

DECEMBER PUTS PERMIT RECORD HIGH

THREE HUNDRED AND ONE THOUSAND SPENT FOR BUILDINGS, 1913

When 1913 became history last midnight, building expenditures in La Grande had reached the grand total of \$301,329.00, approximately more than \$13,000 in excess of 1912. December was a brisk building month, being in excess of two other months of the year. The permits issued during December were:

Geo. Lyman, N avenue, dwel.....	\$ 1,750.00
G. M. Curtiss U. ave, dwel. rep....	350.00
W. J. Church, rep. rooming house Jefferson ave.....	499.00
Y. M. C. A. basement, Elm and Wash.....	2,000.00
Valley creamery ice house, Jeff. ave.....	400.00
Ed. B. Johnson, residence, Z ave.....	400.00
R. J. Greene res. N ave.....	2,350.00
U. lottes basement.....	499.00
Total for Dec.....	\$ 8,248.00

Total for the year 1913:	
January.....	\$ 5,025.00
February.....	3,450.00
March.....	14,600.00
April.....	51,725.00
May.....	51,234.00
June.....	36,450.00
July.....	21,924.00
August.....	40,733.00
September.....	28,114.00
October.....	23,274.00
November.....	16,550.00
December.....	8,248.00
Total for the year.....	\$301,329.00
Increase over last year approximately.....	\$13,000

HUMOR OF A CANNIBAL.

He Enjoyed It Himself, but It Didn't Tickle the Victim.

A number of natives came to greet us when we landed at Bau, a Fiji Island, among them a few whom the consul seemed to know. They volunteered to act as escorts for us and by various expressions tried to convey the idea that they were glad to see us.

A school forms one side of the square. Across from this stands the council chamber, built on the trench where the bodies were roasted for their former feasts. The old headstone against which Cacobau used to dash the brains of his victims still stands, and the anchor and rudder of a French ship wrecked near Bau lie beside it.

Beneath a picture of Queen Victoria I saw an old sword swinging. I examined it and found it was a French weapon, no doubt the arm of the unfortunate French vessel's commander. During the time this was going on Jim, Ratu Kndavu's servant, who is a particularly good type of a large, muscular race, approached me, ran his hand around my waist and slowly down my thigh and smacked his lips with a wicked smile. I laughed at this display of aboriginal humor, but not very heartily, for the sword of the French captain still swung before my eyes.—Christian Herald.

Time For the Actor to Stop.

On the subject of playing the same part over an indefinite number of times David Warfield says:

"There is no such thing as playing a part too long. The mellowing process should never cease, but if it does, if spontaneity fails, if the actor feels that he is becoming at all mechanical in the part, he should abandon it at once—for his own salvation.

"The surest danger signal is half-hearted applause. From this the actor knows that he has lost an essential quality of the character, and the tragedy of it is he cannot tell what that quality is or how he lost it. An actor may tell a joke a thousand times and provoke laughter, but suddenly it falls of response. That's the time for him to stop."—American Magazine.

THE ANNUAL CLEANING.



Jamison in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

IN MEMORIAM.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, and frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in then obler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out the old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—(Tennyson.)

CABBAGE HILL CONTROVERSY ENDS IN JAIL SENTENCE

Pendleton, Jan. 1.—(Special)—As the latest development in a controversy that has extended over the past seventeen years, Marshall M. Myers, well known Cabbage Hill rancher, was today sentenced to 25 days in the county jail for contempt of court in refusing to obey an order to vacate the homestead, his right to which had been contested by Clifford J. Bellinger. Myers boldly told the court this morning that he would refuse to obey the order and invited the jail sentence.

Myers for a long time has lived on a piece of land on Cabbage Hill, but it is said he originally secured it by contesting the title of E. L. Smith, who had made entry upon it. In turn his title was contested by Bellinger and in the case the register of the La Grande land office, the commissioner of the general land office and the secretary of the interior all handed down different opinions.

