

THE OBSERVER

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PRESIDENT WILSON

It is settled. The county as a whole grew tired of Republican fights within the ranks of the majority party and did what seemed to many justifiable—voted the Democratic ticket throughout the nation.

And in doing so they elected Hon. Woodrow Wilson as president. Perhaps it is for the best. Perhaps the Republican party will be taught a lesson. And in speaking of the Republican party, no other meaning can be taken than that the Bull Moose party this year was a wing—a rebellious wing of the Republican party. It was justifiably rebellious, but had there been no Bull Moose party Wilson would still have won over President Taft.

President Wilson will enter upon his duties with the best support possible for him to have, from the Democratic viewpoint. He has a congress of his own political faith and there is nothing to prevent complete Democratic lawmaking and execution.

But, bear in mind, Mr. Wilson is president of the entire nation. Whether you voted for him or not, he is your president now and everyone's duty is to give all the support possible for the good things that he will advocate and denounce the bad things—should he advocate the bad ones.

Ed. Kiddle and John S. Hodgins are still running. Their race was a long one, for they will likely run until the official count. The same is true of Selling and Lane. But where is Bourne?

Oregon is still reasonably sane. At least the vote on Single Tax would indicate it. Also the vote on Governor West's pet law to abolish capital punishment.

THIS DATE IN HISTORY

- 1814—Gen. Andrew Jackson, with 2,000 Tennessee militia, drove the British from Pensacola.
1837—Elijah P. Lovejoy, anti-slavery editor, killed by a mob at Alton, Ill. Born at Albion, Me., Nov. 9, 1802.
1864—Second session of the second Confederate congress convened at Richmond.
1865—William R. Marshall, Republican, elected governor of Minnesota.
1873—Captain Fry and crew of the filibuster "Virginus" executed at Santiago de Cuba.
1874—Charlotte Cushman made her last appearance on the stage.
1878—Remains of the late A. T. Stewart stolen from the vault in St. Mark's churchyard in New York City.

1900—The Liberals carried the Canadian parliamentary elections.
1911—Mme. Currie of Paris awarded the Nobel prize for chemistry.

"THIS IS MY 65TH BIRTHDAY."

Charlotte M. Crabtree, the former actress, known in her long and successful career as "Lotta" was born in New York City, Nov. 7, 1847. Her first stage appearance was made at the age of six years, when she sang and danced for the entertainment of the miners at Petaluma, Cal. Ten years later she made her New York debut at Niblo's Garden and scored an immediate success. For thirty years starred in the United States and England and became one of the most popular actresses of her day. One of her best known parts was the Marchioness in "Little Hell." Some years ago she retired with a fortune estimated at about \$4,000,000 and has since resided the most of the time in Boston, where she has large real estate interests. Miss Crabtree has never married.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

A Story For Halloween

By JOEL WASHBURNE

Tom Biggs, tramp, was the son of respectable parents. As a boy he would neither study nor work. He was not only lazy but of a roving disposition. When he came to manhood and his father told him to go and earn a living under pretense of seeing the world he became a tramp.

One night Tom stopped at a house and asked for food. It was given him and he went away, but not finding any place to sleep except under the open heavens, and the night being chilly, he returned to the place at which he had got his supper, but instead of asking for a lodging within he went into the carriage house and pulling some cushions out of the vehicle he found there he spread them on the floor and went to sleep.

Tom slept till after midnight, when he awoke chilled through. Never had the fact that tramping did not pay taken possession of him so forcibly. He longed for a good bed, or, better still, for a crackling fire before which he might sit in an easy chair, toast his shins and drop off to sleep again thoroughly warmed. Through a window of the carriage house he saw a bright coal fire blazing in one of the lower rooms of the house. A desire took possession of him to go into that room and enjoy that fire. Going out he went to a window of the room in which it was burning, and standing on tiptoe looked in. There was nobody in the room, and he was tempted to try to effect an entrance and pass a short time before that cheerful blaze.

Putting his hand to the window sash, he discovered that it had been left un-locked. He raised it and climbing in by the window stepped down on to the floor and shut the sash after him. An easy chair stood near and he rolled it to the fire cautiously so as not to make a noise. Then he sat down and revelled in the warmth. But he did not dare to sleep, for if found there

in the morning doubtless he would be handed over to the police. So he sat thinking how much more comfortable it was after all to have a roof over one's head than to be a tramp.

An illustrated calendar stood on the mantel before him, and in one of the spaces he noticed the word Halloween. Then he remembered that he was sitting there on the anniversary that young girls look for a sight of the men they are to marry.

Marry. What had he to do with that word? He was a rolling stone gathering no moss. What girl would think of marrying him, at least what girl in the circle in which he had been brought up? The thought was far from pleasant.

Finding himself getting drowsy, he arose from his chair, and it occurred to him to make an exploration. The only thing of any value he carried was an electric lamp that he had bought from a small boy for a dime. He found it very serviceable in nosing about where he had no business, hunting for some soft place on which to sleep. Cautiously opening a door, he saw by the firelight that it led into a hall. Closing the door behind him, he pressed the button on his lamp and, treading lightly, went about on the lower floor, where he did not expect to find any one, for he thought the occupants of the house were all in bed on the upper floor.

After having explored this floor he was tempted to mount the stairs. This he did stealthily in the dark, feeling his way. When he reached the landing he listened to hear persons breathing or perhaps snoring. Everything was still as a churchyard at midnight. Pressing the button of his lamp, he saw that a bedroom into which he was looking was empty. Passing along the hall, he listened at every door and, finding them all opened, risked a flash of his lamp and found them empty.

