

THE OBSERVER

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NEED OF UNIFORM DIVORCE LAWS.

What lack of Uniformity in divorce laws brings about is a law for the rich and another law for the poor. A rich man or woman living in New York, where they have strict laws, for instance, can go to Nevada, where they have liberal laws and get the advantage of the minimum requirements.

This is the condition of which complaint so often has been made. It is a condition with weaknesses easy to disclose. When an attempt is made to correct it, however, the task of denunciation is seen to be easier than the task of betterment.

The commonest suggestion is that congress enact a law on marriage and divorce which would be operative throughout the Union. The constitution, however, specifically gives the states control of domestic relations.

Then again it is necessary to remember that the strict attitude toward divorce taken by the Episcopalian and Catholic churches and by many individuals who belong to neither is not that taken by everyone. Michigan as a state, for instance, is fairly liberal in its divorce laws, though not by any means as liberal as some of the western states.

From the sociological, as distinguished from the religious point of view there is a possible defense for a can be argued and shown by the state of affairs in South Carolina, that marital immorality follows too much strictness when the people are not prepared to accept these standards.

If congress were to attempt to pass a uniform divorce law these two points of view would enter the arena and battle for supremacy. Neither would want to compromise. Under the existing system each of the forty-eight states passes the kind of law which meets or nearly meets the approval of its own people.

Architects, who will meet in New York soon, are declaring against the sky-scraper. The doing away with the sky-scraper will save the necks of a lot of strangers, no doubt.

A deaf mute is running for office in an Ohio city and while the voters are spared the usual campaign speeches it is to be presumed the hand shaking is more vigorously pursued.

American Women seem to like the oriental costume, but so far none have shown any hankering to hide their faces behind the heavy oriental veil.

Vice-President Marshall threatens to buy a motor cycle, which simply shows to what extremes a Vice-President will go to attract attention.

From the sublime to the ridiculous—from the world's series to the Mexican revolution.

BEAR IS BOXER.

For once a real bear story, and one that happened right here in La Grande. Many people have seen the two pet bears owned by Pat Foley and tied in the alley in the rear of the hotel.

But no one has ever accused them or suspected them of developing pugilistic propensities, or sufficient skill to deliver the blow that puts to sleep, or of painting all of the rainbow colors on the human eye. But such is the case.

A citizen of this city approached the woolly coated prisoners and made overtures of peace. But he did not carry the right kind of credentials, in the nature of caramels or bon bons and the Mr. Bears resented the intrusion forcefully. Resent it? No they put up a fight that would have made their black brother of fistic fame now in France, at so much per night, look like Boss Murphy after yesterday's election.

Constable Faulk of this city came just in time to referee the fight and pull the unhappy chap from under the rolling avoidduois, muchly beaten around the starboard lantern, with the bridge badly lacerated and sideplates of the face with ridges and dents all over them.

After the first round another was staged by a rooster for the poor fellow just laid low. His breath smelled as bad as that of the first and Mr. Bear would have the thing over with in the shortest possible time. He too went by way of the knockout and was saved by the timely interference of Jno Waldon, who agreed that enough was enough.

In addition to the humiliation of knowing that the four-footed tribe had won the belt, both of the men will serve the city for a period of seven and one-half days for losing.

Read the advertisements too.

Exposed

By THOMAS R. DEANE

One morning in August a party of men started from Chamoux to climb Mont Blanc. There were Joseph Withers, a young lawyer from Philadelphia; Edward Swift, a recent graduate of a New England university, and Roswell Baker, a big, elegant looking fellow, who was the impersonation of manly strength.

About noon Baker and one of the guides came into the hotel, the guide looking very somber and Baker much agitated. They reported that at the time the snow squall came up they were ascending a razor shaped rock, the edge of which was but from one to two feet wide. The first man in the rope line was Koenig, the guide who returned. The second was Baker, then Withers, Swift and the other guide, Schafelt.

All listened to the recital of the accident with blanched faces. The landlord, Carl Becker, stepped forward, the only person present who seemed to grasp the situation. Seizing the rope that was in the hands of the guide, he looked at its end, threw it down and hurried away to make up a rescue party. When half a dozen volunteers had been collected they started up the mountain, piloted by Koenig. Baker declared that in falling he had hurt his side and feared that he would not be able to make the distance.

Some surprise was manifested that one who had appeared to be the Ajax of the party, who had seen his commander go down into a gulf, should be willing to remain behind when others were going to the rescue. As soon as the rescuers had gone Baker went to his room, remained there an hour, then left the hotel. He soon returned, stating that he had received a telegram to go immediately to Paris, where his mother was lying at the point of death. Within half an hour he had left Chamoux.

Meanwhile the rescue party, guided by Koenig, ascended to the place of the accident, arriving there about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The sky was clear, and there was no difficulty in looking down into a crevasse into which the men they sought must have fallen. But it was not a straight descent, and the opening was narrow, so they could not tell how deep it was. The landlord of the hotel volunteered to be lowered for an exploration. A rope was tied around him under the arms, he was given an alpenstock for a fender and was let down slowly into the crevasse.

