

TWO CONCERT STARS THAT ARE COMING TO LA GRANDE FRIDAY



NOTE—Enclose 2 cent stamp with your name and address and your Grocer's name for premium list and souvenir free.

At your Grocer

FRUITMAN BUYS A RESIDENCE

FRANK TATMAN OWNER OF MRS. OLIVER'S RESIDENCE ON O.

Our Splendid Schools Drawing Many Farmers to the City.

F. H. Tatman, the well known Fruitdale fruit grower, yesterday through the Geo. H. Currey Real Estate agency, purchased the large rooming house built and occupied on the corner of 8th and O, by Mrs. Edna Swart Oliver, the consideration being about \$7000.00.

Mr. Tatman is joining our annually increasing list of valley farmers who are buying homes in La Grande. He will operate his orchard just the same as in the past, the change being induced largely to secure the benefit of our splendid school facilities offer. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver expect to rent until the weather conditions are favorable and will begin the construction of another home in the early spring.

Long Distance Laundry.

Some of the smart set Frenchmen of today send their linen to London to be washed. Their ancestors used to go even further afield in search of good laundry work. So far back as the sixteenth century Frenchmen had their washing done in Holland, where the soft water of the dikes was supposed to impart a special gloss to linen. This practice appears to have lasted until the close of the eighteenth century, for Sebastian Mercier, in his "Tableau de Paris," published shortly before the French Revolution, protests against the patronage by the rich of the Dutch, to the exclusion of native laundresses. Still more remarkable is the fact mentioned in the "Memoires du Comte de Vauvillan," that wealthy merchants in Bordeaux used to send their linen all the way to San Domingo to be washed. —London Tatler.

A Spool Trick.

Run a pin its whole length through the middle of a card. Place the card on the end of a spool in such a way as to allow the pin to hang down in the hole in the spool. Hold the spool upright and blow into the open end. However hard you blow, you will not be able to force the card away. If you blow steadily you can even turn the spool downward and the card will still refuse to drop.

The card is held in place by suction. The thin film of air escaping with much force in all directions between the end of the spool and the card presents a smooth surface to which the card adheres as it would to glass, but with greater force, for the film of air is even smoother than glass. The pin serves only to prevent the card from working off at one side. —Youth's Companion.

An Elusive Painting.

I. Carroll Beckwith, the artist, once told a story about a weird painting he happened to run across in a little art shop in Paris. He looked at it for some time with interest, thinking it to be a design for a Persian rug.

"What a nice hearth rug!" he remarked appreciatively to the saleswoman.

"Nonsense!" replied she. "That's not a hearth rug. That's a portrait!" And she proceeded to point out hands and features in what to Beckwith was simply a bewildering mass of paint.

"Do you really see all that?" asked Beckwith with admiration.

"Oh, as to seeing it," answered the saleswoman, "you never can tell. Sometimes we see it and sometimes we don't." —New York Post.

Asphalt and an Accident.

Asphalt, with which so many roads are paved, was found by accident. Many years ago in Switzerland natural rock asphalt was discovered, and for more than a century it was used for the purpose of extracting the rich stores of bitumen it contained. In time it was noticed that pieces of rock which fell from the wagons and were crushed by the wheels formed a marvelously fine road surface when assisted by the heat of the sun. A proper road of asphalt rock was then made, following upon the discovery, and in 1854 an experimental roadway was laid in Paris. From that time the use of rock asphalt for the making of roads and pavements has increased and extended to many countries.

He Could Dodge.

"There's nothing slow about Jones," he said reflectively.

The other laughed scornfully. "I guess you never loaned him any money," he said.

"Oh, yes, I have," replied the first speaker. "That's what made me speak that way. I loaned him \$10 six months ago, and I haven't been able to catch him since."

PEPPY'S LITTLE FEAST.

At Which the Diarist Fared Better Than He Did on Washday.

Mr. Samuel Pepys, of the famous "Diary," had rather more than his share of human weaknesses and frailties, but had he been a better man it is certain that his "Diary" would have been a duller book.

It is, for example, an undoubted fact that Mr. Pepys was something of a gourmand—was rather fonder of the table and of the delights thereof than a really wise man ought to have been. It is to this trait in his character and to his curious habit of jotting down rough notes of what he had had for dinner that we owe a thousand little details regarding the table of well-to-do Englishmen in the reign of his majesty King Charles II., of hilarious memory.

What will be thought of the following for a nice, dainty little meal? It is the menu of a little "feast," as he calls it, which the diarist gave every year in commemoration of his being operated on successfully for a dangerous disease. He proudly chronicles that the dishes on this occasion included "a fricassee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie—a most rare pie—a dish of anchovies and good wine of several sorts. And all things mighty and noble and to my great content," he adds complacently.

The number of guests on this occasion is not given, but at another time, with six guests, he has "after oysters a hash of rabbits and lamb and a rare chine of beef; next a great dish of roasted fowl—cost me about 30 shillings—and a tart, and then fruit and cheese."

