

# THE OBSERVER

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### LUND CLAIMS HE IS INJURED.

In a letter received from Charles W. Lund, father of Roy Lund who was a witness for the plaintiff in the trial, the father expressed in bitter words his contempt for the witness who testified in a way which he says reflected upon his good name as a citizen. He says he bore a good name in Washington, as also did his son, who was a good boy until he got to running with bad company in Union county.

Mr. Lund takes exception to the news report of the trial in the Observer which was printed merely as it occurred in circuit court without color and without prejudice for the Observer knows nothing about Mr.

Lund or his son other than what was made a matter of record testimony in the courts of Union county. As for the witnesses testifying falsely against the Lunds that is wholly an affair of which this paper has no interest in whatsoever. In the letter the Observer is charged with favoring defendants which is a mistake for this paper prides itself in never taking a side in a trial while the same is in progress no matter how seemingly appropriate it might be at times to give an opinion. On the other hand the readers of the Observer are only given a news story of the trials as they actually occur.

## BENEFIT BALL A BIG SUCCESS

### \$341 WAS TOTAL RECEIPTS OF SHOPMEN'S SOCIAL EVENT.

### Strikers Issue Their Daily Report of Progress of Events.

The report issued today by the federation men follows:

The public surely is in sympathy with the battle between labor and capital in La Grande for receipts from the benefit ball on the night of the 17th amounted to \$341. Besides this the event was a social success and many guests expressed their desire that the boys win what they are striking for.

According to reports the strike-breakers now employed in the shops have a much better time and are furnished amusements that under the former system did not exist. Refreshments are served occasionally.

Labor Temple, Portland, Ore., Oct. 17, 1911.—To all shop crafts on Harman lines, in Oregon and Washington:

North Platte, Neb.—One hundred and seventeen men are out here and are standing with the exception of one man who went back to work. One trainman was killed on this division Oct. 12th, due to defective grab iron. Efforts are being made by the trainmen to have the interstate commerce look into the matter of trains running over the road carrying cars with defective safety appliances.

La Grande.—250 bad order cars here now. Can hear the engines pounding three miles away. Passenger engines coming through with only 75 pounds of steam. The scab from the Santa Fe quit here today.

From the Oregon Journal, Oct. 16.—Realizing, they say, that because of the railroad strike little Wyoming coal is coming in, the Pacific Coast Coal company has secured the British steamer Strathearn to bring a cargo to this port from Newcastle, Aus. The Strathearn sailed from the Australian port Oct. 3rd with a cargo of 6,000 tons of Richmond coal, and will come direct to Portland. This is the only steamer cargo en route to this port so far this year.

Brooklyn and Albina.—One scab got hurt on lathe this morning. One scab boiler-maker is a deserter from the United States navy and was arrested

yesterday. The Owl train from Seattle was four hours late yesterday. There are 900 bad order cars in Portland now. A machine in the Albina shops worth \$7,000 was put out of commission by the scabs the other day. Three machines were broken in the Brooklyn shops last week by scabs. No car inspectors in Albina, Brooklyn or East Portland yards. None of the trains are being inspected. The N. P. T. company is begging the strikers to come back to work, nothing doing. The Inman Poulson lumber company has shut down on account of being unable to get cars. Engineers report all engines on the "bum." All passenger engines on the O. W. R. & N. are out of commission, and they are using the heavy freight engines on the passenger trains.

Roseburg.—Lewis Morgan, the scab German who was arrested here Saturday went north to Eugene (Lane county) handcuffed with sheriff to answer to depredations committed last April. He is an old hand at scabbing, being a scab during the teamsters strike in Portland. 225 arrived at 9:15 p. m., engine 2331, packing blowing bad and engine 2539 leaking bad. No. 221 arrived six hours late with three engines 2829, 2575 and 2545 all leaking bad. Train 16, engine 2351, arrived at 12:20, one hour and 20 minutes late. Train 14 arrived at 1:20 with two engines Nos. 2426 and 2345 leaking badly. She was one hour and 20 minutes late.

