

THE OBSERVER

CLARKE LEITER, Editor and Publisher; J. D. MEYERS and H. B. LEITER, Owners.

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OREGON FAR IN THE LEAD.

J. L. McBrien, school extension agent, United States Bureau of Education, at Washington, D. C., says that the lack of equal school privileges for the farm boy and the farm girl as compared with the school privileges provided for the city boy and the city girl, in length of school term, in equipment, in professional supervision, and in the qualification of teachers, are injustices that might have to be tolerated in a despotism but are discriminations that should have no place in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. But we are not through yet with the length of the school term as one of the rankest discriminations against the farm boy and the farm girl in our public school policy.

The per cent of daily attendance of every 100 pupils enrolled in the rural schools of Maryland, according to the Bulletin of the Bureau of Education, 1913, No. 8, entitled "The Status of Rural Education in the United States" by A. C. Monahan, is only 51 per cent, the lowest percentage of attendance in the rural schools of all States in the Union. Delaware comes next with 51.4 per cent. Colorado ranks third with 53.6 per cent. The three States ranking highest in percentage of daily attendance in the rural schools are as follows: Oregon, 90.6; Connecticut, 88.4; Massachusetts, 86. It is evident, therefore, that Maryland, with the lowest percentage of rural school attendance, is 39.6 per cent below Oregon with the highest percentage of rural school attendance.

If the rural school attendance were raised from 67.6 per cent—the average daily attendance in the rural public schools of the United States—to 90.6 per cent, the average daily attendance in the rural public schools of Oregon, it would mean an increase of the rural school term in effect and in the aggregate for the country at large of 23 per cent. It would seem that 9.4 per cent of the actual enrollment, as in the case of Oregon, is a sufficient allowance for all reasonable absences—such as sickness, necessity of pupil being absent as wage earners in order to properly support the fam-

ily, and all other reasonable excuses. Oregon has found it so. What Oregon has done every other State in the Union can do if it only will. Who is ready to say that every State should not do this for the farm boy and the farm girl?

ON COMING TO LA GRANDE

(Continued From Page One)

No man stands better in the opinion of the state at large, no man whose advice is more eagerly sought on questions of statecraft and whose counsel is more freely and wisely given.

It is meet and proper that the editor of the Observer speak these words on behalf of himself to Mr. Dennis, to thank him on behalf of the citizens of this community for his labors for the public good, and to wish him well in whatever future field his abilities and energies are directed.

The La Grande Evening Observer has changed its owners but not its policies. It will continue to be independent in politics, to support men rather than parties and principles rather than shibboleths. It will continue to support Charles E. Hughes for president.

The Observer will be devoted to the interests of the community. It will print the news, offer its opinions for consideration and do so in a broad way, rather than in the interest of a narrow selfish policy. The editor of the Observer is open to advice and suggestions. The columns of the Observer are open to men and women of all parties and opinions for frank and free discussion of public questions. It will be the people's paper of its territory.

The writer was a pupil under the late Harvey W. Scott. He admired Mr. Scott's courage, his wisdom and knowledge, his gifted trenchant pen. A great man, Mr. Scott was never too busy to counsel with or encourage the humblest of his staff. The writer saw Mr. Scott transformed from a dignified policy of isolation in his manhood to a mellow love of companionship and friends in his old age. He fought shoulder to shoulder with him in the bitterest journalistic fight in the history of the state of Oregon, and read before they were sent to the printer editorials which shook the foundations of the first families of the state. He was also the pupil of many other able journalists, N. J. Levinson, Henry E. Reed, Edgar B. Piper, C. S. Jackson, B. F. Irvine, Geo. M. Trowbridge, to all of whom he is grateful for help and advice and consideration. Whatever of experience in the newspaper profession the writer has gathered is at the service of the people of this community. He asks their consideration and support. Attracted to La Grande by the evidences on every hand of an enterprising, thrifty, industrious and public spirited community, admiring its beautiful and prosperous territory, the editor is ambitious to be of service to this community and to make this newspaper of as much real ser-

vice in its future development as it has been in the past.

