

Directory of the Fraternal Orders of La Grande, Oregon

L. F. & A. M.—La Grande Lodge No. 41, L. F. & A. M. holds regular meetings first and third Saturdays at 7:30 p. m. Cordial welcome to all Masons. **L. M. HOYT, W. M.**
A. C. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

B. P. O. E.—La Grande Lodge No. 433 meets each Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Elk's club, corner of Depot street and Washington avenue. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend.

H. J. RITTER, Ex. Roi.
H. E. COOLIDGE, Rec. Sec.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—La Grande Lodge No. 169 W. O. W. meets every second and fourth Saturdays at K. P. hall. All visiting members welcome.

D. FITZGERALD, C. C.
J. H. KEENEY, Clerk.

M. W. A.—La Grande Camp No. 7703 meets every Monday in the month at the I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting neighbors are cordially invited to attend.

E. E. DANIELS,
ED. HEATH, Clerk.

HEBEKAHS—Crystal Lodge No. 50 meets every Tuesday evening in the I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting members are invited to attend.

MRS. KATIE ARBUCKLE, N. G.
MISS ANNA ALEXANDER, Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Red Cross Lodge No. 27 meets every Monday night in Castle hall, (old Elk's hall). A Pythian welcome to all visiting Knights.

JESSE PAUL, C. C.
R. L. LINCOLN, M. of R. & S.

O. E. S.—Hope Chapter No. 13, O. E. C. holds stated communications the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Visiting members cordially invited.

CARRIE B. HUNTER, W. M.
MARY A. WARNICK, Sec.

WOMEN OF WOODCRAFT—Grand Ronde Circle No. 47 meets first and third Thursday evenings in the month at the I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting members are invited to attend.

Quiser Anatomy.

Curious ideas about anatomy prevail in the press. It was stated the other day that a man was "shot in the ticket office." Another paper says a man was "shot in the suburbs." "He kissed her passionately upon her reappearance." "She whipped him upon her return." "He kissed her back." "Mr. Jones walked in upon her invitation." "She seated herself upon his entering." "We thought she sat down upon her being asked." "She fainted upon his departure."

A Regular Hamlet Player.

"Did you ever play in 'Hamlet?'" inquired a theatrical manager of a recent acquisition to his company. "Ever!" exclaimed the newcomer. "Why, I've played in every Hamlet of Great Britain!"—London Tribuna.

Fearful Burial Alive.

The dread of premature burial haunted Harriet Martineau, who would certainly not be classed as a fanciful person, and she bequeathed £10 to her doctor to see that her body was decapitated before burial. Edmund Yates in his will stipulated that his jugular vein should be severed and left £20 to pay for the operation. Lady Burton took even stronger precautions. She enjoined that her heart should be pierced with a needle before any steps were taken to certify her death and that her body should afterward be submitted to a postmortem examination.—London Chronicle.

Lucky or Not.

"Eve was really a very lucky woman," remarked Mr. Henpeque. "She didn't have any woman to criticize her clothes."

Mrs. Henpeque's eyes snapped. "On the other hand," she retorted, "she didn't have any woman around to envy the first gowns a woman ever had."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Life.

Life is the finest of the fine arts. It has to be learned with lifelong patience, and the years of our pilgrimage are all too short to master it triumphantly.—Drummond.

Her Sacred Word.

"Not going to Alice's luncheon? But you gave your sacred word!" "So I did, and I'd go in a minute if my dress had come home!"—Harper's Bazar.

We must laugh before we are happy or else we may die before we ever laugh at all.—La Bruyere.

Relief.

Gabber—You ought to meet Smith. Awfully clever imitator! He can take off anybody. Tottie (wearily)—I wish he were here now.—Variety Life.

Strongly Opposed.

"Are you in favor of granting suffrage to women?" "No, sir," replied the man who was chewing tobacco. "If women were allowed to go to the polls the election judges would have to go outside to split."—Chicago Record-Herald.

CROOKS CLAIM OWN HONESTY

COMPARED WITH HONEST MEN THEY ARE "HONEST"

News From New York of Interest—Man Falls One Mile.

New York, July 11.—(Special)—That many crooks are honest men as compared to many local merchants is the novel complaint made here by two self-confessed thieves this week who have been looting many retail jewelry stores by what is known in the slang of the underworld as the "penny-weight game." The method of operation is simple, necessitating merely the services of two men and a watch. Having selected a store to be robbed the first man enters and asks to look at diamond ring. While thus engaged his partner enters apparently in a great hurry, shows a watch under the jeweler's nose and asks to have it repaired, giving his partner an opportunity to substitute imitation gems for real ones and to depart with his booty. The grievance of these thieves has just been voiced in an ingenious letter written to a local jeweler's trade paper in which they accuse the retail jewelers of being "an enterprising band of up-to-date bandits," continuing, "as an instance of their keensighted thievery we call your attention to the fact that our famous watch which you say we always wished 'fixed right away' has never been out of repair since we stole it, but, nevertheless, every store we visited, and we visited 138 of them, has succeeded in finding something the matter with this watch of ours and has found some excuse to charge us anywhere from 25 cents to \$2.50, which they never collected, for doing everything from opening the cover to winding it up for us." New York has not enjoyed such a naive indictment in many years.

TRADITIONS.

