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KILLING BY WHOLESALE.

Figures in the abstract don't have much meaning; hence the government announcement that in twenty-four years 188,037 persons have been killed and 1,395,618 persons injured on the railroads of the United States really conveys to us only a vague impression of carelessness and sacrifice.

But we can visualize this human wreckage by the use of a little imagination. At a ball game 1,000 persons make a pretty good crowd and 5,000 spread throughout grand stand and bleachers, look as if all fandom had turned out. Only a few ball parks in the country are large enough to accommodate 30,000 persons. The crowded circus tent of the biggest show on earth holds only 12,000 persons. The biggest crowd you ever saw probably didn't exceed 40,000. It is almost physically impossible to see more than that number because in the localities where that many can be assembled there usually isn't room in spot for more.

The city of Dallas by the last census had 92,104 inhabitants. Two Dal-lases could be suddenly annihilated with the loss of every soul and the death list wouldn't equal this toll of our man killing railroads. Philadelphia, our third largest city, has only as many inhabitants as the railway killed plus the railway injured during these two dozen years. It took centuries to build up Boston and Baltimore, but in the lifetime of a young man our railroads have killed and maimed enough folks to populate both these cities with enough left over to make three cities the size of Albany, N. Y. Multiply by fifty the most persons you ever saw at one time and the total then wouldn't equal this grim-um of the sacrifice of flesh and blood to greed and thoughtlessness in only one of our great industries.

The railroad managers aren't principally to blame. They are only our agents. We, the principals, are to blame. We haven't solved human life But we can reduce the toll when we want to. Indeed, we are beginning to reduce it and everybody will agree it is high time.

Wise men say that a college education is worth \$25,000. We venture to imagine that the 100 graduates who have helped to organize the Dish-washers' union in San Francisco do not agree with them.

Home After Long Visit.

Mrs. A. E. Jones has returned from Portland, where she has been for the last month, the guest of her sons, who reside in that city.

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 \$1,300,000, 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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Grade Merchandise Now in Effect at

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**Women's
 Children's
 and
 Men's**

**Oxfords & Pumps
 All reduced 20 per cent**

\$5.00 values, now \$4.00
 4.00 values, now 3.20
 3.50 values, now 2.80
 3.00 values, now 2.49
 2.50 values now 2.00

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 Includes our entire stock of newest lasts and leathers.

**Manhattan
 Dress Shirts**

Reduced 20 Per Cent
 Includes all the popular patterns and styles in regular attached and French cuff models.

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ALL REDUCED 20 Per Cent
 An immense stock of every seasonable fabric and style to select from. None reserved.

**Come and See How
 Much You Can Save
 on a New Suit.**

Benjamin Suits | **Society Brand Suits**
 Reg. \$20 to \$30 | Reg. \$20 to \$27.50
 Now \$15 to \$22.50 | Now \$15 to \$20.65

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50 suits in this lot, val. up to \$25, \$7.90



Every Garment in Our Exclusive "Ready-to-Wear" Department Sacrificed

Women's and Misses' Tailored Suits, values to \$25 choice \$5.00	Women's and Misses' Wool Dress, regular prices up to \$15.00, your choice \$5.00	Misses' Skirts All sizes and lengths in many attractive styles, choice for \$2.98	Great Savings on Silk Dresses—Lingerie Dress- es—Blazers—Silk Waists— Linen Dusters—Wash Waists —Underwear—Summer Coats
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**"SCHOOL DAYS" IN CHAPTERS
 SHOWS GRANGERS' TALENTS**

Installments of a "book" written by different members of Union county granges and read at meetings of the granges, will be published from time to time until the book is completed. Each contributor wrote a chapter, and all were read in their logical sequence.

CHAPTE RII.

By Mrs. Agnes Daron.

The remainder of the week passed quietly with the usual school day routine of lessons and play. There were but ten pupils during this time, but on the following Monday morning as Bessie and I neared the school house we noticed four new pupils standing in the school yard, two boys of sixteen or seventeen years of age, and two girls of fourteen or thereabouts.

I immediately recognized one of the boys as Kenneth Clark, a lad who had helped mother with some work during the summer. He was a favorite with old and young, as he was so manly and polite and so considerate of other people's feelings. The girl who was standing near him I supposed was his sister as she resembled the boy very much and was very pretty. I felt at once that I would like her before the day was over. I learned that her name was Edith. The other boy and girl were the direct opposite of the

Clarks, dark, scowling faces, which reminded one of a thunder cloud. Their names were Ralph and Lucy Lowell.

