

THE OBSERVER

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HARVEY W. SCOTT IS DEAD.

When a great man dies, the entire nation feels the shock. It is so to Northwest country than can ever be day. Harvey W. Scott, editor of the Portland Oregonian, is no more. He passed away last night at the Johns Hopkins Institution in Baltimore.

For some time his health had been poor, and of late, close friends feared the end was near. He had reached what might be termed a ripe, old age. Fine, we say, yes, for no man on the Pacific coast had ripened under the hot rays of experience, of observation, of careful and earnest study so much as Mr. Scott. Of the seven national characters in newspaper work, throughout the United States, he stood in the front rank. Of the great, broad-minded men of the West, he stood above all others. Of the men who loved and worked for the state of Oregon, he stood in a class by himself. His pen has done more for the Northwest country than can ever be computed; his personality was a pillar for every Westerner, and newcomer, as well, to rally around. With Harvey Scott's support, the battles of the Northwest were fought and won. Without it many would have been lost without a doubt.

To our mind Mr. Scott was the personification of modern newspaper work. He retained enough of the "country newspaper" methods to give his work a touch of individuality, yet he was at the head of a newspaper that has few equals and no superiors in the metropolitan field.

No traveler ever entered the state of Oregon without having the name of Harvey Scott impressed indelibly upon his mind. The mere fact of being an editor did not cause such impression, but it was caused by the strong character of the individual. That character shone through the Oregonian's editorial page in such a way that every reader almost felt he had a personal acquaintance with the great editor. It brought him close to his people regardless of their belief.

Today Oregon mourns the loss of her last national character. George H. Williams, the only resident of the state who was in Mr. Scott's office passed away several years ago. Now that his life-long associate has followed him, two vacant chairs that will some time to fill, if it is possible for them at all.

The newspaper fraternity of this state feels deeply the death of this master hand. Eastern Oregon knows

it has lost a friend who has worked hard for the development of this section. Portland is in deep mourning for her most prominent resident has ceased to be.

The example of this worthy man's life will be lasting. His career proved what an individual may do who is willing to continually work and strive for knowledge, at the same time remembering it always pays to be square and honorable. That example will be worth much to the rising generation; it has been worth a great deal to the present generation. And while in the very nature of human events, Mr. Scott's life could not have lasted many years longer, his death nevertheless causes deep grief throughout the state and the northwest.

FOREST FIRES.

That the many disastrous forest fires of the past month are but an earnest sign of worse to come unless people give more active heed to warnings, is the tenor of a review of the fire situation by the Western Forestry & Conservation Association, based upon advices from private and official fire fighting agencies throughout the Pacific Northwest. August has commenced with conditions infinitely more dangerous, for besides increased dryness of the forests due to prolonged absence of rain, almost continuous fire fighting has only kept in check innumerable fires which still smoulder to be fanned beyond control should strong wind prevail.

Throughout most of Oregon and Washington, up to the present time, more extensive organizations by timber owners and the forest service than ever existed before, has fairly well counterbalanced the unusually great number of fires. Most of them have been controlled promptly. Nevertheless the aggregate of small outbreaks in valuable timber represents heavy losses. The Santiam, Klamath, Willamette and Hood River district in Oregon, and the Grays Harbor, and Colville districts in Washington have suffered seriously. Three men and four women have been burned to death in these two states already and the season is not half over.

Since all forces are fighting day and night, with no time to make reports, it is impossible to estimate the damage done in Idaho and Montana, though doubtless there has been much exaggeration. In Idaho, especially, where timber owners' fire associations are highly efficient, what seemed an almost hopeless situation, has been gotten pretty well in check. In the Coeur d'Alene district but three fires remain not reported under control, these being on Pine and Graham creek, near Wallace, and on the west side of Lake Couer d'Alene. In western Montana, the situation is about as bad as it can be, all available help being enlisted without any certainty of the outcome, if rain does not soon intervene.

