

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS, Editor and Owner.

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Weekly Observer-Star, per year in advance \$1.50

MEET WITH THE PIONEERS.

Meet with the Pioneers at Imbler next Saturday.

It will be worth your while to hear the stories of days that tried men's nerves; days that proved to be the vanguard of civilization in this valley; days that determined whether this was to be the Indian's country or the home of the white man and the great valley it is today.

Such notable characters as Dunham Wright of Medical Springs, Sam Brooks of Imbler, Tom Wright of Union will be present. And when these old war horses are present at any gathering there is a solidarity to that gathering that no one can discount. It is because they are real men.

Storms of years and frontier experiences have ripened them into a different type of man than can be produced in years to come, for environment has a great deal to do with citizenship.

Meet with them Saturday and you will enjoy yourself.

"NERVES."

What is the matter with business? remarks the financial magazine Investment.

Exactly the same thing as is the matter with a woman—or a man—with a case of "nerves." Ever hear of a person, apparently in good health and with most of the things in life most of us crave, suddenly running into what goes by the name of a "nervous breakdown"? Only too often, unfortunately. Here is Smith—good business, good prospects, ideal family life—all of a sudden you hear that Smith, threatened with nervous prostration, has had to go away to Bermuda or Florida, or somewhere, for his health. Strange—but true, nevertheless. You hear of it happening all the time.

Just that very thing is true of the business of this country at the present time. There is nothing really the matter with it. There is no reason why business should be bad. People are not poor; there is no lack of buying power. Nowhere is there overproduction, factories turning out more goods than are wanted, shelves overstocked with goods awaiting market. The banking position is one of exceptional strength. Credit is good and merchants are having no trouble in getting all the money they want. For present business there is no real reason. It is just a case of "nerves." Business men are afraid. Afraid of what? That the same

terrific fate will overcome some of the other big corporations as overcame the Standard Oil Company and the Union Pacific Railway? That Congress will pass laws preventing a repetition of the delightful happenings in the case of the New Haven and the Frisco? Now, truly, the mere possibility of such a thing is a good reason why the jobber out through the country should find it impossible to distribute among retailers the usual number of pairs of socks, and why the farmer should refuse to buy the machinery he needs to do his work.

Nevertheless, a case of nerves, whether with an individual or with a community, is a serious piece of business and one that wants careful handling. The doctor who treated a patient suffering from that trouble often enough feel like taking him by the scruff of the neck and throwing him out into the fresh air and telling him to go about his business and forget his imaginary troubles. But he doesn't do it. He realizes that however imaginary the trouble may be to the patient himself it is a very real trouble, and that it is one that requires the most skillful handling. If he is wise he doesn't try to convince the patient that his troubles are imaginary. If he knows his business he is far more likely to do everything in his power to remove from the patient's notice the causes of the irritation.

Business needs just that same treatment at present. It needs a surcease from the pronouncement of demagogues and from their indiscriminate railings at business in general and the way in which it has become established. It needs an end to the talk in the muckraking newspapers about business rotteness and corruption. It needs, in other words, a removal of those things which have gotten on the nerves of the business community. Let the Administration go ahead with its program and congress pass the laws which are necessary to regulate business and prevent a repetition of such scandals as happened in the case of the Nek Haven, the Rock Island, the Frisco and the others. That will not hurt the country; it will do it good. But let the work be done without unnecessary accompaniment of invective and recrimination. Let there be realization that if there is a condition which is to be corrected, correction ought to be administered with just as little fuss as possible.

In a big New York hospital not long ago a man was being operated on for a trouble comparatively slight. It happened that the young doctor performing the operation knew the patient well, and, being on terms of familiarity with him, chose to regard the affair as a joke. Bringing out all of the deadly paraphernalia he could find, the young surgeon laid the instruments out slowly and in full view of the man on whom he was about to operate. Going out of the room for a moment, he returned to find that the operation wasn't necessary. The man was dead.

