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KEEP BUSINESS ON THE UPWARD TREND.

In fighting to keep business active and prosperous the merchant is fighting for his country—just as surely as is the man behind the gun.

Our enemies would rejoice at an appearance of business stagnation in our country more than they would rejoice at a series of victories for their arms against our forces. For they would see in stricken businesses and industries the sure signs of National weakness at home, with its sure reaction upon our fighting effectiveness at the fronts.

The business man who "quits," who slackens his efforts to keep trade healthy and active, is as unpatriotic as would be the soldier who should flunk in the face of the enemy. **WE SHALL HAVE NO SUCH SOLDIERS—NOR SHOULD WE HAVE ANY SUCH BUSINESS MEN!**

This country must be the mainstay, commercially, of all of our allied nations in this war. Upon our industrial strength they must be ever welcome to rely for the sinews of war, for the material things which contribute to military success in the fight to make the world "safe for democracy."

Advertising, the force which in peace and in war times keeps business going, keeps trade stimulated, keeps people informed about their buying tasks—advertising must play, now and hereafter, a stronger part in the Nation's life than ever before. It affords the merchant his channel of communication with his customers—with those upon whose trade he must rely for his business prosperity, and to whom his store means a service institution.

Merchants, through their advertising, may keep the people heartened and optimistic. They may counteract the influence of the pessimist who not only fears to act courageously in business affairs but who tries to influence others to join his company of "quitters."

Merchants must **HAVE** confidence—and they must **PREACH** CONFIDENCE.

NOW IS THE TIME.

If there was ever a time to prove our Americanism now is the time. Our soldiers are on the battle line to help our allies to make the world safe for democracy.

Not all of us can serve in the trenches or risk our lives going over the top across No Man's Land, but all of us can take part in "Hoover's Drive" to save food for the men who are fighting our battle in Europe. We are not asked to stint ourselves or go without food, but simply to eat

wisely and without waste, and to use substitutes and other concentrated foods that can readily be shipped across the water. Remember that the person who wastes food during war time is giving aid and comfort to the enemy. This war will not be won on the battle line alone, but on the bread line, as well, and every one of us can be soldiers in the fight for conserving our food supplies.

Pledge Card Week takes place between October 28 and November 4. Every loyal housewife should be willing and glad to promise co-operation with the Food Administration Department. We can render efficient service by using homegrown supplies, which will save transportation, by practicing the gospel of the clean plate, by cooking no more than necessary, by using corn or rye bread for at least one meal each day, by boiling and baking more and frying less.

The united co-ordinated effort of the Nation will win the war. Do your part and get others to do likewise.

A BIG TASK.

The Quartermaster Department, with the approval of the Secretary of War, announces that the task of equipping an Army of nearly 2,000,000 men is progressing as rapidly as the peace-time industries of the country can be extended to meet war conditions.

Minor inconveniences and shortages, which develop as the cantonments are opened, will be temporary. The Quartermaster Department and those filling equipment orders have overcome a number of handicaps, and under the circumstances the response of American industry to extraordinary demands has been remarkable.

With the outbreak of the war the War Department was confronted with the task of equipping a great Army, and the work began almost from the ground up. More than \$3,000,000,000 must be expended by the Quartermaster Department for the first year of the war. The department and the industries of the country, with the machinery and capacity of peace times, was unexpectedly called upon to clothe, feed, and house an Army many times larger than the peace strength Army of a nonmilitaristic nation.

Difficulties arose from the outset. There was a shortage of wool, a shortage of duck for tentage and leggings, a shortage of fast dyes for uniforms, and a shortage of labor. There was no appreciable shortage of cotton, but a shortage of looms.

These difficulties have been and are being gradually overcome. All along the line industrial establishments had to be expanded to meet unprecedented demands.

The food situation of each cantonment and abroad is reported as gratifying and the Quartermaster Department has experienced few difficulties in the supply of food. Such shortages as may occur in equipment are attributable to the cause outlined above.

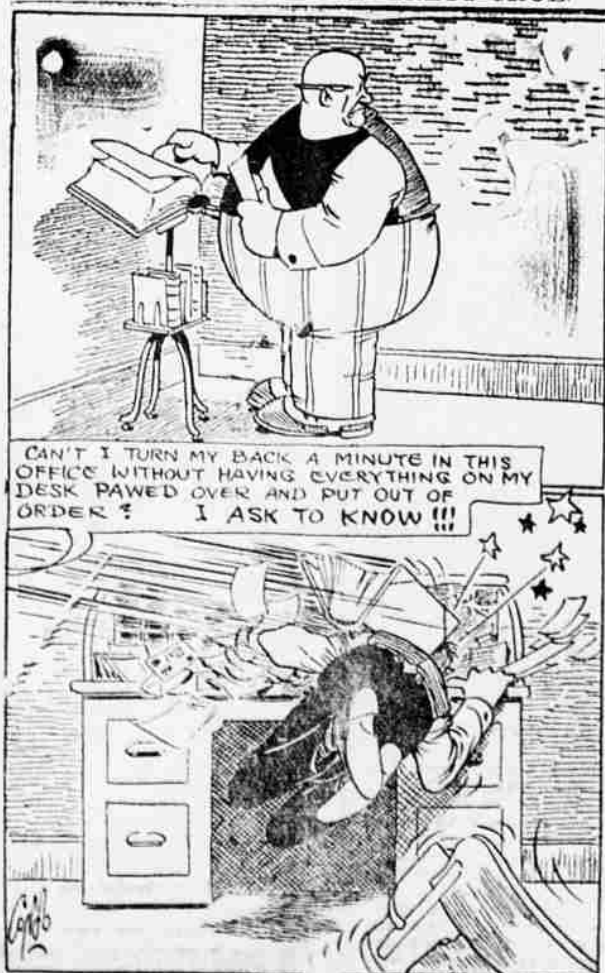
A NATIONWIDE CAMPAIGN.

