

## THE OBSERVER

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## MR. ANDERSON AND CITY OFFICIALS.

In a communication from the pen of Logan E. Anderson, which was printed in last evening's issue of the Observer, there was much to be gained by careful reading.

Mr. Anderson admits that probably things are not as they should be in Cove, as in many other places, but urges the Observer and others not to yell themselves hoarse over conditions until Cove people have a chance to clean up, or words to that effect.

This is exactly what the Observer has done—followed Mr. Anderson's idea by editorially calling attention of our friends over there to the public dances where unquestionably there were lax morals, to the young people who have ceased to regard proper sex dignity, and in as decent a way as possible tried to state to the outside world that Cove would clean herself up, for the great majority of people living in and around the Cove do not believe in the "rough stuff."

When Mr. Anderson points to the ease with which accusations are made and how difficult it is to get those accusations backed by fact sufficiently to prosecute, he is eminently correct in his stand. That very attitude is a weakness of the human family. Very often strong assertions flow from the mouths of those which under no consideration will stand fire and make the charges stick, or furnish evidence for the officials to make the proper kind of prosecution.

"But, where there is so much smoke there must be some fire," according to the old adage. When the last grand jury was in session unpleasant actions were reported of some Cove people and a few indictments were returned, hence the belief that conditions have not been first class by any means, and in fact fostering the belief that social affairs have in some instances been below what they should have been.

Cove does not need the governor nor Miss Hobbs to cleanse her, for all in the world the governor need have done was to call the city council's attention to the letters he had received and action would have followed.

It is another case where the governor must give a subject for the moving picture films. With him, it seems the making of subject matter for the picture houses comes first and law enforcement second.

However, to return to the communication of Mr. Anderson, it strikes us very forcefully that the police power in Cove has not been of sufficient size and we believe that when the whole matter is sifted down Mr. Anderson will find this to be the cause of the lax law enforcement.

## JUDGE KNOWLES A CANDIDATE.

It is announced that Judge J. W. Knowles, of La Grande, will be a candidate to succeed himself on the circuit court bench, and it is doubtful if there is a man in the district better qualified for the place than Judge Knowles. His decisions have generally been considered fair and impartial, his reversals few, and his general conduct of the office satisfactory to the people of the district. It will be difficult to find a man who can defeat Judge Knowles for the nomination or in the race for election.

The above editorial, copied from the Republican, appeared in Monday's

issue of the Observer, marked "paid advertisement." This was error because Judge Knowles has not paid for the publication of said editorial or agreed to pay for the same. The editorial copied from the Republican was marked "paid advertisement" under an erroneous impression.

## CRANKS AT SEA.

Some of the Things With Which Captains Have to Contend.

"Panic, more or less suppressed, seizes many passengers on an ocean liner when anything out of the ordinary happens," said the ship's officer. "Often they are cranks who seem to be obsessed with the belief that their opinions will help navigate the ship, and who pursue the engineer or the captain with incessant advice."

"On our last trip, which was very rough, one old gentleman tried to reach the bridge where the captain was and had to be halted by force. 'But I want to ask the captain about the crew,' he fumed. 'Is the crew trustworthy? What shall we do if we sink? What shall I tell my wife?'"

"Two sailors were detailed to take him below with instructions to remain and answer his questions."

"When we reached port his first act was to call on the president of the steamship company for the purpose of giving notice that he would never travel on another ship of their line. Said he:

"It was only by a miracle that any of your passengers reached port at all. In the midst of all that storm, with the sea threatening to swallow us all, your captain stunk away where not a soul could reach him."

"I call that negligence!"—New York Times.

## LOST HIS OWN CASE.

An Unfortunate Contradiction That Queered Him in Court.

A Cleveland lawyer tells a story about a woman from the country who wanted a divorce. When the case got into court the judge, disregarding for the moment the technical grounds, tried to find out the real reason for the lady's desire to be separated from the man she had lived with for so many years. The man himself was in court with a lawyer, and it looked as if he was going to fight the case.

"Mrs. Dash," said the judge, "tell me what fault you have to find with your husband."

