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

The White and Blue Will Stay in the Flag.

In a little while, I hope, our two million soldiers abroad will be returning home, except those who remain to give perpetual glory to the word "Yankee." They will be better in every way because of their experience; better physically, broader mentally, and with a larger understanding of their neighbors across the seas.

Will they come swaggering back with hearts set on revolution, as so many writers say they will?

Certainly not, says Ed Howe in his monthly.

They will come back better rather than worse men. They are all young, with the future before them; and in this country there is always room for youth. Its rewards do not lie along the narrow, dirty alleys of anarchy, but along the broad highway of good citizenship and honest effort. We shall hear from them in the arts of peace; for many years to come they will fill the most responsible public and private positions; the men who become noted in the next fifty years in the United States will have been soldiers.

They will realize that those who remained at home because of age or infirmity are also entitled to credit. Our soldiers abroad have been well taken care of, and they know who did it; they know it was not the agitators, but their kindred: worthy, modest, honest people who worked and saved and gave, in order that their "boys" might have plenty.

The clean, intelligent young men who will soon be bombarding New York with their cheers and their tears will not depart from the faith of their fathers to oblige the irresponsible mob which would Russianize America. Our fine young men who have been in the trenches are better bred than anarchists and will not cut the white and blue from their flag.

Baker Foozles Again.

The Kenyon company of Brooklyn has been acquitted on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the government by the manufacture of defective raincoats. While some raincoats not up to specifications were undoubtedly shipped from the Kenyon factory, the evidence showed the fault to be rather with the government inspectors than with the company or its employes. To quote the Brooklyn Eagle, a Democratic paper, "Inspectors of that department (quartermaster) were shown to lack any training which would have qualified them to pass upon raincoats, while the methods of procedure were shown to be such as to invite gross carelessness or fraud in the manufacture of goods for government use." To those in Washington familiar with the method of selecting and appointing Democratic "inspectors" the findings of the Brooklyn court are not surprising. They are merely indicative of a general condition that has been notorious and has prevailed for months.—National Republican.

THE WOUNDED MAN SPEAKS

(By Henry Oyen, of the Vigilantes)

I left an ear in a dug-out,
When a shell hit made us dance;
And at Belleau Wood where the mixing was good
I gave up a mitt for France.
I lay on a cot a-smoking
And thought I was getting well,
But the moon was bright on the bombplane's sight,
And the Gothas gave us hell.
They certinly spoiled my beauty:
And my leg is a twisted curve;
They busted me up like a mangled pup,
But—THEY DID NOT BUST MY NERVE!
I'll step off a ship at Hoboken
And I'll say: "Well, here I be,
Straight from Belleau Wood, and it's understood
That nobody grieves for me."
And no pussy-footing slimy
Shall grab at my one good hand,
And make me feel drunk with the good old bunk,
Just to make himself sound grand.
For I'm damned if I'm to be a hero,
And I ain't a helpless slob;
After what I've stood, what is left is good,
And all I want is A JOB.

TOO BIG TO MISS.

The average foreigner can rarely comprehend the geographical area of the United States, as was quite fully illustrated by the Englishman and his valet who had been traveling due west from Boston for five days. At the end of the fifth day master and servant were seated in the smoking car, and it was observed that the man was gazing steadily and thoughtfully out of the window. Finally his companion became curious.

"William," said he, "of what are you thinking?"

"I was just thinking, sir, habout the discovery of Hamerica," replied the valet. "Columbus didn't do such a wonderful thing, after all, when he found this country, did he now, sir? Hafter all's said an' done, 'ow could 'e 'elp it?"—Dayton News.

IF PRIEST HOLDS THE ROPE

An Irish priest was proudly boasting to his visitor, an English clergyman, of the great respect of his parishioners for their pastor. Strolling along a country road at the time, they met a little boy who was endeavoring to keep in check a large goat. The clergyman passed, but the boy did not raise his hat. "Is that one of your parishioners?" demanded the English priest.

"I am sorry to say he is," replied the other. And, calling to the boy, he demanded: "Is that the way you are taught to respect your clergy? Why did you not salute?"

