

THE OBSERVER

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Editor and Owner.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
Daily, single copy ..... 5c
Daily, per week ..... 15c
Daily, per month ..... 65c

OF MUCH CONSEQUENCE TO OUR COMMERCE.

A far reaching effect upon American methods in the matter of the mechanical equipment of seaports is expected to come from the sessions of the 12th International congress of navigation which is to meet in Philadelphia in the spring and which will call together the world's greatest experts on this and kindred subjects.

its course to obtain the largest possible share of that commerce.

Coming at such a time the deliberations of the congress will be of unusual value to American commerce. A great deal of information on the subject of the mechanical equipment of ports will be brought out. Among those who are to attend is Herr Bubendey, director of the port of Hamburg, which is probably the best equipped port in the world.

With the completion of the Erie and Panama canals, and the probable termination of the differential, New York will no longer remain simply the great Atlantic portal of North America. It will become the focal transshipment point where the commerce of the east and west coasts of North and South America, and of the Orient, meets the west-bound commerce of Europe.

It is this appreciation of the far-reaching significance of the problems to be discussed at the congress that will make this, in the eyes of all who have to do with the commerce of the nation, one of the most important gatherings held in America.

Down in Jackson, Ga., they hanged a negro in the opera house, but whether as an afterpiece or a curtain raiser, the reports neglected to state.

In New York everybody, practically, is dishonest, says Hetty Green. Has somebody been selling Hetty Green goods?

Anyway, a treaty that wears 80 years must have some good material in it at the start.

The day seems to have passed when a jury will convict a woman for the mere shooting up or killing of a man.

If Adam and Eve found variety the spice of life, it must have been the common or garden variety.

George J. Gould is buying castles in Scotland, which is better than to build them in the air.

When the average woman is getting the worst of an argument she ends it by crying.

Now that the trial of the show girls is ended, Mr. Stokes is expected to recover more rapidly.

He Received a Sign

It Came With a Force That Nearly Killed Him

By ETHAN B. ARMOUR

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Adoniram Doyle was a strong believer in indications. As a child and young man he had never failed to see the new moon over his right shoulder without feeling sure that he would meet with some misfortune during the month.

When eighteen years of age he had engaged himself to a young lady several years his senior. For an engagement ring he had given her one with an opal setting. He was not aware at the time that the opal invariably brings bad luck.

It was not remarkable that Adoniram, who was naturally inclined to make much of such matters, should have been deeply impressed with the fearful penalty he had paid for running counter to the opal blight.

Before he had passed middle age he had noted a number of indications that such or such a person would make him happy, but either the girl who seemed to be pointed out was too homely or had a bad temper or some other defect which led him to disregard the sign.

As the Advertiser of Feb. 2, 1844, described the scene: "A great many persons have been attracted to our wharfs to witness the operations and the curious spectacle of the whole harbor frozen over, and the ice has been covered by skaters, sleds and even sleighs.

On Feb. 3 the work was done, and the Britannia, steaming slowly through the lane of open water, lined on either side by thousands of cheering spectators made her way to the sea.

One of the most discouraging features of life in Tripoli, as in other Mohammedan countries, is the condition of the veiled, fatalistic women. Those of the richer classes live in untortured idleness, the poor in even more ignorance and constant, ill directed drudgery.

"Why do you do that?" was asked. "Oh," said the woman "I must provide against the day when my husband may divorce me."

She then made the startling announcement that she was her husband's sixth wife and that he was her sixth husband.—Christian Herald.

"Will you take me to your circus, Mr. Merry?" "Why, Willie, I have nothing to do with any circus. What makes you ask that?"

"Why, mother said you was a clown."—New York Times.

Gave Him the Limit. "I'm loked!" sobbed the hobo, beating an undignified retreat from the back door at which he had bummed a handout.

"How do you mean—loked?" chorused his comrades. "Did she hit you wild a belk?"

"Worsen dat." "What? She didn't throw—water on you?"

"Worsen dat, fellers." "What? Not bollin' water?" "Even worsen dat yet."

"Dere ain't nothin' worsen." "Yes, dere is. She throwed soapuds on me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

upon the match, but had come to the conclusion that the only sign he would receive would be negative. Twice he had been warned against Miss Sparks. If it was not intended that he should marry Mrs. Perkins perhaps it would be indicated to him.

It was a winter day that he came to the conclusion to ask the widow to be his wife. Before supper he put on his Sunday suit, brushed his hair, combed his whiskers and after the meal made his third start in quest of matrimony. He had reached the widow's door when his heart failed him. Not being able to nerve himself for the ordeal—or was it regret for Octavia?—he hesitated. Then suddenly he remembered that in the unsettled state of his mind he had forgotten to feed his stock.

Mr. Doyle returned to his barn, put the horses' beds into the stalls, a measure of oats into each of their troughs, then went up into the loft to throw down the hay. Whether it was his perturbed condition of mind concerning his proposal and the probably con-

BOSTON HARBOR FROZE.