"He is a liar, a brute, a thief and a brainless fool!" answered the lady promptly.

"Put, put!" exclaimed his honor. "You could hardly prove all that."

"Prove it? Why, everybody knows it!"

"If you knew it, why did you marry him?"

"I didn't know it before I married him."

Then the husband spoke for the first time.

"She did, too!" he shouted.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Answered the Call.

Floors castle, home of the Duke of Roxburgh, was the scene of a curious psychological mystery over a century ago. Sir Walter Scott relates the incident. John, third Duke of Roxburgh, who died in 1804, the celebrated book collector, when arranging his library employed neither a secretary nor a librarian, but a footman called Archie, who knew every book as a shepherd does each sheep of his flock. There was a bell hung in the duke's room at Floors which was used on no occasion except to call Archie to his study. The duke died in St. James' square at a time when Archie was himself sinking under a mortal complaint. On the day of the funeral the library bell suddenly rang violently. The dying Archie sat up in bed and faltered: "Yes, my lord duke, yes, I will wait on your grace instantly." And with these words on his lips he fell back in bed and died.—St. James' Gazette.

## No Joke at All.

Reginald came into the club in a highly excited state one afternoon and drew an acquaintance aside into a corner of the lounge.

"What do you think?" said he. "I went to see that broker fellow Rosenwasser and asked for a loan of \$1,000 to tide me over. If you'll believe me the broker said all he could spare was 50 cents."

"Never mind, Reggie," replied the acquaintance soothingly, "that was just Rosenwasser's little joke."

"Joke! You call it a joke, do you? Look here! Here's the 50 cents."—New York Post.

## Rough on Ellen.

Among the quaint scrapbooks of the late Clyde Fitch there was one devoted entirely to typographical errors.

One of these errors appeared in a criticism of Ellen Terry. The reviewer wrote, "Her love of Portia made acting easy." The sentence appeared in the paper as "Her love of port made acting easy."—Florida Times-Union.

## Trapping a Coyote.

The coyote is one of the slickest and hardest of all fur bearing animals to trap. He delights in digging up traps, springing them, eating the bait and otherwise disturbing the set without getting caught. His sense of smell is very acute. The best way to trap him is to build a bonfire over the set after the traps have been properly placed. Throw into the embers some bacon rinds, chicken bones or, better yet, bones of sage hen or grouse. The coyote habitually searches about campfires for stray bits of meat and is therefore less wary. The fire obliterates the traces of the set, eliminates the tracks and smell of a human being, and the odor of the burned meat will attract him from a long distance. He is more likely to walk into the trap thus disguised with the remnants of a campfire than any other unless you have a carcass literally surrounded with traps with a severe winter on and no other carcasses within miles.—W. F. Wilcox in Farm and Fireside.

## Meeting Mrs. Spider.

In "Insect Biographies With Pen and Camera" the author pictures the plight of the unlucky fly who has entered Mrs. Spider's parlor:

It is struggling to escape from the unexpected net which in some mysterious manner has suddenly enveloped it when a creature of terrible aspect hastily rushes out upon it. Eight head-like eyes glare wildly upon the terrified fly. A large, hairy and bristly finger-like pulpus on each side of this appalling face waves and flourishes with angry menace in the air, apparently quivering with malignant glee. Then one of those combed and clawed feet is stretched toward the hapless prisoner, and the threads that hold the fly are suddenly tightened up as the monster pulls them together. Then the spinnerets eject a shower of silken strands over the fly, and it is spun round and round on the threads that hold it until at last it is securely enveloped, still alive, in silken bonds.

## Artistic Temperament Cured.

It will be news to many of her myriads of admirers to hear that that noble artist Titlens "used to suffer from a bad temper, and in these outbursts she felt a strong desire to smash anything that came handy." How Titlens was ultimately cured of the habit Mr. Ganz relates in his reminiscences: "She was sitting at supper after a concert in a provincial town when the manager made some remark which annoyed her. As usual, she took the first thing that came to hand, a soda water bottle, and flung it at him. The manager was sitting at the table with his back to the window. The bottle missed him, smashed through the window and nearly killed a casual passerby. This, said Titlens, gave her such a shock that she was completely cured of her failing."—Pall Mall Gazette.