About 10 o'clock at night he sends his guests away "after a good sack possett and cold meat." The whole will cost him, he observes, about £5—say £20 of present day English money.

These are what the diarist calls "feasts." On ordinary occasions the fare is, of course, much more modest—for instance:

"Dined at home with my wife. It being washing day, we had a good pie baked of a leg of mutton."

No doubt the poor man was thankful enough to get that, for one gathers from the "Diary" that he generally had cold meat on washing days. In those days, look you, washing day was—washing day. Mrs. Pepys and her "people"—two or three maids and a cook maid—did it themselves—no washerwomen, and the good lady and her helpers were generally up at 4 o'clock in the morning in summer.

Men Who Walked on All Fours.

In the kingdom of Poland there was formerly a law according to which any person found guilty of slander was compelled to walk on all fours through the streets of the town where he lived.

Accompanied by the bandle, as a sign that he was disgraced and unworthy of the name of man. At the next public festival the delinquent was forced to appear crawling upon hands and knees underneath the banqueting table and barking like a dog. Every guest was at liberty to give him as many kicks as he chose, and he who had been slandered must toward the end of the banquet throw a picked bone at the culprit, who, picking it up with his mouth, would leave the room on all fours.

An Easy Way to Stretch Shoes.

To ease a tight boot or shoe take a pair of shears—the longer the better—wrap the blades with cloth and insert the handles into the toe of the shoe; then spread apart the blades. That will, of course, spread the handles at the same time. If the shoe presses unduly in one particular spot place the round handle of the shears at the point of pressure; if it is desired to loosen the shoe equally from toe to instep turn the oval handle toward the side to be stretched. The stretching is made easier if the shoe is first moistened with alcohol. It does not injure the leather. —Youth's Companion.

The Misfit Accoutrement.

A recently appointed second lieutenant in the army on his first public appearance at one of the president's receptions had some difficulty with his sword and tripped over it several times while he was in line, says an exchange. It got between his legs and dangled about in a most perplexing way. "Young man," said a military official in a most kindly manner, "that thing you are wearing is a sword, not a burble." —Denver Republican.

Cautious Judge.

"Judge, why did you adjourn court for five minutes just now?"

"I felt that I had to sneeze."

"Yes?"

"And I feared if I sneezed on the bench the lawyers would make that the basis of a demand for a new trial." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Quite in Harmony.

First Doctor—Had a couple of rather odd patients this morning. Second Doctor—Indeed! Who were they? First Doctor—One of them was a bee-keeper with the hives and the other a grass widow with the hay fever. —Boston Transcript.

OCEAN DERELICTS.

Floating Perils That Drift With Winds and Currents.

A MENACE TO EVERY VESSEL.

These Vampires of the Sea, Some of Them Wholly Submerged, Are Dreaded by All Mariners—Methods of Locating and Destroying Them.

Today, according to Popular Electricity, there are about 2,000 derelicts in the waters of the world—floating perils that go where wind and currents bid them. Every sea is made hazardous by their presence. They have crashed into ocean liners and into junks of the China sea. To them all vessels are alike—something to be destroyed. They crash against them in the dead of night, when inky blackness hides their coming. Wrecks themselves, they seem to strive to drag all others to their own fate.

So they go drifting on the seven seas. More particularly they seem to swarm eagerly in the gulf stream.

From Cape Hatteras reaching north to the Grand banks of Newfoundland is the "graveyard of the Atlantic." It is a rolling waste where many ships are buried. It is a place where derelicts borne by the sweep of the gulf stream and the counterstream of the Labrador current dart about like angry sharks, eager to fasten their maws on the hull of some ship.

In the hydrographic office at some seaport the wireless is sounding. A message is coming through the void. It is a message of peril coming from a steamship. It warns that a derelict has been sighted squarely in the path of ocean travel. For days the men at the station have been waiting for word of this derelict. Its position on the chart that all hydrographic offices keep has not moved for a week. They have lost track of it. Its driftings are as a mystery. The station men have been unable to wire back over the seas warning captains of its whereabouts. Any moment they may hear that it has attacked and wrecked.

But now the derelict has come into the light. The Baltic has sighted it and sent a warning humming over the seas. Now the men at the station are quick to act. At a word from their chief they relay the message to the commander of the revenue cutter Seneca, lying by. The Seneca has been waiting for this message—waiting for the derelict's whereabouts to be revealed. And now, knowing them, it gets up steam and sails forth, a purger of the seas, on destruction bent.

Of derelicts there are two kinds—those that float observed and those that float unobserved. Most people imagine that wrecked ships are ultimately driven ashore and that vessels reported sinking at the time of abandonment go down soon after. That is not true. Abandoned ships breed vampires of the deep. For months they float. Waterlogged, half sunken, pitched and torn by storm, they yet somehow seem to survive. They will live in gales that send the stanchest vessels to the bottom. Only time can destroy them—that is, unless electricity takes a hand.

