

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS EDITOR AND OWNER.

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IT WAS A BIG JOB.

The more we look over the pamphlet issued by C. C. Chapman under the direction of the state of Oregon, the more we realize what an enormous undertaking it was.

Scarcely a county can produce reliable statistics, and so far we know there are but few counties who have revised county maps.

The first trial meant nothing but sifting out the different lines only to revise and complete the data for the next volume.

La Grande has probably as much complaint as any other community in the state, for this city was omitted as one of Oregon's ten largest municipalities, but La Grande people are not complaining.

The book is all right, or rather the plan of having such a book is the proper thing. It will set at rest forever in Oregon the fancy colored booster books which have been gotten out in the past and which in many instances failed to state facts.

TELEPHONE RATE ISSUE

(Continued from Page 1.)

Thorough and scientific investigation of the telephone conditions in Union county. We are simply asking for protection for our stockholders, but the individual stockholders of the co-operative company will be indirectly benefited by the investigation.

Date of Hearing Not Set

By reason of the importance of the case and of the large area affected, it is generally thought that a date for a hearing upon the complaint will be fixed by the railroad commission in the near future.

THE JACK RABBIT.

Apropos the Hasenpfeffer spread this week, a homily on Br'er Rabbit was read before the banqueters who sat down to dine. Here it is: Ye greedy friends of the Noodle fest.

Hear me before you sink your Carniverous teeth into my woolly Coated shanks of speed

Cannibals all, I charge you here Before this wine soaked stew of pot-tage With willful murder, the death of Sixty freedom loving Jacks.

Yesterday I sat behind a tuft of grass Snoozing in the cooling breeze Of Boreas Winter. I had a dream And in this vision saw you here

Glutting over our dead bones. Sheriff bring in the evidence. There's Jack the Ripper, quartered For the hungry teeth of two big Sportsmen.

In their stomachs they Will have a record of a mighty Turnip eater. There's "Speedy King" The chief of Telocasset clan

Soaked in wine and vinegar. Ye gods What a slaughter. I sent out the word For marching. But ere the creel Made the rounds, a steaming horse

Had landed you in our midst. I saw your iron poggans and The bullets wrapp in paper shells. Each guns crack brought its doom

To one of the speedy clan, In their thighs and in their ribs You'll find your leaden peppers. Save them for your hunting sons

For ere the moon shall sink a dozen Times my clan will eat the bark From off your Spitzenbergs. Ye see? But ere we fall into your

Hungry bellies, too fill out your Slackened waistlines. I put to Shame by greater speed your dough-ty hunters.

Ye call yourselves hunters! Search my footsteps in padded snow For peppers wasted. Ha! Ha! The gun crack is not in the pot.

'Tis gone like melted smoke And my spirit laughs the while At you who say: I'm your meat. And while you munch and munch

Eat well of noodles fat and big. Your hungry mouths let bulge great big And wash them down with Buden-welser clear and fine.

I'm done, I'm in the pot And when you lay in bed as'leep Let woolly bones disturb your rest. Charge you now, eat well and much For Herman's got a monopoly on my

Hasenpfeffer, and swears he will not Cook again. My friend is Herman From the Noodle Inn, make him king He's in the ring. So shout and sing "Fill out the waist line".

LONELINESS AND IMMORTALITY.

Such panacea is this art of loneliness. But sometimes, too, it may intensify the sense of loneliness, only for more heavenly relief at last. Think of the deep composure of lonely, sad Beethoven, wreaking his pain upon expression in those impatient chords and modulations, putting his sorrows into sonatas and wringing triumph always out of all. Look at him as he was then—morose, they say, and lonely and tormented; look where he is now, as the whole world knows him, feels him, seeks him for its joy and inspiration, and who can doubt of immortality? —John A. Dwight.

West's 15th Annual Sale Offers Many Bargains -- Beginning Saturday



Read the lists below and check off the Merchandise you need. Then come here and see for yourself the real saving:

INTERESTING PRICES IN OUR READY-TO-WEAR DEPT. YOUR CHOICE ANY LADIES' SUIT IN THE ENTIRE STOCK FOR \$9.90

Ladies' and Misses' coats at HALF PRICE Silk and Wool Dresses to \$17.50 for \$9.00 Childs' and Misses' Coats \$1.50 to \$7.00 100 New Silk Waists up to \$6.50 for \$3.90 Newest Lingerie Dresses up to \$10.00 for \$3.90 One lot ladies coats up to \$17.50 for \$2.98

SALE PRICES FROM OUR Men's Dept. Men's Dress Shirts to \$3.00 for \$1.29 Men's Dress Shirts to \$1.75 for 79c All shades and patterns in this line of high grade shirts. Men's 50c Silk and Lisle Sox 19c Entire line Lion Collars 6 for 25c One lot Men's Overcoats up to \$15.00 for \$2.98 Lot Boys' Suits up to \$7.50 for \$2.39 Men's \$3.50 Shoes now \$1.98 300 pair Boys' Shoes, all sizes 49c pr Boys' Blouses up to 50c for 23c Malone Mackinaws now \$2.90

MEN, WHY NOT SAVE

\$5.00 TO \$10.00 ON YOUR NEW SUIT DURING THIS 15TH ANNUAL SALE

ALL THE BEST MAKES AND STYLES

ARE INCLUDED IN OUR ANNUAL CLOTHING SALE OF SOCIETY BRAND, BENJAMIN AND FIDELITY \$15.00 SUITS, WHICH WE ARE NOW OFFERING AT REAL SAVINGS

Your choice of 300 newest styles at a reduction of 25 per cent.

Another lot of 150 Men's and Young Men's Suits reduced 33 1-3 per cent.

