

THE OBSERVER

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PLAIN JOHN SHEA.

Thirty-six years in the service of the O.-W. R. & N. with a good record, and now holding a responsible position as head of the air brake instruction car, is the record of John Shea of this city.

Its a fine record and one that will stand out for the emulation of younger men. It is a fitting example to hold up to young men, that perseverance and carefulness, a willingness to do plain ordinary duty day after day, to make orders and follow them, to look to higher things and prepare for them, and show respect to those in authority,—is really the only road to success.

John Shea is quite gray now, but his health is good, his smile is just as cheery and his step almost as elastic as it was twenty years ago. No doubt he was gifted by nature with one of those sturdy Irish constitutions, which weathers any kind of storm, and which laughs at adversity and hardship.

He was born in Salt Lake City and came to this county when a boy of 15. Work on the section developed his muscle and gave him the money requisite to wait for another job that paid more. From that he went to wiping engines, to hostling, firing and lastly engineering which he followed for a period of twenty years. He is now chief on the air brake car and seems good for a number of years still to come.

Evidently Mr. Shea was not burdened with any great dreams that cause some young men to leave a job just about the time they have made themselves useful at it and put themselves in line for promotion. His is a record of solid achievement, one that helps to make him dependable to the company and one which will set his children an example of much worth.

OUT OF DOOR ACTING.

Commencement visitors, hundreds of whom go annually from all over Oregon, will see at the University of Oregon this year a production that has been attempted hitherto by no American university: "King Lear" is to be put on at 7:15 o'clock, Monday, June 15.

This play, which only ten great actors have attempted in the English-speaking world in the last century, is perhaps the heaviest Shakespearean tragedy. The University of Oregon Drama Guild was emboldened to essay it by the success of "Peer Gynt" at the 1913 commencement. Put on before 2,500 persons in a natural woods among the hills back of Eugene, "Peer Gynt" paved the way for the still harder feat of "Lear" in 1914. These commencement plays are open to the public and weeks are spent in preparation, costume-making and rehearsals.

The period of "King Lear" is Britain, about 400 B. C. The presence of Professor Archibald F. Reddie in the University makes the production possible, since he can play "Lear," the mad king. Last year Professor Reddie was "Peer Gynt."

Students who will have the principal parts are as follows: Max Reinhard, Marshfield; Janet Young, The Dalles; Edison Marshfield, Medford; Earl C. Bronaugh, Milwaukie; Carl Naylor, Las Cascades, Canal Zone; Macklinley Helm, Lewiston, Idaho; Clarence Brotherton, Waitsburg, Washington; Miss Norma Dobie, Madison, Wisconsin; Miss Ellice Shearer, Madall Weiss, Clarence

Ash, and George Culton, Portland; Henry Howe, Harold Turner and Elmer Furuset, Eugene.

The play will be on Kincaid field, where there will be accommodations for 3,000 spectators.

The fast expanding work in dramatists at the University is now to be carried over the state under auspices of the Extension division, through organization of dramatic clubs in town or country, and assistance in putting on plays that will aid the community social life and community study.

It's "heads I win" and "tails I also win" in the Benson-McNary race for the supreme bench. Very few candidates have ever been able to run as long in one race as these two jurists. Examination of the Multnomah county records shows one error that changes twenty votes, which if substantiated gives Benson a lead over McNary. In the meantime the people of Oregon are resting comfortably, for with either of these men on the bench the state is not loser.

To promote that "get-together" spirit in Oregon the Republican state committee, in its wisdom, re-elected Charles B Moores as state chairman. This is but another evidence of that far-sightedness which has marked the career of Oregon Republicans and caused such remarkable success for the past ten years.

Every automobile owner in the Grande Ronde valley should volunteer the use of his machine for the Merchant's state convention which is to be held in La Grande on June 24th. If you have not sent word to the committee that your machine is at their disposal on that date do so at once.

The state tax commission announces that it has begun the study of the tax question. A little late, but probably the commission felt it must make some announcement in the face of the storm of protests that is going up all over the state.

You notice no one is betting that Dr. Withycombe will not be elected governor. The Doctor cannot be called the candidate of any particular party. He is truly a people's candidate.

After the House of Representatives have voted on Federal prohibition in July the atmosphere should begin to clear as to whether the United States is leaning toward the dry side.

And the Fourth street paving contract is declared out of alignment. This is little surprise to all who watched the proceeding at the time the contract was let.

With good weather, which is due about the opening day of Chautauqua, La Grande's annual campfest should be the best ever yet held.

Lafferty says he expects to be re-elected by the largest majority he has ever received in Multnomah county. Well, Multnomah county has done just as crazy things politically.

Dallas, Texas has just issued bonds to keep her county fair running. We know of another county fair that would appreciate a bond issue or some other kind of a free will offering.

The free daily newspaper in Pittsburg, Pa. has quit business. It is hard enough to run a daily and charge for it, so there is little wonder that a free daily could not exist.

They say mailing eggs is a success. And the Harney county people say, mailing salt for stock is also a success. But who is going to pay the deficit of the mail carrier?

It has been proven that the average hobo is a very healthy man. This is a hard rap on bathtubs and toilet soaps.

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The Scrap Book

Kept Them Cool. Minnie, the new maid, admired her young mistress exceedingly and was very willing to obey all her orders, however incomprehensible they might be to her.

