

THE OBSERVER
BRUCE DENNIS
 EDITOR AND OWNER
 Entered at the postoffice at La Grande, Oregon, as second class matter.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
 Daily, single copy 5c
 Daily, per week 35c
 Daily, per month 65c

INTERNATIONAL POLICEMEN.

"It is impossible for any nation to be effectively pacific unless it is always ready for war," says Raymond Poincare, the new French president, in his first message to parliament. In this sentence he voiced the self-evident truth which sooner or later must be taken into account in this country.

Disarmament always has and probably always will be one of the recommendations made by those who want peace, but who have failed to study the conditions which make for peace. This idea is slowly being abandoned as impracticable for any one nation to follow. In its place is coming a demand for mutual agreements limiting armaments such as that recently entered into by Great Britain and Germany, heretofore in a mad race for naval supremacy, but now limited to the maintenance of the present ratio. The logical next step is cooperation among the principal nations for the keeping of the general peace. The Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente in Europe are the first signs of an approach at international joint action. Today they are at cross-purposes, but the time may come when they will afford the nucleus for an international police force. When we have this international police force as a tangible reality we can talk of disarmament for individual nations.

There is no reason to believe that this evil of war, ingrained in us by centuries of habit, will succumb to anything but gradual steps for its abolition. The time has not yet arrived when any one nation, without laying itself open to insult and attack, can beat its swords into plowshares and its spears into pruning hooks. To do so at the present stage of the world opinion is deliberately to sacrifice the peace making powers which great strength give it.

When there is a street fight among boys it is the big policeman, able to conquer any or all of the combatants, and not one of the urchins, who restores peace. Thus, contrary as the statement may seem superficially there is absolute fact back of the assertion that no nation just now can be effectively for peace unless it is prepared for war.

President Wilson has called an extra session for April 8th. That's the day when some of the job stalkers will bite on the chocolate covered hickory nut.

It's a sure sign of old age when a man declares that bowling and skating are "too much work."

Germany intends to bolster up her army with 100,000,000 marks. We

didn't know she had that large a population.

But Woodrow, even if he does talk in his sleep, never mentions Bryan's name.

An Unromantic Love Story

By SADIE OLCOTT

Edwin Thorpe had been brought up with his cousin, Helen Willmarth, the daughter of his mother's brother, who had been taken into the Thorpe family when she became an orphan. When the two were grown Mrs. Thorpe, who was then a widow, was possessed of a fortune. One day when her son was about to start on a tour she said to him: "It is time, Ned, that I should take thought as to the disposition of my property. It was accumulated by your father, who left it to me, expecting that I would leave it to you. Helen has been brought up as one of our family, and I would like to divide it between you, but I feel it incumbent upon me to leave it all to you. There is a way, however, by which you could relieve me of the embarrassment."

"How is that, mother?"
 "By winning her for your wife."
 Ned Thorpe had never thought of his cousin in this light. Both sexes seem to prefer to mate with some one they know nothing about than one they know all about. This is a requisite of romance. At any rate, without knowing it, this was exactly the view he took of the matter. From a boy he had had his dreams of some beautiful girl whom he should find in a bower of roses, who should greet him with a blush and a smile and after he had told his story should confess that she had been dreaming about his counterpart since she was a child.

For this reason he received his mother's announcement coldly. He was very fond of his cousin, whom he had regarded rather as a companion than a future wife, but his mother's suggestion was rather too businesslike to commend itself to one who had had such romantic dreams of the girl he should love not only on earth but through eternity. So he told his mother that he would think about it and nothing would give him greater satisfaction than to meet her wishes.

He was gone six months, during which the lady of the bower of roses did not appear. The girls he met were all flesh and blood of an ordinary texture, some of them possessing unattractive traits and some of them being positively disagreeable. The only person he saw during his tour, it is true, he first saw in a bower of roses, but she arose therefrom in a dress cut very low above and very high beneath, and pirouetted out toward the footlights before an audience of a thousand persons. His imagination was captivated, but not his common sense.

