

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS, Editor and Owner.

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WHICH?

Does publication of news items dealing with vulgar vice tend to lessen the volume of vice or does it tend to excite curiosity in the home where the newspaper is read by the young?

This is a question that has ever bothered and perplexed men who try to run home newspapers.

Is it better to bare to the public revolting and immoral events, or is it not?

The editor of this paper has held that there is sufficient trash bound to percolate through the news columns even with constant vigil, without making a specialty of handling sensational matters in a sensational manner.

We believe the man or woman who craves news items setting for filthy detail is committing a wrong. One has but to point to the almost unspeakable Thaw trial and memory will at once call attention to many days when issues of the daily press were withheld from children in the well organized home.

To admit a deep interest in an event that parades immoral conditions; that excites the animal nature and causes lust to displace manhood and womanhood, is but to admit that the harlot still has a certain amount of popularity and that her master is a gladiator who excites admiration.

We believe in a local community there is some news that is unprintable, for the sake of the young and for the sake of the community as a whole. Because a matter may be of court record, and therefore a public matter, is not always proof positive that it should be circulated in the homes of Christian and law-abiding families.

Another feature of local news presents itself to us, while we are discussing the subject. And that feature is the innocent ones who are not only injured by the crime committed, but would be doubly injured by its publication.

We have listened to the pleadings of good mothers many times to save their boy's name when the boy had committed a wrong, and in many, many instances we have fallen for the pleading. We have listened to noble, virtuous sisters in times gone by as they "led to spare the family name from some shameful transaction a wayward brother had been in, and we have in many instances agreed to spare the name.

And each time we knew the iron rule "to give the news at any cost" was broken by us. We knew that there would be many who would say "if it had been some one else they would have suffered." Yes, we knew all of that, but when we thought of a mother whose eyes would not be filled with tears when she read her local paper; when we thought of other relatives and friends whose pride would not be broken by seeing in cold type a record that when once

made, stays made, we have agreed with our conscience to take the criticism of the many, to submit to the many bitter things that would be said about us, and rest in the full assurance that we had done what was right according to our way of thinking.

And, too, so many are prone to want to see the other fellow exposed to the world; they want to see flaming headlines depicting his crookedness, but when the old wheel of life keeps turning daily and on a later occasion either they or their dear ones stub a toe and fall into a scandalous transaction, how different the world looks to them. They are the ones who come with earnest pleading then.

Thinking it all over carefully, there is but one standard to be set in newspaper work, and that is the happy medium, for as some jingle verse repeats,

"There is so much bad in the best of us,
And so much good in the worst of us, etc."

DO YOU KNOW BILL HANLEY?

Everyone in Oregon has heard of Bill Hanley very often, but do you know him?

A few nights ago the writer was sitting in a Portland hotel lobby and Bill blew in. Yes, he blew in, for Bill has elasticity of step not known to the water soaked brothers of the Willamette valley.

He sat down by us and we visited for two hours. Bill is spending the winter in Portland, just for fun. He and his wife take a little lark in the winter months, for as he says, "we get the chores done up in the fall, get up about twenty thousand tons of hay and the winter's fuel, then there is nothing left to do but feed cattle and the boys can do that."

"We put out the cat," continued Bill, "pull in the latch string and come down here to the whirlpool. Yes, that's what Portland is, it is a whirlpool. Everything whirls around down here, commercially, socially and politically. Just whirls, and whirls and whirls. I like it for a while—like the steam heat and the millions of lights, like to hear the music and to see the fun. But it is only for awhile, for I soon begin to wake up in the night and listen for the noise bands of cattle make, listen for the lonesome yowl of a Harney county coyote. And when that feeling gets to coming strong we pack up and go back to the great out-of-doors—Eastern Oregon."

And Bill looks like a product of the great out-of-doors. He would pass very well for a quaker, except occasionally his language might be a little out of line with a Quaker's. His big broad face and weather beaten skin makes him look like the real man that he is, compared with the pinched up boys who with milk white faces hover around radiators in the tall buildings.

Bill said when he went into Harney county he was up against the big trust of the range—an immense cattle company that had had things their own way for a quarter century. He sent out a boy and a pack horse to look after his cattle and the big company sent the boy back. "It took me just twenty-five years to return the compliment," said he as his eyes snapped with success. "I worked away for twenty-five years with the one idea of getting so strong that I could send the company's outfits back to them when they got in my territory, and I did it. We scrappered for years but now it is all over and everyone realizes there is plenty of room in Eastern Oregon for all who want to come."

When we asked the son of the

broad prairies why he did not run for governor Bill laughed so deep that an elevator stopped because of the vibration.

"Me run for governor of Oregon? Not I. Don't you know that a governor is but a sort of messenger boy. I have been used to depending wholly upon Bill to decide matters. When a canal was to be dug, ten or twenty miles of fence to build, I had to determine in my own mind whether or not it should be done. Now, as governor, I would be a member of a board that spends most of its time auditing bills; when I wanted to do anything I would be confronted with the constitution, supreme court and a book of laws that no one understands except the lawyers who make it a business. And if I wanted to start anything that took money to put over for the state I would be forced to wait for a legislature to meet. No, there is no gubernatorial timber in me. I would die of nervous prostration to be hampered as a governor is necessarily hampered."

