathered at the Tutulla mission for the annual Christmas camp meeting. This will be followed next week by the New Year's camp meeting, which will last over into the first of the year and which will be attended by fifty or more Indians from other reservations in the northwest.

The first service of the Christmas meetings was conducted at the mission last evening by Rev. James G.

Dickson, the Indian pastor at Tutulla.

Tonight the children of the government school at the agency will have their Christmas tree exercises appropriate to the season. They will then be permitted to go to their homes and join their parents at the camp meeting for the mission Christmas tree on Sunday evening.

The services Sunday will close the Christmas meetings. The people will then spend a couple of days at their several homes and will return to the mission on Wednesday or the New Year's meetings. These will continue until January 4 or 5, according to Rev. J. M. Cornelson, the missionary.

Grandpa's Money

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

Jacob Brown, farmer, had come to be sixty-five years old when he got his money. A brother whom he had not seen for years died and left him \$30,000 in cash. For the five years preceding the old man had been a widower and lived alone. He had four children, two sisters and half a dozen more distant relatives living around him, but no one had offered him a home. It was seldom that any of them came near him. He was referred to as "the old man," and the few scraps of his stony old farm were not coveted by any one.

When it became known through a lawyer that old Jacob had struck it rich there was huzzling. His oldest son, Henry, was the first to reach his house. He brought his wife and three children along, and he galloped his horses for the last mile. It had been two years since they had been in the old man's house. Now they shook hands with him. The son patted him on the back and called him a glorious old father. He must give up his farm and go home and live with them! For the rest of his days he could sit in a rocking chair and have custard pie three times a day.

On the way to Henry's home James and his family were met as they came driving. James was the second son. He had often been heard to wonder why the old man didn't turn up his toes and get out of the world, but he wasn't a bad son—that is, he had never thought of killing his father with a club. James leaped from his wagon to embrace his father and offer him a home for the next hundred years. He should have fried chicken and milk toast every day, and the best bed in the house should be his at night. No one should rout him out in the morning, and fresh tea should await him when he deigned to arise. Henry and James were squabbling when Hannah and Mary, the two daughters, drove up with their husbands. They had come for father. They had heard that he was ill and were going to take him home and nurse him more tenderly than a baby with measles.

There was a row on the highway between those devoted children that was heard a mile away, but Henry gained the victory and bore the father away. That night his house was surrounded by the two sisters and other relatives, and they had to be menaced by a shotgun.

At the beginning of the row there was only one lawyer in Glendale, the nearest village. Within a year there

were three. It required at least three to keep track of the suits and motions that came up.

One stipulation that old Jacob made was that he should be privileged to see his lawyer as often as he wanted to. That was respected by all, but from purely selfish motives. It came to be believed that every time he saw his lawyer he changed his will. It turned out that this belief was well founded. When death came at last it was found that he had made forty-two wills in all. They had bobbed from Henry to James, from James to Betsy and from Betsy to Hannah and back to James. They had taken in the two sisters and cast them out. They had enriched nephews and nieces and impoverished them again. Four times in one year the father was kidnaped by relatives. Once he was chloroformed in his bed at midnight and lowered from a window. Once he was kidnaped and hidden away in an old barn for a week.

That neighborhood became the liveliest in the state. There was a Fourth of July going on all the time. Even a circus could not draw against it. No old man ever lived who was coddled and cared for more. A hundred times a day, no matter who he was with, he was asked if anything more could be done for him. In summer a child was appointed to fan him, and in winter they bought stoves with looking glasses set into the top that he might see himself as he toasted his toes. The doctor said that he would have lived three years longer if left to care for himself on his farm.

Queerly enough, he did not die in the house of a relative, but was stricken in the office of his lawyer just after making his forty-second will. The gang came on the wings of love as soon as the news went out. They squabbled as to where the funeral should be held, as to where he should be buried, as to who should pay for the coffin, as to who should weep the most.

