

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS, Editor and Owner

Entered in the post-office at La Grande, Oregon, as second class matter.

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.

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

WILSON IS DOING THINGS.

In all fairness it must be admitted that President Wilson is doing things and doing them rapidly. Everyone can remember heretofore when a tariff bill was to even change in minor particulars how congress parleyed and consumed months and months. But this administration passed a tariff bill and did a lot more things in a brief time.

Whether that tariff bill will prove satisfactory is another thing. Apparently there are some features of it that are hard on the western country, to say the least. But they passed it and did it without the customary delay and quibbling.

Now the currency bill has become a law, and it seems to be a change in financial affairs that the bankers of the country welcome, which must in return contain merit. And this administration passed it in short order. All of these things go to show

REX HALL

DANCING ASSEMBLIES
Each Tuesday and Saturday
Class and Private Lessons
Taught Afternoon or Evening
By Appointment. Professors
Mazanti and Sherwood, Proprietors and Instructors.

Berry Bros.
Grocery

We have pure strained Honey in pint sizes at 25c. Also bulk Comb Honey, three lbs for 50c. not three combs, therefore giving you about twice the amount of honey for the same price. Sunkist Oranges in three sizes, 35c, 40c and 50c, per dozen.

Phone Main 721.

La Grande National Bank

Organized in 1887.

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

Capital \$100,000.00
Surplus \$130,000.00
Total Resources \$1,000,000.00

For twenty-six years, in all kinds of financial weather, we have successfully catered to the monetary wants of the people of La Grande and the Grande Ronde Valley.

We respectfully solicit your business.

La Grande National Bank

La Grande, Oregon

that for once the democratic party is making hay while the sun shines and that it is willing to be bossed. Just what kind of hay it is making time will tell, but Wilson is boss. He probably would resent the use of the term, boss. But nevertheless he is master of the whole situation at Washington. Had it been otherwise there would have been no legislation of consequence for months yet. Just what kind of a big stick the president possesses has not been disclosed, but he has some sort of a power over the rough necked congressmen and self-important senators of the Democratic faith. They do what he tells them to and they do it without much fuss. Once in a while some one like Chamberlain will make a big squeal for the sake of his non-partisan constituents at home, but immediately he lines up like a little tin soldier and does the president's bidding.

THE HUMAN HEART AND CIVIL SERVICE.

All of Oregon watched with much interest the case of Russell Chamberlain, aged janitor of the city hall at Portland, who was dismissed by a "cockey" commissioner who thought the old man past his days of usefulness to that city.

The old man had friends. He had done his duty the best he knew for many years, and these friends took up his case with the Civil Service commission. The city commissioner fought for the old janitor's dismissal and evidence was heard. Finally the commission decided in favor of the old janitor and he was re-instated. This was done the day before Christmas probably for the tragic effect to be gained, but the fact that he was re-instated is what interests the big hearted people of Oregon.

Everyone is glad to see a man who has given the better part of his life to a corporation, whether municipal or otherwise, get what seems to be justice. Railroads and other large concerns pension their faithful old employees, but the little commissioner of Portland decided "for the good of the service" that Mr. Chamberlain should be sent to the scrap heap carrying the odium of having been dismissed from service because he was too old. A fine chance that old man would have had to get employment with that kind of a mark against him. Then what was he to do? Would Portland as a city have a trusted old employee go to the poor house because of age? No, not Portland, not the rank and file of Portland people. Some over-educated and experience-lacking city official might have his heart unmoved by such a proceeding, but the people of Portland are generous to a fault; they are among the best of the world when it comes to dividing with the fellow that is down and out.

We cannot help wondering what would have happened to the commissioner and to the Civil Service board had Chamberlain not been re-instated. It would have been worse than an I. W. W. soap box meeting there, for the good fellows of the town would have made life strictly a burden for those who put civil service above humanity.

DO WE KNOW THE REAL BRITON?

When the American attempts to picture the typical Englishman, he sees a person highly conventional, ultra conservative and devoid of humor. In The Forum, Carl S. Hansen

presents quite a different picture. He calls the article "The Heretical Englishman."

According to Mr. Hansen, who has lived much in British cities, the American misconception of English character is due to lack of acquaintance. George Ade, it will be recalled, lived all of thirty-six hours in London and called it a "city of undertakers." When foreigners attempt such snap judgments of us we get mad.

