

THE OBSERVER

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AVIATOR ELY DEAD.

Many La Grande people will be disappointed to know that Aviator Ely met his death at Macon, Ga., yesterday. Ely flew at Portland during the Rose show and was at Baker for several flights at the same time that aviation flights were held in this city. Many Observer readers have seen Ely on terra firma and in the dizzy heights too. It seems to be a costly lesson.

Arcade Theatre

Refined Entertainment for All People.

"Old Delhi and Its Ruins"—A scenic picture of the old city of Delhi, India. A splendid travelogue and conveys information of educational value.

"The Regeneration of the Apache Kid"—Selig. Splendid western drama. A strong and logical picture.

"Surfing, the National Sport of Hawaiian Islands"—Pathe. The natives method of riding the surf upon a plank, clearly shown.

"Sorrowful Example"—Biograph. A strong and gripping story for which the Biograph company are famous.

"Electric Boots"—Pathe. Comedy. A man buys a pair of boots charged with electricity. The results are very amusing. His work is fast and furious.

Mr. Grice will sing: "Kiss Me, My Honey, Kiss Me."

NOTICE—Miss Gladys Mack of Portland will open an engagement as vocalist at this theatre, Sunday, Oct. 22.

Special feature program coming on Oct. 25 and 26. Selig's three reel masterpiece, "The Two Orphans." 3,000 feet of film.

ADMISSION 10 Cents.

this aviation science. Many good men strong and brave, have been claimed as toll and Ely's death seems to come nearer home because so many Oregon folks knew him. Certainly aviation is exacting heavy toll by its pupils.

THE ELK AT PORTLAND.

A movement is now on by the Portland Elks to procure a herd of the antlered animals and place them in a park in the metropolis during the national meet of the lodge bearing that name next July. It is an ideal thought, for many of the easterners who have been members of the Elks lodge for years never saw anything but the teet of a real elk. They have seen oil paintings and have some idea, but they do not realize what a great animal the elk is; they cannot understand in the effete east that Eastern Oregon still possesses a few of the herd and if they were permitted to actually gaze upon a live elk they would return home not only more thoroughly imbued with the splendid order, but they would have a better idea of the west with its wide areas and untrammeled opportunities.

When you pay your taxes and wonder what makes them so high, just ask the county officials to show you a comparison of what Union county has paid into the state tax fund for the last ten years and note the enormous increase. That will explain to a great extent where the tax payers' money is going. And bear in mind for many of these years we have had governors and an administration that claimed to be "reformers."

Astoria claims the Centennial brought large investors from the east and that some big deals have been pulled off which can be traced to the Centennial as a drawing card. Glad to hear it, for really the Centennial was a bum show, considering how much money was spent upon it.

Says the burglar to his companion upon crossing the state line at Huntington: "Say, Chimme, we are safe. Walk straight, old man, no matter if de dark lantern does show. Crack a safe in Oregon? Dead easy. Don't ye know, Chimme, we has a governor here who is a friends to de boys."

The Pendleton round-up is still bearing fruit. A day or two ago a young man in Portland got into his head he was a buckaroo and rode his horse into a saloon. Fine, keep it up. Who says there is no wild and woolly west? Ask Pendleton.

Regardless of tales of short crop Union county will have apples for everybody at home and some to spare. But Union county never falls down flat on anything. There is always a plenty for those who will work in this valley.

Over in Walla Walla they burn school teachers in effigy. Walla Walla was the scene of an Indian butchery years ago. Strange how barbarism once planted is so hard to eradicate.

With apple trees selling for \$600 apiece at Albany there is surely no foundation for the complaint that the fruit industry has reached its zenith.

Secretary Wilson is not a drinking man but neither is he a prohibitionist, according to recent reports.

THE FOUR HENRYS

One of the Most Dramatic of the Legends of France.

A MEETING AND A WARNING.

The Dire Prediction That Was Hurlled at Them After a Duel in the Dark and the Way the Fateful Prophecy Became a Matter of History.

Of all the French historical legends there is none more dramatic than that pertaining to "the four Henrys." The tradition is that on a wintry night as the rain fell in torrents an old woman who passed in the country for a witch and who inhabited a miserable cabin in the forest of St. Germain was aroused by a loud knocking at her door. She opened it and saw a cavalier, who requested hospitality. A serving of cheese and a morsel of black bread were all she set before him.

"I have nothing more," said she. "See, here is all that tithes, taxes, subsidies and other extortions have left me to offer distressed travelers, besides which my neighbors call me a witch and rob me of the produce of my little farm."

"'Tis a cruel situation," said the young man, "and were I king of France I would suppress the taxes."

"God bless you," answered the old woman.

The cavalier was about to commence his repast when a fresh knock at the door restrained him. Again a gentleman, drenched with rain, demanded shelter.

"Is that you, Henry?" said the one.

"It is, Henry," replied the other.

The old woman discovered from their conversation that they belonged to a numerous hunting party led by King Charles IX. and that they had been dispersed by a storm.

"My good woman," said the second comer, "have you naught else to offer us?"

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the other, "we must divide it."

