

**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 ..... 15c  
 Daily, per month ..... 65c  
 Daily, per six months in advance ..... \$3.50  
 Daily, per year in advance ..... \$7.00  
 Daily, by mail per year in advance ..... \$4.00  
 Weekly Observer, per year in advance ..... \$1.50

Advertising rates on application. All copy for display advertising must reach the office the day before the ad appears.

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**WHY THE ROOSEVELT SUIT.**

Many no doubt wonder why Colonel Roosevelt should pay any attention to what a newspaper in a small Michigan town might say regarding him, and in a way there is cause for such thought. He has been in the midst of national battle for years; has had all kinds of things said of him by the metropolitan press, yet he never seemed to care.

It will be remembered during the last campaign that stories were circulated profusely over the nation stating that Roosevelt was a drunkard, and the Colonel took them seriously. Although such newspapers as the Oregonian which openly fought him, came to his defense on the liquor question, yet nevertheless the Colonel felt keenly the general gossip about his alleged intoxication.

And with this feeling of doubt there came the desire to try out a case of some accuser, not because he wishes to punish the obscure newspaperman of Michigan but to get the facts regarding his habits clearly before the American people with the desire to exonerate himself from charges which seem to be without foundation or fact.

We remember one of Colonel Roosevelt's closest friends said to us once in speaking of the Colonel and the drink habit, "The stories in circulation regarding Roosevelt's intemperance are absolutely false."

Then continuing this friend remarked, "I think Colonel Roosevelt partakes of strong stimulant but it is not liquor, for the stimulant which does the Colonel the most good is the large crowd which he speaks before and the seemingly popular way in which he has always been received."

This statement seems very near the truth. Stimulated almost to intoxication by the loud hurrahs which have been his ever since he entered public life Roosevelt is not to be blamed. The people worshipped at his shrine too long and too vigorously not to have its effect upon the man. And there are few Americans who could have kept their balance

wheels working as well as did the Colonel in the face of such remarkable praise and so little censure.

**THE BACKBONE OF AMERICA.**

"In many ways I have found that the Harvard aristocrats with whom I have come in contact are distinctly inferior to the foremen, conductors and other workers with whom I have been thrown," says Edmund Trowbridge Stedman, a grandson of Longfellow, and now a wage earner. "The majority of men whom I have met as fellow laborers certainly have filled me with a great enthusiasm for the future of America."

Mr. Stedman is only repeating the experience of many other men who have realized that social standing does not spell worth. Snobs talk of "social equals." There is no equality that is not based on solid merit, or intellectual attainments, on honesty, right living, on character.

In place of the European aristocracy of birth we have in this country the far more intolerable pretensions of plutocracy. Plain Bill Jones succeeds in business and acquires a more or less generous amount of stocks, bonds and ready cash; Bill himself never departs from the philosophy that has made him successful; he judges men and women for what they are, not for what they have or seem to have.

But often his wife and children become the worst imaginable snobs. The very fact that they have come up from lowly origins inspire them with contempt for all left in honest poverty. Hence we hear a lot about "social inferiors" and the lower classes from those whose fathers and grandfathers were proud to be plain workmen.

Yet, as young Stedman, a graduate of Harvard and the grandson of a distinguished poet, points out, the affected superiority of the plutocrats is a myth. In information, in thinking power, in all the essentials of culture, including that hallmark of true aristocracy—courtesy and fineness to fellow men—the average wage earner is the equal and frequently the superior of the average plutocrat. Perhaps that is why nowadays we do not hold up the rich man to our children as an ideal the way we once did.

**LIVING ONE HUNDRED YEARS.**

Thomas Sullivan, of Williams Bay, Wisconsin, is counted a very lucky man. He got his start in life before there was a known microbe in existence and he is now 112 years of age. He says he is not 112 years old but 112 years young and he certainly writes like it. This is Mr. Sullivan's program:

6 a. m.—Arises, dresses and prepares for morning jaunt.

7 a. m.—Takes daily plunge summer and winter and stays in the water several minutes.

8 a. m.—Returns home and eats a hearty breakfast.

9 a. m.—Begins his daily work as fisherman and farmer.

7 p. m.—Retires.

This young old man doesn't take much stock in what he terms "new-fangled germs." When he came to this country eighty years ago, people

were so busy hewing out homesteads for themselves that they didn't have time to discover microbes; therefore, so far as they were concerned, there were no microbes.

