

# CONDITIONS FINE FOR AVIATION MEET HERE NEXT SATURDAY

Man's conquest of the air in its most important sense will be displayed for the first time in this city on July 8th and 9th when Charles F. Walsh, the aviator, will appear in his Curtis-Farman-Wright biplane. Great interest is being displayed by residents of every part of this section in the meet as it will be of the highest class, and the most daring aerial stunts known to aviation are scheduled on the program. One of the biggest throngs that this city has ever held is anticipated. Spe-

cial preparations for handling the crowd have been made by everyone interested in the meet.

Charles F. Wallaby, president of the Charles F. Walsh, the aviator, will arrive in the city ahead of time and be in readiness with the big bird-lake machine.

It is thought that atmospheric conditions will be excellent for the flight and a great day of air sailing is expected.

**Snubbing an Ex-President.**  
On the morning of March 4, 1844, Mr. Tyler left the White House, not caring to assist in the inauguration of his successor. As the Potomac steamer was about to swing away from the wharf, which was crowded with those who were glad to see the ex-president depart, he came along with his family, a squadron of negro servants and a great lot of luggage. As they alighted from their carriages at the head of the wharf the whistle sounded, the boat's bell rang, and she began slowly to move away. Some one in the crowd sang out: "Hello—hello, captain! Hold on there! Ex-President Tyler is coming!" The captain, an old Clay Whig, standing near the stern of the boat on the upper deck, looked over the rail, saw the presidential crowd coming, but pulled his engine bell violently and shouted: "Ex-President Tyler be dashed! Let him stay."  
This scene was lithographed, and copies hung for years in many of the saloons and public houses of Washington.—Perley's Reminiscences.

an appearance that does not invite intimacy, but he cannot help his looks and despite them is a sociable, good natured dog. He has not a keener scent than any other member of the hound family. As a man chaser he is a dismal failure. A crime has been committed, the trail of the criminal is warm, a pack of the best bloodhounds from the next county is turned loose etc. One may read something like this every week. But one never reads of these bloodhounds really getting the criminal at bay. If they tree a man he is the wrong man. No one ever ought to be convicted on the testimony of a bloodhound. A bloodhound on the trail of a criminal is just as apt as not to trot up to the back porch of a gentle old parson and wag his tail in ecstasy at sight of a hair bone.—Washington Star.

**Word From Br'er Williams.**  
"I reckon," said Brother Williams, "dat Solomon's wives must 'a' been after him for Easter bats, kaze w'en he looked de land over he went back in de house an' said, 'De whole business is wanity an' de bigges' sorter vexation er de sperrit!'"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Bloodhounds.**  
A bloodhound is not much more dangerous than a French poodle. His deep ears and wrinkled forehead give him

## FIRST DAY NUMBERS ARE PROMISING INTEREST

(Continued from page Six)

P. M.—Lecture, "How the Body Resists Disease," Dr. Wm. S. Sadler.  
3:30—Annual Meeting Grande Ronde Chautauqua Association.  
4:00—"Healthful and Beautiful Dress," (for women only.) Dr. Lena K. Sadler.  
7:30—Music.  
8:15—Dramatic Reading, "La Samaritane," (The Woman of Samaria.) Sarah Mildred Willmer.

This program will be supplemented in the daily papers from day to day as there are other features that are not yet settled as to the dates upon which they may appear.

## MR. BOWSER'S KEG

### He Expected Usual Supply of Spring Tonic.

### BUT HIS WIFE INTERFERED.

As a Result of Her Efforts the Drink Was Not the Real Thing, and It Caused the Disappointed Man to Decide to Go After the Sender's Blood.

By M. QUAD.

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

"MRS. BOWSER," said Mr. Bowser the other morning before leaving for the office "there may something come for me by express today."  
"Yes?"  
"It will probably be a keg."  
"A keg of nails?"  
"No, ma'am. It will be a keg of root beer. My friend Baker up the state always makes and sends me down a few gallons this time of year."  
"Yes, I remember. Three glasses of the keg he sent you last spring."  
"Never mind about any three glasses last spring. If the keg should arrive leave it in the basement hallway and don't let the cook fool with it. I will leave this dollar to pay any charges on it."  
"Why don't you get our root beer on the corner?" asked Mrs. Bowser as he descended the steps.  
"Why don't I raise apples in the back yard?" he started to say.

beer is made of roots. Roots grow in the country. Baker lives right in the root country. Baker is an old friend. He knows what is good for my system this time of year, and he sends me a keg. It is a tonic. There are seven kinds of roots in it. They purify. They cleanse the blood. They rejuvenate. They renew the youth. That's all, Mrs. Bowser, and if I come home and find the boys rolling that keg up and down the sidewalk you will hear something drop around here!"

**Keg Held Elixir of Life.**  
The keg arrived just after luncheon. It was a jolly looking little keg. One could tell by the outside of it that it held the elixir of life. In that keg was



MRS. BOWSER SAMPLES IT.

the remedy for liver complaint, lumbago, rheumatism, dlatuency, eruptions, heart trouble, homesickness, darting pains, dyspepsia, loss of memory and a dozen other ailments. Mr. Bowser would be benefited by the very first dose. By the time the keg was empty he would have gone back to the age of thirty and would have the strength to tear down houses.

Mr. Bowser had hardly spoken of the keg when Mrs. Bowser had a bright idea come to her. When the expressman brought it in she had it placed on the dining room table. It was tightly bunged, but the cook's father was a carpenter, and she had inherited some of his mechanical skill. With a chisel she managed to loosen the bung.

Then a glass of the liquid was poured out, and Mrs. Bowser sipped it. She had been raised in the country. She knew roots when she saw them, and she knew the taste of root beer. This decoction was apple brandy instead. She sipped thrice and was sure of it. The cook sipped thrice, and she said she'd bet a forty-nine cent corset that there wasn't even a burdock root in that innocent looking keg.

Providence ordained that a tramp should ring the basement bell and ask for work. The work he wanted was to fill up on provisions. Mrs. Bowser had him brought into the dining room, and while the cook was preparing sandwiches he was handed a dose of the root beer and asked his opinion of it. He tasted and smacked, and he tasted and smacked again. His eyes shone, and the color came to his face.

**Gets Expert's Opinion.**  
"Madam," he said as he handed back the glass, "if I could have a gallon of that 'ere stuff I'd be willin' to go to the 'lectric cheer as soon as I had swallered the last drop."  
"You call it root beer, don't you?"  
"Not on your life! It's the apple brandy of the good old days when I had the rhino in my pockets."  
"Sure, are you?"

"Sure's taxes. There's something about apple brandy, lady, that touches the heart and never let's you forget it. Roots? Why, all the roots from Maine to California couldn't give a thing that taste."

Mrs. Bowser is a woman who carries out her duty when she sees her way clear. That keg was emptied down to a pint and then refilled with clear water, the bung driven back in and then the keg rolled back and forth to mix things. Then it was rolled into the hall and left. Both mistress and maid were very solemn during this performance. Neither of them smiled once. The cook did start to say that Mr. Bowser would be drawn back from the grave, but she checked herself just in time and went after a roast of beef for dinner.

**Anticipated Something Good.**  
Mr. Bowser returned from the office at the usual evening hour. He came

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**Sale Dates**  
June 5, 7, 9, 10, 12, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 24, 28, 29 and 30.  
July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27 and 28.  
August 3, 4, 5, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29 and 30.  
September 1, 2, 4, 5, 6 and 7.  
Stop-overs within limits in either direction. Final return limit October 31st One way through California \$15.00 additional.  
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