

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 Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily, single copy .15c. 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.

CONSULTATION FOR FARMERS AT LAST.

While commerce has in the past supplied specialists for nearly every line of business except agriculture, it is now with a good deal of satisfaction that the state of Oregon has agreed to furnish men experienced in farm work to consult with the rancher who is making the fight with nature to force heavier production from the soil.

C. C. Cate, the new farm man for Union county, is here. He is a trained man, not a yellow legged "expert," nor yet is he a high browed "specialist," but he is just a plain, experienced young man who knows what he talks about and when he finds something he does not know about he is willing to call upon the state and federal agricultural departments to assist him.

His duties are to consult with the farmers and help them handle their individual problems. This he does not do from an office nor by correspondence, but he dons a pair of overalls and goes direct to the farm where he stays and works out the plans that will make more bushels of wheat grow on the acre than has heretofore been grown; that will make the cow give more and better milk; plans that will put more pounds of fat on the hog with the same feed.

He is an important man for Union county to have. He will make a barrel of money for the county because he will assist every farmer who wants his assistance to establish a set of books and keep correct data on every farm transaction. He will prove to the apple grower what kind of apples to raise in this altitude and will interest as many people in the dairy business—which business will in time swell the bank deposits of every financial institution in the valley.

The Observer welcomes Mr. Cate in the strongest terms we can command. He is here for a purpose—a splendid purpose—and we hope every rancher will meet him, and not hesitate to put up their problems to him.

NO LIBEL INTENDED.

Sometime ago we printed an editorial stating that six-mule teams were plowing on the Walter Pierce ranch, all of which was true. But we also stated that Walter was not doing the plowing—that he, in fact, was riding on horseback watching the other fellow plow.

As time goes on and truth comes out—as truth always does—it seems Walter really did plow. He says so himself and that settles it. So we have credited the ex-senator with 400 acres of land plowed with his own hands this winter, which is not bad for a record to be sent up to the White House in these piping days of democratic times. We do not wish to libel anyone and least of all Senator Pierce, hence we hasten to make this

correction and ask every rancher in the valley to write on the wall just above where the shotgun hangs, "W. M. Pierce plowed 400 acres of land, himself handling the plow, in the month of January, 1914."

ONCE HERE, THEY WILL COME BACK.

Opie Reed said, "to drink the waters at Caney Fork meant to return to the place."

We say, "to stop in the Grande Ronde valley for a few days when looking over the country means to return here."

There may be exceptions to this rule, but we have many proofs of its truthfulness. For instance, take Mr. Oxner, who has just purchased the Coolidge paint store. He came on a little trip, stayed a few days, and ever since taking his departure he has been trying to get back. He succeeded in establishing himself in La Grande, and he will not regret it, for there are few places as good and no place better.

The Commercial club dinner last evening was an event that is worth while and should be repeated often. In fact, it was indicative of a revival in the club activities. This idea was certainly prompted when John Collier acted as toastmaster and presiding officer of the evening. Mr. Collier's work in public life has heretofore always brought results and the Observer is pleased to see the campaign being instituted in the hands of such men as Mr. Collier, Mr. Reynolds and the other members of the present executive board.

Mr. Perley's moving picture show continues to do business in the railroad yards. It is without question one of the best moves any railroad company ever made to send out such an instruction to its employes and the general public. "Safety first" is a slogan that will not die and it will be more generally observed as the Perley lectures are extended on all the trans-continental lines.

When La Grande people are called upon to vote the refunding bonds, it will not be a case of adding more indebtedness. Rather it will be an instance of carrying what indebtedness we have at less expense and enact a permanent saving on supplies by paying cash instead of promises to pay that run for two and a half years.

Even if the Eastern Oregon bankers who went to Portland to see McAdoo did not succeed in getting the regional bank located in the Oregon metropolis, they all admit that the five dollar banquet was worth while.

More royalty in the way of uniforms was displayed at the Elks ball than all the king's horses could pull. It was an event that "hit the purple" to use the language of Emerson.

Really, that snow storm Press Lewis was talking about on the Atlantic has had about time to reach the Grande Ronde.

SEVERE SUFFERING ENDURED

Three Men Believed to Have Drowned While Women Wait In Crib.

Chicago, Feb. 6.—Half frozen from exposure, Mrs. May Smith and May Wade, spent seven frightful hours alone in a crib two miles off the shore of Lake Michigan last night, until they were rescued early this morning by a fire tug. In the meantime three men are thought to have perished in an attempt to rescue the two women with a rowboat. The women admitted that they had spent the day with the tender of the crib, William Channell, Jr., and Stephen Varley, a merchant, guest of Channell. Late in the evening Channell and Varley rowed ashore to pick up Lefty

Women Multiply Their Trouble.

