

THE OBSERVER
BRUCE DENNIS
Editor and Owner.

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WHO PAYS THE PUBLICITY EXPENSE.

Jobbers and wholesalers of Portland have just held another enthusiastic meeting and pledged several hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of exploiting Oregon and getting in more people. At this kind of news the small dealer in a small Oregon city holds up his hands and remarks what a nery set of men Portland has. The first impression is that Portland jobbers and wholesalers are sinking deep in their pockets to procure funds to aid the entire state.

Perhaps a little study will change your views. Every wholesaler and jobber who subscribes to the publicity fund is making the small dealer pay the expense. All such expenses are charged on their books to the cost of doing business. Individuals do not subscribe only in rare instances. It is not a free will offering. It is an additional cost of doing business which the retailer must pay. And the retailer in turn does not charge the consumer the increased amount then he is out of pocket and carries the publicity burden while the Portland jobber and wholesaler gets the credit for so doing.

Understand, there is no serious complaint against such a system, but it is well to stop and consider who is actually carrying this load. And perhaps, if the wholesaler and jobber did not follow this procedure Oregon would have little money spent in the way of advertising. As it now stands small merchants pay a direct tax and the state is advancing rapidly.

The Enterprise News-Record has no hesitancy whatever in calling spades spades, etc. It takes up the Haines murder case, makes conjectures and conclusions and closes its utterances by assuring every reader there will be no question but the governor will pardon the offenders if they have plenty money and are yet convicted. Undoubtedly this is drawing the picture a little too severe, although past records of state affairs would indicate

that such might be the case. The powers that be could put old Brother Galloway in limbo for such remarks but we doubt if they ever will.

Further news from Joseph stating that a tin mine is about to be uncovered gives room for the belief that even the gold strike may be outdone by other minerals in the new mining camp. Go to it, Joseph, if you can scare out a radium mine La Grande will rejoice and help you to develop it.

Wallowa county is said to have a heavy criminal docket for the next term of court, which goes to show that even a rural community sometimes is afflicted with criminal procedure to an extent that her citizens regret.

And still the Haines murderers go free. And that too, in sparsely settled country when the snow was on the ground. Very, very strange.

THE LAST OF THE WILD HORSE.

(Baker Herald.)
The capture of the last band of wild horses in eastern Oregon, while seemingly an incident in the news of the day, means more than at first is realized.

Hark back to the years when wild horses roamed the valleys, feeding on vegetation that the rich soil bore. This land had not been found by man and lay waiting for the tiller and the builder to come; and makes homes and build cities as he developed the fertile spots.

In the old days the Indians and the wild animals roamed at will with no one to molest. But as the resources of the vicinity were discovered man came to till and to build. Homes sprung up and cities blossomed until today eastern Oregon has become known as the part of the country that is having the greatest growth in the United States.

As progress comes the children of nature must make way for it. The Indian is finding his place and has moved farther on as man turned the virgin soil into productivity. So with the wild horse that ruled the vast country. He must now retire in favor of civilization. In the last battle for supremacy the leader of the band fought valiantly but lost. Now man is ruler of the country and the horse is a servant in the march of progress.

One cannot think of the horse giving up his liberty without regret, especially after the noble stand of the leader, but his subjugation indicates a step in the progress of civilization in this part of the country.

"THIS IS MY 54th BIRTHDAY."

Horace Archambeault.
Hon. Horace Archambeault, judge of the court of appeal of Quebec, was born in L'Assomption, Quebec, March 6, 1857, and received his education at L'Assomption College and Laval University. Soon after leaving the last named institution he was called to the bar and began the practice of law in Montreal. He attained high prominence in the legal profession and in 1882 he was appointed professor of commercial and maritime law in Laval university. From 1897 until 1905 Mr. Archambeault served as attorney general of the Province of Quebec and

in 1908 he was appointed to his present position as a judge of the court of appeal.

THIS DATE IN HISTORY.

- (March 6.)
- 1706—Sir George Pocock, distinguished British naval officer, born. Died April 3, 1796.
 - 1707—English parliament passed an act providing for the union of the two kingdoms under the title of Great Britain.
 - 1831—Gen. Philip H. Sheridan born. Died Aug. 5, 1888.
 - 1834—Toronto incorporated as a city.
 - 1857—Supreme court of the United States rendered its decision in the Dred Scott case.
 - 1862—The confederates under Van Doren, Price and McCulloch attacked the union forces at Pea Ridge, Ark.
 - 1886—Knights of Labor began a boycott of the Gould railroad system in the west.
 - 1905—John H. Reagan, last survivor of President Jefferson Davis' cabinet, died in Palestine, Texas. Born in Tennessee, Oct. 8, 1818.
 - 1910—Thomas C. Platt, former United States senator and noted republican leader, died in New York city. Born in Oswego, N. Y., July 15, 1833.

