

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS
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NEW STUNTS AT PENDLETON.

Freedom is it given to an audience of twenty thousand people to witness a coyote, wolf or rabbit chase but this is not what has been provided as one of the features of the September roundup, by Pendleton men who are real providers of new attractions. Best thorough-bred fox hounds, trained to the hunt, are to be seen and heard in close pursuit of the elusive and well-known animals by virtue of a contract which has just been entered into by W. Collins, director of non-competitive events and Leon B. and Walter J. Kenworth of Dayton, Wash.

For the last five months Mr. Collins has been in communication with the former Kenworth, who is a prominent attorney of Dayton and in a letter just received from him, he states that he has already procured four jack rabbits, and three coyotes for the chase and has a possibility of securing at least one big timber wolf. Walter J. Kenworth, a brother of the attorney, is a prominent stockman of Columbia county, Washington, and the owner of a stable of thoroughbred horses and a kennel of registered hounds, says the Pendleton East Oregonian. Through his brother he has contracted to bring these horses, hounds and wild animals to Pendleton during the roundup, turning the latter loose in the park during the performances, put his hounds on the trail and allow the spectators to witness an exhibition of a popular prairie pastime.

However, lest an humanitarian shudder at the thoughts of hounds tearing their prey to pieces before an agitating multitude, the roundup directors have announced that they have specified in their contract that both dogs and their quarry shall be muzzled in order to prevent either from getting a taste of blood. Riders will also follow close on the trail of the hounds in order to rescue rather than kill the victims of the chase.

Roundup park being tightly enclosed, the entire chase will not pass the sight of the audience. The novelty as well as the excitement of such a feature is expected to make it one of the most popular of the three day succession of thrills.

The postoffice department has issued an order restraining dogs from biting rural mail carriers. The educated dogs who read the order will probably obey it.

The flea is now blamed by the government for the spread of the bubonic plague. It is much easier to place responsibility on the flea than to place your finger on him.

It's up to every man to become more ornate than ever before in swathing his and mosquitoes. Fashion writers predict that men will soon discard trousers for kilts.

After all, the spectators at the Olympic won't know what real sport is until they see the games in a world's series.

It is now claimed by a Boston scientist that soap is a conveyor of disease. This explains why hoboes are so healthy.

It is said that there are 50,000 windowless rooms in New York. And New York hasn't many militant lady suffragists, either.

There can't be any doubt that Governor Marshall is the real thing as a Democrat of the old Jeffersonian school. He chews tobacco.

So many politicians are now on the corn field fence that it's going to be a bad season for crows.

So fierce are the fights within the Bill Moose party that it may turn out to be twins.

La Follette is now called the "hermit progressive." He is flocking strictly by himself.

"This Is My 51st Birthday."

Louis B. Hanna.

Louis B. Hanna, representative in Congress from North Dakota and Republican candidate for governor of that state in the election next November, was born in New Brighton, Pa., August 9, 1861. When twenty years old he removed to North Dakota where he engaged later in banking and in other financial and industrial enterprises. Mr. Hanna's public career dates from 1895, in which year he was elected to the lower branch of the North Dakota legislature. Later he served several terms in the State senate. He was elected to congress on the Republican ticket in 1909 and is now serving his second term.

Congratulations to:

Charles Nagel, secretary of commerce and labor in President Taft's cabinet, 63 years old today.

Marvin Hughitt, for many years president of the Chicago and North-western Railway, 75 years old today.

Curtis H. Gregg, representative in Congress of the Twenty-second district of Pennsylvania, 47 years old today.

PORTLAND ARTIST HERE

(Continued from page one)

are bidding farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Webster, of Chicago, who came to the coast last July for a few days, but found Oregonians such enthusiastic art patrons that he postponed his commissions abroad and extended his stay in order to paint the numerous commissions that came after the successful loan exhibition given last August at the Bower hotel.

This delightful climate is so conducive to a painter's work that Mr. Webster has decided to spend part of each year here and is taking a number of miniature portraits of Portland people to Europe with him to be finished upon return to Oregon. Working as he does in either life-sized oil or ivory miniature, Mr. Webster is always able to paint either a large or small picture, and to his love for the out-of-doors, many of his Portland friends are indebted for the charming little sketches he has made and given out as souvenirs of his visit. Spending the winter in Salem he succeeded in making a series of life-sized oil portraits of A. Bush, Sr. Many art lovers who have journeyed to Salem to view these wonderful portraits (in their charming hand carved frames) feel their equal would be hard to find on the coast, for aside from being wonderfully artistic, they are excellent likenesses.

