

The Elite Theatre

"THE PASSING" ..Thanhouse

A story that will make you think the spirit of the mother joins that of her son.

"THE KID AND THE SLEUTH"

Imp. Comedy. A messenger boy reads yellow literature and then dreams of the thrilling rescue of a beautiful girl. This film was made for laughing purposes. See it.

"HUBBY DOES THE WASHING"

Solax A Big Billy Zyrak Comedy.

Hubby has an idea his wife spends too much money. Hubby tries to economize by doing his own washing. Laugh? I guess yes!

"THE BURDEN OF SHAME"

Ambrosia Drama. This picture will show you that home, sweet home is the best place for a young girl.

after all.

"TWEEDLEDUM IN FINANCIAL DISTRESS"

Comedy

Five hundred feet of film; six hundred laughs.

Mrs. E. F. Sinclair will sing:

"LOVE RULES THE WORLD."

CROWDED HOUSE PRAISES SHOW

HOME TALENT RENDER CLEVER PRODUCTION WELL.

General Satisfaction Found With the Way Show Is Reeled Off.

Snappier as it progresses, sparkling with keen wit but not bolsterous, and punctuated at numerous intervals with catchy chorus and solos, "The Isle of Mystery" was presented under the local Moose lodge at the Steward the direction of Sandberg & Battle for last evening to an appreciative audi-

a perfectly good show. With something like 80 people required in the presentation, the task of preparation was that was perfectly satisfied with the result from the opening number to the very finale, featuring the aeroplane scene, the swing song and a pretty pantomime effect in the last act wherein Dr. G. T. Darland, Miss Hazel Stageberg, Miss Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Davis, Floyd and Earl Sandberg, were the principal characters.

There are a dozen song features in the production and all went off very smoothly and with a fine support of stage business, which is always difficult to master with a crowd of amateurs. Steps and dance numbers were extremely well handled by the chorus.

La Retta Bramwell in the swing song—an electrical contrivance that took well—and Miss Ruth Davis, who brought vociferous applause by her stellar singing, were some more feature events of the evening.

The Steward was packed last evening with an interesting crowd and it is believed a full house for the production really warrants it. With every appearance that goes to make a real road show, "The Isle of Mystery" gets under way with a snappy chorus number in which good costumes—neat and clean and anything but cheap—are one of the pleasing phases. There is business galore all the way through the piece, and the versatility and originality of Director Sandberg, who composed most of the musical numbers and is the playwright as well, is shown in every line. There is a subtle humor all way through the lines—and there are many long lines by the way, which close application alone can grasp. There is no great ado in the comedy line but there are no tears shed; that is a safe bet.

One might go on to eulogize the individual adaptabilities of local talent in the production, the production itself is up to the standard of the best road bills, and all in all the Moose have an attraction here, thanks to co-operation and talent in the city that they can invite their friends to attend tonight without fear of being put to any embarrassment thereby. One cannot say that it is the best home talent ever shown, but it is the best home talent of its kind seen in La Grande in many a year.

Several specialties to throw new

was indeed great, but barring minor hitches that the audience knew nothing of, the comic opera-light drama production grew in crispness and energy and spiced into the production will be introduced this evening, when the second and last performance will be held.

Some of the snappy song numbers heard are:

Opening Chorus—by the Chorus.

Mythical Isle of Mystery—La Retta Bramwell and Chorus.

Hurrah Song—Chorus.

Recitative—Ruth Davis.

Maiden Song—Ruth Davis and Chorus.

Duet—Hands Up—Ruth Davis and Enos E. Sandberg.

Hail to King Alabazoo—Chorus.

Take Me Up With You, Dearie—By the Chorus.

Swing Song—La Retta Bramwell and Moosetette.

Star of my Dreams—N. Deallet.

In San Francisco in Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen—Mr. Ferrin and Entire Company.

Put Me Amongst the Girls—Chas. Harding and Chorus.

*We've Always Kept the Golden Rule—G. T. Darland, Hazel Stageberg, Miss Davis, Floyd Sandberg, Earl Sandberg and Chorus.

