

THE OBSERVER

RUCE DENNIS, Editor and Owner.

Entered in the Post Office at La Grande, Oregon, as second class matter.

Advertising rates on application. All copy for display advertising must reach the office the day before the ad appears.

THE OBSERVER, 1710 Sixth Street. SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Daily, single copy 5c. Daily, per week 15c. Daily, per month 65c. Daily, six months in advance \$3.50. Daily, per year in advance \$7.00. Daily, by mail per year, in advance \$4.00. Weekly Observer-Star, per year in advance \$1.50.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

There is a constructive and destructive principle in nature. All nature speaks the voice of recurring growth and dissolution.

We listen sorrowfully to the bleak winds of Autumn as they moan through the dismantled forests and rustle the dead leaves o'er meadows brown and sere.

But we know that these same winds will be soft and vernal in the Spring and the dead flowers will blossom and bloom again.

So, too, there is a constructive and a destructive principle in life. There is an angel and a demon in the breast of every man.

The gravity of this destructive principle asserts its groundward dominion upon the body as soon as it comes into the world.

Surely through the years it turns the raven locks of youth to gray, and humbles the haughtiest head, until at last the body falls to earth as a tree, smitten with "a bald and dry antiquity," goes down with a shout upon the hills.

The Soul, on the other hand, grows more august as the bodily powers decline. It is not subject to the destructive dominion of physical law.

It is accredited Envoy of a Great King, endowed with ambassadorial powers. It fenders only a complimentary homage to the laws of the physical realm in which it is temporarily sojourning.

The nearer the body approaches the end of its existence, the more responsive is the Soul to those radiant worlds which invite it. And when

at last the body falls into dissolution and dreamless dust, the Soul spreads its majestic pinions above the ruins of its earthly tenement, and reveling in the divine delirium of its native freedom, is out upon a pathway of stars.

That which we call death is but an epoch in the eternal evolution of the Soul.

Eternity is the endless succession of the Soul's transitions.

The Soul of man is a splendid Nomad. It strikes its tent from world to world, forever following the flowing star of Fecundity, forever skyward soaring.

Transition, transfiguration, transformation—these are the Soul's synonyms for that carnal catastrophe we call death.

The Soul knows no negation, no annihilation.

Its essence is immortal, its existence is an endless splendor.

From age, to age it renews its youth, from world to world it takes its marching orders from the dread tribunal of Eternity.

The shadows on the dial, the striking of the clock, the running of the sand, day and night, summer and winter, months, years, cycles—these are nothing to the Soul that knows not time nor age nor decrepitude, but is destined to span the starry stretches of infinity.

When the flying feet of the panting centuries shall have worn the proud Pyramids into drifting dust; when the earth itself shall wax old like a garment and be folded away in the abysmal garrets of dead planets, the Soul will still be faring forth upon its starry track, in quest of radiant realms remote and conquests ever new.

Life is the jailor of the Soul, death its only deliverer.

What is called life is only a journey to the grave, and what is called death is a passport to liberty, knowledge and rapture.

It is life, not death, that men should fear.

Life, like the jailors of Columbus, cumburs its glorious captive with chains. Death liberates the celestial explorer and sends it forth upon new voyages of discovery.

Death has no terrors which life has not given to it.

As the light conceals the stars, so life conceals many things which the night of death will bring forth as points of light in our sky.

Death is a scorner of shams, a destroyer of deceptions. It will reveal many hideous hypocracies which life has either countenanced or concealed. Only the stark truth will withstand its inexorable flame.

Life may know the truth, but death loves it.

Death strips away every mask, every sham, every artificial and false distinction.

Prince or pauper, death brings every man to his pure individuality. A man may live as a deceiver he must meet death as a man.

Alexander the Great, observing Diogenes looking intently at a human skeleton, asked the philosopher what he was searching for. "That which I cannot find," was the astute reply; "the difference between the bones of a king and those of his slave."

Death glorifies what is in man; it purifies what is on him.

Death is the final democracy.

Death will teach us, among other things, the absolute absurdity of fear.

Fear is the ghastly tribute which superstition pays to the unknown.

Through the shadowy past and the forbidding future, fear gropes its way

like a tomb-searcher, lifting each shroud which despair has cast over buried hope, peeping the imagination with sinister portents, and conjuring from the future a thousand phantoms of horror.

Man is a god in chains. He is in slavery still to fears that were hideous with age when antiquity was a prattling babe. He is fearful still of the lurking shadows of vanished ages. He is in bondage still to antiquated beliefs and ancient bigotries. He is dominated still by septers that long ago were dust.

He is typical of one of those old gladiators in the ancient Colosseum at Rome. There he stands at bay, with drawn sword, turning this way and that as the wild beasts of the arena come forth from the underworld to assail him. One after another they spring upon the gladiator and there is a desperate struggle. Covered with sweat and smeared with blood the gladiator eventually succeeds in driving his destroyers back into their dens. But he never quite succeeds in exterminating them. Ever and anon they return to the struggle. The gladiator is ever at bay. The metaphysical history of man is the story of these mournful struggles.

Death is the final triumph of the Soul over these phantoms of the abyss.

In the clear light of death's immortal dawning, we shall see that fear is a horrible humbug hallucination, the heritage of primitive ages; and death itself we shall find to be, not the fearful spectre of our disordered fancy, but a beautiful and benignant angel, whose face mirrors all the solemn loveliness of the starry heavens and whose voice is as caressing as a mother's when she croons to her babe at even time amid the mellow shadows.