He had not descended more than forty feet before he heard a faint halloo. On being lowered another twenty feet he reached the snow, sinking into it to his knees. He was within three or four yards of Swift, whose head was protruding from the snow on which he had fallen. Becker got a second rope he had brought down with him under Swift's shoulders, gave a signal, and Swift was drawn up.

Not a dozen feet away the landlord found Withers. He was lying unconscious with his head and one leg above the snow. The rescuer had a flask of brandy with him and poured a quantity down Withers' throat. He opened his eyes. Becker called for the rope to be lowered, and Withers was pulled up. There only remained the guide, who had sufficient strength in him to fix the rope to his own shoulders, and he and Becker were brought to the surface.

"The landlord had no sooner finished his work than he took up the end of the rope that was dangling from Withers' waist and, looking at it, muttered an oath.

"Cut," he said. "Withers, who was by this time somewhat restored, added: 'I saw him cut it. He was on the edge of the rock, and we three, being heavier than Koenig on the other side, were overbalancing him, and Baker was being dragged over. To save himself he cut the rope.'

"And frayed the end to make it appear that it had broken," added Becker.

Koenig declared that he had not seen Baker cut the rope. Indeed, this from their relative positions would have been impossible. He admitted to have seen him fray the end of the rope, but he had not revealed this because after the weight had been taken from the opposite side he would have gone down several hundred feet had not Baker given him a hand and helped him upon the edge.

When the rescue party returned to the hotel and found that Baker was missing so great was the indignation

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that it was proposed that they go to him and bring him back. But that was doubtless by this time in Geneva and would have left there before the could reach him.

Several years after this Withers in Baker's strait, with a chrysanthemum in his buttonhole, down Pennsylvania avenue, swinging a silver headed cane. Withers fixed his glance on the man in a cold stare. Baker paled. There was no word spoken, but Withers felt that he had avenged the intended sacrifice.

Red Water. Apropos of the "red water" seen in and about salt lakes Mr. F. Whitterton writes that in all the samples examined by him (at Geelong, Victoria, Australia) the color was wholly due to a curious little organism, either oval or round, and equipped with two small flagella or lashlike extensions. When examined under a microscope the bodies of these minute specks of living matter are seen to be intensely pigmented with a red coloring matter. When the brine becomes saturated the oval form changes to a circular shape. When such a brine begins to crystallize the resulting salt has a reddish tinge, and Mr. Whitterton suggests that each organism may be the nucleus about which a crystal forms.—New York Post.

How It Impressed Her. A young woman from the interior saw the Atlantic for the first time recently at Cape May. As she stood on the windy beach, gazing dreamily out over the vast blue expanse of tumbling water, her escort said to her: "So this is the first time you've ever seen the sea, eh?"

"Yes, the very first time," she answered. "And what do you think of it?" he asked. "Ah," she said, with an ecstatic smile, "it smells just like oysters!"—Exchange.

Important Question. "George dear," began a bride while on the way to the station for the honeymoon. "I want you to answer me just one question, and then I shall feel sure of you."

"What is it, darling?" "If you know that I loved you as much as you love me, would you love me as much as I love you?"—London Answers.

Wrong End First. "Willie," said the infant's mother, agitated by the sudden appearance of a rich relative. "Willie, dear, kiss your Uncle John and then go and wash your face at once."—London Telegraph.

Shut Your Mouth. "One should always breathe through the nose when asleep," says a physician. "If you awake and find your mouth open, get up and shut it."—Exchange.

Fortune has often been blamed for her blindness, but fortune is not so blind as men are.—Samuel Smiles.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

It isn't the pull that you have men respect Or the help that your many friends give It's the efforts you make all yourself to collect. The price of the life that you live.

It is fine to be helped, but it's finer by far In the battle for glory or pelf To strive for hilltops, though distant they are, And to gain them at last by yourself. —Detroit Free Press.

IMMIGRATION EVILS.

For years the United States has endeavored to correct its immigration laws. Every thinking person knows that something must be done to check the influx. Now that it has become necessary to conserve our national resources—our timber our coal lands, our water power sites—it stands to reason that this conservation is intended for our children and not for the children of the hordes now in southern Europe. . . . The outbreaks of the industrial Workers of the World and the growth of socialism in this country may be directly charged to this great in-coming heterogeneous mass of undesirable wage cutting inhabitants, many of them admittedly temporary inhabitants, who, before they have learned to speak our language and before they know of our customs and institutions, are taught by foreign born agitators to hate the United States and to contribute their money and their energies to a revolution, bloodless or otherwise, which plots the downfall of our present form of government.—Congressman Albert Johnson of Washington.

BAND CONCERT PROGRAM

March, "Hearts of Gold," L. Albert. Gavotte di Concert, "Cupid's Arrow," Devere Selection, "Three Twins," Koschna Characteristic March, "Slippery Hank," Losey Fantasia, "Light and Airy," Bergenholz Overture, "Mosaic," Rollinson

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