

MAGPIES PUT ON THE BAN

LOCAL GAME SPORTS WILL SLAY ON NIGHT.

Wing, Fin and Fleetfoot Club Will Organize Killing Campaign.

Magpies in Union county are doomed. Members of the Wing, Fin and Fleetfoot club are organizing systematic butchery of the preying bird and hereafter magpies had best keep far hence from members of this club. At the first regular meeting since the organization, held last night, this matter was discussed at length. Although the magpie has many admirers, and few know its carnivorous habits, the fact remains that more game birds are destroyed by this cowardly prey bird than through any other source, save coyotes. Defenseless birds and even quadrupeds are preyed upon by this malignant bird and the club is well justified in its banded attack on the bird. Not only will the local club members slay this bird at every opportunity but other gun clubs in Eastern Oregon will be drafted into the campaign of extermination. If the club has its way every magpie in Eastern Oregon will be a withered dropping bunch of dead feathers and dried up carcass before another year rolls by.

J. T. Williamson and Larry Larri-son, both members of the club, were particular leaders in starting the

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campaign. In the Burns country Mr. Larri-son asserted, winter-worn cat-tle are literally killed by magpies, the birds packing away at the cattle's backs until they die.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMEND- MENT A LAW

Washington, Feb. 25.—The in-come tax amendment went into effect at noon in a formal pro-ceeding issued by Secretary of state Knox. It is the first consti-tutional amendment enacted since the abolition of slavery.

Friedman Nears Land.

New York, Feb. 25.—With Friedman, the discoverer of tuberculosis cures, on board, the liner Kron Princessin Cecilie will probably not dock until late tonight. Storms delayed her.

Los Angeles Still Soaked.

Los Angeles, Feb. 25.—With a reg-istered rainfall of 6.65 inches of rain the last two days, Los Angeles con-tinues to be rain-soaked. Additional rain is anticipated for tonight.

Johnson Case Postponed.

Chicago, Feb. 25.—The smuggling case against Jack Johnson has been postponed on account of illness on the part of Johnson.

Suffragettes Resting.

Baltimore, Feb. 25.—Still tired, the suffragettes continued their rest here today and will start for Washington tomorrow.

Snead Is Acquitted.

Vernon, Tex., Feb. 25.—John Snead was today acquitted of the murder of Al Boyce, Jr. Snead was recently ac-quitted of killing the senior Boyce because the two took turns about running off with Snead's wife.

Too Much Culture.

"Aunt Penelope Wiggins," as every body called her, was visited one sum-mer by a niece, a Vassar college grad-uate. Aunt Penelope was one of the most hospitable souls alive, but she was not greatly impressed by the su-perior learning of her young relative, and one day she freed her mind about her thus:

"Talk to me about what a college education does for a girl! What do you suppose Matilda said to me the first day she came? She said: 'I'm so glad to meet you, aunt! You accent your name on the Aunt Penultimate, don't you? Did you ever hear such nonsense? I had to tell her my name wasn't Aunt Penultimate, but Aunt Penelope, and I thought she would die a-laughing!'"

Flippant Flings.

A poet says it's hard to be poor. We fail to see anything difficult about it.—New York American.

Increasing the supreme court from nine to eleven suggests going from baseball to football.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Health authorities now declare that the finger bowl is full of germs. Never drink from the finger bowl.—Detroit Free Press.

Johns Hopkins surgeons have discov-ered that orange blossoms may be used as an anaesthetic. This should make the ceremony less painful for the groom.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Transformation

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

I was a telegraph operator for the Central Pacific railroad in one of the important stations when one day I re-ceived an order to go out for a few days to G., a station some twenty miles from where I was working, and take the place of an operator there who was ill. G. was merely a place for the stopping of trains.

