

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS
EDITOR AND OWNER.

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SHORTAGE IN COAL AGAIN.

The shortage of freight and coal cars which occurs every year is getting tiresome to the general shipping public. Every winter season the railroads seem to have the same old difficulty in keeping coal moving, although they know in advance just what conditions will be and have every opportunity to prepare for them. It is encouraging, therefore, to note that the interstate commerce commission has taken the matter in hand and given the railroads warning that if they do not care for the situation this supervisory body will see that they do. The commission from its preliminary investigation has found that the shortage is due in part to delay in the unloading of cars, the slow movement of freight trains and the failure of the railroads to return cars to the roads owning them. For cars belonging to other roads and retained an absurdly small fee is charged. It would naturally seem that the roads would be glad to increase this. The reason they do not is that most of them are guilty of the habit of keeping freight cars too long and the higher charge assessed another road would work both ways. The commission, however, now insists that the railroads increase the per diem charge. This in itself is likely to do much toward relieving chronic shortages.

It is also suggested that an inspection service be at once instituted to report to the commission violations of the rules intended to insure return of equipment to the road owning it. It is likewise recommended that operating officials make full use of locomotives and cars by increasing the speed of freight trains. That this reform is needed can be better realized when it is known that freight trains make only an average speed of twenty-five miles a day. An increase in speed would be equivalent to an increase in equipment.

The way the railroads succeed in getting in the hole just as soon as there is any great demand for their service will go a long way to convince the average man that Louis D. Brandeis, the Boston lawyer, was telling the truth when he said that scientific management would save the transportation lines of this country \$1,000,000 a day.

COLLEGE MEN IN BUSINESS.

It seems that the average Princeton graduate earns more than \$6.00 when he leaves the university. Instead of \$6 it is \$16 which he receives. The reading public will recall that a few months ago a wide discussion of the financial value of higher education was caused by the report that the graduates of this great eastern institution could command no more than a dollar a day on their graduation. The mistake, it is said, was due to a typographical error.

Whether the figure is \$6 or \$16, however, the fact remains that a man just out of college is not immediately a valuable economic asset. It takes

time for him to develop to his full powers. While he is backing up his theoretical knowledge with the necessary practical experience his services can command little more than those of the ordinary unskilled worker. The chances are, though, that after he has acquired the practical end of his business he will rise more rapidly and rise higher than the man who lacks college culture.

What is true of college men is true of most men who are in a transitional stage of mental development. They are not worth a great deal until they "find their pace." Then if they have training whether that training was acquired within or outside of a university, they rise rapidly. With every year of work they become more valuable to employers because of the habit of making steady intellectual advance has become fixed. They could not stand still if they wanted to, but must push on to a bigger and broader development.

It is because college training is an excellent tool for bringing about this result that it is so highly esteemed in spite of the fact that at the start of the race those having it do not get more than others. The spirit by which man may obtain efficiency is not confined to the university. In fact, one may graduate with all the honors obtainable and lack it, while another who never saw the inside of an institution of higher learning may have it naturally and may acquire it.

A Bridgeport, Conn., millionaire has discovered a way to put a "collar" on beer that won't wilt and will keep it fresh for days. This should refute the charges of the pessimist that the age of miracles is past.

The Treasury department has announced that it will have the designs on paper money changed, but most people will have the same designs on money that they have always had.

After grafting frog skin on that Grand Rapids, Mich., girl and thereby saving her life, do you think it possible that she will jump at the first chance to get married.

APittsburg pastor announces that another prophet is about due. There's room for him; most of the prophets that worked during the campaign have resigned from the job.

Army aviators have invented a noiseless aeroplane. But what is needed more is one that will stay right side up.

The Republican campaign manager who voted by mail in Kansas might have saved a two cent stamp just as well as not.

But the world is awaiting breathlessly to hear what Col. Lil Russell thinks of Woodrow Wilson's type of masculine beauty.

Speaking of public gratitude, Kansas City has just sent to the poor house the man who established the first saloon there.

A street car conductor has been elected to the New York legislature. Anything is liable to happen to a street car conductor.

Mr. Mink and Miss Furr are to be married in Illinois. Further comment would be superfluous.

Denver policemen are not allowed to carry revolvers any more. At last the innocent bystander is safe.

THE LURE OF GOLD

Romance and Tragedy of the Old Bonanza Trail.

A ROAD TO WEALTH AND CRIME

It Led to the Richest Deposits of Gold. In a Relatively Small Territory, Ever Discovered—Days of Strenuous Life and Frenzied Lawlessness.

The Bonanza trail began at Fort Laramie, Wyo. It ran east of the Owl Creek mountains, west of the Big Horn mountains, in a northwest direction to Livingston and Bozeman, then forking to the present Helena and Virginia City. In war and Indian department annals it is known as the Bozeman trail. Immediately, however, it was given the more romantic name, and for the best of reasons. It led to what were the richest deposits of gold in a relatively small territory, that the world had ever seen.

