

THE OBSERVER

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WELCOME, JOHN, WELCOME.

Our old friend, John P. McManus, who has of late years solved the problem of making money out of a small newspaper, has entered the daily field at Pendleton by purchasing the Live Wire from George Robbins.

He enters the Pendleton field with his fearless pen and henceforth look out for the sharp McManus paragraphs, for he is one of the ablest men of the northwest.

Running a newspaper as an "organ" has had its day and no one knows it better than John McManus. What he runs in Pendleton will be a live, fearless newspaper.

We wish him unbounded success. He deserves it.

THE BUNCH OF GOVERNORS.

Oregon has a bunch of men aspiring to be governor and the strange feature is that every mother son of them really thinks he is the chosen one to sit in the state house and cut down taxes, wallop various commissions, name delegates to irrigation and dry farming congresses and otherwise make himself famous.

As a matter of common knowledge they cannot all win. Only one man will come forth from the November fight with the word success written across his banner, if he has a banner.

Then why this optimism? It is because of the hypocrisy of the ordinary voter, who without thinking of the far-reaching effect of his words, urges this one and that one to get in for he is the man for the place? And the average voter does not mean to be a hypocrite. He wants to be fair, but he has seen the folly of looking a friend in the eye who has been inoculated with the office germ and telling him the truth.

So, it has reached a stage where

primaries mean nothing whatever—only a field scramble, a hurdle race. This year men have announced their candidacy for office and surprised those closest to them.

But why have all this fuss about primaries? Some of the candidates will never think they have been beaten fairly on May 15th and they will run independent, so why not have one general shake-off in November and let every sucker who wants to enter the race with the high man out elected? Think of what a saving it would be in money; think of what saving it would be in time for you would not be bothered with signing petitions twice each year, neither would you have to listen to the stories of these men's lives.

Portland is forcing a few of her good citizens to run for the legislature, which is not a bad idea. Among those who have been pressed into service are Ben Selling and Dr. Andrew C. Smith, two of the best citizens of the metropolis and both of them men whom the entire state of Oregon can trust.

Oregon's flagpole which weighs 93,000 pounds is soon to be raised at San Francisco. Now, the work on the exposition can proceed with some effect for it is no longer questioned that Oregon will do her part for the big show.

Pendleton grabbed \$120,000 instead of \$70,000 for her federal building, due to the untiring efforts of Nick Sinnott, congressman from this district. And Pendleton did not vote very heavy for Nick, either.

BOY COURT WINS.

the municipal or criminal courts. In the words of Judge Scully, the intention of the Boys' Court is to "save a boy from himself and from society for the benefit of both."

The offenders brought before Judge Scully are made to feel that the court stands ready to help them out of their difficulties if they will "play square." The court recognizes the "spirit of adventure" that pervades the nature of every healthy lad and does not seek to curb it, but rather to direct this potential force along the right lines, to win the youth's friendship and to make him know he is to be directed along the path of good citizenship.

The boy brought before the court is shown that there are many, many ways for the spirit of adventure to express itself that do not conflict with the law, but, even more, mean health and strength of body and mind, and increased efficiency and usefulness. When the first impulse of the sport brings the boy into court, he is not sentenced as a malefactor, although he may be punished by confinement. His sentence does not carry him among hardened criminals, from whom he may absorb the real spirit toward law and not animosity toward law and order, but gives him a chance to prove that he can be an upright, honorable citizen.

"If a boy is sent to jail," said Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, who was one of the agitators for the establishment of the Boys' Court, "there is every chance to believe he will emerge a hardened criminal, his life warped and wrecked by evil associates and surroundings. It has been well said that the jails of this country are post-graduate schools of crime—attendance compulsory."

The advisability of maintaining a public defender of all boys brought into this court is being seriously considered. His work would be to find out all the extenuating circumstances

and to act with the public prosecutor for the best interests of the defendant as well as society.

FURY BROKE LOOSE.

