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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1916.

FOOD EMBARGO DANGEROUS BOOMERANG.

The job of a congressman is anything but pleasant these days. Added to the multiplicity of stirring and embarrassing themes which faced the last congress and made the recent election the closest and most uncertain contest that America has seen for a generation, comes the demand for a food embargo.

The member with a farming constituency is indeed fortunate. He can oppose the embargo and rest assured of the loyal support of his friends back home as well as of the leading men of the business world.

city shops and the dealer who supplies them with the necessities of life. Their recompense has ever been just enough that the prudent man might live and save just a little of his daily wage.

THE FALL OF BUCHAREST.

Of great strategic importance is Bucharest. Commanding as it does the rich valleys of Roumania, its importance as a base of war operations cannot well be over-estimated.

But what of the effect on the allies? Roumanians see their fairest provinces overrun. Their promise of support and assistance and the reward of Besarabia and Transylvania they now realize to be but empty husks, thrown to them in attractive phrasings—bright guile that led them to national suicide.

The morale of the rank and file of the Allied troops has undergone a severe strain in the past few months and the fall of Bucharest but adds to the tenseness. Its full effect is not yet but in the months to come. Truly, the fall of Bucharest is of mighty portent in the giant struggle of Europe.

Portland wins. The railroads have the right to charge less for hauling goods farther, says the Supreme court. It is hard for people who live in the Inland Empire to see why railroads can haul goods three hundred miles farther over high grades for less money than they can unload them in La Grande, Baker or Spokane.

England's government is to be reconstructed—for the 'teenth time since the war began. And each has been an improvement—for Germany.

If this is the hard winter which the prophets foretold, it seems that we will live through it.

Give Venizelos enough rope and he will hang his whole following.

More and better days are ahead for the Northwest.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Some Job

If Judge Stephen A. Lowell of Pendleton, who has headed a league for the abolition of profanity, is successful in toning down the wild and picturesque expletives of the Umatilla county sheepherder he will be fully competent to tackle the brand used by the boss wrangler and the pirates of the seven seas.—The Portland Telegram.

City Affairs.

La Grande, Dec. 7.—(To the Editor)—Of the present City Commissioner campaign, I have nothing to

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Enormous Stocks of Good, Sensible, Useful Christmas Gifts.

do; but as City Manager, I am pleased to keep the public informed of the city's affairs. When matters creep into print instigated by ignorant and vicious it seems proper that they be corrected. The city recorder's books are open and plainly written, containing a full history of every financial and legislative transaction; hence, there is no excuse for the irresponsible demagogue to make assertions about measures which the public records show to be idle and false.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

There are four business blocks along Adams avenue which last year were provided with electric cluster lights of three lamps each, or thirty-two clusters. These cost the city three dollars each per month to maintain. In the interest of the whole city and of economy, the commissioners, in an effort to reduce an enormous city debt, considered these lights more of an ornament than a necessity—since other streets with equally as much travel had but one lamp at each post. The stores before which these cluster lights were placed, closed at six o'clock; hence they were not specially benefitted. There was a constant demand from other parts of the city for a supply of lights. So these cluster lights were pruned down from three lamps costing \$36.00 per year each to \$12.00 per year and the extra lamps put in dark business alleys, and over the entire city where actually needed, with less capacity, and thereby accommodating all the people, and by reason thereof, the expenses were reduced one hundred dollars per month or twelve hundred per year—a saving to the taxpayer in that amount.

It is folly to assert that La Grande is poorly lighted at night.

Mr. Harmon, the manager of the company furnishing electric lights to Baker, North Powder, Union and La Grande is authority for the statement that La Grande is as well lighted as any city in Eastern Oregon—including Pendleton.

The question is asked does the taxpayer see any difference in expense? No taxes have been collected since the reduction in lights. The budget for the coming year shows a reduction in general expenses of over \$22,000—which will reduce the city's debt that amount hence lesses the taxes.

It was intended to make further reduction, but the Beaver creek dam required an expenditure of \$10,000 while the septic tank—a legacy of former years, requires an expense of \$7,000—for which the present government is not responsible.

Concluding, it might be a good suggestion that if any who are aged and

decrepit experience difficulty in perambulating the streets on dark nights, they should keep early hours or provide proper guides having sufficient eyesight.

