

THE OBSERVER

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1916.

MILITARY PREPAREDNESS.

The United States is spending enough for an army and navy to equal the military prowess of an European nation.

A large army and navy may be justified on the grounds that they constitute peace insurance.

But we should see that we get value for our money.

And our army and navy will never be efficient as long as both are footballs of politics, with army and navy officers lobbying in Washington D. C. and influencing congress.

WHAT TO DO WITH SAW DUST

Scientists are studying to find uses for sawdust, which amounts to a

waste of 11 billion feet of lumber annually in the United States. It would be a blessing if some one could find a way of manufacturing paper out of it. As it is now, it can be used for packing ice and some of it is made into wood flour. The latter is used in the manufacture of dynamite and also of wood-stucco and molding. Most of it is burned.

AERIAL WARFARE.

Aeroplanes and Zeppelins are useful chiefly as scouts.

The Zeppelin raids in England have killed a few people, but not enough to be of any consequence in a world war.

Bombs from aeroplanes have done little damage.

But for watching movements of troops and signalling to artillery commanders and for general scouting purposes their services are invaluable.

This is one branch of the American army and navy that need strengthening.

THE HEARST NEWSPAPERS.

The government of Great Britain has disbarred the International news service, a Hearst concern, from the use of British mails and British cables alleging that the news association had sent out untrue reports.

In justice to that news service, it should be stated that it alleges in answer that it refused to be controlled by British censorship and to send out news reports colored by British press agents.

Whether disbarred from Great Britain or not, the press association will still continue to get and print the news. Our sympathies are with the press association in its fight with a powerful government.

Ordered to the Front.

Portland, Oct. 24.—(Special)—Col. Clenard McLaughlin of the Third Oregon infantry has been ordered to join the 7th infantry on the border.

Finnegan's Philosophy

BALAAM

Well do I mind the story, said Finnegan. Balaam was a highbrow that knowed less than his Jackass. He took an office to curse the people. The Jackass saved them. 'Tis all in Numbers Twenty-two. Och hone! 'Tis different these times. The Jackass knew better till Balaam tamed him. "Lave me ride ye," says Balaam, "an' I'll make ye the biggest Ass in the world."

"Great," says the Ass; "what d'ye feed?"

"Fork," says Balaam.

"Me savior," says the Ass.

So Balaam mounts. But soon the Jack balks.

"Phwat is it?" says Balaam.

"Snakes," says the Ass; "Ut looks like the jawbone uv me mother."

"G'wan," says Balaam, hlttin' the Ass a clip. "'tis me furren' polley," he says.

"Phwat's ut for?" axes the Ass.

"Ut defends the nashun," says Balaam.

"How?" says the Ass.

"Faith," says Balaam, "ut takes a bigger Ass than you to know that Lave it to Brine," says Balaam to the Ass; an' the Jack walks on meditating.

"Hee, haw," says the Ass, balkin' an' kfeelin'.

"What now?" says Balaam.

"Divil a Jackass ever seen the like," says the Ass. "Ut could be a frog," says he, "for ut stands up in front, an' sits down behind; an' 'tis mostly mouth," says the Ass. "Ut has white streaks, that changes," he says, "to Very Crooz Red, or Niagara Blue, an' now they're Carryall Yaller again," says he. "Ilivins, have I been drinkin'?" screams the Ass to Balaam.

"Sants be praised," says Balaam.

"Me Watchful Waitin' can still change its mind," he says. "G'wan, where glory waits," he says. "G'wan, in the service uv Mankind," says Balaam to the Ass, touching him up. An' the Ass shuffles ahead, wavin' his ears in admiration.

"Hee-haw! Hee-haw!" says the Jack, rearin' up wid his eyes bulgin'.

"Phwat's grippin' ye now?" says Balaam, impashunt like.

"I donno," says the Ass. "Ut looks like the Flyin' Dutchman with a Socialist Crew," he says.

"'Tis me Ship Bill," says Balaam.

"Side step to the right," he says; "side step to the left," says he, wettin' him.

"Back up," says Balaam, near wrenchin' off the Jack's jaw. "Now forward for the Merchant Marine an' fifty millyun pork," says Balaam wid a shower uv blows; an' the Ass goes on thremblin'.

"Wah-hee! Wah-hee! Wah-hee!" says the Jack, shyin' so he near threw his rider.

"I'll learn ye to shy at me Naval Bill," says Balaam, lar-upin' the baste so he cud scarse stand.

"Ye can't pass ut widout wearin' Republican clothes," says the Jack in a coarse whisper.

"Ye Ass," says Balaam. "Don't ye know that anny cloes is better nor nakedness? G'wan," says Balaam, in tones uv thunder. So the poor baste lopes on, hlimpin' wid pain.