Out of Alder gulch and Last Chance gulch, within 200 miles of each other in Montana, was taken, in ten short years, considerably more than \$500,000,000 in pure gold. It was anybody's fortune, and the wonderful luck of the California gold diggers a few years before roused men to brave every hardship for these prizes.

It did not matter at all that these gulches were 2,000 miles from the nearest railroad and that other gold fields were far easier to reach. Here was the great El Dorado, and without a qualm the gold seekers hurried into the unknown territory, defying Red Cloud and every other Indian, outlaw, renegade and boldup man.

How many lives were sacrificed along this trail to wealth will never be known. All that is certain is that there never was another chapter in the world's history like this. The long road into the mysterious country and the settlements of mining camps grew up almost in a single night. There were only five men in the little party when Bill Fairweather "washed" the first pan in Alder gulch and made a discovery even more wonderful than any in the palmy days of California or even in the later era of the Klondike.

Two years later Alder gulch, at one of the Bonanza trail's two ends, was among the most picturesque places in the country. The world was ransacked for men and women to give performances at the theaters, to offer free entertainment to the patrons of the various resorts. The gold hunters, gorged with prosperity, wanted amusements. Fine restaurants were opened and food brought in at great expense from beyond the seas. The smallest money was a twenty-five cent pinch of gold dust, taken from a pouch. It bought less than a copper cent does in any part of the United States today.

Meantime an unending stream of people poured into the new country. It is estimated by some that 90,000 in all took the trail at Fort Laramie.

The days of the trail were those of frenzied lawlessness, and many are the picturesque stories that have come down. Over the big road disputes about cards were of daily occurrence. The man who started an argument did so with the knowledge that it was his life or the other man's, for he was calling into question the "honor" of the "shark." Swindlers sold "mines," fought with their proposed victims and killed without compunction.

Armed robbers ran off stock, stole horses from one class of immigrants and sold them to another. As the horse was the sole means of transportation and valuable beyond human life, "horse stealing" was set down by the "districts" as a crime punishable by death. There were few courts, and such as there were were miles from the trail. A jury would hence be at once impeded among those present, the man tried and if found guilty hanged to a tree without ceremony.

Hotels flourished and were prosperous beyond imagining, for every one spent money, and there was much flaunting. In the higher grade establishments beverages were served in cut glass; champagne was common. Every resort was crowded with people. The newcomers frequented these places in quest of information, paid 25 cents for a glass of beer made from barley grown by the ex-Confederate soldiers at Bozeman and sold to the Virginia breweries for 8 cents a pound, and not enough could be received to supply the demand. Table board cost \$7 a day for the very cheapest, and if one slept in a chair in the hotel lobby at night, when the rooms were all rented, he paid \$1.50 for the privilege.

Gold was the only medium of exchange. A pinch of it, between the forefinger and the thumb, as has been said, counted 25 cents. There would be a tendency with some men to take just a little bit more. When that tendency was noticed in a man he was given hours to leave town—and it was seldom over two hours. The wise man did not stand on ceremony or protest—he "ramosced." In camp vernacular.

The newspapers of the city sold for 25 cents a copy, red hot from the press and full of news of lynchings, new diggings, "clean ups," "hold ups," "big men" and gossip of a broozy character. Ham and eggs to order cost \$2.50. Eggs were worth 50 cents apiece and an ordinary meal of deer or buffalo meat, with potatoes or coffee and bread, was never less than \$1.50. A man was very poor to get down to fare so coarse as that.

It made no difference what a man might have been back in "the states" if he was "on the square" in Virginia he was considered as such. It is a fact that the discourteous effects of the luring

This Store Closed All Day Thanksgiving

Our New Line

STAMPED LINENS



Many have been waiting for the arrival of these linens, and we take pleasure in announcing our line the most complete we have ever shown.

STAMPED GOWNS

On fine sheer linen nainsook
\$1.25

PILLOW TOPS

in both square and oblong shapes
stamped on fine Russia Crash
25c to 60c

TABLE RUNNERS

in both conventional and floral designs. All widths and lengths
35c to 85c

COMBINATION SUITS

in dainty linen nainsook
\$1.00 each.
Scarfs 85c.

CORSET COVERS

of beautiful sheer linen
50c each.

PIN CUSHIONS

in the popular punch work designs
25c Each.

FANCY BAGS

on linen colored linen.
35c Each.

PILLOW CASES

in beautiful patterns on fine quality seamless tubing
60c and 65c
Centerpieces 35c to 75c

All the above stamped in the popular styles of embroidery, including many pieces in punch work, eyelet, French, and satin stitch designs.

Begin Your 'Xmas Embroidery To-day
ONLY TWENTY-THREE MORE SHOPPING DAYS TILL XMAS.

