

THE OBSERVER

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THE CRANK AND THE LIAR.

Mayor Gaynor of New York, is lying at death's door today, as the result of a crank and a gun. It is a tragedy that is shocking in the extreme, and besides the wounding of a great man, presents to the public the impossibility of protecting life against the crank.

In the same category appears the liar—the crank and the liar go well together. Laws cannot thwart the defter of either and anyone is liable to fall before them. In the case of the New York mayor, it was a crank who sought his life. In many other cases it is the liar who seeks the reputation and good name of some man or woman.

Mayor Gaynor is probably next to the president of the United States in importance. He is at the head of the largest city in this country, and Mayor Gaynor has proven to be a man large enough for the gigantic undertaking. That he should be assaulted in this way is a burning disgrace. It brings to mind merciful murder of Lincoln, the lamentable ending of Garfield, and the atrocious crime that took from this country that able and splendid citizen, Major McKinley.

WALNUT GROWING.

The Oregon Railroad and Navigation company, with its usual desire to see this state improved, has issued a booklet on Walnut growing that is complete in data and fact, and tells of the profit returned from this kind of farming.

The booklet treats walnut growing as a coming industry of national importance and points to the success of a number of individuals who have in comparatively a small way, made the venture a success. There are portions of the state especially adapted to this tree, but the booklet sets forth the fact that many portions not yearning walnuts, will prove to be good for that purpose.

The volume is neatly printed and should have a place in every library in the state. It may be had by addressing William McMurray of the passenger department.

The uncertainty of life is again shown by the death of Harvey W. Scott. He was at the Johns Hopkins

institution and under the care of some of the most eminent physicians and surgeons. Just at a time when it was thought he was recovering, his heart action weakened, and the great editor passed out of this life. All of which goes to show how uncertain this life really is.

If you are a candidate, it is high time that petitions were being circulated, and it is also high time that you get your friends to register. For really there are not enough names registered as yet to make a good old-fashioned shucking bee.

HARVEY WHITEFIELD SCOTT.

The Oregonian, edited for so many years by Harvey W. Scott, in yesterday's issue, printed an editorial on his death, from which we take the following extract:

No word can be written now by the poor pen of a sorrowing associate that will fitly commemorate the death of Mr. Scott. Here at his desk are the silent relics of his life and labor. Here is his worn scrap-book, there his eraser and ink-pad, yonder the many works of his varied reference library. Above is an enlarged full-length portrait, a perfect semblance of his living presence; and near at hand a smiling desk-picture of a baby grand-child. It seems incredible that his alert and vigorous step may not soon be heard in the hallway, the key inserted in the door and his day's work begun. Everything is here as he left it; yet naught can ever again here be as he left it.

Mr. Scott's death was a vast surprise to his fellow-workers. True, he had been quite sick, but he was better, and he knew and felt that he was better, and that in all human probability he would soon return to his accustomed daily tasks. He was seventy-two years old, and over, but he had been strong and well all his life, with a physique as powerful and reliable as his dominating intellect; and good health was with him largely a habit. It seemed that he must live for years. All his office affairs were arranged in the expectation of a long life, and there was no preparation by his associates for his passing, even in the recent three months. But here is the end; the work must somehow go on. Yet how will it be done without the vast resources of that mighty intellectual reservoir to draw on, or his perfect courage and firm determination to rely upon, or his unflinching good will toward those who had his confidence to depend upon?

The greatest monument to Mr. Scott's memory is his achievements through the Oregonian. Of them there is no need to write now. But a word may be said about his personality and the every-day side of his character, and of his own outlook on life. He was a good man and a good friend. He had a strong likeness for a few persons, and deep dislikes for a few others. But the list of the former was much larger than many have thought, while of the latter, in the closing days there were practically none. He was a strong partisan, but it was easier to conciliate and placate him than may have been supposed. If he believed in a measure, he followed his opinion anywhere to its logical consequence. If he believed in a man, he found a way of letting him know it—not by empty professions, but usually in some substantial and effective manner, for he would not or could not adopt the little arts that smaller

men have of manifesting friendship for others.

GAYNOR SHOT

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and chatted cheerfully a few minutes.

At one-thirty Dr. Lederle said Gaynor's condition was unchanged. At three o'clock the Mayor's condition is said to be satisfactory. An X-Ray specialist is endeavoring to find the bullet.

BORN IN NEW YORK.

Worked His Way Into Prominence While Studying Law.

Gaynor was born in Whitestown, New York, 1851. He was educated in Whitestown seminary and in Boston, where he remained studying and working in journalistic capacity until he was twenty-two. In 1873 he moved to Brooklyn and studied law and at the same time was employed by New York and Brooklyn newspapers. He was admitted to the bar in 1875, going into active practice. He rapidly gained recognition as a lawyer. In 1893 he was elected supreme justice of the state of New York. Gaynor was elected Mayor last year, and was talked of as a possibility for the democratic nomination for president.