I've not time to tell ye all the adventures they had, but they kep' on over rough roads, now an' then crossin' a ditch on a wann term plank, which made even Balaam unaisy. Iviry time the Jack kicked, he got short rations an' a wallup. So when the journey was near over, the poor baste was all in, and far too proud to fight. Any Jack-Ass can be that when he's licked.

Wan stormy night, the Jack blooms into a harmony like a Dimycrat Tariff Hymn played on a gaspide wid the feet.

"Phwat alys ye now?" calls Balaam, clubbin' him wid both hands.

"Nivver did I pass the like," yells the Ass, sweatin' and thremblin'.

"Ut says ut's an eight hour law. Oh, phwat is ut?" screams the Ass to Balaam, feebly waggin' his ears.

"I dinno phwat ut is meself," says Balaam, "but I know phwat ut's got," Balaam says.

"Phwat?" axes the poor Ass.

"Five hundther thousand votes," says Balaam, wid a pious air. "G'wan, ye big Ass, an' doant ye argue wid an Idylst," says Balaam to the Ass.

"We can't pass ut in the dark," pleads the Ass. "Lave us wait for light," means the Ass, weepin'.

"Nix," says Balaam. "There's a hot time comin' an' the votes'll spile. Do ye thirst for sixteen more years in the wilderness? Giddip," says he, "purgin' ye'r heart," says Balaam, "iv iviry thought that's selfish," says Balaam, "or personal," chants Balaam to the poor Ass ticklin' the Jack's snats wid a complin' pin.

By this time, the Ass was so wore out wid his ardyous labors, that he knew no more than Balaam himself. So, wid one despairin' cry, he dropped his ears, as he an' his master stumbled forward into the dark.

To Be Dressed Up, Now Means To Wear Furs

We Offer a Remarkable Selection of Newest Cut Furs in a Wide Range of Prices.

New Muffs made in the melon or pillow shapes—Scarfs made in the chin chin, throw scarfs, drapes, etc.—Red Fox, Beaver, Hudson Seal, Oppossum, Russian Wolf, Black Fox, Marmot, Mink, Natural Lynx and many other fashionable furs.

Priced as Low \$5 - - And up to \$75.00



See Our Window Display of the Beautiful New "MODEL" BRASSIERES Priced at 50c to \$1.50

"Model" Brassieres conform perfectly with the Fall and Winter fashions in corseting and gowning, giving your figure correct contour and carriage. No other brassiere for over the corset wear can so exquisitely enhance the charm and beauty of your figure and gowns. In our big variety of more than 25 styles you are sure of finding just the type of brassiere that suits your figure and your taste. "Model" Brassieres are guaranteed best in fit and effect—in workmanship, in materials and wear.

Thousands, of Fresh, Fine New HANDKERCHIEFS! Buy Now For Xmas Gifts

Handkerchiefs are a large interest here. We approach the merchandising of them seriously. We gather them lavishly and we sell them at a slender margin above first cost.

All kinds are here in this new large assortment—the daintiest embroidery or lace trimmed sorts, tatted edges, initial one, as well as plain kinds, in colors and white—If you want linen you are sure to get it; if you don't desire linen, cotton ones are here in plenty, but so fine that they closely resemble pure linen. Everybody exclaims they are the prettiest handkerchiefs they have ever seen—Choose now for gifts.

Priced each 5c, 8 1-3c, 10c, 12 1-2c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c to \$1.00

NK West & Co. THE QUALITY STORE

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS



THE STUFF MOVIE THRILLERS ARE MADE OF --IN REAL LIFE!



LAWRENCE AVERY AND THE BRIDE HE CHOSE IN PREFERENCE TO RICHES.

Efforts to keep Avery, son of a Kansas City capitalist, separated from his girl bride, reads like a movie thriller plot. Avery married Miss Glow Shipman, cashier in his father's store. His father had him placed in a sanitarium and later persuade him to join the navy as the only means of escape from the perjury he was told he had committed in mistating his age in the marriage license. His bride's parents mortgaged their household goods to obtain his release. Upon his return his father gave him a choice between riches and his girl-bride. Avery chose the girl.

A "NEST EGG"

Misfortune is liable to overtake you in money matters. Then it is that a good sized "Nest Egg" in the Bank comes in "powerful handy."

Over and over again have we seen comforting relief come to those who had accumulated a fund in this bank.

If you haven't started an account, now is the time to do it.

In seasons of prosperity, place a part of your income in our bank. Some day this fund may carry you over a rough and rocky road.

La Grande National Bank

Capital and Surplus \$ 250,000 Deposits \$1,000,000