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THE AUTOMOBILE FRATERNITY.

As the wagon train of early days cultivated friendship and fraternal feeling, so the automobile is doing the same thing today. Years ago when people were crossing the plains and met with an accident, we are told no task was too great for the next wagon train to perform in order to relieve those in distress.

This was brought forcefully before us when the Union commercial club was making its tour over the valley yesterday and the day before. They had 11 machines and some of them went to the bad, which is liable to occur to any automobile. But when one would go down the others would join in and pull it to where repairs could be made. And not only did the autos in the procession take part in these acts of courtesy, but every rancher along the road was alert and ready to assist in aiding a crippled machine.

The automobile is a decided factor in bringing men closer together. It is somehing one would never think of until an observation met his eyes like those related by the Union party.

While there are no Ezra Meekers driving automobiles, there are a lot of men driving them who have Ezra Meeker hearts and Ezra Meeker principles.

IT'S ALWAYS THE OTHER FELLOW

According to Doctor J. E. House and other eminent physicians the average man is insane. By scientific proof they attempt to show that most men are a little "bughouse" to use the street slang. And this reminds us of the old Quaker who said to his wife, "everyone is more or less crazy but me and thee and sometimes I think thee acts a little queer."

This mild insanity is a good deal as the individual may look upon it. All of us must take Dr. House's view without argument for who is equipped to take issue with the learned medical profession. Let it be thoroughly understood that all but a few men are crazy. Would it not be safe to guess if this idea once crystalizes that nearly all of us will say, it s the other fellow and not ourselves?

Willing to admit the frailities of a fellow being is a habit, but there is a difference when our own citadel is stormed.

The refreshing part of this whole matter which Dr. House has so vividly placed befre the public is that women are not included. Just the men are crazy—mere men, not women.

Chauncey Depew takes the center of the stage to impress upon the people that Major McKinley was forced into war with Spain. Shame on you Chauncey, a whole lot of us thought a great deal of you until now. No wonder New York thinks the senator is in his dotage.

Louis Hill returns from the interior with a story of success on his lips. Good for Louis, and he has only seen one tenth of Oregon's greatness. Wait until he makes a visit to the Grande Ronde valley and Wallowa county. His ideas of Oregon will be swelled to the bursting point.

If Portland did not hold a rose show every year she should be visited by an earthquake and wiped from the map. A city that has been so blessed with floral adornment by Providence is doing nothing when it does not honor such a handsome gift.

A pound of gold a day taken from a mine by one man is the latest story from Baker City. And that is a pretty good story. But the mine is located in Mormon Basin and there is data to show how many days the man worked.

The Portland Journal says woman suffrage is a thorough success in Iceland. But come to think of it, Iceland must be a mighty fine place for suchdoctrine.

Farmers Attention.

All fruit and vegetable men of the Farmer's Union are requested to be present at the meeting Saturday May 28, as improtant business will be transacted. JOHN McALLISTER.

PIONEER NOW AT REST

KNEW LA FAYETTE, RODE ON THE FIRST RAILROAD TRAIN.

Rev. Gillilan Recalls Moments of Importance in Her Life

Despite the rain, a large delegation of friends formed a cortage to escort the body of the late Hannah Palmer to its last resting place this afternoon from the M. E. church. District Superintendent Gillilan and Rev. H. E. McLeod conducted the services and Mr. Gillilan said in part:

Hannah Palmer wife of the late Robert Palmer, ws born Hannah Palmer in Pennsylvania, April 7, 1814. Married in 1835 before Halley's comet was visible that year, she remained in the ancestral neighborhood until 1857 when the family went to Iowa, then the far west. In 1864 they "crossed the plains" and landed in Grande Ronde valley July 4 of the same year. There she remained rearing a large family (eleven born, six yet living) and passed out of earthly life May 24, 1910. By birth a Friend, she and her Quaker husband became members of the Methodist Episcopal church in Grande. Her compainion preceeded her heavenward several years since.

She shook hand with La Fayette on the occasion of his second visit to American shores in 1824. She rode on the first train of railroad cars in the United States. When she was born, James Madison, the fourth president was in the chair of state, presiding over fewer that seven and one half million people, one in every four being a negro. Then there were but 18 very proud, but very poor states in the Union and our western boundary line followed very irregularly the very indefinite course of the Rocky Mountain range. Mexico and Spain claimed the whole Pacific coast and in 1819 by treaty, our government secured the Spanish title to all of their claim north of 42 degrees; this gave us the original right to Oregon. The War of 1812 was at its height and Gen Ross of the army of George III devastated Washington and burned the capitol building and the presidents' mansion when she was a year old. the British officer, Gen. Pakenham was defeated at New Orleans the same year. Florida yet belonged to Spain.

She who afterwards become Queen Victoria was not born until Hannah Palmer was past five, and the Qneeu's son, Edward VII died recently, aged 69 years.

Napoleon had not yet seen the direful field of Waterloo and the Pope he hated, Pius VII, was in the papal chair at the Vatican. It required a very long year, and one filled with great uncertainties to get news around the globe.

The journey of 96 years was a long one, and tiresome. She said to the writer not long before her going: "No one need ever want to live so long as I have; it's hard work. Why do you thing I have to say so long here?" The reply was, "In order to let people know saints can live outside of heaven, probably." She smiled bashfully and changed the subject.

No queen of the realm was ever better cared for that was she at the splendid home of her son Joseph, where love spared neither time nor attention.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Hannah Palmer was a pioneer of the early days, both in this state and in Iowa. She, with her husband, the late Robert H. Palmer, moved with their family from Pennsylvanit in 1857 and settled in the western part of Iowa, which was then very sparcely settled. In 1864 they came with their son Joseph—who had spent the preceeding year in this state—to La Grande and settled near where the town now stands.

She reared a large family, all of whom survive, except five. Being a pioneer she necessarily suffered many hardships and privations, and at the advanced age of 96 years she could relate many instances of the early times. Among the things of which she was proud, was of having shaken hands with La Fayette when a girl of 12 years and having ridden on the first 13 miles of railroad that was built in the United States.

In her early days she was a Quaker and later, having moved to the West where that sect was unknown, sheaffiliat ed with the M. E. church. At the time of her death she was of a retiring, kind and unselfish disposition, strewing flowers of kindness and cheerfullness in the path of others. After the death of her companion of 65 years, she has often expressed the desire to join him in the promised land and her wish has been finally granted. Should we mourn? "We shall meet but we shall miss her."

She was the mother of eleven children, eight ofwhom grew to man and womanhood. Two, John of Baker City, nd B. F. of Portland died within the past four years. Those alive to mourn her death are Joseph Palmer, Mrs. Beulah Newlin, Mrs. B. W. Grandy, Mrs. Emma Harding, of La Grande, Mrs Anna E. Jones of Portland, and C. L. Palmer of Baker City.