The day after I went to work at G. station I noticed a rough man looking at me. It seemed to me that he was saying to himself, "With that girl alone a man who wanted to control the station would have an easy time of it." But I was aware that my imagination was highly stimulated, and I was in a condition to fancy that any man who cast an eye on me was about to murder me. Neverthe-less after this man had gone I took a revolver out of the drawer of my operating table and hung it around my waist, under my dress skirt, with a string, and in order that I might get at it easily I made a rip in a seam of my skirt.

As to using it I was in a singular state of mind. Unless I was threat-ened with death or something worse it didn't seem to me that I could pos-sibly use it. But in this event I knew I could. I had read accounts of how train robbers acted toward station agents they desired to control, and in no instance had they injured him. En-gineers and express messengers they had always shot to kill. What I ex-pected in case I was interfered with was that I would simply be removed from the operating table, but not hurt so long as I made no resistance.

But train robbers were not the only danger I feared. I conjured up every conceivable injury from a mouse to a madman and invented methods of re-sistance, some of which—especially as to the madman—were very ingenious. But in no case did I dream of making the slightest opposition unless in de-fense of my own self.

The sending of a woman to such a place was very reprehensible in the management, for it was simply an in-vitation to any gang who might have possible intentions to rob a train to make it easy for themselves by put-ting the operator out of commission and regulating the movement of trains themselves, provided they were able to work the wires, and in this case the invitation was accepted. One after-noon in broad daylight, but when there was no one except myself in the sta-tion, two masked men entered and be-fore I could touch the operating key ordered me away from it. I went to the other end of the little telegraph of-fice and was directed to sit down in a chair there. I was too frightened to consider what they said to each other, but one of them sat down at the table in a way that convinced me that he understood telegraphing. The other waited a few moments, then said something to his companion and went out.

By this time I had regained some of my equanimity. The man sitting at the table presented his back to me. If I had been a man doubtless he would not have taken any such risk. And as it was as soon as his pal had gone out he turned and looked me over, showing by his expression that he was wondering if I could commu-nicate in any way with the outside world. There seemed to be no possi-bility of my doing so, and I suppose I looked as I felt—that I was bordering on a state of collapse.

I have often since been surprised at the rapidity with which I regained my thinking power. The first great re-creative was a consciousness that, be-ing a woman and the men bent on some crime with which I was con-nected only as an operator, I was safe from harm so long as I remained a noncombatant. The first thing I no-ticed outside my own personality was the trousers the man at the table wore. The pattern was the same as worn by the man whom I had caught eyeing me a short time before. There was a possibility of my identifying him.

Presently he began to click the key, and I read a message notifying the ex-press that was nearly due that the road was clear. At this a marvelous change came over me. I pictured a conductor, an engineer, an express messenger, one or all, shot to death and an express car robbed. The loss of treasure did not move me, but the sight I conjured up of these men ly-ing weltering in their blood made a lion of me. I took no thought for my-self or the frightful danger I ran. Seizing the revolver under my skirt, I whipped it out and cocked it. The man, hearing a click, turned instantly, grasping a revolver he had laid on the table. There was not an instant for consideration. My own life and the lives of others shut out the horror of my deed. I fired without aim, only in his direction, but the bullet pierced his brain. He fell, and in another moment

I had sent the words: obber here! Keep away!"

That was the last of consciousness for me till I was aroused by a woman who had come into the station to make an inquiry. The robber must have car-ried away the body of the man I had killed, for it was not there. They had not waited for the express to come.

Since then neither the road nor the express company has been able to do enough for me, and I am considered a heroine, but I shall never recover from the horror I experienced in killing a man.

A PEEP AT IRELAND.

Where the Weather Plagues You Only to Fascinate You Later.

I must allow that it sometimes rains in Ireland, but Irish rain is not quite like other rain. It is, as a rule, softer than rain elsewhere, and if the truth must be told I like rain so long as one has not to say, "For the rain it raineth every day."