CLARKE LEITER.

HEART TO HEART

(Continued From Page One)

knew; we have reported the marriage of our young people with glee and joyfulness; we have told the sad, sad story of death hovering over the homes of our neighbors claiming the loved ones.

And during this six years of service we have learned to feel closely allied with La Grande people. Every home has been opened to us and our family. It has been a pleasant period in life, for in offering the best service we knew how to give we have met an appreciative response that gladdens the heart, melts away troubles and smooths out the pathway of life.

In all of our efforts we have tried to be fair. We have differed with many good friends on issues of national, state and local importance but our differences were honest and we have yet to find the man or woman in La Grande who has been narrow enough to show enmity simply because we could not see things alike.

The pride in La Grande's growth and remarkable improvement during the past few years we share alike with every loyal citizen. This is our home—all the home we have—and, although leaving the newspaper business, we sincerely hope a kind Providence may see fit to permit our further residence here.

Our successors are very well known. We sold the paper, to be definite and exact, to Ray W. Logan who acted as agent for Mrs. Leiter and Mr. Meyers, the present owners of the Arcade theater. Mr. Leiter will be editor and publisher and he will give La Grande and the two counties excellent service. He is a college man, having graduated from Stanford University. Soon after graduating he accepted a position with the Portland Oregonian as reporter, was later promoted to city editor and for ten years held that position. For the past year and half he has been city editor of the Portland Journal and leaves that position to take charge of the Observer. Mr. Leiter is a man of affairs, thoroughly posted on Oregon and her needs. It was through his efforts that the Irrigation congress was formed and his hand has helped shape the destiny of many worthy enterprises that have redounded to the state's advancement and development. With such experience and training as Mr. Leiter has enjoyed the Observer will show marked improvement under his hand.

To our many warm friends who for over six years have never swerved from loyalty's path; friends with whom we have marched under the banner—"Advancement for La Grande"—we extend our sincerest thanks for your co-operation. You have our profoundest gratitude for every assistance rendered, for every dollar of patronage given the Observer. In Mr. Leiter you will find the same spirit of appreciation that we here express.

In closing this heart to heart talk with the Observer's family of readers we want to say with all candor that one may search the world over and never find a community where the milk of human kindness flows more freely—where people are more willing to forgive and forget—willing to cast charity's broad mantle over the weakness of neighbor and friend, than right here in our own good town of La Grande.

Very sincerely,

Bruce Dennis

EDITORIAL COMMENT

(Portland Evening Telegram)
Clarke Leiter is going to edit the La Grande Evening Observer. This means that the people of La Grande are going to have a newspaper that is "up and coming" at all times. Mr. Leiter knows every fine point of the newspaper game, from showing a shy, high school youngster how "type lice" jump, to handling the biggest story that ever broke loose. He is a reporter and editor, too, is a firm believer in civic pride and civic betterment, and will make the Observer a force in state as well as community affairs.

Under the management of Bruce Dennis, from whom the paper was purchased yesterday by J. D. Meyers and Mrs. O. C. Leiter, the Observer has been one of the out-of-Portland dailies whose stand on commonwealth problems all Oregonians like to know. It will be heard from more than ever under Clarke Leiter's enthusiastic editorship.

IN A NEW FIELD.

(Portland Journal)
The editorial control of the La Grande Observer has passed to O. C. Leiter, late city editor of The Journal, former city editor of the Oregonian. Under Bruce Dennis, the Observer has been a good example of independence in journalism. It refused to bow to all the fetiches and idols. It had a mind of its own.

Mr. Leiter goes to the Observer,

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Mr. Leiter is able and amiable, and The Journal hopes for his unbounded success.