The matter was finally brought before Circuit Judge Phelps. The government had already cancelled Myers' entry because of an alleged failure to meet the qualifications and Bellinger won the decision from the court. By the order, Myers was given 60 days in which to move off the land. He decalred from the first that he would refuse to budge and openly boasted that it would take U. S. marshal to oust him, it is said. At the expiration of sixty days, he was cited to appear in the circuit court on December 29 to show cause why he should not be held in contempt. He appeared personally yesterday and refused to secure an attorney. Judge Phelps

thereupon, appointed Charles H. Carter to act for him and continued the case until this morning.

Attorney Sarter announced that Myers had refused to take his advice in the matter. Myers, thereupon arose and flatly refused to obey the order of the court. Judge Phelps promptly sentenced him to pay a fine of \$50 or serve 25 days in jail and warned him that upon a second refusal to obey the court's orders that he would receive a more severe penalty. Myers took the jail sentence.

Myers is greatly exercised over the treatment he has received and it is said that many neighbors who have known that he has lived on the land for years, are sympathizing with him. It is feared that trouble may ensue before the matter is settled.

Handel's Philosophy.

Handel, when the curtain would rise upon a nearly empty house, would say soothingly to his associates:

"Ach, never mind; the music will sound all the better!"

Repartee.

Repartee is made up of the bright things other people say while our own minds are running along about thirty seconds behind time.—Toledo Blade.

Fine Excuse.

Collector—Why haven't you paid your gas bill? Consumer—The light was so poor I could not read the bill.—California Pelican.

Human life is governed more by fortune than by reason.—Hume.

BILL ALLINSON LOST IN FOREST OF PUSH BUTTONS, BELLS AND NEW FANDANGLES

In a letter to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bunting of this city W. S. Allison who recently moved to the Oregon metropolis for the winter, describes the luxury of the modern apartment house as it strikes one who has not enjoyed the convenience of this new creation in the smaller city. It is

FACED A FOREIGN FLAG.

A British Seaman's Prank That Enraged the Brazilians. The harbor of Rio de Janeiro is one of the wonders of the world. You enter a narrow strait guarded by a towering conical mountain and discover a glorious inland sea surrounded on every side by abrupt and precipitous mountains, many of them with the most fantastic outlines. I should imagine, says the Hon. Stephen Cole-ridge in "Memories," that all the fleets of the world might anchor there in safety.

In the early seventies a couple of English bluejackets in search of adventure climbed to the top of the mountain that guards the entrance, hauled after them a flagstaff and a union jack, set up the pole on the summit and unfurled the flag to the breeze.

The astounded and indignant Brazilians awoke one morning to find an alien bunting flying over their territory from its most conspicuous eminence. Protests were lodged with the English minister, who, with the utmost politeness, apologized for the thoughtless escapade of some entirely unknown persons and gravely told the Brazilian government that of course he would have no possible objection to the prompt removal of the flag and pole. The emperor, however, could find no subject in all his wide empire who would volunteer to make the ascent to the summit of the mountain, which the people of Rio de Janeiro considered unscalable.

In this embarrassing dilemma the Brazilian government determined to knock over the staff by shooting at it. The Brazilian fleet was ordered to shoot the offending pole off the top of the mountain. Either they could not train their guns to the required angle of elevation or the target was too narrow for a successful shot. At any rate, the English flag flying over the proud Brazilian city remained, braving the battle and the breeze, till it rotted away.

full of observations and can be enjoyed best by reading the letter as it is written. Besides all of the margins and the backs of each page are profusely illustrated with the designs of the building, locations of the innumerable push buttons, and many other points that could be reproduced only by a cut; however, it is worth reading, especially as it comes from one so well known to La Granders as the Allisons, whom everybody will miss during their stay in Portland:

"We are nicely settled at Twelfth and Taylor streets, care Villa St; Clara, Portland, Oregon, in fine apartment house. The building houses 62 families and is up-to-date and modern. We rented a piano and sewing machine, so we are going to make noise.