Tourists in Milan Thought it Meant Wholesale Assassination.

"There is something most refreshing to the colder northern races in the excitable and volatile Latins," said George Hamlin recently. "We had a delightful exhibition of this quality when we first reached Milan. We entered a cafe celebrated as much for the artists who frequent it as for its excellent cuisine and had barely given our order when our attention was attracted to a nearby table, where two diners were engaged in what was evidently a very serious discussion.

"Presently the voices grew louder and more passionate, and the two men looked positively violent as they half rose from their seats and glared at each other ferociously across the table. We became decidedly uneasy. Vendettas, stilettoes and such Italian appurtenances are all picturesque enough in grand opera, but we did not care to have our dinner punctuated with deeds of carnage.

"In the meantime all the other diners had stopped eating and were gazing with interest toward the scene of altercation. Gradually they abandoned their dinners altogether and came over to take sides with the disputants. Even the waiters forsook their posts and attached themselves to one side or the other. 'Surely,' we thought anxiously, 'this quarrel must involve the honor of the whole nation.'

"By this time the din was fearful. A score or more of excited men were shouting at each other across the small table, brandishing furious fists in each other's faces and looking like bloodshed and murder. Our soup cooled untasted before us; all appetite had vanished. We clung to our chairs, too terror stricken to flee for our lives, even though we felt a desperate conviction that a massacre was at hand and our minutes were numbered.

"Finally one of the crowd pounded on the table vigorously and yelled some noises which sounded like a pack of firecrackers exploding. There was an instant's silence, and then the whole lot of them, waiters and all, bolted out the front door.

"We breathed an immeasurable relief. At least the scene of slaughter was transferred and our skins were safe. Just then our waiter reluctantly returned, though he made it plain that his duty to us was a decided bore.

"'Was it a feud, a vendetta?' we asked, 'and can't the police stop them before they kill each other?'

"And the waiter replied in his own peculiar brand of English. 'It be onlee that they not agree which be the shortest road to La Scala, and so half they go one way and half they go the other to make it prove!'"—Argonaut.

True Success is Unselfish.

It is indeed one of the highest rewards of success—if one understands what success means—to be in the way of putting others on the same road.—H. W. Mable.

A Great Catcher.

Big Em Gross was once the star catcher of the National league and perhaps the heaviest hitting catcher that ever donned a glove.

Em was a great catcher, a wonderful thrower and a grand hitter, but he had his weakness, and that was in catching foul flies. He tried for everything in sight, ran circles around the ball and sometimes speared it, but he never felt at ease when one of those tall twisting faults went up.

He was catching in Providence one day when a Philadelphia batter poked up a fly that looked 500 feet high. There was a wind blowing, and the



IT BOUNDED UP INTO THE AIR.

ball began to twist around in circles, with Em doing a merry-go-round under it. Finally, seeing that it was escaping, he made a desperate effort to turn quickly and fell flat on his back.

Instinctively he threw up his feet and hands to protect his face. The ball struck the sole of his shoe, then it

MANY NEW ARRIVALS IN SPRING STYLES--JUST RECEIVED

New Jet Trimmings

Dame Fashion has placed her stamp of approval on Jet trimmings for this season. We have just received a large showing of the popular bandings, collars, tassels and ornaments.

Mary Jane Slippers Arrived

Many are waiting for this shipment of the season's most popular novelty. Better come and make your selection soon as possible. Price \$2.75 per pair.

The Popular Tan Sneakers

Rubber soles on heels, in the New English last, \$4.00 per pair. See our window of new styles in spring footwear and new shades of hosiery.

Fancy Panama Hats

For Easter in Our Exclusive Millinery Department.

You will enjoy a visit to this wonderful showing of new creations in Easter bonnets, many of them the product of our French Designers' Art. Moderate Prices and Exclusive Styles.

New Silk Coats And Suits

Just received in our Ready-to-Wear Department. Every day sees some new novelty arrive by express or parcels post. Visit this Department Today.