Too heavy to rise to the surface and yet not water soaked enough to sink to the bottom and remain there, they crawl along just under the riding swells. Their abiding place is nowhere. From the untraveled tracks of the seas they may be carried by a storm directly in the path of navigation. Whither they go no word goes before them. They descend unobserved, quietly, grimly. Not until they have struck is their presence known. Then they take their toll. They destroy a ship, and from it another of their kind is made. It is their way of multiplying and spreading the breed. That is why it is so important that they be destroyed.

But now the Seneca has steamed into the province of the derelict. High in the mast the lookout is casting his eyes on all sides. If he is not alert the derelict may attack those on board the Seneca. Self preservation is strong in a vampire.

But now the tip of a submerged mass rises above a distant swell. Caught in a sudden pitch of the sea, the derelict has revealed itself. From the lookout's nest the cry sounds. The speed of the Seneca is reduced. It moves slowly toward its quarry. And now the work of harnessing electricity for the destruction it must do begins. From the magazines are brought mines charged with sixty pound burdens of guncotton. From the storehouses are brought insulated electric cables and a hand magnet. A small boat is lowered, and the mines are taken on board. Then the boat rides over the sea toward the derelict, a risky ride if the swells are running high.

And the next comes the work of placing the mines where they will create the greatest explosions. If the wreck is submerged the task is more difficult. More mines must be used. Exquisite care must be employed in their placing. Finally the explosive charges are connected by means of the insulated electric cables, and the wrecking party draws off to a safe distance. The man with the hand magnet provides the

necessary current, the detonators of fulminate of mercury explode, the primers of dry guncotton are sent a harsh blow, the explosion is sufficient to loosen all the heavy powers of the masses of wet guncotton, and then the derelict flies apart, its bulk broken, its cables flying through the air, a scattering and rending of darkness the sudden splash as they hit the water again, the sound of a vampire dying.

The Best Cough Medicine.

"I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy ever since I have been keeping house," says L. C. Hames of Marbury, Ala. "I consider it one of the best remedies I ever used. My children have all taken it and it works like a charm. For colds and whooping cough it is excellent." For sale by all dealers.

WANT ADS

BRING
RESULTS

WANTED—Clean rags at the Observer office. Pay 2c per lb. 1-16-17

FOR SALE—Good four foot wood \$6 per cord. Call Main 90. 1-17-17

FURNISHED ROOMS with bath for rent. 1512 Adams avenue. Phone Black 1713. 1-15-1mo

WANTED—Boarders and roomers; 1601 Adams; phone Red 3291. Mrs. G. E. Moore. 1-17-17

FOR RENT—Rooms suitable for offices or light housekeeping. Inquire of B. F. Lewis, Lewis bldg. 1-24-17

FOR RENT—Furnished room with bath, close in. Inquire Observer. 1-28-17

FOR RENT—Furnished housekeeping rooms. Phone Black 3512. 1-27-17

FOR RENT—House on 1st and two acres of ground. North street and V avenue, 2 blocks east of school house. Phone Farm 205 or call Observer. 1-27-17

FURNISHED ROOM FOR RENT—Desirable location. Close in. Mrs. Frank Pike, 101 Greenwood, phone black 3832. 1-27-17

FOR RENT—Front room, close in, downstairs. Nicely furnished, private entrance. Can board next door 106 Greenwood. 1-29-17

FOR SALE—Good incubator at a bargain. Phone Black 1241. 1-28-17

STRAYED—1 year old brown yearling heifer branded "H K" on right hip. Half crop out of right ear, up per bit and half crop out of left ear. Came to William Henry ranch at Imbler about three months ago. Owner may have heifer by calling; and paying damages. 1-27-5

BALD BARLEY FOR SALE — Two tons—bargain. Address Box 422, L. Grande. 1-30-3t

WANTED—Girl for general house work. Call 902 Penn. av. Phone Main 715. 1-30-1

FOR SALE—Jersey cow, fresh, two years old, also 2 shoats, 100 chickens. Small house, good barn, four acres land for rent. Apply to F. Liley, west end of Penn. avenue 1-31-17

FOR SALE—One to 4 lots lying on brow of hill overlooking city. Ed. Small tract just outside city limits. room house and barn. Will all consider sale on terms. Edw. V. Kammerer, Phone Black 1532. 1-31-17

WANTED—Woman wishes work 1 the day. Phone Red 501. 1-30-

WANTED—Lady wishes work by the day. Phone Red 581. 1-30-

STRAYED OR STOLEN — Jersey milk cow. Leave information with Jerry McKennon, Red 431. 13-

LOST—Jersey cow strayed from J. Stoddard farm in Fruitdale. H. halter on. Finder return and receive reward. 1-31-

FOR RENT—Six room cottage First street. Call Mrs. Rynears. Red 3651. 1-31