

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Why not? A Meerschmied o rBriar Pipe, or a box of his favorite cigars. A box of Park & Tilford's highest grade Chocolates for Her.—The Club.

Bowling and Billiards.—The Club.

Prof. David Haines has a few hours each day he will devote to mandolin and guitar instructions. Call Black 481. Adv. 8-22 tf.

George Kemp, dealer in New and second hand goods, upholstering and repairing done. Phone Red 101. 1420 Adams ave. 10-4 tf.

The Evening Observer on sale at Newlin's Book Store.

CARPET AND RUG Cleaning and Weaving. La Grande Pluff Rug Co. Phone Black 1521. 9-22 tf.

How to save money—smoke EL TINO CIGARS, a bit smoke for a nickel. 12-12 tf.

GLASSES HEACOCK FITS, FIT. Foley Bldg.

Mrs. Etta Wines has returned from her vacation at Palmer Junction and is prepared to go out sewing by the day. Phone Black 3522. 1708 N. Spruce st. 12-13 tf.

LOST—A roll of sheet music and felt book, Saturday night at the depot. Phone Black 822 or leave at Red Cross Drug Store. 12-22 tf.

DR. H. S. BROWNTON, Dentist, moved to rooms over The Red Cross Drug store.

Park & Tilford's Chocolates.—The Club.

Just received at Bohnenkamp's, a large assortment of late Columbia double disc records. 12-13 tf.

The Evening Observer on sale at Newlin's Book Store.

For sale or trade, a complete movable road building outfit; could also crush, wash and screen gravel for concrete; consist of crusher, elevator, rock bin, electric motor, horse roller, three dump boxes, one grader. First cost \$4100—now \$1450; in good condition. J. L. MARS.

MONEY TO LOAN. On improved real property in Union county, no delays, current rates. La Grande Investment company, Foley Hotel Building, La Grande, Oregon.

EL TINO CIGARS, 25 Havana Cigars in a tin humidior, best smoke in the world for 5c. 12-12 tf.

The Evening Observer on sale at Newlin's Book Store.

DON'T GO TO A BLACKSMITH for glasses. Get them of Heacock, a specialist in making and fitting glasses. Foley Bldg.

German Style Egg Noodles Pure And Clean

Good, rich, wholesome egg noodles that make a very economical dish are put up in 15c and 25c packages. The directions which come with each package require a little longer boiling than the ordinary noodle, but you will find they do not turn sticky, slimy or sour in the soups as others do. Phone, Main 80.

Pattison Bros. Grocery

Eastern Oregon Produce Co. Commercial Storage and Forwarding. Wholesale and Retail. Flour, Mill Feed, Grain, Hay, Cement, Lime, Plaster, Coal, Wood Fruit and Produce. Cor. Greenwood and Jefferson. Phone Main 700.

PERSONALS.

J. D. Keefer of Union, was in the city this morning, returning this noon.

County Judge and Mrs. J. C. Henry spent Christmas with friends in Baker.

Alfred Hagen of Wallowa, left today for Pendleton, where he will visit for a number of days.

Dr. Wagner, chiroprator, left today for Imbler and Summerville, where he is practicing.

Dave Clark, local fruit, grain and hay merchant, went to Alice in the interest of the business today.

Herbert Browning spent Christmas in Enterprise, joining his wife there, she having gone a few days earlier.

George Curry, the local real estate man, went to Elgin this morning on business. He will return this evening.

George Flagg, one of the most popular young men of Elgin, passed through the city this morning on his way home.

Mrs. Lillian Bancroft of La Grande, left today for Eugene, where she will attend school at the University of Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Van Gordon of Cove, left for that place today, after a delightful visit with friends in La Grande.

Mrs. Severs and son, Parker of Cove, returned to that place today, after visiting in this city over the Christmas period.

Mrs. J. H. Herron of Portland, who has been visiting in Wallowa, for the past week returned to her home this morning.

Miss Ethel Gulling of Portland, ate Christmas dinner under the parental roof in the J. C. Gulling home yesterday.

Mrs. H. Turner of La Grande, left today for Seattle, where she will spend a month or more with her mother, Mrs. Alberta Nye.

Mrs. William Crandall of La Grande, left today for Kamela, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Schwager for a number of days.