Having completed 26 portraits since coming to Oregon, Webster finishes his California work, and is booked to sail for France in October, where he has important commissions. He is also to paint a series of story-telling pictures of the Louis XIV period.

Although an American, Webster spends much of his time abroad. He was a student of the Royal Academy, Munich, Germany, and an associate in England of the famous painter-etcher, Alexander Haig. Mr. and Mrs. Webster expect to return to Portland and establish a studio in November, 1914.

Power of Conscience.

A young man deserts his wife and child, leaving them in destitute circumstances. He goes to New York, meets wealthy people and through their influence makes money. One night he makes a wager that he will spend the night in the "Chamber of Horrors" at the museum. His bet is taken. His wife, forced to steal a bottle of milk to sustain her child, also seeks refuge in the Chamber of Horrors from the pursuing officers and they meet. He thinks that she is an apparition appearing to taunt him because of his cruel neglect, and because of the power of conscience he nerves and mind give way and he falls dead at her feet. This story is graphically shown in the picture, "Conscience" shown at the Elite Friday and Saturday and features Maurice Costello as the husband. This insures a great picture.

LOST—Ladies' gold watch on Adams avenue between Oak street and Palace restaurant on Depot street. Finder leave at Palace restaurant or phone Main 15. 8-9-12

NEW TALES
THAT ARE TOLD

Champ Clark Reminiscent.

Sitting in his office one day after a visit to Kentucky, Champ Clark became reminiscent when the name of Proctor Knott of that state was mentioned and began:

"The first lawsuit I ever saw or heard was tried by Proctor Knott. It was a little town in Kentucky, a temperance town, but a fellow named Perkins ran a drug store and sold Log Cabin Bitters, which was famous, but



"PERKINS SHOT PETERS WITH A PISTOL" contained the worst whisky ever known. Perkins was shot in the shin at Shiloh."

I do not know what that last remark had to do with the story, but the speaker omits no interesting details. He continued:

"A fellow named Tom Peters got full of those bitters and went after Perkins with a bowie knife. Perkins shot him with a one barreled pistol, which had been made by a blacksmith. They had a trial, and I ran away from school to see it."

"Proctor Knott sent down to Springfield and got a deal bag full of law books—first I had ever seen."

"During the trial an old doctor about three-fourths full of whisky was called to testify as to whether Peters would get well. The doctor said he would, that he'd get as fat as a butter ball, that he'd die in three years, but before he died he'd turn green, because he had been shot through the liver. It was the first time I ever knew that a man had a liver."

"I watched that fellow like a hawk. He did get as fat as a butter ball. He started for California and died in the Rockies in just about three years. Whether he turned green or not I never knew."—New York Tribune.

THE SOCIAL CODE
AT WASHINGTON.Experience of a Visitor at a
White House Reception.

Jeffersonian simplicity, of which so much is said, received quite a jar at one of the recent White House receptions. One of the guests, who was not in the best of health, felt so faint and ill after the ordeal of standing for an hour in a dense throng before she could pass along the receiving line of the presidential party that the senator who accompanied her took her "behind the line" and found a chair for her. The woman, who was from a distant city, had never attended a White House reception before and did not know that the etiquette of foreign courts was being grafted on official society in Washington. The senator, telling her to sit there until she felt better, crossed the room to speak to a friend. She had been sitting only a minute or two when a woman of commanding figure approached her and said pointedly:

"Mrs. Taft is still standing."

"Is she?" inquired the guest innocently.

"It is not considered proper for any one to sit when Mrs. Taft stands," explained the commanding one, who was evidently of the receiving party.

"Well," said the guest, "I can't help it. I felt so faint that Senator Dash told me to sit here, and I still feel very ill."

"That makes no difference," retorted the other. "We have to stand until we drop. You'll have to get up."

But as this decree was not backed up with actual force the guest continued to sit.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Proud Duke.

An English importer told a story illustrative of the pride of the late Duke of Fife.

"A very rich woman in Grosvenor square," he said, "once asked the duke to dinner in terms like these:

"Mrs. Parvett's social secretary is desired to invite the Duke of Fife to dinner on the 7th instant at 8 o'clock."

"To this invitation came back the answer:

"The Duke of Fife's pipe is desired to inform Mrs. Parvett's social secretary that the Duke of Fife declines her invitation."—Washington Star.

BRIDGE OF THE SEAS.

The Isthmus From Which Every Other Isthmus Has Been Named.

