

THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS, Editor and Owner.

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"OUR LITTLE GAL."

Felice Lyne, the little girl who entered her "teens" in La Grande—who gathered the wildflowers in the springtime, who climbed the rugged mountains back of this city; who engaged in all the pranks known to girls, the little girl whom God has touched with the wand of genius came home last night.

And it was a great homecoming. The massive Mormon tabernacle was filled. Every seat was taken—and why? To hear the little La Grande girl who has sung around the world.

When Felice appeared in her first number no one could mistake the genuine applause. It was not applause of her talents, because three-fourths of the audience had not heard the marvelous voice since it responded to training, but it was fatherly, motherly, brotherly, sisterly applause—true appreciation of Felice Lyne as an ideal, lovable, sweet dispositioned girl.

And how she did enjoy it. Royalty of Europe never gave her a reception that so touched the heart of the unassuming little singer. She was at home with the "kids". No doubt the days of "doll rags", "fudge" and "four-leaf clover" flashed through her mind as she met face to face the ones who made her earlier life happy.

Although clever, sweet and winsome in personality Felice Lyne's remarkable charm for the world at large is her voice. It has no equal in America. Every program number seemed to surpass the one preceding it. The large audience scarcely breathed when that remarkable voice filled the tabernacle.

When the last encore number, "The Last Rose of Summer", was rendered we thought of the wonderful Florence Nightingale when she held America spellbound with "The Star Spangled Banner" of the superb Patti when in "The Last Rose of Summer" she laid a firm claim on the love of the world, then we listened closely to Felice and we realized that God has given to the world another voice that is to take its place along with Nightingale, Patti and Nordica. And only to think—it's the voice of "our little gal."

STATEMANSHIP AND SMOKING

The members of the Arizona legislature have decided to smoke during their sessions. There is nothing in the constitution of the United States or that of Arizona forbidding it.

In the Arizona house there is one woman member who objected, but she was outvoted unanimously by the male members. There is one lady senator, and she asked her male colleagues to smoke.

So the laws of Arizona are now being made in clouds of fragrant smoke.

says Charlie Fisher of the Salem Journal.)

Captain Marryatt who wrote "Midshipman Easy" and a score of other interesting novels, seriously urged that smoking should be introduced in the British Parliament. He asserted that the use of tobacco made men thoughtful that no man gave hasty judgment on any thing while smoking the soothing and exhilarating weed.

Captain Marryatt pointed to the wisdom of North American Indians wise in war, sagacious in peace—and to the fact that when they went into council over grave matters they sat around in a circle and smoked in silence for at least one half an hour before uttering a word.

Arizona, being near to the Indians, may have got their idea from them direct.

It is to be hoped that the Arizona statesman have also observed in the Indians that even while smoking they deliberate much and speak little.

Any means, old or new, which can cause statesman, not only in Arizona but elsewhere, to think more and talk less will be warmly welcomed.

ABOUT AN OFFICER

You don't know Officer Grigby. You wouldn't know him in a hundred years, if we hadn't a story about him. He's just one of those ordinary policemen you see sauntering through the streets, beneath whose badges you sometimes deny there is even a hen.

Officer Grigby and Police Chauffeur Frank Seifert have their feet on a desk at a San Diego police station. They're yarning, killing time. Buzz! An emergency call! Three-year-old Alice Sennett taken from creek. Pulmotor! Hurry.

One jump to the pulmotor, two to the police car. "Open her up wide Frank!" says Officer Grigby.

Rose Canyon! Five miles, six miles, seven miles! A little girl is smothering dying.

The canyon grade is steep. It is slippery with mud. Skid, and you go down two hundred feet, with a three ton machine mangling you. The gasps of a child are growing shorter. "Faster, Frank!" says Grigby.

Rose Canyon's grade is crooked. See, just ahead, that deep rut, made by the brick wagons on the curve of the cliff? Death there; and it is only ten feet across to the projecting rock on the other side of the roadway. You must dust off that point of rocks no more, no less. A dear little girl is dying. "Faster, you'll make it!" whispers Grigby. A rush! The mud bespatters the tops of the trees in the depths below.

How many hundred feet to the mile does that stretch ahead drop? Will the muddy covering stick or slide? Squ-sh! and the rear wheels bang as tons of ciding slough off, but the front wheels find a hold, and again the hand of Death closes on nothing. These two plain fellows of the police are still alive, still daring for the child that dies. And now the brickyard is in sight. But fate has still another card, a cesspool of dirty water and dobe in solution. The machine is stuck. It is too miles to little dying Alice. "I'll carry it," says Grigby and upon his back takes the heavy pulmotor, that means breath to the dying. Through mire that grips through brush that trips through sand that slips goes Grigby, for a child is dying. He reaches a railroad impresses the locomotive of a sand train, he reaches the mother of that child as she cries to God to let her little darling speak to her just once more and just thirty minutes later he leaves the child smiling and the mother speechless with the miracle of salvation by Officer Grigby.