Their Absence Was a Serious Handicap to Adam and Eve. The great drawback to the garden of Eden was the lack of traditions. There was no history to serve as a guide to form, custom or social rectitude. There was neither Baedeker nor Riddpath, neither Macaulay nor Gibbon, neither Homer nor Vergil. Adam and Eve could not go to the library, haul down a book and see how somebody once did something or other. There were no daughters of anything to set the standards of social eminence. There were no old families. There were no descendants of anybody to talk big, look wise and draw pensions. There were no forefathers who had laid down inviolable laws, contracted debts, given away franchises and established constitutions for posterity, eye, even unto the third and fourth generation. There were no historic statesmen who had handed down orations for Adam and Eve to learn and recite at high school commencements and church socials. There were no dates for them to learn and remember. There was absolutely no past for them to reverse; nothing that had stood the test of time. If they wanted history or tradition they had to go ahead and make it themselves.—Ellis O. Jones in Judge's Library.

TABLE KNIVES.

Incident That Changed Them From Pointed to Rounded Ends. Table knives are invariably made with rounded ends. Did it ever occur to you to wonder why they are of this shape instead of pointed, like any other knife blade?

Perhaps you may imagine that the ends were rounded as a protection to life and limb in those turbulent days when men drew their swords or any other available lethal weapon at the very slightest provocation. But this is not the case. The story goes—and it is fairly well substantiated—that the great Cardinal Richelieu had a guest to dinner whose manners at the table were very far from being all that could be desired. The climax was reached when the fellow, after finishing the meat course, began to pick his teeth with his table knife, at that date made with a sharp point. The guest being a man of birth and importance, the cardinal could not openly remonstrate, but next day he gave orders that the point of every knife in the establishment should be rounded off. Before the end of the century his example was universally followed, and the pointed knife at table had disappeared.—London Answers.

Swimming Ghosts.

Lecturing before the Camera club, Dr. Francis Ward said that in an attempt to photograph fish in their natural surroundings he had constructed a pond with an observation chamber let in at the side below the surface of the water. Through the window of this chamber unseen by the fish he could watch and photograph their movements. He discovered by this means that the protection of fish when in their natural state is much more thorough than is generally supposed. All silvery fish were in reality merely mirrors in the water, reflecting the tone and color of their surroundings so as to appear to their fellow fish

Falls a Mile, Unhurt.

Falling more than a mile without injury is the record which has just been set here by a man known to his fellow workers as "Nine Lives Tim" and the "human cat," who is neither an aviator nor balloonist but a painter who has done his falling without the aid of any artificial means of support. He rounded out his two hundredth fall of 25 feet or over this week by tumbling 160 feet from the eighth story of a building in which

he was at work, landing on his feet and escaping without any more serious injury than damage to his trousers—though had it not been for the intervention of telegraph wires which broke his fall. It is likely that this would have been his last tumble. Only three weeks ago he fell fifty feet from another building and his record includes 20 falls from barns, 38 from trees, and more than 100 from the roofs of residences. Falls in bicycles, fences and down stairs have been so numerous that their total has not been kept, since the human cat regards them as entirely too trivial to remember. But in spite of his peculiar proclivity for taking unexpected drops, he always lands on his feet and has not a scar to show for his mile of tumbling. So accustomed has he become to miraculous escapes that he now believes that a fall from the highest building in the city would leave him unscathed.

England's Cream Ponies.

The famous cream ponies which are used to draw the king's carriage on state occasions are the sole survivors of a breed of horses which has otherwise passed out of existence. They are the direct and only pure bred descendants of the famous horses of Hanover, which George I. brought with him to his new English kingdom two centuries ago. The once famous white horses and black horses of Hanover have died out, and now the cream alone survive, and only in England, for when Queen Victoria sent to Hanover about 1830 to procure fresh stock for the royal stud not one was to be found.—London Answers.

Garfish Skin.

A woman looking over costly jewel cases in one of the most expensive of the uptown shops the other day was struck with the beautiful ivory-like finish of a number of them. "What are they made of?" she asked admiringly. "Garfish skin, madam," answered the salesman. "Garfish leather, we find, is very little known about outside of the trade, and yet it has come to be of importance. It not only can be worked up to the polish, but it is wonderfully hard. They say certain tribes of Indians knew its secret and that among them it was used as armor, the tradition being that a breast-plate of it would resist any tomahawk or arrow. It can be made now so that it will turn the edge of a knife or a spear."—New York Sun.

He Liked the Lie.

William — was said to be the ugliest though the most lovable man in Louisiana. On returning to the plantation after a short absence his brother said: "Willie, I met in New Orleans a Mrs. Forrester, who is a great admirer of yours. She said, though, that it wasn't so much the brilliancy of your mental attainments as your marvelous physical and facial beauty which charmed and delighted her." "Edmund," cried William earnestly, "that is a wicked lie, but tell it to me again!"—Everybody's.

Reputation.

Reputation is one of the prizes for which men contend. It is, as Mr. Burke calls it, "the cheap defense and ornament of nations and the nurse of many exertions." It produces more labor and more talent than twice the wealth of a country could ever rear up. It is the coin of genius, and it is the imperious duty of every man to be true to it with the most scrupulous justice and the wisest economy.—Sydney Smith.

A New Interpretation.

History Teacher—What suspicious figure figured in Harrison's campaign? Pupil—in the 1825 procession they had a log cabin with a colored man tied on top. History Teacher—A what? Pupil—Well, my history says there was a live coon fastened on the roof.—Lippincott's.

Dutiful For Once.

Boy—My tooth aches, and mamma said I should come here and let you look at it. Dentist—I see. It must come out. Won't take but a minute. Now, be a brave little man, and I'll— Boy (hastily backing off)—Mamma didn't say I should let you pull it. She only said I should let you look at it.

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