

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS, Editor and Owner.

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FOR OUR MEN CHILDREN.

Chicago has a new court for boys too old to be classed as juveniles and too young to be treated at responsible men. This court will have jurisdiction over boys between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one.

The idea responsible for the establishment of juvenile courts is that boys and girls should be protected from the influences and environment of criminal courts. It is held that at their impressionable ages the stigma of appearing with hardened offenders before a judge is like to have a permanently injurious effect on character.

The London suffragets have begun to hurl bottles. Next the dazed English male may see small hot birds flying through the air.

Man is never literal in the expression of his ideas except in matters most trivial. Very often man's words are not a language at all, but merely a vocal gesture of the dumb. They may indicate, but do not express, his thoughts.

An article by A. Howard in the Agricultural Journal of India describes the attempts made at the Pusa experimental station to protect field crops from injury by the roots of neighboring trees, by digging a deep trench each year between the trees and the adjacent cultivated area.

The plain good sense upon which the new court—the only one of its kind in the world thus far—is founded will lead the public to follow its future progress with keen interest.

OLD STYLES RETURN.

England is said to have gone mad for antiques. Old wax flowers and wax fruit under glass and white stone figure and vases are in great demand and are bringing large prices at the antique shops.

service and hot water kettles are very popular.

Most important of all, however, the old horsehair furniture of the Victorian era has returned. Early Victorian drawing room chairs inlaid with mother-of-pearl and having gilt designs are fetching big prices.

The present generation just growing up will have no recollection of horsehair furniture, but it occupies an important place in the recollection of those now in middle age. Fully many an equine quadruped gave up his or her innocent young life to decorate the palace of years ago.

The return of the old-fashioned furnishings, long barred from polite society as hideous and impracticable, only mark another phase in the every shifting status of civilization. In England such a thing as a return to antiques is possible, as England is full of them.

Some people are very touchy. There is a man in Youngstown who refuses to ride in the pay-as-you-enter cars as he thinks they cast a reflection on his credit.

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When James Tufts, now managing editor of the San Francisco Evening Post, was news editor of the old morning Call of that city he had a two paragraph rule that was one of life's little irritations for his copy readers.

One of the chorus girls came upon the stage after the rehearsal had been under way more than a half hour. The manager said, with all the tenderness of a buzz saw:

"Do you know that you are very late? What excuse have you got to offer?"

"I didn't bring it with me," she answered.

"Bring what?" thundered the manager.

"My excuse. I left it at home. You see, I got married yesterday, but I didn't think you wanted to see my husband."

The manager tried to suppress a grin. "We'll proceed with the rehearsal. Your excuse is sufficient."—Exchange.

The Scrap Book

An Humble Joker. "Humphry Ward, the husband of the well known novelist, likes to joke about his nonentity."

The speaker was a New York magazine editor. "Humphry Ward, they tell me," the editor went on, "once entered his wife's study while she was out and glanced over the manuscript upon her writing desk."

"He read the sentence, 'She swept the room with a bright, fresh glance,' and, taking up a pencil, he wrote on the margin of the page, 'If she would only sweep the room with a bright, fresh broom!'"

"Reading on, he came to, 'She touched a button, and a footman appeared.' His marginal note to this was: 'Alas! She will never touch a button!'"

"And now he came upon the sentence, 'She decided to mend her ways.' And again he wrote: 'Hopeless! She'll never mend anything!'"

Be not afraid, young hands. The work the world would have you do is measured by the time and strength allotted unto you.

Be not afraid, young eyes. The mists that strain the glance of youth freshen the morning rose that crowns the sunny hills of truth.

Be not afraid, young lips. The words that falter on your tongue strike to the heart of men because they are so fresh and young.

Be not afraid, young heart. The hope when all your dreams begin is strong enough to choose a goal and big enough to win.

Tale of a Tub. In "A Motor Tour Through Canada" the author tells this story, as it was told him at the club in Regina, of a man who had been caught by a cyclone while taking a bath.

His bathroom was instantaneously demolished, and before he could scramble out of his tub he found himself sailing over the city on the breeze at a fifty knot clip. He was always a man of quick resources and ready expediency. That's why, no doubt, the cyclones picked him out of the crowd.

Two Chinamen, Chung and Kung, were warming themselves before an open stove. Chung, who was remarkable for his coolness and loquacity, said to Kung, who was an exceedingly hot headed person: "My dear Kung, there is something that I should like very much to say to you. It relates to a circumstance I have observed for a little time past and have desired to mention to you; but, bearing in mind the somewhat fiery and quarrelsome disposition that is commonly attributed to you, I have hesitated to express myself. However, I have at last resolved that if I do not mention the matter to you I shall do wrong, and I have consequently determined to ask your permission to speak to you about it."

