

THE OBSERVER

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Entered at the postoffice at La Grande, Oregon, as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Daily, single copy 3c
Daily, per week 15c
Daily, per month 55c
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.

Address all communications to THE OBSERVER, 1710 Sixth St., La Grande, Oregon.

HOW LONG WILL IT LAST?

Buckarooing, wild westing and broncho busting has had quite an inning. Admitting that there is science attached to the successful buckaroo and that for a time it is more or less entertaining, we wonder just how long it is going to last; how long will it be before every sort of public entertainment is turned into a buckaroo contest, and how soon the state will adopt it in the public schools and issue a mandate that every boy and girl who goes to school must have a certain course in breaking bronches, throwing a lariat, and giving Indian warwhoops before that boy or girl can be graduated?

Horseshoeing is a sport that will last forever. Clean, honorable racing is a fine thing, but when a horse is taken into the arena and spurred into unnatural acts, is it just the proper thing?

Since Pendleton played in wonderful luck on her Roundup show almost every town and city in the northwest has tried to adopt some of its features. True, Pendleton did not have them copyrighted but she was entitled to the prestige of having started such a show, if there is any honor to be found in such notoriety.

To the credit of La Grande no entertainment here has gone very strong on the "rough stuff." At the county fair there was a little of it just to make the program complete for all, but the fair was run along different lines. There is no disposition to belittle the good rider, nor to cast aspersions on the modern "cow-boy," but there is a suspicion that communities are overplaying the buckaroo feature. It is getting too common to attract the attention it once did, and in time it will be like the village singer who sang every time she was asked—no one will pay attention.

THE GOOD JUDGMENT OF LA GRANDE WOMEN.

To visit the city park, to notice the many people who these days are taking advantage of the beauty spot, enjoying the swings, wading in the river and eating their lunches in the shade, is to inwardly feel that La Grande women, who stuck tight and demanded that the city have a park before it was everlastingly too late, possessed good judgment and their memory should be revered by every citizen, and especially every father and every mother whose children certainly enjoy this plat of nature so close to the city.

All improvements under way and all improvements to be made should be done with the cheerfulness of heart

and a feeling that marble halls and tall spires cannot take the place of this playground, this health-giving fresh air retreat which is open to all whether rich or poor, old or young.

THE ELKS' FLAG DAY.

Patriotism as taught by the Elks lodge is in a way a preservative of the memories of deeds of valor executed in the past for the love of country. This order has patriotism as one of its fundamental principles and each year it observes the natal flag in an appropriate manner.

This year the Elks will observe Sunday, June 15th, as flag day instead of the 14th, and they have arranged to have Judge Stephen A. Lowell of Pendleton deliver the address. Judge Lowell is one of the most finished orators in Oregon. He is a man of large vocabulary, poised manner which along with his natural eloquence makes his orations delightful to hear. On flag day the public is invited by the Elks order and it will do every citizen good to attend the services and hear what Judge Lowell has to say.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S PROPHECY

Oliver Goldsmith, who flourished in the eighteenth century, knew nothing of mail order houses, but he had the poet's prophetic soul. He wrote "The Deserted Village."

Even the title alone tells what will happen to the town that sends its money away instead of spending it at home.

But Goldsmith wrote more than that; he pictured what the village would look like after the mail-order houses had gotten its money and driven its merchants out of business. He did not attribute the disaster to mail-order houses specifically, but to any concentration of wealth.

The poet did not know just how this might come. He did not conceive that the people might pour the money they earned in the country into the coffers of the distant city, thus destroying their own prosperity by a penny-wise-pound-foolish policy. But he well pictured the fate of any town that bled itself in this manner.

The town of which Goldsmith sang was:

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain—

The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-falling brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill.

It is a pleasant picture that well may serve as a likeness of many a modern American village no threatened by the folly of its people, many a village of which someone may sometime be compelled to say, as Goldsmith said of Auburn:

These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled!
And desolation saddens all thy green.
One only master grasps the whole domain.

And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,

And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

A time there was, ere England's grief began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling

ing train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.