The first Henry gave signs of refusal; but, observing the resolute eye and haughty bearing of the second, he replied in a tone of chagrin:

"Let us divide it, then."

They sat down opposite each other, and one had already commenced cutting the bread with his dagger when a third blow was struck at the door. Again a young nobleman entered—again a Henry. The meeting was most singular.

The first Henry endeavored to hide the bread and cheese. The second replaced it on the table and set his sword by his side. The third Henry smiled.

"What! Will you spare me none of your supper, then?" said he.

"The supper," said the first Henry.

"Rightly belongs to the first comer."

"The supper," said the second Henry.

"Belongs of right to him who knows best how to defend it."

The third Henry colored and said haughtily, "Perhaps I rather belongs to him who knows best how to win it."

At these words the first Henry drew his dagger, the two others their swords. They had scarce made a few passes when a fourth blow was heard at the door. The portal opened a fourth Henry appeared.

At the sight of the naked swords the last comer drew his own and, taking the weakest side, fought vigorously.

The old woman, frightened, hid herself, and it was well that she did, for the swords dashed to pieces everything that came in their way. The lamp fell, was extinguished, and all four fought in the dark. The noise of the swords lasted for some time, but gradually died away. Then the old woman crept out of her hiding place, relit the lamp and beheld the four combatants stretched on the floor. She examined them. Fatigue had overpowered them more than loss of blood.

They rose up one after another, ashamed of what they had done. "Come," said one, "let us now sup with good humor and without quarreling."

But on looking for the supper they perceived it lying on the floor, soiled with their feet and stained with blood.

The old woman, sitting in a corner, fixed her dark eyes on the authors of the mischief.

"Why do you look at us in that manner?" demanded the first Henry.

"I see your destinies written in your foreheads," answered the injured woman.

The second Henry harshly commanded her to reveal them. The two others laughed outright.

With outstretched arms the old woman replied: "As you all four have been united in this cabin, you will all be reunited in one and the same destiny. As you have trodden underfoot and soiled with blood the bread of hospitality, you will trample underfoot and soil with blood the power of which you



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will partake. As you have impoverished and devastated this dwelling, you will devastate and impoverish France. As you have all four been wounded in the dark, you will all perish by treason and a violent death."

These four Henrys were the four heroes of the league—two as its chiefs and two as its enemies—Henry of Conde, poisoned at St. Jean d'Angely by his wife; Henry of Guise, assassinated at Blois by the Forty-five; Henry of Valois (Henry III.), assassinated by Jacques Clement at St. Cloud; Henry of Bourbon (Henry IV.), assassinated at Paris by Ravalline—New York Press.

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.—O'Connell

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern that De Lille Greene has been appointed by the county court of Union county, Oregon, administrator of the estate of F. M. Rutherford, deceased. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are required to present them with the proper vouchers within six months from the date hereof to the administrator at the store of L. J. French, No. 206 Depot street, La Grande, Oregon. Dated this October 5, 1911.

DE LILLE GREENE.

Administrator of the estate of F. M. Rutherford, Deceased.
Dly 10-13, 20, 27-11-3, 10

Army Lieutenant Takes Bride

Tannersville, N. Y., Oct. 20.—A wedding of interest in military circles took place here today, the bride being Miss Elizabeth Morse Colgate, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Colgate of New York City, and the bridegroom Lieut. Stanley M. Rumbough, of the Fifteenth cavalry, U. S. A. The marriage was performed at the country home of the bride's parents. After a wedding trip to Europe, Lieutenant Rumbough and his bride will reside at Fort Meyer.

Summons.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon for Union county.

Hellen M. Alkine, plaintiff, vs. Elizabeth Taylor, and J. L. Taylor, her husband, and J. T. Scott, and Winnie Scott, his wife, defendants.

To Elizabeth Taylor and J. L. Taylor, above named defendants:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons in this summons in the La Grande Observer, the time prescribed in the order for publication of this summons; and if you fail to so appear and answer, for want thereof, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in her complaint.

The relief demanded is the foreclo-

sure of a certain mortgage executed and delivered by you to one J. R. Forrest, on or about the 26th day of February, 1906 to secure the payment of a certain promissory note of your-selves for \$350.00 payable Feb. 26th, 1908, with interest at the rate of ten per cent per annum, and which mortgage conveyed unto said J. R. Forrest for that purpose the following described real property, situated in the county of Union and State of Oregon: Lots numbered 6, 7 and 8 in block 4 on "C street" in the original townsite of La Grande, Union county, Oregon, and which said note and mortgage was before maturity thereof assigned and transferred to this plaintiff for a valuable consideration.

And for a further decree barring and foreclosing you, said Elizabeth Taylor and J. L. Taylor, and J. T. Scott and Winnie Scott of and from any and all right, title or interest in or to said real property and every part thereof.

This summons is published in the La Grande Observer by virtue of an order of Honorable J. W. Knowles, judge of the Tenth judicial district, dated October 10th, 1911, and is to be published for a period of six consecutive weeks, from the date of the first publication thereof, at least once a week.

WM. B. SARGENT,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
Date of first publication, Oct. 13, 1911.

Dly 10-13, 20, 27-11-3, 10, 17, 24.

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