

THE OBSERVER

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WHEN A SOLDIER DESERTS.

The deserter from the American army has been placed on a level with the criminal. The army prisons are full of young men, many of them little more than boys, who have become sick of their jobs and quit. According to army standards their offense ranks next to treason and is punished accordingly.

The new secretary of war, Lindley M. Garrison, among other proposals, speaks a good word for the deserter. He would have the penalty made less severe, but would go farther than that toward removing the first cause by reducing the term of enlistment.

The civilian never has been able to look on desertion in time of peace as such a serious crime. In cities where there are army posts the public makes little effort to aid the officers in capturing the runaway. Only the reward offered for his return secures any co-operation at all from the local police departments. There is more than mere antimilitaristic feeling in this attitude. It is realized that, while desertion in time of war is practically treason to the country, the act in time of peace is not in the same class, but usually is only an evidence of that restlessness present to a greater or lesser degree in most Americans.

When a man in civil life gets sick and tired of his job he takes a vacation or a few days off and returns to his work with fresh interest and zest. And a great many men do get absolutely at odds with their work at times; no matter how pleasant and

congenial the job may be there are times when the interests of both the man and the work are best served by a temporary holiday. Nothing destroys originality and efficiency more than monotony; the employe gets into a rut; he becomes indifferent and discontented.

In industry little is thought of such occasional spells of restlessness, the outlet for such moods being provided in most cases. In the army the case is very different. The man must stay whether he likes it or not, and the chances are that the longer he stays under such conditions the more he hates all that pertains to the army. Then, too, he does not have, as does the civilian the freedom to escape deadening routine by changing the place of his employment. Homesickness also tugs at many of these boys.

When the opportunity to get away comes and the soldier takes it he is a fugitive from justice and, if caught, is dealt with far more severely than the civil law would deal with real criminal offenders. The shame of a prison sentence is put upon him. In fact, everything possible is done to make this artificial crime seem like a real one.

The chances are that there would be more recruits and that the army would be better off if the enlistment term were shortened and desertion treated more as a human transgression. The object of the new administration seems to be to give as many men as possible military training and then permit them to go back into civil life as a reserve. This goal can be reached far better by liberality than by harshness. The United States is not Europe.

WHAT! NO GIFTS, MR. WILSON!

President Wilson has again broken all precedent and has made an announcement which will bring sorrow, perhaps, to a great many fond hearts. He will accept no presents.

It is the president's lot to receive many gifts during the time he is permitted to occupy the chair in the executive mansion. Roosevelt received so many that he hasn't room at home for all of them. Taft was overwhelmed with gifts. It would be impossible to say just how many persons in this country right now are working on presents for President Wilson, ranging from hand carved walking sticks to full rigged ships in glass bottles.

The ultimatum will remove joy from many hearts. In the long list of gifts the average president receives cute little solid ivory desk trinkets, knitted bed slippers, red flannel pen wipers, night gowns, hand carved cigar cases, oxidized bug neck pins, leather watch fobs, etc. ad infinitum. The average president received during his term of office a veritable forest of hand carved walking sticks pickled alligator claws and silver horseshoes. In fact he gets anything from the jawbone of a dinosaur to the whistle made out of a pig's tail.

In stopping this flow of gifts Washingtonward, Wilson has taken a stand which later he may have to reconsider. The American has a right to give his chief executive a present if he wants to and Mr. Wilson will doubtless have to bow to the public

will in this matter, for he is a kind-hearted man and will not wish to make millions unhappy.

THE BIRD ON THE HAT

A Boston professor is reported to have said that women who wear song birds in their hats will never get to heaven.

This is putting it rather strongly particularly as applied to the ultra-vain woman with whom a bird on the hat is heaven itself.

It is poor philosophy, for if the woman by merely wearing a bird on her hat denies herself all hope of heaven, there is no restraining influence left to prevent her going on through the whole gamut of sin.

It is poor theology, for the best authorities in this still somewhat occult science agree upon one point, and that is that the punishment of evil deeds ought not to be reserved for a future life, but ought to be to some degree at least apparent in this world. In this the most ancient Jews agree with the most up-to-date mental gymnasts of theology and ethics.

Certainly, we have it in our power now to punish the wearers of birds. Social ostracism is something palpable and definite. The averted look of disapproval has more effect on the ultra-vain than have whole torrents of threats of eternal punishment.

