

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS,
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THE IMMIGRANTS OREGON NEEDS

At the meeting of the Oregon Development League a great deal was said about community advertising and what form was the best to adopt. Unfortunately the magazines had the best of the deal for the men who run the Oregon Development League are railroad men and promoters. They are not the men, as a rule, who get their hand on the pulse of the producing population of the country. As a result we may all expect to see large advertisements in the leading magazines of the country next year telling of Oregon's resources. This class of advertisement is not at all bad, but it does not reach the class of immigrants needed in this state.

The kind of men we need in Oregon is the man who will follow the plow and actually till the soil. We are loaded heavily on promoters and easy money men. This has been a mecca for the watered stock manipulator and the manipulators are still at work, if you will take notice of the press dispatches of the last few days. If Oregon's land was advertised in the country weeklies of the middle states there would be an immigration to this country that would be valuable in that most of the men would come here expecting to work, and not expecting to put up at the best hotel in Portland and work some kind of a get-rich-quick scheme.

Unless we succeed in getting that kind of people in this state it is not at all improbable that many of the Oregon cities, which have been built ahead of the surrounding country, will come to a point in their existence when they must wait for the rural sections to catch up with those cities before there will be further progress.

THE GAME OF LAW.

When some one stated that law is the crowning profession the truth was just about told. In reporting the Parker case which is now on trial it is interesting to watch the attorneys, studying the expression on each countenance and follow the chain of evidence as it is developed step by step, much in the same manner as a negative comes up when in the gold bath. This does not necessarily mean that a gold bath is necessary to make evidence take shape, although a little gold does stimulate the energy and talent of an overworked attorney when that gold comes from a proper and legitimate source.

But in this case there is present that carefulness of the man playing a big game. That old veteran, Ivanhoe, for the state—and opposite him with no less gray and hoary head is Col. Tom Crawford for the defense. Two picturesque characters, each possessing that tenacity of the bull dog, cunning of the serpent and shrewdness of the fox. Each laying a trap for the other to stumble over in order that justice may be meted out and that no false impression shall cloud the mind of a juror.

Less picturesque, but no less keen, is John L. Rand for the prosecution.

and C. E. and George E. Cochran for the defense. It is an array of legal artillery that means war. It is a battery of talent on either side that means no surrender and no middle grounds. The flag of truce would be too much of a joke for either to consider, and therefore the trial goes on under intense pressure and anxiety. The life of Jess Parker is held in the balance while these two battling elements combat each other. But through it all quite likely justice will prevail and the punishment be commensurate with the crime. Or, on the other hand, if the killing was in self-defense doubtless Parker will be exonerated.

You may chase over the country in search of the place where easy money is an asset. You may go to the Gulf Coast of Texas and bask in the smile of the crocodile—yes, you may enter the frigid regions of the northland. But when you have made the circuit and begin to compare the virtues of each individual community here is what will happen: You will turn again and again to the history of the Grande Ronde Valley and wonder why you ever were so foolish as to leave it.

To further make the hotel business in Salem a failure the movement has been started to make a short term of this session of the legislature. But who would want to be a hotel man in Salem, anyway?

The county court could have no better day than yesterday to declare the county wet. While the rain pattered down upon the court house roof and everything outside was dripping with moisture Judge Henry considered the people's edict and with the consent and co-operation of the commissioners openly decreed that Union's prohibition statute had been revoked by a later decision of the people and therefore the county is wet, subject to the state laws governing the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Remember this, bonded indebtedness for either a city, county or school district is not to be abhorred provided value received is obtained by the public from money secured from such bond issue. This is prompted by the new school building which La Grande is now building, also by several municipal improvements that are under way.

Senator Cummings has touched upon a proper suggestion to congress. He says permit the tariff to be revised, one schedule at a time. There is no reason why the whole tariff law should be unbuttoned to get at a single schedule. This is one of the few things Senator Cummings has advocated with which this paper can heartily agree.

Now that Rockefeller owns the controlling interest in Sears-Roebuck & Co., the large mail order house, does it not occur to you that articles sold by that concern carry considerable profit? Else why would Rockefeller take stock in it, for one one will ever accuse him of doing anything without a handsome profit.

When President Taft in his message noted with regret the slowness of the wheels of justice that now obtains in this country, he might have added that good thing for the different supreme courts to do would be to work a little harder. That especially holds good in the state of Oregon.

One murder trial will hardly be completed until the second one is called. Elgin and Union each furnish a case of this kind for the present term of court.

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by all dealers.

Every family has need of a good, reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlain's. Sold by all dealers.

SALT SEA YARNS.

Signs and Omens to Which the Sailor Grimly Clings.

A JOKE THAT PROVED FATAL.

Superstition and a Guilty Conscience Proved Too Much For the Norseman—A Bucket of Water That Stopped a Mysterious Wailing.