"How to get in, if you call—First go into the main arena, then look for Allison's number on the mail boxes. Then phone upstairs and I will push a button from above and your door flies open. You are now through the first door. Push the elevator button on the left as you enter and down comes the elevator to take you up. Get in and push the button for floor three, the elevator door closes and up you go to floor three where the elevator stops, then jump out and look for 302. Push more buttons, in you jump and here we are.

"Our beds push under the closets when not in use. Our dressing rooms are up two flights of steps and when we are ready for bed we look like a 10-cent vaudeville troupe coming out to perform. We have lots of fun getting used to living in these things. Our gas meter quit when we were getting a meal and the janitor told us to drop a quarter into the slot then we would have more gas. You can't beat them any on bills. But it is better than splitting wood. We have lots of callers, so it is not lonesome. Its like playing a piano, pushing buttons around here. Come down and take a laugh with me.

"Our bill is due; when you go down stairs again, the same thing occurs—it's all bills and buttons. The dummy elevator comes up every morning at 7:30 without bottled milk and a clean garbage can.

"My folks pushed a button and in

rushed a policeman—they pushed the wrong button.

"Oh, they are so green! I watch them learn so they can't catch me at anything to giggle at. Oh, yes, each room has a deposit vault in the wall. We thought it was a fire alarm until we asked. I rode eight miles one day in the elevator going up and down until I was churned into butter. We pull our beds out each night and they look like two Ford autos coming at you without tops on them. I tie my bed down with a rope before I get in, as one night it started in with us. But my nose would not slide under, it took a bunk of it off. When we open our pantry door everything flies at us. When I get in the bath tub I push a button and it starts me rolling in the water. Then push one more button and the gas dies you off. We don't use towels here. I will take one more before I come home in the spring.

My family always blow the gas out. It's not safe, but let them go, it will get them later on.

P. S.—Terms here are cash before you get in. No dogs or cats, no cables, no noise after 10 P. M. I told the boss he would have a time with my family as they are loud.

(Some of the descriptive matter around the diagram of the rooms runs like this):

"During day, bed under the pantry; One button, more bells. Pantry, more bells. During day, bed under toilet. More bells; deposit vault; fire escape; phone, another phone, and more bells and buttons; here we go for door. Another button. Dummy elevator, dummy waiter."

Surely domestic problems are becoming complicated and soon there will be a school for prospective tenants of apartment houses. A short course in learning to push the right button. What to do when the police arrive; when you push the Milk button. What to do when the elevator won't stop. How to enjoy the Ocean waves in a bath tub. What to do when four bells ring at the same time. How to feed a balky gas meter. A short course on emergencies. How to overcome the elasticity of a spring in a folding bed when it has a tendency to raise the fee first.

Do You Comply With the

BUTTER LAW?

If not, read the following law and have your Butter Wrappers nicely printed, with your name and weight of butter thereon.

CAUTION!

CHAPTER 179, SECTION 3.

"It shall be unlawful for any person, firm, association or corporation to sell, offer or expose for sale, any short weight butter within the State of Oregon. All butter sold or exposed or offered for sale in rolls, prints or squares within the State of Oregon, shall be plainly marked: 'Eight ounces, full weight,' sixteen ounces, full weight,' 'twenty-four ounces full weight,' or 'thirty-two ounces, full weight,' every roll, print or square sold, offered or exposed for sale shall contain the number of ounces marked thereon; and any person, firm, association or corporation violating any of the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine or not less than \$25.00 nor more than \$100.00, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than six months; or both such fine and imprisonment."

The Observer can furnish you with good parchment Butter Wrappers, printed according to law. We are printing for the best buttermakers in this valley, and would like to add your name to our list of satisfied customers. You can send your order by mail. Write plainly and state the size you wish.

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