In no country, says the writer, is there so much unconventionality as in England. Dissent from conventionality, in fact, is the prevailing attitude of mind. Each Englishman is an individual and insists upon having all the rights of individuality. In the United States a man who questions a public speaker is put out; in England he is encouraged to "heckle" the man on the platform, if he can. English speakers whet their wits on such interruptions and try as best they can to turn the laugh on those disputing with them. Campaigners in particular have to stand this process of "heckling."

Englishmen, says Mr. Hansen, wear what they please, when they please and how they please. Silk hats hobnob with red ties, blue ties or no tie at all. The rule is to suit yourself. A few professional men set a more conventional standard—and the rest of the profession violate it. More varieties of man dress will be found in London in one day than in a whole sartorial decade in this country.

Most of those who read and think realize that most of the current emphasis on democracy and most of the current demand for advanced social legislation in the United States has its root in the strides that England is making toward mastering the problems of poverty and misery. Election when the ruling party fails of majority on any measure, England has one of the most responsive governments on earth. These facts freely admitted today, would have been denied a few years ago. It is only since the liberal government came into power that England's internal affairs and systems have been prominently in the world's eye. Leaders of public opinion, stirred by the liberals' achievement, have studied the governmental machinery which makes it possible and have pronounced it good.

It is possible that we have today as great a misconception of the personality of the Englishman as we have of his government.

The boys who favor the bonding act to get roads, that is the sixteen million dollar bonding act, should haul a few loads of gravel out of the Grande Ronde river and immediately get some of the bad places fixed. It really would be of more consequence than spending their energy trying to talk the land owners and home owners of Oregon into a bond scheme. Is this a fact, Tom Johnson?

Thus far Judge Lowell has not consented to be Thomas McCusker's candidate for governor on the republican ticket. Judge Lowell is too shrewd and too honorable to do anything politically that will assist in giving ex-Senator Bourne a certificate of reelection for him to go east and gamble for popularity with.

This is the time of year when Dr. Tape takes special delight in showing the spring at Hot Lake. And why shouldn't he? If that spring was a little closer to La Grande none of us would split wood.

Steam heat for the railroad station will be acceptable, all right. But it may cause the company to forget all about the plans for a new La Grande depot which are pigeonholed in the general offices.

How many Fred Kiddles does Union county possess? If we could find the number we could tell how many miles of good roads would be built this year.

Heard last evening: "It was the night after Christmas; goodnight had been said, and midst groans could be heard—my head, my poor head."

Anyway, it is admitted by about everyone that Beaver creek water tastes mighty good the day following the big feed and celebration.

Another attractive feature of La Grande is the hills for constring. Every child who has a sled will attest to this.

Have you finished the remains of the turkey, or will it last over until New Year's day?

Start the new year by eating round steak and see if it will do you just as well as porterhouse.

LAND OF MIRAGES

Death Valley and Its Treacherous Lures of Beauty.

WORK OF A GOOD SAMARITAN.

Beck, the Prospector, Who Has Made the Desert Bloom With Guideposts Pointing the Way to Water and Saved Many Men From Death.

In the American Magazine is an article about Lew Westcott Beck, who is known as the "good Samaritan of Death valley." He and his dog, Rufus, have saved many prospectors from a horrible death by making the desert blossom with guideposts showing the way to water. The following is an extract from the article:

"Time was when Beck was a plain prospector in the Cripple Creek country. He was in on the diggings at Leadville, and he panned around in Montana awhile. Likewise he rushed into the Big Horn at the time of the mineral strike there, but he never struck a lead that made him rich.

"Eventually he drifted down through Nevada and into Death valley, chasing wild rumors about 'Death valley's big find' in that section of the country, and scores of prospectors rushed into the desert, expecting to make their fortune in a few days. Beck was among those present."

"There were several in Beck's party. They hiked many miles through the mirage land, finding nothing worth while and worrying constantly lest they exhaust their supply of water. For two days they sought water holes, and when out of water they went for hours with tongues swollen and lips parched from want of moisture. Then when death seemed inevitable they suddenly discovered a tiny stream trickling out of a canyon at the base of the Panamint mountains.

"When Beck returned to civilization he was a changed man. He had seen sands that were strewn with skulls, and that sight had put a big idea into his head.

"Came spring, and Beck made an other trip through Death valley. At his side was a Newfoundland dog. The prospector carried a bundle of tin strips. They were signboards to guide the wanderers' steps aright.