Entire line Men's and Boys' Overcoats and Raincoats reduced 25 per cent.

OUR METHOD OF PRICE REDUCING PROVES VERY POPULAR

ALL ORIGINAL PRICES ARE LEFT ON ALL GARMENTS AND YOU ARE ALLOWED TO FIGURE THE DISCOUNTS YOURSELF, THUS ASSURING YOU THAT EACH SALE PRICE IS A BONA FIDE REDUCTION.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON OUR WINDOWS

WEST'S

THE QUALITY STORE

WATCH WEST'S AD FOR MONDAY

TWO SCENES IN TWO LIVES

By MARGARET BARR

One bright, frosty morning an elderly gentleman living on a country road was taking the air walking about his place. It was not spacious, and the house was not palatial. They indicated an owner of moderate means, but there was something about the premises that denoted he was refined.

There was a whirring of wheels up the road and an automobile appeared. Beside the chauffeur there was only one person aboard, a middle aged lady well wrapped in fur robes. The vehicle had reached a point perhaps a hundred yards from the place described when there was an explosion like a pistol shot. The auto swerved and in doing so went over.

The chauffeur was unhurt. Not so the lady. The gentleman who saw the catastrophe went to her assistance. She was lying with closed eyes, but she soon opened them and looked at the man bending over her.

"Tell me, madam," he said, "how badly hurt you are that I may decide what to do."

"I don't know," she said in a faint voice, "but I doubt if my injuries are serious."

The chauffeur joined them, and the two carried the lady to the house. Two young ladies, the daughters of the host, took her in charge, while the gentleman telephoned for a surgeon. When the medical man arrived he pronounced the lady unhurt, with the exception of a sprained ankle, which prevented her walking. He said she might be driven to her home at any time. Left alone with her host, the lady said:

"But you have recognized me."

"There is a reason for that."

"Will you give it?"

"Yes, but not directly. I will tell you a little story. The scene is the veranda of a house on an eminence overlooking a river. The season is spring. The hour was that when the twilight fades into night. A new moon is standing over the western horizon."

"Two young persons were sitting on the veranda, a man and a woman. The man took her hand in one of his; the other he stole around her waist. 'I love you,' he said, 'and I wish you to be my wife.' The words were simple but more winning from their simplicity. It was the happiest moment of her life."

"But not relishing being won too easily she asked for time, promising an answer within a few days. He assented, but reluctantly. When a few days had passed she looked for him to come to her for her answer. He did not come. A month passed and she received a letter from him from a distant city, telling her that he had suddenly been called away; that a new field had opened to him, but that it would be a long while before he could expect any great success. Had she loved him deeply she would not have asked for time. This was probably fortunate, since he could not be near her, a long while must pass before they could be married, and he would only stand in her way of being settled for life. If she agreed with him in this an answer to the question he had asked was not necessary. If that answer was to have been 'Yes' and she preferred to stand by it she might write him, and he would do his best to make good his offer."

"This chilled her first and only love. She wrote him that doubtless he was right about the matter, and since his view was hers, she considered his offer annulled."

The lady had reached this point which was the end of her story, when one of the young ladies in the house brought in a dainty luncheon on a salver. She would have lingered, but her father told her that the stranger was not equal to seeing more than one person at a time. The girl withdrew. Then he spoke.

"There is a period in a man's life between, say, eighteen and twenty-five,

when what he is to be is forming. He is clay ready to thrust into the furnace. This person you speak of was then in that condition. He was at an important point of his life when the two elements, caution and daring, are struggling for the mastery. In his case caution prevailed. And yet for a time the chances between the two were equal.

"This person who at a critical moment looked behind him never again came to a point where he could confidently, fearlessly look before him. He has lived a negative life. He has been a failure."

There was a deep sadness in his last words. The lady took his hand in hers and pressed it sympathetically.

"The carriage that was ordered has arrived," said one of the young girls, throwing open the door.

The injured woman was helped to the carriage and when seated thanked those she left for their kindness, then she was driven away.

"I wonder," said one of the sisters that evening, "what is the matter with papa. Ever since that automobile accident he has looked so sad."

"Has he?" said the other. "I haven't noticed it."

Long on Their Thrones.

The king of Montenegro, who is figuring so much in the news of the day, has had one of the longest reigns of any contemporary sovereign, having occupied his throne for forty-nine years. In length of reign he is only exceeded by the Austrian emperor and the king of Greece and by Prince John of Liechtenstein, who has ruled over his little principality for fifty-four years, two years longer than the king of Greece. By a peculiar coincidence all these four rulers succeeded at the same age—eighteen years.—London Globe.

A MAN'S LIFE.

A man's career is not the whole of life. If this poor fraction is regarded as possessing an integral value there is a pitiful poverty even in the midst of abundant possessions. The fullness of any single life is dependent upon the larger life about it, which it is capable of touching, absorbing, and transmitting into its own vital power and energy. The progress of the world is due not so much to the great careers of great men, but in a very large measure to the excess of time and thought and energy which busy men have nobly given to the world's need and the world's distress. The untired efforts of tired men, the generous giving of time on the part of those who have no time to spare, the devotion of the hours of rest to additional service, the unrequited labor, the investment which pays no dividend—these are the factors which enter constructively into the world progress and are the hope of its salvation. The tragedy of a life is its failure to touch the life of the world. It may splendidly develop its own resources for its own needs and its own pleasures or, if you please, for its own name and fame, but its success only serves to make its failure the more conspicuous if its ambition does not seek to give as well as to get and is not willing to stoop to sacrifice as well as to glory in success.—John Grier Hibben.

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

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