STEALING A BATH

Adventure of a Trio of English Tourists in Germany.

A PRINCE AND A PRIVATE TUB

His Autocratic Highness Was Shamefully Ignored and Enraged, and His Luxurious Bath Was Shamefully Appropriated and Abused.

Parker, Wilks and I had been "doing" Germany on the cheap, and I don't know which of us enjoyed it least. Parker grumbled the most, but then he always did, and, though Wilks and I tried to look on the humorous side of things, we lost flesh over it. We had happened upon a heat wave and swallowed a tremendous lot of dust, and flies thrown in gratis, cheap though our tariff was. But we couldn't swallow the foreign titles that cropped up around us. We had too much British pride for that. And, as luck would have it, at the last town of our tour we were quartered on the top floor of a hotel where a German prince occupied a suite of rooms. In our opinion, three English tourists were worth more than thirty German princes, and we dropped our boots on the floor at night in the vain hope that he was underneath. But, alas, his suit was on the first floor, and we never even caught a glimpse of him, though once we heard his high pitched, arrogant, penetrating voice and the cozy fustome rejoiners of his valet both articulating a language which Parker contemptuously described as "the limit."

It was the last morning of our stay. Parker and I had gone back to the hotel to pack our bags before departing for the station. The weather was hotter and dustier than ever, and Wilks, always energetic, had gone to the public bathing place on the river in search of a swim. I had a letter to write, and Parker wandered round the hotel to kill time. Presently he thrust his face in at the door. It had lost its familiar lowering look and wore a bright and alert expression.

"I say," he ejaculated mysteriously, almost under his breath, "I've just found a bathroom in this blighted hole—bath full of tepid water, with a thermometer in it—clean, warmed towels on the rail, and all that. What shall I do?"

"Do?" I replied. "Get into it, man, and let me know when you've finished."

He wasn't long and came back looking wonderfully young and clean. The mail had just arrived and I had spent a few minutes over my letters before I also found the bathroom, following his directions. It was without exception the best I have ever been in, and, to my surprise, the big porcelain bath was half full of tepid water, and a set of clean, newly warmed towels hung on the rail. I took what the gods gave and asked no questions, but I wanted more cold water and experimented unsuccessfully with various levers on the wall. As a last hope I attacked a cart wheel affair on the floor and after a stiff struggle managed to turn it. A flood of cold water gushed in along one side of the bath, and it was all I could do to wrench the wheel around and stop the flow. As I did so light came upon me in a flash. This was the prince's bath, prepared for him a second time by his obsequious valet. It was the glorious

certainty of the fact that made me enjoy that bath as I have never enjoyed a bath before or since. The cheap English tourists were one up on his serene highness, after all. Still, I admit, when I had finished tabbing I lost no time in getting back to the fourth floor again. I told Parker the great news, and we were just discussing it with rapture when Wilks came in, looking supremely dejected for the first time on the tour.

"The bathing place isn't open," he snarled. "Had all the fog of going there for nothing. What dirty beggars they are!"

"Not all of them," I replied. "Don't you worry, old chap." And I described to him the position of the bathroom, and he was off like a hare. During his absence we thoughtfully packed our own bags and his. In ten minutes he returned, fresh as a mountain daisy and bubbling over with gratitude.

"What sort of bath did you get?" I asked carelessly.

"A clinker," he cried, "and it was all put ready for me, clean towels and everything. The only difficulty I had was with the cold water wheel arrangement on the floor."

"It was a bit stiff," I agreed. "It turned on all right," said Wilks. "but I couldn't turn it off."

"What did you do?" we asked together.

"I left it," he answered simply. "What time are we due at the station?" said Parker.

"Now," I replied, and we took our bags and went.

As we descended the stairs with studied calmness we heard electric bells continuously tingling on the first floor, a high pitched arrogant voice raised in anger, oozy, servile tones answering imploringly. We came upon the proprietor leaping up the stairs and a stream of water leaping down them, and a couple of hours afterward we crossed the border, with the secret satisfaction that we had "done" Germany at last.—London Punch.

A man is called selfish not for pursuing his own good, but for neglecting his neighbor's.—Whately.

Definitions.
"Madam"—a census taker was speaking to her who answered his knock—"how many children over six and under twenty-one years of age have you?"

"Lemme see," she reflected; 'lemme see. Waal, sir, thar be two over six an' two under twenty-one."—Everybody's.

Prepositions.
A correspondent of the New York Sun says he overheard the following: "The boys came out from over in between those houses." Here are five prepositions in a bunch. Can this "record" be broken?

Your Occupation.
Every occupation lifts itself with the enlarging life of him who practices it. The occupation that will not do that no man really has a right to occupy himself about.—Phillips Brooks

Nothing to Do but Loaf.
The most unfortunate man is the one who gets up in the morning with nothing to do and all day to devote to it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Sincerity is the way to heaven. To think how to be sincere is the way of man.—Mencius

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