

THE OBSERVER

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A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

No movement, says Wm. J. Bryan's "Commoner," in the history of American politics has done so much to deplete the old political "boss" as the elimination of partisan politics in municipal elections, and the treatment of municipal questions from a business standpoint. And it might be said that no movement has done more to entrench the political "boss" than partisan politics in municipal affairs. Discussing the arguments for better municipal management, a writer in the Chicago Herald says:

"Various arguments for non-partisanship in municipal elections—or more accurately for separation of thinking about local issues from thinking about national issues—have been presented. A census bureau bulletin lately suggested a new one. The bulletin shows the increase of total debt since 1890, and especially since 1902."

From 1890 to 1902 these debts increased 76 per cent. From 1902 to 1913 they increased over 113 per cent. In 1913 they stood at the enormous total of \$3,476,000,000 in round figures. The interest bearing debt of the national government at the end of February total only \$969,759,090. The debts of our minor political divisions were much greater than those of the nation and states combined.

"Undoubtedly," says the Herald, "these mortgages upon posterity have been given, as a rule, for useful, necessary and praiseworthy purposes. They represent the efforts of communities to make themselves pleasant and more comfortable and safer places in which to live and work. They are justified, as a rule both by increasing wealth and by increasing perception of social duty and responsibility. Yet the increased burden of them not only suggests but requires closer thought of economy in administration—of better municipal business management."

"And this means municipal business managers selected and public servants employed with closer attention to their fitness for the task in hand. It means their selection without regard to their personal opinions of national policy which, however important, have no relevance to efficiency and economy in local administration."

In a word, it means non-partisanship in municipal voting which refuses to be confused by a national party label. This was always desirable. It is now becoming imperative as a plain business proposition.

THE ESPERANTISTS.

The Esperantists, those gentle souls who are trying to foist a new language upon the civilized world and Europe, are now claiming that the peace papers ending the present war should be written in Esperanto. They call attention to the ambassadors to this idea, claiming that French, English or German would not be acceptable to all countries now at war.

Here is a brief sample of Esperanto peace language submitted by the apostles of that cult:

"En la lingvo estos verkita la Akto de Interkonsento inter la nun militantaj nacioj je la fino de la milito? Tio dokumento estos unu el la plej gravaj de precizeco. Neniam dubo devos ekzisti pri ĝia signifo. G

Devos esti bone komprenebla por ĉiuj la Akto de Interkonsento. Partioj! Of course, nobody knows whether that means the restoration of Belgian cathedrals or the ceding of Alsace and Lorraine to France, but it probably means something.

Esperanto probably will not be adopted. At any rate, so long as there isn't any peace in sight, it doesn't seem logical to begin worrying about the language.

In newspaper offices today the burning question is not whether all of the Carpathian but all of the baseball passes are taken.

It seems as though the Turtle bay liar might come home now and get ready for the opening of the trout season.

France is inviting American tourists to come over this summer. Well, France certainly needs the money.

Let us hope that the first straw hats are more accurate as harbingers than the first spring robins were.

Nobody seems to care much who gets whipped in Mexico just so somebody does.

The bachelor brags that he understands women, but more often the women understand him.

Why it flatters a woman to be told she looks like an actress is more than a man can understand.

THE PASSING SHOW

From Eugene R. Gister Famous First Lines. Are you neutral?

Horrors of War. No 41144 Of all the pests beneath the sky, The one we most abhor, Is the fellow who grabs the passerby And talks about the war.

Immortal Falls From Grace Pendleton Tribune: John Adams, well known farmer is the latest to have a complaint made against him in the Police court.

We Hope They All Drown Umpqua Courier: The northwest winds have driven all the crabs into deep water, so it is reported by those who have been at Winchester.

Well, anyway, fire chiefs are popularly supposed to feature in "burning sensations."

Sir:—Please tell me the proper way to serve Turkey.—E. H. R. Let the Allies do it—we're neutral.

Birds of a Feather. Woodburn Independent: Miss Mabel Feathers returned to her home at Grants Pass Saturday afternoon after spending a month here with Miss Birdie Schramm.

That's Where It Happened Albany Democrat: Uncle Sam should fathom the Lusitania disaster to the bottom.

A fashion writer unbosoms herself thusly: "Whatever in the world are we going to wear inside those transparent blouses?" Why, nature's upholstery looks best.

Otherwise He's All right Coos Bay Times: Claiming that her husband "smokes and smokes and smokes," that he refuses to gather swill for the chickens and ducks and once hit her on the head with a bird cage, Mrs. Hermann Stone appeared in the justice court yesterday afternoon seeking the arrest of her husband.