At last he returned to his home, thinking that, since he would please his mother by marrying his cousin and he had tired of waiting for the lady in the bower of roses to appear, he would consent to his mother's plan. Indeed, he admitted that it was a good plan. He did not like the idea of taking all the family belongings to himself and he didn't like dividing them between himself and some one else. He much preferred that it should be Helen's as well as his own.

Helen had improved during his absence, having passed out of what some girls is an awkward age. She received him with the accustomed welcome, and his resolution received a

new impetus. As soon as he was alone with his mother he said:

"Mother, I've come home with the intention of acceding to your wishes in the matter you spoke about to me just before I went away."

"What matter?"

"Why, in reference to Helen and I inheriting the family fortune as one."
 "Oh, I remember, now you speak of it. That plan fell through immediately after you left us. I broached it to Helen, and she said that on no account would she accept an inheritance that your father had accumulated and intended should go at my death to his son. She is now studying to be a teacher. But she won't have to teach."

"Why not?" asked the young man, taken quite aback by the turn in the affair.

"Well, a certain man is attentive to her whom it is supposed she will marry."

"Supposed! Don't you know?" exclaimed Thorpe, getting up from his seat, thrusting his hands into his pockets and striding back and forth on the floor.

"Only Helen knows, my dear boy. But what means this change in you? When I proposed this union you did not appear to fancy it."

"Well, suppose I didn't. I've got my mind made up to it, and now I find I've made it up for nothing. It isn't treating a fellow right."

Mrs. Thorpe was looking at him out of a corner of her eye. She did not seem at all hurt at his utterances. On the contrary, she seemed to be endeavoring to conceal satisfaction.

"Well, dear," she said presently, "I send her in to you and you can settle it with her."

When Helen appeared the young man said to her:

"Helen, why have you upset this plan of my mother's?"

"To what?"
 "Well, that my father's fortune should be kept intact. Mother says that you—"

"Ned, whatever mother asks of me goes."

"Does it?"

"Yes."

"Same here."

This was the beginning; no romance, no bower of roses, no cooling. Wrong; there was cooling, but it began where this story leaves off.

She was a suffragette of note. I had a talk with her. And when she asked me for my vote I said, "No, thank you, sir."
 —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Friend (in 1925)—So next year's cars are going to be 50 feet wide?

Auto Agent—Yes. You see, we must have room for the number on the back.
 —Puck.

You'll find while plodding down life's pike That happiness that's true Comes not from doing what we like, But liking what we do.
 —Denver Republican.

Notice.
 Dog taxes delinquent March 1, 1913. If dog taxes are not paid by March 15th, the poundmaster will be instructed to dispose of the dogs, according to ordinance covering same.
 LEE WARNICK
 City Recorder.

3-13-4t

Best for Skin Diseases.

Nearly every skin disease, yields quickly and permanently to Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and nothing is better for burns or bruises. Soothers and heals. John Deye, of Gladwin, Mich., says, after suffering twelve years, with skin ailment and spending \$400 in doctors' bills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. It will help you. Only 25c. Recommended by all dealers.

The funeral services of the late Jobe Stiles will be held from the Christian church Saturday, March 15, at 2:30 p. m. Members of lodges and friends are cordially invited to attend.
 By request of Mrs. Stiles.
 W. W. RANDALL, N. G.

Best Known Cough Remedy.

For forty-three years Dr. King's New Discovery has been known throughout the world as the most reliable cough remedy. Over three million bottles were used last year. Isn't this proof? It will get rid of your cough, or we will refund your money. J. J. Owens, of Allendale, S. C., writes the way hundreds of others have done: "After twenty years, I find that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best remedy for coughs and colds that I have ever used." For coughs or colds and all throat and lung troubles, it has no equal. 50c and \$1.00 at all dealers.

 NEW YORK GOSSIP.

