

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS, Editor and Owner.

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WHY MEN DON'T LEAVE HOME.

Some time ago the Observer contained an editorial entitled "Why men Leave Home," which created much discussion. In a sense it was a reflection upon a class of women callous to all sense of duty, corrupt in a moral sense, and really of no good generally. The editorial made this sad condition in the feminine sex one of the main reasons why many men felt constrained to forget their vows made at the marriage and sought other companionship.

We have been asked to say something of the other side of the story—and it has a beautiful side—in justification of that large body of faithful women who are a blessing to any community, who sow and reap, who rear children, and help bear the burdens of life—in short normal, good women.

It is a pleasant task and we gladly accede to the wishes of these people, but we are going to show the other side, not by a dissertation on the philosophy of domestic life, but through the recital of a story that is said to have happened many years ago in one of our sister towns.

In the early days of Eastern Oregon when men braved the wilds of these regions, gambled with death, mocked obstacles and fought a fight worthy of the best American blood, they were often forced to smother one of the finest instincts in man, namely that of race propagation with women of their own race and color. For some it was a task calling for too great a sacrifice. That natural yearning for children, that enchanting cooing of baby lips, the matiny sense of duty in providing for off spring, the ennobling spirit that grows out of protection of young, the distant pleasure of worthy sons and daughters in old age, a home with all its drawing power and charm—these and other promptings often spurred men to break the conventions of society and marry brave daughters of the red race.

The incident we have in mind was just such a union. The contracting parties were happy. All their aims centered in building up a home, of accumulating a substance for old age and of mothering and fathering children. These came in due time, healthy, rudy youngsters, full of the strength of the red man and intelligent and thirty like their American father. Father and mother planned for their children, nursed them when sick, guided their ideals and put forth a real endeavor to make of them worthy young men and women. They lived close to nature, communed with the birds of the fields, tilled the soil and drew from mother nature a community spirit that blotted all consideration of their respective parentage. They were happy in each others society and gave little care for the

distorted and warping allurements of a rapidly civilizing world about them.

Substance brought recognition and honor as it always does, and ere long our American father was suggested for an office in Washington, D. C. The delegation that made this offer to the squaw man, with some natural rubbing of hands suggested however, that, he could hardly go to the great city, become a member of fashionable society with such an impediment as his Indian wife. The suggestion startled him and he declared with much precision of words that it would be impossible. But they were friends, perhaps seeking some favor through him as a medium and would not take no for an answer. He was advised to get a divorce.

On his way home he thought and thought. The honor of going to Washington as one of the nation's lawmakers stirred his ambition. He would put the matter before his wife. He broached the subject slowly, gradually giving her an insight into his intentions, and pictures that had been created in his imagination. She protested. She recalled all the years of toil, their mutual love, their children, their future. This thought was like a hurricane that threatened to tear out her reason by the very roots.

Each trip to town found him in the same company. The argument grew stronger. Finally they arranged a banquet at which all of the good looking women of the city were invited to appear in their best gowns, in their most charming smiles and in all of the trappings known to a fashionably dressed woman. Our squaw man was there, and felt elated at the work-ed up adulation of women who hardly knew him before. He went home that night, his head in a swirl of thought and feeling. He spoke to his wife, mentioned divorce and promised to provide for her liberally in the future.

She consented but that consent was freighted with a reserved, unexplainable feeling. She looked into his eyes, their gaze met for an instant. The pent up feeling in her breast burst forth like a torrent and she fell sobbing into his arms. The scales fell from his eyes and he clinched his fist and declared with firmness: never, if I go my wife goes. She who had loved me all this while, has borne me children and helped me make a fortune, is entitled to share it with me. With this the battle was won and he remained at home.

A CENTURY OF PEACE.

The one hundredth anniversary of peace among English speaking people will be observed at the far end of the present year. This celebration will begin Christmas eve, for it was on December 24, 1814, that John Quincy Adams, James A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Albert Gallatin and Jonathan Russell, on behalf of the United States, and Lord Gambier, Dr. Adams and Henry Gouldburn, Esq., on behalf of Great Britain, signed the Treaty of Ghent, which ended the war between the two countries.