The bigotries which debase and the superstitions which enslave will be stricken like carroding shackles from the limbs of man. Reborn, regenerated, and refined, his furtive eye will begin to beam with a light not seen on land or sea and never yet beheld in the eye of mortal man—the beautiful, phosphorescent light of a disenthralled intelligence. His sensual face will assume a look of ethereal and exalted beauty, and he will come forth from the sepulcher of dead superstition into the exceeding great and marvelous beauty of life without fear.

We thank thee, Death, for the splendor thou wilt shed upon our mortal stupidity, for the surcease thou will give to life's carnal thrall-dom!

When the sun of life shall sink hissing into the darkling sea of oblivion, and the lovely and majestic night of death shall rise on the Soul, oh then, will the joy of a life thrill through us like wondrous wine; the immortal symphonies of the singing stars will fall like blissful balm upon our wild hearts; a million radiant worlds will beckon to us their azure fingers, and with a shout of victory that will set the abyss pealing, the Soul will soar above the little earth and ood down with reminiscent pity upon the little fears and little hopes and little aspirations of men.

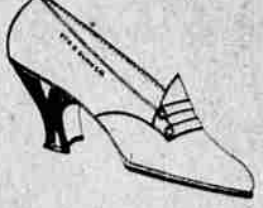
A. R. MARKER.

ENGLAND'S CHANGED VERSION

Nations, being sovereign, can do exactly what they like with the possessions of their citizens. Individual rights are not inherent but are simply privileges allowed by government. Acting upon that principle the British parliament took over the control and operation of all factories manufacturing arms and munitions of war, thereby nationalizing at one fell swoop an entire and important line of production.

To appreciate the full meaning of this action by parliament it must be remembered that England has been considered the stronghold of individualism. In spite of the widespread and successful operation of municipal utilities the British parliament until recent years has been anti-socialist. The rule that competition was the life of trade and that property rights were impregnable withstood all attacks until Lloyd George appeared with his social and industrial program. But Lloyd - George never claimed to be anything more than a reformer. His efforts to break up the large estates were in the interests of individualistic, peasant proprietorship and the government's appearance in strikes was simply to mediate and arbitrate. Now, however, parliament meets strikes by gobbling an entire industry, aiming at monopoly instead of sub-division.

British statesmen are opportunists, not theorists. They took over the state manufacture of munitions of war not because it was right but because, all things considered, it was the most practical plan of operation. In the pinch of events private opera-



The Newest Ideas IN SUMMER PUMPS

Never before have we displayed such dainty effects in women's pumps as this summer, women who take genuine pride in their appearance will find real charm in our.

"Utz and Dunn" and "Pingree" Style Shoes of Quality

The new pumps we show have a different air of smartness that draws them out from the crowd. They are the best that fine materials and expert workmanship can produce—We pay particular attention to the fit. Priced for women \$3.00 to \$5.00. Misses shoes \$2.50 to \$3.50. Children's shoes \$1.50 to \$3.00.

Women's Fine Hose

Only the best qualities here. Fine looks, perfect fitting hose made in such ways as to give the best of service. We show the best pure silk hose made at \$1.00. Has heavy ribbed elastic garter top, 3 thread knee, high spliced heel, and linen toe, and sole made to fit perfectly. Try a pair. All colors \$1.00. Special made fibre silk hose in the popular shades 35c and 50c Black Cat hose in black and whites 25c

Everybody Goes Swimming

Every woman can learn to swim now with the Y. M. C. A. tank and the Elk's tank now open. We show women's new bathing suits in morroon, blues, blacks and green with different color combination stripes and trimmings. Sizes 34 to 46. Priced \$1.50 to \$4.50. Just received new knit bathing caps. priced 65c and 75c

Still Continued The Sacrifice Sale of Entire Stock of Women's Suits and Coats

An opportunity that no woman with her coat or suit still unchosen should miss. Because there are now only alimited number of garments left, every one most desirable—no more suits or coats will be received this season. The reductions are most generous and you get 5 months yet of good seasonable wear.



tion failed. Whether the monopoly of a majority of the people of the United States wanted state socialism, and persisted in that desire long enough to make their control effective upon the co-ordinate branches of the government, the United States would be socialistic today. But the majority of Americans do not want state socialism and an analysis of the economic and political structure of the country leads to the belief that they will never want it consistently enough to bring on the "bloodless revolution." Oddly enough it is through war against which socialists in vain carried the banner for world-wide peace that state control of industry makes its greatest advances. In peaceful nations it proceeds with a slowness which must discourage the enthusiasts. What the taxation reformers seem to be striving for without visible results is a plan that will reduce everyone's taxes and at the same time yield a larger tax revenue than the present system. Dr. Wiley recommends that we spend an hour at each meal. But, perhaps, we can't afford to eat that much.

NOTICE

The Knights and Ladies of Security will hold a hard time social Wednesday, June 9th at K. of P. hall.

Lectures, Music, Dancing and Lunch

All members of the order and their friends invited.

PRICE ONLY 25c

By order of the committee

LA GRANDE NATIONAL BANK

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

OFFICERS:—

Fred J. Holmes, President C. C. Penington, V.-Prest. F. L. Meyers, Cashier Earl Zundel and H. E. Coolidge, Ass't Cashiers

DIRECTORS:

Fred J. Holmes A. T. Hill H. E. Coolidge C. C. Penington J. F. Conley A. Blockland F. L. Meyers J. G. Snodgrass H. S. Brownton

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.

Our Silverware Stock Is Complete For June Weddings



FAIRFAX -- MOTHERS -- LENOX -- CHANTELLY PATTERNS IN SETS OR FANCY PIECES

Let us Show You Our New 18 Carat Wedding Ring



SEIGRIST & CO. Largest Jewelry Store in Eastern Oregon