

2 Reels

UNINDIEN

2 Reels

Vaudeville

The Picture Beautiful

Arcade Tonight

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS
EDITOR AND OWNER.

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FAKERS IN LA GRANDE.

This city has been the rendezvous for fakers for the past six weeks. Every day there is some scapagoat trying to pull off a fake advertising scheme that has no merit, thus grabbing a few dollars from the legitimate merchant.

But advertising schemes are not the only ones that are worked. For instance, several magazine solicitors have been in the city lately calling on the ladies. They put up a hard luck story about trying to earn sufficient money to send them through school and offer to send a magazine a year for the mere postage it costs in order to introduce it, claiming the publishers give them a commission on the business.

There are few ladies in La Grande who would not give a half dollar to a deserving young man who wants an education and it is on the strength of this that the subscriptions are obtained.

But the magazine never comes and the grafter leaves town after collecting in quite a little money.

The Observer would suggest that every peddler, every advertising faker, and every solicitor be turned down. In this you might turn down a few worthy ones, but we will guarantee the great majority will be grafters who are wholly unworthy of your charity.

INDEPENDENCE OF A NEWSPAPER

Several have become worried over the Observer's independent attitude politically and have wondered if an independent newspaper could have any choice.

An independent newspaper most certainly can and does have a choice in public matters. It is the only paper that can have a free and untrammelled choice.

When this paper announced its independence it merely stated that it would not be bound by any party or set of men. It also stated it would continue to support Mr. Roosevelt with all of its might for president. That

is what we are doing. We want Colonel Roosevelt to succeed. He was the choice of the majority of Republicans; we believe today he is the choice of the majority of the people. The principles he stands for in this campaign are right.

But in supporting Roosevelt you are supporting the most independent candidate in the world. True, he is aligned with the Progressive party, but he is still independent and no one would be quicker to refuse to do a party's bidding than Roosevelt.

"COAL OIL JOHNNIE" WILL RUN.

And Jonathan Bourne, Jr., will run. He said so at the last moment in order to be spectacular.

He has intended to run for some time, judging from the actions of his understrappers who tried to get him endorsed at Salem; who have tried in many ways to get something for the senator to stand upon so his action would not appear so raw.

But why should Jonathan Bourne make the race now?

There is but one answer—because he wants the office.

He admits by running that he has never cared anything for the direct primary law. His action convinces people of the charges made against him that he is a political gambler for notoriety and power and never had a sincere motive in his talk for the people.

Oregon is called upon to select a senator from four candidates. Jonathan Bourne, who is saturated with Standard Oil, judging from letters which have recently come to light; Ben Selling, who has ever been an honest, plain, sincere Progressive, but this year he says he is going to vote for Taft because he feels he is in honor bound to carry out his contract with the Republican party; A. E. Clarke, a new man of whom little is known; or Dr. Harry Lane, who is a free trade Democrat.

We say, pick the strongest man against Bourne and vote for him.

In so doing you will put your stamp of disapproval on those who merely cry for popular government in an insincere tone of voice with the one motive of obtaining office in their hearts.

You will do a great deal toward putting an end to the U'Ren Single Tax idea, for U'Ren and Bourne have ever been in bed together and if U'Ren favors Single Tax and works for it the natural inference is that Bourne is no enemy to the measure.

Yes, pick the strongest man against Bourne and support him with the

same vigor that you are going to fight Single Tax.

If we are going to be loyal to Oregon; if we are going to sing "Oh, Oregon, My Oregon," and really mean it,

THE CANDLE BUOY

A Friend of the Mississippi Pilots
In the Old Days.

QUEER LITTLE LIGHTSHIPS.

They Were Floated and Anchored in the Channel of the River on Dark Nights and Showed the Navigator on Down Trips Where Reefs Were Not.

In the old steamboat days on the Mississippi, before the government had undertaken the duty of marking and lighting the "crossings" where the channel swings over from one bank to the other, the river pilots had to devise their own means of finding their way through these difficult and dangerous places.

