

THE OBSERVER

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SENATOR BURTON'S SPEECH

The large crowd that assembled to hear Senator Burton Saturday evening demonstrated the great interest we all take in a man who aspires to be President of the United States.

The Senator's voice was well worn and his speech was necessarily handicapped for that reason, but what he said was direct and to the point. He made clear the necessity for a better and bigger patriotism than this country has been displaying, and raised the question that too much ease and luxury are very liable to dwarf the patriotic principles of a nation.

His partisanship was very pronounced and he dwelt at length upon the failure of Democracy to do things in a national way. In this his speech harkened back to the days of years ago, and this feature of it failed to bring the applause that it probably would bring in the east, for Oregon's party lines have long since been more or less swept away and people will not listen with intense interest when a man talks party.

But the speech as a whole showed the Senator to be the big man he has been reported; it showed him to be a man among men and of a temperament that is admirable. His long service in congress has given him a fund of information about the affairs of the nation that is of great interest and those who heard him are pleased to have had the pleasure.

Senator Burton was followed by Congressman Coles of Ohio, who talked for thirty minutes.

REMEMBERING THE "KIDS".

The Easter egg hunt Saturday afternoon given by Pat Foley to the youngsters of La Grande was a most enjoyable event, and several hundred children participated in the happy occasion.

Hiding of several hundred dozen eggs in the hills close in furnished a game of extraordinary sport for the children when they were lined up and the word given to "go." The race was a fine one, and one person expressed it, "how much like the race of life it is, survival of the fittest brings in the most eggs in this race, and survival of the fittest brings in the most prizes in the race of life."

It must be gratifying to Pat Foley to know that he made hundreds of children glad on Easter. It is worth a lot of effort, a lot of hard work, a lot of sacrifice on the part of any man

to cast that much joy among appreciative little ones. The egg hunt was a thorough success in every way.

ONLY A COUNTERFEIT.

The so-called modern Olympic games for 1916 have been cancelled because several of the nations that ordinarily participated in them are at war with one another, and some doubt is expressed whether feeling will have subsided sufficiently by 1920 to permit their resumption at that time.

With ancient Olympic games this would not have been the case. Under the "truce of God" established in the time of Lycurgus all differences were forgotten in Hellas throughout the five or six days of the quadrennial celebration; no matter how desperately Spartans and Athenians, Spartans and Thebans, or any other of the Grecian tribes might be fighting in the regular course of events, swords and spears were laid aside throughout the period of the games and deadly enemies met without fear of assault or treachery on the field of contest.

That such a thing be done today is of course out of the question. And yet when the modern Olympic games were instituted a few years ago it was the boast of the promoters that they were engaged in recreating the old Greek spirit, traditions and ideals. They have done no more than show the vanity of trying to revivify the dead bones of an institution whose spirit has gone beyond recall. They constructed something whose form looked remotely like the original, but they could not bring back the soul that was the essence of the institution they were copying.

HOMO SAPIENS.

Having put the mayor, other city officials and several welfare workers through the Binet-Simon tests in Chicago, a psychologist went out to Lincoln park and tried it on the monkeys. Several were demonstrated to possess the mental capabilities of a bright child of 20 months. They showed a preference for attractive colors, they unwrapped candy handed to them in paper packages, they showed discrimination and elemental reasoning power in other directions.

Science has not been quite able to determine the degree of intelligence enjoyed by the higher animals. There is a gulf between us and them that is bridged with difficulty. An intelligent human being, deprived of a voice, unlearned in any language and unable to gesture, might not give a much better impression than an alert horse or dog. But one thing is certain, the self-consciousness of the cleverest of apes is vague. Their reasoning is strictly utilitarian. It is not abstract nor progressive. It applies only to immediate contingencies. It does not construct theories and transmit them for the benefit of other apes.

Just where reasoning enters in along the ascending scale of mental development is hard to determine. Infant fish react in perfect mechanical uniformity to external stimuli. Other animals are governed largely by tropisms, reflexes and instincts. Man, in fact, gets along most of the time without thinking. His movement, even the majority of the mental manifestations that he regards as reasoning, are mostly pre-determined by habit and inherited impulse.

All of which makes that narrow margin of pure reason so much the

more wonderful, since it is what keeps the species going ahead instead of standing still and is all that gives us a right to feel lordly toward apes and other creatures.

A REVERSION TO PRIMITIVE TYPE.

Anna L. Stitzel of Louisville, Ky., poses as a victim of her own sense of humanity and filial devotion. Her father, a war veteran aged 75, suffered excruciating rheumatic twinges and Anna, having little faith in medical treatment, put him out of his misery with a bullet. For this heroic treatment the euthanasian murderers must stand trial.

The trouble with Anna Stitzel appears to be that she is out of harmony with her environment. Such practice was the universal custom among certain savage tribes of the South Sea islands before Christian missionaries disabused them. In their primitive condition every individual adult was expected to look out for his own defense and his own sustenance.