Not long after that treaty was signed John Quincy Adams expressed the hope that the peace thus restored would be enduring, saying: "May the gates of the temple of Janus closed here never be opened during the century." No one doubts now that this hope will be realized, for there has been no war between Great Britain and this country since 1814 and even the loudest of all calamity howlers cannot foresee an open rupture between Uncle Sam and John Bull before Christmas.

Not only the United States and England, but Germany, France and other nations as well, will take part in this celebration of peace. It is to be hoped that every nation will be

assisted through this world-wide celebration to see the futility not only of war, but of the ceaseless building warships and the constantly growing preparations for wars that may never, and should never, materialize.

Considering the progress the world is now making, it is not too visionary to forecast the day when all international disputes will be settled by peaceful means. This nation is peculiarly fitted to set its sister countries an example of fair dealing. In the last analysis, all wars have been for plunder. This country has openly declared that it seeks no more territory, and, what is more, it has proved and is proving through its course in Cuba and the Philippines that it does not seek to annex territory against the will of the people of that territory. It has thrown its strong protecting arm around the smaller and less favored countries in Central and South America and said to Europe through the Monroe doctrine: "Hands off."

The people of the old world countries do not want war. They do not long to annex their neighbor's territory, no matter what the fast-dying rulers of those countries may desire to do. And the people everywhere are gradually coming into power. The day is not far distant when the people themselves will have their will. And the people want peace.

The Parisians are said to have ceased wearing socks. It now begins to look from the latest styles of French party gowns as if eventually the French won't be encumbered with much more than a bear-skin.

Chicago hospitals are numbering the sponges so that they won't be sewed up in the patients. If the surgeons would sew up their itemized bills that way no one would object much.

Though Mr. Taft has had thirty-five pairs of trousers successfully cut down, we fear that the problem of how to take an eighty-pound overlap out the union suits will stump even a gifted Yale professor of law.

"When Love Overflows," was the subject of a Texas minister's sermon. Everybody knows that love is likely to overflow in the moonlight, but the phrase for it is "slopping over."

Secretary Bryan says that his ambition since boyhood has been to sit in the United States senate. Not so much to sit there, of course, as to stand up and talk.

Obituary of Mrs. D. A. McAllister.

Last Sunday afternoon the funeral services of Mrs. D. A. McAllister were held in the Baptist church at 2:30, Rev. R. E. Close of the Baptist church officiating. Interment was made in the Odd Fellows cemetery. The many friends who came to pay their last respects to the dead, filled the building to the doors, and those who knew her will remember her as one who was loving and beloved, and a faithful Christian. She was born in Michigan in 1851 and came to this valley in 1864, where she endured all the hardships of pioneer life. November 1867, she was united in marriage to Mr. D. A. McAllister, and for 46 years has lived on their farm near this city. A husband and six children, Mrs. Willard Moss, of La Grande; Frank, of North Powder; Will and Reese of the Grande Ronde valley; Charles, of California, and Authur, of Nevada, mourn her loss, four daughters having preceded her to the Heavenly home.

How to Prevent Bilious Attacks. "Coming events cast their shadows before." This is especially true of bilious attacks. Your appetite will fail, you will feel dull and languid. If you are subject to bilious attacks take three of Chamberlain's Tablets as soon as the symptoms appear and the attack may be warded off. For sale by all dealers.

TAKE TIME TO SMILE



Cause for Anger.

Mr. Wilkins was near the exploding point when his neighbor met him on the street. "That man Tompkins," he burst out, "has more nerve than any one I ever met!" "Why?" asked his neighbor, curiously. "He came over to my house last evening and borrowed my gun to kill a dog that kept him awake nights."

All Puffed Up.

"The town of Plunkett is all puffed up. And over what?" "Dunno. Got a new pitcher for the ball team?" "Nope." "Opory house projected?" "Nope." "What is it then?" "A flying machine flew over the turned town the other day."

His Reproof.

Mrs. Voteleigh (coming home at 11)—Are the dear children all right? I haven't set eyes on them since morning. Her Husband—Huh! You go about airing your views; better you'd stay at home and view your heirs.