WANTED—TWO second hand tents, write Z care of Observer. 6-17-3t.

WANTED—At Observer office, clean Rags, will pay 2c lb.

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

WEIRD HOUSE WARMING.

Bad For the Old and Helpless Natives In Dutch New Guinea.

Concerning a peculiar custom discovered among the natives of Dutch New Guinea, this interesting description is given by A. F. R. Wollaston in the Geographical Journal: "On top of the first steep ridge we came to the first native dwelling that we had seen in the country. It was a rectangular wooden structure, raised on piles about five feet from the ground. A sloping ladder or two or three poles tied together leads to a narrow platform, behind which is the living room about ten or twelve feet square. In the middle of the floor is a square fireplace, usually lined with sand or small stones. The walls are made of split poles placed closely together, and the roof is made of the leaves of pandanus or of a palm if any happen to grow in the neighborhood. There was a mystery about that first house which we were never able to solve. It was evidently quite newly built, a small clearing had been made about it and a few banana and dracaenas recently planted.

"Outside the house were a number of men, women and children, the men occupied in cooking large quantities of yams and sweet potatoes and great lumps of pig's flesh. We naturally supposed that it was a sort of house warming, as in one sense it turned out to be. The men shook their heads and pointed in a mysterious way toward the house and made the curious sign which they are accustomed to make when they talk of something disagreeable. Then they invited us to enter the house, where we found an old man sitting by the fire. He was disheveled and decrepit, but appeared by no means likely to die. He took a keen interest in our appearance and enjoyed the tobacco which we gave him.

"When we returned five days later we found the place utterly deserted and the house a blackened heap of ashes, on the top floor of which were lying the charred remains of human bones. It was impossible for any one to say five days earlier that the old man was going to die—indeed, he must have lived for months or even years. What we may imagine to have happened was this: That as he was unable to get about any longer and find his own food, his relations did not intend to support him and that the preparations we saw were really for his funeral feast, but we were puzzled by their having cremated him in a newly built house."

HIS TACT WON.

Pleasantly Spiked the Enemy's Guns and Got What He Wanted.

A London advertiser solicitor was sent up into the midlands to get business for a special edition of a daily paper dealing with an important industry. The king pin of this industry was a manufacturer of great repute, a baronet, whose actions determined policy in the trade, but it was said he had never spent a penny for advertising. The success of this special edition turned on Sir John. If this important personage could be lured for an advertisement others would come in as a matter of course.

The solicitor went after Sir John first. He tried to see him, but failed. He wrote to him, but got no reply. Finally an arrangement was made with his private secretary whereby the latter was to doze for five minutes on a certain afternoon, and the solicitor was to slip into Sir John's office on his own responsibility, providing his own introduction.

This plan worked out all right. The advertising solicitor got in. Sir John looked up threateningly when the door opened to admit a stranger. It was a large office, and as the intruder hurried across to where the manufacturer sat he could see storm clouds rising. The moment he was within earshot he said:

"Sir John, I am a staff investigator for the Clarion, and in visiting the leading men of your industry here in the midlands two things have impressed me particularly—the uniform courtesy with which I have been received everywhere and the intelligence with which a survey of the industry has been comprehended."

The rising storm subsided. Of course Sir John was bound to be as courteous and intelligent as the rest of the trade after that, and he wanted to hear about this investigation. He listened as the salesman quickly explained his proposition. The word advertising was not spoken. Before the interview ended, however, he had given his order for a page, and with that everybody else in the trade worth while was brought into line.—Saturday Evening Post.

Bars and Bars.

Mr. Justice Letton of the Nebraska supreme court went east one summer and left his house in care of friends.

One morning the telephone bell in the Letton house rang, and a woman asked for Mr. Letton. She was told the justice was not in town. She refused to believe that and asked where Mr. Letton was.

"He's on his way home now," the lady at the Letton house replied, "but he stopped off at Milwaukee to attend the meeting of the American Bar association."