Tom was thunderstruck. Either the house in which he had heard merry-making a few hours ago was deserted or the occupants were asleep on the third floor. He went up there, but found no one. His sensations were peculiar. A tramp, he was in possession of a house—a house that had been deserted within a brief space of time.

For the time being he possessed a roof over his head. He could sleep in any of its beds; he could eat up everything in its larder. For the first time in his life he felt the pleasure of possession. True, by returning day, if not before, he would be deprived of his domicile, but for the present he was master of the premises. He went down stairs, hunted up something to eat, found a bottle of ale and enjoyed a good supper. From a box of cigars on a sideboard he took one, and, seating himself in the easy chair before the fire, he enjoyed the fragrance of the weed.

On the wall before him hung the portrait of a young girl. She looked at him roguishly as if she sympathized with him in his inheritance and thought it all a good joke. He fell to dreaming that this was his permanent home and the girl his bride. Then a resolution came to him.

"By Jove, I'll do it!" he exclaimed starting up, with a spasm of energy entirely new to him. Going to a desk on which were writing materials, he wrote a note stating the facts about his temporary occupancy of the house, setting forth the words, "Some day I'm going to buy this house and marry the girl whose portrait hangs on the wall in this room."

Tom then wrote out an I O U for a dollar to cover the cost of his entertainment payable "when I have made the money to pay it." Then, not daring to go asleep again lest he should be caught by some one belonging there, he went out into the night and fished it in a neighboring wood.

It was Halloween. The first child of approaching winter had come, and in a certain room of a certain house a cheerful coal fire was blazing in the grate. A girl sat before it dreaming of the Halloweens she had passed and the childlike faith she had had that she might be afforded in some way a glimpse of the man she would marry. She was now twenty and considered herself altogether too old for such superstitions. Indeed, they had given place to something more real, something that had remained with her ever since its occurrence.

It happened at the time of her aunt's death. Late at night a telegram had come announcing that she could not live till morning. Mabel Hinckley and her mother had thrown a few things into a suit case, locked the doors and started on foot to the station, but a short distance from the house, to catch the 11 o'clock train. After a week's absence they had returned and found a bit of paper on the mantel over the fireplace on which had been written, "Some day I'm going to buy this house and marry the girl whose portrait hangs on the wall in this room." A due bill for a dollar to pay for what had been appropriated accompanied the paper.

Mabel's mother had been impressed only with the hazard of going away from her home and leaving it to take care of itself. The occasion of their departure and the hurry involved had caused them to leave a window unlocked, and they had not even taken time to put out the fire burning in the grate. It was a wonder, she said, the house had not been ransacked. With Mabel it was different. A girl

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The QUALITY STORE WEST'S The QUALITY STORE

must be devoid not only of romance, but an interest in her personal appearance, who would not be moved by such a note as she had found on her return. It was now three years since it had been received, and she had not ceased to wonder if the writer would keep his word. Evidently he had not thus far kept it as to buying the house, for having received an offer for more than it was worth—an offer they could not afford to decline—they had sold it and to a man with a wife and a family of children. The property had passed out of their hands, but they were to occupy it till the following spring. As for the man who had made himself at home in it, he had not yet come a-wooing. Indeed, not a word had ever been heard from him.

Mabel Hinckley sat before the fireplace on Halloween night wondering what had become of the person who had been charmed with her picture. It hung where it had hung when he entered the house, and as she looked at it she mused:

"When that picture was taken I was barely sixteen. I am now twenty and much changed. If he comes and proves to be a gentleman and attractive and all that, when he sees me he will probably not be so much pleased with me as with my likeness taken four years ago. Twenty is quite old for a girl. Heigho! If he's coming I wish he would come."

The clock on the mantel struck 11, and, arising, she started to go upstairs to bed. A mirror hung on the wall, and she paused to have a look at her face to see if she was really very much changed. The mirror faced the fireplace and a window beside it. Suddenly she saw reflected in the mirror the face of a man at the window.

If it had not been Halloween and if the face at the window had been repulsive Miss Mabel Hinckley would have screamed. As it was she stood perfectly still. The eyes of the stranger were darting here and there, finally resting on the face in the glass, which was as plain to him as the face at the window was to her. When the two pairs of eyes met there was a momentary recoil on the part of the man; then a half dubious, half imploring smile came over his face. It was answered by the lips reflected in the mirror, which gave it more confidence. And why not? Surely it was Halloween, and what girl on that evening on seeing a face reflected in a mirror would doubt that she was looking upon her future husband?

There was more in the face in the window than this. Something told the girl that she was looking upon the man who had written her that he would some day come to marry her. Furthermore, she saw a frank, ingenuous face, and the smile it wore was very winning.

The girl turned, advanced to the window, threw up the sash and extended a hand to admit the stranger.

When he stood in the room before her he began:

"I am"— She lowered her eyes to the floor. "I am the man who three years ago, fancying that the world was intended to be seen rather than for a workshop, made a tramp of myself. I came in here one night, saw your picture, and it made a great change in me. I promised myself that I would go to work and make the money to buy this house. That I have done through another person. I promised myself that I would come and marry you. I cannot do so without your consent."

He was a stranger to her. But she had been waiting for him for three years. It was Halloween, and he stood looking down upon her with that pleasant smile. She said nothing, but he knew what she meant.

A Log on the Track

of the fast express means serious trouble ahead if not removed, so does loss of appetite. It means lack of vitality, loss of strength and nerve weakness. If appetite fails, take Electric Bitters quickly to overcome the cause by toning up the stomach and curing the indigestion. Michael Heshelmer of Lincoln, Neb., had been sick over three years, but six bottles of Electric Bitters put him right on his feet again. They have helped thousands. They give pure blood, strong nerves, good digestion. Only 50 cents at all druggists.

Mabel McInrey was returned to the vaudeville stage.

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