Bob Brackett, a lone bachelor, needed some articles with which to decorate his room. He inquired of a lady friend where such things were to be had, and she recommended the Woman's Exchange. Bob went there and made his purchases.

The same evening on returning from business he found them all in his room. Opening the package, he put a bit of scuff in his place, a centerpiece on his table under his reading lamp and a scented mouchoir case on his dresser. Then he sat down in his easy chair and surveyed the scene.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "one would think a woman had done it all! What a feminine appearance the room has! There's everything a woman would provide—that is, everything except pillowshams. Pillowshams I'll never have. They're well named. They're a sham indeed—put on in the morning to look pretty, taken off at night, folded up and laid where they won't be stepped on. Of all the confounded feminine nonsense I ever heard of pillowshams are the worst. If ever I'm married there's one thing my wife shall never indulge in or force me to indulge in—pillowshams. Confound them!

Bob went to bed leaving a fire burning in the grate that illuminated his room and lay awake enjoying his newly acquired decorations.

"I can almost fancy myself married," he said, "and a nice little girl keeping house in this very room with me. It's one of a suit, and I could have the whole. Just think of coming home for dinner instead of stopping at a cheap restaurant, finding wife at the door ready to throw her arms around my neck; dinner ready; with my arm around her waist we go into the dining room and while we eat talk over what has passed during the day.

"Dinner finished, we go into the living room. I light a cigar, we read and chat, and so spend the evening.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "I've forgotten to put a handkerchief in my nightshirt pocket."

He got out of bed and went to the bureau where he had left his mouchoir case and felt for a handkerchief. The size he used at night was on the bottom of the pile, and with it he pulled out a slip of paper, which floated to the floor. Picking it up, he took it to the fireplace and saw by the light something written on it in a feminine hand. It read:

If my work falls into the hands of a bachelor this is to inform him that single blessedness and making my living at such work as this don't suit me. Marriage is the natural lot of both sexes, and I don't see why a woman shouldn't seek a husband as well as a man seek a wife. I am twenty years old, have a pliable disposition and believe that the husband should lead, having his own way in everything. Miss Williamson of the Woman's Exchange has my address. I have authorized her to give it to any gentlemanlike young man who calls for it.

"Well, now, I like that!" exclaimed Bob. "What a lot of practical sense in it! And she'll let her husband have his own way about everything! Splendid! If fate throws us together there's one thing there'll be no trouble about—

## A Compromise

By ELMER WENTWORTH

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The Curious Vegetable Caterpillar of New Zealand.

Among the many strange growths, apparently freaks of nature, which are to be found in New Zealand the vegetable caterpillar readily ranks among the foremost. This caterpillar is several inches in length, is hairless and does not differ essentially in appearance from some of the caterpillars of our own land.

Its claim to distinction lies in the fact that when it gets ready to die it digs a hole for itself in the earth and completely buries itself. Later a slender green shoot springs from the spot. This bears two or more leaves near its top.

Upon investigation it is found that the green shoot springs from the head of the dead caterpillar, and further investigation develops the fact that the body of the caterpillar is filled with roots.

The form is retained without change, and the roots do not pierce through the skin or enter the ground. When dug up this dead yet living freak presents a most odd appearance, for the head and even the eyes of the caterpillar are distinctly seen, yet from the head is growing the green sprout, with its leaves.

### A FREAK OF NATURE.

#### The Curious Vegetable Caterpillar of New Zealand.

the pillowshams. She can have her own way about everything else."

Bob went to sleep dreaming of how the place would look if something came of this slip of paper and the very next day went again to the Woman's Exchange for a feminine article with a soul, a body, and a living body at that.

