

THE OBSERVER

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1916.

Both sides found cheering news in the returns.

You could buy a newspaper and elect either man you wanted.

The Observer printed the news without any bias. Its circulation is jumping rapidly.

THE ELECTION CONTEST.

President Wilson is apparently re-elected.

The contest is close. There will be contests in several states. A bitter controversy may result.

We hope that the country will not have a repetition of the Hayes-Tilden contest.

All that the people want is a fair count and the office to go to the man who has fairly been elected.

The Republican party managers are

end should be vigilant in looking after the interests of Mr. Hughes. If he is elected fairly and honestly he should be seated. Chairman Willcox, the chairman of the Republican committee, is to be commended for making a last ditch fight.

But the American people will not stand for fraud from either party. The day of stealing elections after the ballots are in the box is past.

Whether President Wilson is elected or not—and the Observer has no doubt that he is elected and will be seated—he has met in Mr. Hughes a foe man worthy of his steel and received a magnificent tribute from the people of the United States.

For it is a great honor to be elected President of a country of one hundred million thinking citizens. And even though the election was close the American people will acquiesce in the final verdict of a majority of their fellow citizens and honor the man upon whom they have bestowed honor as well as great burdens and responsibilities.

Mr. Wilson has given great services to the nation in the past. He can do great services in the future. He needs to scourge the spoilsmen in his own party. He needs to curb the extravagance of congress. He needs to do something to reduce the high cost of living for the common people, to curb the rapacious trusts, to protect American workmen from foreign cheap labor competition. He must force and solve the problems that will confront the nation at the close of the European war and take steps to keep American industry employed in the face of severe competition. He needs to introduce a common ordinary garden variety of economy and efficiency in the government departments, to check waste and extravagance. This is a man's sized job.

Woodrow Wilson, we hope and believe, will be equal to it. In the meantime if he is to be our next President—as he is now our President in fact—let us give him the respect and the support in word and

thought and deed that the head of this great nation is entitled to receive.

CIVILIZATION.

Civilization—that much over-worked word—has been made the title of a moving picture drama—or is it tragedy?

Euripides has nothing more tragic than Thomas H. Ince's great drama.

Starting from the minute the curtain rises and shows a happy pastoral contented people busy in the pursuits of peace to the moment when the curse of war is visited upon them the spectator is held thrilled by the scenes as if from real life.

The beautiful thing about "Civilization" is that it is true.

Rex Lampman, formerly on the Journal staff, saw this film and he described it in his characteristic way as follows:

Yesterday—I made up my mind—to go over to the Heilig. —and see what that bugler was blowing about.

And over there—I saw a film—called "Civilization."

Civilization—the word we have called blessed.

—the word we have looked to—and have held up to the lesser peoples—to bring happiness to all.

And I watched the wondrous pageant—the long procession of shifting scenes.—

—that Thomas Ince has made—to show us what civilization means.

And I saw the mighty armies—and the great guns.

—and the powerful battleships. —and cunning submarines.

—and all the other mechanical miracles.

And dominating everything—I saw strong men—enthusiastic in their tasks.

And I saw them using these things. But before that—I saw the recruiting officers come.

—and take a helpful son—from a crippled mother.

—and drag a father from his children's arms.

—while his wife cuddled the baby and wept.

And I saw the armies—and the great guns—and all the rest—at work. —efficiently doing their peculiar business—of killing people.

—not soldiers alone—but anybody —everybody—from grandfathers to babies.

—who happened to be in the way of civilization's progress.

And I saw soldiers blown like chaff from a threshing.

—and hanging like rags in the ruined trees.

And despair and desolation and death were everywhere.

And hate ruled the world.

And it was all so hopeless—and so real—so like what is happening—that I shut my eyes.

—and tried not to think of it.

And when I opened them—there had been a change.

—a wonderful change. —because one man—through the pleadings of a good woman—the woman he loved—had seen the light.

—and had set out—to do what little he could do—to end the horror.

And he gave his life—all but a little spark—to end it.

And they cherished that spark—and brought him back from the other side.

And the spirit of the man of Nazareth came with him.

—and worked through him.

And the light grew like lilies—and spread from heart to heart.

—through all the world. —because one soul—seeing the truth—had been faithful unto death. —for the truth's sake.

And peace came—and the soldiers came back from the war.

—and the children ran to meet them.

—and sang with joy—the gladdest song I ever heard.

And the earth smiled with the spirit of peace.

—and everything was all right.

And my hat is off to Thomas Ince. And I hope his film is shown around the world.

—and I'm sure it will be.

And if I were a preacher—I'd preach a sermon about it—next Sunday.

—and the Sunday after—and the Sunday after that.

—and so on—right along.

—and I don't see why some of them don't. —or all of them. —because—Thomas Ince—you have shown us all—

—or I'm sure you will before you're through.

—how to bring the kingdom of heaven upon earth.

—just as Jesus prayed it might come.

—and I want to thank you—for making the picture.

