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If the carrier does not do this, misses you, or neglects getting the paper to
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whether or not the carriers are following instructions. Phone Main 37
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carrier has missed you.



"My Country 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty."

A SERMON FOR TOMORROW

The future? Look on the bright side. Think positive
and constructive thoughts. Don't look on the dark side
of war. Think of the happy days when the boys come
home. Don't be depressed. Even wars—they are only
the evolutionary process working out on a big scale—
bring about some good. Remember this that hate, envy,
jealously, revenge, malice, small petty meanness and
ignoble thoughts leave their track and trench on thee.
The way to be happy is to be cheerful, optimistic, to do
good deeds for friend and neighbor, to be forgiving.

INSURANCE FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

The following telegram has been received by the State
Council of Defense for Oregon from George F. Porter,
Chief State Councils Section, Council of National Defense
Washington, D. C.: "The time for filing applications for
war risk insurance has just been extended by Congress
to April 12. Automatic insurance, however, has ceased
entirely and no man is now insured by the government
unless he has applied. This makes voluntary application
doubly important. Continue campaign to bring family
influence to bear on men not yet insured."

OVER THE TOP

In every campaign, Union County has gone over the
top. The last victory was the campaign for the registra-
tion of seventy men from Union County for the ship-
building game. The campaign was directed by T. J.
Scroggin, chairman of the County Council of Defense,
ably assisted by the secretary, Ferd. B. Carrey, and the
other members of the County Council.

HELPING WIN THE WAR

The way the school boys and girls are going over the
top in the thrift stamp selling campaign under the able
leadership of County School Superintendent A. E. Ivan-
hoe and her principals and teachers, shows that there is
no doubt of the patriotism of our boys and girls. They
are helping win the war. Are YOU?

Tomorrow is Sunday. Go to church and make a silent
prayer.

COMMENT OF THE PRESS

They Give Their All

Pale, exhausted, sobbing, gasping, she returns from
the Valley of the Shadow of Death to turn a mother's first

look upon the tiny creature upon the pillow beside her.
It is a boy, they tell her, and her heart goes out to God
for the glory of it. The agony is forgotten. She has
given to the world a man! She puts an arm around the
child, an arm that will always be there to guide and
protect. Beautiful visions of the future with her son,
HER SON, in all of them, possess the new world that's
been created in her heart, and, with the heavenly smile
of motherhood glowing upon her face, she falls asleep.

Time slips along on the wings of lightning. The wee
knit shoes, not two inches long, give way to sturdy shoes
of leather and are put away in some sacred hiding place
as keepsakes. What mending, brushing, advising, as her
boy starts off to school! What nights and days of work,
worry, sacrifice for his sake! Mother's boy must look
well, behave well, live well, and God alone can keep record
of how much of her hope, soul and life mother puts into
it. But it will pay. Some day, she'll go shopping, or to
the theater, or to church on the arm of a fine, manly fel-
low, HER boy. Some day, it will always be "Don't do
that, mother; let me do it!" Some day, it will be the strong
arm of her boy about her, to protect and to return the
nights and days of care and unselfish love.

And, behold! he boy is a man, and throughout the
world goes up a cry for all true men! A mad beast ravages
the earth, would befool all motherhood, would make all
men mere brutes and human happiness the hopeless play-
thing of greed of power; a beast that says to mothers:
"Your sons are but fodder for my guns!" to sons, "Your
mothers are but brood sows for my power!"

Her man, her boy that was, answers that call. "Here,"
he says, "is my all and mother's all. Justice, happiness,
mothers' love shall not perish from the earth. My life
for it!" How handsome and noble he looks in his new
uniform! How true and brave he surely will be! BUT
OH! HOW DEAR HE IS! How her heart fills with burst-
ing, as memory piles upon her all the joys, struggles, sacri-
fices that made him hers, since that day when she turned
upon her pillow and glorified the Creator who had sent
her a boy who would, some day, play a man's part!

Today, her boy, a man, is tossed by the icy waves of
foreign seas, a corpse; for the beast has sneaked up
through the spume and blown a ship to bits. The stricken
mother is alone. No husband, no friend, no relative, none
save Him who knows all, can know her heart. She goes
to her chamber and puts in her bosom the little knit shoes,
while her hungry eyes seek his toys, his books, his clothes,
anything that was part of him; and all is darkness!

Over 200 other American mothers are, today, as she
is! And the horror of it must multiply a thousand fold!
Oh! let us who lose no sons, who feel no loss that
wrings the heart and pictures all the future black, let us,
too, offer all we have THAT WAR MAY BE KILLED
and, all through the coming years, mothers may have their
sons! What is a day of thoughtlessness, or wantlessness, or
moneylessness beside the life of suffering, struggle, sacri-
fice of a single American mother? God helps! let us save,
sacrifice and give as the mothers must!—Portland News.

THE GERMAN MIND

By Harvey O'Higgins

It is not a bottomless mystery, this outrageous record of the German
at war. It is a clearly consistent expression of the servile mind. To under-
stand it, you have only to understand the peaceful virtues of the people
whom Bismarck called "a nation of house servants."

They have long been governed by the most arrogant of all the governing
classes of Europe—the Prussian militarists. They have submitted with a
touching faith in their oppressive protectors. Timid, sentimental, poetic and
comfort-loving, plundered for centuries by their marauding neighbors, they
have been glad to league together in the German Empire with no matter what
loss of personal liberty, under the domination of their tyrannous war lords.
They have seen in that tyranny their only safety. It defied them superbly
in the procured wars of the last century, first from their old rivals the
Austrians, and then from their old conquerors, the French. They believe that
it has defended them as efficiently in the present war. By inspired news and
sordid dispatches, they have been convinced that they were invaded before
the war was declared; and they still believe it. They believe that they are
fighting in self-defense under the leadership of an autocracy that is their only
self-protection.

