

Comparative Digestibility of Food

Made with different Baking Powders

From a Series of Elaborate Chemical Tests:

An equal quantity of bread (biscuit) was made with each of three different kinds of baking powder—cream of tartar, phosphate, and alum—and submitted separately to the action of the digestive fluid, each for the same length of time.

The relative percentage of the food digested is shown as follows:

Bread made with
Royal Cream of Tartar Powder:
100 Per Cent. Digested

Bread made with
phosphate powder:
68 1/4 Per Cent. Digested

Bread made with
alum powder:
67 1/4 Per Cent. Digested

These tests, which are absolutely reliable and unprejudiced, make plain a fact of great importance to everyone: Food raised with Royal, a cream of tartar Baking Powder, is shown to be entirely digestible, while the alum and phosphate powders are found to largely retard the digestion of the food made from them.

Undigested food is not only wasted food, but it is the source of very many bodily ailments.

The Ad. Writer

By OSCAR COX

A young man entered the business office of Perkins & Young, book publishers, and asked for the member of the firm who attended to the advertising.

"There isn't any such man," was the reply. "We don't advertise. I'm the head of the firm."

"Don't advertise?" exclaimed the caller, with real or feigned astonishment. "How do you get business without advertising?"

"We use solicitors."

"And find them valuable?"

"Yes, we do—sometimes."

"Suppose I can prove to you that you could sell several times as many of a certain book by advertising as through your solicitors?"

"In that case you would make a regular customer of us. But I've paid for too many experiments in advertising already. I don't care to spend anything more in that line."

"But suppose the experiment costs you nothing?"

"You can experiment all you like on that basis."

"Very good. What book will you let me experiment on?"

"We have just issued Perkins & Young's Handy Cyclopaedia. You can try your experiment on that if you like."

The young man thanked Mr. Perkins for the order with as much impressment as if he were to be paid a thousand dollars for it and withdrew.

One morning a week later the publisher on entering his office noticed that his mail was unusually large. Beginning at the top of a pile a foot high, he took down an envelope, opened it and drew out a letter to which was pinned an advertisement cut from a newspaper. He began to read the letter, which was as follows:

I have read with astonishment the enclosed notice of your Handy Cyclopaedia. What must the books be that are advertised with so much ignorance?

This is the ad.:

Our Handy Cyclopaedia is now ready. In its makeup we have employed writers with first class reputations in the subjects on which they write. Admiral Peary writes the article on the south pole, Sir Ernest Shackleton the one on the north pole. That the work is up to date is evident from the fact that the article on war is by Charles Dickens and that on the world's navies by Alfred Tennyson.

The letter continued as follows:

What unblushing impudence in a publisher to get out a cyclopaedia containing such abominable blunders! Inquiry will teach you that Admiral Peary is fitted to write about the north instead of the south pole and Sir Ernest Shackleton about the south instead of the north pole. To prove your work up to date you say that Charles Dickens wrote the article on war and Alfred Tennyson that on navies. Almost any chronological table will inform you that both these gentlemen died during the last century. I am curious to know what you mean by announcing articles by these men, who shone in a different field from that of the army or navy. Please send me a copy of the work for inspection. If there is something wrong with your advertisement and I find the work satisfactory I will order a set, I being chairman of the committee on purchasing books for our university library.

Three-quarters of the letters constituting the pile before Mr. Perkins were from persons calling his attention to the blunders contained in his advertisement. Some were facetious, some ironical and some abusive. Nearly all contained an element of curiosity, especially those from persons who took the ground that there had been some mistake. In one of the letters the writer said: "Give me the name of that ignoramus who wrote the ad. for your cyclopaedia I want him."

When Mr. Perkins had gone through the letters commenting on his ad, he divided them into piles, the largest pile being from professors and school-teachers, the next largest pile from librarians, then professional men, with a very large number scattering. There were 162 from persons who either gave a definite order to send the work or hinted that they would like to see a cyclopaedia with "such funny blunders" in it. There were twenty-five orders from persons, conditional on its being a humorous work, and a great many suggestions that it be given some such title as the Amusing Cyclopaedia.

When Mr. Perkins had turned over the orders to the proper person he looked for the card the solicitor had handed him, finding it in a drawer of his desk. There being a telephone number on the card, he called up the young man, asked him if it would be convenient for him to call, and in ten minutes the advertisement writer was in his office.