—and Mr. Edison—for inventing the machine.

—and I'm glad he has never made anything for war.

—but has just talked about it.

—and I want to thank everyone else —who had anything to do with this film.

—because they're all helping to spread the light.

—and this is the way I felt—when I came out of the Heilig—yesterday.

—and I saw the man who blows the bugle—standing on the curb.

—resting his lungs—and—

—listen—I went right up to him—and—on behalf of the entire Journal staff—and all the printers—and everybody—I forgave him.

Clothes.. THAT Fit and Keep Fit

You may select the best fabrics in the world for your clothes but if the tailoring isn't well done you don't get much. Our Suits and Overcoats are all wool fabrics and perfectly tailored. At \$12.50 to \$30 we will show you real economy in clothes.



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The Secret of Perfect Pancakes

Fifty-five years ago—way down in Dixie—Aunt Jemima made the first pancakes that have since made her name a household word all over America. Today the secret of her recipe is yours. Not only is the recipe yours but the complete flour, ready-mixed with the powdered sweet milk. Nothing to add but water—Nothing to do but bake! Think what that means to you!

- perfect pancake batter—always uniform—
-just by adding water—batter which has already in it just the right quantity of sweet milk in powdered form.
-With just the right amount of purest Baking Powder—
-just the proper measure of the best Wheat Flour
-with just enough extra quality corn flour added to make the cakes light and fluffy—
-with just a little dash of rice flour to make them brown, rich and beautiful.

AUNT JEMIMA'S PANCAKE FLOUR

Comes in 15c Packages

PHONE MAIN 80

PATTISON BROTHERS GROCERY

"A Time of Plenty"

The time to save is when you have. This holds good with money as well as with other property. War times, and hard times do not worry people with a bank account, like those who have made no preparation for the days to come. Our bank is the place to start an account and be prepared for times of need. Our operations are conservative and at all times keep the interest of our customers in mind.

La Grande National Bank

Deposits \$1,000,000.00
Assets \$1,400,000.00

—and thanked him—on behalf of all humanity.

Rex Lampman is right. Mr. Ince has done a service for humanity in showing us the folly, the tragedy, the criminality of war.

Wit And Humor

Known by Their Numbers. To one of the members of a committee of inspection on its tour of a penitentiary a convict, so we learn from the Times Magazine, confided: "It is a terrible thing to be known by a number instead of a name, and to feel that all my life I shall be an object of suspicion among the police." "But you will not be alone, my friend," said the visitor, consolingly. "The same thing happens to people who own automobiles."

Prosperity In Oregon.

Taber Fraction Mine Sold. To the American when in Sumpter, A. G. Hanauer of New York stated he had just closed the deal selling the Taber Fraction mine. As the papers of the sale will be a matter of public record, he stated the consideration was no secret, it being given at \$60,000. Conveyance of the property was made to James A. Howard of the Oregon-Idaho Investment company of Baker, John Arthur of the investment company is in charge of the mine and has a large force employed getting ready for operation.—Sumpter American.

Sugar Beets Shipped.

Several car loads of sugar beets passed through Roseburg Sunday and today enroute to the refinery at Grants Pass. The beets grown in Douglas county this season are said to be of high quality, and the percentage of sugar in them is very satisfactory to the owners of the Grants Pass plant. The first sack of sugar, manufactured in the new plant has been turned over to the Portland Commercial club for advertising purposes.—Roseburg Review.

Flo tsam And Jetsam.

A Lonesome Dog. (By Helen M. Richardson) You miss your master, little dog, ah yes! He's gone to help our country in its stress. He couldn't take you with him, bless you, no! A little dog would not know where to go With soldiers all around, and guns, and noise; You're safer here at home among the boys You've known so long and whom you love, I know. Because they used to love your master so. What would you do when bullets hissed their way Across the field when you were out at play? Your master could not be of service then; His time must all be given to the men

Who scatter bullets seeking but to kill.

Your little life would not be worth a pill.

Yes war is dreadful, little dog, we know.

Sometime, we hope, men more humane will grow.

Dogs fight among themselves, 'tis true, but then

They are not more blood-thirsty than are men.

Be patient, doggie, sometime war will cease;

And we shall hear the world proclaiming peace.

Your master may come back to you, and then

We all will join in one long, grand amen.

Her Solution.

She could not sing the old songs. She could not sing the new. Her heart was set upon the stage— What could the poor girl do? She solved the puzzle promptly—

She said, "Come good or ill, I'll get six dozen gorgeous gowns, And sing in vaudeville!" —Tennyson J. Daft.

Have You?

For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.—Romans 3-23.

Not Grandess, but Just Grand.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 10.—(United Press)—Young, handsome, vivacious, delightfully unmarried and owners of one cute little mustache each, Senors Enriquez Jiminez and Martine Guzman were today putting romance in the Romance language department of the University of Minnesota. They came all the way from chili-ridden Mexico to join the Gopher faculty. Young coeds promptly flocked to their classes.

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