

# PROGRESSIVE SPEECH FRIDAY

## SAN FRANCISCAN TO ADDRESS VOTERS.

Comes in Interest of the Roosevelt-Johnson Candidacies.

An orator of national fame will be here Friday night in interest of Colonel Roosevelt and Governor Johnson, Albert J. Loeb of San Francisco under the direction of the national committee will make six speeches in Oregon and La Grande, again fortunate, comes in for one of them. Mr. Loeb will arrive at La Grande at 9:45 a. m. Friday, the 12th and will spend the day here. He will address the citizens of La Grande and vicinity at 8 p. m. in Honan hall.

No doubt voters of all parties will be anxious to hear an orator of such national fame. (pd ad)

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HONEY AND LARD COMPOUND  
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**PHOTOPLAY**  
...OFFERINGS...

- News of the "movies"—
- Gossip of the pictures—
- Newest photodramas and—
- Comedies of the screen.

Where to Go in La Grande.

Beautiful Picture at Arcade Tonight  
The two reel feature "UNDINE" at the Arcade is without doubt the most beautiful production ever shown there, the Gaumont Weekly is very interesting, there is a good comedy and the program closes with Smith & Pullman expert dancers. This is a first class program and every number is a feature.

# FLY KILLING WAR NEAR END

## WINDUP TO COME AND WINNERS PICKED.

Fly Killers to Pose For Photograph After Campaign Ends.

The Scouts' campaign against the flies will close at nine o'clock Wednesday morning, Oct. 16th. Every Scout must report before nine o'clock to have his record counted. All are to come on that morning with fly swatters, etc., in order that they may have a picture taken. Every fellow who has been in the contest should be on hand. The winners will be announced in the Wednesday evening paper and the prizes presented at the general Scout meeting of all troops at Troop 2 headquarters Friday night, October 18th.

The standing to date:

Claude Holbrook	429,270
Joe Reynolds	400,000
Fred Beck	220,000
Lynn Wright	171,150
Ralph Westering	148,517
Frank Thomas	117,606
Stephen Burley	95,090
Campbell Garrick	92,050
Julian Ash	29,885
Boy Almsworth	26,543
Claude Finley	25,087
Amsley Strong	22,950
Guy Davis	13,200
George McDonald	10,846
Kenneth Williamson	9,362
Albert Curry	4,142
Lucien Leonard	2,000
Kenneth Keeney	925
Philip Heidenrich	500
Total	1,768,133

## BAKER'S PUBLIC SALE.

Cove Man To Sell Off Much property.  
G. M. Baker will have a public sale at his farm, one and one-half miles north of Cove, on Thursday, October 24, at which time he will sell 17 head of horses, 31 head of cattle, 19 head of hogs and a long list of farm implements and miscellaneous goods. T. B. Johnson is the auctioneer.  
w/ky-Oct. 4-11-19

# A Woman's Vengeance

By BIANCA CAROLI

The Italian women of the middle ages were, some of them, as much given to adventure as the men. About the middle of the sixteenth century the Mancini family were prominent and rich at Venice. A brother and a sister in the family were devoted to each other, the brother being a delicate young man given to study rather than to arms. Bianca, his sister, was unlike him, fond of manly sports and constantly regretted that she had not been born a man that she might indulge in them without restraint. Possibly this dissimilarity is what united the brother and sister. The one was gentle, refined, intellectual, the other naturally aggressive and without much mental cultivation.

Nevertheless Bianca possessed a fair face and figure and had a number of suitors. Among them was Leonardo Donadio, a man with a bad reputation and therefore undesirable. Bianca told him, as she had told all the others, that she would not marry because she did not wish to be separated from her brother.

One afternoon, when she was lounging with the social magnates, as was the custom on St. Mark's square, looking down the Grand canal she saw a gondola approaching, and when it came nearer she recognized her family colors. The gondola was pulled up near the pillar bearing the winged lions of St. Mark's, and Bianca, under a presentiment that something bad gone wrong, went to meet it. As the boat came up, there, lying in the gondola, his cloak red with blood, was the dead body of her brother. She stood gazing at it for some moments, paralyzed. She did not faint; she did not cry out. Her first words were:

"Who has done this murder?"  
"Leonardo Donadio, signorina," replied the gondolier. "He met your brother on the Rialto and said to him, 'You will not stand long between me and your sister.' They fought and your brother fell pierced to the heart. He was no match for that ruffian, who is the best swordsman in Venice."

Those were queer times, and Donadio had a faint hope that even after what he had done he might still win Bianca. She was not seen abroad after her brother's death, and finally it was learned that she had left Venice. Where she had gone or what she had done for was not known.  
Six months passed, during which time nothing was seen or heard of Bianca. Donadio, who was wildly in love with her, seemed crazed by her

withdrawal. Had she remained in Venice and lashed him with a torrent of invective he could have borne up under it, but this vacancy she had left, this nothingness, was agonizing. He shut himself up in his house and would not go out of it.

One day while a gondola was passing under his window he heard two men in it speaking of a young man who had recently arrived from Naples and had opened a fencing academy. As they were passing out of hearing he heard one of them say, "Not even the skill of Donadio could prevail against him."

This was the only thing that could have aroused the recense from his despondency. He would go and see this fencer, and if he appeared to be worthy of his step he would insure him and to adding him would show that Donadio's death had not appeared.

The next day he left his house for the first time, not by water but walking one of the narrow interior passages. He had scarcely closed the door behind him when the narrow way was blocked by a young man, whose black beard covered his whole face. The beard contrasted with the man's complexion, which was soft and clear more like wax than flesh and blood.