The association emphasizes that the most dangerous portion of the season is still to come. There are fires everywhere that are barely being held in leash. New ones will overtax all existing organization. Since conditions threaten under which fire may travel long distances, timber owners are urged to extend patrol beyond their own tracts to all danger points. Establishment of citizens' fire brigades is advised, organizing in advance for having help, leadership and equipment available without loss of

time. Cities and towns are asked to take similar steps to supply men when called upon, with arrangements for transportation. Every citizen is urged to spare neither friend nor foe in reporting violations of the fire motives. It is pointed out by the Association that if the warnings widely circulated earlier in the season, had resulted in such steps, loss of life and property would have been largely avoided. They still apply with even greater force.

NEW GUINEA PYGMIES.

The Spear and Bow and Poisoned Arrows Their Chief Weapons.

Our knowledge of the pygmies of New Guinea shows that in habit they are nomadic, nowhere tilling the ground, but depending for their living entirely on their skill in hunting and fishing. Their chief weapon is the bow, their arrows being generally poisoned either with the famous upas or some other similar vegetable poison. In some cases a species of strychnine. They also make use of the spear and an ingenious form of spring gun which is common to numerous other forest tribes. This is formed by setting a flattened bamboo spear attached to a bent sapling, which is fastened to a trigger in such a way that it is released by the passerby stumbling against an invisible string stretched across a game track. These spears are really set for game, and to the initiated they are obvious enough, as their presence is always indicated by certain well known signs, such as a broken off twig placed in a cleft stick. In war these signs are removed, the removal being equivalent to the moving of buoys in a mined channel. The wounds inflicted by these hardened bamboo spears are necessarily serious. The mental qualities of the Negritos are extremely undeveloped, none of them being able to express a higher numerical idea than three, but all observers who have met them unite in saying that they are a merry little people, with great ideas of hospitality when their confidence has been gained and provided they have not been previously ill treated. They are not cannibals and are generally monogamous. —London Times.

LIGHTNING FLASHES.

Many Things Concerning Them That Science Cannot Fathom.

A young girl in charge of two children, sheltering under a tree on Chislehurst common, was struck by lightning and killed—one of those dreadful instances of the sort of personal touch with which lightning seems to select its victim, for, though one child is reported to have been thrown down, neither apparently was injured. There are many instances, of course, of this strange selection, due in most cases probably to some accident of clothing. There is a well remembered case which happened some years ago at Cambridge, when three young men were walking across an open space of ground, and the middle one of the three was struck dead, while the others were untouched. The inquest showed that the young man who was killed had nails in his boots, whereas the others were wearing boating shoes.

The phenomena of thunderstorms have been the subject of much study in America. But if thunderstorms can be classified, they are still not thoroughly understood. We do not yet know what are the conditions which lead to their formation. In the form of a cloud, which we cannot see, and lightning is a storm, we do not know what is the origin of the electrification manifested in a storm. —London Spectator.

Tickling the Debtors.

John Barrett was only twenty-seven years old when President Cleveland appointed him minister to Siam. The first important task which confronted the youthful envoy was to press a claim against the Siamese government for \$1,000,000. Experienced ambassadors warned him against using threats in obtaining the money. "Be cunning; avoid arrogance," they said. "That is," responded Mr. Barrett, "you favor tickling with a straw to pricking with a bayonet."

The statesmen nodded assent. When the young minister had finally succeeded in collecting the claim the ambassadors asked in astonishment, "How did you accomplish it?" "By tickling," explained Barrett. "I had to tickle them almost to death, though, before they agreed to pay it."

His Other Name.

The candidate for the place of coachman had been weighed and was not wanting, according to his new mistress' lights. Then the question of his name, which was Patrick, came up. The mistress objected to it in her heart, so she explained that it was her custom always to call her coachman by his family name. Had he any objections? "Not the slightest, ma'am." "What is your last name, Patrick?" "Fitzpatrick, ma'am."

RATTLESNAKE BITES.

Simple Rules For Treatment if You Have the Nerve to Use Them.