But That Didn't Keep the Britannia From Sailing on Time. Boston harbor froze over in January of 1844, and the advertised sailing of the Britannia, then in dock, seemed surely to be impossible. But the merchants of Boston would not have it so. They met and voted to cut a way, at their own expense, through the ice, that the steamer might sail practically on time.

The contract for cutting the necessary channels was given to merchants engaged, like Frederick Tudor, in the export of ice, but not ice cut from the harbor. Their task was to cut within the space of three days a channel about ten miles long. For tools they had the best machinery used in cutting fresh water ice, and horsepower was employed. The ice was from six to twelve inches in thickness.

As the Advertiser of Feb. 2, 1844, described the scene: "A great many persons have been attracted to our wharfs to witness the operations and the curious spectacle of the whole harbor frozen over, and the ice has been covered by skaters, sleds and even sleighs. Tents and booths were erected upon the ice, and some parts of the harbor bore the appearance of a Russian ball day scene."

On Feb. 3 the work was done, and the Britannia, steaming slowly through the lane of open water, lined on either side by thousands of cheering spectators made her way to the sea.

Six of One, Half Dozen of the Other. One of the most discouraging features of life in Tripoli, as in other Mohammedan countries, is the condition of the veiled, fatalistic women. Those of the richer classes live in untortured idleness, the poor in even more ignorance and constant, ill directed drudgery.

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Swift Premium Sugar Cured Hams. A new lot just in. None better. Empire Brand of Bacon. A full line of vegetables. Popcorn That Will Pop At The CITY GROCERY & BAKERY The Home of Fancy Groceries

sequent separating himself for all time from Octavia Sparks, the fact remains that he stepped into an opening in the door of the lot, of which he had many years been aware and landed in a stall below. He not only received an internal injury from the fall, but the horse occupying the place, frightened at his master's sudden entrance, came near trampling the life out of him before he could drag himself out of reach. Then he fainted.

After lying unconscious for a few moments he came to himself, feeling a terrible pain in his chest, and found it difficult to breathe. He was able to arise and stagger to the house, where he fainted again. A doctor was called, who felt of his chest and found a rib broken. As soon as possible a surgeon was produced who said that the rib was so badly fractured that it could not be set. If left as it was it would destroy the lung on which it pressed. In fact, it must be removed. Instead of having the patient taken to a hospital, he decided to perform the operation at the house.

Octavia Sparks was on her way to the village store when Mrs. Butterworth came along and said: "La' sakes, Octavy, have s' heard what's happened to Mr. Doyle?"

"No. What is it?" cried Octavia, palling. "He fell through the barn floor and broke a rib. The surgeon's goin' to take it out of him."

The girl made no reply to this, but turned and hurried home. There she learned that the surgeon was about to perform the operation. Going over to Doyle's house, she asked if she might be of service. The surgeon told her that he had not yet been able to secure a nurse and would be glad to have her serve in that capacity.

While he and his assistant were making their preparations she went to Doyle's bedside and pressed his hand sympathetically. "I've had a sign," he said. "What kind of a sign?"

"A negative sign. I was about to propose marriage to the Widow Perkins when I got the fall. It is not intended that she be my helpmeet."

The medical men returned, put the patient on an improvised operating table, administered an anaesthetic and removed the broken rib. Doyle was then placed on his bed and his return to consciousness awaited by the others. Presently a low moan announced its coming; then another and another. When he opened his eyes there was

Octavia kneeling beside him, his hand clasped by hers. "Oecle," he groaned, "I wonder if Adam passed through what I have when the rib was removed from which Eve was made."

Then suddenly a light came into his eye, and he spoke again. "You've always despised signs. I don't know about the others I've received, but those given me this evening are mighty powerful. I went to propose to Widow Perkins and was turned back by remembering that I hadn't fed the stock. The result was this fall and being nigh tramped to death by a horse. If that isn't a sure sign that I wasn't to marry her I don't know anything about signs. And now that the surgeon has taken a rib out of me you pop up before me as Eve appeared to Adam after he awakened from the deep sleep in which the job was done. I reckon I know what that means."

"What does it mean, Ad?" "That if you don't marry me we'll both of us be flying in the face of providence."

At that moment the surgeon advanced and forbade the patient to excite himself. Octavia withdrew while the medical man looked over the patient. He found Mr. Doyle under the influence of an excitement that boded no good. He directed that no one be permitted to converse with him until sufficient time had passed to enable him to re-operate. But this did not satisfy Mr. Doyle. He conceived that his fall from the haymow, the removal of the rib and at his awakening his finding Octavia beside him meant that she was the woman he was to marry.

"Doctor," he said, "I wish a clergyman."

"What for? You're not going to die?" "I'm going to be married."

"Married? In this condition?" "Yes. As a rib was removed from our common father Adam, of which Eve was made, so—"

"You keep quiet," said the doctor, "or I'll not answer for the consequences."

"And I say I wish you to call in a clergyman. If you don't do it I'll get up and call one myself. My Eve is here, and it is my duty to marry her."

The surgeon looked troubled. He believed the man was delirious and thought it better to humor him. Calling Octavia aside, he said: "You'd better pretend to go through a ceremony. It needn't mean anything."

"As you advise, doctor."

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