The week of October 28 has been selected for a nationwide campaign to complete the enrollment of our forces in conservation of our food supply. This is a duty of necessity, humanity and honor. As a free people we have elected to discharge this duty, not under autocratic decree, but without other restraint than the guidance of individual conscience.—Herbert Hoover.

HERMISTON GOOD PLACE.

If the Government must have another cantonment there can be no better place found for it than at Hermiston. There are abundant grounds for drill, the water supply is of the best, and a day's march will put the boys on a Government forest reserve where all kinds of target practice

THE OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE.



Wit and Humor

THE FIGHTING RACE

By Joseph I. C. Clarke
 (In the Oregonian.)
 (A Popular Spanish-American War Poem.)
 "Read out the names!" and Burke sat back,
 And Kelly dropped his head,
 While Shea—they call him Scholar Jack—
 Went down the list of the dead.
 Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
 The crews of the gig and yawl,
 The bearded man and the lad in his teens,
 Carpenters, coal passers—all.
 Then, knocking the ashes from out his pipe,
 Said Burke in an offhand way:
 "We're all in that dead man's list, by Cripes!
 Kelly and Burke and Shea."
 "Well, here's to the Maine, and I'm sorry for Spain,"
 Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke.
 "Wherever fighting's the game,
 Or a spice of danger in grown man's work."
 Said Kelly, "you'll find my name."
 "And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad,
 "When it's touch and go for life?"
 Said Shea, "It's thirty-odd years, be-dad,
 Since I charged to drum and fife
 Up Marye's Heights, and my old cannon
 Stopped a rebel ball on its way;
 There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green—
 Kelly and Burke and Shea—
 And the dead didn't brag." "Well,
 here's to the flag."
 Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.
 "I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place."
 Said Burke, "that we'd die by right,
 In the cradle of our soldier race,
 After one good, stand-up fight.
 My grandfater fell on Vinegar Hill,
 And fighting was not his trade;
 But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,
 With Hessian blood on the blade."
 "Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great
 When the word was 'clear the way!'
 We wore thick on the roll in ninety-eight—
 Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.
 "Well, here's to the pike and the

sword and the like!"
 Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
 Said, "We were at Ramillies,
 We left our bones at Fontenoy
 And up in the Pyrenees.
 Before Dunkirk, on London's plain,
 Cremona, Lille and Ghent,
 We're all over Austria, France and Spain,
 Wherever they pitched a tent.
 We've died for England from Waterloo
 To Egypt and Dargai;
 And still there's enough for a corps or crew;
 Kelly and Burke and Shea."
 "Well, here is to good honest fighting blood!"
 Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting races don't die out,
 If they seldom die in bed,
 For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,
 Said Burke; then Kelly said:
 "When Michael, the Irish archangel,
 stands,
 The angel with the sword,
 And the battle-dead from a hundred lands
 Are ranged in one big horde,
 Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
 Will stretch three deep that day,
 From Jehoshaphat to the Golden Gates
 —Kelly and Burke and Shea."
 "Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
 Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

THE DEVIL'S RESIGNATION.

The Devil sat by the lake of fire on a pile of sulphur kegs,
 His head was bowed upon his breast
 and his tail between his legs.
 A look of shame was on his face, the sparks
 ripped from his eyes,
 He had sent his resignation to the throne
 up in the skies.
 "I am down and out," the Devil said,
 and said it with a sob;
 "There are others now that have me beat,
 and I want to quit my job."
 I'm a has been and a piker, and therefore
 I resign.
 "One ammunition maker with his bloody
 shot and shell knows more about
 damnation than all theimps of hell."
 Give the job to the Kaiser, the author
 of this war.
 He understands it better a million
 times or more."
 I hate to leave the old home, the spot
 I love so well.
 But I feel that I'm not up to date in
 the art of running Hell.

can be had without danger to anyone. If established it should be named "Camp Baker, or "Camp Joe Lane."—Salem Capital Journal.

LAWRENCE H. KNAPP.

Mayor Lawrence H. Knapp is dead as the result of an operation for appendicitis. He was a distinguished officer in the Oregon National Guard, and an able assistant to Adjutant General White in the great work of mobilization and draft. His death is a great loss to the country.

Rippling Rhymes

By WALT MASON

Autumn Weather.



WALT MASON

The nights are bleak and chilly,
 the wind has dismal note:
 Fall weather gets my bitty
 (the garden name for goat).
 In Summer I am healthy,
 as husky as can be;
 no ailments punk or stealthy
 are bringing grief to me.
 Existence then is sweeter,
 although in heat I fry,
 the while I shoo the skeeter,
 and swat the noisome fly.
 But when the frost falls
 whitely upon the Autumn wold,
 and wire-edged zephyrs
 nightly grow colder and more cold,
 I feel rheumatic twinges,
 I feel lumbago's shock,
 and all my joints and hinges
 are creaking as I walk.
 The doctor and the plumber
 are busy with my bones,
 and so I long for Summer
 with useless sighs and groans;
 just as I long for Autumn,
 when Summer is on deck,
 and there's no top or bottom
 to sizzling heat, by heck.
 Alas! There is no season
 that suits me to the ground;
 I always find some reason
 to raise a doleful sound.
 I'm always longing,
 yearning, for something that is past,
 for Summer weather burning,
 or Winter's angry blast.

(Copyright 1917 by George Matthew Adams.)

The Woman Who Pays



by check instead of in currency escapes a lot of worry about money matters. She has an accurate record of where her money goes and a receipt for every penny she has paid out. Besides it's so much safer to have the cash in the bank than in the home. Our special department for women will be glad to give information.

La Grande National Bank