

FIRST PICTURE OF UNCLE SAM'S REGULARS COMING OUT OF MEXICO



First picture of Uncle Sam's regulars coming out of Mexico. Major General Pershing has just led 12,000 soldiers across the border, all trained to the minute in the latest tactics of war after months spent in the southern republic. These regulars are being held ready for any emergency growing out of the new war crisis.

Simms Describes How It Feels to Be Up in A Balloon

Half a Mile Up in the Air With Hostile Battery Shooting At Him Is the Experience of United Press Correspondent—Batteries Are Called Up By 'Phone.

(This is the third of Simms four stories depicting the thrills and terrors of playing tag with death in a sausage balloon above the trenches at the British front.—Editor.)

BY WM. PHILIP SIMMS. (United Press Staff Correspondent.)

WITH THE BRITISH ARMIES IN THE FIELD, Feb. 3.—(By Mail).—Life in an observation balloon section is a great game of tag. Death is the Other Fellow. He is always hot on your trail and every now and then he gets you in a corner. Then you're it. "Get the Major to tell you about the time he was carried over the German lines and back again all in one night," said the young Lieutenant, as we tugged at the end of a tiny wire cable, in the little basket under the "sausage" high in the wintry sky. But the Major was too modest. He said:

"Oh, all right. I'll tell you about it after dinner tonight." He did not like to talk about his own exploits but he mentioned several of his men who had been the heroes of adventures in the clouds. But I did get to read the official report of the incident and this was the story:

Shortly after midnight one night the Major, after carrying out certain experiments at about a mile high, signalled that he was ready to come down. The winch on the big lorry in the road began to grind and at 12:17 a. m. the sausage was swaying just out of reach of the landing squad. Then, "by an error of judgment," as the report puts it,

the winch turned a revolution too far. The metallic V, where the balloon's short cord was spliced to the wire cable, wedged in the opening leading to the revolving drum, or windlass, and the cable parted like a piece of sewing thread.

With a bound that jerked the basket this way and that like a ball on the end of an elastic string, the balloon went skying.

At 12:21 a. m., the balloon was a mile high. The major had not used his parachute to which the harness about him was still attached, because the wind at a mile, and below, was away from the German lines which ran some two miles away. Instead he pulled at the valve-cord to let out the gas in the sausage.

Still "valving", to use the vernacular of the game, the officer found himself at above 10,000 feet or about two miles above the earth. It was bitter cold and getting colder every instant.

At 12:40 a. m. he passed the 15,000 foot mark. Though he had been keeping the valve wide open all the time, the balloon still soared.

Now he looked downward. There were lights below, lights which flared up for a minute then went out; great, white balls of light hanging in the air and illuminating the countryside beneath them.

The major in his sausage was crossing the line. He knew in an instant what had happened. He had risen to a high cross-current of air and was being swept over the German trenches

into German territory.

It was too late to jump now. If he tried the parachute and landed safely, it would be only to be taken prisoner by the enemy.

So cold that his marrow seemed frozen, he now set about to tear up his maps, notes and everything which might help the Germans. Leaning out of the basket and peering down he could no longer see the flares sent up to light the trenches. The indicator showed that he was falling now, rather rapidly. Making sure that he had destroyed all papers, he waited.

Still falling, the major threw out some ballast to check the rapid descent. One faint hope still was left him—he might be blown back across his own lines again by the air-currents nearer the ground.

So, as much as he could, he husbanded his ballast and his gas, jockeying the balloon like an aeronaut in an international race, his prize for winning being his freedom. If he lost, the best he could hope for was prisoner of war for the duration of hostilities. There could be no half-way.

At a mile high, the balloon was still dropping, though slowly. No lights were visible anywhere. The sky was murky and there were no stars to serve as guides. It was to be a fight in the dark, hit or miss without seeing what he was doing. The absence of trench flares looked bad. He must have drifted far behind the German lines.

Why Not a Business Manager?