When Miss Winters rang the bell and we marched to our accustomed places I found to my dismay that Lucy Lowell was to occupy the seat just back of mine and I wasn't much pleased at first as I felt rather afraid of her but in a few days as we became better acquainted I felt myself drawn to and fascinated by her. At noon and recess she would call me away from the rest of the children and we would take long walks and have very confidential chats and I felt very much elated over being thus honored but of course I am a wiser girl now. There was some strange fascination about the girl and in a few weeks I could think of no one but her. My sister, Bessie, I neglected and snubbed and had not Edith Clark taken her into her care, she might have been badly imposed on.

I did not say much to mother about Lucy as I knew she would not like her and I had cautioned Bessie not to tell or I would do something terrible to her.

The Lowells were very rude to the teacher and talked very disrespectful of her during play hours. One day I told Lucy I thought it was very wrong for her to treat Miss Winters in the way she did and that I could see that Miss Winters was very much hurt. Lucy was very indignant and retorted: "Little Miss Saucy Box, if it wasn't for you I wouldn't need to treat her so." She marched off in high indignation and left a much hurt and bewildered girl sitting under the old pine tree across the road from the school house. My eyes swam in tears and I indulged in a good cry. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes Miss Lucy came back expecting to find me penitent and ready to make up and of course I was. She sat down by my side and explained that Miss Winters was making favorites of Edith Clark, Esther Powell and another girl about my age, and she didn't think it was fair and she would treat her just as rude as she could to pay her back and if I had any grit I would do the same thing. By this time I was convinced that Lucy was right and would do anything she said. During the afternoon I was very unattentive to my lessons, consequently my recitations were very poor and I received a short lecture from Miss Winters who kept watching me most of the time.

Yes, Lucy was right, I was being wronged and mistreated very much. Oh how miserable and unhappy I was

but I could see where the trouble lay.

The next morning I felt some better and after kissing mother good bye, I started to school determined to do better, to discover where the trouble lay and right it if I could. Miss Winters had not always treated me thus so there must be some remedy.

Oh, cruel fates! how often good resolutions are shattered in a few hours. I learned and recited my lessons very well and was beginning to hope that things would all end well. At noon Lucy and I crossed the road and ate our lunch under the old pine tree when she proposed that we take a walk across the woodland pasture to the northeast, a path we had often traveled. Today we went farther than usual until we came to the fence on the other side, a mile or more from the school house. Lucy climbed over the fence and started on but I stood still. Hadn't we better go back I asked timidly? "No Little Impudence come on," she answered and I obeyed. We wandered on and on, into the woods, farther and farther, finally we came to a nice grassy spot and Lucy sat down to rest. I stood still I was tired, yet didn't feel like resting. I looked at the sun and knew it must be two o'clock or more. I felt very miserable and thought that a scolding from Miss Winters would seem like a blessing now, if I was only back at school. "Well are you going to stand there all day. I'd think you would rest when you had a chance," said Lucy. I began to cry and faltered. "I wa-want to go back."

"Go back! not much," snorted Lucy. "Guess I'll learn Miss Crosspatch Winters a lesson. I'll learn her to mistreat and scold you. I know how to take care of my pet," she said patronizingly. I was consoled for a short time. The idea of being a pet and being

taken care of sounded rather good to me.

I lay on the grass studying for some time when like a flash the thought crossed my mind, "We are playing truant," oh! mercy on me! I looked around expecting to see a goblin or some awful creature ready to swallow me. Mother had impressed on my mind the great sin of playing truant and I had once heard of two boys who played truant and were carried off by Gypsies. With heavy heart and aching head I walked a short distance away and began to gather wild flowers. I wandered on until I had gathered a large bouquet and I noticed that Lucy was slowly following me. As I glanced up the path ahead of me what did I see a few rods off. A bear lying in the path, apparently asleep. I stood motionless and speechless, I couldn't move, I couldn't make a sound

I cannot relate all the thoughts that came surging through my brain the next few moments but I distinctly remember "Mother, oh mother, there's the goblin that is going to swallow me." Suddenly I heard a loud scream and Lucy shrieked: "Oh Edna! a bear and almost before I had time to realize her intentions, she was in the branches of a tree just above my head. I was Lucy's pet and she knew how to take care of me. Oh yes, but she was climbing towards the top of the scrubby wide spreading pine tree while I was standing at the base facing a bear. Yes, by this time I was actually facing that bear, for when Lucy screamed, the bear raised its head, slowly got up, turned around and stood calmly eyeing me, thinking, I suppose, what a nice tender meal I would make, while I stood there help-

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