In the daytime it was not hard to do, and on moonlight nights the landmarks, which every pilot knew by heart, could be seen plainly enough to make the crossing possible. But there were many nights so dark or foggy that the shore marks were not visible; then the reefs had to be "candleed."

Candleing was resorted to only on the down trip. Going up the river the pilot might "feel" of the reef with his boat, and if he did not find the best water the first time he could back off and try again a little to one side or the other, wherever the soundings showed the deepest water to be.

In going down the river, however, that was impossible. The pilot had to find the channel the first time, for if the boat struck the current would drive her hard on the reef or else swing her broadside on the bar and in ten minutes imbed her in the very midst of it with tons of drifting sand.

To guard against such a disaster when nearing Pig's Eye, Beef Slough or Trempealeau bars—or any one of a dozen bars of equal difficulty—on a dark or hazy night the pilot stopped the boat at the head of the reef. With two men to row, a mate or watchman to steer, a "cub" pilot to manipulate the "candle buoys" and an older pilot to take soundings, the yawl was lowered and permitted to drop down the channel below the steamboat.

After the pilot had determined the best course by taking soundings the "cub," under his direction, anchored two, three or even four of the candle buoys, one after the other, in the center of the channel, and then the men let the yawl drop down below the reef, where it lay a little outside the channel. Then one of the men swung a lantern—a signal at which the pilot on watch came ahead, steering for the tiny lightships and running over them, one by one, until the reef was passed.

The candle buoy was made of a piece of two inch light pine plank, beveled for four inches at the "box" in order to prevent its "diving" as the current pressed against it. A tin "sconce" with three legs, three or four inches long, was tacked down to the plank. Half of a common candle was placed in each sconce, and after being lighted an oiled paper chimney, with a base corresponding to that of the candlestick, was placed over the light to protect it from the wind. The outer ends of the tin "legs" of the sconce were turned back over the base of the paper chimney to hold it in place, and the buoy was ready for launching.

A hole was bored about six inches from the end of the plank. Through the hole a small cord some ten or twelve feet in length was rove and knotted, and to this cord a lump of coal weighing perhaps ten pounds was tied. This served as an anchor to hold the buoy in its place in the center of the channel.

Such was the procedure fifty years ago or more. Since the government boats began patrolling the river and establishing permanent lights at all bad crossings it is seldom necessary for the pilots to go out in a sounding boat, although it is not an unheard of proceeding even now.

But the candle buoy is a thing of the past. Probably there are scores of present day pilots who never even heard of the makeshift little lightships that their puzzled predecessors were wont to launch amid the darkness and doubt of former years.—Youth's Companion.

now is the time to kill such measures as Single Tax, and also to put on the shelf forever men like Bourne who make a farce of the primary law and place their own personal ambitions higher than the will of the people.

SOBER SECOND THOUGHT.

It has been noted that several persons connected in an executive way with the present political campaign are paying a great deal of attention to the "sober second thought" of the American people. It is intimated by them that when the American people are seized with the "sober second thought" there will be an instantaneous change in political sentiment, which change will benefit the candidate or candidates in whom these prognosticators are particularly interested.

While it is rather difficult to understand exactly what is meant by "sober second thought" it is assumed the purpose is to convey the impression that up to the present time the American people have been carried away by sensationalism and emotionalism to such an extent that they have been incapable of judging the real issues of the campaign. They may be true, but the indications as noted everywhere by political writers of experience point to a condition directly opposed to this contention. They find that this presidential campaign is one of the hardest in their experience to secure an ink. They observe that sensationalism and emotionalism are having little effect upon the great masses of the people, who are reading their newspapers and magazines and deciding upon their choice without advice or guidance. In other words, the voters are not paying much attention to the old-time flag-waving, glory-be-to-history speeches but are determining the way they shall vote in the quiet of their homes.