The treatment of a rattlesnake wound resolves itself into the application of a few very simple rules. In the first place, a person wounded by a snake usually does the very thing he should not do—that is, goes tearing off at top speed for the nearest human habitation, thereby increasing the circulation and disseminating the virus through the system more rapidly. The man should sit calmly down and bind his handkerchief around the limb if it is a limb, break off a stout twig and insert beneath the handkerchief, producing a rude tourniquet, and twist until the circulation is effectually shut off.

With a sharp knife make an X incision over the wound, taking care to penetrate deeper than the fangs have done. If he has good teeth and no canker in his mouth, he may now suck vigorously upon the wound. It does no good to suck the original wound. It is quite difficult to get any virus back through an opening greater in caliber than a finger nail.

If all this is done without any chances are that the patient will suffer no greater inconvenience than a few days' rest. I feel that I have never had a snake bite, but I have had a snake bite, and I can tell you that it is not a pleasant experience. After a snake bite, I have had a snake bite, and I can tell you that it is not a pleasant experience. After a snake bite, I have had a snake bite, and I can tell you that it is not a pleasant experience.

The Reason Why Wife For Divorcing Her Husband.

Just when Mrs. Ackroyd had finished packing her trunk and was waiting for the train, her husband William Ackroyd had just bought two tickets for her and their two daughters little Bessie came down with a severe case of whooping cough. The doctor positively refused to let the child start on a long journey, and even if he had thought it safe for the little one to leave home he assured Mrs. Ackroyd that she would not be permitted to take the patient into a hotel anywhere. "Isn't it a shame?" the distressed lady wailed. "Here we are with everything in our trunks, and my husband has even bought our berths in the sleeper."

"It is unfortunate, but I don't know what you can do except sit down and wait four or five days. It may be safe then for you to start away." When her husband got home that evening Mrs. Ackroyd was weeping. "Don't take it so hard, dear," he said. "It might be a good deal worse. Our little one is likely to get along all right. The doctor says the case isn't an unusually severe one, and when I

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Political Announcements

This column is open to any candidate regardless of Faction or Party and is paid advertising

S. F. WILSON, Athena, Oregon, candidate for joint senator for Umatilla, Union and Morrow counties subject to decision of republican primaries. "I firmly believe in the direct primary law, economy in the use of public funds, good roads, better schools, strict and prompt enforcement of law, the square deal and eternal progress of man and his institutions."

C. A. BARRETT, Athena, Oregon.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination for joint

senator for the district embracing Umatilla and Morrow counties, subject to the choice of republican voters at the primary nominating election to be held on September 24th, 1910. If nominated elected I will work for the interest of all the people of my district to the best of my ability, favoring the maintenance of the direct primary law and people's choice of senator and believe the people are competent to nominate they are to elect their officers. Very respectfully yours, C. A. BARRETT.

telephoned him this afternoon he said he thought it might be safe for you to start away by the end of the week. I know. He told me the same thing. I feel that I have never had a snake bite, but I have had a snake bite, and I can tell you that it is not a pleasant experience. After a snake bite, I have had a snake bite, and I can tell you that it is not a pleasant experience.

Mrs. Stubbs John, no true man will smoke up his wife's curtains. Mr. Stubbs—I said say not. Anybody that smokes cigars would be a freak. I prefer cigar Chicago News.

Those who command themselves command others. Hazlitt.

Carrying a Bundle.

A stylish looking woman who looked as if she had rather die than carry a bundle that wouldn't go into a handbag went into the women's suit department of a big store lugging a pasteboard box half as big as herself. Other customers present wondered at her undignified action, but the saleswoman did not wonder.

"There is one time when the proudest woman on earth will carry a bundle," she said. "That is when some garment has been sent home finished off badly and has to be brought back for alterations. If the customer would only telephone to the store we would send for the garment, but that would take time. She wants it finished without delay, and rather than wait she brings it down herself."—New York Sun.

Expanding.

The Old Friend—I understand that your practice is getting bigger. The Young Doctor—That's true. My patient has gained nearly two pounds in the last month.

Wanted Help.

Wife (crying in a troubled dream)—Help! Help! Hub—Poor dear! Worrying about the servant problem even in her sleep.—Boston Transcript.

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