For consideration of the voters, a city charter abolishing the commission system of government and restoring the old councilmanic form, has been proposed by a committee representing various important interests. The charter provides for a Mayor at \$4,000 a year and 11 councilmen—representing seven wards on the East Side and four on the West Side—at \$100 a month each. The Mayor, Auditor, Treasurer and Municipal Judge would be elected at large; each ward would choose its own representative.

While it can be said that the commission has amply proved that to it any other form of government would be preferable, it is doubtful if the voters are ready to return to the old councilmanic system. That the councilmanic form of government has many distinct advantages over the commission, there is no question. The council is less autocratic and bureaucratic, and is wholly representative.

But it gets us no nearer business method of conducting the business of the city. The Spectator thinks that the tax-payers are heartily tired of all systems of governments that leave the control of municipal business affairs to politicians. Those of us who pay the expense of the city government know very well that we could not long do so if we called in politicians to manage our business. There is no commercial enterprise in the city today that could survive a year's management by the politicians to whom we have been in the habit of entrusting the affairs of the city.

If it is a safe and wise policy to employ trained business men to conduct our private business, why should we cling to the foolish policy of choosing politicians to manage the public business? The voters of Portland, who are the city's stockholders, should choose not a lot of politicians, who not unusually are in politics because they have made a failure of everything, else but a trained business man to manage their affairs.

The serious objection to this is that it will throw the politicians out of highly lucrative jobs. And the objection will be made by the politicians. —The Spectator, Portland.

The King of Wurtemberg draws a net profit of at least 10,000 pounds a year from the hotels he runs in the Black Forest.

Let us print your farm sale bills.

THE WHAT-YOU-MAY COLUMN

BY "G.M."

Time.

How much is a minute? Sixty seconds?

Not if a woman knows herself. No, sir. Turn a woman loose with one of those little white spaces on the clock and stretch it out of all semblance to its former self.

Daylight saving is nothing in her young life.

This is not a complaint. It's just a statement of one of the fundamental principles of matrimony.

We are not in favor of elastic clocks.

Escalators.

The escalator is a stairway that climbs up the middle of its own back and lets people ride on it.

You get on the bottom step and stand there, letting your feet feel useless till you get to the top. Then the darned thing turns into a sidewalk and goes right on, leaving you to get off the best way you can.

Escalators probably are the first step toward wandering sidewalks. That's what we're afraid of. With them in operation a man won't even be able to stand in front of his own house without traveling all over town. And when he starts home at night it will all depend on which direction the sidewalk is going whether he ever gets there.

Also, how will we ever find our barber shops, with the poles on the go all the time?

Tea used to be a strong, virulent drink.

But today it is so weak it has to ride to the dining room on a thirty dollar wagon.

We owe some department store or other that much besides a debt of gratitude for supporting our share of the now puny and decrepit beverage to the table.

We know a man who frequently drives his wife into a blind rage by saying:

"Agnes, if the tea isn't able to be up and around today you might wheel us in a cup."

One of these days she'll hit him with the wagon.

Light.

Light is a priceless illumination the Lord arranged to shed on the world twelve hour a day. But He might have known we couldn't be satisfied with it.

Judging by the actions of birds and chickens and other close-to-nature animals, we have always thought that dusk was a suggestion and darkness a broad hint to folks it was time to go to bed.

But do we do it? Not on your incandescent bulb! We turn Mr. Edison's juice loose and let the meter run races with our pocketbooks while we sit around till midnight and wreck our disposition for the next day.

And if we go out on the street we run chances of being winked at by a beer sign or a movie ad.

Notice of Stockholders Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Grande Ronde Reservoir Co. will be held at the La Grande National Bank, La Grande, Oregon, on Monday, April 9, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m. At this meeting a Board of Directors will be elected and such other business considered as may properly come before said meeting.

WALTER M. PIERCE, President.

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BUTTER WRAPPERS for sale at The Observer Office.

American Oil

(Liquid Petrolatum Heavy) A PURE WHITE MINERAL OIL Free From All Irritating Ingredients An Effective internal lubricant, for use in the treatment of

Chronic Constipation A trial treatment will convince YOU of its merits

Levy-Vogel Drug Co. Prescription Specialists

To One Dead.