The popularity of bridge has swept all records so far this season. Any prominent society dame gets an average of, say, one invitation per afternoon. This she could manage beautifully were the invitations for successive dates. But suppose they bunch themselves so that she gets a half dozen for the same afternoon? Society, through necessity, has evolved a novel plan to meet this. It is the substitute. By the operation of this plan, the much-rushed society woman is enabled to enjoy her afternoon of bridge at the house she chooses, secure in the knowledge that she is being represented by her proxies in five other homes. Bridge for bridge's sake has resulted, for the invasion of the proxy has done away with the social aspect to a marked degree. But the proxy player has come to stay, as she is a necessity in the strenuous life of the social swim.

Tragedy in Women's Hats.

There is a tragedy in every woman's hat. It seems almost as cruel to pay girls who make the dainty flowers in France a pittance as to kill the birds of brilliant plumage in Brazil. Thirty cents a day, 20 and 15, with an occasional 75 for rare skill in making roses, deducting for loss of time and slack work, tells the story of wretchedness and woe. Summed up the average is not far from \$60 a year on which to support existence. American lovers of French millinery will be amazed at the wages paid young women in France gifted with deft fingers and rare taste, especially when they take the prices charged for Parisian hats into consideration.

Sickness Caused by Wireless.

Wireless operators, particularly on shipboard, are subject to an anemic condition that manifests itself in pallor, loss of appetite and headaches. Blood tests show a diminished number of red corpuscles.

It has been customary to charge this to the poor quarters many of the wireless operators occupy. But it now seems that the presence of too much ozone in the confined air and the presence of electric currents of high frequency exercise a bad effect that as yet is poorly defined.

The same condition has been observed among the electricians at great power stations like that at Niagara.

He Wanted Better Odds.

The first time Bill, the farm hand, ever complained of feeling sick his boss sent him to town with the address of a doctor he knew. Bill came back next day and reported:

"Well, I took my medicine, but not from that doctor you sent me to—no, sirree!"

"Why not? Couldn't you find him?" "Oh, I found his place, all right, with his name on a brass plate on the door. But underneath the name it said '10 to 1.' I wa'n't goin' to take no such risks as that. There was another doctor next door, and his sign read '8 to 5.' The odds was so much better that I went to him."

Glimpse into the Future.

He was a young man—a candidate for an agricultural constituency—and he was sketching in glowing colors to the audience of rural voters the happy life the laborer would lead under an administration for the propagation of sweetness and light. "We have not yet three acres and a cow, but it will come. Old age pensions are still of the future, but they will come." Similarly every item of his comprehensive program was indorsed by the same cry. Then he went on to talk of prison reforms. "I have not yet personally," he said, "been inside a criminal lunatic asylum." The: there was a voice from the back of the hall: "But it will come."

Stung!

The automobilist, after several times losing his way, found himself on an unknown road, at midnight. Where he was he could not even guess. At length he came to what appeared to be a signpost. He fumbled in his pocket, and brought out his box of matches. Luckily there was one left.

Carefully and slowly he toiled up the signpost, and at the top struck the match to see what was written thereon. The flickering glare of the match showed these words: "Try Tinker's Tablets."

Wilson, Channell's assistant, and later the three rowed back to the crib, but half way the boat struck ice. The search light picked them up as they struggled in the ice floe. Tugs were sent to the rescue but navigation was difficult on account of the heavy cakes of ice that floated about and before they reached the crib the three men had disappeared. It is believed the boat was crushed by the ice, and that the men perished.

LEARN WHAT THE EARTH IS

Here is the Proper Definition Fresh From the Pen of a Humorist.

The earth is a ball, so situated in a region called space as to get the full benefit of the sun on bright days and of the moon on romantic nights. It is somewhat larger than a baseball, but not so important. It is not so large as a fixed star, but is much closer and of a much pleasanter climate. It is not so flashy as a charity ball, but much more efficient.

It has two poles of which we are certain, because they are vouched for by explorers; a center of which we are not certain because it is vouched for merely by scientists; an equator and an axis which are imaginary; Christian Scientists, which are imaginative; and mathematicians, which are unimaginative. It is inhabited by people, husbands and other insects, animalcules and bacteria. It is connected with the rest of space by sound waves, light waves, wireless apparatus with instruments at the sending end only, telescopes and prayers. It has recently endeavored to exaggerate its ego by the use of aeroplanes. The earth is highly recommended as both a summer and a winter resort for well-to-do persons. Favorable terms to desirable parties.—Pulitzer's Magazine.

TYPES THAT ARE SIMILAR

Stupid or Thoughtless Man May Well Be Actuated by the Same Principle.

