

NEIGHBORHOOD THANKS PUBLIC

CO-OPERATION MUCH APPRECIATED BY LADIES.

As finishing Chapter of "County Fair" Public Thanks Issued.

The membership of the Neighborhood club has issued a public statement of thanks and appreciation to those who helped to make the "County Fair" a success. The statement says: Mrs. Vincent Palmer and the members of the Neighborhood Club wish to thank all those who took part in the entertainment, "The County Fair" and who helped to make it a success. They fully appreciate the fact that at this busy season of the year it required some sacrifice for those taking part, to give the required time for rehearsals and preparation, but the cheerful and enthusiastic spirit displayed by all made the work enjoyable. Each one is worthy of special mention and special thanks from the "Boss of the Fair" down to the tiniest tot in the chorus, but as there are so many of them this would be hard to do. But all will please accept grateful thanks as though coming personally from each member of the Neighborhood Club. They wish to thank the school board for the use of the high school auditorium, also Mr. Girdler and Mr. Olson and the teachers who cheerfully gave up the use of the room for rehearsals. Thanks are also due the Observer for many courtesies.

PYTHIANS WILL GET NEW ORDER

IMPERIAL IKIFER COMES HERE
JAN. 10 FOR CEREMONY.

Uplift of Humanity Is the Motto of New Order.

The election of officers in the Red Cross Lodge K. of P.'s was postponed last night until some time next week. This was deemed advisable on account of the small number that attended the meeting. It was decided at last night's meeting however, to install the Dokie or Khaled temple No. 170 on the 10th of January. This is also called the Dramatic Order of Khorasan and is instituted for the purpose of affording amusement for the members. It is not a part of the Knights of Pythias but only knights of this order are eligible to its membership. The initiation is said to be very impressive. The motto of the order is "The uplift of humanity."

Gus Meese of Spokane will be in La Grande some time in the first part of January and will institute the ceremonies connected with the installation of the new order. His official title in the order is Imperial Ikifer.

"September Morn" Will Show Here

The subject of "September Morn," is to visit La Grande. The pretty woman whose likeness is in every home in the United States is to appear at the Arcade on Thursday, Friday and Saturday in a vaudeville stunt. She is the real live flesh and blood girl whose likeness adorns every shop window, and every bachelor's den. It is the same little girl who waded into the waters of a Paris lake and posed for the artist who has since made a fortune out of this attractive picture. On Thursday she

appears in a sketch entitled "The Alderman and the Chorus Girl;" on Friday in "The Workingman and the Lady," and on Saturday in "The Arizona Bandit." She has been creating a furore in all of the cities visited by her and many attractive offers of marriage have been made her. Mr. Gardiner says this is going to be one of the biggest bills of the season for his theater, with no change in price of admission all week.

BAZAAR STARTED

The sale of fancy articles began today at 2:30 P. M. The fancy work booth will be presided over by Mrs. Vincent Palmer, the candy booth by Mrs. Siegrist and Mrs. Scriber, the kitchen booth by Mrs. Good; the tea booth will be in charge of Mrs. Childs, where dainty refreshments will be served during the day and evening; various other booths presided over by guild ladies.

Come one, come all, and enjoy the cozy corners in Honan hall. The musical program which will be rendered at 8:30 in the evening is as follows:

Duet, "O, that We Two Were Maying" Glen Conky, Homer Maris
Solo "Without You, Dear"—Metcalfe Mrs. Claude Lockwood
Solo "A Winter's Lullaby" De Koven Mr. John Girdler
Solo.....Scotch Folk Song Mrs. G. S. Birnie
Piano Solo "Melody in G" Moskowski Miss Gaskill
Solo "The Hour of Dreaming" Hahn Mrs. C. W. Linebaugh
Solo "When Richelleu the Red Robe Wore." Harvey Murray
Violin solo.....Miss Bertha Young
Solo "The Gypsy Trail" Galloway Miss Bertha Gaskill
Solo, Lullaby From "Jocelyn" Godard Mr. Ellsworth Ellis

Pen Picture of John Paul Jones.
John Paul Jones was something more than a sea fighter. After his great battle he knew brilliant days in Paris, where Queen Marie Antoinette paid him attention and invited him to sit beside her at the opera. All the great ladies ran after him, and quite a few seriously lost their hearts to him. An American woman who met him in Paris wrote this account of him: "He is small of stature, well proportioned, soft in his speech, easy in his address, polite in his manners, vastly civil, understands all the etiquette of a lady's toilet as perfectly as he does the mast, sails and rigging of his ship. Under all the appearance of this softness he is bold, enterprising, ambitious and active."