Ivoroid Novelties
35c to 65c

West's
The Quality Store

New fancy Ribbons
35c to 50c

THE UBIQUITOUS SEA LION

He Strayed a Long Way From Home Before He Was Killed.

The following story is taken from the American Magazine:

"Sunday is a dull day, and the editors had a habit of detailing men to go to the zoological gardens and zoological stories for Monday morning. The reporters got together one Sunday morning and persuaded the head animal keeper to let them publish a fake story. It was rather commonplace concerning the alleged escape of a non-existent sea lion from the pool to open water.

"Fake," said the managing editor as he read the story. "Let's make it a real one."

"Thereupon he sent telegrams to every country correspondent on that wet or of his tributaries, merely inquiring if anything had been seen of the escaped sea lion. The response was appalling. The correspondents needed only the hint. That day the sea lion was seen by at least twenty correspondents, and Berghand printed all the reports one after another. Thus spurred, the correspondents went to it in earnest. The following day the sea lion was reported at every point with in 200 miles. The story spread like ripples on water. In five days the lion was sighted over half the world, and an enthusiast at Southampton carried that he was heading toward the north sea. Then a cruel correspondent up on Lake Superior killed him and wired that he was sending the skin as proof I always suspected that the managing editor did it himself."

A Fine Sense of Feeling.

One of two dummies who run a boot black "parlor" in partnership was bragging of his well developed sense of touch, particularly in the matter of money. He boasted that he could tell the denomination of any United States coin merely by feeling it. His partner, wearied of those boasts and came back with this:

"Your sense of feelin' ain't nothin' to my friend Mar-us. Him and me used to work on the Pullman down through Kansas. Mar-us had been on this route for about ten years. One night when we was both asleep, long around midnight, I wakes up and I shakes Mar-us and I says, 'Mar-us, where are we?' And Mar-us just rolls over and sticks his hand out the window and he says, 'We're going through Oswego.'—Everybody's."

Writing on a Pillow.

Every one who has had occasion to write while riding in a railway train will be interested in the fact that the discourteous effects of the luring

the carriage are greatly mitigated by writing on a pillow. The pillow may be either held on the lap or placed on a table. The pad of paper and the arm which guides the pen or pencil should both rest on the pillow.

In this manner it will be found possible to write legibly and with comfort in a train flying at full speed.—London Answers.

Poor Mamma.

The Dear Child—Oh, Mrs. Bloom, when did you get back? Mrs. Bloom—Bless you, dear, I was not away anywhere. What made you think so? The Dear Child—I thought you were. I heard my mamma say that you were at Longbeards with your husband for over a week.

Original.

"Was there anything original in his speech at the banquet?" "Well, he admitted that he knew he was to be called on."—Detroit Free Press.

Well Instructed.

Miss Fifth Avenue—Maude cinema, be an un instructed delegate. Miss Ben Con Street—Impossible! She's from Boston.—Life

Tommy Ryan, former middleweight champion, announces his retirement

sentative of Baker and all Eastern Oregon from the fact that he practiced law in Eastern Oregon for five or six years.

While in Baker Judge King built up a reputation for himself as an attorney. He later moved to Portland and has since served on the supreme bench of Oregon where his decisions have attracted wide attention.

The petition will be forwarded to headquarters in the next ten or 12 days.

Gompers Is Better.

Rochester, Nov. 26.—A decided change for the better is reported in the condition of Samuel Gompers. Pneumonia threatens.

Sargent Is Candidate.

W. B. Sargent has become a candidate for councilman from the Third ward at the municipal election. This adds spice as P. S. Robinson is also a candidate.

There is going to be an aviation meet in Rhode Island. That sounds like flying in the face of Providence.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of chief of police at the coming city election. If elected I pledge my honor that I will clean up and add just a number of lax conditions that now exist here and make La Grande a better place to live in. L. RAYBURN.

Mr. Penwiper lives in Chicago. But he is an old-fashioned gentleman.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of city recorder, and will deeply appreciate any assistance given me in the coming city election. LEE WARNICK.

ANNOUNCEMENT

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for chief of police and will deeply appreciate any assistance given me in the coming city election. Roy S. Clapp.

We Now Have On Deposit
\$800,000.00

of money accumulated by residents of La Grande and the Grande Ronde valley.

We Now Have Loaned
\$700,000.00

to business men, farmers and others in this community. The money deposited here is not "laid away" as some of it might be if its owners had not deposited it, but it is industriously at work all about us, doing good.

By depositing your income here on open account and paying it out by check, you will safeguard your interests, build your credit and cultivate an acquaintance at a strong financial institution, which can and will help you when you need help.

Don't delay, you can begin with a small deposit at the

La Grande National Bank
La Grande, Oregon

Capital \$100,000.00. Surplus, \$120,000.00. Resources, \$1,110,000.00
FRED J. HOLMES, President
F. L. MEYERS, Cashier
W. J. CHURCH, Vice President
J. H. ZUNDEL, Asst. Cashier