Sullivan claims that he has lived long because he has taken a cold plunge every morning without fail, as far back as he can remember. Every old man has some fact of this kind, but the secret of his longevity is the fact that he, in his young manhood, escaped most of the influences which surround young men of today. He was not around the neighborhood turkey trotting or consuming cocktails that would eat the bottom out of a copper stewpan when he should have been asleep. He has gone to bed at 7 p. m. all his life, and his program has run like clockwork.

Making a success of life lies largely in the point of view, and Grand-sire Sullivan's point of view seems to be fairly successful, if courted by Calendar years.

**THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ARMY**

To develop an intelligent public opinion on army affairs is the announced purpose of the newly formed Army league. The organization is neither militaristic nor antimilitaristic in its attitude, but simply aims to gather and distribute reliable information to the end that citizens may be better prepared to criticize prevailing military practices and to suggest betterments in the service. Its first president, William C. Endicott, is a well known Boston lawyer, and its secretary, Frederic L. Huidekoper of Washington, D. C., is a military authority of international fame.

The average civilian today is so little informed on army matters that when military legislation is pending in congress he can contribute little of value to any discussion. Such legislation therefore is fought out between the professional army men and the professional politicians, with public opinion as a whole taking no part and exerting no influence. The league believes that it is time this condition ended. It believes it is time the people knew the truth about the army. It believes if the public realized that because of faults of management and organization much of the money it is spending is being wasted that it would exert its influence for a change.

In Everybody's magazine for this month is an article that graphically depicts some of the shortcomings of our army. It is not a criticism of army officers and personnel, but rather an indictment of the political system that discourages efficiency. This league is throwing open its membership to civilian men and women alike and hopes to correct these faults by building up a public opinion that will demand a dollar's worth of service for every dollar spent.

**ANOTHER WAY OF HANDLING THINGS.**

Civil service, which the Republicans prated about for years, has been knocked into seven hundred pieces by President Wilson and his administration. Instead of annihilating the service with one swoop of the administration's strong right arm the political acumen of Bryan and Champ Clark came into good play and they decided to chloroform about 57,000 Republican federal office holders.

Sure the Democratic party stands for civil service, but the offices should be filled with Democrats in order to make the service perfect. All of which reminds us of the Republican days when big talk was engaged in regarding the civil service and an examination for rural route carriers was being held. The special agent remarked, "By all means this is under civil service—no politics in these appointments whatever, except, I have always noticed that where all qualifications are equal a Republican makes a better carrier than a Democrat."

And so it goes the world over. Great noise about reform usually in time ceases and the ever present selfishness of humanity asserts itself. The Wilson administration is doing no more than any other party would under like conditions, and it is doing just as much. Civil service is only an euphonious phrase to talk on. It does not mean anything when analyzed by the powers that be who have offices to give out.

Is it not strange how many new names you see in the paper who either have been or want to be appointed to public office in Oregon. There must have been quite a reserve force of Democrats in the background after all, or else a number of good acrobats have jumped into the Wilson camp from the other side.

Milt Miller, the sage of Lebanon, is about to land a job from the Wilson administration. Let all hold their breath until Milt has his commission properly signed, for he has been waiting for that job, lo, these many, many years.

President Wilson takes a shot at the "insidious lobby" and he is right in his contention. Too long has the lobby balked legislation that would have done the country as a whole a great deal of good.

Yes, it will be quite a relief when the Portland city election is over; Albee and Rushlight and Kellaher will then give way to stories of advancement and progress of the northwest.

Yale men are turning to knickerbockers. This is all right if a man has a calf that looks properly fed, but for the man with the broom handle appendages, long pants will still have favor.

New Mexico is having a grasshopper year. It is probably time to look for those signs on the moon which indicate more disaster according to the old superstitions.

A little lightning now and then in this mountain country causes the oldest inhabitant to sit straight up, and wonder if general conditions are changing.

President Foley released Mountain at Boise, which means that a mountain of care has been lifted from La Grande's baseball team.

A woman is police magistrate at Colorado City. There will probably be regular bargain days in justice there.

The fruit crop is going to prove once more that it can repeat.

Another great invention would be the self-starting lawnmower.

Have you prepared the flowers for Decoration Day?

The great calamity in Omaha was quickly overshadowed by the terribly disastrous floods in Ohio. Great suffering and sickness from colds and exposure resulted which Foley's Honey and Tar Compound helped to alleviate. L. Poole, 2217 California St., Omaha, writes: "My daughter had a severe cough and cold but Foley's Honey and Tar Compound knocked it out in no time. My wife would not keep house without it. We have used it for years, always with good results." For sale by A. T. Hill.

