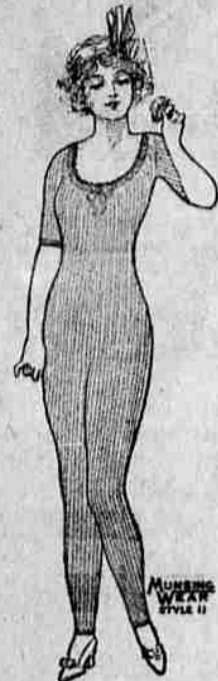


# SPRING UNDERWEAR WEEK AT WEST'S

## The Time is Right, the Merchandise is Right, and the Prices Right; our New Spring and Summer Stocks are in---Exactly Right Weights for Near Warm Days.



### Exclusive Agents **MUNSINGWEAR**

For Women

Perfect Fitting Union Suits—popular because they are made to fit. Here in all-wanted weights and styles. Short sleeves, long sleeves, knee length, or ankle length, here in cotton, braibriggan, and mercerized lisle; athletic or B. V. D. styles in nainsook, mercerized silk, and pure silk. Famous the world over because they do not bind or gap, because they are light and comfortable, because they retain their original fit after innumerable washings.

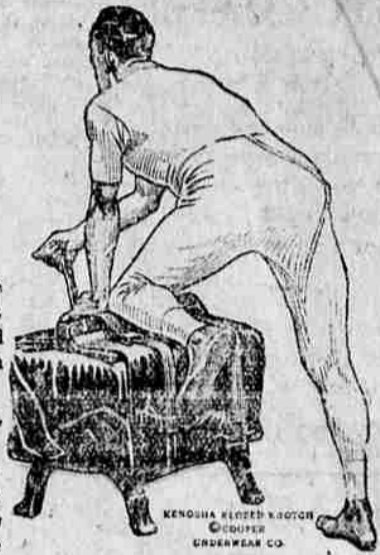
- Athletic Loose-Fitting Styles, priced at .50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.00
- Chalmers Genuine Porisknit Union Suits ..... \$1.00
- Cooper's Light Weight Union Suits, knit of fine Egyptian Cotton, . . . . .25c
- Priced ..... \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50
- Boys' Union Suits, priced ..... 50c

### Exclusive Agents **Cooper Kenosha-Klosed-Krotan Union Suits For Men**

If you have worn Munsingwear you know how light, how comfortable and how cool these garments are. So fine in quality as to satisfy the most particular persons, so perfect in fit as to be absolutely comfortable, and so moderate in price that none need be without them. The fit won't wash out.

Union Suits in all styles—low neck, V-neck, Dutch neck, wing sleeves, no sleeves, elbow sleeves, knee length, lace knee, ankle length.

- Women's Munsing Union Suits, priced ..... 50c
- Women's Cotton Knit Union Suits, tight or lace knee ..... 25c
- Women's Fine Mercerized Union Suits ..... 75c, \$1.25, \$1.50
- Women's Summer Vests ..... 10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c, 50c



## N. W. West & Co. THE QUALITY STORE

### THE OBSERVER

BRUCE DENNIS, Editor and Owner

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

#### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

- Daily, single copy ..... 5c
- Daily, per week ..... 15c
- Daily, per month ..... 65c
- Daily, per 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

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

Address all communications to THE OBSERVER, 1710 Sixth Street.

#### WAR AS IT IS SEEN

Victor Murdock, who is to open the Grande Ronde Chautauqua this year, spent some time at the war zone of Europe. Following is a description of "war as it is seen."

"In my last I described a demolished church at the front. I did not tell

it all. While I was standing in the midst of the powdered ruins and peeping into a grave where someone had been buried five hundred years ago, and which was now open to the sunlight, there must have come in to my eyes a certain sort of a look. I suspect it was the souvenir look. I have never been much on souvenirs myself. I wasn't born that way. But I recognize that it is a tending American trait, and as I am an American, bone, blood, sinew and trimmings that probably I was guilty. At any event, one of the officers nearby caught the glint in my eye and he was not going to see me suffer. He picked up the biggest thing left in that church—it was a slab of marble gravestone with some Latin words on it. Armed with this he approached me, and with a most courteous bow, presented it to me. There was only one thing for me to do, and that was to accept it with profuse thanks. And I did. I tucked the ghostly thing under my arm and fared forth. For the rest of the day it was with me. I crawled through long communicating trenches, spraddled barbed-wire, burrowed underground and watched a big gun pounding holes in the German line, ducked under buildings and visited commanders working in cellars by candle-light, and that faithful gravestone remained ever at my side.