The Misses Manda and Anna Hagen of Lostine and Wallowa left today for Pendleton, where they will spend the rest of the holidays with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCall came over from Cove last evening to hear the O. A. C. cadet band concert and to spend Christmas with relatives here.

Mrs. Nora Frits De Long and daughter are home for the holidays from southern Oregon, where Mr. and Mrs. De Long have been ranching the past few years.

Mrs. Tom Williamson of this city, went to Wallowa this morning, where she will take care of the chiropractic patients of Mrs. Dunn, who is ill. She will be gone indefinitely.

Thomas Crowley, superintendent of the Palmer Lumber camps at Palmer Junction, returned to his duties this morning, after spending the holidays in this city with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pike are spending the Christmas holidays with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Miller of Portland. Mr. Miller is traveling passenger agent for the O. W.

George W. King has returned to Iowa, after visiting at the Fred King home in South La Grande. He has been to California and came by way of La Grande to spend Christmas with his relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf and little daughter Catherine of La Grande, left today for Union, where they will make merry at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. Blanchard for a number of days. Mrs. Metcalf and Mrs. Blanchard are sisters.

A. Lonman of Salesville, Montana, who was one of the earliest settlers of this valley, passed through the city on his way to Island City, where he expects to visit a couple of weeks with relatives and acquaintances. He is on his way to Redlands, California, where he will spend the winter with relatives. While in La Grande, he stopped at the Oxford rooming house.

G. Ryder of Union, was among the visitors to the city this morning. Charles Brennan of La Grande, was among the passengers to Baker this noon.

C. E. Warner of La Grande, left today for Pleasant Valley, where he will visit with relatives for a num-

CONTINGENT FUND GROWS

ONE PRISONER WOULD "LICK" JUDGE EAKIN.

Chief Awards Bout to Judge and City Gets the Side Bet.

La Grande's contingent fund has been swelled since yesterday. There will be no dearth of lead pencils or scrubbing brushes, for the Christmas celebrators supplied enough money in the way of fines to keep all departments well supplied with stove polish and kindling wood, and miscellaneous sundries for some time to come. One fellow took exception to the kind ministrations of the youthful municipal judge and was operated on to the tune of ten bones, enough to relieve him of the instruments of thirteenth speed for a few days at least. He wanted to fight the judge to a finish but the chief of police declared the fight in favor of the judge and also awarded the side bet to the city. The following are the reluctant contributors: Jno. Hughes, drunk, \$5.00; Lewis Johnston, drunk, \$5.00; C. A. Dawson, drunk, \$5.00; Andy McCoy, drunk, \$5.00; F. Sullivan, drunk, \$5.00; Jno. Peterson, drunk, \$5.00; Will Burleigh, drunk, \$5.00, for pugilistic braggadocio, \$5.00 more; in all \$40.00.

In addition to this work the police also raided a house on East Jefferson in which they caught a man and woman. The man was shipped out of the city, with the command not to return and the woman will be deported today. The man has acted as a solicitor for this woman and is pronounced a worthless character.

ber of days before returning home.

C. C. Howerton of La Grande, left today for Pleasant Valley, where he will visit for a number of days.

Joe Smith of La Grande, left today for Union, on business. He was accompanied by his son Emmett.

Sheriff Hug returned this noon from Pendleton, where he had gone on official business.

B. P. Courtney of La Grande, left today for Union, where he is superintending the construction of the aseptic filter intake for the city of Union. Mr. Courtney had the misfortune to lose a valuable Stetson last Wednesday at Union Junction.

He said it was last seen at Moss Chapel, traveling at the rate of 40 miles an hour, chased by all of the "houn daws" of the community, headed straight for Walla Walla or Spokane. A traveling salesman, H. M. Burlingham, by name, had the good heart to lend him his traveling cap. This he returned to the good-hearted fellow this morning.

CONGRESS PROMISES MUCH.

Factory Promotion to Be Theme of Corvallis Gathering.

La Grande is urged to send delegates to the factory promotion congress to be held in January in the city of Corvallis. Secretary C. A. Murphy of the Corvallis club writes to Secretary Joe Williamson of La Grande about the congress and says in part:

"On the 14th and 15th of January a 'Factory Congress' will be held in the city of Corvallis. I am enclosing herewith a circular which tells the mission of the congress, and the departments that will be discussed.

