

THE OBSERVER

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SPLENDID.

Splendid is the only word that is fit to use in commending the railroad officials for opening the railroad lands to settlers, gardeners and anyone who will work. It shows somewhere in railroad circles there is a big heart beating for humanity—a man who has had to dig and support his kids at some time in his life. Wonderful change in this railroad business in the last few years.

We all can remember when the "brass collars" would come through on their special. How lordly they appeared. The common people held no particular place with them; the whimpers and whinings of a small community fell on deaf ears.

No more. Men are in charge of railroads now who keep step with the man and woman trying to accomplish things—such as raising a few acres of wheat, milking a few cows, and caring for a few babies.

There has been a change in railroad officialdom—a most welcome change.

And you notice the public is lifting the lash from the backs of the railroad companies. The lashes should be lifted, for the railroads are no longer the bloodsuckers; they no longer think of dividends alone, but they are thinking more of humanity. And the opening of their idle lands is positive proof of this statement.

After all, give the public time and it will make amends to those who befriend it, just as it will punish those who persecute it.

THANK GOODNESS.

Portland has at last amalgamated her Commercial club and her Chamber of Commerce.

Thank goodness..

It seems when anything of a public nature is to be done in Portland a hundred men must be interviewed; then there must be a meeting to see if anyone's toes are being trampled upon; this is followed by some more interviews and pictures of "prominent and leading citizens." Then the knockers appear and each is handled with kid gloves and his hair stroked in the right way, using the Portland brand of municipal diplomacy.

Finally a big feed is held, the band plays and in triumphant language in the newspapers success is announced.

We do not favor a boss for the public, but if there is a community in the northwest that really needs a stern boss to tell scores of ambitious chaps where to head in, it is the city of Portland.

We suppose the Chamber of Commerce will cease to be the municipal "senate" of Portland now, and become democratic in its ways. If this is brought about by the change, there has been some good accomplished.

The next organization to reform down there, if the Chamber of Commerce stays put, is the Arlington club.

BEEN OVERLOOKED

Truly the office of vice president of the United States is a cold storage place for ability.

President Wilson's standing as an educator has forced an added admiration for his intellect which always accompanies the office of president. Then came Secretary Bryan, who has a multitude of followers looking upon him as the greatest man in America from a literary standpoint.

With these two lights shining down the pathway from Washington, D. C., few realize that in Vice President Marshall there is embodied intellect keen cut and impressive.

This fact leaked out Tuesday when he made a speech at the San Francisco fair. The speech is a gem. It is filled with good, hard, common sense and en-couched in language almost as simple as the matchless Lincoln used. The advice to the young was fine and his conception of future dangers for the American were so bravely put that admiration for the man cannot but follow.

It looks to us like the Peerless Bryan and President Wilson cannot much longer keep the vice president's talents from showing up.

His office is a serious handicap, however, for the country at large never looks upon a vice president as anything but a dummy with riches—a man who can pay but not act. The office has been termed a cannery of men, and too often the term has been correct in the past.

PLEASE SPECIFY WHICH DOG.

A communication recently appeared in the Observer from a La Grande citizen complaining of the actions of a certain dog in a certain part of the city, but the citizen failed for some reason to specify the exact color, size and age of the dog.

And thereby trouble was caused.

This office has been the target for dogowners ever since, and in each case it must be plainly understood that "our" dog is not that kind of a dog. He does not cavort around at night; neither does he call on nasty, good for nothing dogs. He is a high minded canine of class and stays in his own back yard. All of which we subscribe to and believe.

But we must ask the next citizen who wishes to attack a dog through these columns to come to the front in true sportsmanlike manner and let the dog know who is shooting adjectives at him.

Several hundred bushels of spuds could be raised on La Grande's vacant lots, and this does not mean we have so many vacant lots, either. It means the soil is rich.

Are you waiting for the Civic society to ask you to clean up the back yard?

JOBBERY RETARDS HIGHWAYS.

The country is all worked up over better roads and highways. Everybody wants them, and almost everyone is willing to assist in paying for such marked improvement. But people are just shy of contractors and road builders. They feel there is such a great opportunity for graft on the part of road makers that rather than take the chance of fortunes being filched from them without due return, many will stick by the old roads of the country and fight the paving trust, the concrete trust and various and

See The Wonderful Oriental Rug Exhibition and Sale

At The N. K. West Store

Cartezian Bros., of Portland, Ore., one of the largest importers on the coast of Oriental rugs have brought to this city a most wonderful collection of beautiful Oriental rugs. This is the grandest display of Oriental rugs that has ever been in this city. This store is indeed fortunate to secure such an exhibition for this city from this firm. Established in Portland in 1906. They have there a large wholesale and retail business.

We Invite You To See This Display

And we assure your time will be well spent. This is a display you hardly ever see in this city. In this display is a wonderful Persian Prayer Rug, which is the most perfection of its kind in skillful workmanship. This rug took the weaver 5 to 6 years time to weave. It contains all the designs and symbols of the tree of life and the way they are brought out in the weave is wonderful—An oil painting could not do it better. There are also many rugs from Turkey, from the Turkoman Desert and the Caucasian Plains.

Prices Range From \$20.00 up

For Men There's a Lot of Mighty Good Fidelity \$15 Suits Here Ready for Spring Buyers

Better get one of 'em around you—They are the best values in town—new fabrics guaranteed all wool—tailored under sanitary conditions—shape retaining fronts—box or English models, all at \$15.00 See window display—try some on.

Also New Spring Styles are Here in "Society Brand" and "Benjamin" Suits, \$20.00 \$22.50 and \$25.00

The highest grade suits ever produced. All the newest patterns and styles are here. They come in regulars, stouts, longs and suits specially designed youthful models for young men. Pick your Easter suit now.

