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PEACE AT ANY PRICE.

It is the irony of fate that the "peace-at-any-price" voters who held the balance of power in the last election and who cast the ballots for President Wilson are now turning against him. If the election were held today, President Wilson might lose the votes of this class. There is always a class of people in between the two great parties who sway the elections. They are usually a bunch of reformers, like the Mugwumps who swayed the balance toward Grover Cleveland. But they are the rule or ruin kind, like the pacifists in this country today. They will elect a man President but the minute he shows any determination to uphold the National honor or to defend our citizens against a foreign menace they turn against him. But President Wilson may have this consolation that he has the loyal support of all patriotic Americans of both parties. They will stand back of him through thick and thin, and they are the same kind of people who stood back of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, men and women with some stamina and some backbone who want to see this great nation stand for something besides cowardice and piff.

ACROSS THE STYX.

John Kendrick Bangs wrote some amusing dialogues in "The Houseboat On the Styx." We can imagine some of the great generals and admirals congregating across the Styx and talking of the present war on earth. We can picture Napoleon and Xerxes, Murat and Alexander, Wellington and Caesar, Marborough and Hannibal, discussing the question of whether Von Hindenburg or Joffre is the greatest general of the war, while Farragut and Nelson, Drake and Dewey, Perry and Togo, debate how the great fleet should quell the German submarine menace. Modern times bring changes in warfare but the thing required on the part of the generals and admirals—resourcefulness and daring is just the same today as it was in the days of the Spanish armada.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

When American honors the memory of Abraham Lincoln, we honor ourselves. For Abraham Lincoln is the typical American, and his rise from a lowly home, where he suffered hardships and adversity, to the highest place in the gift of the nation is a typical American story. America loves Lincoln because he was honest and true, homely and wise, humorous and sad, a man whose heart beat in sympathy for the common people, a great man whose mind saw the difference between right and wrong clearly, and who courageously followed the right, even though it led through difficult paths. That Lincoln is the ideal of American manhood today shows that we have not entirely fallen into habits of money worship and that our intinets and ideals are at least aimed at the highest mark.

Senator Lane says if he hadn't been locked out of the Senate he would have voted against the President's German policy. The next time he's locked out it will be by the people of Oregon.

China will stand by the United States against Germany. We have one friend anyway in the congress of nations. And some day we should remember that and pay her back ten fold.

"Where There's a Will, There's a Way."

There's no task too great to undertake—if you have the will. If you will to save money, you can do it. You don't necessarily have to be "short" to save—just bank a part of your earnings at this bank, each week or month—you will be surprised at the rapidity of its increase. Then you are ready to tackle the larger things in life. Show your will, and determination to win, by starting an account with us today.—And Stay With It!

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The most beautiful line of silks we have ever shown. Buy your silks at this store where you are sure of quality—the largest selection to choose from. All marked at as low or lower prices than you will find elsewhere.

Table listing various silk types and prices: 33-inch Tub Silks, fancy stripes, yard \$1.35; 33-inch Crepe de Chene, fancy stripes, yard \$2.00; 36-inch Silk Poplins, sport figures, yard \$1.00; Shantung Pongee, plain and fancy, yd. 65c to \$1.50; 36-inch Paisley Satins, extra quality, yard \$1.50 to \$2.50; 36-inch Taffeta, plaids and stripes, yard \$1.75 to \$2.50; 36-inch Taffeta Silk, all colors, yard \$1.40 to \$2.00; 27-inch Messaline, all colors, yard \$1.00; 40-inch Crepe de Chene, all colors, yard \$1.50; 40-inch Silk and Wool Poplin, yard \$1.25 to \$2.50.

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MARINE CALENDAR IS PRETTY

The tropics, moonlight, water, a sentry, a battleship, four marines off duty, two singing, two playing instruments—is the story told on a color calendar which Sergeant C. E. Rice of the La Grande marine recruiting station will distribute.

LITTLE STORIES OF LINCOLN (Continued from Page One.)

know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; they ought to be worth \$50,000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there are three chairs worth, say, \$1, and a table worth \$1.50. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat hole, which is worth looking into.

"A. LINCOLN."

It was always a mystery to President Lincoln's friends why he so resolutely snubbed political rivalries and did not hesitate to appoint to the highest offices within his gift men who were his most ambitious rivals. When he was re-elected, his cabinet held one secretary, at least, who was notoriously a candidate for the presidential nomination. That particular cabinet office needed urgently an administration of the utmost energy, and that particular cabinet officer was giving it just the vigor its administration required. The political protests poured in. Lincoln finally gave his homely reasons for retaining his appointee:

A Pathetic Figure



Marie Doro, Lasky Star in Paramount Pictures.

Marie Doro plays the title role of the Lasky adaptation of "Oliver Twist," a Paramount Picture. The costume she wears is the same one which she used in the great all-star revival of the play at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York during the Dickens Centenary in 1912, in which she won a great personal success. The producers have gone to great lengths in order to make every detail of this adaptation as authentic as possible. Copies of the celebrated Cruikshank illustrations of the first edition of the story were obtained and used as models for the construction of many of the scenes.

