

'DOWN EAST' AT STEWARDS TONIGHT CONCEALED PUNS.



Sol Smith Russell's "Down East" at the Steward tonight by the Wheeler Players.

The popular Wheeler players, now in their second week at the Steward, are presenting this evening, the rural comedy, "Down East," by Sol Smith Russell whose plays have all been big successes. "Down East" with its quaint old New England settings and characters true to life, like the "Old Homestead" and "Shore Acres" is a play that pleases all classes, and

in the hands of this capable company is sure to be well presented. "Down East" is entirely different than anything they have so far presented during their engagement here and should draw a large house. The players are becoming more popular here as their engagement continues, and large audiences are predicted for the balance of the week. Seats reserved at Van Bur-en's.

Many a Suffering Woman

Drags herself painfully through her daily tasks suffering from headache, nervousness, and loss of sleep, not knowing her ills are due to kidney and bladder troubles. Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief from pain and misery a prompt return to health and strength. No woman who suffers can afford to overlook Foley Kidney Pills. A. T. Hill, druggist.

NOTICE FOR BIDS. Bids will be received for the basement work of the West-Jacobson building up to 5 p. m. Friday, March 14. Plans and specifications on file at West's store.

James Russell Lowell Cleverly Hid One in a Review.

QUAINT HUMOR IN A SNEEZE.

The Story That is Told of the Witty Cleric, Sydney Smith, and the Wager He Won While in the Pulpit—A Buried Fun by Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Horace E. Scudder in some reminiscences of James Russell Lowell pointed out that the poet critic even in his soberest essays would sometimes hide away a jest for the delectation of specially discerning readers. Thus in a review of Richard Grant White's edition of Shakespeare, Lowell remarked incidentally:

"To every commentator who has wantonly tampered with the text or obscured it with his inky cloud of paraphrase we feel inclined to apply the quadrisyllabic name of the brother of Agis, king of Sparta."

Professor Felton of Harvard, we are told, was the first to remember or discover that the name of Agis' brother was Eudamidas.

A more opaque mystification is contained in a passage in the first chapter of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Our Old Home"—opaque only because he purposely seeks to conceal every clue to the fact that a pun is buried beneath the surface.

The chapter is headed "Conspiratorial Experiences." Speaking of the lights and shadows of the consul's office at Liverpool, where he was stationed during the presidency of Franklin Pierce, Hawthorne dwells with special pleasure on the visits of a young English friend, "a scholar and literary amateur, between whom and myself there sprang up an affectionate and, I trust, not transitory regard."

This friend used to come and sit or stand by the Hawthorne fireside, "with such kind endurance of the many rough republicanisms wherewith I assailed him and such frank and amiable assertion of all sorts of English prejudices and mistakes, that I understood

his countrymen infinitely the better for him and was almost prepared to love the intensest Englishman of them all for his sake. It would gratify my cherished remembrance of this dear friend if I could remind him without offending him, or letting the public know it, to introduce his name upon my page. Bright was the illumination of my dusky little apartment as often as he made his appearance there."

The casual reader never suspects that Hawthorne has deftly accomplished his purpose. It does not occur to him that Bright, the apparent adjective that so cunningly begins a sentence and therefore achieves the right to a capital initial, may be alternatively read as a proper noun.

Henry A. Bright was, in fact, Hawthorne's only intimate friend in Liverpool. He was a man of wealth and position in that town, a dilettante who had published for his own amusement a botanical manual, "The English Flower Garden." With Hawthorne he would frequently call upon the local bookseller, Henry Young, making use of a little nook in the rear of the shop to examine and discuss the recent publications. This came to be known as Hawthorne's corner.

There is a story told about Sydney Smith that represents him as carrying a concealed pun into the pulpit with him. The most familiar version is that which Lord Houghton used to tell. When settled at his small living in Yorkshire, Sydney willingly assisted his brethren in that neighborhood in their clerical duties. On one occasion he dined with the incumbent on the preceding Saturday. The evening passed in great hilarity, the squire, Kershaw by name, being conspicuous by his loud enjoyment of the visitor's jokes.

"I am very glad that I have amused you," said Sydney Smith at parting, "but you must not laugh at my sermon tomorrow."

"I should hope I know the difference between here and a church," remarked the squire a little tartly perhaps.

