

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS, Editor and Owner

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PRESS COMMENT.

It is hard to recognize a Mexican government as it flashes by.—New York Evening Sun.

According to Mr. Underwood's warning to the American manufacturer, if the tariff bill smites you, turn the other cheek.—Boston Transcript.

The Raleigh News and Observer, we suppose, will announce that John Purroy Mitchell has been appointed collector of the left.—Columbia State.

Don't run away with the idea that the express companies have no use for the parcels post. They are giving it as the reason why their taxes should be reduced.—Cleveland Leader.

The great problem of maintaining peace by battleships is to build enough ships for defense without scaring other folks into building a few more. What's the answer.—Springfield Republican.

In spite of the fact that the militant suffragettes tried to burn Lloyd George's house, he voted for the Woman Suffrage bill, again proving, according to Pankhurst standards, his utter lack of principle and good faith.—New York World.

We know it's tough, but California will have to remain in the United States.—Atlanta Journal.

And the Japanese are still raising strawberries in California! Must this republic perish?—New York World.

Life's little ironies—The skins of 100,000 animals are used each year for the covers of Oxford Bibles.—New York Telegraph.

It will occasion no great surprise here that the French regard the work of the cubists and the futurists as fine little articles for exportation.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Of the real situation in Great Brit-

ain the public can have no adequate idea. Mrs. Belmont states that Emmeline Pankhurst is the only restraining influence.—Boston Herald.

Somebody has been so cruel as to suggest that if Secretary Lane really thinks women make better officials than men he should resign in favor of one of them.—New York Herald.

The English militants seem to be laboring under the delusion that the fire-insurance companies are responsible for the refusal to grant them the ballot.—New York Evening Sun.

Mr. Burselson is arranging for the examination of all fourth-class postmasters that were sheltered by the last Taft civil-service order. Put none but Democrats on the examining boards, Albert, and tell them to work fast.—Houston Post.

MANY NEW LAWS.

(Continued from Page 1)

part therefrom, and the act of any agent, employe, bartender or servant is deemed the act of his principal.

It is made a misdemeanor to sell adulterated ice cream, and that commodity is declared to be a product made from pure, wholesome sweet cream and sugar, with or without flavoring, with the addition of not to exceed one per cent by weight of milk fat, and the acidity shall not exceed 8-10 of 1 per cent; and sweet cream in this connection is defined to be the pure, wholesome product of cow's milk.

Hereafter no county clerk can issue a marriage license unless the applicant shall file a certificate from a physician, duly authorized to practice medicine within the state, made under oath within ten days from the date of filing the same, showing that the male person thus seeking to enter the marriage relation is free from contagious or infectious venereal disease.

Neglect on the part of a husband to support his wife or children is made a felony and such neglect may be punished by confinement in the state prison for not less than one year nor more than three years, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than 30 days nor more than one year.

The state board of horticulture is given authority to declare a quarantine against the pest known as the alfalfa weevil, an insect which is doing great damage to alfalfa, clover, vetch and similar forage plants, especially in Utah and Idaho.

LAWS REGULATE DELICATASSENS

New York, June 2.—Now they are trying to regulate the delicatessen shops, and the vendors of ready-made meals must keep their establishments closed a part of each Sunday, being allowed to open them only in the early morning and late afternoon. Perhaps the high-brow authorities and disciples of Epictetus who are trying to tell the scamps of New York how to live, do not fully appreciate the stellar role in the Greater City's do-

mestic life the delicatessen shop has assumed. An instance:

Up around the small end of Longacre Square there lives a young man who has a studio and frequently he gives luncheons, dinner parties and late suppers to a group of friends, most of whom are recruited from the theatres that infest the district. He mentioned one of his feeds when he was writing to his mother, a dear old Southern gentlewoman, noted for her culinary artistry, who knew that her son, when at home, did not know a spider from a collender. How could he give a studio dinner, she asked him, unless he could afford to have an expensive caterer send it in?

"We first had soup out of a can," the youth wrote back, "with canned asparagus and oysters from the shell. Then we had fish, also canned, with roast beef, boiled ham, chicken salad, lettuce, potato salad and fried potatoes fresh from the delicatessen next door, topped off with coffee from the percolator with can cream and baked apples put up in sealed paper boxes, from the delicatessen. Everybody helped serve." The outraged mother's reply was laconic: "A fool could keep house in New York," she wrote.