No Change.
The prince of Monaco, who, having had both an English and an American wife, knows whereof he speaks, said of marriage:
"Through marriage a Frenchwoman gains her liberty, an Englishwoman loses hers and an American woman continues to do as she likes."

Welcome Caller.
Visitor—What lovely furniture! Little Tommy—Yes. I think the man we bought it from is sorry now he sold it. Anyway he's always calling—London Tit-Bits.

The Greeting of Democracy.
The story that the Kaiser loves most to tell his intimates, declares Mr. William Armstrong in the Woman's Magazine, concerns the visit of his brother Prince Henry of Prussia, to America.

The incident happened just as the prince was landing at New York. Beside him on deck stood Admiral von Tirpitz. On the dock was a dense crowd. From its midst a stentorian voice called, "Henry, Henry!"

The prince did not understand that the hall was meant for him until the admiral, smiling broadly, said, "Your royal highness, I think some one wants to speak to you."

Then Prince Henry looked over to ward the human megaphone, who still continued to bawl out his name. Seeing that he had caught the royal gaze the owner of the voice shouted "How's Bill?"

A Giveaway

By WALTER C. RADCLIFFE

While making a tour in Spain I stopped one evening at a little hostelry in the province of Cordova. It was quite dark before I ate my supper, and the table was dimly lighted by a couple of candles. But behind me was an open door through which streamed a bright light from a kerosene lamp hanging in the hall. During the evening I sat at the supper table reading, being alone, with no one to talk to. I spent the time thus till 10 o'clock, when I closed my book and pushed back my chair preparatory to going to my room and to bed.

Just as I did so I saw on the white wall before me a shadow of a figure. The head and shoulders only were defined, and even from these I could not tell whether the person behind me was man or woman. I sat looking at it before turning to see who it was, for it was immovable, and I fancied that it was watching me. One thing about it arrested my attention. The shadow of the head was so shaped as to convince me that either the face or the back was turned directly toward me. That which I noticed especially was that while one ear cast a shadow the other did not. I was speculating how this could be when I saw the shadow of an arm slowly raised. In the hand was something, either club or knife.

I did not stop to consider whether I was about to make myself ridiculous; I instinctively ducked under the table. There I remained a few minutes and, hearing no sound, peeped from under the cloth. Seeing no one, I slowly crawled out, keeping an eye open for any one who might be laying for me. Gradually straightening up, I stood and looked about me. The shadow had disappeared; I was alone. Looking downward, I saw something red on my trousers. I put my hand on it. It was wet; there was a silt in the cloth. I pulled up my trousers and saw that the calf of my leg had been slit by some sharp instrument. The wound was still bleeding.

I had a problem to decide, and quickly. Some one had intended to murder me, doubtless with a view to appropriating my effects, but the attempt had been foiled by my quick duck. I was still in danger. What should I do? Go out into the darkness or remain where I was? I decided that my best chance was to pretend to be undisturbed till I could get at my revolver, which was in my room.

"Landlord!" I called. "A light. I am going to bed."

"Si, senor," and he brought me a candle.

"I fell asleep over my book and dreamed that some one was going to murder me. I ducked under the table. Wasn't it ridiculous?"

"Ridiculous! Yes, certainly."

"Well, good night."

My first act on reaching my room was to lock the door, the second to examine my wound. It was some two inches long and about a quarter of an inch deep.

After deliberation I concluded to remain where I was till morning. Quite possibly the would be murderer was unaware that he had cut me, and the landlord might have been deceived by my story of a dream. I kept awake all night, with my revolver cocked in my hand. In the morning I nuzzled the bedclothing, and after making such sounds as one would make in dressing I softly opened my door and looked carefully out into the hall. Seeing no enemy, I went downstairs. Reassured at the ordinary appearance of those getting breakfast, I determined to keep up my simulation, and, taking a seat at the breakfast table with my back to the wall, where I had seen the shadow, I deliberately partook of the meal, then went out, paid my bill and departed.

If the persons in that house had known what was in my mind—in other words, if I had not deceived them—I would never have been permitted to depart. I went to the city of Cordova and straight to a police station, where I told my experience to an officer. He was much interested in my story and when I had finished said:

"There are bandits in the mountains near where you were lodged, and we have for some time suspected that the landlord of the inn is in league with them. Persons have been missed, traced to that place, after which nothing has been learned concerning them. We will now set a trap for them."