James Russell Lowell was never so happy as during his tenure of the American legation. "I do like London," he writes to Charles Elliot Norton soon after his appointment. "It gives a fillip to my blood, now growing more sluggish than it used to be. I love to stand in the middle of Hyde park and forget myself in that dull roar of ever circulating life which bears a burden to the song of the thrush I am listening to. It is far more impressive than Niagara, which has nothing else to do and can't help itself. In this vast torrent all the drops are men."—London Chronicle.

**What He Wanted it For.**  
 "I wish I had money enough to get married," he remarked. She looked down and blushed. "And what—would—you—do?" she asked, looking very hard at a little design on the carpet.

"I would spend it traveling," he replied. And the thermometer fell 10 degrees.—Lippincott's.

**Sarcastic.**  
 "I don't like to invite Mrs. Parvenu to my bridge party, and yet she's a sure loser and good pay."

"I don't think you are going to get her money without her company," said her sarcastic husband. "What do you expect her to do—frame your invitation and mail you a check?"—Louisville Courier Journal.

**Napoleon Lost Something Too.**  
 Host—That is the sword of my great uncle. He lost his arm at Waterloo. Guest—Yes, it's a terrible place for losing things. I lost a bag there only last week.—London Opinion.



Benjamin Clothes

Perhaps you prefer your own home town to New York. We do also but like you we appreciate New York styles.

**"Wear a Benjamin"**

and you wear a faultless New York style, identical in cut and contour with what the fastidious New Yorker is wearing.

**BENJAMIN CLOTHES at \$20.00 and up.**  
 Special values representing the utmost in tailoring at \$25.00.

Also sole agents for  
**SOCIETY BRAND SUITS**  
 \$20.00 to \$30.00  
**HIRSCH WICKWIRE SUITS**  
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**FIDELITY \$15.00 SUITS.**



**Quick Thinking Wins.**

Paris, May 29.—Startled by the unexpected arrival of three policemen, two burglars on the Quai de Nercy, dropped a heavy sack containing loot, and bolted. Two of the policemen pursued them, but the third was a bit wiser and earned promotion by effecting a clever capture. Anticipating that the burglars would elude his colleagues Policeman Andre stayed behind, and emptying the sack got inside. The fugitives had no difficulty in evading their pursuers and returned for their booty, whereupon Andre fired through the sack just as they were trying to lift it, and the amazed burglars quickly surrendered.

**Duke a Hotel Han.**

Berlin, May 29.—The Duke of Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha has gone into business as a hotel keeper in an aristocratic way at Oberhof, a Thuringian mountain resort, some 3000 feet above the sea level. At the Ducal Castle Hotel, as the establishment is called, only the wealthiest and most aristocratic visitors are catered to, and the Duke who frequently visits the place keeps a tight grip on the business side of the enterprise.

**Library Closed Tomorrow.**

The city library will be closed all day tomorrow for decoration day. Banks and all public offices will likewise be closed to business.

**Sunday School Worker Home.**

John E. Crymes, of the American Sunday School Union, is spending a few days at his headquarters here.

During the month Mr. Crymes has organized and re-organized Sunday schools at Clover Creek and Wolf Creek, in Union county, and Sutton Creek, Pleasant Valley, Durkee, Weatherby, James and Pochontas, in Baker county—a pretty good Sunday school record for one month.

**Divine Sarah Goes Home.**

New York, May 29.—Sarah Bernhardt sailed for France today on the steamer La Lorraine, after an extended vaudeville tour.

**Pure River Ice.**

Regular deliveries. Prices right. Phone Fred Young, Black 631. 5-5-ft

**Notice to My Friends.**

The report that I am going to quit in the automobile contest is incorrect and without foundation. I am in to stay to the finish and with the assistance of my friends, I hope to be successful.

JOSEPH C. KEENEY.

**THIS INTERESTS EVERY WOMAN**

A family doctor said recently that women come to him think that they have female trouble, but when he treats them for their kidneys and bladder, they soon recover. This is worth knowing, and also that Foley Kidney Pills are the best and safest medicine at such times. You cannot get better purer medicine for backache, weary dragged out feeling, aching joints, irregular kidney and bladder action and nervousness due to kidney troubles. Try them. They are tonic in action, quick in results. For sale by A. T. Hill.

**The Test of Time**

Time determines whether the policies under which a bank is operated are safe.

This bank has been in business twenty-six years.

It has grown steadily until it has become one of the strongest and most prosperous financial institutions in the West.

The soundness of its policies is attested by the long list of conservative business men who transact their business here; also by an earned surplus of \$130,000.00, the work of time and the result of conservative management.

This bank has facilities for taking care of more high grade business and offers its services to those who appreciate the best in banking.

**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 DEPOSITORY.