"Minnie," said Mrs. Lane one morning, "I have just ordered some lettuce. When it comes I want you to put it in the icebox right next to the ice. Can you remember?"

"Oh, yaw, meests," replied Minnie, with seeming understanding; "my feeb heem all gude!"

Mrs. Lane was very popular socially, and it was several days later when she realized that she had received no letters from home nor indeed any other mail. She looked in the letter box, but found nothing there.

"Minnie," said Mrs. Lane, going to the kitchen, "have you taken any letters from the postman or out of the post box lately?"

"Oh, yaw, meests!" beamed Minnie, rushing to the icebox. "My bring heem for you. My do like you told me the other day, meests."—National Monthly.

A Great Man. That man is great, and he alone. Who serves a greatness not his own. For neither praise nor puff, Content to know and be unknown, Whole in himself.

And free is he, and only he, Who, from his tyrant passions free, By fortune undismayed, Hath power upon himself, to be By himself obeyed.

If such a man there be, where'er Beneath the sun and moon he fare, He cannot fare amiss. Great Nature hath him in her care; Her cause is his. —Owen Meredith.

Dry Wit. Because of a wreck a fast train coming north from the southern coast country was laid out all night on a siding in Florida. When two easterners aboard woke in the morning they looked from the window of the car on a dinky flag station and a one room log shack. Over the door of the shack was a rudely lettered sign reading as follows: New York Bar — All Fancy Drinks Served Here!

Being minded to have some fun, the two travelers descended from their halted train and entered the shack. For furniture it contained a shelf, with three dark bottles and half a dozen smeary glass tumblers ranged on it, a rude counter, one chair and a rusty stove. The proprietor, a lanky chub, sat in the chair, with his bare feet on the stove base—for it was a chilly morning—intently reading a Jacksonville paper three days old.

The Jokers lined up at the makeshift bar, and one of them hammered with his knuckles on the wood. "I'll have a pousse-cafe," he stated, addressing space.

"I'll take a dry Martini, made with French vermouth," stated his companion.

The owner of the establishment did not raise his eyes from the paper as he drawled:

"I kin fiek any — Yankee in the house—and I ain't looked yit!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Just Had to Win. On a southern race course, says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, which I shall designate no more than to say that it's a place where you lose money in the winter time, I took a young lady out to the track, and she insisted on placing a bet on a horse. She wouldn't even let me help her do it.

The horse did worse than to come in last. He turned around and ran the other way. I said: "Well, you lost your bet. The horse you had your money on is running the wrong way."

She gurgled with satisfied glee. "Shows that a woman's instinct can't go wrong," she answered triumphantly. "I played him both ways."

Where He Didn't Want to Go. When Representative Charles Davis of Minnesota first went to congress a friend took him in and introduced him to Speaker Cannon.

"What committees would you like to be on?" inquired Uncle Joe. "It doesn't matter," replied Davis, "except that I do not want to be on the District of Columbia committee. Do not, oh, do not, put me on the committee on the District of Columbia!"

So Cannon put him on the committee on the District of Columbia.—New York Sun.

The President's Privilege. President Wilson has had his nails manicured by a professional manicure just once in his life. That once was after he was elected president and before he was inaugurated.

He had some time in New York and decided to use it in a visit to a manicure. A fluffy blond person officiated with the orange stick and pumice.

She took the hand of the future president, began operations and began conversation at the same time. "Where do you live?" she asked abruptly.

"In Princeton, N. J.," Mr. Wilson replied.

"Oh," she said ecstatically, "what a privilege! Have you ever seen the house in which Mr. Cleland lived?"—Saturday Evening Post.

Conscientious Governors. The Employer—By the way, the children usually eat with us. The New Governor (firmly)—I must object to that. "Why?" "They're sure to pick up such faulty notions of grammar."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Second Edison. Farmer—Yes, sir, that hired man of mine is one of the greatest inventors of the century. City Boarder—You don't say! What did he invent? Farmer—Petrifed motion.—Judge.

Their Purpose. He—What candle light power has your electrical fixings? She—Oh, those aren't real candles on that chandelier. They're merely make believe.—Baltimore American.

Including Himself. Arthur Asken—How did you like Europe? Bertha Bintahare—Not very well. Why, actually every place we visited was overrun with foreigners.—Chicago News.

Man must always in some sense cling to the belief that the unknowable is knowable.—Goethe.

THE BROKEN PINION. I walked through the woodland meadows, Where sweet the thrushes sing, And I found on a bed of mosses A bird with a broken wing. I healed its wound, and each morning It sang its old, sweet strain, But the bird with a broken pinion Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken By Sin's seductive art, And, touched with a Christlike pity, I took him to my heart. He lived with a noble purpose And struggled not in vain, But the life that Sin had stricken Never soared as high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion Kept another from the snare, And the life that Sin had stricken Raised another from despair.

Each loss has its compensation, There is healing for every pain, But the bird with a broken pinion Never soars as high again. —Hezekiah Butterworth.

TO THE HOUSE WIFE

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NOTICE—WATCH THE PAPER'S SPECIALS to children next month. Giving away ice cream cones to children under 14 years of age. Shelled Almonds 50c a pound, while they last. Any amount less than a pound, the regular price 75c a pound

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