I remained in Cordova several weeks awaiting the results of the trapping. One day the landlord and half a dozen ill favored men who had been caught red handed were marched into the town to the police station. I went there and looked them over. The chief police officer inspected them and, going to one villainous looking man whose hair fell over his ears, pulled it aside and exposed a place where an ear should be, but it was not there.

"Hah—Jose Madrillo! So you have turned up again, eh?"

"The man of the shadow!" I exclaimed.

Madrillo was an old offender who had lost an ear in a fight. Why he did not keep his hair in position when he attacked me I don't know. I suspect, being among friends, he was careless and did not realize that his shadow was giving him away.

The landlord and the bandits except Madrillo were imprisoned. He was executed.



USEFUL GIFT SUGGESTION



FOR HIM

Bath Robe Blanket
Beautiful Necktie
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Silk Lined Kid Gloves
House Slippers
Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs

FOR HER

Oregon Wool Couch Cover
Beautiful Silk Waist
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Handsome Evening Gowns

Any of the above Gifts would meet the approval of the advocate of "Useful Giving."

GEIBEL'S

Wed. Special
Ladies Neckwear 1/3 off.

Wed. Special
Ladies Neckwear 1/3 off.

A Typhoon in Japan.
My room on the second floor rocked and swayed, and it seemed as though the building could not hold together. After awhile I grew accustomed to the motion and the noise of breaking glass and dropped off to sleep, but a terrific crash right by my ear brought me up with a start. The sheet iron shutters of my windows had finally succumbed to the fury of the gale and, although fully eight inches outside of the glass, had bent in until the windows, sash and all, lay shattered on the floor. A drenching torrent whirled in through the crack between the resisting shutters, seized a screen and buried it clear across the room on to my bed and then seized the bed and bounced it savagely up and down. Then part of the roof took leave and slid past my window with the nerve racking clatter of coal pouring into an empty steel bin.

By dawn the typhoon was satisfied with what it had done and moved on out to sea. I retrieved my saturated clothes and went downstairs.—Melvin A. Hall in Century.

Unconscious Memory.
The memory of sleepwalkers is occasionally prodigious under the influence of the dominating impulse that moves them. There is an instance of a poor and illiterate basket maker, who was unable to read or write, yet in a state of sleep he would preach fluent sermons, which were afterward recognized as having formed portions of discourses he was accustomed to hear in the parish church as a child more than forty years before. Quite as strange a case of "unconscious memory" is referred to by Dr. Abercrombie. A girl given to sleepwalking was in the habit of imitating the violin with her lips, giving the preliminary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. It puzzled the physician a good deal until he ascertained that when a child she lived in a room adjoining a fiddler who often performed on his violin in her hearing.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Faint Hearted Poet.
Samuel Rogers, the English poet, whose house in London was noted as a literary center, was very fond of the society of ladies and was a great favorite with them. Yet he never married, and in his latter years he used to regret not having done so. Rogers' "nearest approximation to the nuptial tie" was with a girl whom he thought to be the most beautiful he had ever seen. At the end of the London season she said to him at a ball, "I go tomorrow to Worthing." He did not go with her. Some months afterward, being at Ranelagh, he saw that the attention of every one was drawn toward a large party that had just entered. In the center of which was a lady leaning on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said, "You never came to Worthing."

Mission of the Russian Fleets.
A Russian fleet under command of Admiral Lesoffsky lay in New York harbor during the winter of 1863-4, and another was in San Francisco harbor for the same period. Thurlow Weed is authority for the statement that Farragut in his presence at dinner asked Lesoffsky why he was idling the winter away. The Russian answered, "I am here under sealed orders, to be broken only in a contingency that has not yet occurred." In general conversation he allowed it to appear that the particular contingency was that a foreign power should attack the United States. The same authority records a confirmation of this matter by Prince Gortschakoff in St. Petersburg, who showed the Czar Alexander's own order.—New York Sun.

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A CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR ALL

Saturday, December 20, the Observer will send to every home in La Grande a neat, valuable and desirable Christmas gift in the form of the annual Christmas number. First and foremost the edition is to cover the field—reviewing the industrial growth during 1913, touching upon all subjects of interest to the citizen, and furthermore will pictorially tell the story of new buildings in this city during the

past 12 months. Handsome cover pages will illuminate the edition.

The wonderful expenditure in dollars and cents by the O.-W. in and out of La Grande this year will be graphically told, but that is not all; every principal industry of the city and valley will be touched upon so that La Grande people will be justly proud in folding the edition and sending it on to eastern friends in place of a descriptive letter. It will, indeed, be an edition worthy the name.