Three months from that date Bob Brackett and Louise Harwood, a very lovely girl—at least Bob thought she was—were married and went to live in his room till the other rooms in the suit became vacant and they could rent the whole. After a short wedding trip they returned to the apartment, and the bride began to survey it with a critical eye.

"Wouldn't you think," asked Bob, "that a woman had fixed it up?"

"Well, yes, so far as it goes."

"What's wanting?"

"Well, some curtains to the windows for one thing."

"That's so. I never thought of them. What else?"

"Those pillows should be covered."

"With what?"

"Shams."

"Louise," said the husband, squaring himself, "if there's any one thing I always detested it's pillowshams. No pillowshams for me, thank you."

"But you wouldn't have the pillows perfectly bare, would you?"

"Put on cases of the finest Brussels lace if you like, but when you get 'em on keep 'em on. I don't propose to take a sham off my pillow every night, fold it up and put it somewhere."

"I'll do all that."

"Nobody'll do it. I've sworn no shams shall be on my bed."

After six months' squabbling over the pillowshams and a frequent reminder to the wife that he should have his own way in everything he proposed a compromise. He was proceeding to propose some kind of a pillowcase that would look well, but would not be injured by being used to lay one's head on. But before he could do so his wife interrupted him saying:

"All right. We'll compromise."

"Well?" said the husband inquiringly.

"We'll compromise on pillowshams."

There was a pause, after which the husband remarked, "I give it up."

### FELT HIS PRESENCE.

#### Curious Instance of Telepathy Described by John Muir.

John Muir, in his book, "My First Summer in the Sierras," relates a curious instance of telepathy. He spent the summer of 1899 in the beautiful wilderness around the Yosemite valley. One day he was busily sketching on the North Dome, when suddenly he became possessed with the notion that his friend Professor J. D. Butler of the University of Wisconsin was below him in the valley. He jumped up, full of the idea of meeting him, being almost as much startled as if some one had unexpectedly touched him and made him look up. Instantly he went running down the slope and along the brink of the valley, looking for a way to the bottom, feeling drawn irresistibly.

Gradually his common sense convinced him that he could not possibly reach the hotel until after everybody would be asleep for the night. He therefore compelled himself to stop, but the next day he went into the valley and found that Professor Butler had arrived the evening before, unexpected by anybody. He had been four or five miles distant at the moment when Mr. Muir was so suddenly apprised of his presence.

"He had just entered the valley by way of the Coulterville trail," says the author, "and was coming past El Capitan when his presence struck me. Had he then looked toward the North Dome with a good glass he might have seen me jump up from my work and run toward him. This seems the one well defined marvel of my life of the kind called supernatural."

### Of Course.

In the bankruptcy court I once heard a witness asked the amount of his gross income. "My gross income, is it? Sure an' I'd have ye know that I have no gross income. I'm a fisherman, an' me income is all net," was the astonishing reply.—Green Bag.

### A Queer Customer.

"Mandy," said the village tailor to his wife, "I'm going to give Sam Billings a suit of clothes for a pig."

"My goodness, papa!" exclaimed his little daughter. "What does a pig want with a suit of clothes?"—New York Times.

## Arcade Theatre

"The Battle of the Republic"—Vitagraph. Drama. This patriotic and historical picture portrays the writing of the famous national hymn by Julia Ward Howe and is a magnificent and elaborate conception of scenic splendor.

"The Unfinished Letter"—Edison. Comis. A very pleasing story with lively situations.

"The Mission Wife"—Mellies. Drama. The first Mellies picture we have had in a long time and it is a good one. Harbored since childhood in a California mission, Mary the one bright flower of the place, falls in love with a bandit who had sought refuge within the mission walls. The story ends with a tragedy sad but beautiful.

"Money to Burn"—Edison. Comedy. The title of this picture explains it. It is lively from beginning to end.

"I'm Just Pinin' For You." Sung by Mr. Grice.

**IF IT IS GOOD YOU WILL SEE IT AT THE ARCADE**

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