But, we believe that Bill might run for senator if the clouds were hanging at just the right height and fires were just hot enough to make a branding iron sizzle. He leans a little that way, for he wants Oregon to get the benefit of her natural resources just as every other state has had the benefit of the resources within her boundaries, and it may take a trip to the senate to awaken things along that line. But the trouble with Bill, he is like a lot more of us—has no more political home than a wild horse on the range has a corral. He used to be a republican, but he voted for Woodrow and is proud of it. He does not stand in with the democratic machine that makes candidates in Oregon, and does not want to. To be truthful, Bill is like almost everyone else in Oregon politically—does know what he is and doesn't care a rap about it, but he is for Oregon first, last and all the time.

He is very practical, very interesting and everyone should know him. And this is no political boast for Bill, for should he decide to ride the political range he would probably start by bulldozing a few steers in front of the Oregon hotel and make his own campaign in his own sweet way.

KEEP AT IT.

Editor Observer: A few days ago it was my good fortune to be seated in a coach on one of the through trains of the O.-W. R. & N., east bound. I say good fortune for two reasons; first, because the O.-W. is our La Grande railroad and second, because of the man who occupied the seat directly in front of me. He was a resident of one of the middle west states and with his wife was out west looking over the country. As long as the gentleman across the aisle, a resident of Union county, kept up a good line of farm talk with him, I kept my ears open and my mouth shut, because he could do that particular kind of boosting better than I could do it. When my farmer friend left the train at Union Junction, I did what I could, introduced myself to the investigating stranger, gave him a short line of points that count on Union county and La Grande, then handed him my card with the assurance that if he or any of his fellow countrymen ever wanted any further information I would see that they got it quickly and accurately.

What's the use of being a member of the Commercial club if all you do is to pay your dues of one dollar a month. The Commercial club is doing fine work but why not support the work with your time as well as your money? If you happen to be like me you will enjoy it immensely.

I wished then, and I still think it would have helped if I could have handed to that man a sma' booklet, nothing expensive, containing brief answers to fifty common questions of people looking for home in the west.

Every man who travels at all could do some splendid cultivating with such equipment and at very little cost. A Believer in This Community.

IN A TERRIBLE FIX

By WILLIAM BLOSS.

Without question I felt like that unhappy principal in one of the fables of Aesop—that long-eared and four-footed ass who starved to death between two luscious and succulent bales of hay, unable resolutely to declare himself upon which one first he would regale his appetite. It is true I have but two feet. As to the length of my ears I am beginning to entertain disquieting apprehensions.



And yet, and yet, there are decisions even more difficult to make than those confronting an umpire in a world's championship pennant battle. Of course as to the main point, I have known for three months it is necessary for me either to marry some dear girl with plenty of money of her own, or—horrible alternative!—go to work. I have a cultivated disinclination to go to work for the mere base purpose of being paid for it. Wages is a word abhorrent to my breeding. It smacks of the proletariat, of the sordid, the lowly, the unbacked and soggy undercrust of the social pie.

Father worked, naturally. Most fathers of any account do. I understand. Good old dad! He looked me out of the loaves and fishes cupboard all right and tight enough when he quit, but I hold no grudge. In his day and in his way he was good to me. Here's to him. This is beastly cheap sherry, but what can one drink, fit to drink, on \$3,600 a year? Marjorie has \$36,000. If she were my fiancée instead of my sister that would be an income not half bad, for two people.

I'm to have my \$36,000 per when I'm forty. Lord! Ten years to wait. What an age! That is the reason this marriage matter perplexes me. We must admit the nuptial necessity as a conditional and not a theoretic confrontation.

The trouble lies in this—there are two of them. I stand between them even as the Aescopian ass, unknowing where to browse. Charlotte is fond of me, I know. She has more than as much as told me so. If only Grace Dalzelle had Charlotte's money! I am not quite sure how many millions Charlotte will have some day. It's something quite incredible. Old man Flaxhaver is still piling them up, they say. He's a grouchy old beast and has "views." Thinks men ought to work. Last time I dined at his house he quizzed me about my "career." Said every American worth his salt ought to have an aim in life. Said dad was one of the best men he ever knew.

Mind you, I can marry Charlotte all right enough, any old day, or night. She'll elope as fast as I'll take her. But I'm in doubt; I'm in doubt. Old Flaxhaver stickles for his paternal and parental authority. If he got his back up about thimble-cheeked he might not get it down till after sackcloth and ashes had done their awful worst to Charlotte and poor Charley Lavender.

My predicament is really, no less than sickening. Grace hasn't a cent, worth speaking of. Maybe \$20,000 life insurance Dalzelle left her out of his wreck, after he had blown his brains out the day they sky-highed U. P. to 1,000.

