

THE OBSERVER

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BRUCE DENNIS, Editor and Owner

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MEANS MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

There has been nothing of a public nature in many months that is so important to the Grande Ronde valley as was the irrigation meeting of Saturday at which time the "Pierce" idea of districting the valley for the purpose of promoting irrigation was practically adopted.

This does not mean that the water question is settled and work will begin at once on the physical plant, but it does mean that the first step has been taken toward an end that means an increased valuation in this valley as a whole and every individual who takes the water in particular.

The plan to sell what has been done on the irrigation project to new parties who are interested at actual cost, is a feature that cannot be overlooked. This project as it stands, is worth a great deal of money. It is the main artery of life for this valley in the future and means the key to a situation which in time will make it one of the most valuable undertakings in the northwest.

If it had been the desire of those interested to make a purely selfish investment they would never have expressed a willingness to turn it over at this time when by holding it a few years the increased valuation was assured.

That part of the transaction is settled and the people who are to be benefited know to a certainty they will not be made to pay what is the original cost. Then comes the second step which means organization for the completion of the project. Under this head the Walter Pierce idea takes shape and it is apparently the most feasible and satisfactory way of handling the situation. It provides for irrigation districts in which land owners combine and secure water at actual cost of construction and main-

tenance—the best proposition ever offered any community.

Bear in mind that Kuhns made millions out of the Twin Falls country by putting water on land and selling the land owner for so doing. The same people are following that plan in Sacramento valley. The Thief valley project on Powder river will be a duplicate of the Twin Falls proposition and the promoters will become very wealthy from it, while here in the Grande Ronde valley land owners can obtain water for their lands at cost.

It is proper now for everyone to see influence in aiding all land owners to take notice of the benefits of irrigation, for there may be a few who do not think the difference in the crops they raise now and what they will raise with water, will justify the expense.

Keep constantly at this matter, for it is by far the most important event for this valley now on the calendar.

THANKS, BRO. SHUTT

Among the prominent visitors to Joseph and the Lake this week are Editor Bruce Dennis of the La Grande Observer, and his circulation manager, Jas. Spence, and Editor E. B. Aldrich of the Pendleton East Oregonian. These gentlemen are loud in their praise of the magnificent scenery surrounding our beautiful lake, and predict a great future for Joseph and the rich country surrounding it.

During the few short weeks that Mr. Dennis has been in charge of the Observer he has converted it into the leading daily paper between Salt Lake and Portland. He is one of the most able and energetic newspaper publishers in the state and is getting out a paper good enough for a several times the size of La Grande. —Joseph Herald.

THE ART OF REPORTING

Under the above caption the editor of the Walla Walla Union waxes facetious over the efforts of Rex Beach and Jack London to tell the world what happened in that open air arena in Reno, July 4, 1910. In speaking of the adjective publishers, the Union says:

"In the prosecution of professional duties we have been reading Rex Beach's accounts of the proceedings at Reno on the Fourth of July, and frankly, we do not think much of it. He telegraphed a couple of columns to the Chicago Tribune and the story consisted largely of an apology for having said the day before that Jeffries was sure to win, of a description of the arena, the crowd and his own heart beats and of a large number of sounding sentences. 'It was a cruel lesson, marking as it did the inevitable march of years and age and the waste of a Godlike heritage.' What we wanted to know, in the prosecu-

tion of our professional duties, was what happened. We did not care so much to be informed that 'no man was gifted with the right to see the cold ashes that lay where once a flame had flared.' 'that the tramp of feet, as the arena filled reminded one of a pent-up mountain stream emptying itself into a pool, there to boil and eddy and surge about until it finally settled,' or even that '10,000 voices rung in chorus will send human wits scattering.'

"Mr. Bedch wrote 'The Spoilers' and 'The Silver Horde', very fair books of their kind, but he cannot report a prize fight. Nor did Jack London make a brilliant success, from the newspaper point of view, of his work at Reno. We all remember how Richard Harding Davis, assigned to report an important event in Cuba, wired his paper a beautifully written story, forgetting only to mention the important event."

Flippant Fancies.

A fancy remark—"Go!" A sidewalk—The crab's. A parting word—Divorce. The potter's field—Ceramics. An operator in wool—The moth. A temporary loan—The grass widow. Sound to the corps—A bugle call. The world's greatest composer—Sleep. Cool and bracing—The chronic borrower. The deuce of clubs—Coming home from 'em. A summer resort—Putting on thinner clothing—Boston Transcript.

Eloping Up to Date.

The coatless man puts a careless arm round the waist of the hatless girl. While over the dustless, mudless roads in a noiseless wagon they whirl like a leadless bullet from hammerless gun. By smokeless powder driven. They fly to taste the speechless joys By endless union given. The only luncheon his coinless purse affords to them the means is a tasteless meal of boneless cod. With a dish of stringless beans. He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe And laughs a mirthless laugh. When papa tries to coax her back By wireless telegraph. —Motor Record.

A Secret Tragedy.