These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
These calm desires that asked but little room,

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,

And rural mirth and manners are no more.

But now the sounds of population fall,

No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,

No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread.

But all the blooming flush of life is fled.

The simile well may close with this, a warning to the rural America of today.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done,

Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand.

A QUESTION OF QUALITY.

There are just two things that govern the price of any article—Quality and Supply. There is no article of ordinary use that your home merchant can not buy in the open market. No mail order house has a corner on good goods—if it had, it would increase the price. There is no quality that the merchant can not give as well as any other, if you are willing to pay for it. And there is no living man who can materially cut the price of any article without cutting the quality.

PERSONALS.

Miss Mable Johnson left for Baker this morning.

F. J. Mittauer, proprietor of the Geiser Grand hotel at Baker, is stopping at the Sommer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Morelock went to Union this morning to take in the horse show.

P. Buffington and Jno. Daniels, left last night for the Deschutes where they will spend a few days fishing.

C. C. Van Hutte, district manager of the Pac. Tel. and Tel. Co., at Walla Walla, was in the city yesterday.

Mrs. Colon R. Eberhard and children have returned from their trip to Joseph.

Mrs. Rev. Adams leaves tonight to spend the summer in Portland. On account of heart trouble a change to a lower altitude has been advised.

J. A. Vanhoutte, manager of the Walla Walla district for the Bell Telephone company, spent yesterday in La Grande, the guest of S. D. Crowe.

Mrs. J. A. Gilbaugh and son Jack, of Astoria, are visiting Mrs. J. A. Woodell and Mrs. Pete Biever. They will remain for several days.

Word from Delile Green at Salem is to the effect that his father's illness, which called him to the capitol city, is giving no signs of improvement.

Miss Cynthia Steine, worthy matron of Hope Chapter O. E. S., Miss Runa Bacon and Mrs. Fred G. Schille the latter a member of the grand chapter, left this morning for Portland. They will attend the grand chapter next week.

Miss Mable Van Fleet, who has been with the Golden Rule for the past six years, left last Wednesday night for Santa Barbara, Cal., where she has accepted a position with a large department store.

Mrs. E. E. Morelock, Elgin; H. W. Cowan, Walla Walla; H. Remillard, Elgin; Byron Henrie, Imbler; Loyal Stringham, Imbler; J. B. Holland, Elgin; H. H. Strom, Portland; F. D. Rinehart, Enterprise; R. McCrae, Wallowa; A. Bryce, Boise; Mrs. J. L. Dugan, Rippey, Idaho, and R. G. Chanault of Corvallis, are among those stopping at the Savoy.

Jno. W. McDonald, Wallowa; L. J. Furgason and wife, Baker; A. Geiser, Baker; E. Geiser, Baker; C. A. Griffith, Fremont, Ohio; J. W. Kenzie, Portland; Miss E. M. Selby, Seattle; A. J. O'Callister, Pendleton; G. W. Van Buren, Portland; F. A. Wagner, Enterprise, and W. A. Williams of Portland are among the guests stopping at the Foley.

J. L. Demoville, San Francisco; M. T. Goetz, San Francisco; F. H. Dean, Baker; Carl Adler, Baker; T. Larkin, St. Paul; E. H. Geyer, Walla Walla; A. M. Rannels, Joseph; W. A. Jones, Joseph; E. H. Wisecarver, Baker; Mrs. H. E. Morrison, Walla Walla; G. E. Hayden, Wallowa; M. O. George, Elgin, and Robert Jones, of Elgin, are among those who stopped at the Sommer last night.

OUR ENTIRE LINE OF NEWEST STYLES IN WOMEN'S COATS AND SUITS

At Clearance Prices

Table with 2 columns: Price and Item. \$30.00 Suits and Coats \$24.00, 25.00 Suits and Coats 20.00, 22.50 Suits and Coats 18.00, 20.00 Suits and Coats 16.00, 15.00 Suits and Coats 12.00, 10.00 Suits and Coats 8.00

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ENTIRE LINE OF FINE MILLINERY Reduced 25 per cent.

NEW SHIPMENT NOTIONS AND TRIMMINGS JUST ARRIVED.