Neckwear for New Keiser Easter. 50c to \$1.50

West & Co THE QUALITY STORE

Spring Straw Hats and Fancy Hat Bands Just Arrived

bounded up into the air, and as it fell again Em reached out and caught it. And next morning the Providence papers had the nerve to say he did it on purpose.—Chicago Tribune.

She Suggested a Reason.

A noted Sunday school worker living in Kansas was once asked to talk to the children of a Sunday school on the subject of temperance. He is very earnest in the cause and wears a bit of blue ribbon as a badge of his principles. Rising before the school, he pointed to his bit of blue ribbon and said, "Now, can any of you children give me a reason why I am not a drunkard?" There was no reply for a moment. Then a child's little voice in the rear of the room piped out, "Cause this is a prohibition town."

AERIAL PANTRIES.

How the Meat Supply is Kept Safe in One Alaskan Town.

"Very patriotic lot of people live here, I see," is the remark made by almost every newcomer to the frontier town of Knik, Alaska, at the head of Cook's inlet, when they see that almost every house is supplied with a flagpole.

And they are right about the patriotism, but it just happens that the poles are not for flags, but for meat.

Knik is on the trail to Iditarod and the Kuskokwim valley, and in the summer the sled dogs and the flies are so thick that it is impossible to keep meat in ordinary caches near the ground.

There is no butcher shop in Knik and the only fresh meat is moose or Alaska sheep brought in by the hunters. It's very handy for the housewives of Knik to have the meat supply of the town up in the air. If hubby has poor luck with his gun and the supply runs out all she has to do is to go to the door, pick out her neighbor who has the largest supply on hand and go borrow a steak or two.

The meat is fastened securely to a pole and it is run up to the top of the pole very much the same as a flag would be.—Milwaukee Journal.

Bullets That Come Back.

Speaking about a purchase of a large quantity of zinc instead of sheet lead for the manufacture of collars, two men interested in metals joined in the following discussion:

"That is a final consumption," said one. "That metal never comes back into the market." "There are others," replied his friend, "shot and bullets, for example." "You are only partially correct," replied the first. "Some of the bullets come back. They are so economical and so well organized in Germany that after military target practice the soldiers have to pick up and account for all the lead they have fired. They are no theorists about conservation over there. They are practical ones."—Engineering and Mining Journal.

of days. Mrs. Calvert formerly lived here but her husband is now agent at Meacham.

For Sale—Near Cove.

J. J. Burbridge of this city left today for Ontario, where he will transact business for a number of days.

Miss Harriet Nichols living with her parents on the corner of M. and 7th, who has been confined to her home on account of an operation, resulting in the removal of her tonsils, is able to be out again.

Mrs. Mary Bellmay left this morning for Elgin, where she will attend the funeral of her brother-in-law Ed Wornstaff who died in that city last Thursday. Mrs. Bellmay's home is in Wyoming.

Frank Pike could not resist the good weather and the lure of the running water and the taste of fish and made a trip to some secluded spot this morning with rod and reel and basket. Mr. Pike usually gets what he goes after in the game fish line.

Mrs. E. M. Calvert of Meacham, returned to that city this morning after visiting at the home of Mrs. J. M. Gibson of this city for a number

The north 260 acres of our 420 acre hillside bunch grass pasture, and cherry land, no improvements, except fencing. Good springs, fine view of valley. The above 260 acres for \$2000 spot cash, and purchaser will have to put in division fence between the said 260 acres and the south 160, as the above price is below cost 25 years ago. MATT W. MITCHELL, Cove, Ore.

The tenth successive year without a forest fire has just been passed by the Powell national forest in South Central Utah.

E. RIESLAND, Plasterer and Contractor. Cement work of all kinds, Foundations and Flue construction. Cement block a specialty. Call and see these blocks at E. C. Davis' Marble Shop. Phone Red 371.

La Grande National Bank

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