"I notice a quotation from you in the November number of the Oregon Manufacturer, and trust you will endeavor to be present at the convention. I wish you would take up the matter with your Commercial club and endeavor to secure a good, strong delegation from La Grande. This is a worthy campaign and it would be time well spent if you would give this congress some publicity in your local papers. All parties in your district that would be interested in the development of our industries should be informed of the congress in sufficient time that they may make their plans to attend.

"I can assure you that the movement means much to the state of Oregon, and at the convention to be held there will be big men to talk the value of payrolls, and big men to tell us how to make a practical success of the various kinds of industries that are suitable and could possibly succeed in Oregon towns like yours."

Eastern Star and Masonic orders will install jointly on Saturday evening, December 27. All visiting members and resident members cordially invited.

CHRISTMAS OBSERVED.

(Continued from Page 1.)

pal congregation heard the following program rendered at the church:

Commencing at 10:30 on Christmas Day:

Hymn—"O Little Town of Bethlehem."

Venite.

Gloria Patri.

Te Deum, Prior.

Jubilate.

Hymn—"O Come All Ye Faithful."

Antiphon—"Hark, Hark, My Soul."

Choir

Gloria Tibi.

Hymn—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

Solo; Ellsworth Ellis.

Offertory—Doxology.

Sanctus.

Amen.

Communion Hymn—"And Now, O Father Mindful of the Love."

Gloria in Excelsis—Old Chant.

Amen.

Hymn, "Shout the Glad Tidings, Exultantly Sing."

The Sunday School Christmas exercises will be held in Honan hall on Friday evening at 6:30.

The Baptist held an interesting program. The numbers arranged for rendition at that church were:

Baptists Expect Fine Time.

Christmas Eve, Wednesday the 24th the First Baptist church held its Christmas entertainment. The program for the evening follows:

In the Christmas glow.

Christmas Marching Song, by choir.

Scripture lesson and prayer, by Rev. R. E. Close.

Song—"Luther's Cradle Hymn," by primary department.

Recitation—Mildred Snyder.

Recitation—Glenn Scott.

"We're All Helpers—Four girls and boys.

"Guess What I'm Holding,"—Dell Gillbanks.

"Half Dozen Snow Birds,"—Verdarae Smith.

"Christmas Candles,"—by eight little children.

Song—"Waiting for Santa," primary department.

"Dropping Pennies,"—Lloyd Chandler.

"Don't Want Much,"—Albert Scott.

"When Grandma Was a Little Girl."

"We'll Share Our Joys,"—by eight little girls.

Song—Choir.

"Kris Kringle's Surprise,"—Leslie Starba.

"Jest for Christmas,"—Sam McNish.

"We'll Smile,"—By three girls.

Song—"The Christmas Glow," by Miss Johnston's class.

"The Spirit of Giving,"—Carmoline Gillbanks.

"The Grumpy Man and the Glow,"—Ward DeLashmut.

"Long Fore I Knewed Who Santa Claus Was,"—Hall Lewis.

Duet—"The Birthday Bells of Our King," by Eva Snyder and Iva Wilson.

"The Snow Helps Bring the Christmas Glow," "A Song of the Snowflakes,"—by Mrs. Close's class.

"The Loving Time,"—Francis Stafford.

"The Wonderful Christmas Tree,"—Lillian Smith.

Solo—Miss Calista Love.

"Why the Bell Chimned,"—Mrs. McNish.

Song—"The Babe of Bethlehem" by the Misses Green.

Instrumental Duet—Mrs. Day and Mrs. Starba.

The Coming of Santa Claus.

Benediction.

As with the gladness men of old, Did the guiding star behold;

As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright;

So most gracious Lord, may we Evermore be held by thee.

The Catholic choir rendered a splendid musical program at midnight mass, again at 10:30 yesterday, and will repeat the program on New Year's day. The numbers and the choir personnel are:

Adeste Fideles.....Novello

Kyrie.....Stehle

Gloria.....Stehle

Credo.....Battman

Hodie Nobis.....Hamma

Sanctus.....Stehle

Benedictus.....Stehle

Agnus Dei.....Stehle

The same program will be rendered at the 10:30 a. m. Mass.