"Each summer since then the prospector and his dog have made a journey to the land of the purple mist, piling up rocks and attaching signs to them, searching for lost travelers and incidentally keeping a lookout for a piece of precious metal. Once or twice Rufus has led his master to prospectors who, after long suffering from thirst, had fallen upon the burning sands to die.

"In signboarding the desert Beck has saved a number of thirst mad rainbow chasers and has also in remote districts stumbled upon the bleaching bones of dead men who may have found fortunes in the silver sulphur district, but who did not live to tell the world about it. At one time he assisted at the burial of four men who died of thirst within two miles of a spring.

"The country that Beck traverses is the most arid section of the American continent—a dreary stretch of hundreds of miles of desert, dotted here and there with foothills, buttes, dry creek beds, chaparral, prickly pear and sagebrush. Sprinkles are miles upon miles apart. Most of them are bitterly alkali, and some are poison.

"On an ordinary summer afternoon the thermometer runs up to about 134 degrees in the shade out in Death valley, and the most unpleasant thing about it is that there is a dearth of shade. When man ventures out upon this trackless expanse the shimmering heat dazes him, the scarcity of water crazes him, and the mirage—treacherous, lying thing of beauty that it is—looks ever before him, flashing upon the canvas of his mind's eye a verdant valley, gorgeously green with growing things, fresh with flowers, wet with water and waiting to welcome him.

"He can see grassy hill slopes just ahead, and the mirrored lake appears to lie just beyond some beckoning meadow. He follows on and on and afterward drains the last drop from his canteen. Then his throat becomes parched, his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, and strange things pass before his eyes. The buzzards begin to soar over him, and the coyotes sit upon their hunkers and watch him chase rainbows until he pitches forward upon his face and closes his eyes upon a world that is too mysterious and merciless for him to linger in longer."

Song of a Little River.

There's no music like a little river's. It plays the same tune (and that's the favorite) over and over again, and yet it does not weary of it like men and dilders. It takes the mind out of doors, and though we should be grateful for good houses, there is, after all, no house like God's out of doors. And, lastly, sir, it quiets a man down like saying his prayers.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Rejected.

He—Be mine and you will make me the happiest man in the world. She—I'm very sorry, but unfortunately I want to be happy myself. Boston Transcript.

BARREN PALESTINE.

Its Forests Are Gone and the Jordan Is Now a Feeble Stream.

One of the most remarkable illustrations in all history of the ill effects of the disappearance of forests may be observed in Palestine. In the days when Joshua conquered the promised land Palestine was a wonderfully fertile country, a land flowing with milk and honey. The Lebanon mountains were heavily wooded, and a large population was supported in comfort.

The general devastation of the forests brought about, however, a gradual deterioration of the country. The hills of Galilee, which had long served as pasture lands for large herds of cattle and sheep, are now sterile. The Jordan has become an insignificant stream, and several smaller rivers are now completely dried up throughout the greater part of the year. Some few valleys in which fertile earth washed down from the hills has been deposited have retained their old fertility. The land today supports only one-sixth the population of the time of Solomon.—Christian Herald.

Table Manners in the Old Days.

Modern table manners compare favorably with those of the past. Mrs. Hannah Woolley, author of "The Gentlewoman's Companion," the standard seventeenth century book on etiquette, found it necessary thus to warn her readers: "Gentlewomen, discover not by any ravenous gesture your angry appetite nor fix your eyes too greedily on the meat before you, as if you would devour more that way than your throat would swallow. . . . In carving avoid clapping your fingers in your mouth and licking them after you have burned them. Close your lips when you eat and do not smack like a pig. Fill not your mouth so full that your cheeks shall swell like a pair of Scotch bagpipes. It is very uncomely to drink so large a draft that your breath is almost gone and you are forced to blow strongly to recover yourself."

Historic Hyde Park.

Hyde park has seen not only magnificent reviews, from Stuart times onward, but has witnessed also military muster with a more warlike intent. Here during the commonwealth were encamped the Roundhead armies of Essex and Lambert, and here Cromwell reviewed his Ironsides. The defenses which were at that time raised in the park have left their mark on Mayfair's street nomenclature, for Mount street, Grosvenor square, commemorates Oliver's mount, as it was called, part of the line of fortifications drawn around London by order of the parliament in 1643. Even the women, Butler tells us in "Hudibras," helped in the defensive work, and—
From battle down to oyster wench
Labor'd like pioneers in trenches.
—London Standard.

Extraordinary Seed.