"Well, what is it?" "Your coat, my dear Kung," said Chung quietly, "is on fire." "For pity's sake!" exclaimed Kung angrily, jumping up and finding his coat nearly burned off. "Why in the world didn't you tell me before?" "There it goes. What a frightful temper!" Chung murmured as he moved away. "Folk told me quite right about you."

Kept to the Rule. When James Tufts, now managing editor of the San Francisco Evening Post, was news editor of the old morning Call of that city he had a two paragraph rule that was one of life's little irritations for his copy readers.

Dear Mr. Tufts—This is to give notice that I wish to leave at the end of the week. I wish to thank you for your courtesy and kindness while I have worked for you WILLIAM SWARTHOUT.

Money In His Voice. One of London's smart young men, besides being of the spendthrift order, is an excellent mimic and can imitate his father's gruff voice to a nicety.

One of London's smart young men, besides being of the spendthrift order, is an excellent mimic and can imitate his father's gruff voice to a nicety. Not long ago he wanted without delay an amount of money, and he knew that the father would treat a request with cold contempt. Waiting till he was sure that his father would be away, he went to a telephone call



Only 5 Days Till Easter!

Have You Realized How Near the time for bright new wearing apparel has approached. If there is ever a time when clothes, battered and faded with a winter's wear, clash with the landscape, its on a bright Easter Sunday.

Half the Enjoyment of Spring is in having clothes that harmonize with the season's radiant freshness—Clothes that will grace the Easter promenade. You'll find them here—new Suits just arrived in the following well known makes of High Grade, Ready-to-wear.

Society Brand Suits. For young men and men who stay young. \$20.00 to \$27.50. Benjamin Washington Suits. The Clothing with the exclusive New York Style. \$20.00 to \$30.00.

Hirsch Wickwire Suits. America's finest ready-to-wear clothes. \$25.00 and up. Fidelity \$15.00 Suits. The utmost value ever offered at the price. Guaranteed all pure wool fabrics.



We're also showing all the other wearable and accessories that the well dressed man needs these days.

See the new Hats, Shoes, Shirts, neckties etc., that are here in exclusive styles and shades.

PICTURES IN THE PAPER.

First Crude Attempts to Illustrate Events of the Day.

It is a little surprising to learn that the first journal to give illustrations with any frequency was the Mercurius Civilius, which came out during the civil war in England with portraits of Charles I. and his queen, Cromwell and his officers and Prince Rupert. More elaborate pictures dealing with the war were, however, left to the pamphlets of that time.

With the eighteenth century the art of illustrating actualities grew. Caricatures abounded, now of the Jacobites, now of the south sea bubble or similar exciting events. The Daily Post of 1740 afforded an example of a daily paper attempting to illustrate a current event.

Acrid Iks—Dey say dat steady drip pin' o' water 'll wear away a stone. Dreamy Pete—Jes' tink, den, w'd happen t' a man's stomach by pourin' glassfuls inter it.

Strange Bed. New Boarder—I didn't sleep well last night. Landlady—Strange bed, I presume. New Boarder—Yes; strangest bed I ever slept in!

What we get we must earn if it is to be truly ours.—David Starr Jordan.

JUST COAX THE SPRING.

How to Start a Clock After Winding It Too Tightly.

If in winding a clock actuated by a spring you have given the key a turn too much and so have wound the spring so tight that the clock won't run you don't have to take the clock to a clock-maker to have the spring unwound. You can start it yourself if you will go about it the right way and exercise a little patience.

Jarring or shaking the clock does no good. What you want to do is to hold it up and turn it right and left quickly, but gently, to oscillate the balance wheel. The object of this, of course, is to set the clock in action and free the spring from the binding restraint upon it, give the spring a little play, a chance to exercise its own power.

With your first oscillation the balance wheel will stop after half a dozen ticks, but that has helped. Keep this up for ten or fifteen minutes and you will then have given the clock spring play enough to enable it to exert its own power and keep the clock going.—New York Sun.

VOICE CULTIVATION.

It is Said That the Average American Needs It Badly.

The American voice lacks cadence. The touch of harmony is lacking. In depth or shrillness its strongest quality is monotony of tone.

In conversation it is colorless, and half of the resources of the vocal cords are unused or undeveloped. A strident, high pitched, nasal voice falls in saying any good thing well.

Excitement sends it up to a screaming pitch, but self control will lower it again, and its playground should be through the varying harmonies or cadences of five notes.

According to Thomas Wentworth Higginson, our English cousins put more cadence, more up and down, into an inquiry, "What time is it?" than Americans would into the announcement that a president was shot.

The St. James Chronicle in 1765 presented its readers with an illustration of a strange wild animal that had created much excitement in France, but this illustration was obviously imaginary.

The Gentlemen's Gazette in 1751 gave a portrait of Edward Bright, a record fat man. In the Town and Country Magazine in 1773 there appeared portraits of the principals in a famous scandal.—New York Sun.

Your job printing. Have it done at the Observer office.

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

Read the advertisements too.