

THE OBSERVER

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TRAVELING WITH THE CANDIDATES.

The readers of The Observer will be interested in reading the following narratives of the United Press correspondents who traveled with President Wilson and Mr. Hughes in their campaign tours and also of Mr. Yoder who traveled with Colonel Roosevelt. They give a glimpse of some of the inside history which seldom gets into print:

BY ROBERT J. BENDER.

For some time I've been trying to jam my way into print in some spectacular sort of way that might draw the attention of my friends to my sphere of work.

The business of covering the president's campaign for re-election is an interesting diversion, devoid of any action except weekly travel and continuous work. When the work is completed I will have traveled, since the President made his speech of acceptance, some 10,000 miles, will have cost the New York office about that many dollars, and will have sent several times that many words of copy. I am informed Perry Arnold has me bested on the mileage and expense, but we agreed to a fifty-fifty break on copy for the sake of strict neutrality.

But whatever there may be of hardship in the traveling features of this end of our quadrennial political pastime, there is joy and rest at Asbury Park when we return. The only thing materially to upset a daily program of peace and quiet is the regular Saturday afternoon political meetings at Shadow Lawn when the President indulges himself in partisan forays and hurls from 3500 to 4000 verbal shots into the ranks of his political opponents.

There is listed on our daily routine such trials as tennis, golf, long automobile trips in the wake of the President and conferences with the President in the summer white house. These last are conspicuous for the abundance of good news we get from the President himself—and which he always tells us just before leaving, we must regard as absolutely confidential.

Unfortunately Secretary Tumulty, our chief source of news here, likes to play tennis. As a result, while none of us care for the game—we feel we must play in order to keep in close touch with news developments. It is very trying. I can't say much for the automobile trips because after the President's car and the secret service car have preceded you along a dusty road the only thing left is a bill for \$1.50 for cleaning your suit. For the sake of retaining a place of rank with Mrs. Bender and the New York office I will refrain from mentioning any diversions not immediately associated with my actual work.

Handling news here is much the same as in the white house at Washington. The President's executive staff of assistants is here in force. Ours is the only press association

maintaining a continuous wire service from the executive offices to the New York office—installed for two purposes—to accelerate dispatch of news from this end and to keep Secretary Tumulty and the President immediately informed of important happenings in the world at large.

I told the President if he would have his picture taken with me it wouldn't help him much but it would be a big feather in my cap. He said, "All right, we'll see if we can't deliver the feather." He's done his part and now if you'll do yours, I'll finally get the attention I'm looking for. Faithfully yours, Robert J. Bender.

Mr. Arnold who traveled with Mr. Hughes writes: BY PERRY ARNOLD. Somewhere in the United States with Governor Hughes.—Some one of those darn ancient philosophers who probably never traveled further than a day's horseback ride, once remarked that travel broadens.

It does. Around the waist mostly. Due to no exercise on a train. It also results in acquisition of ability to sleep through unearthly whistles, through yells, bumping of trains. It produces an insane desire never again to hear the sacred national anthem; a mania against political speeches.

The writer ought to know. As he dashes off this little narrative for United Press readers he is rounding out his 29,000th mile with the presidential nominee of the Republican party. Probably he will never be able comfortably to sleep in a bed again, being so accustomed to one of Mr. Pullman's berths.

But there are compensations. He has participated in the most strenuous campaign tour a presidential candidate ever undertook. He has traveled on the first "campaign special" deluxe that a presidential campaigner ever had. He has seen a man whom the public thought was gray bearded and shelled, "come back" as a campaigner.

Six years on the supreme bench ought by all rules to have lent him an air of austerity; of aloofness; detachment from the public gaze. When Hughes first started out he had a measure of all of that. But he strove mightily to throw it off. His gestures in speaking were at first stiff and awkward. He sort of edged around issues in discussing them. He seemed just a trifle shy. But not for long. He now has vigorous gestures; he mixes in a little slang once in a while; he pulls an occasional joke; he pats the children on the head; he has caught the trick of posing for pictures; he's acquired a pretty fair knowledge of publicity and newspaper work. He doesn't take any exercise except his vigorous gesturing in his speeches—but he keeps in first class trim.

The nominee is an example of breakfast food feeding, frequent bathing and plenty of sleep. There's a certain kind of mangled wheat and hay that he just dotes on. He eats it three times a day—sometimes more. Whenever he has an opportunity he takes a nap, sometimes three or four naps a day. After every one of his "big" speeches, he takes a bath. He trims his whiskers himself.

The Hughes special is a splendid example of organization. The governor has a tour manager along to handle routine of arrangements. Then there's a representative of the railroad company. To handle publicity, Hughes has his own "director of publicity." Under this director is a corps of stenographers and mimeographers and typists, to get out the governor's speeches. This corps works right in the hall where the nominee speaks, and the stenographers work in "turns" so that within a very few minutes after the candidate has finished his speech, a mimeographed transcript is ready for distribution. This is an entirely new wrinkle in campaigning.

The governor carries his personal physician along to nurse his throat. He has a messenger in his car and there are two personal guards. The newspapermen have an entire com-

partment car to themselves. Ten men have made practically the entire 29,000 miles—representatives of three press associations, and the New York World, New York Sun, New York Herald, New York Times, New York American, New York Tribune and New York Evening Mail.

Following is Mr. Yoder's account of campaigning with Colonel Roosevelt: BY J. P. YODER.

Be of what political faith you may, if you're a newspaper man, or interested in a newspaper, and fighting the battle of space what is and the news what ain't you'd have to admit that the best press agent Oscar Hammerstein or P. T. Barnum ever had was a selling plater compared to Colonel T. Roosevelt.