"I suppose," said the publisher, "that you wrote that ad. of our cyclopaedia without looking up any information. You certainly couldn't have written it from the work itself. It's a pity you hadn't received an education. You wouldn't have had to blunder into a good thing. What kind of an education did you get anyway?"

"I'm a graduate of Princeton."

"The dickens you say! What's that old fashioned key you wear on your watch chain?"

"That's the badge of the Phi Beta Kappa, an honorary society composed of the best scholars of each graduating class."

"Oh, it is, eh? Well, you go over there and hang up your bat and coat. I want you. What's your price a year for writing ads.?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Is that all? Well, after you've hung up your coat and hat come back here and I'll pay you your first week's salary in advance."

The Eye of the Government

By RYLAND BELL

For some time after the democratic uprising of 1848, which occurred all over Europe, the governments of Germany and Austria, which had been very nearly overturned by revolution, kept a strict record of strangers passing through their domains. Not that tourists are today ignored, but the methods are not now so obtrusive as they were then.

In 1852 William Starkweather of Albany, N. Y., while in Berlin was followed about by a man who was undoubtedly a spy of the government. Ten years later he had occasion to again visit Berlin. He remembered his previous experience and wondered if it would be repeated. He saw nothing, however, to excite his suspicions till he was leaving the city. He stepped into a compartment of a coach—each compartment was separated from the others at that time—in which there was no other passenger. Just before the train started a one eyed man carrying a valise entered the compartment and as he did so eyed Mr. Starkweather sharply.

"Here he is," thought the American. "He has but one eye, but for spying purposes it is quite as good as two."

The man took a seat far away from Starkweather as possible, and instead of putting his valise in the rack overhead placed it in the seat beside him.

Starkweather reached a satchel from the rack, took out a book and began to read. He had perused several pages when, looking aside, he saw the single eye—the eye of the government he called it—looking at him.

As Starkweather looked up the man put his hand on the valise beside him, and, since his expression indicated that he was ready to fight if necessary, the American thought that he was intending to open the valise and take out a brace of pistols. Starkweather, who kept what money he had with him in his right hip pocket, involuntarily put his hand there. The man started and put his own hand to his hip, keeping that single eye of his on his fellow passenger. Starkweather, inferring that the man supposed he had reached for a pistol, withdrew his hand in a way to avoid, so far as possible, giving that appearance. Nevertheless he dreaded lest the man, expecting that he would draw a weapon, should do so quicker than he and send a bullet crashing through his brain. However, when the other saw his empty hand he, too, withdrew his own and without anything in it.

By this time Starkweather, being alone in a compartment with a man whom he believed and been sent by the police to watch him and shoot him down if he attempted to play any desperate game, considered it quite time to disabuse his antagonist of his supposition as to his character. Fortunately he spoke German very well and thus addressed the one eyed man in that language:

"Since you seem to be interested in me, sir, I take it that you think me a revolutionist. I assure you that I have no interest in this country whatever. I am a citizen of the city of Albany, in the state of New York, in the United States of America. I beg you, therefore, to cease your attentions and let me alone."

This brief speech seemed to have a contrary effect on the one eyed man to what was expected. He glared at Starkweather, clutching his valise in one hand, while he kept the other under his coat in the region of his hip. When Starkweather had finished he made no reply, but looked about apparently for some means of stopping the train. Starkweather lost patience with the fellow and, forgetting to speak in German, blurted out in first rate American:

"What in thunder is the matter with you?"

"What in thunder is the matter with you?" was the reply in the same language.

"You understand English?"

"Of course I do. I don't understand anything else."

"Not what I said to you just now in German?"

"No. Who are you?"

"I'm William Starkweather of Albany, N. Y., U. S. A."

"Then you know me and have my secret."

"I don't know you, and I neither have nor wish to have your secret."

"I'm from Albany myself—145 G street. I live around the corner from you. I suppose you learned of my name."

CHILDREN WHO ARE SICKLY

Mother who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children, should never be without a box of Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, for use throughout the season. They Break up Colds, Relieve Feverishness, Constipation, Teething Disorders, Headache and Stomach Troubles. Used by Mothers for 25 years. THESE POWDERS NEVER FAIL. Sold by all Drug Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

son there and have followed me to get the securities."