This advancement of the "sober second thought" idea sounds a little like a whistle to keep up courage. The

American people never said less and thought more in any presidential campaign in history than they are doing at this time. They are weighing, testing, reading and thinking but they are not talking. Their silence indicates the presence of sober thought, be it first, second or third, and their decision will be made when the voters are cast in November. There may be a certain percentage who will be stricken with the so-called "sober second thought" between now and then, but the chances are that the great majority of voters know at this time for whom they are going to vote and they will not change.

It is idle to predict that Wilson will gain strength, Roosevelt lose support or Taft add to his forces. There are millions of voters in this country on whom no one can figure accurately because they do not express any opinion until they cast their ballots. These have not been carried away by any din and confusion of political controversy because they have been too busy in promoting the unparalleled prosperity of the country to place themselves in the limelight. But these are the men who will determine the presidential contest and their determination will be based upon the same process of reasoning that has appealed to them since the beginning of the campaign. It is not to be expected that a great white light of revelation is to break suddenly upon the voters, as some of the campaign promoters argue and change the whole sentiment. This start of a change may have manifested itself in previous years but there are very few indications of it at this time.

The American people are thinking soberly enough about the men and the issues but it is hard to believe that they are just recovering from an attack of political insanity, as those "sober second thought" advocates intimate.

No More Smiling.

The new vicar was paying a visit among the patients in the local hospital. When he entered ward No 2 he came across a pale looking young man lying in a cot, heavily swathed in bandages. There he stopped, and after administering a few words of comfort to the unfortunate sufferer, he remarked in cheering tones:

"Never mind, my man, you'll soon be all right. Keep on smiling; that's the way of the world."

"I'll never smile again," replied the youth sadly.

"Rubbish!" ejaculated the vicar.

"There ain't no rubbish about it!" exclaimed the other heatedly. "It's through smiling at another fellow's grief that I'm here now."—Pearson's Weekly.

His Eloquence.

The curate of a country parish lately preached a charity sermon, and the collection which followed amounted to £20 7s. 4½d. In the vestry after the service the churchwardens counted it out and mentioned the result. "Well," said the reverend preacher, "I must have preached pretty well to get all that." "No doubt you did, sir," replied one of the churchwardens who had been collecting, "but the squire put in a £20 note, and he's deaf."—London Mail.

Unreluctantly.

"Ralph Darnley called again last night, Bessie, didn't he? You know, he's rather well off, so I hope you didn't treat him distantly," said mamma.

"Indeed I didn't, mamma. I was very much drawn to him—very much," she answered, with a blush.

Strange Youth.

Doctor—What makes you think the boy isn't normal? Mother—Everything. He was sixteen years old last month and yet he doesn't think he knows more than his father.—Philadelphia Record.

For one word a man is often deemed to be wise, and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish.—Confucius.

The Strength Of A Bank

Is based on the character of its assets, and of the men behind it.

This bank, for twenty-five years a pillar of strength in this community, keeps its resources absolutely clean and dependable.

Its officers will always see that its assets are of such a character that its strength can never be questioned.

Upon this basis we invite your confidence and your account.

La Grande National Bank

LA GRANDE, OREGON.

CAPITAL . . . \$ 100,000.00
SURPLUS . . . 120,000.00
RESOURCES . . . 1,000,000.00

FRED J. HOLMES,
President.
F. L. MEYERS,
Cashier.

W. J. CHURCH,
Vice Pres.
EARL ZUNDEL,
Ass't Cashier.

Designated Depository of the United States Government—United States Postal Savings Depository.

La Grande must grow--it's location and resources give assurance that within a short time it will be the Spokane of Oregon. At its present rate of increase and growth it will soon double its population and its payroll. When it reaches that stage in its career Connordale will be practically the center of town for this city must grow down Washington Avenue and cut into the valley. Values will then be out of sight. They are low now. Go down and see for yourself.