Soprano—Mrs. James Corbett, Mrs. J. F. O'Connell, Helen McHugh.

Altos—Mrs. Joe Carr, Mrs. E. E. Kirtley, Mrs. E. Polack.

Tenors—Joachim Durst, (likely C. P. Ferrin).

Bassos—Chas. McCorkle, Bernard Kalen, J. A. Hadaller.

Director—J. A. Hadaller.

Organist—Mrs. Adolph Newlin.

Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the State Bank of Imbler.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholder of the State Bank of Imbler, will be held at their banking rooms, at Imbler, Oregon, on Tuesday, January 13, between the hours of 2 o'clock and 4 o'clock P. M., for the election of a board of five directors to serve for one year and the transaction of such other business as may come before such meeting.

SHERWOOD WILLIAMS, 30t Cashier.

Brick, Stone and Concrete Work.

All kinds of repairing, remodeling, underpinning, ornamental and rustic brick or stone work. Fire places, mantles, flues and cel. Work guaranteed.

C. C. Hanson, Contractor. Phone R. 3692. Adv 7-30 tf.

AN ATOM OF VAPOR

(J. D. GILLILAN.)

My origin may be no queerer than that of any one of my many affinities, or acquaintances. I say acquaintances for I find out that almost everything around the whole earth loves me, seeks me and is so insistent upon my very heart life that it dies unless I agree to join it. Yet so far as that is concerned it is only one of the many, many mysterious things hard for so brainless an atom as myself to comprehend. In fact I am so slow to learn, I seem to have been very old before I remembered anything. I was gray with age or something else when knowledge first became mine; and I was high up in the sky herding with millions and millions of others so like myself, I am sure none but our mothers could have told us apart. There were indeed clouds and clouds of us. It was a summer day, such as they have in that country, and as I now recall it, we had risen from the earth somewhere in Tibet; I think it was Tibet, for although I have been in that country about ten million times since then, I never saw the exact spot again; and we were rolling and tumbling about and jostling each other in all kinds of jolly style, first on the back of one gust of wind and then another, when we saw at an immense distance from us a big bunch of bunches just like ourselves. They got caught in the arms of the winds and were rushed toward us and we toward them till we were all black in the face. We giggled and twisted and squirmed till we became so hot the blazes began to fly in every direction. We were just so mad we lost our way and the very first thing we knew we had gotten to the border of the upper air close to the earthless land where Jack Frost is king, and he captured the whole lot of us and squeezed us in his frozen fists till we were the most beautiful six-sided crystals you or any one else ever saw.

Then King Jack gave us a puff with a breath so icy we all were glad to scamper off in any road to get away from him; he blew us over the Chang-la-Pod-la, or main watershed of the Himalayas, and dropped us into one of the deepest, coldest canyons imaginable. We had not been long there in his ice-prison when he sent a lot of others who just jumped on us and tramped us all out of shape and tied us tight in the arms of a hard-hearted old glacier where we stayed, oh, I suppose about a thousand years, I do not really know, for the sun shone so little up there that we could not keep track of the months, let alone years; for it is winter there even in summertime.

But, anyway, after what seemed the longest time to us we were at last freed from that prison; (my, how cold it was!) and we found ourselves in a stream of water that was running from the lower end of a canyon. I was so glad that I organized a glee club among us and we sang and danced and jumped and splashed and romped till we got away down to where the water was clean enough to wash ourselves in; for, oh how dirty we were.

Two or three times the sun came down at me just as I was getting warm on a blade of grass that was growing near the edge of the stream in whose hard bed I was riding, but a friend jumped and caught me away from him and off we went in our noisy frolic till we came to one of the soberest fellows I ever saw; they told me his name was pool; and he frowned at us and told us to keep still. We did not like that, so we quietly edged around his lonesome old house till we saw a chance to slip out with some fish that were going that way. Once in a while we stopped to leap up in the spray and play in the colors of some of the many rainbows that play in beautiful silence in the far-away nooks of the uninhabited world.