His Fortune.

"I should think it was a pity Noah and his sons didn't know anything about poker. It would have been such a diversion in the ark." "They couldn't have played it with any success, because they never had more than two of a kind."

SAFE.



Guest—I shouldn't drink this French wine. I hate the land of France. Writer—That's all right, sir. It's merely labeled French—it's bottled in California.

Moral: Be Up to Date.

He talked of love in a cottage, But she firmly answered: "No." And his rival won by talking Of love in a bungalow.

The Make Up.

"Why do you insist on wearing that large diamond and smoking excessively large cigars?" "I'm trying to look like an old-fashioned lobbyist in the hope that somebody desiring to influence legislation will let me run up an expense account."

Both Went Under.

"I was once a prosperous merchant with a good business and aeroplane," explained the tramp. "What happened?" asked the housewife. "I ran them both into the ground, mum."

Some Class.

"You and Downs are very chummy." "Why not? We were members of the same class at college." "What class?" "The 142 pound class, middle weights."—Puck.

Round and Square.

"The mode of expression plays a very important part in diplomatic negotiations." "Yes; but there is not much use of trying to make a well rounded sentence take the place of a square deal."

O A C PROGRAM FEBRUARY 16TH

- 1 Battle Hymn, from the opera "Rienzi" Wagner The Glee Club
2 Solo: "Macushla" Mac Morrrough L. Ross Johnson, Tenor
3. "Absent" The O. A. C. Quartette Metcalf Johnson, Greene, Thomas, Jordan
4. Solo: "The Clang of the Hammer" Bonheur George Randolph Thomas, Baritone
5. "But they Didn't" Rogers The Glee Club
6. Violin Solos Second Mazurka Henri Wienawski To a Wild Rose Edward Mac Dowell Laurence Skipton
7. "Bring Her Again" Hastings The Glee Club Intermission.
8. The Rural Trobadours Original Scudder, Steinmetz, Hollowell
9. Scotch Monologue a la Harry Lauder Mr. Henry Russell
10. Trials of a "Fusses," in pantomime Original Jonasen, McCollum, Poulson, Greene, Flint, Boon
11. Reading: "Cremation of Sam McGee" Service Joy Scudder
12. Collegiana Original The Glee Club Collage melodies and popular airs, vitalized with exuberant "college spirit."
Personnel Prof. William Frederic Gaskins, Director; George Randolph Thomas, Asst. Director; Joy W. Scudder, President; Fred A. Holmes, Manager; Mr. A. M. Woodman, Accompanist, First Tenor. L. Ross Johnson, '15, Bloomington, Ill., Agri.; Jno. E. McCollum, '17, Salinas, Calif., Logging Eng.; W. W. Boon, '17, Portland, Ore., Forestry; Garland E. Hollowell, '16, Milwaukee, Ore., Agri. Second Tenor. Thomas A. Rice, '14, Portland, Ore.,

Min. Eng.; Lee Roy Woods, Jr., '16, Cottage Grove, Ore., Forestry; Norris Poulson, '17, Baker, Ore., Agri.; Edgar Vestal, '16, Payette, Idaho, Agri.; Harvey L. Lantz, '15, Cove, Ore., Agri. First Bass. George Randolph Thomas, '15, Portland, Ore., Elec. Eng.; F. K. Greene, '17, Aberdeen, Wash., Agri.; John W. Flint, '15, San Diego, Calif., Agri.; Olaf Jonasen, '17, Davenport, Iowa, Forestry; Raymond E. Nicholson, '14, Hood River, Ore., Agri. Second Bass. Joy W. Scudder, '14, Seattle, Wash., Agri.; Melvin H. Jordan, '15, Corvallis, Ore., Commerce; Avery Steinmetz, '15, Portland, Ore., Agri.; Anton Benj. Chindgren, '17, Mulina, Ore., Music; Dunbar B. Pinckney, '16, Aberdeen, Wash., Agri.; H. W. Russell, '15, Stunt Man, Glencoe, Wyo., Commerce.

Read the advertisements too.

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