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Sorry He Spoke.

There is a certain West Philadelphia bachelor who is very fond of children. Recently when he was riding on a Chestnut street trolley car a woman sat opposite him with a baby in her arms. Suddenly the baby began to cry. Every one in the car seemed to be annoyed and a general scowling went around—that is, every one except the bachelor. He tried to show by the benign expression of his face that the crying of the baby was sweet music to him. He smiled at the youngster, but the noise only grew louder. Finally he leaned across the car.

"Perhaps there's a pin sticking him," he said in a stage whisper and after the manner of one who understands all the complexities and troubles of baby life. There was a profound silence in the car until the mother answered:

"No, there's no pin sticking him," she said at last in a tone of scorn and with much emphasis on the last word. Then she continued, "He's scared because you're making faces at him."

After that the bachelor lapsed into pensiveness. —Philadelphia Times.

The Starling's Tongue.

It is extraordinary how many persons are under the impression that, in order to enable a bird to talk, it is absolutely necessary to cut or slit its tongue. I have heard that this fallacy had its origin in the following story: A man had a number of starlings in a large cage marked "Fine Young Starlings—Only 1 Shilling Each," and as each would be purchased arrived the man would say, "There's a fine bird there, sir," pointing out one of them, "but I want half a crown for him, because he's the only one with a cut tongue, so he is bound to be a talker." He would then proceed to catch the bird and show the cut tongue and invariably succeeded in effecting a sale. This dodge would be repeated as each new customer arrived and departed rejoicing at his good bargain. The reader perhaps is not aware that all starlings have a very peculiar formation at the extremity of the tongue, which gives the appearance of a little piece having been snipped out of it.—London Strand.

The Crested Screamer.

"I was surprised to run across an old acquaintance up at the zoo the other day. The last time I saw him was in the lower part of Brazil when I was trying to push Yankee notions," said a commercial traveler. "This acquaintance is known as crested screamer. He is one of the best fighters I ever bet my money on. He is about as large as a turkey and as spry as they make 'em when his fighting blood is up. He has four sharp spurs instead of two, and the odd thing is the spurs are on the wings instead of the legs. The birds run wild, but the natives tamed them and taught them to fight hawks and other enemies of poultry. They are fine poultry protectors. A fight between two of them is the most exciting thing in the way of sport down there and is more popular than a cockfight."—New York Sun.

Workingman's Clothing

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If we knew of any better lines than these we would buy them, but we do not. Do you? If you do come in and tell us about them.

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 Union, 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 and elected I will work for the interest of all the people of my district to the best of my ability. I favor the maintenance of the direct primary law and people's choice for senator and believe the people are as competent to nominate as they are to elect their officers. Very respectfully yours, C. A. BARRETT.

A Persian Hotel.

Some years ago an effort was made to establish a European hotel at the junction of the two most traveled roads of Persia. Each room of this hotel contained some articles which I at least have never found in any hotel in either Europe or America. Among them were a nightcap, a hairbrush and a toothbrush. Perhaps it was on account of this extravagance that the scheme failed. An American missionary as he was leaving this hotel one morning was asked by a servant what he had done with the hotel hairbrush. This dignified man in clerical attire with his wife and children was prevented from leaving the hotel until it was ascertained that he had spoken the truth when he said that he threw the brush under the bed to scare away a cat.—Mrs. Colquhoun in Los Angeles Times.

Fifty Men and One Elephant.

Interesting tests were recently made in London to determine the respective pulling power of horses, men and elephants. Two horses weighing 1,600 pounds each, together pulled 3,750 pounds, or 550 pounds more than their combined weight. One elephant, pounds each together pulled 3,750 pounds, or 3,250 pounds less than its weight. Fifty men, aggregating 7,500 pounds in weight, pulled 3,750 pounds, or just as much as the single elephant, but, like the horses, they pulled more than their own weight. One hundred men pulled 12,000 pounds.—St. Louis Republic.

Difference Defined.

Mrs. Muchwed (reading paper)—Can you tell me the difference between a visit and a visitation? Mr. Muchwed (dryly)—A visitation, my dear, is something longer than a visit. For instance, when your mother comes to see us it would be correct to call it a visitation.

Especially the Police. Female Mendicant—I'm a poor widow woman with eight small children. Can't you give us some clothes? Lady—The only clothing I have to give away is one of my husband's coats. Female Mendicant—Give it to me, good lady. I might marry again. There are several gentlemen as have their eye on me.—New York Journal.

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