## Clear Seeing Massenet.

Critics have not yet assigned the late M. Massenet his permanent niche in the temple of fame, but most of them agree that he was a charming, although not a great, composer. He had one quality of character, however, which is not the invariable accompaniment of genius, musical and other—he could appreciate genius in others. An anecdote taken from the Paris Figaro attests it:

A critic was indulging in extravagant praise of Massenet to his face and wound up his flattery:

"Wagner! What was he? His talent is most absurdly exaggerated. I have to pick and choose among a lot of rubbish in Wagner."

"Is that so?" commented Massenet suavely. "I should be quite happy with what you leave."

## Birds.

The first "birds" were not much like those of the present time. The pterodactyl, supposed to be the pioneer of bird life, was a great feather winged monster, with great spurs on the hinges of the wings and a mouth full of sharklike teeth. The pterodactyl did not sing, and could we have seen him we would not have felt like singing ourselves. True birds, and especially the warblers, are very late in geologic time. There was no bird music in the carboniferous jungles. The singers, in all probability did not greatly antedate the human race.—New York American.

## Where Sentiment Stops.

Mary Johnson in her book "Hagar" has Mrs. Green, one of the characters, reply to the heroine's wish that she could make money by saying: "It ain't easy for women to make money. There's more ways they can't than they can. It's what they call 'sentiment' fights them. Sentiment don't mind their being industrious, but it draws the line at their getting money for it."

## A White Hope.

"I have a mind to give you a good whipping!" exclaimed the impatient father.

"Well," replied the athletic youth, "maybe you can, but if you succeed it will be some item for the sports page."—Washington Star.



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## A GARDEN TRAMP.

Travel of the Smiling Daisy From the Old World to the New.

Tradition has it that from the early garden of Governor John Endicott in Salem, Massachusetts, came what is now perhaps the commonest field flower in the United States. Few persons, writes Grace Tabor in "Old Fashioned Gardening," know that the pestiferous white weed, the jubilant, smiling daisy, is an imported exotic.

From this old dooryard garden it has danced to the music of the east wind straight across the land, up and down the meadows, through the long grass and the short grass, along every highway and every byway. Wherever man has gone it has followed gayly. Often it has driven him completely out of the fields he has made.

That Endicott valued the daisy enough to bring it with him to the new England from the old marks him as a man of taste, for this flower had in ancient days "found its way into the trimmest gardens; the greenswards and arbours were 'powdered' with daisies" and Chaucer wrote of it in superlatives. It is not native to England, either, however, but came from the continent, or perhaps by way of the continent, from an original home still farther east, in northern Asia.

## An Elephant's Appetite.

Since the elephant's digestive functions are very rapid it requires a large amount of fodder daily—about 600 pounds in most cases. In its wild state the elephant feeds heartily, but waste fully. It is careful in selecting the few forest trees that it likes for their bark or foliage, but it will tear down branches and leave half of them untouched. It will strip off the bark from other trees and throw away a large portion. As it is a nocturnal animal, it selects its trees by the senses of touch and smell. Its sense of smell is said to be so delicate that wild elephant can wind an enemy at a distance of a thousand yards, and the nerves of its trunk are so sensitive that the smallest substance can be discovered and picked up by its tiny proboscis.—Harper's Weekly.

## Stern George Washington.

Etiquette at the White House has never been so severe as in the days of Washington. The first American president had a code of observances drawn up, with which all persons coming into contact with him were expected to make themselves acquainted. He expected well nigh as much deference as royalty. At receptions he greeted all comers with a stately bow, but never deigned to shake hands, and nobody was allowed to address him until he took the initiative. The gentlemen ushers in attendance were expected to see these rules observed. Washington never visited a private house, and at his own dinner parties the protocol stipulated that "the president does not remain at the table drinking after the cloth is removed."—London Chronicle.

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