A farmer who mainly out of curiosity had grown a crop of flax had a tablecloth made out of it. Some time later he remarked to a lady visitor at dinner, "I grew this tablecloth myself." "Did you really?" she said, apparently much astonished. "How did you manage it?" It was plain from her tone that she had no idea how tablecloths came into existence, so the farmer lowered his voice mysteriously as he replied, "If you'll promise not to tell any one I'll tell you." The lady promised. "Well," proceeded the farmer still in the same mysterious tone, "I planted a napkin."

TENDERNESS.

So soon as one's heart is tender it is weak. When it is beating so warmly against the breast, and the throat is, as it were, tied tightly, and one strives to press the tears from one's eyes and feels an incomprehensible joy as they begin to flow, then we are so weak that we are fettered by chains of flowers, not because they have become strong through any magic chain, but because we tremble lest we should tear them asunder.—Goethe.

Power of Desire.

It has been said of Abraham Lincoln that as a boy he read less than a half dozen books and that they were such books as "Pilgrim's Progress," "Weems' 'Life of Washington' and a popular history of the United States written in almost primary language. Yet Lincoln was able to express himself more clearly than almost any public or literary man of his time. Such is the power of desire.

Getting a Verdict.

"We could have settled our difficulties by tossing a coin. Instead we spent a lot of money in going to law." "Well?" "I understand the jury settled the whole matter by tossing a coin."—Kansas City Journal.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

The La Grande Milling Co., wishes to thank the grocers of La Grande for the liberal support during the year 1913. We also thank the employees of these firms and furthermore the customers who show their loyal support to a home industry. Yours for more good flour and a bigger La Grande. Respectfully,
LA GRANDE MILLING CO.
12-27-2t.

Saturday Evening Post.—The Club.

MUST SELL.—At a sacrifice in next five days, brand new 7-room modern house near postoffice, railroad offices and shops. Room 26 New Foley Bldg, or phone Red 1305. 12-27-4tp.

New Year's Ball, Rex Hall, New Year's night.

HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS—Furnished rooms, with or without board, 1617 Fourth Street; Phone Red 1081. 12-27-6t.

THANKFUL WORDS.

We desire to thank the many friends who at this time when death has claimed Andrew Brodreskiff, have been so kind and sympathetic. To the boys of the logging department of the Grande Ronde Lumber company, who showed their appreciation of the deceased with beautiful floral tributes we are deeply thankful.

ANDREW BRODRESKIFF,
PETER EAVESON... 12-27-1t.

LOST—Heifer calf, white and brownish color, left ear cut out. Return to O. Walsinger, Island City, who will pay all charges. 12-27-6tp. wk 1tp.

Chicken Tamales, 15c—The Club.

FOR RENT—Light housekeeping rooms. 1914 Third street, Phone Red 712. 12-27-4t.

AN APPRECIATIVE SON.

L. F. Ivanhoe Voices Thankful Words to Judge Henry.

A letter somewhat out of the ordinary, and one which goes to show the word gratitude does not belong to the dead languages, was received today by Judge J. C. Henry from L. F. Ivanhoe. The letter was written from Salem, Oregon, where the writer was visiting his mother, Mrs. A. E. Ivanhoe of Union county, who was in the capital city attending a state teachers' meeting.

The letter follows: "I am today in Salem spending Christmas with the finest mother on earth, and thought it well to acknowledge my appreciation of what you have done for her. She looks better than I have ever seen her, and I am sure, outside of her natural fineness of character, that the credit for her present composure is due you and your wife, Mrs. Henry. Please express to Mrs. Henry my gratitude for the interest you have both taken in her welfare."

Mrs. Ivanhoe was appointed county school superintendent for Union county to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of E. E. Bragg to the office of postmaster of La Grande.

Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the State Bank of Imbler.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the State Bank of Imbler, will be held at their banking rooms, at Imbler, Oregon, on Tuesday, January 13, between the hours of 2 o'clock and 4 o'clock P. M., for the election of a board of five directors to serve for one year and the transaction of such other business as may come before such meeting.

SHERWOOD WILLIAMS,
30t Cashier.

Notice to Stockholders.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the United States National bank of La Grande, Oregon, will be held at their banking rooms in the City of La Grande, Tuesday, January 13, 1914, at 2 o'clock, P. M. or the purpose of electing a board of directors and for the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting.

T. J. SCROGGIN,
Cashier.

12-12-1mo.