Throwing all policies aside, Roosevelt is excelled by no one in two particulars—as a news maker and as a traveling enthusiasm producer. He has both down to a science. He can not only sell news or the possibility of news farther than the average man can see, but he seems to divine when news is dull and there is a chance to "hit the front page." He admits all of this, and his pride in the ability isn't unjustified. United Press editors who read this won't have to be told of innumerable instances on his trips to prove this.

They can look back over their files if they don't remember. Roosevelt's method for snaring of the unsuspecting vote, however, isn't so well known, except perhaps to some of those on whom he has practiced his powers.

Now there are two ways to a human being's heart, as Charles Ebbetts or someone else once remarked. One is through the stomach, the other is through vanity in his children or himself. Roosevelt can't feed all the voters he greets on a stumping tour. So he does the obvious. There must be at least 6742 men along the line of the colonel's journeying who are so swelled up over the fact that he did remember them that they're going to vote the way Roosevelt asked them to vote, regardless of politics or issue. And there are probably 67,420 mothers and children along the same railroad tracks who are literally hounding husbands and fathers to vote for the candidate favored by the former president who had a separate word to say to them, or who built up a strong bond by comparing them to his own grandchildren.

When the colonel wasn't speaking, or being hustled through the streets, or conferring with campaign managers, or thinking up some new verbal dart at Democracy's hide, he was reading, reading, reading—or thinking up copy for the newspapermen.

His chief delights in the book line comprised a voluminous history of England in the seventeenth century—and woolly, wild detour stories. On a former trip he had confessed his obsession for sleuth stories and a newspaperman referred him to one that appeared in a certain weekly magazine. That story held Roosevelt across two or three states.

The colonel is the best friend to travel with newspapermen ever had. He makes every newspaperman who is with him recognize that he is a member of the colonel's own personal party—and a friend of Roosevelt's.

not just a mere hanger on. Every newspaperman in the Roosevelt party, in return, thinks of Roosevelt as just one of the gang.

STIMULATING EFFORT.

Not a day passes without some mark of appreciation of The Observer either in the way of new subscribers or letters from the readers of the paper in Union and Wallowa counties or from friends who have moved elsewhere.

Such evidences of good will, such proofs of the loyalty of the community to the paper, are gratifying as well as stimulating in the effort to make The Observer a growing institution of service and value to this community.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Candied Apple Confections.

The Fancy Fruit Products Co., the apple butter of which created so great a demand during the past summer, is now putting on the market for holiday consumption the candied apple confections. Some of the candied apples are chocolate covered.

Samples of the fruit were distributed throughout the city last week by Randal S. Pratt, who conceived the idea of candying the apple. It has been tried out by numerous local people whose sweet teeth make them connoisseurs of candies, and the universal comment has been "bully" or words to that effect. The apple buns will no doubt make a hit in the cities.

A box of the goodies was presented to William McMurray, general passenger agent of the O.-W. R. & N. Co., who was here Tuesday. Mr. McMurray will consider that matter of placing the product on the Company's diners. Associated with Mr. Pratt in the manufacture of the apple buns are A. F. Adams and W. A. Sciffner.—Ho-o River Glacier.

Chance for the Fickle.

The Mann white slave act appears to have been perverted into an implement by which couples, neither of whom is above reproach, may take revenge for each other's fickleness.—The Oregonian.

Flotsam and Jetsam

Knowledge.

Knowledge is power—a saying particularly true of business.—The Up-To-The-Times Magazine, Walla Walla.

Contempt for trifles is no sure sign of largeness of intellect. Trifles make perfection, said Michael Angelo, but perfection is no trifle. Narrowness of mind may fail to perceive that seemingly little matters have large possibilities.

There are going to be many opportunities for making money in the

Annual Display of Thanksgiving Linens

Desirable linens are scarce and becoming more so daily. Because of the large orders we placed months ago and at the prices we paid we are able to make an extra large showing and to offer many special prices.

Extra heavy weight linen—full bleached—satin finish. A large choice of patterns, 72 to 80 inches wide. Priced per yard 90c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50

Linen table cloths with one dozen napkins to match, a complete stock at attractive prices. Sizes 72x72 to 72x108. Price per set \$9.00 to \$19.25 Hand-embroidered lunch sets at \$5.00, \$6.50 and \$7.50

Beautiful showing of Linen Napkins in a great variety of new patterns. Prices per dozen \$2.50, \$3.25, \$3.75, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.25, \$7.00, \$8.00

The time to buy your Suit is Now. The newest Models, all colors, all sizes. Novelty Suits and Tailored Suits. Your choice, at a Reduction of 25 per cent



next few years—providing you have a little money to invest. Get ready for them. Fortunes are made by investing wisely at the right time. Be prepared to take advantage of some of the good opportunities that are sure to come to you. But remember that distance lends enchantment. The best opportunities are right under your nose.

The man who calls himself a salesman should remember that sales are the life-blood of his business. If he can't make sales he can't do business, and if he can't do business he will certainly have to make way for the fellow who can.

The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what

nobody else ever attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well.—Macaulay.

LUNCHEON TO HONOR WARDEN

Captain Murphy Guest of Local Business Men and Friends.

Pendleton, Nov. 22.—(Special)—In honor of Captain C. A. Murphy who was Monday appointed warden of the state penitentiary a luncheon was tendered at the Hotel Pendleton at noon today by the Commercial club managers and other local friends of Mr. Murphy. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy are to leave for Salem on Thursday and they will make the trip by auto.

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Monday, November 27 In MRS. E. O. E. N. SOUTHWORTH'S Beautiful Story

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