

KAFFIR BOYS ODD GALAXY

WILD-EYED SOUTH AMERICAN
LADS WILL SING

Chautauqua's Music End Will Have
Unique Number This Year

When the 1916 chautauqua session is held here in June and July, a distinctly unique feature will be headlined in the musical department. It is the Kaffir Boy choir. Concerning this attraction the booking bureau has written to W. D. McMillan, secretary of the association here praising the company wonderfully high. He says:

The story of Balmer and his wonderful singing Kaffir Boys reads like the strangest tale of fiction. It is a story of hardships and sufferings, and after that, long years of patient toil on the part of Balmer, to educate the people he had learned to love and admire.

Balmer was a young baritone of great renown. He was known all over England and at one time was said to be the greatest baritone in London. But at the height of his career, just when he was becoming recognized as a great artist, his health failed. To recuperate, he went to South Africa, there to live among the Kaffirs, the Hottentots and the people of Masbana.

After many years of life in this distant land and many narrow escapes from death, Balmer gained the confidence of the people and began to teach them to read and write. He helped them make their laws and to maintain order and was soon as highly respected among these people as any king or potentate.

He found the Kaffirs the most interesting people of all the South African peoples. They are a race of people with higher ideals than any of the other blacks of the African Peninsula. They are straight and erect in build and many of them are very handsome.

Balmer found that many of the boys and younger men possessed remarkable voice, only lacking the rudiments of a musical education. Balmer determined to teach some of these young Kaffirs to sing. What he has accomplished is almost unbelievable, and when you hear and see these little Kaffir fellows on the Chautauqua platform you will marvel at their beautiful music, their wonderful grace of action and their smiles you will remember for many a day.

They sing songs in their own dialects but most of the program is rendered in English. War songs, songs of the hunt and the feats of the Kaffirs are but a few of the long list the Kaffirs sing. Mr. Balmer sings bass and the boys sing soprano, tenor, and alto, thus forming an almost completely balanced choir.

It has required two years to secure the Kaffir Boy Choir under contract for the western Chautauquas. If we should tell you how much money it has cost to secure them for the people of the West you would realize how popular they are and in what constant demand. At any rate, they have cost the managers of the western Chautauquas a lot of real money. When you have seen them and heard them, you too will say it is the greatest attraction that has ever been brought to the West under any management.

Talk about the Kaffirs everywhere you go. Tell everyone about them. Your friends will thank you many times for telling them of the merits of this unique organization. Make this your slogan: "The Kaffirs are coming to the Chautauqua."

The 1916 Chautauqua Program is the greatest ever because:

It will cost thirty per cent more money than any previous program.

It is covering a greater range of activities than ever before.

Practically all attractions are of national or international importance.

It has been enlarged and strengthened over any previous program.

Every musician is an artist, long experienced in Chautauqua entertainment.

New and efficient methods of management have been devised to make Chautauqua more enjoyable for you.

This is the great year for the Chautauqua on the Pacific Coast.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, to all concerned, that under and by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Union, bearing date the 14th day of April, 1916, in that certain suit therein pending wherein Delilah Colvor is plaintiff and R. H. Betty and Effie May Betty are defendants, commanding me to make sale of the herein-after described property, and make therefrom the sum of \$600.00 principal, \$72.00 interest, \$75.00 attorney's fee, and the costs and disbursements of this suit, taxed at \$16.00, and for accruing costs.

THEREFORE, on Tuesday, the 16th day of May, 1916, at 2 o'clock P. M. at the front door of the Court House at La Grande, Union County, Oregon I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described lands, described in said decree, to-wit:

The south one-half of lots one and two, and the north eight feet of Lots three and four in Block nine, Honan's Addition to La Grande, Union County, Oregon, together with all the rights, title and interest of said defendants, R. H. Betty and Effie May Betty in and to said premises.

Dated at La Grande, Oregon, this 14th day of April, 1916.

AUGUST HUG,
Sheriff of Union County, Oregon.

Daily Observer—April 15, 22, 29 May 2, 9.

AMERICAN NEGRO TROOPS GOING TO THE FIGHT AT CALIENTES

Here are the negroes of the Tenth United States cavalry, who under Colonel W. C. Brown, killed thirty Villistas in the fight at Aguas Calientes. This photograph shows them cheering on the way to the fight. Beneath is a company of United States troops in their trenches at Casas Grandes, showing how they are prepared for any attack that may come from Carranza troops.