This was the river Brahma-Putra that gets bigger and wider all through its distance of 1,500 miles down to the hot Indian ocean. As we reached lower levels we saw more and more evidences of warmer lands, and many gauzy-winged flies dipped down among us very often. Watching my chance, I leaped out of the current just as one of those fine fellows made a dash at us and I lighted on his wing; he did not seem to notice me at all, but, horrors! a few minutes afterward a trout jumped for him when he came too near the water and grabbed him and me and down he went. I was not long in finding out what to do, for when the fish opened his gills in breathing, out I scampered. I wanted no more experiences like that.

For days and weeks, I guess, we

went on, on, on down through the weirdest, wildest canyons, over the mighty falls, through underground passages where no human being has yet ever been, and into India and then out to the great salty ocean. We had no sooner reached that great world of water than a typhoon came along and picked up hundreds of millions of us at one whirl and carried me (and I suppose the others of us, although I became separated from the rest of our crowd) away up in the air toward the high mountains of the upper Ganges. In a thunderstorm I went back to the soil and seeped through among the roots of some bamboos, reaching the nasty Ganges. That is one of the trips I never care to mention to my friends. It was not so bad then as now since so many people live there, for the river is now worshipped as a god and the millions who infest its shores are indescribable in their filth.

I have had some experiences that the mere thinking of would make me grayer than I am if that were possible. They were worse than that adventure with the trout up in the Himalayas. I will tell you one; this one is a real scare. It was so long ago that I cannot even count back.

After traveling around the world in clouds that are visible and in vapors invisible, and having been up and down the earth in sea currents and driven by waves, and having seen almost all the lands by means of their creeks and rivers, I got an experience in Egypt that I really thought was going to be the end of me. In fact I was gone so long, and had such a hard time getting free, the world did not look at all as I remembered it. I was somewhere under the equator near the coast of Africa and a saphyr caught me and lifted me into one of those invisible aeroplanes that have been running ever since creation and I was driven by an air-chauffeur over the blazing sands of Sahara desert past Lake Tchad up into the heights of Kilama-Njaro. So soon as I could do so, I slipped down that old mountain's back and got over into the headwaters of the Nile. After a long time of it I finally reached Lower Egypt and was quietly resting after the tiresome journey, when most unexpectedly I was dipped up in a vessel carried by a slave attached to the mortuary chamber of the chief of the embalmers to the king's household. As we approached the place, a few of the knowing ones jumped out, but I did not so escape. One of the greatest of the Pharaohs was dead and his coffin, called a sarcophagus, which he had kept on hand for a long time, had to be cleansed and re-anointed for his funeral. I was used in assisting in this process, but I was continually fearful that I might be left in that regal coffin; so, when the opportunity came, I clung to the hand of the servant who washed the casket and was watching for an occasion to escape on the back of some air current that might slip in; but every one that came avoided me. When they picked up the body to lay it in the great stone box, in some manner I slipped off his hand and became entangled in some of the wrappings of the corpse, and before I could disengage myself I heard the stone lid scrape into place, and a sudden chill seized me.

How long I lay in that darkness I never could find out; for they took that huge stone coffin to one of the gigantic pyramids and after climbing down the longest, darkest, windiest stairways you ever and never heard of, they placed it in a place called a crypt and sealed all the doors leading to it, and there were many of them too. Poor me! As I said, I never knew how long I stayed there. The first I recall was that some dry air of the Sahara came in and became busy awaking us all and driving us out; it made threats about extermination and annihilation and some other swear words which I never did understand, but must be something dreadful. So, after a time, so long I could not see back to the beginning of it, I began to work and twist my way in some direction, but I could not see, and knew not which was the way out. So the first thing I knew I was through the wrapping and next to the dried body of the old monarch. Ugh, but that was ghastly. After a little, a few years, maybe, I reached the side of the sarcophagus and wormed my way through it to the wall of the pyramid. Ages went by. How many of those granite layers I pierced I'll never know.

When I finally emerged there was a saphyr waiting for me and I joyously jumped into his arms and he carried me lightly till I came to talk to you.

But it seems to me I can smell that old mummy yet. Can't you?

If you are looking for a nice place to spend the afternoon or evening call at

THE CLUB

Bowling, Billiards, Cigars, Females, Oyster Cocktails and Candy. Ladies always welcome.