

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS, Editor and Owner

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A LITTLE HISTORY RECALLED.

People who attended the last of republican national conventions, at Chicago last summer, recall the floor leader of the "regulars", one James E. Watson, former congressman from Indiana and republican candidate for governor in the last campaign, but defeated. Mr. Watson at Chicago, "divided time" with Governor Hadley of Missouri, leader for the progressives. Now comes Herbert E. Miles, a Wisconsin manufacturer, very active in the national association of manufacturers as a champion of a permanent tariff commission, who testifies that in 1909 he employed James E. Watson of Indiana, republican whip of the house, at a salary of \$250 a week to lobby in favor of the said tariff commission. When Mulhall testified to this Watson indignantly announced that inasmuch as he could not get a full hearing he would not dignify Mulhall by answering him. But Watson was peculiarly fitted by political temperament and by political experience and sympathy to be the choice out of five hundred odd statesmen as floor leader of the "regulars" in the last great convention.

LET 'ER BLOW.

When the weather starts a-blowin'
 Let 'er blow.
 For the tiny buds is growin'
 Where the branches rise so bare,
 An' they'll presently be showin'
 Leaves an' blossoms fresh an' fair.
 Let's be patient for the present
 An' have courage even though
 It is a bit unpleasant.
 Let 'er blow.
 When old Trouble comes a-knockin'
 Let 'er knock.
 Though he sets the door a-rockin'
 Till it's threatenin' to bump,
 He will stop his manners shockin'
 If you simply let 'im thump.
 Happiness comes up behind 'im,
 Mebe less than half a block,
 And old Trouble—don't you mind 'im
 Let 'im knock.
 —Washington Star.

The Test of Time

Time determines whether the policies under which a bank is operated are safe.

This bank has been in business twenty-six years.

It has grown steadily until it has become one of the strongest and most prosperous financial institutions in the West.

The soundness of its policies is attested by the long list of conservative business men who transact their business here; also by an earned surplus of \$130,000.00, the work of time and the result of conservative management.

This bank has facilities for taking care of more high grade business and offers its services to those who appreciate the best in banking.

La Grande National Bank

La Grande, Oregon

Capital, \$100,000.00 Surplus, \$130,000.00 Resources, 1,100,000.00

DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.
 UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS DEPOSITORY.

GETTING EVEN.

(Written by J. J. Bunting.)

Oh the fun and the pleasure of making
 The crippled, the old and inform,
 The butt of foul jokes which we love
 so well;
 It tickles us so when they squirm.

One day when we were out riding,
 Four young bloods as wise as they
 make 'em,
 We met old Gray Bill on the side of
 the hill,
 With his horses, old Foxy and Shak-
 em.

We thought with delight it would
 tickle us quite,
 To crowd him aside with his cutter;
 So we did and when he attempted to
 pass,
 We landed him into the gutter.

Old Foxy went down, the tongue it
 broke in two;
 A mixup that sure did delight us.
 As we drove away we advised him to
 stay,
 Not thinking that he would requite
 us.

At last, tired of travel we turned to
 go home,
 Extant we came to the hill,
 But in going it down the neckyoke
 gave way
 And surely did give us a spill.

The horses took fright and soon out
 of sight,
 They went like they were bewitched,
 While over we went where Bill was
 last seen,
 Right into that horrible ditch.

Quietly humming a song old Bill came
 along,
 His cutter all fixed up like new;
 He stopped when he saw us and jok-
 ingly said:
 "This is quite a bad comeback to
 you."

"I used to be young and thought my-
 self wise,
 In doing the things that annoys,
 Jump into the cutter, I'll take you all
 home,
 For I know that the boys will be
 boys."

So miserably little old Bill made us
 feel,
 Big hearted and kindly, he lived to
 do good;
 He taught us a lesson that lasted
 through life.
 To do unto others the things that
 we should.

Many years have gone by since we
 were so wise;
 Old Bill full of kindness and love,
 passed away.
 The four of us bore to its last resting
 place,
 And weeping, departed from Bill's
 mortal clay.

Right Shin Used to Piece the Left.
 Baker, Ore., Bone transplantation,
 one of the new wonders of surgery,
 was used for the first time in Baker
 yesterday when Fred Cochrane, an
 employe of the Stoddard Lumber com-

pany, was operated on at St. Eliza-
 beth hospital.

Mr. Cochrane has been suffering for
 some time from a silver plate which
 has taken the place of a bone midway
 between his left ankle and knee. The
 plate was taken out, a piece of bone
 was taken from the other shin of the
 man, and wedged into place, connect-
 ing the two adjoining members of the
 left leg. New bone will grow where
 the piece was removed and in time the
 piece which joins the other two bones
 will knit into place. Drs. Barton and
 Blakely performed the operation.