NEGROES OF THE
TENTH CAVALRY



IN TRENCHES AT CASAS GRANDES

VILLA KING OF ALL FIENDOM

OUTRAGE AGAINST SISTER HE
LOVED TO BLAME

His family Sinned Against, His Career
Becomes Bloody Gruesome

Peon farmer boy hoarder of unknown wealth; outlawed bandit soldier hero; devoted husband, barbarous bigamist; just free-handed leader—cruel and vindictive dictator; cool and clever political adventurer—raving and bloodthirsty murderer; shrewd statesman—ignorant malefactor. Such a man is Francisco Villa, "The Tiger," as seen by his friends and by his enemies.

Real History Mystery

We in La Grande, far remote from the scenes of his terrorisms, scarcely appreciate the nature of the brute-man. We hear only of him through press and magazine. The Observer has compiled a brief story of his life, touching angles seldom reached by the magazine writer and correspondent. It follows that only the more important events of his career can be touched upon.—This man who baffles the entire Uncle Sam Army—who has very likely made good his escape to begin over a life of crime in new climes.

Really Modern Robin Hood

Rivalling Robin Hood in the varied career of his life, but lacking the polish of that famed Old English figure Francisco Villa was a character about whom there has been more written, perhaps, than about any other Mexican of his generation; a man whose name will go down in history as that of one of the most picturesque and widely known, though little known, men of intrigue-ridden Mexico.

Villa's personal history and life have been as much a mooted question as has been the right and wrong of his cause. His birth is shrouded in doubt—place, time ancestry.

Mexico's "man of blood" has been claimed as brother of a negro, as a "squaw man," as a half-breed of Mexican-Negro blood, as half-breed of Mexican-Indian blood, and as a full-fledged Mexican of pure Spanish extraction.

The Reverend Alfred Young, a Negro minister of Baltimore, claimed Villa was his brother. His hair was short and "kinky" like that of the African; his cheek bones high and prominent like those of the Indian; his complexion that of the Mexican; his temperament that of the Castilian.

Durango His Birthplace

Perhaps the most direct line upon Villa's birth comes from the Mexican state of Durango, south of Chihuahua. It was in these mountain foothills that Francisco Villa was born in 1876, the son of a peon farmer according to best reports. While he was a child his parents moved to the state of Chihuahua, the scene of the greatest activities of Villa's life a state that trembled with fear at his name, yet whose people benefited by his generosity.

While Villa was in his early teens his parents died and left in his charge an older sister, a beautiful, dark-eyed senorita whom Villa loved.

Really Loved His Sister

This very devotion to his sister led Villa into open conflict with the power then in control of Mexico. Rurales, the roving armed policemen of Mexico, were wont to carry away for the magistrates of the government any pretty woman who declined their attentions.

Villa returned home one day from his plow to find his sister gone and in that moment of discovery was born Mexico's fury, "Pancho, The Tiger."

Villa at once attacked the magistrate of the town. He seized his revolver, mounted a swift horse and, compelling a priest to ride with him started in pursuit. All day and all night they rode, and at 4 o'clock one morning, almost a week later they caught up with the party.

Made to Marry The Girl

At the point of Villa's revolver the priest performed the marriage ceremony, the Magistrate signed his own death warrant, and in less than five minutes the magistrate was dead and Villa rode for the mountains of Chihuahua, a fugitive from justice.

Thus began the career of the man who caused more trouble for two governments than any other one man in history. He was outlawed, and a price was placed on his head.

Kindred spirits flocked to his banner, and for eighteen years they defied the rurales, raiding, pillaging, murdering, plundering.

Peons Were Spared

Villa's rifles carried 48 notches, wordless obituaries of rurales who sought to capture him and win the reward. But his friends of these days stoutly assert that never did Villa

rob or steal from anyone who was of his people, the peon class. And always with them he was generous and open-handed, a free-giver and a kind man.

In the foothills of the mountains lay a typical Mexican village. Its inhabitants had often heard of the bloody fights between Villa and the rurales, of the plundering raids of "The Tiger" on unsuspecting towns, and they feared him.

One night the magistrates and soldiers announced a dance, and plans were announced for a royal merry-making.

An hour before the dance started a powerful, black-mustached man, clad in the full uniform of an officer, strode into the small general store and bought out the entire stock of provisions. A pretty senorita, the belle of the town, was the sales-woman.

"I'm glad you have bought our goods," she said to the officer, "we were afraid 'The Tiger' would come and rob us."

The officer laughed, then invited her to dance. They danced throughout the evening, he the gayest of the gay. During the last dance he chided her of her fear for Villa.

"What would you do if Villa were to come here now?" he asked.

"I would die of fear," she answered with a shudder.

"I have a secret to tell you," he said, and whispered in her ear: "I am Villa."

Bravely Villa danced throughout the night with the very rurales who were seeking him, dead or alive, to

claim the 10,000 pesos reward. Openly he courted and married the shop girl.