"Evidently," said the woman at the other end of the wire superciliously, "there is some mistake. The Mr. Letton I know and want is not a saloon keeper. He runs a grocery store."—Saturday Evening Post.

SPECIALS IN SUMMER WASH GOODS

Not bargain goods, but bargain prices on new up-to-date fabrics.
Velour Cord Crepes, in Tan, Light Blue, Lavendar, Copenhagen and Pink. Special19c
Dotted Lawns with pretty Embroidered borders for Dresses and Skirts, regular 45c value. Special19c
Striped Crepe, white body with Pink and Lavender stripe. Special 19c
Fancy Crash Suitings, Special12 1-2c
Snowflake Oxfords, two colors. Special25c
Fancy Plaid Ratines, 27-inches wide, Tan, Copenhagen Green, and Lavender, bodies with extremely new plaid effects. Special39c
Thirty-six-inch Dress Linens in Navy, Leather Brown, Pink and Blue. Special37 1-2c

THAT 1/2 PRICE SALE WOMEN'S COAT AND SUITS CONTINUES

DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY! High Grade Tailored and Fancy Suits and Coats—Lines from our Regular stock, new this season, which have been sold down to one or two of a style, size or color.

Regular \$10.00 Suit or Coat, . . \$5.00
Regular \$15.00 Suit or Coat, . . \$7.50
Regular \$20.00 Suit or Coat, . . \$10.00
Regular \$25.00 Suit or Coat, . . \$12.50
Regular \$30.00 Suit or Coat, . . \$15.00

Entire Line of Silks and Crepe Dresses 1/3 off
Entire Line of Skirts Red'd One lot 1/3 off One lot 1/2 off



War on Mashers Started.

Pendleton, June 17.—A war on mashers has been declared by the Pendleton police and the man who lurks about on the street corner waiting to force his attentions upon some unescorted lady will receive little mercy from the custodians of the law. Moreover, a man who resents the attentions of a masher towards a sister, wife, mother or other female member of his family will be protected rather than punished. Chief Kearney making a statement to that effect this morning.

"Complaints about men annoying and insulting ladies on the streets are growing so frequent," he said, "that we are going to begin war upon such

pests. A man that hits another for unseemly conduct toward a woman member of his family, is only protecting his home and I shall make no effort to have him punished. He should be given a vote of thanks rather than a fine.

Logging Cars Off Track.

The logging train was derailed yesterday afternoon at a point about five miles from La Grande. Six cars loaded with logs were tipped over. The passenger service was not delayed however by the accident, which injured no one.

Hugh Olvey Recovers. After being in the hospital for two

weeks recovering from injuries sustained to his foot while working on the rip track, Hugh Olvey is able to be about with the aid crutches.

Treasurer's Call for City Warrants.

Notice is hereby given that there are now funds on hand to pay all outstanding warrants on General Fund of La Grande city, up to and including No. 12568, Endorsed Dec. 4, 1912. Interest on these warrants ceases from this date.

N. J. MANSAGER, City Treasurer. La Grande, Oregon, June 17, 1914. 6-17-3t.

Safety Deposit Boxes Rental Free

At considerable expense we have fitted up our Fire Proof Vault with Metal Safety Deposit Boxes.

This was not done to compete with our Banks, but with the desire of giving our patrons the best service obtainable.

Our office hours offer more convenience than the Banks. Each Box provided with individual keys. Take advantage of our Generous Offer.

We want you to get the habit of coming in frequently and consulting us on Real Estate and all kinds of Insurance — and especially, Loans. Our Legal Department always at your service.

La Grande Investment Company

Old U. S. Land Office
113 Adams Ave. Foley Building, La Grande.

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 years, in all kinds of financial weather, we have successfully catered to the monetary wants of the people of La Grande and the Grand Ronde Valley.

We respectfully solicit your business.

La Grande National Bank

La Grande, Oregon