And, later, we'll see Officer Grigby sauntering calmly slowly indifferently on his beat and some of us will wonder what he does to earn his pay. Moral? Of course there is. Appearances may hang a saint or hide a hero. Bet on deeds.

FOR THE FIJIAN

Germany is now fighting every complexion of enemy, from the pure white to the patent leather polish, the latest to join in the European fracas are the Fiji Islanders.

For a long time the Fijians have been the subject of comic paper comment and cartoon. Few know much of the real Fijian, Great Britain has just

accepted the services of a contingent from these islands in the South Pacific. The mop-haired brothers will soon be raising their standard in the French and British territories.

Although they may not be up-to-the-minute in training, the Fijian Islanders are likely to prove vicious fighters. The men are tall, well built and strong and are absolute strangers to fear. From their ancestors they have inherited a liking for hand to hand fighting. They yearned to fight with war clubs at close quarters. Now, of course, they will be armed with modern implements of war.

Before the British occupation the Fijians were notorious cannibals. Lately they have substituted the English roast beef on their bills of fare, and cannibalism has been wiped out. Many are members of the Wesleyan church in good standing, having been converted by missionaries after many years of hard work and suffering.

The Fijians as a people, are industrious and are especially interested in agriculture. The exports from the islands are valued at about \$5,000,000 annually.

They are about the last of the colonists to rally to the standard of Great Britain, and Germany may consider that she is now fighting every race that it is possible to bring against her.

The cold commercial facts remain that Sarah Bernhardt can get more free advertising with one leg than most actresses can with two.

Everybody in Berlin has to stand in line for bread tickets. In neutral America we only have to stand in line for moving picture tickets.

Several Austrian women have received medals for heroic fighting in the trenches. It seems that this is a grand co-educational war.

The aircrafts built this spring weather generally have an automobile and chicken farm in 'em.

Sheriff's Sale on Execution.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Union County, under the seal of said court, upon a judgment rendered and docketed in said court on the 12th day of March, 1915, in a suit wherein Beatrice Hamilton and Fred C. Hamilton, executors and trustees of the estate of W. R. Hamilton, deceased, are plaintiffs, and Ray W. Logan, Bertha M. Logan, E. Sullivan, and Ray W. Logan and E. Sullivan as heirs of Laura B. Sullivan, deceased, J. F. Campbell, Julius Fisher, The United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company, a corporation, American Bonding Company, a corporation, C. O. Ramsey and Charles H. Marsh, are defendants, in favor of the plaintiffs and against the defendants, Ray W. Logan, Bertha M. Logan and E. Sullivan, and against Ray W. Logan and E. Sullivan, heirs of the estate of Laura B. Sullivan, deceased, for the sum of \$2500.00 with interest thereon at 10 per cent. From the 9th day of March, 1910, till paid, the further sum of \$558.62 with interest on \$484.95 at 8 per cent per annum from March 4, 1915, till paid, \$249.38 attorney's fees and \$284.45 costs and disbursements, and for the foreclosure of one certain mortgage given by said defendants to secure said debts on lots 1 and 2 of block 117 in Chaplin's Addition to the Town of La Grande, Union County, Oregon, and against the other defendants, (excepting Charles H. Marsh) for the foreclosure of subsequent mortgages; and judgment in favor of the defendants and cross complainants, J. F. Campbell, Julius Fisher and C. O. Ramsey, against the defendants Ray W. Logan and Bertha M. Logan for the sum of \$1500.00 with interest thereon at 8 per cent per annum from April 27, 1914, till paid, \$150.00 attorney's fees and \$18.65 costs and disbursements, and the foreclosure of one certain mortgage given by the said Ray W. Logan and Bertha M. Logan on lots 1, 2 and 3 of block 117 in Chaplin's Addition to the Town of La Grande, Union County, Oregon; also, judgment in favor of the defendants and cross complainants, The United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company and American Bonding Company, for respectively the sums of \$1337.50 and interest thereon at 8 per cent per annum from the 28th day of April, 1914, till paid, the sum of \$133.75 attorney's fees, and the sum of \$966.50 with interest thereon at 8 per cent per annum from April 28, 1914, till paid, and the sum of \$966.35 attorney's fees, and the costs taxed at \$15.00, against Ray W. Logan, and for the foreclosure of one certain mortgage given by the said Ray W. Logan and Bertha M. Logan on lots 1 and 2 of block 117 in Chaplin's Addition to the Town of La Grande, Union County, Oregon, to said companies to secure said sums.

