

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

THE COPPERFIELD MUDDLE.

To read the number of opinions regarding Copperfield, her town row, the governor and the sheriff of Baker county, is but to laugh. Few newspapermen have been to Copperfield, for it is almost out of the civilized world.

It happened that the writer visited that town once and it was in the days of Copperfield's zenith. Twelve hundred men were working on the Oxbow power tunnel near the townsite and as many more were doing construction work on the railroad then building from Huntington down the Snake river canyon.

If the governor had called it a wide-open, lawless town in those days there could have been no mistake.

We shall never forget the one night we spent in Copperfield. Sam Aklin's store was the merchandise depot for the place; Barney Goldberg ran a dance hall with a bar full length, roulette wheels and twenty-one games occupied the opposite side of the hall and the dancers held forth in the center to the tunes made by a mechanical piano.

An opposition honky tonk held forth down on the river and Gus Allstead's hotel was between the two. When the sun went down in the evening the revelry begun. A dozen or more saloons, each having wide-open gambling added to the nightly entertainment. On this particular night quite an event was pulled off. At least it was quite an event to us, although those residing there claimed it often occurred. The event was a battle royal between Oxbow workers and the railroad workers. Several different languages were used by the army of either side while the big ring was being made. The Oxbow men marched in first, closely followed by the railroad men and then the fight begun. Talk about Mexico. No Mexican ever stood the pounding that those huskies delivered to one another. Yells of "at 'em," "at 'em," mingled with gibberish tongues of several nations served to keep the air in the close canyon filled with noise. Biff, bang, as the blows fell

on each other's heads could be heard all over the Copperfield townsite.

For over an hour the battle raged. But there were rules observed even in this kind of warfare. No one was allowed to have a gun. Beer bottles and rocks were admitted weapons, and after the fight had been declared a draw all sides joined in mending the heads of those who had suffered most. The flag of truce which was in the shape of a draw decision was to last until the next appointed time when the battle royal was to be staged again. During the interim both Oxbow and railroad workers drank from the same bottles and neighbored with each other. And during the fight the music from Sam Goldberg's mechanical piano kept right on, the roulette wheels were never silent.

That was Copperfield in its palmy days. But the change came sudden. Work was suspended on the Oxbow and the railroad work was completed. Copperfield was almost deserted. There is nothing there except the few shacks of the town; there is no farming country, no saw mills, no industry of any kind. Those who go to Copperfield go there because they want to see some one living in the town. It is snugly nestled in a canyon with extremely high walls and the only outlet is the railroad to Homestead, which hugs the river bank with a high mountain a few feet away on the other side of the track. A wagon road runs from Pine valley down to the river, but few people travel it for there is little call to visit the canyon.

Those left on the townsite were mostly either running saloons, roulette wheels or selling merchandise to the saloon men and the gamblers. When business grew dull saloon men grew selfish and grasping. Instead of quitting business they hung on and a town row followed. How different from the day when money was as free as water. There was no town row then. Beer was selling for a bit a drink and money less than a two-bit piece was not welcome in Copperfield. But the town row brought on its jealousies and revenge—and that is what's the matter with the little settlement in the canyon today—the town where there has never been a church, where the clamor of the money makers was so pronounced.

The great fuss about Copperfield comes rather late and indicates a desire for notoriety. There was a time when state laws were so thoroughly disregarded that there was good reason for calling out the militia. But the militia would be very lonesome in Copperfield now with only a few poorly patronized saloon men to stand guard over.

FAIRNESS OF THE OREGONIAN.

Whatever sins may have been justly or unjustly charged to the Portland Oregonian in years gone by, it must be admitted that politically that paper is fair at the present time.

While its convictions many times do not agree with ours, we take considerable pleasure in believing that the Oregonian is doing what it honestly thinks is right.

To prove the above assertion one has but to read the editorial in last Sunday's issue under the caption, "National Committee Blundered," in which is found the following editorial comment on the recent meeting of the Republican national committee: "The Republican National Committee has blundered. The Oregonian was ready to accept its judgment as to the basis of reorganization and to waive its desire for a restatement of Republican principles, but evidently the Republican party expected something more and better, and opponents of the party see in the action of the committee an opportunity to score against it. They score. The national committee has not realized how broad and deep was the breach made in the party in 1912. It seems to have hoped to set a broken bone by applying a poultice.

"Republican voters, both those who stayed within and those who left the party, desire that their representatives meet in open council, state anew Republican principles as applied to the conditions of 1913 and themselves adopt a new plan of representation in convention. Whether the national committee had authority to adopt such a plan or not, it was unwise to exercise that authority. When a party is split into two nearly equal parts, as was the Republican party in 1912, no power short of the highest can find a basis of reunion. The emergency called for a national convention which should revise the system of representation and should state Republican principles so plainly that no man or woman who holds them will have any excuse to adhere to any other party."

Yes, without doubt the national committee blundered. The same committee blundered at the Chicago convention, and neither of these blunders occurred through ignorance. We have contended that a reunion of Republican forces in the nation would not occur in the fullest sense until all reactionary members of the national committee who held forth prior to the Chicago convention had either resigned or been ousted by the other members.