I'd Like to Spend a Rainy Afternoon with You—Rose Ford and Chorus.

What's the Use of Trying—W. K. Davis.

The Flag of Uncle Sam—W. K. Davis and Entire Company.

America—by the Audience.

A SQUIRREL WITH NERVE.

Survived Its Wild Leap Over a Cliff to Escape Captivity.

It may not be generally known that the squirrel can leap from a great height, break its fall in its descent and alight uninjured. A naturalist once saw a squirrel leap from a treetop thirty feet high, drop to the ground and run up another tree for safety.

Some boys in Mexico caught a black squirrel nearly as big as a cat. It had once escaped from them by leaping from the top of a sixty foot pine tree. They thought it bewitched and wanted to throw it down a precipice several hundred feet deep. A traveler intervened to obtain fair play.

The squirrel was conveyed in a pillowcase to the edge of the cliff, then let out, that he might take the choice between captivity and the terrible leap. The crouching squirrel looked down the abyss, then backward and sideways, his eyes glistening.

Seeing no escape except in front, he took a flying leap into space and fluttered rather than fell into the abyss. His legs worked like those of a swimming dog, but faster, while his tail, slightly elevated, spread out like a fan. He landed on a ledge of limestone, where he could be seen squatting on his hind legs and smoothing his ruffled fur, after which he made for the creek, drank and scampered away into the willow thicket.—London Answers.

ROUTED HIS CREDITOR. Lespes, the French Writer, Adopted a Most Effective Method.

Lespes, the French journalist, known as Timothee Trimm, was once disagreeably intruded on by a creditor, who announced his intention of not departing until he was paid. The creditor planted himself on a chair, and Lespes beheld him, with consternation, draw bread and cheese from his pockets, as though to fortify himself against events.

Several hours gilded by. Lespes had resumed his writing and finished an article. The creditor showed no signs of moving. Suddenly Lespes rose and with bits of newspaper began carefully blocking all the apertures through which air could come into the room. He then made preparations for lighting a charcoal fire, but before applying the match pasted on the wall just opposite the creditor's eyes a paper thus laconically worded:

"Take notice that we died of our own will."

"What are you doing?" exclaimed the creditor uneasily.

"Your society would render life intolerable, so we are going to commit suicide together," answered Timothee tranquilly.

It is needless to say that the creditor decamped without waiting for results and without his money.—Argonaut.

Just Sued Him. Landlady (warningly to impecunious student applying for board)—I had my fast tenant thrown out for failing to pay his rent for four months. Student (cheerfully)—That's all right. I will take the room under the conditions.—Megendorfer Blattler.

Emphatic. "Speaking of etiquette, did you send the dollar for those advertised instructions on 'What to do at table?'"

"Yes."

"And what did you get?"

"A slip with one word printed on it: 'Eat!'"—Boston Transcript.

HUG BECOMES A CANDIDATE

WILL RUN AGAINST WALDEN FOR SHERIFF.

Becomes Second Republican Aspirant for Sheriff's Office.

August Hug of Elgin has answered the call of friends and will become a candidate for nomination to the office of sheriff on the republican ticket, insuring a keen race in the republican primaries for that office. John Walden has been the only avowed candidate in the republican party thus far. Hug has been slow to accept the invitation of his friends to make the race but said today that he felt reasonably certain of a splendid support throughout the county and would consequently enter the race.

"I will make a clean-cut race without mudslinging my worthy opponent and regardless of which of us win, my support will be aligned with the primary selection to the very end," said Mr. Hug this morning when filing his declaration.

Politics Not Active.

Outside of the somewhat spirited ante-primary campaign in the democratic sheriff nomination race, there is no really keen competition as yet for the majority of offices. Something interesting is scheduled to develop in the county representative fight where two active men, C. J. Forstrom and A. E. Lambert, of Union and North Powder respectively, as said to be coming up the back stretch neck and neck. John Frawley has no opposition and the probabilities are that he won't. Little or no competition exists in the assessor race while the county recorder's office is sought by two republicans, the present incumbent and D. H. Proctor. Ed Wright is running lone handed for clerk, and thus it goes, little real competition except in a few instances. The joint senatorship in the republican primary is still single handed.