The will was not read at the house of any relative. They wouldn't have it so. They assembled in the village hall, and there were scores of outsiders. There were quarrels for front seats. At last the reading began, and it took two constables to protect the lawyer from being massacred on the spot.

"As all my relatives from my oldest son down to my youngest niece have been equally kind to me," read the paper, "I hereby will and bequeath to each and every one the sum of \$11"

And the balance of that \$30,000 went to the county of Hope to improve its highways. There were six or seven suits to break the will, but it couldn't be done. Jacob Brown had read human nature right and had made the best disposition possible of his fortune. It may be said in conclusion that every single relative took his dollar.

Young Safeblower Killed.

Chico, Calif., Dec. 24—Bert Kelly, aged 28 and a safeblower, was killed last night by Richard Epperson at Durham, a small farming village near this city. Kelley was breaking a safe and Epperson who lives above his store, killed him with a shotgun.

Notice to Stockholders.

Notice is hereby given to the Stockholders of the United States National Bank of La Grande, Oregon, that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the said bank, will be held at their banking house in La Grande, Oregon, on Tuesday, January 10th, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. for the purpose of transacting any other business that may come before the meeting.

Dated at La Grande, Oregon, this sixth day of December, 1910.
 T. J. SCROGGIN, Cashier.

A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to You

We take this occasion to convey our thanks to our thousands of customers for their very liberal patronage during the year, and we assure we appreciate your loyalty to **THE QUALITY STORE**, and in the future our aim will be, not only to maintain our High Standard of merchandising, but to improve it in every possible manner.

N. K. WEST, The Quality Store

JOHN B. RATTO
 WILL APPEAR IN HIS
"Character Studies from Life"
 at the Stewart, Monday, December 26

DON'T FORGET GEORGE GILBERT BANCROFT AT THE STEWARD, JANUARY 2ND.

<p>Notice of Annual Meeting. Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the La Grande National Bank of La Grande, Oregon, will be held at their banking house in La Grande, Oregon on Tuesday, January 10th, 1911 at 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing a board of directors to serve for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be properly presented to said meeting. Dated at La Grande, Oregon, Dec. 10th, 1910. F. L. MEYERS, Cashier.</p>	<p>fairly paralyzing in effect. My attention was attracted to Foley's Kidney Remedy and I am glad to say after using this wonderful medicine I am no longer bothered in any way by my old enemy, lumbago." Hills Drug store.</p>	<p>Notice to Property Owners. Notice is hereby given that the Council of the City of La Grande, Oregon, did on the 21st day of December, 1910, pass a resolution declaring its intention to improve Cherry Street from the North side of Adams avenue to the South side of Cove avenue by grading said Cherry Street to the proper grade and by building a wagon road crossing over the railroad track; all property owners are hereby notified that they may do said work or have same done, provided the improvements are made within 30 days from the last publication of this notice, otherwise the City will cause the said improvements to be made according to the City Charter. D. E. COX, Recorder of the City of La Grande. Dec. 23, Dec. 28.</p>
<p>Treasurer's Call for City Warrants. Notice is hereby given that there are now funds on hand to pay all outstanding warrants issued on General Fund of La Grande City, up to and including No. 8474, endorsed Aug. 13, 1909. Interest on all warrants on General Fund from No. 8311 to No. 8474 inclusive, ceases from this date. La Grande, Oregon, Dec. 17, 1910. RAY W. LOGAN, City Treasurer.</p>		

...THE LAST WEEK...

AND THE BEST WEEK TO BUY

Our store is still full of the choicest line of Christmas Goods ever shown in La Grande. Our prices are very low and you can find just what you want here. Pickard Hand Painted China...none quite so good. Our cut glass display is still complete and the prices are very low. You have never seen a nicer display of perfumes...and they are always acceptable gifts. o o o You should see our Ladies Hand Bags....All kinds, shapes and colors....and Jewel Cases that never Tarnish

DON'T OVERLOOK

REXALL Hill's Drug Store REXALL