Who Has One Foot There? Banks Herald: All interested in the cemetery are requested to assemble at the Maccabee hall Saturday, May 15.

Trying to Start an Argument. Tillamook Headlight: The long spell of dry weather and cold nights have not been very favorable to the growth of grass, but it is hoped by most dairymen that the dry spell will soon be replaced by a wet spell, otherwise grass will be short this year.

Entered the Distance Trois Bandon World: Some of the Four Miles attended the dance at the Rasmussen place Saturday evening.

RUNAWAY JUNE

(Continued from Page 3.)

plainly fast asleep, sprawled in complete relaxation, while lean Jake was snoring with great energy. The woman stooped and touched her husband's shoulder. He moved slightly, and she went back to her dishes. The next time she came he did not even twitch at the touch, and with deft fingers she reached into his vest pocket and extracted a little chamalo bag.

So that was how one woman solved her money problem, and her burning eyes told with what bitterness she had resorted to this bold step. Of more value than her husband, even in his low profession, she was still his superior in the rights of possession.



Down the Channel Sped the Little Cutter.

What she had was a gift from him, and, as June had heard him put it himself, he gave her what was good for her.

The woman! She was coming up the ladder! The fugitive hidden in the attic was stunned by this unexpected action.

Nearer and nearer came the woman's head, and nearer and nearer to the edge of the trapdoor extended June's strong young hands!

"Babe?" Flub stirred uneasily. The woman was down the ladder like a cat.

"What?" No answer. The man was still sound asleep. The woman stood over him for a while to make sure of this and started for the ladder again. Halfway across the room she hesitated, turned, walked swiftly to the end of the hut and hid the little chamalo bag beneath a loose stone behind the stove.

She was putting away the last of the dishes when suddenly she stopped, turned, and a slow smile spread upon her lips. Her eyes burned with a somber fire. She went over to Big Ben and deftly secured a long, slender cigarette holder. She crossed swiftly to her husband and inserted the holder in his top vest pocket, so that its shining tip protruded. The water cask stood by Big Ben's head. With a gleam in her eye the woman went over, filled the rusty tin cup and deliberately poured a fourth of its contents over Big Ben's face.

"Excuse me," she laughed as he jumped up and with the same motion jerked a revolver from his pocket.

He grinned at her sheepishly as he saw the sparkle of mischief in her eye, and he wiped his face with his sleeve.

"You done it o' purpose," he speculated, chuckling.

"Think so?" she dimpled. Big Ben's eyes brightened.

"I believe you're after that shawl!" "Flub'd sell it." And she glanced across at the sleeping man with vindictive hatred.

"Take it," urged Big Ben, "and if Flub sells it, flub me!" He picked up the shawl and clumsily threw it around the woman's shoulders. She looked down at the shawl and toward with its long, delicate fringe. She took it off slowly and gave it back to the man.

"Nothing doing," she sadly decided; then she slowly turned and looked at her husband and walked away. There was a softening in Big Ben's eyes as she walked away, and then he too, glanced at the sleeping Flub. He stroiled to the door and came back. Suddenly he stopped. The gleam of something yellow had caught his gaze. He walked close and bent low. He pulled the cigarette holder out far enough to identify it and pushed it back; then he gave the sleeper a kick.

"Got on you thief!" he roared. "Flub snoring up, dazed."

"What's that?" "I said get up, you thief!" roared Big Ben as lean Jake abruptly stopped snoring and jumped up. He was halfway to the ladder before he realized that this was not a raid, and June, divining his intention, rose swiftly and put her hands on the loose clapboards of the roof. Ben jerked the cigarette holder from Flub's pocket. "You stole it!"

Flub seemed dazed by the accusation, but suddenly he let out a yell. Mechanically he had reached in his vest pocket, as was his habit when the chamalo bag was there, and had discovered his loss.

"My diamond!" he yelled. "It's gone!" And his face turned white as he looked around the tense group. Slowly comprehension came to him. "You framed me!" he suddenly shouted, pointing a trembling finger at Big

Ben. "You copied my diamond; then you planted this cigarette holder so you could!"

"You're a liar!" bellowed Big Ben and sprang for his accuser.

A knife gleamed in Flub's hand, and he slashed savagely at his onrushing opponent. With a roar of rage Big Ben caught the descending wrist, wrested the weapon from it and plunged it to the hilt in Flub's breast.