The "Bridge of the Seas" is the striking name which I'ndar gives to the narrow isthmus which connects the gulf of Corinth with the Aegean sea. It is one of the most interesting strips of soil on the five continents. It is the isthmus par excellence of all the world, for from its Greek name, Isthmia, every other isthmus has been named.

The ancients were not good sailors. They never went by sea where they could conveniently go by land, and to cross this narrow neck of land, only four miles wide, saved them many a weary league of sailing around a stormy coast in going from the Peloponnesus to Attica and indeed from Europe to Asia.

The southeastern point of Attica was especially dangerous, and an old proverb used to run, "When you are rounding Cape Malla forget all you have at home." Indeed, navigation in these seas was almost wholly abandoned in the winter months, and we remember that in the graphic account of St. Paul's shipwreck he advised the captain to winter in the Cretan harbor of Fair Havens. Through disregarding this advice disaster came to ship and crew and prisoners alike.

No wonder, then, that the isthmus, which the ancient city of Corinth dominated, became at one time the busiest and perhaps the most notable strip of land which the world knew. More battles have been fought, more dynasties established or dethroned, just here in all probability than in any other spot on the earth's surface.—Christian Herald.

A ROYAL FEATHER CLOAK.

Kalaka'ua Couldn't Wear It, and His Groom Disgraced It.

When King Kalaka'ua of Hawaii visited Japan many years ago he was very anxious to exhibit to the Japanese his famous royal feather cloak. It did not look well draped over the regular costume of the king, which was based on European military models. It was out of the question to wear it draped over brown cuticle, as was the ancient fashion. Finally it was decided to let Robert, one of his attendants, wear it.

William N. Armstrong, the king's attorney general, said: "This additional service delighted Robert, who now, according to a confidential statement made to his Japanese attendant, was 'keeper of the royal standard,' 'groom of the feather cloak' and 'valet in ordinary.' Seated in the imperial car, on the way to the king's suit had suddenly seen Robert sitting in state in the imperial car dressed in a silk hat, white gloves and with the gorgeous royal cloak draped over his shoulders, the attendant being completed by a group of Japanese attendants who were standing before him lost in admiration."

"But Robert was scarcely equal to the dignity that was his. In his capacity of valet he preceded the party to the palace assigned to them and discovered there abundance of wines and spirits, which he consumed until they arrived. He was found asleep in the king's bedchamber with the silk hat far down over his head and the gorgeous cloak askew on his shoulders. He was at once deposed from his office of 'groom of the feather cloak.'"

No, He Doesn't Drink.

"I'm sure that my husband doesn't drink," said the bride.

"That so?" asked the old timer.

"Yes, but he has one very peculiar habit. He's terribly fond of cloves."

Breakfast Food Literature.

Brownie—There's lots of food for thought in this magazine story, Greene—Full of meat, eh? Brownie—No. It's a serial.—Judge.



FREE

To Every Woman

Bring this advertisement to our Notion Department not later than one week from today and receive, absolutely free, a regular 10c card of

Wilson Dress-hooks

These popular new Dress-hooks are not ordinary hooks and eyes or snaps—they will completely overcome your dress-fastening difficulties. The free cards are not samples but the same value for which you would regularly pay 10c.

We make this most unusual and liberal offer as we are confident you will find Wilson Dress-hooks the very thing you have always wanted. They can't come unhooked or "pop" open accidentally. They hold securely without bulge or gap, though you can unhook them with perfect ease. Guaranteed not to rust or crush in washing and ironing, and to outlast any garment; perfectly flat and never show.

Don't neglect this opportunity to try the Wilson Dress-hooks you have seen so widely advertised in the leading magazines and style books. Used by fashionable women everywhere and endorsed by leading dressmakers.

Cut Out this Advertisement

and present at our Notion Department. Large and small sizes; Gray, Black and White colors. One dozen on a card. We can not give a card to any one who has received a card free from any merchant or the Wilson Dress-hook Co., Cleveland, O. Note given to children.

N. K. West
The Quality StoreWatermelon
AND
Cantaloupes

ON ICE

For Sunday

43 PHONE 43

J. G. Snodgrass
Quality Grocer

Comfort Going Home

and comfort that wife will appreciate, is a box of our delicious and pure Ice Cream, the most tempting and satisfying you ever tasted. We have it in all the popular flavors and as we make it ourselves, in our own model kitchens we can positively guarantee the purity of every ingredient and perfect cleanliness in the handling. One trial will make you a regular buyer.

Selder's - La Grande