"As a rule a civilian at the front doesn't arouse much curiosity among the soldiers. They are busy men as

a rule and they give one look and let you go. It was so with me on other days. But on this day I fascinated them. Their eyes followed me everywhere. The man who was unloading a half-ton of hot steel at the front door of the Germans turned and gazed on me as I passed. But I knew I wasn't the attraction—it was that tombstone. At one point where some soldiers were gathered about a portable kitchen, I almost felt called upon to stop and make them a speech, vindicating myself. And moreover the tombstone itself took on an accusatory attitude. The name of the man it covered wasn't on it, but there was a rest in peace. I didn't know him. I never would know him. I had no legal title to the property, and surely a man's tombstone is his own. I am sure that if in a future war five or six hundred years hence, some gale from Australia visits Wichita and carries away any of my tomb, I will visit him at night and freeze his young blood and make each individual hair upon his head to stand, as Lon Hlodig used to say, like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

"Here was an ancient friend who probably wore armor and carried a lance and rode to Jerusalem and cut sirloins out of Turks and sleshed around to the best of his ability for sixty years or so, and then in his old age came back to the old town and sat around and told the boys what he did to them when they all went up against the walls of Jericho. He is a man I would have liked. I don't think there is any question about that. I know but little of a out war and war, but I do know that old age, sorrow and telling what it did, and youth in the sweat of doing it beat a city block. And when this old fighter had told his stories over so often that the crowd in the town could tell when he dropped out a phrase and would supply it, and he knew his time had come, he had but a single request to make to posterity. He wanted to rest in peace. And he said so. And here, after the request had been observed so long that it had become a vested right, the Germans came along with pointed steel balls and ploughed him up, and a wandering Yahoo from a country that wasn't even discovered on the day of the funeral, walks off with the request under his arm.

"But I went on with my investigations with my tombstone held against my heart. It was thick enough to stop a shrapnel bullet or a shell-splinter, and I knew the old fellow, if he could have heard one snort, would have modified some towards me in spite of himself.

"I traveled from first line to second to third, to fourth, back through the fifth to the sixth, vast labyrinthine works of deft, so, crossing and crisscrossing. Over-lapping the heads of roads, springing out of fields suddenly, poking up in back yards, twisting through groves, winding over hills—locks—a deep, complete, inconceivable intricate barrier against which no army in this world can march and live. I watched again the long lines of traffic which feed and clothe and shoe the soldiers. I visited the great repair shops which pound the autos back into shape and the great army abattoirs where the soldiers' meat is slaughtered. I went on back to the evacuating hospital and saw the train roll in with its burden of sick and wounded from the front. I saw the vast and bewildering spectacle of war, incredible in its ramifications, incomprehensible in part or in whole, overwhelming, stupefying, numbing to the eye, the ear, the senses.

"And I hitched my tombstone a little farther up under my arm and groped my way back to the lodging place and to bed. My head was

throbbing with the stupendousness of all I had seen. I could not sleep. I laid it on the tombstone which I had left propped up against the wall, staring at me through the night. I thought possibly that he had concluded that if he wasn't going to be allowed to rest in peace, I shouldn't either.

"But after a time he seemed to repent of it, for I got to thinking about a thing I had experienced that day as I plodded through the mud. There is something about the mud that makes devastation fall upon you. You tire of destructiveness. You weary of ruin. I had turned away from a battered city glutted with the sight and with my whole interest in all of it waning. I had turned to a persistent peasant plowing in a shell-torn field and found it waxing again. And in that thought I slid off into the blessed sea of sleep."

#### RATS DEVoured HIS HEART.

I was attorney for the 'Q' And the indemnity company which insured the owners of the mine. I pulled the wires with judge and jury And the upper Courts, to beat the claims Of the crippled, the widow, and orphan And made a fortune thereat. The Bar Association sang my praises In a high flown resolution, And the floral tributes were many— But the rats devoured my heart And a snake made a nest in my skull. —Selected.

#### A RIDDLE WITH A MORAL.

Riddles are bad enough, but a riddle with a moral! \* \* \* that is too much! remarks the Literary Digest. Still, in the case of the riddle propounded by the Toledo Blade the moral is a good one and the riddle is sufficiently puzzling to inspire some interest. We are apparently confronted with a description of our greatest common enemy. What is this monster?—

I am more powerful than the combined armies of the world.