"See here," he told one of his most protesting friends, "you were raised on a farm, weren't you? You ought to know what a chin-fly is. My brother and I were plowing corn once on a Kentucky farm; he held the plow while I drove the horse. Mighty lazy horse that, laziest you ever saw. But, all of a sudden that horse dashed across the field so fast that even my long legs could hardly keep pace with him. When we reached the end of the furrow, I saw an enormous chin-fly on him, and knocked it off.

"What did you do that for?" asked my brother. "Why, I answered, 'I can't let that horse be bitten up.' 'You can't eh?' said my brother. 'Why, you numskull, that chin-fly was all that made him go.' 'Now," concluded the president, "if any member of the cabinet happens to have a presidential chin-fly biting him, I'm going to keep him and his chin-fly, too, if only the pair of them will plow the furrow quickly."

Perhaps no story of Lincoln's was told under graver conditions and with more emphatic application than that which closed the famous interview of the steamer River Queen at Hampton Roads, between Mr. Lincoln, Secretary Seward and the peace commissioners of the Confederacy. The discussion had reached its kernel, slavery.

The southern argument, in all its impressive force, was brought forward. If the South were to consent to a peace on the basis of emancipation of the slaves, the entire structure of southern society would be plunged into irremediable ruin. No work would be done, nothing would be cultivated; whites and blacks alike must starve, for the freed slaves, accustomed to overseers, would undoubtedly abstain wholly from labor.

The president waited for Seward to make some effective rejoinder. But the experienced statesman could find no cogent reply. At length, Lincoln framed the answer, in a story culminating in a phrase that gave common currency to a colloquialism, coined among the log cabins of negroes and poor whites.

"Gentlemen," addressing the commissioners, "your statement of the conditions reminds me of a man out in Illinois by the name of Case, who undertook to raise a very large herd of hogs. But, as they grew, it became too big a job to feed them. Finally he planted an immense field in potatoes; and, as soon as the potatoes

were fairly grown, turned the whole herd into the field. The hogs did their own digging, and he leaned over the digging, and he leaned over the fence, fence, proud of his idea. A neighbor came along.

"Well, well, Mr. Case," he remarked, "this is a grand idea. But butchering time is 'way off in December, and the first comes early. Before you are ready to kill those hogs, the ground will be frozen a foot deep."

"Case scratched his head, and thought it over, but there was only one answer, and he gave it: 'I suppose it'll go pretty hard with their snouts; but all I can see for it is, root, hog, or die.'"

If the men of the Grand Army still survive by the thousand, there must be survivors by the hundred from the ranks of those geniuses and wiseacres who, during the long and terrible strain of the Civil war, devised infallible plans for ending the Confederacy in a jiffy. One of them was a farmer who succeeding in reaching the president after days of insistence, Lincoln, waylaid during some moments of his scant leisure, heard him with his usual patience, through the whole rigmarole of the plan. Then—

"I'll answer you with a story. There was a man in Chicago who never did a stroke of work in his life. One day he went wild over a jump in the price of wheat. He hurried off to a famous wheat speculator and laid before him a plan by which both of them should become rich before nightfall.

"What do you think of that?" he demanded. "Well," answered the grain operator, "my advice is that you stick to your business." "But," asked the visitor, "what is my business?" "Darned if I know," rejoined the operator. "But, whatever it is, you stick to it."

The "war governors" of the various states had their pet peculiarities, and sometimes the air of the White House and the departments was none too pleasant during their visits to Washington. One state governor, filled to the brim with wrath over troubles incident to the drafts in his commonwealth, went to Washington and "had it out" first with Secretary Stanton to a huge increase in his ire. After a stormy interview, such as Stanton alone could supply on demand, the governor betook himself to the president, prepared to make the adminis-

tration respect what he conceived to be his rights and those of his fellow-citizens.

Three hours passed, while James B. Fry, who described the occurrence, watched and waited for the outcome. At length the governor emerged, smiling and happy. Mr. Fry went in to the president.

"Well," he remarked, "I see you have sent the governor away satisfied. Did you have to concede very much to him?"

"I conceded nothing," Mr. Lincoln responded. "I simply worked around him and took three hours doing it. And all the time I was doing it, I was in mortal fear that he would find out what I was doing. I reminded myself of a farmer out west. He had a big log lying in the middle of his best field, and all his neighbors wondered how he would manage it. But before long there was his crop growing as fine as you please, and the farmer was happy as could be. They asked how he had got rid of the log.

"Why," he said, "that darn log was too big to haul and too knotty to split, and too soggy to burn. So I just plowed around it."

During one of the public receptions at the White House, a farmer from one of the border counties of Virginia used it as the occasion for demanding that the president attend immediately to his claim for reimbursement for some hay and a horse that had been levied on by Union soldiers.

"But, my friend, if I were to take up such cases during such a war, I could make work for twenty presidents."

But the farmer was persistent; his loss obscured, in his eyes, all the emergencies of the government and the war. The president had to revert to the recourse of his frontier days.

"See here, friend," he observed, "your case and mine remind me of what happened to a husky old Illinois riverman I used to know. From being a mighty good craftsman, he got the job of being captain on a steamboat.

"He knew the river well, and he could trust only his own hands at the wheel when his boat went through the rapids. One day the old craft was plunging and wallowing in the boil of the waters, and her captain was hanging on to the wheel for dear-life, when a boy pulled his coat off anxiously: 'Say, Mr. Captain,' said the boy, 'I wish you'd stop your boat for a minute; I've lost my apple overboard.'"

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