And they are fighting as the timid fight. The man who has been govern-
ed by arrogance and has bowed down to fear is a man who understands
no instrument but cruelty to compel respect. He will invariably resort to
frightfulness as his weapon in war. He will know no compassion. He will
have no dignity—not even the dignity of pity. He will be at once incredibly
cruel and incredibly petty. He will persecute noncombatants, outrage women,
mutilate children, bombard hospitals, kill the wounded, torment prisoners, cut
down fruit trees, and defile with animal filth what he has not time to destroy
like a discharged servant taking his revenge on the kitchen. It is inevitable
it is in the nature of the servile mind to do these things and to fail to see
why they should not be done.

His officers will order them done, because it has been by brutality that
his officers have ruled him, and they will hope by brutality to rule the world.
And he will do what he is ordered, because he knows the efficacy of fear in
his own case, and he will hope by frightfulness to strike fear into his enemy.

His instinct of subservience, in fact, makes him a perfect military instru-
ment. He obeys orders like a devoted hound. He has the courage of unques-
tioning obedience. He must be sent to the attack in mass formations, but
he will go blindly, linking arms with his fellows, singing solemnly, in a state
of exalted meekness. When he is behind the lines in safety, he will encourage
himself with hymns of hate. "Hatred," said the philosopher, "is the revenge
of the weak." Caught in his snout, he will cry "Kamerad! Kamerad!" to
his captors, and when he is taken prisoner he will be gentle, biddable, hard
working, and happy.

For the same reasons he makes a perfect spy. He will be humble, in-
gratulating, as treacherous as an intimidated child, and servilely free of any
sense of the obligations of hospitality. His ambassador in a neutral country
will be a faithful servant, disguised as a gentleman, gathering servant's gossip
in a plot to betray his host. His very arrogance is the arrogance of the
servant who is proud of his master. He will tell you, "We Germans love only God,"
because his very religion is a religion of fear. If he were really
as fervent as he pretends he would say, "We Germans love only God,"
"Ein Gott, ein Herr, ein Gott." All of Germany's plundered past is in
that line. Who but an intimidated people, longing for a Chinese wall, would
sing: "Our God is a strong fortress"? It is this lack of real courage that
makes him continually boast of his lack of fear. He bullies, because he has
always been bullied. He does not understand why the world will not cringe,
and he fails to understand it because he is himself always inwardly cringing
at the autocrats whom he trusts to defend him from the world.

It is the problem of this war, first to break the military autocracy in
Germany, and then to set free the minds of the people. Any attempt to
punish them for their cruelties will drive them, hereafter, with a new timidity,
into the arms of some new despotism. They must be reassured of their
safety in the world. They must be persuaded to dare the responsibilities of
freedom. These people, who have never had a revolution in the whole course
of their history, must be first liberated and forgiven, and then protected
in their freedom and encouraged to feel self-respect.

It is a pathetic sort of problem. It is a problem that can not be
solved in terms of hatred and revenge. It is peculiarly the problem of the
American people, who have nothing to gain from the defeat of Germany but
the safety of democracy in world politics, and who can not establish that
safety till Germany is itself a true democracy, unseville and reassured.



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CENTRAL SCHOOL GUARDS ORGANIZED

PATRIOTIC ORGANIZATION IS FORMED—ORLIN LEWIS IS ELECTED CAPTAIN

A patriotic organization, known as the Central School Guards, was perfected this week at the Central school. The following officers were elected: Captain, Orlin Lewis; first lieutenant, Thel Green; first sergeant, Abbie Green; first corporal, Herman Berger; second corporal, Foster Sims; third corporal, D. Smuts; bugler, Neph Combs.

The Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth grades are represented by about forty boys, all enthusiastic and eager to come up to the standard expected of them. They drill four times each day and even now are able to obey commands of their officers in a truly military manner.

This organization is a commendable one as it brings into the school life a new sense of patriotism and responsibility. A new understanding of what may be accomplished by united effort, and a new respect for the authority of superior officers.

Mr. Prince is to be congratulated upon having this organization in the Central school. It will be watched with great interest.

Worst Winter in Years.

Snow, wind and extreme cold caused more colds this winter than in past years. Foley's Honey and Tar proved its worth in thousands of homes. Men, women and children checked colds and coughs and prevented serious consequences from exposure. It clears the passages, heats raw inflamed membranes, banishes irritation and itching throat. Mrs. Edward Strey, R 37, Clinton, O., says: "I think Foley's Honey and Tar the only medicine for coughs and colds and recommend it highly." Sold everywhere.—Adv.

For Hard-to-fit Women--

Some women are hard to fit in corsets; some just think they are.



There are certain types of figures, however—full bust and small hips, small bust and large hips, short stout figures—that require special designing in corsets.

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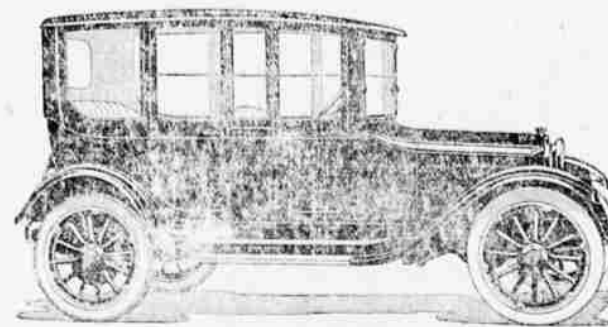
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It will pay you to visit us and examine this car.

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Winter Touring Car or Roadster, \$1050; Sedan or Coupe, \$1350; Touring Car, Roadster or Commercial Car, \$885. (All prices f. o. b. Detroit)



L. C. SMITH La Grande, Oregon

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