WANDERINGS

(By Che-che-pe-toe-i-gi)

I was wandering along the edge of a beautiful lake, with rifle in my hands nerves on edge, looking to right and left and ahead, when I suddenly saw the object of my search, a noble beast the king of these northern woods, the moose, with antlers on him the likes of which neither I, no! and no other man had ever seen, ten feet from tip to tip he must have had a hundred points, I thought, and stood some eighteen or twenty hands high at the shoulders, he was a monster. I raised my rifle to my shoulder to fire, took steady aim and pulled the trigger and bang! The gun kicked so hard it knocked me out of bed. I awakened to find Tom hammering on the door of my office, and my moose hunt just a dream.

"Mr. Che one halfbreed wants to see you very bad," Tom was saying. It did not take long to slip into some garments and open the door and admit the halfbreed, who carried a small bag in his hand, he opened it and handed me a piece of float rock, just the finest specimen I had ever seen of tin ore. I had been fooled once before by an Indian on gold dust, so I was not going to get fooled again.

I asked him where he got it? He said about seven days' journey away. I asked him if he would show me? He was quite ready, if I would hand him over \$100 and then pay him an extra three dollars a day and find grub for the journey, etc. I told him to go home, that there was nothing doing, not on those terms.

I said if you can show me the ledge where you broke off this piece from I will give you \$100, but not another dollar for guiding, etc. Well the upshot of it was he was agreeable in the end and we started, this was about the latter end of August, and let me tell you right here, if you want to find out what mosquitoes, sand flies and bull-dog flies are, just take a trip into the swamp and musk of the frozen north in the late fall, you will wish you were back home.

There was Tom and I in one canoe, and the halfbreed and an Indian in another canoe. They had a birch-bark and led the way. We went up the tram line to the landing, back up the river to the rapids. I wanted portage around them. No, they said it was too much trouble, they just get into the water one on each side of the canoe and push it up through the rapids into smooth water at the head. This is alright in the summer time, but when there is a light skim of ice on the water it is rather unpleasant. After getting into Cedar Lake we headed north, struck the bank of the lake and had to make a portage of sixteen miles overland. I carried two rifles and our bedding and grub, Tom packed the canoe and paddles and the balance of the grub. The rock formation was all limestone. Well, to make a long story short we had a little canoeing then more portage, etc., for about six days, and the formation all the time limestone. I knew by the compass I always carried, that we were traveling due north all the time. The halfbreed one morning told me we were pretty near the place which made me laugh. He wanted to know what was amusing me? I replied it's the country all same as we were going through now, rock all same too. He said, yes, just all same. I felt pretty sure my man was just playing me for a sucker. Well, anyway the next day he took us up a little rise of ground, I should judge a couple of hundred feet above the surrounding country and only small stunted spruce growing. And said, "me find him here." I then explained or tried to, that that piece of stuff he had was float, that at one time many many moons gone by, this whole country had been covered by water and

moving ice and that that piece of rock he had picked up might have been brought hundreds of miles. He got scared, I think, and imagined I had got bugs inside my head. They left us and went back home. Tom told me, he would take me west about three miles and strike a river and go down it to his winter cabin and get some fresh sturgeon, and on the way he would see if the barren land caribou were traveling yet to their winter feeding grounds. We struck the river all O. K. but about every mile or so we would have to run ashore and portage around a log dam or a beaver dam.

About the second day we ran into a small lake which had a very rocky shore on the north side, and talk about your wolves, there must have been hundreds. Tom told me no Indians would come up here, as they were afraid. Once on Indian had come up and stole some of the pups and the wolves had tracked him for a hundred miles and then caught him and eaten him. He said these wolves always came here to breed, but when winter came and the lakes froze over they headed south and caught the calves, sheep, etc., from the farmers in Manitoba.

We saw lots of moose in the evenings standing in water eating lily pads. They were unafraid and would merely lift their heads and look at us with surprise as we drifted past them.

(To be continued)

A drowning man rarely hollers for more water.

The contents of a barrel will be generally found on the inside.

Up until 1642 there wasn't a single chauffeur pinched for speeding.

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