Middy Blouse for Misses

New ones just received—ages 10 year to 20 years—Come with blue or red trimmings—Some plain with gold braid. Priced \$1.00 and \$1.25



N. K. West & Co.
THE QUALITY STORE

sundry other trusts that waxeth fat off of the contracts.

Wasted money. That is the story of so much road building. When a dishonest contractor does not steal the money it seems there is such inefficiency displayed that the money melts away and little is given in return.

These are the very reasons why the general public looks with suspicion upon a great deal of the good roads agitation.

In support of this position, read a recent editorial in the Oregonian on wasted money in Oregon road building:

Behing all the trouble over roads in Columbia, Clatsop and Jackson counties is the fact that the money realized from the bonds was not expended wisely. Clatsop county, for example, voted \$400,000 in bonds and started to build roads costing twice that sum. The same experience, in greater or less degree, was had in the other road-bonding counties. There was large expectation of what the state would do, and now it is obvious that not a great deal can come from that source.

But the road-bonding project in Multnomah county is on a different basis. No aid is asked from the state. A road budget has been prepared on the basis of careful and reliable estimates. There is no prospect that, when the bond money is expended, any road will be uncompleted; but it is certain that, under the county commissioners and Roadmaster Yeon, the county will get dollar for dollar in hard-surface roads.

The situation is plainly that, as traffic conditions now are, there is no safe alternative in Multnomah county to the hard-surface plan. The macadam road has been good enough until now; but the paved road is a necessity. Commissioner Holman, for example, says that on a recent trip over a county highway, he passed two horse-drawn vehicles and 107 power-driven vehicles. There must be either paved county roads, or the automobile must be forbidden their use.

It costs at least \$70,000 a year now to repair existing Multnomah county

roads, and the annual interest on the \$1,250,000 bonds will be \$62,000. There will be no increase in taxation on that account, at least until five years hence when it is planned to begin retirement of the bonds.

The \$1,250,000 bond plan is an outright business proposition.

THEN AND NOW.

In former times the country man Tilled the soil on the same old plan His father did before him; Pursued the plow and whistled a tune, For he knew his friend, the man in the moon Kept constant vigil o'er him.

This ancient conjurer of the soil Followed the one-time farmer's Hoyle In the regular beaten track; Before retiring—every night He looked to see if the sign was right In the family almanac.

But now then comes a college chap Who says those signs aren't worth a rap That he can raise per acre More barley, wheat and corn and oats And knows more 'bout the cows and shoats Than any old moon fakir.

He says it's bugs that causes us The grief that makes the farmer fuss And not an evil spirit. To me it seems almighty thin A bug too small to see or skin And everybody fear it.

Its bugs that causes apple blight And bugs that makes us scratch at night Or causes our delirium; It seems these bugs are everywhere In water, soil and in the air; A parasite bacterium.

This here bugology idea Is more ridiculous seems to me Than looking for the sign; There seems to be as many breeds

Pestiferous kinds that no one needs And death oft trails behind.

But nowadays the men worth while, Who keep up with the modern style Are people who insist On keeping the man who earns his pay;

Is on his job and here to stay, Our Agriculturist. So when bacteria does you harm Or any problem of the farm Appears to aggravate you Don't foolishly procrastinate Communicate with Mr. Cate And he will extricate you. —M. L. Carter.

A Booster's Parody.

Tell me not in mournful prating Boosting's real Boosting's earnest For the Grouch's always berating Isn't worth a "tinker's d—."

Boosting's real Boosting's earnest, And the grave can never down A fellow always doing his durndest To talk up his own home town.

Not hammering and not sorrow, Is our destined end and way, But to talk the town tomorrow Will be better than today.

Talk is cheap but necessary, And without its helpful wave, Towns grow quiet and so deary They soon totter to the grave

In a town's broad field of battle, In its larger civic life, Imitates that kind of cattle Who "butt in" and joins the strife.

Let no man however grassy Beat you pulling for your town.. Talk it strong and talk it sassy, Blow it far and all around.

Lives of great towns all remind us We can make our town sublime, And by boosting leave behind us Lungprints on the sands of time.

Lungprints that perhaps some other Sailing by this noisy plain, Through a quiet timid brother,

Hearing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and boosting; With a heart for any fate, Cut our knocking, grousing, roasting, Wake up hit a livelier gait! —Selected

NEW YEAR GREETED.
(Continued from Page 1.)

celebrating an hour too early.

"We go by Berlin time," they answered.

Suddenly it dawned upon us that Paris time is an hour later than German time.

"Yes, and all France will be going by Berlin time, too," shouted one German, who made us all laugh. We talked like Lew Fields.

We waited until twelve o'clock and then began our celebration. It wasn't as noisy as the Germans' I must admit. Our white lights weren't as bright. But our artillery fired noisy shells and what our rifles and machine gun fire lacked in noise, the shells that came from miles behind us made up for.

Our racket lasted ten minutes. We didn't try to kill anybody, and, as far as we could learn, nobody in our district was even wounded. When our noise was ended we yelled to the Germans:

"All Germany will be going by Paris time when we get to Berlin."

Twenty-seven days later the Germans gave us another terrific cannonading, but this time they were celebrating the kaiser's birthday and were shooting to kill. We didn't know it was the kaiser's birthday and at midnight, when many of our men were repairing trenches, the German bullets suddenly swept our works and killed twelve of us.

Cleveland Ambitious to Reach Million

Cleveland, Mar. 24.—The sixth city is becoming ambitious to reach the million mark. Following announcements of census bureau figures showing Cleveland's population to be 707,663 business men and commercial organizations are discussing a campaign for a population of 1,000,000 in 1910. Annexation of adjoining towns and cities in Cuyahoga county would add 80,000 to the city's population.

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.