New York, March 14.—What is probably the strangest voyage in local water since Budson sailed up the riv-



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La Grande National Bank
 La Grande, Oregon

Capital, \$100,000.00 Surplus, \$130,000.00 Resources, \$1,100,000.00

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 UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

er which now bears his name occurred this week when a ferry boat in attempting to cross the Hudson nearly circumnavigated the island of Manhattan, lose herself entirely for some hours, and finally landed her passengers miles away from their destination. The chief cause for this remarkable voyage was one of the heaviest fogs which the city has experienced in some time, and as a result the fog of the wandering ferry boat is unique in the story of local river navigation. The boat in question left the Jersey City slip with the intention of crossing the river to the island of Manhattan, a voyage of perhaps six or eight minutes. From that time all trace of her was lost until she was reported as being off Hunter's Point which is a part of Brooklyn on Long Island. To reach this location she had by some weird chance steamed clear round the Battery and up into the East river, waters apparently unknown to her navigators. She was next sighted some two hours later just off a pier, still in the East river, and as the fog was not quite so thick as it had been the seven hundred passengers were landed as soon as possible, and the ferryboat again put out to discover her proper destination. The skipper this time decided to navigate by pierheads alone, and he stuck close to them with two men on lookout counting heads, pier heads all the way to Desbrosses street. Not once did the little island get away from him. At noon he put the boat cleverly into her Desbrosses street slip scratchless and with nothing hurt except his own feelings. Thereafter he continued to ply his course between Jersey City and Desbrosses street, the thinning out of the fog enabling him to see enough to guess whether he was going.

and visitors to this town will soon have another fine building of monumental order to feast their eyes on, which when finished will be the greatest of its kind in the world. The new postoffice, which has been building for the last year on Eighth avenue, facing the rear end of the Pennsylvania station, and which has cost upward of \$6,000,000 will be finished within a few months, according to the expectations of the men who have been shaping the structure according to the ideas of the architect. The exterior of the great building has practically been completed and now an army of mechanics is giving its attention to the interior of the structure. So vast is the space between the four granite walls that the hundreds of men who are at work are lost. So few are seen at any time that doubt is cast on the word of the man who says that an army not much smaller than that which has been upsetting things down in Mexico is in the building. There is little doubt that the architects and the company which built the great granite pile will be ready for Uncle Sam to take possession in time to attend to the Christmas mail. In size it will not be as great as the Pennsylvania or the Grand Central station, but otherwise there are few structures in New York that are as large. It is five stories high and measure two blocks, or 355 feet along Eighth avenue and 332 feet on Thirty-first and Thirty-third streets. From the curb to the topmost piece of granite it is 101 feet. The building is the most lightsome in the city. To make it so the architects had to use 200,000 square feet of glass which is equal to five acres or more, it is said, than is to be found in many of our leading skyscrapers. In the building there are 400,000 square feet of working space.

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TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION.

- LOST—Gold watch and fob. Finder leave with Miss Ruby Theisen at Newlin Book and receive reward.
 3-14-1f
- FURNISHED HOUSE FOR RENT — With bath. Phone Black 1731. 1512 Adams avenue. 3-14-1f
- OLD TOWN STORE has dry wood for sale. Main 712. 3-14-1f
- EIGHT ROOM HOUSE, corner C and Third streets for sale or lease. Possession at once. Main 712. 3-14-1f
- WANTED—Representative to sell the best accident and health policy. Must furnish bond; loafers not wanted. Liberal contract to the right party. Address S. Steger, 710 Spalding bldg., Portland, Ore.
 3-14-4tp
- FOR SALE—S C White Leghorn eggs. 50 cents for 15. James Quinland. Phone Red 1393. 3-14-1mop
- WANTED—A girl to strip tobacco at C. E. Hackman's. 1409 Adams ave.
 3-14-2t
- FOR RENT—6 room house and barn. Phone Red 1442. 3-14-6t
- Attention Eagles—Besides initiating a large class of candidates, business of exceptional importance will be presented, which requires the consideration of all members. 3-13-2t
- The Royal Neighbors will conduct an afternoon tea at the I. O. O. F. hall tomorrow afternoon. All are invited.

New York, March 13.—New Yorkers