Alignments Learned Soon.

By April 3rd all nominations and their petitions must be in the hands of the county clerk, and while many then, it seems fore-ordained that there things can develop between now and is not to be any great series of struggles for county offices.

Registration is progressing slowly, with nearly three weeks left in which to act. Registrations close for the primaries on April 9th.

A new face coming into the limelight as a result of the County Tax-payers' league endorsement is John S. Hodgkin who has decided to become a candidate for state senator on the democratic ticket and is having his petition circulated this week.

EX-SENATOR AT HOT LAKE.



Levy Ankeny, for many years United States senator from Washington and prominent in banking circles now in both Oregon and Washington who with Mrs. Ankeny are guests at Hot Lake sanatorium. Mr. Ankeny is one of the best known politicians and office holders of the Pacific northwest, and his banking relations are also extensive. Mr. and Mrs. Ankeny live at Walla Walla.

TIPPING AN ARTIST.

A Great Painter Who Was Not Above Earning an Honest Quarter.

Winslow Homer was a great painter who had the unusual good fortune to have his merit appreciated early in life. But no one ever presumed less on a wide reputation. Affection was a weakness from which his sense of humor saved him.

In his biography by Mr. W. H. Downs is printed the story of a New York gentleman of wealth and artistic tastes who made the journey to Scarborough, Me., where Homer had his studio, to make the artist's acquaintance.

On his arrival he found the studio door locked; the owner was nowhere to be seen. He wandered about the cliffs for awhile until he met a man in a rough old suit of clothes, rubber boots and a battered felt hat, who carried a fishpole. He accosted the fisherman thus:

"Say, my man, if you can tell me where I can find Winslow Homer I have a quarter for you."

"Where's your quarter?" said the fisherman.

He handed it over and was astounded to hear the quizzical Yankee fisherman say, "I am Winslow Homer."

The sequel of this unusual introduction was that Homer took his new acquaintance back to the studio, entertained him, and before he left sold him a picture.

WILD ELEPHANTS.

When Angry They Can Land a Five Ton Death Dealing Kick.

E. Alexander Powell in the Outing magazine throws some light on the theory that an elephant is clumsy. When annoyed a wild elephant has a unique method of dealing with the overpopulation evil. Mr. Powell says:

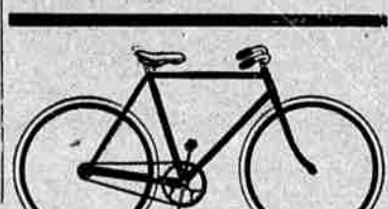
"Provided the noosers are working harmoniously, however, and given reliable and well trained decoys, the noosing of a wild elephant is in itself a sight worth traveling half around the world to see."

The animal to be roped having been again selected, the decoys closed in on either side of him until he was practically helpless. A nooser, lithe and active as an eel, slid down the pad rope of his decoy and, waiting until the attention of the captive had been momentarily distracted, slipped a thick noose of rawhide round the hind ankle of his prize.

"It is during this operation that the accidents usually occur, for should the captive suspect an enemy in his rear he can lunge out a five ton kick to a distance of a dozen feet, and that evening the nooser's relatives assemble for the funeral."

Great Tonic.

Drug Clerk—Say, you remember that bottle of the new tonic you sold Bill Martin? The Proprietor—Yes. What about it? The Clerk—Why, Bill drank the whole bottle and went home and whipped his wife. And she wants to know what we are going to do about it. The Proprietor—Going to do about it? I have it! Sell her two bottles and tell her to go home and get even.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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\$3.25 Ladies' Patent Cloth Top Sale Price \$2.55

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\$2.25 Ladies' Comforts Sale Price \$1.75

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