DIDN'T WANT TO BE HASTY.

Hence He Was Pleased to Have His
 Judgment Confirmed.

A Kansas man, who had played the
 role of the henpecked husband for a
 number of years, one day met an agent
 who was selling a book. The book
 agent dilated at length on the beauty
 and literary merit of the book, but the
 Kansas man told him he wasn't pre-
 pared to buy. "But," he said, "there
 is a woman who lives in the house
 next to the corner in the next block
 who I'm satisfied wants that book
 and wants it bad."

The agent hastened to the house and
 managed somehow to get inside the
 door. In about a minute he came out
 on the run and in a wild jump from
 the porch missed all the front steps
 and lit on the sidewalk running. The
 hen pecked husband had been an in-
 terested spectator from the outside.

When he saw the Kansas man, the
 agent stopped and with some heat said:
 "Say, that woman you recommended
 me to is the worst wildest I ever saw."

"Sure about that, are you?" said the
 Kansas man.

"Sure? Well I should say I am sure,"
 said the agent as he rubbed the place
 on his head that had been hit with the
 broomstick.

"Sort of glad to hear you say so, said
 the Kansas man. "After twenty-five
 years' experience with her I'd about
 come to that conclusion myself, but I
 didn't want to be hasty about formin'
 an opinion till I had the judgment of
 some unprejudiced witness."—Kansas
 City Journal.

REGAINING CASTE.

Ordeals Natives of India Will Face to
 Be Cleansed.

It is astonishing the belief natives in
 southern India have in their "caste"
 and what they will do to regain it if
 lost. A certain day in the year is set
 aside for the ceremony of regaining
 "caste."

An inclosure about twenty feet square
 is fenced off, and in this logs of wood
 are burnt, the ashes of which are kept
 red hot by continual fanning.

Those going through the ceremony
 have to wash themselves in the river
 about a mile away; then, with strings
 of flowers hanging round their necks,
 they run to the inclosure. By the time
 they reach it the red hot ashes have
 been raked all over the floor and the
 idol of whatever caste they belong to
 has been placed on a platform at one
 end.

In rush the "casteless," barefooted,
 without the slightest hesitation, and
 dance round and round on the red hot
 ashes until they drop from exhaustion
 and are dragged out by their friends.
 Before going through this painful cere-
 mony of regaining "caste" a man is
 first supposed to fast for at least three
 days.—Pearson's Weekly.

SNUBBED BY EUGENIE.

Carpeaux and a Bust of the Empress
 He Had Modeled.

One day Carpeaux, the painter, asked
 Napoleon III., who had always ex-
 pressed great friendship for him, to
 permit him to model the bust of the
 Empress Eugenie. Her gracious ma-
 jesty admitted that Carpeaux painted,
 but denied that he was a sculptor and
 modestly pretended that her beauty
 was not sculptural.

Napoleon III. promised to speak in
 his favor and invited him to Cam-
 piegne. Carpeaux went. Eight days
 passed. The empress did not wish to
 pose. The invitation to the chateau
 was for only a week, and Carpeaux
 was notified to yield his place. "No,"
 he declared, "not before I have made
 the bust of the empress."

This response was repeated to the
 emperor, who made another attempt.
 He ended by obtaining her consent to
 give a pose of two hours to Carpeaux.

The sculptor asked no more. He
 made a masterpiece, baked the clay
 and proudly showed it to the sover-
 eign. She looked at it a moment, made
 a little mouth, said, "Oh, yes, it is
 pretty," and turned her back.

Carpeaux was furious. He returned
 to his workshop with the bust and
 threw it upon the floor. It was scratch-
 ed, but not broken. A workman pick-
 ed it up. It then went into the posses-
 sion of Dr. Fournier. Today it is
 owned by his son, who blesses the Em-
 press Eugenie for not having desired
 it.—Cri de Paris.

You Are Cordially Invited to

Visit Our Exclusive

Millinery Dept.

and inspect the first showing of

"GAGE BROS." and "LYMAN'S"

Tailored Street Hats

"FOR AUTUMN AND WINTER"

West
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 20c per dozen for quarts
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Phone orders Quick. Only 100
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 POUR A TABLESPOONFUL OVER
 A RAREBIT BEFORE SERVING.

USED BY ALL CHEFS IN LEAD-
 ING CLUBS, HOTELS AND RES-
 TAURANTS BECAUSE IT'S UNI-
 VERSALLY THE FAVORITE SEAS-
 ONING.

A FAMOUS RELISH FOR SOUPS,
 FISH, ROASTS, STEAKS, GAME,
 GRAVIES AND RAREBITS.

A FULL LINE OFF FRUITS AND
 VEGETABLES.

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