It is a well known fact that in the past the sailor was among the most superstitious of mortals, and even in these enlightened days there are a goodly number of old salts who cling tenaciously to their belief in certain signs and portents. Some, no doubt, of these superstitions have vanished altogether into the limbo of forgotten things, but there will always be a credulous few who will shake their heads solemnly and prophesy dimly if a knife is stuck in the mast or an albatross or a stormy petrel is captured and brought on board. The origin of some of these superstitions cannot be traced. Many of them have been handed down from father to son for a great number of years, with a touch probably added here and there, turning a comparatively ordinary story into a weird and mysterious legend.

The Finn is the most superstitious of all sailors. There are many of this race who still believe in the ominous portent of the phantom ship, the folly of starting a voyage on a Friday (a notion by no means confined to seafaring men), the low burning blue lights which are ghost spirits hovering near to give warning of approaching disaster and many other things, all of which fill the sailor's mind with murmurings and speak to him of wrecks.

A story is told of a brigantine which numbered several extremely superstitious men among her crew. One night when there was no moon and a slight ground swell was running the watch, who happened to be the most superstitious of them all, heard an unearthly wailing coming apparently from the very surface of the sea. The mate and the helmsman also heard it, but the former lacked imagination, and, although he was certainly interested, he nearly blew the watch's head off when he ventured to suggest mermaids. The helmsman did not feel quite happy, but he had to stick to the wheel. The watch was pale with terror, but he kept silence owing to the mate's complimentary references to his courage and abilities. Slowly the sound began to move along the ship's side, becoming more and more agonized as it approached. This annoyed the mate, and, going to the side of the vessel, he waited until he had located the sound and then emptied a bucket of water over the rail. There was a gasp, then dead silence, and nothing more was heard that night.

When the watch went off duty he of course gave a detailed and lurid account of the incident to his shipmates, who listened, as he thought, in awed silence and then called on one of the audience for his version of the matter. This man, a Tyne-sider, who dearly loved a joke and had no respect at all for hoary superstitions, had conspired with his fellows to play a trick on the watch. On the night in question he had crept over the bows without a sound, carrying with him the ship's cat secured in a bag. Crouching under the stays, the joker let the cat's head out of the bag, which he tied round the animal's neck so that it could not escape. He then applied his teeth to the unfortunate animal's tail. Everybody knows the fearsome sounds an angry cat is capable of producing, and those to which a cat whose tail is

being bitten gives vent are among the most hair raising. The sound was more or less regulated by squeezing the luckless beast's body. The mate's bucket of water was as unwelcome as unexpected and caused the Tyne-sider to beat a hurried retreat.

Not only is the origin of many sea superstitions "wropt in mystery," but also any logical explanation of cause and effect. It would puzzle any one to say why it should be unlucky for the ship's boy to whistle on the weather bow, except that it is generally unpleasant from a music lover's point of view for a boy to whistle on any bow at all.

On one occasion superstition and a guilty conscience caused a practical joke to have fatal consequences. The incident arose through one of the sailors, a Norwegian, boxing the ears of the ship's boy for the aforementioned crime of whistling on the weather bow. Not unnaturally the boy was annoyed and determined to pay the Norwegian out. Aided by two other sailors, a white shirt and some string, a very presentable "ghost" was arranged in the fore'sle on the night the Norseman was on watch. He was to be allowed only a glimpse of the "spirit" on entering the fore'sle, and it was then to vanish from view, being jerked by means of a string underneath the bunk of one of the jokers. Everything was ready, and the three conspirators lay in their

bunks awaiting their victim. Unfortunately they all fell asleep, to be suddenly awakened by a loud cry from the Norwegian. He stood gazing at the "ghost," the dim light shed by the lamp falling on his ghastly face. The three were about to call out to him when he spoke. "No, no," he cried, "I did not mean to kill you, Morgan! Oh, mercy, mercy!" And he rushed madly from the fore'sle. Terrified, his ship mates followed him, but as they reached the deck they saw the Norwegian throw himself into the sea.—London Globe.

Classified Advertising

FOR RENT—One front room on 1911-2nd street. Phone Black 1582.

FOR RENT—A nicely furnished front room. Inquire 1612 Sixth street or phone Black-3812.

WANTED—Girl strippers at King's Cigar Factory. Must be at least 18 or over. Experience not necessary. Good wages.

WANTED—Position by a man as cook and wife as helper. Camp preferred. Call at Observer office. if

Plumbing and Heating

John Melville
1428 Adams Ave
LA GRANDE, ORE

Solve the Gift Problem for One and All

BY CALLING AT HILL'S DRUG STORE

You will easily find what you want here as our stock is running over with Christmas Goods marked down in price within the reach of all

PERFUMES make nice Xmas Presents. We have the largest stock ever shown in La Grande.

STATIONARY—We have the Big Line with the Little Price.

WATERMAN' FOUNTAIN PENS always please—exchange them if they don't suit.

BRASSWARE is very popular—We have a Good Assortment at low prices.

PICKARD HAND PAINTED CHINA—None quite so good.

CUT GLASS in fancy shapes and rich designs.

BURNING OUTFITS and lots of wood; extra bulbs.

COMBS AND BRUSHES—The best there is, can be found here.

HAND BAGS and all kinds of Leather Goods.

COME IN and LET US TELL YOU

Hill's Drug Store
La Grande, Oregon