"What securities?"

"That I'm taking home for the state government."

Starkweather burst into a laugh.

"What are you grinning at?" inquired the other.

"Do you know I've been taking you for a spy of the Prussian government who suspected me of being a revolutionist?"

"Why did you think that?"

"You looked at me when you entered the coach as if you had spotted me."

"I didn't like riding in a compartment with one other man, having \$200,000 in bonds in my valise."

"Oh, that's the explanation, is it? What's your name?"

"Philip Van Geisen."

"Oh, you're the assistant state treasurer."

"Yes."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!"

A One Time Literary Mystery.

In the Newry Telegraph, an Ulster (Ireland) triweekly, on April 10, 1817, under the simple head of "Poetry" appeared what Byron called "the most perfect ode in the language"—"The Burial of Sir John Moore." Byron or Campbell or any of the others to whom this poem was variously ascribed would doubtless have been proud to claim it. But the author was the obscure curate of Ballyclog, in Tyrone, Rev. Charles Wolfe, and the fame of the piece was but a posthumous fame for him. Not until his death of consumption in 1823 at the early age of thirty-two did the authorship become known to the world.

And Wolfe, who wrote much other verse of merit, is remembered only by that one poem which sprang from the columns of a provincial newspaper to universal recognition in the big world of letters.—London Chronicle.

The Sponsor.

"Say, you told me Balleigh was married and had a large family, and I had him to be a confirmed bachelor."

"He is, in a manner of speaking, but he is wedded to his art, and he has a large family of unpaid bills. Why, man, I stood for most of them."—New York Times.

Modern Cleverness.

"There goes one of our cleverest men."

"Why clever?"

"Well, he's done all his stealing legally."—Detroit Free Press.

Silk Producing Insects.

There are more than 200 species of silk producing insects, though very few of these are of any practical value to mankind.

DAY OLD CHICKS

From standard bred

Rhode Island Reds

Black Minorcas

White Leghorns

and your own eggs hatched in our mammoth hatchery.

Descriptive circular and price list for the asking.

C. C. COOLIDGE

Phone Red 3702. LA GRANDE

THE ABSTRACT & TITLE CO.

La Grande, Ore.

Owners of a complete and up-to-date set of Abstracts of Union County, Oregon. All work guaranteed. Give us a trial.

C. M. LOCKWOOD, Mgr. Office in Foley Bldg.

WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

FOR RENT—Housekeeping rooms on ground floor. Call Dr. Darland. 3-26-1f

WANTED—Sewing by day at your home. Mrs. Nash, Phone Red 181. 3-24-1f

FOR SALE—Stock hogs. J. C. Rice, La Grande, Oregon. 3-24-1f

WANTED—Wood choppers. Call on Observer. 3-23-1f

FOR SALE—Registered Shire stallion 7 years old. G. I. Wade, Summerville, Ore. 3-24-1f

FOR RENT—Rooms for light house-keeping with bath. Phone Black 731, also large big sitting room. 1512 Adams. 3-24-1f

FOR SALE—Plane. Many terms. Phone Red 1832. 3-24-1f

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

COLLECTIONS—Bring your hard old collections or any other to room 9, Newlin Drug building.

FOR SALE—S. C. White Leghorn eggs. 50 cents for 15. James Quinlan, Phone Red 1393. 3-14-1mop

FOR RENT—Five room modern house. Inquire at 1906 Adams avenue. 1f

WANTED—Woman for general housework. Out of town, light work. Family of three. Address F. B. Brooks, Telocast, Oregon. Phone Black 672, La Grande. 3-25-5tp

FOR RENT—My farm house and use of chicken house and barn, horse and buggy. Phone Black 822 or care F. H. Taitman. 3-25-1f

FOR RENT—6 room modern house, 1501 Sixth St. 3-25-3tp

WAREHOUSE FOR RENT—The one now occupied by the Grande Ronde Cash company will be for rent on April first. Security Land & Trust Co. 3-25-5tp

FOR SALE—Fine fat well bred Jersey heifer 10 months old. Call Red 782. 3-25-5f

FOR SALE—Fresh Jersey cow. Call W. A. Worstell at Main 710. 3-25-3f

FOR RENT—6 room house and barn. Phone Red 1442. 3-24-1f

FOR SALE—Household goods and furniture. Call 1712 First St. 3-24-1f

EGGS FOR HATCHING—At reasonable prices, from thoroughbred, Premium stock, none better. Black and Buff Orpingtons, R. I. Reds, Barred Plymouth Rocks, Indian Runner ducks, Fawn and White, Blue Ribbon winners. Can spare a few eggs from this pen. Choice cockerels of each variety for sale. Chas. H. Perry, 1315 Jackson Ave.