"I'm not so sure of that," "I'll bet you a guinea on it."

"Take you," said the divine. Next day the preacher ascended the steps of the pulpit apparently suffering from a severe cold, with his handkerchief to his face, and at once sneezed out the name "Kershaw" several times in various intonations. This ingenious assumption of the readiness with which a man would recognize his own name in sounds unintelligible to the ears of others proved accurate. The poor squire burst into guffaw, to the scandal of the congregation. The minister after looking at him with stern reproach proceeded with his discourse and won the bet.

Another version makes the victim of Sydney's jest a certain Sir Archibald Macdonald, equerry to the Duke of Sussex. Sir Archibald said to the prelate, who was then a canon at St. Paul's cathedral: "I will come some Sunday to hear you preach."

"If you do I shall name you from the pulpit," was the reply.

Undaunted by this threat, Sir Archibald went to St. Paul's.

Sydney entered the pulpit, looked hard at the baronet and was seized with a wonderful fit of sneezing.

"Archie, Archie, Archie!" was how it sounded in Sir Archibald's ears, and he could not help a sudden laugh of recognition.—William S. Walsh in Boston Post.

Ruskin on Doctors' Fees. The problem of the doctor and his fee was admirably stated by Ruskin in his "Crown of Wild Olive." Writing of doctors, he said: "They like fees, no doubt—ought to like them—yet if they are brave and well educated the entire object of their lives is not fees. They, on the whole, desire to cure the sick and—if they are good doctors and the choice were fairly put to them—would rather cure their patient and lose their fee than kill him and get it. And so with all other brave and rightly trained men their work is first, their fee second—very important always, but still second."—London Standard.

Getting it Right. It was on a street car in the city of Washington. Two colored women in cheaply gorgeous splendor were talking and one chanced to mention a Mr. Jinks in her conversation.

"Excuse me," said the other woman, "but his name is not Jinks. It is Mr. Jenks."

"Oh, I see," said the other woman complacently. "I sees that you puts de access on de pronoun."

Literally Speaking. Little Elsie was reproved by her mother for saying "What?" She was told that she must never use that expression, but say, "I beg your pardon."

The lesson evidently went home, for a little later she turned to her mother and inquired, "Mamma, I beg your pardon time is it?"—Boston Transcript.

Two Rings. Heck—They say a ring around the moon is a sign of rain.

Peck—So is a ring around a woman's finger a sign of reign.—Boston Transcript.

Classified Directory

FRATERNAL ORDERS A. F. & A. M.—La Grande Lodge No. 41. A. F. & A. M. holds regular meetings first and third Saturdays at 7:30 p. m. Cordial welcome to all Masons. N. MOLITOR, W. M. A. C. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—La Grande Lodge No. 189 W. O. W. meets every first and third Friday at 7:30 p. m. All visiting members welcome. W. W. BERRY, C. C. J. H. KENNEY, Clerk.

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA—La Grande Camp No. 7708 meets on the first and third Thursday evenings of each month in the K. of P. hall. Visiting neighbors welcome. A. W. NELSON, V. C. W. F. LANDRUM, Clerk.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS—Meets every second and fourth Friday every month. All visiting members cordially invited. CORA FITZGERALD, Oracle. LILLY C. KIMMEL, Recorder.

REBEKAHS—Crystal Lodge No. 56—meets every Tuesday evening in the I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting members are invited to attend. MATTIE GOLDEN, N. G. EVA MONROE, Sec.

L. O. O. M., La Grande Lodge No. 850, Loyal Order of Moose, holds regular meetings every Monday at 7:30 p. m. in I. O. O. F. hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend. B. L. LEAVITT, Sec'y. R. J. GREEN, W. D.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Red Cross Lodge No. 27 meets every Monday night in Castle hall, (old Elk's hall.) A Pythian welcome to all visiting Knights. H. W. RILEY, C. C. R. L. LINCOLN, M. of R. & S.

O. E. S.—Hope Chapter No. 13, O. E. S., holds stated communications the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Visiting members cordially invited. MISS CYNTHIA STEIN, W. M. MARY A. WARNICK, Sec.

F. O. E. La Grande Aerie No. 259—Meets every Friday evening at 8 o'clock, at the K. of P. hall. Visiting members cordially welcomed. HARRY W. SWART, W. P. L. F. BELLINGER, Sec.

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