

THE OBSERVER

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EDITOR AND OWNER.

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THE GENERAL AWAKENING.

When a town awakens to its surroundings and possibilities that awakening usually occurs almost instantaneous. For years La Grande went along certain grooves—a good town always, but never a brisk, hustling place like the La Grande of today. Then came the awakening. As the song goes everybody began doin' it—cleaning up lawns, building homes, petitioning for sidewalks and paving. The campaign was almost spasmodic, but it was general. No particular part or portion of the community lagged behind. Go where you would and the new roof was to be seen, likewise the excavation, the paving and the new sidewalk.

That epoch began over two years ago and the march has been steadily onward with no signs of abatement. This year brings forth such buildings as the West-Jacobson building, another story on the Odd Fellows temple, while residences by the score are being erected.

But La Grande is not a cheap town. Cheap towns never grow very much. Wherever you see a community where every family is self-supporting by having its cow and chickens and garden, you seldom see much advancement or progressiveness, although it must be admitted there is something decidedly restful about that manner of living. You will notice the world over where prices are high, where wages are good, where everything is moving in harmony in the way of receipts and expenditures, there you will find a good town. If men cut their own hair there would be no use for barber shops, if everyone borrowed his neighbor's wheelbarrow and hauled his goods from the railroad station the transfer man could not exist; if everyone had his own cow what would the dairyman do? And if everyone repaired his own automobile, the community would have no use for the three splendid garages La Grande has. So it is clear down the line of human endeavor. To make a good town everyone must spend money, but in the general expenditure some of the money comes back and acts as water on your own wheel.

Sending out of town for commodities is in a way a crime and there is no other view to take of the matter. Merchants seldom get rich, and the day is past when the merchant charges more than is essential for running expenses and a fair margin of profit. No one gets held up on prices in La Grande. The general adjustment prevails here as elsewhere. You cannot ride on pavements without paying the price, you cannot have electric lights on every corner without paying for them, neither can you have a first class water system without expense. All

of these improvements cost and the people must pay in the end for them all. Rents advance when paving begins forcing a greater expense on the tenant. That expense must be met just as all other expenses must be liquidated.

We do not believe there is a man or woman who would want to exchange the La Grande of today for La Grande five or six years ago.

The awakening has come, and different from many cities La Grande has the resources to justify a continued growth displacing any danger of a flash of progress followed by stagnation.

THE HORSE SHOW.

It is not necessary to say, "The Union Horse Show," for there is only one horse show in Oregon and that is at Union every June.

Revision of the title of the event has brought the name to "Stock Show" but to all who assisted in its birth it will always be known as the horse show.

It is more than a stock show, for in reality it is an exhibit of what a few good live men can do toward originating something and thereby placing their town upon the map to stay and making its name be known half way across the continent.

This year the Union people say it is to be bigger, better than ever and we have reason to believe them, for the bunch that is behind this annual exhibition have never yet misrepresented facts to the people. They have more features this year than before, they have better system, more ideas and know how to apply them.

Union has centered her whole year's series of events which other towns try to have in one big effort and look at the result. Started as a neighborhood gathering it grew to be a county proposition, then it reached out over the neighboring counties and then over the entire northwest. People will come to Union this year from a distance because there will be something to attract them and they will be paid for their journey no matter how long it may be.

OUR RACES THIS YEAR.

The Union county fair will come forth this year a more nearly finished product than it was last year, although the event last season was highly satisfactory to everyone the association was in a formative period, while this year it has the benefit of a year's experience.

The races are now being planned and they are races that will make your blood tingle. Our date is immediately following the state fair and the state fair closes the list of the circuit events. Quite natural it will be for the horse men to ship to La Grande for there will be purses hung up that will attract the good horses.

It was admitted all along the line that the racing last year was far superior to what anyone had anticipated, and we can absolutely guarantee to everyone, even at this early date, that the racing program this year will greatly surpass that of last year.

Sometimes even a rat gets tired of running through the same hole.

MORE NATIONAL MUSIC.

"What America needs is more national music and songs," declares Mrs. Julius Kinney, president of the National Federation of Musical Clubs. "We need vital songs that will get into the system. One of the things that makes a prosperous and home loving nation is its devotion to music."

Mrs. Kinney is right. We need more national songs. But we don't need any more ragtime or any more of those things that go by the name of popular songs. But, where are our national songs to come from?