It's when I'm with Grace that I fully determine to tell Charlotte "there are insuperable obstacles which must forever forbid our union"

I have it written out, along those lines, and it isn't bad. And then, after I leave Grace, and my hot blood cools and the sweet sting of her kisses no longer burns in my mouth I have to come down to earth and remember my duty to myself and my family, if I should ever have one. It can't be expected it is a man's social duty to rear a lot of paupers.

And this is Decision Day. Marjorie said she would give me until tonight to quit being a fool. Grace and Marjorie are chums, you see. Sis says she will lend me \$3,600 a year on my prospects if I marry "right." I know what that means. I might do worse than "right." If there's a prettier girl in the world than Marjorie Lavender it's Grace Dalzelle.

And, then, I love her. Though I am a loafer, she, too, loves me.

Doctors Loss by Telephone. "Do you know," said the doctor apologetically to the patient waiting in his office, "that this prescribing by phone is becoming a serious business for us doctors. Now, if I had no phone I would be called to the house and I would charge my regular fee for a visit. But if I attempted to charge for prescribing over the telephone I would be thought an extortionist. Yet there is no reason why I should not be paid for my advice over the telephone just as much as if I sat at the patient's bedside and prescribed. Take, for instance, a case which should be watched for three or four days. Instead I'm told, 'we'll call you doctor, if there is any change.' And then proceed to call me over the telephone, give me the symptoms and ask what is to be done. Of course, there is no excuse for going to the patient's side after the telephone bulletin, unless there is a turn for the worse. So I'm cut right out of a fee for a visit. I believe that we physicians should get together and agree to charge a certain sum for prescribing over the telephone."

Artist and Parvenu. Phil Morris, the eminent portrait painter, who died when his fame was at its height, had a very unpleasant experience whilst visiting a wealthy merchant who had commissioned him to paint his wife and baby for the sum of \$700. The first evening Mr. Morris and his "employer" were discussing the "pose," and the artist, thinking that he had hit on a brilliant suggestion, said it would be effective if the child were lying on the hearth-rug with just a vest on, and his mother leaning over, playing "This little pig went to market."

"How dare you, sir! Do you wish to insult me?" I've half a mind to countermand my order," roared the irate wealthy magnate. Poor Phil Morris couldn't think what harm he had done until a few days later he learned that his patron had made his money in "pork," and was known as the "bacon king."

Method of Spearfishing. In spite of the march of civilization, there remains much that is still primitive in Sicily, and a curious sight at Palermo is to see the fishermen spearfishing in the harbor by the aid of glass-bottomed buckets (says the Wide World Magazine). There are many corners of the world where fish are speared, but perhaps the use of the glass-bottomed bucket in this connection is to be seen only at Palermo. The fishermen lean far over the side of their boats, and hold the bucket on the water with one hand, poking their heads into it as if engaged in the Halloo'en game of ducking for apples. They hold a spear poised in the free hand, and thus await the arrival of their victims, who are sighted through the glass bottom of the bucket, which acts as a kind of telescope.

HORNS OF FANTASTIC SHAPE

East African Tribe Have a Peculiar Method of Dealing With Their Oxen.

A tribe of East Africa, called the Suku, hammer and twist the horns of their cattle into all kinds of fantastic shapes. An ox with one horn that points forward and the other backward, writes M. W. H. Beech in "The Suku," is an object of envy and admiration to all; it is called kamar.

They believe that such an ox has exceptional properties. Every fighting man should have his kamar; those who do not possess one are objects of derision. When they prepare to start on a raiding expedition, the men gather the kamars together, bedeck them with ostrich-feathers, and lead them to the river. There the warriors are assembled; they dance round the sacred oxen, flap their hands at them, and kneel on one knee; they hold up their shields in attitudes of defense and brandish their spears, while they utter weird war-cries, which are supposed to excite in the faint-hearted the desire for battle. A captured kamar is a coveted prize, and the Suku slaughter and eat it with much ceremony.

The Suku were originally an agricultural people. In every plantation they build little shelters on piles, whereon sit the women and children whose duty it is to give warning of the approach of elephants, and to scare away birds. Of the members of the tribe who do other than agricultural work there is a saying, "God gave them no sheep, so he gave them cleverness instead."—Youth's Companion.

Knew He Was Safe. After the League of Public Safety became active in Brooklyn some time ago lectures were delivered in the schools and buttons were given to all pupils. Teachers thought the scheme for safety had been well theorized by the lecturers, but one boy recently showed that everything had not been made plain. In crossing a street he narrowly escaped being hit by an automobile, the driver of which took the opportunity to admonish the lad. "Ah, go on!" yelled the boy; "nothing can hit me!" and he pulled back his coat and revealed his "safety" button.

Sweetly Unreasonable. "There is no use of trying to deny that women are sometimes a little unreasonable," said the mild-mannered man. "My wife made me do my best to explain about a writ of habeas corpus to her." "Did you make it clear?" "I'm afraid not. She went around to a lawyer next day and tried to obtain one that would get me away from the ball game in time for dinner."

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