No one is fooled by this body of men. They are still playing politics in the same old-fashioned way. These committeemen hold to the cherished idea of years gone by—that the people will forget all political sins in the course of time. It would seem that Senator Borah has carried his idea of "trimming" from Idaho to the national committee, for Borah was opposed to the calling of a national convention of the Republican party for the purpose of revising delegate apportionment and adopting a platform. Thus the senator shows in his nature what a number of his minority enemies in Idaho have always charged him with.

With the action of the national committee now a matter of record; with no hope from a national source, of remedying a bad condition which spells defeat to all Republican candidates, it appears to be up to the individual states to exercise state rights in political matters. By this we mean it is a matter for states to decide in the interim between now and the next national convention.

In Oregon practically everything is progressive, with the exception of a handful of men who long for the days of old and pine because political conditions have changed. The great rank and file of the Republican party in Oregon is as progressive as the most ultra progressive of the east. To label these progressive Republicans with the same label as applied to the Republican national committee would not only be unfair but it would be a false label.

With such a newspaper as the Oregonian coming out squarely against a national committee that is steeped in sin and political dishonesty, the meaning is clear that no longer will republicans of Oregon be throttled in their views or whipped into line by a few reactionaries. And it also

means to our mind that republicans of Oregon are free and thoroughly entitled to adopt a platform, inasmuch as the national committee refused to do so, that this state's Republican party can work under that platform until the next national convention at least.

Oregon progressives and Oregon progressive republicans believe in the same principles. Neither will be dominated by a few reactionaries, and it looks very much like the Oregonian was getting ready to point to a way where the two wings of the great mass of voters in this state who believe in progressive politics and political freedom can get together and make a united and effective fight against a hypocritical enemy that has for several years been boosting mediocre men into the United States senate and a mere boy into the governor's chair.

HE'S RIGHT-OF-WAY MAN NOW.

Our old and dignified friend, Judge William Colvig, of Medford, has been appointed right-of-way man for the Southern Pacific railway company.

The appointment is a good one. Few men of our acquaintance is better fitted for such a job, "Bill" can make a speech that will carry you through flower gardens; you can hear the little birds sing; music from a thousand harps will fill your ears, and then without warning he will bring you down to earth and you can see the battle of life raging in all its fury.

If Colvig does not annihilate all cares and worry of the company over the right-of-way business there is no merit in the Rogue river apple land and Medford will become a whistling post in five years.

MOODS OF THE RHINO.

Emotions it Exhibits at the Sight and Odor of Man.

The recognized presence of men rouses in the rhinoceros several emotions, which in the order of their intensity I should put as bewilderment, fear, dull curiosity and truculence. If the men are merely seen usually the only emotions aroused are bewilderment and curiosity; if smelled fear is the usual result, but in a certain number of cases even the sight or the smell of men arouses senseless rage.

Some rhinos are always cross and evil tempered, but many others which are normally good natured now and then have fits of berserker fury. Anything conspicuous which arouses their interest may also arouse their hostility. White has an evil attraction for them. My friends the McMillans while traveling through a rhino country found that the two white horses of their cavalcade were so frequently charged that they finally painted them khaki color. I have never seen them charge other game, and gazelles and hartbeests feed in their immediate neighborhood with indifference, yet I have been informed by trustworthy eyewitnesses of one rhinoceros charging a herd of zebra and another some buffalo.

The rhinoceros usually gets out of the way of the elephant. It will unquestionably on occasions charge men and domestic animals entirely unprovoked. Twice I have known of one charging an oxen wagon. In one case an ox was killed. In the other the rhino got entangled in the yokes and trek-tow, and the driver, an Africander, lashed it lustily with his great whip until it broke loose and ran off, leaving the ox span tumbled in wild confusion. —Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's.

Pa Knew.

"Pa, what's an agnostic?" "It's one of those poems where the first letters of the lines spell out a word. Now run along and let me read." —Boston Transcript.

Married Man's Progress.

The first year after marriage man holds his wife fondly, the second year he holds the baby awkwardly, and every year after that he holds his tongue sensibly. —Dallas News.

Naturally.

"I presume you have a lot of sympathy for the under dog?" "Yes, ma'am, especially if I happen to own the dog." —Detroit Free Press.

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.

READ the IMPORTANT Announcement

Tomorrow

Complete details of West's 16th Annual Clearance Sale

which starts Friday, January 2 will be announced in a big full-page ad. All records for good merchandise at reduced prices going to be wiped out. Watch tomorrow's paper.



Oh! Doctor!! Give me a prescription for this, I know where to get it filled.

Have you eaten too many big, fine dinners during the holidays? If so, thoroughly cleanse your system before you become sick. It is far easier to arrest disease in its early stages than to permanently get rid of it later. See your doctor now, and then us, before the ill effects have settled down upon you. You can then begin the new year with vigor and vim.

Come to OUR Drug Store. NEWLIN DRUG CO.

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

THE TELEPHONE

By furnishing quick service in communication multiplies a man's capacity and makes it possible for the business man to transact more business.

EVERY TELEPHONE A LONG DISTANCE STATION HOME INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LA CHEERABLE CIGARS ALL HAVANA CUBAN HAND MADE NOTHING BETTER CAN BE MANUFACTURED