

THE OBSERVER

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Address all communications to THE OBSERVER, 1710 Sixth Street.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1916.

ELECTION DAY.

Today is election day. Do your duty and vote and try conscientiously to take a big view of things. Vote what you consider is for the best of La Grande. If you do not vote, forever after hold your peace. Your not voting is a good deal like the status of limitations. You are automatically barred from kicking and knocking.

THE GAMBLERS IN FOOD.

The government has discovered widespread and illegal speculation in the nation's food products.

It is to be hoped that some of these speculators will be prosecuted. There are no doubt all kinds of illegal combinations and trusts in the United States at present, which are fattening upon the misfortunes of the consumers. Either the anti-trust law should be enforced or it should be repealed. Then the farmers could organize a trust of their own, the laborers another, and maybe the poor consumers, which the farmers and laborers are also, could form a combination of their own. In all the history of the Sherman anti-trust law, we cannot point to a single instance where its enforcement or any attempt to enforce it has been of any benefit to the common people or any damage to any of the trusts prosecuted under it. We are sorry that such a great man as John Sherman has his name attached to such a weak and ineffective law.

"MR. SPEAKER."

It looks as if R. N. Stanfield could be addressed as "Speaker Stanfield" without his mail going astray.

It would be a nice thing to call up the Y. M. C. A. or the ministers and ask them if you could help out a mite on their Christmas Tree celebration.

Santa Claus is oiling up the harness on his reindeer team. Or is that rumor true that he makes his trips these modern days in an aeroplane and leaves his reindeer to grow fat in their stables at home.

Somehow or other we miss the visits of the young poetess who used to bring us poems on "The Beautiful Snow."

We wish that our hearts would expand all the year as they do at Christmas time.

The La Grande stores never did look prettier or their wares more inviting.

Picked Up By The Stroller

The Stroller got a letter from George Palmer Putnam the other day. George is the governor's private secretary, and he is just changing the Bend Bulletin from a weekly paper into a daily. He asked to be put on the Observer's exchange list so the Stroller went to the front office and got the boss to put him on. What's the use of having friends if you can't do something for them once in the while?

The Stroller went to the matinee at the Arcade theatre Wednesday afternoon, and, boys, he wants to tell you that it wasn't quite up to his expectations. "The Follies of 1916" had just as many graceful looking figures as were displayed in the film. At that, it was a very good show.

Dr. O'Connor called at the Observer office the other day and it looked so busy that the doctor said that few people realized that it was as much work as it is to get out a paper.

The Stroller joined the Y. M. C. A. the other day and he looks forward to splashing in the tank in the summertime. Just now his thoughts do not turn to the good old swimming hole of his boyhood.

If you don't do anything else for Christmas make a small boy or a small girl happy.

So far no one has asked us for a vote.

JERRY WANTS A LUNG.
Purchase of Red Cross Seals Will Help to Supply Need.

Wanted: A good lung. This was the theme of a letter in rhyme received the other day by the St. Louis Society for the Relief and Prevention of Tuberculosis from 10-year-old Jerry O'Connor, a pupil at the open air school formerly conducted by that society. His poem, inspired by the Red Cross Christmas Seal sale follows:

"Now, if there's a present goin' round, There's just one thing for me, Ask Santee for one new lung, A right one—mine's T. B.

"T. B. is what skinny folks has It kills us poor, weak boys. So, in your prayers remember me. I wish you a thousan' joys.

"A Merry Christmas to you all, A song I've often sung— But don't forget dis skinny kid, And pay for his new lung."

There are thousands of Jerrys all over the United States who want "new lungs" and a chance to save their old ones. The sale of Red Cross seals helps to provide open air school, sanatorium, and home care for such boys as Jerry. You can help by buying some.

Saving the Family.

One evening just before Christmas, according to the Photo-Play magazine,

a moving-picture house in a small south Texas town placed a Red Cross Christmas seal on every ticket sold. A little negro boy noticed the red seal on his pasteboard and went back to the ticket window to ask what it was for.

"That's to help kill out consumption," explained the girl behind the window.

The boy rolled his eyes thoughtfully and moved away. He was back in a moment and handed the cashier two more dimes.

"Gimme two more tickets," he said. "We all got it at home."



MIDWEEK MENU.

WEDNESDAY—BREAKFAST.
Boiled Rice With Raisins.<