

THE OBSERVER

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A JUST COMPLAINT.

Wallawa county people have a just complaint against the Spokane Chamber of Commerce. That body in advertising the beautiful country around Spokane in the Saturday Evening Post used a photograph of Wallawa Lake. No mention was made of the lake's name and it was advertised as being near Spokane. Well, it is not far from Spokane but it is much closer to La Grande, and if the tourist wishes to really see the lake Spokane has advertised they will have to come by way of La Grande before entering Wallawa country—one of the prettiest places in all the world.

TO HELP BUSINESS READJUST.

The new trade commission does well to announce that its motto will be "constructive helpfulness." The members realize that business is a delicate matter dependent entirely upon credit and confidence and they do not propose to add to the general feeling of uncertainty which new legislation began and the war continued. Instead of harassing business by using drastically their broad powers of supervision, the commission proposes to inject itself into the commercial structure of the country by short and conservative steps. It will take for granted the desire of 90 per cent of business men to conduct their enterprises in accord with the law of the land. Such infractions as appear will be considered due to ignorance of the law rather than deliberate evasions or deceptions.

In this way the commission hopes to stabilize business by showing enterprises how to conduct themselves without running afoul of the anti-trust laws and so reduce to a minimum legal actions which always tend to debilitate the nervous system of industry.

It is a wise decision and in accord with the spirit of the day. The conservative spirit is abroad in the land. The current disposition in legislative and government circles is to allow business to adjust itself to the new conditions written into law at public behest during the last ten years. If the trade commission succeeds in adjusting big business to the law it will do much to bridge one of the dangerous gulfs confronting the American people.

The modern system of big business has recently been described by an acute observer as turning out the wrong kind of citizens, but the latter take their revenge in strewing with thorns the highway of industry. Democracy faces a supreme task in harmonizing business and politics and it is encouraging to find the trade commission approaching the grave responsibility with caution and conservatism.

Poor old Captain Kidd, he lived too soon. In these days of civilization, he'd probably be second lord to the admiralty.

The people who are joining the back to land movement usually build their garage before their cow barn.

THE BULLET'S STING.

How it feels to be hit by a bullet is aptly told by Phil Rader, a San Francisco citizen serving in the foreign legion under French colors. His graphic story says:

London March 9.—(Copyright 1916 by the United Press.—Being wounded in our trenches was gruesome business. If a wounded man dropped back to safety he was extra lucky, for everything that was done for him during the first few hours only tested his waning strength and was likely to make his condition worse.

Often a man would not know he was wounded for some time. One chap came limping up the trench one day complaining that he had been shot in the legs. He could hardly put his foot to the ground. We ripped open his trousers leg and could find no bullet mark. Then we discovered that he had been shot through the forearm and that the wound was hours old.

To be hit feels like being punched, so many soldiers have told me. When a man sank in our trenches, the fellows who were not lousy usually gathered around him, while some one ran two miles through the trenches to get a red cross man. Within half an hour the red cross man would come. If the wound was not bad the men would remain in the trenches, after the doctor had soaked it in iodine which burns like fire. If the wound was serious the doctor would do the best he could in the way of dressing it and then one of us, perhaps two would be detailed to take the unlucky man back to safety. He had to be carried through two miles of trenches. It was impossible to use a stretcher owing to the sharp turnings and if you carried a man on your back you had to be careful at many places to keep his head down below the trench walls, as well as your own.

One of our fellows who had been wounded in the leg and was being carried on the back of a comrade was shot through the head and killed one day at one of the many dangerous turnings in our trench system.

After this two mile trench journey was ended, the man had to be carried along a pathway down a 200 foot cliff. Here he was safe from bullets and shells, but a warm, clean hospital was still millions of miles distant. Here he would be taken in to a peasant's house, where the first aid men were on duty. There would be nothing but straw for him to lie

upon. The first aid men would dash cold water into his face, wash his wounds and bind them as best they could.

Then the wounded man would lie in the straw until nightfall or it was necessary to carry him through the firing zone to get back to the infirmary, which was another little house in a town a mile distant. He would either be wheeled along the towpath of the canal on a stretcher made of two baby carriages which were connected by a board, or a "chraon" would carry him in an old boat. "Chraon" was an old French peasant with long white whiskers. His boat was floored with straw and because he carried only the most gravely wounded men, who often died during the mile journey down the canal we used to call him "Chraon" and we named the canal the Styx.

At the infirmary there were real surgeons, but they were pressed with work, and they were forced, of necessity, to perform their operations hastily, in an improved operating room.

If the wounded man were still alive by this time, he would be put into a red cross wagon or automobile or some other sort of a vehicle and carried thirty miles to a large town (which I cannot, for obvious reasons, name,) and here he would be put on the next red cross train and started for Paris. His bed in the train might be a seat in a third second or first class coach, or, if he was lucky, it might be a sheeted bed in a regular red cross car.

At last his train will pull into Paris or into some other distant city of France where there are big hospitals. Scores of ambulances will be waiting in the railroad yards. The ambulance attendants will be running around, each seeking out the wounded who are to be assigned to the hospital which he represents. To them he is only a number, or perhaps a chalk mark on the door of the car. They will put him on a stretcher, place him in a huge motor ambulance, perhaps with one or two other men who have been wounded on distant battlefields, and the car will race through the streets of the city to the hospital, which once seemed to the sufferer so many miles away, and where, warm white beds, gentle nurses flowers and no responsibility await him. It is no wonder that the wounded man who reach the hospital wards sink back into the pillows with a sigh of relief and smile when they catch the first glimpse of the white nurses. Look back at the journey he has taken since that moment he was hit in the trenches and you can understand how a hospital ward looks like heaven to a wounded soldier.

To get into a hospital is one of a soldier's dreams, and there are strict laws in all armies against men wounding themselves. In the French army this self wounding is known as "mutilation," and the punishment is death. In our regiment an ex-convict who had been released after serving 15 years in order to permit him to enter the army, persuaded another soldier to shoot him through the hand. In return for this favor he also punctured the hand of the soldier. When they came to have their wounds dressed the doctors noticed powder marks on their mangled hands, and the truth came out. Both men were executed.

Autos Oust Choo-Choos

Lincoln, Neb. Apr. 6.—"Let the railroads raise their rates on passenger traffic," said a Lincoln automobile dealer today after reading of

the U. S. Supreme Court's decision in the West Virginia two-cent fare case.

"If the Nebraska railroads put up their rates to two and half or three

cents, it is easy to demonstrate that a good light car, sensibly driven and properly cared for, can carry a load of people from one town to another in Nebraska for less money than the railroad.

"A raise in passenger rates would be a good thing for the automobile business. I know of a number of traveling men who are thinking of using light cars in making their town. This extra half cent a mile on a railroad rate is all that is needed to make them customers of mine."

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