Irish weather is not so much capricious as coquettish. It likes to plague you, if but to prepare you to enjoy the more its sunny, melting mood. It will weep and wail all night, and, lo, the next morning Ireland is one sweet smile and seems to say: "Is it raining I was yesterday? Ah, then, I'll rain no more."

And the runnels leap and laugh, and the pastures and very stone walls glisten; the larks carol on their celest-ial journey; there is a pungent, healthy smell of drying peat; the mountains are all dimpled with the joy of life and sunshine; the lake lies perfectly still, content to reflect the overhanging face of heaven, and just won't your honor buy the stoutest pair of homemade hose from a barefoot, bareheaded daughter of dethroned kings with eyes like dewdrops and a voice that would charm the coin out of the most chur-lish purse?

If on such mornings as these you do not lose your heart to Ireland it must be made of stern, unimpress-ionable stuff indeed.—Blackwood's Maga-zine.

Edible Flowers of Butter Trees.

By far the most remarkable of ed-ible flowers is that culled from the but-ter tree of India. The blossoms of this singular tree are the chief means of subsistence with the Bhils and other Indian hill tribes. An average tree yields from 200 to 350 pounds of pulpy, bell shaped flowers that, when they drop off during March and April, the hot months of the Indian year, are eagerly gathered by the natives. They have when fresh a peculiar and lus-cious taste, but the fragrance of them is not pleasant and is best and most briefly described as "mousy." Usually they are cured in the sun, shrivel to one-fourth of their size and then re-semble nothing so much as raisins. The natives prepare them for food by boiling or using them in sweetmeats.—Suburban Life Magazine.

The Potato.

Whoever may have introduced the potato into England, according to Dr. Doran's "Table Traits," it was not known in North America in 1586, when Raleigh's colonists there are said to have sent it over to us. But the Span-ish "batata," or sweet potato, from which the vegetable derives its name, was brought to Ireland many years be-fore by Captain Hawkins from Santa Fe, in South America. This is prob-ably the potato of Shakespeare's time. "Let the sky rain potatoes. I will re-main here!" cries Sir John Falstaff, embracing Mrs. Ford.—London Tele-graph.

Knew What He Was Doing.

Tom—You spend altogether too much money on that girl. Don't you know girls always accept everything a man gives them and then marry the fellow who saves his money? Jack—Sure I do. That's the reason I'm blowing in mine.—Boston Transcript.

Her Ear For Music.

"What is that tune your daughter is playing?"

"Which daughter?" asked Mrs. Cum-rox. "If it is the older girl it's Liszt's Hungarian rhapsody, and if it's the younger one it's exercise 27."—Wash-ington Star.

The truest mark of being born with great qualities is being born without envy.—Rochefoucauld.

Yuletide Common Sense.

Cut out all presents given from cus-tom. Many a girl is bankrupt or over-worked because she has not said "the ghosts of a Christmas past." There is no sense in giving a present to a girl because you started to exchange with her ten years back. If you have drift-ed apart she will be as glad to stop the custom as you are.

When Expressing Gifts.

For packing the gift that is to be expressed a good strong box is ab-solutely necessary, made of wood. If you can possibly get it; if not, heavy card-board will have to do. The box must be plenty large enough, giving ample room for packing.

MRS. CALVERT RETURNS.

Called to Portland by Fatal Illness of Her Father, Aged 64.

Mrs. E. M. Calvert has returned from Portland where she was called by the fatal illness of her father, the late Louis M. Atchison, who was 64 years old at the time of his death. The funeral was held in Portland and Mrs. Calvert was among the relatives present at the time of death. Mrs. Atchison, however, has been serious-ly ill at the home of her daughter

in this city and could neither be at the bedside during the last illness of her husband, nor attend the fun-eral. She is still quite ill.

Reward.

LOST—Handbag with \$15. Finder leave at Observer office and receive reward. 2-25-13

Johnson Faces Trial.

Washington, Feb. 24.—The supreme court has held that Jack Johnson must face trial on a white slavery charge.

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