There are some men formed with feelings so blunt, with tempers so cold and phlegmatic, that they can hardly be said to be awake during the whole course of their lives. Upon such persons the most striking objects make a faint and obscure impression.

There are others so continually in the agitation of gross and merely sensual pleasures, or so occupied in the low drudgery of avarice, or so heated in the chase of honors and distinction, that their minds, which had been used continually to the storms of these violent and tempestuous passions, can hardly be put in motion by the delicate and refined play of the imagination.

These men, though, from a different cause, become as stupid and insensible as the former, but whenever either of these happen to be struck with any natural elegance or greatness, or with these qualities in any work of art, they are moved upon the same principle.—Edmund Burke.

TOO MUCH MONEY LOCKED UP

Antics of Man With Pockets Full of Cash Led to His Arrest in a Southern Town.

Asheville, N. C.—W. V. Lyons, claiming to be from New York, and carrying a large sum of money, was taken into custody at the request of relatives, and is being held pending an inquiry into his sanity.

Lyons came here about two weeks ago to visit his sister, Mrs. Sam Novitch. While here he bought several valuable pieces of property for which he paid. He publicly criticized officials of the city, declaring his intention of removing the present mayor and stopping publication of the newspapers.

Then he had cards printed and hired boys to distribute them, declaring at the same time his intention of dismissing the whole police force. The police, at the request of relatives, took him into custody.

GIRL AND DOG NAB BURGLAR

William Bastian, Frisco Man, Said to Have Netted \$200,000 From Operations.

San Francisco.—A pretty girl and a bulldog captured a prize burglar here. He is William Bastian, who for five years has lived with his young sister Josephine, in a richly furnished house on the proceeds, the police say, of robberies that have netted him \$200,000. Bank books showing balances at various banks of more than \$10,000 were found at his residence, where his sister was arrested. Bastian was crossing a back yard after having robbed, it is said, a nearby house.

Prince, a pet bulldog, nabbed the man and held on until his mistress, Miss Jennie Debrunner, summoned the police.

Dead Man's Ashes in Campaign.

New York.—The ashes of Gus Ruhlin, the noted pugilist, are being used by his widow in her fight against the re-election of Alderman Otto Gelbke of Queens county. At a political rally Mrs. Ruhlin held up the urn containing the ashes of her husband and said: "I am here to speak for my dead husband. If Gus were alive he would be here to speak for himself."

Read the advertisements too.

- California Rhubarb Cabbage
Cauliflower Turnips
Sweet Potatoes Rutabago
Celery Parsnips
Head Lettuce Bananas
Hot House Lettuce Grape Fruit
Oranges

Ehman's Green, Ripe Olives In The Bottle and Bulk

SWIFT'S

Premium Hams and Bacon

The City

Grocery AND Bakery

The Home of Fancy Groceries

E. POLACK, Prop.

Mrs. M. McCord Dead.

Baker, Feb. 5.—The sudden death early yesterday morning of Mrs. Harvey McCord, who passed away shortly after 3 o'clock at her home on Washington street, threw a gloom over the entire community, as the deceased was a native of Baker, spent her whole life here and was known personally by the greater number of Baker people. She had returned home from the Elks' ball with her husband, Harvey McCord, of the Basche-Sage Hardware company, they having attended the band concert and dance. She retired about midnight and made no complaint that she was not feeling all right. Soon after going to bed she began to breathe heavily, and Mr. McCord was unable to arouse her. Physicians were summoned but their efforts to help were fruitless, and she passed away without regaining consciousness. Acute kidney trouble was the immediate cause of her death. The funeral will be conducted by Rev. Owen F. Jones at her late home, 1425 Washington street, at 2:30 tomorrow (Friday) afternoon.

BOOSTED UP THE PRICE

When You Come to Think of It the Article Was Worth the Increased Amount.

Hot and stuffy was the auction room, and packed, too—yes, even packed to its utmost capacity.

Suddenly through the crowd pressed a large, important-looking person and held converse with the auctioneer—converse, low, deep and awe-inspiring.

Then up spake the auctioneer to the multitude assembled: "Gentlemen," he said, "I am informed that a pocketbook has been lost in this hall tonight containing £200 in bank notes."

A great hush fell upon the assembly. "Yes," continued the custodian of the hammer, "and, owing to other valuable documents it contains, the gentleman will offer £50 to anyone who returns it, while no questions will be asked."

Again a silence, deep and unbroken. Then a fellow at the rear of the hall spoke up: "I bid £51," he said.—Answers.

La Grande National Bank

Organized in 1887.

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

Capital \$100,000.00
Surplus \$140,000.00
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