But providing for studio bachelors is the least of the over-worked delicatessen's troubles. Hundreds of thousands of men, women and children—whole families—live in this manner. All over Manhattan there are furnished rooms rented for "light housekeeping" and their occupants draw all their food supplies from the little shops. And they are not alone. Householders occupying flats and apartments get their meals already prepared from the delicatessen, and bother with nothing but coffee in their tiny kitchenettes.

Various causes contribute to this state of domesticity prevailing in the metropolis. The high cost of living is the main factor. Many married women find it necessary to go out and do some kind of work to eke out an existence on the "kitchenette" salaries earned by their husbands. These women cannot work downtown all day in office or department store and come back to cook. They buy, all prepared, their roast beef, vegetables, bread and pickles at the little stores around the corner, on their way home.

Another cause is the smallness of the average New York apartment. Two-by-five dining rooms without cupboards offer no place for the storage of food, and the diminutive kitchenettes have no space for the keeping of uncooked vegetables and meats. If one wants to buy enough ahead to last over the next day, she must perforce put it on the fire escape and this is not only risky but forbidden in most of the better apartments. The pigmy domiciles actually are not big enough to hold the families and more than one meal at a time. So the housewife is obliged to depend on the delicatessen. Under the present unheard of regime that is curbing the turkey trot and the tango, putting the lid on Broadway and disintegrating the system, the delicatessens must close and if the flat dwellers, furnished room denizens and self-providing bachelors want to eat on Sunday, they must get up early in the morning to lay in their day's supply before the police curfew, and early rising on Sunday is in itself an outrage and conducive to revolution.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party. Surely, but which party? That is the problem that is puzzling the good voters of Manhattan. They are going to elect a mayor next fall, and already the scramble is on. Mayor Gaynor in all probability will run to succeed himself, while Charles S. Whitman, district attorney—he's the guy that put the System in Sing Sing—will be the candidate of the opposing old party. All those who cannot stand for the doings of the Democrats, Republicans and Socialists, have got together in another party under the leadership of Norman Haggood, formerly editor of Collier's who has just secured control of Harper's Weekly. The Haggoodites have not yet selected either a name or a candidate, but they are out to beat the politicians, they say.

KAMELA ITEMS.

Kameia, Ore., June 1.—(Special)—Mrs. S. A. Ingerson and four children have gone to Heppner to visit

relatives and friends over there and to decorate the graves of Mrs. Ingerson's mother and sister. They expect to be gone for about a month.

Mrs. J. A. Graybeal went to La Grande Friday morning to attend to decoration matters.

Miss May Thompson has left for Telocaset to say with her aunt for about three weeks.

Carl Barnel has gone to Umatilla to accept the job as janitor for the big new school at that place.

Everybody is busy making roads and hauling wood again.

Hunting a Hat.

A woman cannot stick a hat on her head as you stick a stamp on a letter. There is an ingenious machine that sticks stamps on letters at the rate of several thousand an hour. But nobody has invented a machine for sticking hats on the heads of women. A man can buy a hat in five minutes, but no woman would dream of buying a hat in less than an hour. Often a woman will acquire a splitting headache in the attempt to find one hat to suit her out of a hundred, and not seldom she carries away the headache without a hat on it. The hat hunt is only a small part of the daily agony of shopping, and yet many a man would rather cut his throat than engage in a hat hunt as a dispassionate spectator. Men prefer to hunt the fox or the stag, the tiger or the lion, the grizzly or the grouse. A tiger hunt is not nearly so perilous as a hat hunt.—London Opinion.

Persistence Won.

Jones, a former man about town, had become so poor that often, donning his shabby evening clothes, he had either to bouse his friends for a dinner or go hungry. Thus Jones dropped in on a former cronie one evening and said:

"I thought I'd just drop in. I knew you were giving a dinner, and I heard that your guests were just thirteen. So, as your wife is superstitious about that number, I thought—ha, ha—I'd just drop in."

"But," said the host, "you're quite wrong, Jones. We are not thirteen. We are just twelve."

Jones, as he drew off his shabby old overcoat, said:

"Well, I'll stay anyhow, if only to laugh your wife out of her superstitious whim."—Washington Star.

How Spaniards Eat Eggs.

A Spaniard would not dream of allowing an egg to boil three minutes. One minute at the outside is enough. The egg, in fact, being just shown the hot water. It is then broken open and the contents poured into a glass, the Spanish epicure drinking it off as though it were a draft of wine. If he hasn't a glass handy he simply breaks open one end of the egg and gulps the contents down that way.

That is a Pedant.