"How now, Signor Donadio?" said the man. "Where are you going after your long stay shut up in your home?"  
Donadio, thinking the man some one he had met, but forgotten, told him that he was going to a new fencing school he had heard had been opened.

"You do not need to go there to meet the new fencing master. He stands before you."  
Putting off the beard, the stranger displayed the features of Bianca Mancini. Donadio recoiled, for with the other hand Bianca drew her rapier.

"You got rid of what you considered the only barrier between you and me—my brother. You now see another barrier, myself, which you are to dispose of in the same way. I have been educated under the best masters of the art of fencing in Rome and Naples. Draw! I returned to meet you, but since you never left your home I have been obliged to draw you out by stratagem."

Donadio could not go aside not straight ahead, the passage being blocked. Thinking to dominate the woman, he drew his sword, resolving to harm her first and talk with her afterward. He was soon astonished at the skill with which she parried his thrusts. She did not at once assume the offensive, evidently feeling a vindictive relish in playing with him. Then suddenly she began to press him with rapid and well executed thrusts. Donadio, who had not handled a sword since he had killed her brother, found himself no match for this fury, whose blade glittering before him dazzled him. Then he felt the cold steel in his side, and as he fell he was stabbed again and again. The last picture that faded from his gaze was one of vengeance—the face of the woman he loved.

**Dickens' Den.**  
Dickens' care for his material surroundings did not end with his bedroom. His favorite writing place at Gadshill was a Swiss chalet in the shrubbery, and this he fitted up in a most ingenious fashion. "I have put mirrors in the chalet where I write," he says in one of his letters, "and they reflect and refract in all kinds of ways the leaves that are quivering at the windows and the great fields of waving corn and the tall dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees, and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and the shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles is most delicious."  
—London Chronicle.

**Judging the Colt.**  
The Arabs have two methods of estimating the height to which a colt will grow, the first being to stretch a cord from the nostril over the ears and down along the neck and compare this measurement with that from the withers to the feet and the other method being to compare the distance between the knee and the withers with that from the knee to the coronet. In the first method it is considered that a colt will grow as much taller as the first measurement exceeds that of the second, and in the second method, if the proportion is as two to one, the horse will grow no taller.

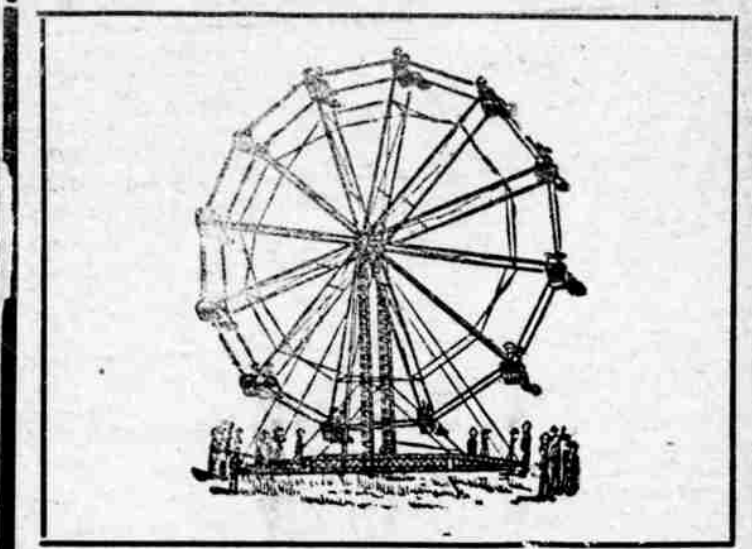
**Pedestrians.**  
A teacher in a primary school was endeavoring to make clear to her class the meaning of the words "equestrianism" and "pedestrianism" when she put this query to one small boy:  
"What is a pedestrian?"  
"He is one of those fellows," said the boy, "who makes an awful kick when an automobile runs him down."  
—New York Press.

**COMMUNICATED.**  
Editor Observer:—  
Since you have seen fit to publish as a news item, what purports to be

# Hurrah Hurrah Hurrah

## LA GRANDE BIG FREE STREET FAIR AND FALL FESTIVAL

6 GLORIOUS DAYS & NIGHTS 6  
Commencing Monday, October 14  
Ending Saturday, October 19  
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**GREAT PARKER SHOWS**



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### and Strictly Moral Attractions and PARKER TRAINED WILD ANIMAL CIRCUS.

with Lions, Tigers, Bears, Leopards, dogs and ponies which perform many wonderful feats at the command of the European trainers. 100 big features to be seen. 350 artists and strange people from all parts of the world, traveling in their special train of 32 double length cars.

a report by A. S. Wells, deputy state food and dairy commissioner on the superior quality of the Blue Mountain Creamery ice cream, we would suggest that you reprint—for the benefit of those interested in the high cost of living—the following article that was given to a Portland paper of recent date by Mr. Wells, showing the conditions of the different plants he inspected while here.

**Short-Weight Butter Found.**  
"A. S. Wells, deputy state chemist in the office of the state food and dairy commissioner, returned yesterday from an inspection tour in Eastern Oregon, where he examined the food and dairy dispensaries at Pendleton and La Grande. With one exception, that of the Blue Mountain Creamery, at La Grande, all of the plants were found to be in fair condition, he said. Discovery that several grocery stores were selling short-weight butter led to an inspection of the Blue Mountain Creamery. On trial the managers pleaded guilty and paid a fine of \$25, which fully covered the expenses of the deputy on his recent trip.

The court records show that one, Eugene Sedlow, was arrested on the charge mentioned in the state chemist's report and that he was taken before Justice Williams of this city, fined \$25, that he paid the fine and \$6.30 costs, and was discharged.

W. A. MARTIN.

# MONEY!

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