There was a piercing shriek from the attic and a tearing of boards. The woman, quick of mind as she was of body, was the first to comprehend what that might mean. She sprang to the ladder, but as she went she cast a backward glance at the lifeless man on the floor. There was no shudder in her, only cold triumph.

"It's a girl! She's on the roof!" cried the woman as she gained the attic.

Lean Jake was the first out of the door, and Big Ben just after him. They rounded the corner of the hut just in time to see June jump from the roof and dart for her boat. It was the woman who caught her.

"Let me go!" implored June. "I won't tell!"

Those last three words would seal her fate in the mind of any murderous thief. Big Ben had caught her roughly by the arm, and now he looked inquiringly at the others.

"Drown her," advised Lean Jake, who was more full of fear than a thief should be. "She knows too much."

All three of them looked at the water. It spread far into the marshes, and it held its secrets well and long. Without a word Big Ben swung June up in his arms and started with her to the water's edge, while she uttered shriek upon shriek.

A shot and then another answered June's piercing shrieks, and down the channel from the inlet swiftly sped the little cutter, with Orin Cunningham at the wheel, revolver in hand.

"Hands up!" yelled a strong voice, and another shot startled the air of the marshes. Gilbert Rye! He stood up in his racer, and over the wheel bent heavy Edwards, his eyes narrowed and his thick lips firmly set.

Big Ben had dropped June at the first shot and had reached for his revolver. Lean Jake had dropped his on the ground behind a boulder, but before Big Ben could return the fire of the oncoming boats from the Hilarity he was confused by a shot from an other quarter, and through the reeds of the marsh there pushed a narrow steel gray motorboat, in which stood a tall man with a soft hat and a loosely knotted cravat.

A stranger! And he was nearer to the helpless June than her pursuers from the Hilarity! She ran toward him like a deer, and as his driver drew close inshore June sprang into the boat.

"Hurry!" she cried. "Please hurry!" The man, evidently an artist, from the canvases and folding easel in his boat, followed her terrified gaze as she glanced back, her terror divided between the murderers on the island and the men in the boats. The artist lowered June to a seat beside him, and, with a word to the driver, they darted away toward the channel. A shot whizzed over their heads as they started, and shot after shot resounded from the upper channel.

The man with the white mustache paid no attention to Big Ben as he steered his swift little cutter around the island and struck into the lower channel after the artist and the beautiful young girl who had escaped from the attic. Nor did the man with the

black Vanduyke waste any time upon the astonished thieves as his boat, too, whizzed around the curve. Lean Jake raised up from behind his boulder as the boat shot by, and the three—Rabe, Big Ben and Jake looked at each other in bewilderment. Another boat came swishing down past the island. It was driven by a blazing eyed little chauffeur with a tiny mustache, and he was shouting at the top of his voice. Behind him sat still a woman with high cheek bones and a wilderness of gums, and she, too, was shouting:

"Voilà! Voilà! Voilà!"

Another boat! In it were two men and a woman, the driver a plump faced little man with deep concern upon his brow, the woman hysterical and the other man with his teeth and fists clinched.

For ten minutes Rabe and Big Ben and Lean Jake stood there in dumb stupefaction, waiting for another boat.

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Why Human Beings Often Fail to Pick Their Mates.

In the June American Magazine Walter Prichard Eaton tells the first in a new series of love stories entitled, "The Bird House Man." The first story is called "The Song Sparrow," and in the following extract taken from two characters discuss bird mating and human mating:

"Did you ever reflect," said Alce Farnum, "that the birds never make a mistake in mating? It's only we poor blundering humans who get all mixed up in our mating."

"Yes, there's that Sally Fisher, she's married a Jew," said Mrs. Plumb. "Can't no happiness come of marrying a Jew, I say!"

"I'd go farther than that," smiled the man. "It isn't so much Jew or Chinese or Slav that makes the difference in us humans; it's our souls. Some of us are wild ducks, and some of us are hermits, and some of us are domestic robins, or merry chickadees, or cantankerous crows. There are no nightingales and song sparrows, as by comparing the lack with Chamberlain's Liniment, two or three times don't find our own kind at mating a day. Try it. Obtainable everywhere."

LOST—In postoffice, a package containing pair of tan shoes; package bearing name Effie Schaffer. Return to Observer. 5-27,3t.

Lame Back. Lame back is usually due to rheumatism of the muscles of the back. Hard working people are most likely to suffer from it. Relief may be had by massaging the back with Chamberlain's Liniment, two or three times a day. Try it. Obtainable everywhere.

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