When an aged couple became too old to procure their own food and to take care of themselves generally, it became the duty of the oldest son to dig a grave for their reception. Then he would lead them to it. At the brink of the grave the son would burst into tears and tell his parents how he hated to do it, but his tribal custom compelled him to act against his will. The old folks would also weep and tell him that they fully appreciated his feelings in the matter, but, it being the law of the tribe, he and they must conform to it. After embracing one another fondly the son would crack the skulls of the old people, bury them dutifully and go about his business. In the highly civilized states we have an occasional advocacy of euthanasia or humane anticipations of the inevitable course of nature, for those who are suffering from painful and incurable disease, but this far, and rightly, it has been impossible to create any enthusiasm.

A woman insurance agent back from Mexico says there is no use trying to write policies for the people of that country, because relatives take it as a cue for putting away the policy holder.

Yesterday was automobile day. The country roads were alive with machines. Punctures were numerous, which caused dirty hands and tired muscles, but light hearts.

A New York man is said to be dying from an inability to yawn. If the political orators will only start campaigning at once they may save this man's life.

Midsummer hats are to be trimmed with porcelain, says a Paris dispatch. We shall hopefully look forward to pewter and granite ware for next fall.

The best thinking is done after midnight, says Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Yet the bartenders never consider their patrons intellectual giants.

An eastern scientist says that he has discovered that the multiplication table is 6,000 years old. And some folks don't know it yet.

A Chicago woman wants a divorce because her husband poured gasoline on her and then lit a match. Reckless extravagance.

G. Bernard Shaw says if the war doesn't end soon he will come to the United States to live. May peace come speedily.

Speaking of useful inventions, there's the story of having been to a political meeting when you get home late.

Up to this writing the war department hasn't ordered the Salvation Army mobilized for service in Mexico.

Frederick Palmer says there are worse places than the trenches, which is our notion of poor praise.

Henry Ford says our danger is internal. Is that for or against an operation for appendicitis?

And did you ever see anything more inefficient than a woman's hat in a rainstorm?

If indisposition to work is any sign, spring is here.

It was a glorious Easter Sunday.

Nicodemus Dressler, An Obituary.

Even today not all blacks are free-born. Occasionally appreciative owners are slow to give unquestioned and final liberty to them who are born in their households. Not unusual yet is it that owners bring their non-emancipated with them to the wideness of our majestic West. The case of Nicodemus Dressler is one in point of positive proof. Nebraska born he was brought when about eighteen or nineteen to Idaho where he served most intelligently yet unquestionably his kindest of masters till old age took him. The master, strange to say, was a Methodist minister, too. Sometimes the old slave would be subjected to treatment to which some intelligent servants might have objected, but Nicodemus was never heard to utter

Just Received a Shipment of Little Girls' and Misses' - - - STRIPED MIDDY BLOUSES

Specially Priced \$1.25

The last shipment of these Popular Middy Blouses for girls were snapped up in no time. Made with a wide belt, of extra quality percale and comes in black and white stripes, blue and white stripes, and red and white stripes. Some are all white trimmed with striped collar and cuffs. Sizes 6 years to 20 years. Priced \$1.25

"Spring Weight Munsingwear" 50c Union Suits for Women 50c

If you have worn Munsingwear—you know how light, how comfortable and durable these garments are. If you have never worn Munsingwear—you do not know what real underwear comfort is—and its time you learned—The "fit" cannot be washed out—Munsingwear garments made to fit. They do not bind anywhere. They are famous for durability and washability. The seams, buttonholes, edges, etc., are thoroughly finished.

The Munsingwear Union Suit at 50c is of fine cotton, light Spring weight. Comes in all these styles: Low neck with no sleeves and tight knee or loose knee. Low neck with wing sleeves and tight knee. Low neck, no sleeves, ankle length. V-neck, no sleeves and tight knee. Priced 50c garment, extra sizes 60c.

N. M. West & Co. THE QUALITY STORE

a single word of protest; but would obey whatever the character of the company present. The seemingly degrading thing he was subjected to was that of having to carry his master oftentimes when any one of the on-lookers would have declared that worthy man could have walked.

Nicodemus was born black; age did not appear to cause him to become gray. Possibly his being black was one of the many reasons why the ministerial master never allowed him the usual privilege of sleeping under the same roof with him; he was very peculiar as to that, and it is one of the points of his treatment of the poor drudge he never explained.

Rev. J. M. Dressler was the owner. The slave was his old horse who recently died at the age of about 30 years, near Summerville. Mr. Dressler, the unrepentant owner lives in Washington, D. C.

J. D. GILLILAN.

Be the Fellow that Your Mother Thinks You Are.

While waddling down a crowded city street the other day, I heard a little urchin to his comrade turn and say, "Say, Jimmie! You know I'd be as happy as a clam if I only was the feller that my mudder t'inks I am."

She t'inks I am a wonder and knows her little lad. Would never mix with nuthin' ugly, mean or bad. I often sit and t'ink how nice it would be, Gee Whiz! If a weller was a feller dat his mudder t'inks he is."

So, my friends, be yours a life of toil or diluted joy, You still can learn a lesson from the small, unlettered boy. Don't try to be an earthly saint, with eyes fixed upon a star, Just try to be the feller that your mother thinks you are.