Notice is hereby given that on the 19th day of April, 1915, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in front of the Court House in the City of La Grande, Union County, Oregon, I will in obedience to said order of sale and decree of lien, sell at public auction for cash subject to the lien of the certificate of delinquency now held by Charles H. Marsh for the taxes for the years 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913, aggregating about the sum of \$1575.00, the said lots 1, 2 and 3 of block 117 in Chaplin's Addition to the Town of La Grande, Union County, Oregon, free from said mortgage liens, lot 3 aforesaid being sold separately.

Dated this March 19, 1915.
A. HUG,
Sheriff of Union County.
Daily—Mch. 20-27—Apr. 3-10-17.

FOREIGN LEGION MIXTURE

(Continued from Page 7.)

came from the French sharpshooters in the houses. Later, we found they

Are You Studying About That Spring Suit?

See Our Window Display of FIDELITY SUITS At \$15.00

The new Spring styles are here and are positively unmatchable values. We know they have no equal in the world for the money. We are not going to try and convince you with any sort of talk or claim but with the GOODS. If \$15.00 is your price, don't make the mistake of thinking you can do as well anywhere else—you'll only deceive yourself.

We are Also Ready for You With New Styles for 1915 in SOCIETY BRAND and BENJAMIN

Highest grade ready-to-wear suits for men, priced at \$20 \$22.50 and \$25



N. K. West & Co. THE QUALITY STORE

\$15.00, \$17.50, \$20.00, \$22.50 and \$25.00, Are the Prices of the LATEST SPRING SUITS for WOMEN and MISSES Which were just received by Express from New York

They are certainly the prettiest suits that have ever been shown before at these prices and such extra values too. Materials are of serges, wool poplins and gabardines in black, Belgian blue, green, navy and black and white checks. Many new style models that have never been shown before. See them.

Buy Your Easter Apparel Now

came from German explosive bullets.

We piled into the barn and soon were fast asleep. But in the morning, two of us were dead from bullets that had come in through crevices during the night. We didn't have time to bury them. We were told that other men would take care of that. I think it all dawned on us then how valueless a dead body is, whether it is your own or another's. It wasn't long before we had lost all sentiment about the dead. At first, for instance, we were shocked to know that in the trench it is the duty of the cook and his orderlies to bury the dead every morning after he got his kettle of noon-day soup to boiling. He has about five hours free while the soup is cooking. But we became accustomed to this plan after a time and took pride in watching the growth of our little cemetery beside the soup kitchen. We were proud that it grew

faster than other cemeteries around us. This morning, as we left our two dead comrades there and started away toward the front, there were days before us in which we would learn how to see a friend die without knowing grief; how to look on the dead body of a friend without emotion; how to let men pass out of our lives in an instant and never think of him again or mention his name; how to wear his clothes without remembering him. The time was even to come when we could joke about the dead; when it became part of the day's events as traffic is to the citizens of San Francisco. We were to know how to prevent our heartstrings from attaching themselves to any living thing for fear of losing it. We did not even dare to love one of the trench dogs.

We climbed a hill bordering on the canal. At the summit was a trench

which we entered. It wound away like a crooked street. It led us into a maze of criss-cross sunken paths. For two miles we were led through this "pigs-in-clover" puzzle, when suddenly we came into the front trench. Men with rifles were standing everywhere. Some were shooting and some were idle. Bullets had been whistling over our heads constantly and we had become accustomed to the sound without noticing it. Forty-seven days were to pass before we, in the machine-gun squad were to leave this trench, and we were to learn that war is not glory, but only the work of beasts.

FOR SALE—Courier Bicycle. Good as new. \$15.00. Call at 403 Spring St. Sunday. 3-20-15

FOR RENT—One Modern bed room 1512 Adams 3-20-15

75 Feet of Tape Worm Removed In Nine Treatments

The merits of chiropractic were never more forcefully demonstrated in La Grande than very recently when in nine treatments (one dollar a treatment) 75 feet of tape worm was removed. For any physical defect the chiropractic treatment is fast being recognized as the advanced and modern treatment.

Read A Letter From The Man Who Got Relief

Dr. Darland,
La Grande, Oregon,

Dear Doctor—Since I began taking your treatment for tape worm I have secured about 75 feet of it and feel better than for ten years.

F. D. DREW,
1519½ Adams Ave.
La Grande, Oregon

LA GRANDE NATIONAL BANK

Capital \$200,000.00 Resources \$1,000,000.00
Surplus \$50,000.00

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What This Bank Aims to Do

To promote our customers' interests as we would our own;
To do all we can to make their relations here profitable and agreeable to them;
To contribute to their enterprises, the co-operation, foresight and timely assistance which a good Bank can properly bestow.

came from the French sharpshooters in the houses. Later, we found they