An Atchison woman called up a friend over the telephone this morning and when she heard a response asked, "Is this Mrs. A.?" The answer was inaudible. "I want to tell you a great secret, Mrs. A.," the woman said, and for the next fifteen minutes she poured out her heart. Then when she stopped to get her breath a reply came over the line: "This isn't Mrs. A. I will call her." —Atchison Globe.

Her Annual Task.

When a haze of blue smoke comes drifting And hangs like an azure sheen And the odor of brimstone keeps shifting Through crevice and keyhole and screen Don't think it's the comet returning Or a volcano's opened its maw. It's your neighbor, and sulphur he's burning As he cleans his last summer's straw. —Chicago News.

THE REAL HEAD OF THE STATE.

A Woman Chief Executive of New York, Boast the Suffragists.

Enthusiastic woman suffragists are boasting that for the present at least there is a woman at the head of the government in New York state, and they offer the testimony of a member of Governor Hughes' immediate family for proof.

It was the Rev. Dr. Richmond, president of the Union university of Schenectady, who gave out the information which has so pleased the suffragists. He was a recent guest of the governor in Albany. While the party were at dinner a nurse brought Mr. Hughes' baby into the dining room, when the young hopeful was called upon to give an exhibition of the knowledge she had acquired during the brief time she had been located on this mundane sphere.

Dr. Richmond said he would not vouch for the extent of the baby's vocabulary further than three words—"ma-ma," "pa-pa" and "goo-goo"—but the youngster puts these three to good use. She was getting along famously when the nurse asked:

"Now tell them who is governor of New York. Who is the governor, baby?"

"Ma-ma!" declared the infant, with decided emphasis.

Twain at Chevy Chase.

"When Mark Twain went to Washington to try to get a decent copyright law passed a representative took him out one afternoon to Chevy Chase," said a correspondent. "Mark Twain refused to play golf himself, but he consented to walk over



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the course and watch the representative's strokes.

"The representative was rather a duffer. Teeling off, he sent clouds of earth flying in all directions. Then, to hide his confusion, he said to his guest:

"What do you think of our links here, Mr. Clemens?" "Best I ever tasted," said Mark Twain as he wiped the dirt from his lips with his handkerchief."

An Oversight.

"You were crazy to put your property in your wife's name." "How so? My creditors won't be able to enjoy it now." "Neither will you." —Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Principle.

"Here's a copper for you, my good man." "Thanks, mem, but I cannot accept it. I have registered me oath to die a poor man, mem." —Philadelphia Ledger.

Her Own Judge.

"The courts have decided that a woman has no right to open her husband's mail." "My wife reversed that decision before it was made." —Houston Post.

No Guide.

She—Was that the church clock striking 11, Mr. Staylate? He—Yes, but that's nothing to go by. (And he stayed.) —Harper's Weekly.

Gumshoeing Extraordinary.

Raffles (the burglar) — Congratulate me, old pal! I did a bit of work last night that surpassed all my previous efforts.

Raffles (the confidence man) — Ah! Picked a time lock? Raffles—Better than that. I got home from the club at 2 a. m. and didn't awaken my wife! —Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

A Big Job.

Last week I started in to read the dictionary through. I'd like to skip the hardest words, but that would never do. I've finished all the A's and B's and reached the word chaotic; But, oh, it seems a long, long way to get down to zymotic! —Woman's Home Companion.

Juvenile Depravity.

Tommy—I'd like to have you come an' join our Sunday school class. Little Clarence—I don't know about going to Sunday school. I am not sure that I believe in the immortality of the soul.

Tommy—Why, durn yer hide, you don't have to believe in the immortality of the soul! —Chicago Tribune.

Camp Meeting Time.

Oh, I'm feelin' like camp meetin' time, an' that's the time for me. The country, like salvation, is most amazing free. I know we'll sing the old hymns that stem the storm an' tide. An' I reach the land o' promise with Jenny by my side. —Atlanta Constitution.

Another Run For the Panic.

"Does your boy make his own spending money?" "Not any more." "Why not?" "He had a hole in the baseball fence that he rented to the other boys, but since the team has been losing he hasn't been able to make it pay very well." —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Clarified French.

There was once a young person named Clara. Who adopted a Frenchified air. She drank cafe noir. And when told "Au revoir" Would always reply, "Pomme de terre!" —Lippincott's.

Why He Was Waiting.

"What are you waiting around here for?" asked the officer of a sailor who was standing at the door of a church where a wedding was taking place. "Waitin' to see the tied go out, sir," replied the sailor, touching his hat. —Yonkers Statesman.

It Fades.

The beauty of the rose must fade. Our laughter changes to a moan. And oft we see a pretty maid Whose store hair doesn't match her own. —Detroit Free Press.

Well, What Do you Know?

"Didn't you promise to warn me to ask you to inform me to tell you what I said I'd tell you to tell me when you told me to tell you to tell me it?" "Yes." "Well, what is it?" —Princeton Tiger.

Happened at Bridge.

She let me hold her hand a bit While in a gracious mood. I didn't take a trick with it; It wasn't very good. —Pittsburg Post.

THIS SPACE TAKEN BY M. & M. CO.

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