Then came Madero

Then good fortune came. Madero revolted and Villa and his followers, 1,800 strong, placed themselves under Madero's command. Many are the tales that are told of his work in that revolution. He came to the front like a true leader of men strong, forceful, resourceful, daring. He never sent a soldier where he would not go himself. Always he was in the thick of the fight.

His powerful sorrel chargers—Villa had a passion for sorrel horses—always carried him at the head of the column. He captured Juarez by strategy seizing a Federal troop train and all telegraph operators along the line and entering the town before the defenders had discovered his ruse.

Was Cruel to His Wife

From outlaw to general in seven months, Villa became the popular hero with the revolutionary class. His enemies he lined up and shot, frequently with his own hand. Intrigues worked around him and caused his estrangement from his wife. His cruelty to her was terrifying, it is said. He tortured enemies until they paid tribute, and then shared his tribute with the soldiers who worshipped him.

His officers he ruled by fear, his men by fellowship, daring and generosity. With the ascension of Huerta and the death of Madero the old banditry began again, and Villa was again an outlaw. He swore death to Huerta, and was the hero of the

revolution that swept Huerta out of Mexico.

Faithly Promised But Broken

Carranza, nominally leader of the revolution, was lost sight of in Villa's brilliant leadership of the armies. And to Carranza, the man he has fought bitterly for a year, Villa swore fealty less than two years ago.

In the spring of 1914, and as late as August of that year, Villa disavowed any desire to rule Mexico and swore that he would give his life to Carranza, that he would leave Mexico if Carranza so desired. But in September of that year he broke loose again, and carried on a warfare that thrived in his native state of Chihuahua, culminating in the raid of Columbus.

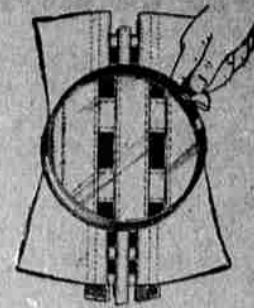
How great Villa's strength in northern Mexico was is a matter of conjecture. He was feared, worshipped; hated, loved; vilified. At Chihuahua city he maintained a beautiful Villa, where his wife resided. The place was exquisitely furnished, richly equipped.

His wife has been reported at San Francisco, El Paso, San Diego, Chihuahua City. Whether it is the same wife, or different wives, no one seems to know, as no one knows the true history of this many-sided man of Mexico, Francisco Villa, "Pancho, The Tiger."

This war began in secret diplomacy. It will end in secret conferences by diplomats.—Jane Addams.

I do not pretend to guess exactly what role religion will play in the future.—Norman Hapgood.

We are menaced on all sides.—Gen. Leonard Wood. There ought never to be another presidential nominating convention.—Woodrow Wilson.



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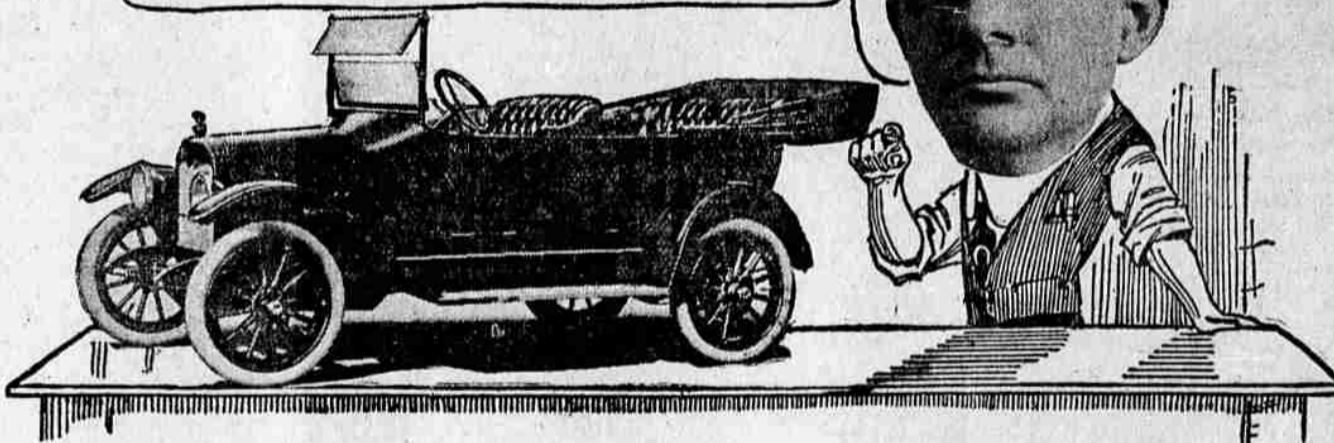
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