J. E. FOLEY, City Manager.

SPIES OF WORLD ARE GATHERED AT STOCKHOLM.

BY WM. PHILIP SIMMS
Stockholm, Nov. 8.—(By Mail—United Press Staff Correspondent.)—This is the spy-center of the world. Here foe meets foe—but with his fingers crossed. It is neutral ground and the spy plays his ungrateful game in perfect safety.

"See that chap over there?" a friend asked, pointing across the lobby of one of the prettiest hotels in the world. "That is an Austrian military attache. The man he is talking to is a Russian from Petrograd. I know them both."

"There they were playing their games. Each trying to trick the other to some end, only heaven knew what. "Never mind about locking your chest of drawers, or your bags or trunks," an acquaintance told me the day I landed in Stockholm. "Locks are no good here. If anybody wants to see what you have hidden away they will manage to do so. And they usually want to see."

There is perhaps no more fascinating spot anywhere than a certain great hotel here. In the world's most beautiful dining-room under a sort of colonnade ranging alongside a formal garden where a superb lawn grows under a lofty glass dome, where huge palms and flowers grow in profusion and the tinkle of a fountain in the Venetian court is not much softer than the music of a hidden stringed-orchestra, Germans and English, Austrians and French, Russians and Bulgars, Italians and Turks, Belgian and Hungarians and all the rest mingles at table, but their elbows sometimes literally touch at adjoining boards.

Stockholm is easily accessible to all the warring countries. At the Central Railway Station every night, on adjoining tracks, are three trains. One goes north to Tornes, the Russian frontier town; one to Bergen whence one takes the boat for England and France; Express whirls one to Berlin. The Russian train leaves first—about 9 p. m., the German train second at 9:20. So on the platforms one sees mingling and jostling German and British, French and Prussian and all the rest.

In the hotels one has the impression that each column conceals a spy and each palm two or three. And one is nearly right in this impression for they are as thick as fleas everywhere. Spys spying on unsuspecting persons, spys

spying on spies and spies spying on spies set to catch spies. It is a great game. There is on record at least one case of a spy doing nearly all of these things at one and the same time, being simultaneously in the employ of France, England and Germany.

There are, of course, big games being played by men not ordinarily called spies. Diplomatic agents being the more dignified term. These are educated, cultivated men. And they do the finer, larger work. Smaller fry keep track of shipments to Russia, of the movement via Sweden of government agents, etc., or in the case of the Allies—of the shipments of materials to Germany by boat, etc. Of course there are free-lances who scurry around picking up scraps of information and selling the same for whatever the interested parties feel like paying. These are the rag-pickers of the profession.

Of course there are women spies or women agents. These are not always used as Oppenheim and other romancers lead one to imagine, but there is much of it that is true enough to make these women interesting. Their great utility comes through being able to mingle in high circles where they can listen to the gossip.

"Listen, my dear," says one lady to another, "here is some great scandal! I promised not to tell but I must tell it to you, knowing you'll not breath it to a soul."

"And so on it goes.

Hotels are packed. Only by reserving a room days in advance can one find accommodation save by rare good luck. At tea time, at dinner and again at supper, the splendid restaurants here are jammed and tables are at premium. Champagne corks are popping like machine guns. Everybody seems to have plenty of money and nobody appears to be stingy with it.

One sees many German people here. Here and there in dining rooms are German diplomats, army officers in multi or evening clothes, and frequently they have their women-folk with them. These are wearing skirts quite as short as any seen in Paris and the cut of their gowns is proof that though Frenchmen and Germans are killing each other, Rue de la Paix styles have found their way to Unter den Linden.

This is the Great Cross Roads, the meeting place of the folks of the warring nations. Tonight, in the lovely 'upper-room, at adjoining tables, two men, their wives and daughters, all faultlessly dressed in evening clothes hear each other talk, though in different languages. Tomorrow these two men may be leading charges at each other, over rain-soaked, shell-pitted ground. One may slaughter the other and leave the bloody, muddy corpse to be trodden on by a regiment of iron-shod men, leaving a woman without a husband, a family without a father.

But tonight they dine elbow to elbow.

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