AND WHAT THEN--?

This heading is not original. It was borrowed from the graduating class of the Island City high school and was used by them as their motto, which fact should help the tone of this column.

Really, in all sincerity, this is the time of the year when the picnic garments get filled with ants, mosquitoes and stray bits of stale lunch. Admitting this to be correct the pleasure of the picnic is still apparent, or so many La Grande people would not be working—or playing at it.

"I've been to the Union horse show," said an old timer today, and continuing, "believe me, I ate my peck of dirt all at one time, and somehow I liked it."

If Union returns the compliment and visits Baker, Elgin and La Grande on their different gala occasions who will be left in the former county seat town to look after law and order and dispense gasoline to the cars that happen that way?

A good story is told on Billy Vogel, original progressive spirit of the horse show. He was anxious to get as many attractions this year as he could for as little money as possible. One day Traveling Passenger Agent Miller called Billy over the phone saying: "Bill Vogel? Want squaw race at horse show? How much give?" Billy put on the tremelo stop and talked for some time to the Indian trying to make dates with his squaws to run a race for entertainment purposes. The next day Miller repeated the same stunt and Billy called a meeting of the board and discussed pro and con the value of a squaw race until President George Benson grew tired and told Billy the Indian end of that show was a Vogel stunt and no one would be responsible for the matter. Still Billy thought "heap lot of squaw race" until Miller could no longer hold the secret. Billy is still "buying" on the strength of being humbugged by a railroad man.

And, what then--? Well, a Grande Ronde mathematician has undertaken to figure out just how much machine owners in this valley are paying per minute to Rockefeller when all automobiles in the valley are working. And the garage men say: "What's the use to figure the expense when you own a car?" Soaking of gasoline and other kinds of power, reminds one of a conversation once had by Joe Carr and J. D. McKetton. It was during the time "Mac" owned the La Grande electric plant. He had just bought it. Joe met "Mac" and said, "How

do you like the light business?" And the reply came back swift as an arrow, "Finest thing I ever owned, Joe; it makes money while I sleep." Time wore along, the high water came troubles were many for the light plant and again these two men met. "How do you like the electric light business by this time?" Joe said to his old friend. "I can't sleep," was all the reply made.

Those who are nervous politically should not lay too much stress on the action of Fred Holmes, when at a bankers' meeting in Baker some time ago, he signed resolutions declaring for the continuation of tariff on wool. Mr. Holmes is head of the Woodrow Wilson party in Eastern Oregon but he does not let politics interfere with his loyalty to home. He is very much like the old congressman from Texas, who, when asked if he would favor free trade on rice, which is quite a product of Texas, remarked, "No, sah; no, sah; I am for free trade so long as it does not harm the state of Texas, sah."

The coca cola days have arrived according to the young people who swarm around the soda fountains, and no spikes are allowed. Temperance drinks are really popular with Grande Ronde. In fact this valley has the distinction of having a man who made a Portland bartender almost drop dead with heart failure. On a certain occasion a number of La Grande people were in Portland. Some wanted a drink that made Milwaukee, Roesch, Busch or some other man famous and the party lined up at a liquor refreshment stand. Among the party was Walter M. Pierce. All had ordered what they wanted but him and the mixologist gave that piercing look to the sage of Hot Lake and asked his pleasure. "You may give me a drink of castor oil," was the order and the man of the bottles threw up his hands. "I have tended bar from Philadelphia to Portland and from Chicago to San Antonio but that is the first castor oil order I ever received," he said. But the Hot Lake sage demanded that the resort make good on its claims to serve anything asked for and the castor oil was procured.

When the Warren Construction company and the teamsters met at it the rows in the city council will seem tame.

But do not think when commission form of government is established that all troubles will end. At Walla Walla they charge the commissioners with desecrating graves in the municipal cemetery and are asking their recall.

Perhaps Elgin could get Mayor Rushlight of Portland to deliver the Fourth of July address. He will have much to do about that time.

And still there is no evidence that fish are biting. Conductor Graf comes home every night without a basket and not a word about trout has been heard from Charley Rump of Joseph.

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