I think that if you suddenly returned, A little bewildered by the light and air.

But smiling secretly at all you learned, Shaking the grave dust from your shining hair—

I think if I should come with you to tea,

I should not find you changed or grave or sad,

But keen with talk of what there was to see.

Laughing the while in that frank way you had.

There would be stories of the shadowy host,

And sprightly comment on the things they do;

How this one was a most exclusive ghost,

Or that one was adorable in blue.

It would be good to hear the things you said—

Your light and usual gossip—of the dead.

—David Morton in The Century.

THE BEGGAR

He comes and stands besides my chair, And with an offhand, careless air

Tells about a pair of skates He saw down town. "They're Number eight.

That's just my size. They're nickel plated, awful swell; Some kid might grab 'em—you can't tell.

For a surprise." Of course, his clever plan goes through;

What else can his fat uncle do? To make a child's young heart unfold

Is quite the dearest power of gold, And well we know

That all life's happiest, sweetest ways Are walked in childhood's flowery maze.

Thus may we borrow from the days Of long ago. —William F. Kirk.

DYNAMITER'S WIFE SEEKING DIVORCE!



MRS HERBERT S. HOCKIN

When Hockin, "Iago" of the nationwide dynamite conspiracy, was first sent to Leavenworth pen, his beautiful young bride used to visit him frequently in his cell; but her visits became less and less frequent, and now she has filed a divorce suit in Kansas City.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS THE DIAMOND BRAND. Labeled Ask Your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Sold with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, the 25 years known to best. Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

That Carload of Bulls.

(Contributed.)

We all agree that the carload of bulls shipped out of La Grande Saturday, March 3, was the best lot of Union county pure breed bulls that has ever been sold to go outside the county. However there has been some misunderstanding as to the breeds represented in this lot and the men that raised them. When such a meritorious lot of home bred stuff is sent out we want the men that produced them to get full credit for their stock and are herewith giving a list of sellers and number of head in the shipment. These cattle were bought by H. P. Whitman, representing the Pendleton Meat company. Most of them were one year old this spring and brought their owners close to \$10,000 for the 44 head. The car was made up as follows:

Shorthorns—W. J. Townley, Union, five head; G. W. Delay, Hot Lake, two head; W. W. Green Sr., Union five head; W. W. Green Jr., Union, six head; total, 18.

Herefords—Blockland Brothers, Island City, 21 head; J. W. Chandler, (dealer), La Grande, five head; total, 26.

The total number in the car was 44.

Butter Labels for sale at The Observer Office.

Advertisement for Black Silk Stove Polish. Includes an image of a hand holding a tin of polish and text: 'This is the Stove Polish YOU Should Use. It's different from others because more care is taken in the making and the materials used are of higher grade. Black Silk Stove Polish Works Sterling, Illinois. Use Black Silk Air-Drying Iron Enamel on grates, registers, stove-pipes—Prevents rusting. Use Black Silk Metal Polish for silver, nickel or brass. It has no equal for unclean automobiles. "A Shine in Every Drop"'

Spring Is Coming, So Are Germs--

The long-delayed Spring time will soon be here in spite of the abundance of snow still "with us." Are you, Mrs. Housewife, and Mrs. Mother, mindful of the added dangers of contaminated milk that come with warm weather?

Are you giving the same care and precaution to clean milk that you are to the baby's food—and your own?

Are you aware that in Summer time greater vigilance against impure milk is needed than in winter?

Is the dairy supplying your milk a clean dairy, or is your milk supplied by people who give milk scant consideration, having other work to do—and let you take what comes from the barn, milk, dirt, filth and all? Are you buying milk from dairymen who make that their own and sole business along scientific lines?

Pure Milk & Cream Company equipment, supervision and sole time is devoted to the end of pure milk. It is only a matter of time until the vision will come to every housewife and mother in La Grande. Why not "Get the vision" right now?

Milk, Cream, Buttermilk, on Delivery Outfits. Retail window at the plant,

Pure Milk & Cream Co. (Dealers in pure milk and cream.)