I have destroyed more men than all the wars of the nations.

I am more deadly than bullets, and I have wrecked more homes than the mightiest siege-guns.

I steal, in the United States alone, over \$300,000,000 each year.

I spare no one, and I find my victims among the rich and poor alike, the young and old, the strong and weak. Widows and orphans know me.

I loom up to such proportions that I cast my shadow over every field of labor, from the turning of the grindstone to the moving of every railroad-train.

I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage-earners a year.

I lurk in unseen places, and do most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not.

I am relentless.

I am everywhere—in the house, on the street, in the factory, at railroad-crossings, and on the sea.

I bring sickness, degradation, and death, and yet few seek to avoid me.

I destroy, crush, and maim; I give nothing, but take all.

I am your worst enemy.

What is the answer? Do you say "drink" or "hatred" or "self-interest?" The answer is given in the words of the riddle: "I am carelessness."

#### DYESTUFFS AND EXTRACTS.

Census Bureau's Summary Concerning the Industry for 1914. Washington, D. C., May 1, 1916.—A

preliminary statement of the general results of the 1914 census of manufactures for the dyestuff and extract industry has been issued by Director Sam L. Rogers, of the Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce. It consists of a statement of the quantities and values of the various products manufactured, prepared under the direction of Mr. William M. Stewart, chief statistician for manufactures. The figures are preliminary and are subject to such change and correction as may be necessary from a further examination of the original reports.

#### Establishments Reporting and Value of Products.

Returns were received from 133 establishments engaged in the industry in 1914, with products valued at \$21,341,122, including dyestuffs valued at \$7,118,528, tanning materials valued at \$7,840,057, mordants, assistants, sizes valued at \$5,044,225, and other products to the value of \$1,338,312. At the 1909 census returns were received from 124 establishments, with products valued at \$16,788,676, including dyestuffs valued at \$4,819,247, tanning materials valued at \$7,120,307, mordants, assistants, and sizes valued at \$3,276,801, and other products to the value of \$1,572,321.

The number of establishments reporting in 1914 was greater by 9 than the number in 1909, and during the same period the total value of products increased by \$4,552,446, or 27.1 per cent. The increase in value of dyestuffs produced was \$2,299,281, or 47.7 per cent; of tanning materials, \$719,750, or 10.1 per cent; and of mordants, assistants, and sizes, \$1,707,424, or 53.9 per cent.

Of the total number of establishments reporting for 1914, 22 were engaged primarily in other industries and manufactured as by-products dyestuffs and extracts—chiefly assistants and tanning extracts—valued at \$764,353. At the census of 1909, 17 such establishments reported similar by-products—chiefly assistants and dyestuffs—of the value of \$834,102.

It is to be noted that these statistics do not embrace the production of dyeing or tanning materials, mordants, assistants, etc., which were consumed in the establishment where produced, but refer only to the output of establishments manufacturing these products for sale, and of plants operated separately and apart from tanneries or dyehouses, although under the same ownership.

The dyestuffs as reported for 1914 include natural dyestuffs valued at \$1,865,835 and artificial dyestuffs of the value of \$5,252,655, the latter comprising 12,169,635 pounds of synthetic or coal-tar dyes valued at \$4,652,947 and 4,991,336 pounds of mineral dyes valued at \$599,746. Comparable therewith is an aggregate production in 1909 of 12,267,399 pounds of artificial dyestuffs valued at \$3,462,436. The increase for the five-year period, therefore, was 39.6 per cent in quantity and 51.5 per cent in value.

#### Coal-Tar Dyes.

The statistics for coal-tar dyes include the products of establishments using intermediates and part-manufactured materials as well as those that start from the basic coal-tar crudes. The industry included 25 establishments in 1914 which manufactured artificial dyestuffs of mineral or chemical origin, and of these, 18 reported the manufacture of synthetic or coal-tar dyes and 11 the production of mineral colors or dyes.

In connection with the foregoing statement concerning the output of coal-tar dyes in the United States, it should be said that but little over one-half of the amount reported by various firms consisted of wares actually made in this country from crude or semimanufactured materials, the remainder comprising essentially products obtained by the mixing or blend-

ing of artificial colors of foreign origin.