There is dispute about hell. And the bird wearing woman can take refuge in the doubt. But a few significant looks and a few significant remarks on the part of her friends bring the penalty home to the very spot where she is most vulnerable.

And public opinion on this question is growing in the right direction. Defense of songbird wearing never any longer has the courage to show itself in public. So much has been said and so much is being thought against it that it is scarcely conceivable that any intellectual woman should be able thus to adorn her variety without a secret blush of shame.

If the birds have no rights, public opinion has. And public opinion has power, so that no woman's vanity can safely encounter.

So there is no need to sit idle in the hope that the next world will bring punishment. The punishment is in our own hands.

Movies are said to be detrimental to the eyesight. Spectacle men will probably begin giving free picture show tickets.

Baseball and moving pictures might go a long way toward solving the question of peace in the Central American republics.

Longfellow's grandson is a street car conductor in Boston, which is a trifle more remunerative than being a pet.

A man in the Los Angeles jail demands four baths a day. The problem should be solved by giving him a garden hose.

One thousand ladies tailors in Boston have gone on strike. This is one strike which will cause father to worry whatever.

Those London suffragettes have even dispositions—they're mad all the time.

Assistant Secretary of State Adee should stand well with the administration. He also rides a bicycle.

That cigar named in honor of the Huerta administration must have a terrific aroma.

A Dallas, Texas, woman ran away with the butcher when is one way to solve the high cost of living.

Notice of Final Appeal

Notice is hereby given to all concerned, that Sanford K. Baker, executor of the last will and testament of Micajah Baker, deceased, has filed in the county court of the state of Oregon for Union county his final report and account of his administration of said estate and said court has set Monday, the 5th day of May, A. D. 1913 at 2 o'clock p. m. at the county court house in La Grande, Union county, state of Oregon, as the time and place for hearing such report and all objections thereto.

S. K. BAKER, Executor
 Mar 28 Apr 4 11 15 25

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Newlin Drug Store

Looked That Way.
 Meg (five years old) was overjoyed over a recent addition to the family and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbor.
 "Oh, you don't know what we've got in our house today!"
 "What is it?"
 "It's a new baby brother," and she waited to see the effects of her words on the neighbor.
 "You don't say so. Is he going to stay?"
 "I guess so," very thoughtfully. "He's got his things off"—Weekly Telegraph.

That Car.
 He owned a handsome touring car. To ride in it was heaven. He ran across a piece of glass—Bill, \$14.97.

He took his friends out for a ride. "Twas good to be alive. The carburetor sprung a leak—Bill, \$40.56.

He started on a little tour. The finest sort of fun. He stopped too quick and stripped his gears—Bill, \$90.51.

He took his wife downtown to shop. To save car fares was great. He jammed into a hitching post—Bill, \$78.

He spent his little pile of cash And then in anguish cried, "I'll put a mortgage on the house And take just one more ride!"—Oklahoma Banker.

It Didn't Take.
 It was in Sunday school, and the young teacher was endeavoring to obtain certain data for the church records. Turning to one of the little pupils, she asked:
 "Ethel, dear, were you ever baptized?"
 Ethel, who is a very serious child, thought deeply for a moment before replying. Then she said slowly:
 "Yes, I think I was once, but it didn't take."—Judge.

Sound Reasoning.
 If I but lived in Wonderland, I'd do bold deeds a galore. For then, you see, I choose to be A dashing balladeer.

And when the savage hippodrome Came roaring from his lair, My armadillo's thrust would kill The monster then and there.

Through dense, dark groves of samovars, Where few would dare to go, I'd strike a trail and soon impale The snorting bungalow.

Wrapped in a Spanish galleon, Afloat in a doubloon, I'd serenade some lovely maid With strains from my harpoon.

Then hey and ho for Wonderland, Where fun and fame abound! Though tales from thence may not make sense, They have a splendid sound. —Puck.

Saving the Plate Money.
 On his way home from the kirk the parson met Sandy Macgregor. Said the parson:
 "I doubt, Sandy, that ye're growing remis. I've no' seen ye in the kirk these three Sabbaths."
 "It's no' that I'm growing remis, parson," replied Sandy, "but I'm just tinkerin' awa' wi' ma soul masel'."—Boston Transcript.

April 21st 1913

HAVE YOU SEEN THE BLACK CAT?

See Paper Next Week

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