"Pa, what's a pedant?" "A pedant, my son, is the sort of man who sees a little boy about to cry and asks, 'Young man, why this lugubrious face?' Then the little boy is almost frightened into a spasm by the thought that something terrible has happened to his face."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Indiscretion.

"The Parvenus are positively furious at that society reporter for saying 'there wasn't a jarring note' in their last affair."

"I suppose the poor wretch didn't know they made their money in preserves."—Town Topics.

Small Boy Philosophy.

A small boy's philosophy: "I don't mind school, but I do think it's a silly waste of time asking you questions when they know all the answers already. I never ask a question if I know the answer."—Manchester Guardian.

Not a Machinist.

"Could you help me to take a chicken apart?" asked the bride. "I'm afraid not," answered the groom. "I know very little about machinery."—Boston Record.

Hit the Mark.

"I never saw a girl that could hit anything she threw at."

"Well, you never saw my girl throw a hint."—Indianapolis Star.

Guaranteed Eczema Remedy.

The constant itching, burning, redness, rash and disagreeable effects of eczema, tetter, salt rheum, itch, piles and irritating skin eruptions can be readily cured and the skin made clear and smooth with Dr. Hodson's Eczema Ointment. Mr. J. C. Eveland, of Bath, Ill., says: "I had eczema twenty-five years and had tried everything. All failed. When I found Dr. Hodson's Eczema Ointment I found a cure." This ointment is the formula of a physician and has been in use for years—not an experiment. That is why we can guarantee it. All druggists, or by mail. Price 50c. Pfeiffer Chemical Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis.

ARROW COLLARS

"NORFOLK" A very smart collar of the high back, low cutaway front type now so popular with men who know good style. 2 for 25 cents



MANHATTAN SHIRTS

"The shirts that stand the laundry test—they don't fade." \$1.50 to \$2.50

"Sole agents for" GORDON HATS INTERWOVEN MEN'S HOSE. Our stock is complete and shows all the newest shapes in straw, felt and stiff hats. \$3.00. Buy them and stop wearing darned socks. You can see through them but you cant wear through them. 25c, 35c, 50c pr.

Have you seen the new BULGARIAN TIES? They are the season's latest novelty for summer wear. 50c each



COVE ITEMS.

Cove, Ore., May 31.—(Special)—The senior class of Cove high school was entertained by the junior class last Friday evening, at the home of Charlotte Ramsdell. The rooms were beautifully decorated. The parlor was decorated in the seniro colors, purple and gold, evergreen, and pennants. The dining room was decorated in the junior colors, purple and white, pennants and purple and white lilacs. The entertainment was in the form of a mock commencement; this was made more interesting by each junior representing in some senior in the park taken by them. At ten-thirty, a Dutch lunch was served. These were 21 present.

O. P. Jaycox of Walla Walla is in the Cove at present visiting his sister, Mrs. Lou Payne. Mrs. Payne is a great deal improved from injuries received in a recent fall.

Miss Eva Wilson of North Powder is visiting at the home of her friend, Miss Neva Robinson.

Mrs. Ed. Clark of La Grande is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miller.

Several different crowds from Union have been in Cove during the past week boosting the Stock show.

Bernard Orton has returned from California where he has been the past winter.

The baccalaureate services for the class of '13 of Cove high school were

held in the Methodist church Sunday evening. Rev. Trueblood preached the sermon. The church was tastily decorated in flowers, evergreens and pennants.

Miss Geogianna Miller made a shopping trip to La Grande Thursday, returning Friday.

Miss Julia Orton of Haines is in Cove visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. Neely of Vale is in Cove visiting friends.

Howard Dean of Cove was in La Grande the early part of the week.

Edward Forsstrom was a business visitor in La Grande Friday.

The Mt. Fannie Grange had a social last Saturday evening in the Shanhai schoolhouse.

Hugh McCall is again able to take his accustomed place in the bank after his recent illness.

Mrs. Irb Houx was taken to La Grande last Monday for treatment. She is improving.

Mrs. Al Daniel and daughter Thelma, were in Union Thursday.

Of the thirteen pupils who took the eighth grade examinations three were successful. They were Eunice Ramsdell, Thomas Conklin, and George Williams.

Mrs. Harry Cochran was taken to Portland Wednesday for treatment.

Charles Duffy the La Grande electrician, was a business visitor in the Cove last Friday.

Several Cove boys went to Enterprise Sunday to play baseball.

Memorial services were held at the Episcopal church Sunday, by the Methodist and Episcopal churches.

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

DESIGNATED DEPOSITORY OF UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. UNITED STATES POSTAL SAVINGS DEPOSITORY.