#### Natural Dyestuffs Produced.

The natural dyestuffs produced in 1914 include 28,989,962 pounds of logwood extract, valued at \$1,311,966; 4,509,943 pounds of fustic extract, valued at \$222,804; 3,844,882 pounds of quercitron extract, valued at \$12,945; extracts of other dyewoods and vegetable material—cutch, brazilwood, gambier, indigo, etc.—valued at \$120,826; and ground or chipped dyewoods, valued at \$97,294. The production of logwood extract shows an increase of 29.9 per cent in quantity and 32.3 per cent in value as compared with 1909.

#### Location of Establishments.

Of the 111 establishments manufacturing dyestuffs and extracts as chief products in 1914, 23 were located in New York, 18 in New Jersey, 17 in Massachusetts, 13 in Virginia, 9 in Pennsylvania, 6 in Rhode Island, 6 in Tennessee, 4 in North Carolina, 4 in West Virginia, 2 in Georgia, 2 in Illinois, 2 in Wisconsin, and 1 each in Alabama, California, Connecticut, Indiana and Michigan.

#### COMFORT NEEDED ON FARM

Washington, D. C., April 20.—In the design and construction of the farmhouse, the question of utility alone should not be the determining factor. The first thought should be the making of a home. The amount of money to be invested in the building of the home should not be determined by its relation in size to the balance of the plant, nor by the amount that is necessary merely to provide a shelter, but the amount to be invested should be that which the owner may reasonably afford without financially crippling himself too severely.

The average city dweller in buying a house for a home does not proceed solely on the basis of what he can expect to obtain in case it ever is desirable to place the house on the market. He is not likely to consider the purchase of a home as a financial investment, but as a social one, which will enable him to obtain for his family, the comforts and conveniences that he could not enjoy in a rented house and to have for his family a genuine home, a genuine home life.

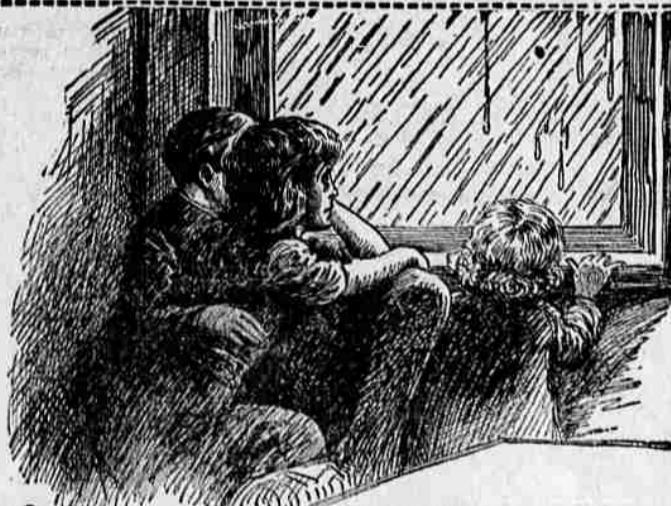
If he is able, when the time arrives to dispose of his property to financial advantage, well and good; if not, considers, and properly so, that he has made a good investment from a social side.

#### "DANDY" GETS PENNIES.

Its Breed Is Question, but Dogcatcher Can't Harm Pet.

Omaha, April 29.—Dandy, the household dog at the Burkhardt home, will not be taken by any old dog catcher man this year. Dandy is not much on pedigree, but it can wag its tail with nonchalance and hold up its head because Elinore and Marion Burkhardt, 7 and 9 years old, respectively, walked into the Omaha City Clerk's office and handed over 50 pennies each in return for which they received dog license tag No. 257 and a receipt showing they had paid the money.

These children saved their pennies for some time, and now they may sleep without having bad dreams of the dog catcher getting Dandy. The dog is white with black spots, and when the dog license man asked for Dandy's breed they looked at each other in bewilderment, as if they had forgotten to bring some important facts regarding the past life of Dandy. There is a blank space on the records where the breed should be recorded, but that did not make any difference when the clerk handed over the tag and the youngsters proudly fastened it on Dandy's neck.



### The careful man puts his money in the bank if he dies he won't leave helpless children

ARE YOU A DADDY?  
YOU LOVE YOUR FAMILY, PERHAPS YOU WASTE A LOT OF MONEY IN "DRIBS AND DRABS" THAT IF PUT INTO THE BANK NOW WOULD GROW TO A BIG SUM.  
IF YOU LIVE "YOU" CAN ENJOY YOUR MONEY, IF YOU DON'T IT WILL PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN.  
YOU ARE SETTING YOUR BOYS A GOOD EXAMPLE WHEN YOU PUT MONEY IN THE BANK.

BANK WITH US.  
WE PAY 4 PER CENT INTEREST

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