—ERNEST LOUIS DOWLING, Ogden, Utah.

A New Verse by Riley

Cleveland, April 24.—A new poem by James Whitcomb Riley, written as

part of a letter to Mrs. E. L. Motts, Lakewood, and read at a literary club meeting was made public today. The verse, unnamed, but filled with the hoosier poet's homely philosophy, follows:

"No matter then how all is mixed In our near sighted eyes, All things is fur the best and fited Out straight in paradise.

"Then take things as God sends them here, And of we live or die Be more and more contented Without a'askin' why."

April a Month of Wars

April has been the "month of wars" for the United States. First hostilities of the Revolutionary war occurred April 19, 1775. The Black Hawk Indian war started April 21, 1831. First fighting on the Mexican border in the war of 1845 was reported April 24 that year. On April 13, 1861, Fort Sumter was fired on, stirring the nation to civil war. First bloodshed of the Civil War came April 19, 1861, when Massachusetts regiments, marching to Washington, were fired on in Baltimore streets. Congress dated its declaration of war on Spain in 1898 as of April 21. United States marines landed at Vera Cruz April 21, 1914.

The Men Higher Up

She was doing her best to make use of her leap-year prerogative. "I am a poor girl as you know," she said, "but if the devotion of a true loving heart goes for anything with you—" "Oh, it goes with me alright," interrupted the practical young man, "but I am afraid it won't go with the grocer and the butcher."—Indianapolis Star.

Noblesse Oblige

"Mother," said little Mabel, "do missionaries go to heaven?" "Why, of course, dear," her mother replied. "Do cannibals?" "No, I am afraid they don't." "But, mother," the little girl insisted

"if a cannibal eats a missionary he will have to go won't he?"—New York Evening Post.

Brave

Speaking of the man who walks right up to the cannon's mouth, there is L. C. Rosa of the Spearville News, who writes: "We are willing to lend what assistance we can for better babies. We have never seen one yet but what could be improved."—Kansas City Star.

Why France Got Out of Mexico

An editorial in the April Woman's Home Companion reminds us of the real reason why France got out of Mexico after the Civil War—a reason that has considerable significance today: "When the Civil War was over we found France in possession of Mexico," we read. "Our government intimated to the French government that its presence there was undesirable, and the French withdrew. Why? Because the righteousness of our protest made Napoleon ashamed of himself? Not at all. It was because at that moment we had a million trained men under arms. And having the million men ready to fight, we did not have to fight. That victory was won without the firing of a single gun or the loss of a single drop of blood—because we were prepared for victory."

Paid King's Ransom for Health Recipe

In the April Woman's Home Companion a writer gives a health recipe for which one of his friends paid a king's ransom, visited foreign spas and consulted the best specialists. The bulk of their advice was boiled down to the following simple rule: Come home at night and take a bath and go to bed at an hour before dinner. "To rush home from the office and sit down to the heavy meal of the day with the blood still massed in the head," says the writer, "is, I am sure, one of the contributing causes to many breakdowns."

Electric pumps were used to irrigate 3000 acres of rice in California. Children of the grade school in Freeport, Ill., are taught to read electric light meters.



The Careful man does not carry a load of debt. He is a careful man and instead of wasting his money he puts it in the bank where it is safe and where he can get it.

DEBT IS A HARD MASTER. THE WAY NOT TO HAVE A DEBT YOU CANNOT PAY IS NOT TO MAKE IT. THE "CAREFUL" MAN NEVER MAKES A DEBT, UNLESS BY DOING SO HE COULD SAFELY SEE A BIGGER "INCOME" THAN "OUT-GO". THIS IS HOW HE GROWS A FORTUNE. ARE NOT YOU GOING TO PUT YOUR MONEY IN OUR BANK AND ALSO GROW A FORTUNE? BANK WITH US.

La Grande National Bank LA GRANDE, OREGON Capital \$200,000.00, Surplus \$50,000.00, Resources \$1,000,000.00 Fred J. Holmes, President; C. C. Penington, Vice President; F. L. Meyers, Cashier; E. Zundel and H. E. Coolidge, Assistant Cashiers. DIRECTORS Fred J. Holmes, J. G. Snodgrass, J. F. Conley, C. C. Penington, H. S. Brownton, F. L. Meyers, A. Blokland, A. T. HEB, H. E. Coolidge.

Shipment No. 2 Finally Arrived

20 cases more of "Grand Ma's Cookies". Came in fine shape—only Ten Cents—something new for La Grande people. Look for the big window display. I skin the world on a high-grade Corn. Ask about it—come in person if you wish to buy only for cash. Don't phone in this one case. I have all classes of goods from the four corners of the U. S. One lady had a \$10 order ready for the mail-order house. She just happened in on her way to the postoffice. I filled the order and gave her back 80 cents. We both were pleased. Sugar looking up. Egg market fine, and Business is Good. I believe that's all for this time. Yes, seed spuds, \$1.75. Yours for the Right Way.

Mammoth Grocery

W. S. Allinson, Proprietor. The Big Store in the Middle Room in the Middle Block P. S.—Just one more item. Try our 25c Coffee, ground in our new Blower.