B. B. NUTTER

WE HAVE BUILT UP

our Paint business by giving only the best grades for a reasonable price. Every can of our Paint is reliable. It is made of the best White Lead and well-ground colors, giving a uniform coat and spreading easily and smoothly without streaks or spots. These colors will not fade in the sun, and they cover a large surface. One coat of our Paint is as good as two of other kinds.

PHONE R. 971. SIXTH ST.

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LA GRANDE MARKET PRICES TODAY

The local market quotations are:

Wild Hay—(retail)—\$12.00.
Timothy—\$15.00@16.00.
Alfalfa hay—\$12.00 (retail).

Shorts—\$1.40.
Oats—\$1.50 per cwt.
Bran—\$1.25 per cwt.

Roller Oats—\$1.50 per cwt.
Rolled barley—\$1.35.
Blue Stem flour—\$1.40.

Patent—\$1.35.
White Quartz—\$1.40 sack.
Snowdrift—\$1.40 sack.

Sea Foam—\$1.20.
Fruit, Etc.

Home grown apples—75c.
Oranges—50@60c.
Bananas—40c per doz.

Grape fruit—10@15c.
Sugar—Fruit sugar, retail (cash)
\$6.70; same grade 30 days, \$6.10.

Beet sugar, cash \$5.50; thirty days, \$5.90.

Vegetables and Miscellaneous.

Onions—\$2.00 cwt, small lots 2 1/2c lb.

Potatoes—50c per cwt.
Beans—White, 8 1/2-10c; Lima, 10c
Radishes—2 bunches 15c.
Cabbage—2 1/2c.

Spinach—3 lbs. for 25c.
Celery—15c bunch straight. (From
groves 10c.)

Honey—20c. 3 lbs. for 50c.
Green peppers—20c lb.
Turnips—2 1/2c lb.

Eggs and Butter.

Fresh ranch eggs—20c.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 45 cents. 1
lb. roll; 2 lb. roll, 85c.

Ranch butter—1 lb. roll 35c; 2 lb.
roll 70c@75.

Cattle

Choice—\$6.75.
Common—\$6.50@6.75.

Cows, top—\$5.00.

Fancy light cows—\$6.00@6.25.
Heavy calves—\$4.00@5.50 cwt.
Fancy light calves—7@8c.

Hogs.

Best light—\$3.15.
Medium light—\$3.10.
Best heavy—\$3.00@3.05.

Rough and heavy—\$2.75@3.00.

Sheep.

Best lambs—\$6.00 cwt.
Ordinary lambs—\$6.00@6.15 cwt.

Poor lambs—\$4.00 cwt.
Best yearlings—\$5.25 cwt.
Yearlings—\$4.50 cwt.

Ewes—\$4.00@4.25.

Fowl and Miscellaneous.

Ducks—dressed, 18c.
Geese—Dressed 18c.

Successful Expedient.

"I tried to sing my youngest boy to sleep," said Senator Sorghum, "but it wouldn't work. Then I told him a story, and that wouldn't work either."

"How did you get him to sleep?"

"My wife came to the rescue with one of her clever suggestions. I delivered one of my speeches to him."—Washington Star.

People We Don't Like.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," quoted the Wise Guy.

"Yes, especially of the people we don't like," added the Simple Mug.—New York Mail.

Rockless.

Howell—Did you ever do any deed of daring?

Powell—Yes. I once said what I thought when guessing a woman's age.

When You Are Planning to Build

remember that our shingles, sashes, doors, flooring and other lumber are recognized in this community as thoroughly trustworthy and high grade, and that we do not make a practice of over-charging. We bought our present stock when lumber was lower in price.

NAHA LUMBER COMPANY