All the old-world nations are rich in folks songs and national airs. These songs and airs have come down from primitive times. They represent in a sense the spirit of the people. The German song, the Slav polka, the Irish air, the Italian song, all are different. What are known as "national airs" usually are written in crises. Haydn wrote the Austrian national air in a crisis. The "Marseillaise" blossomed out during the French revolution. "The Star Spangled Banner," probably the best of our so-called "national" airs was born amid the suspense of war.

Can any man sit down in cold blood and write an "national" air?

It appears not. Many have tried it, but failed. There must be a condition of the public mind which makes a song or an air appear like an inspiration and that state of mind comes with national crises, such as wars. Even our little war in Spain came near lifting "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" into the list of our lasting national tunes.

The nations of the world are being fused in this country. German, Irish, Bohemian, Pole, Russian, Italian, English, Greek, Armenian, French, Swede, each brings his home idea of music to this melting pot. Out of all this conglomeration may come some day a definite musical idea which shall be distinctively American.

A night out may produce palpitation of the heart, as well as a surge of tender emotion. There are still a lot of fellows in the world who can't distinguish between the effects of dissipation and sentiment.

The quite general opinion that college students by and large, are an incorrigible, irreligious lot was given a severe jolt when, at a Princeton voting contest, it was found that the favorite book was the Bible.

Asperations to be a great actress are often killed in homely girls by the fact that a real star has to be married and divorced at least three times before the public begins to properly worship her.

A German aeroplane fell on French territory, but it is thought that, with proper diplomatic advances on both sides war can be averted.

A St. Louis butcher has made a sausage fifty feet long. It would be interesting to know if he can do it and make both ends meet.

The ultimate consumer now has a short season of victory. Dandelion greens are ripe in the back yard.

Carry Weapons, Suffers.

A man named Stanley was arrested yesterday for carrying concealed weapons. A wicked-looking revolver was taken from his person and before Justice Williams he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$20. In lieu of the money he is laying out his sentence in the county jail.

Prominent lecturer says Mexico has no sense of humor. Still, Mexico invented Chili con carne.

Dr. Johnson and His Dinner.

Dr. Johnson, who was a lover of good cooking, used to assert that whenever a dinner was ill got it was because of poverty, avarice or stupidity. One day he was eloquent on this subject when his hostess (Mrs. Thrale) asked him "if he ever huffed his wife about his dinner."
"So often," he replied, "that at last she called to me and said:
"Nay, hold, Mr. Johnson. Do not make a farce of thanking God for a dinner which in a few minutes you will protest is not eatable."

Don't You.

We kept tabs at the theater. The hero carefully said, "Don't you," the low comedian said, "Don'tcher," and the assistant varied it to "Don'tcha." The heroine was a purist. She said, "Don't chew," as if she were advising against the use of tobacco.—Exchange



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Quarrel Is Serious.
(Baker Herald.)

As the result of a fight over the right to use a double-tree, William Slemph is lying at death's door in St. Elizabeth's hospital and Peter Maher, his alleged assailant, is in jail at Austin, pending an investigation by the Grant county courts.
The two men were employed as teamsters by the Baker White Pine Lumber company at their logging camp at White Pine and yesterday, it is said, Slemph took possession of a double-tree, which Maher had been using for the past four days.
It appears that Maher had been imposed upon several times by the rest of the teamsters, as he is an Austrian, and the other men do not want a foreigner working in their midst. When he went after the double-tree, it is alleged Slemph struck him three times with a club, Maher saying all the time he didn't want to fight and telling Slemph to keep the stretcher. Maher received a three inch cut on his forehead and bruises on the shoulder and arm, which laid him out. He sat down on a nearby log, waiting until he had recovered when he picked up the same club which had been used to lay him out

and dealt Slemph a blow on the head and struck him once on the neck after knocking him down.
Maher turned to his companions, it is said, and remarked, "I had better be getting out of here."
They replied, "No you won't, we'll hold you." Marshal Gus Courtney of Austin was sent for and took his prisoner to Austin.
Slemph was brought to the hospital last evening, where the fractured skull was raised and several pieces of bone removed.
His wife and child accompanied him. It is said he has very little chance of recovery, as one side is paralyzed.
Slemph and Maher both have good reputations around the logging camp, neither being of a quarrelsome disposition.
Slemph is a member of the F. O. E., belonging to the order in Virginia.

WANTED—At once three demonstrators. Call at 2006 3rd St., between 7 and 8 p. m. Phone Black 1202. Cave and Spacks, Mgrs. 5-12-3t

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