The youngster, with both hands on the rope, replied: "If your riverence houlds this wan I'll salute ye."

Job Printing, The Observer, Main 37.

THE REFORMER.

"We like to reform, but we don't like reformers," said Alton B. Parker at the Lawyers' Club in New York recently.

"The allies will reform the Germans, and the Germans will be all the better for the reformation, but they will hate the allies for reforming them, all the same.

"It's a good deal like the case of the beggar. A beggar, you know, applied at a grocery for alms and the grocer gave him a counterfeit half dollar. With tears in his eyes the beggar hurried away and the nearest saloon immediately swallowed him up.

"Ten years passed, and one day a proud, successful-looking man in a high hat entered the grocery.

"'Friend,' he said to the grocer, 'do you remember giving fifty cents ten years ago to a wretched, filthy tramp?'

"The grocer started. 'I do,' he said.

"'Well, friend,' said the stranger, 'I was that tramp.'

"'Impossible!' the grocer muttered.

"'Yes,' the stranger went on, 'and that day was the turning point of my life. Your half-dollar, you see, was counterfeit, and, when I tried to pass it, they gave me an eighteen-month jail sentence. For eighteen months I didn't see whisky, and when they let me out my whisky appetite was gone. I turned to, got a job, prospered, married—and now I'm what you behold, a builder, with a fine wife, three bouncing babes and $80,000 securely invested in the Liberty loan.'

"Then the stranger gnashed his teeth.

"'And now, friend, I've turned up here to thank you,' he said, 'and to tell you you're the meanest man in the United States, and to give you what's coming to you.'

"Thereupon he fell on the grocer, broke the man's nose with a left swing, knocked him into a barrel of salt mackerel, poured a keg of molasses over his head and retreated with loud yells of diobolical laughter."

HENPECKED HUSBAND

"Your honor," declares Officer McPherson, "I heard an awful yellin' back in the wagon yard and when I got there this man was beating his wife."

Judge Broylesh turned sharply on the prisoner, a tall, gaunt farmer, with clay-colored complexion.

"Is this true? Were you beating your wife, sir?" demanded the judge.

"Yes, your honor."

"How did you come to do it?"

"Lord knows, jedge. For twenty years she allus wuz th' one what did the beatin', but I jes' happened to catch her when she wasn't feelin' right."—Case and Comment.

HER HUSBAND DELIGHTED.

The amateur theatrical performance was being discussed.

"You know that part of the new play where the man seizes the woman, forces her into the cupboard and then turns the key on her?"

"Yes."

"Well, last night a fellow in the audience applauded it so much that they had to put him out."

"I don't think there is anything to applaud about it."

"Yes, there was. It turned out that the fellow was the husband of the actress, and it was the first time he had ever seen anybody shut her up," was the cold reply.—Philadelphia Recorder.

A WANT AD will do it.

POINTERS FROM NATIONAL CAPITAL

By Frank P. Litschert

Secretary Burleson is going to reduce the price of telephone messages filed after midnight seventy-five per cent. Pretty soft for the founders who telephone their wives they are unavoidably detained and can't get home until morning.

* * *

But how about us strictly married guys who go to bed every night before eight o'clock?

* * *

Paris has discovered Wilson can smile, says a telegram. Why, did they think the election took it all out of him?

* * *

It is reported the Crown Prince kissed a Dutch modiste and was nearly mobbed. Reminding us of an old love song, "If he could fight like he could love, what a soldier he might have been."

* * *

Tom Taggart says that the democrats in Indiana will come back. Well they certainly have a long way to come.

* * *

"If he drinks nothing but water it is perhaps well," says a French writer in a character sketch of President Wilson. Perhaps not. Everybody in Washington uses the hydrant.

* * *

Up to this time the collapse of Germany has been attributed to everything but the crime of '76. But everybody admits the Yanks helped.

* * *

How about this punishment for the kaiser: Make him sit in a crowded movie theatre for life and watch one of those lurid eight reel dramas of the "Bruiser of Berlin."

* * *

The Americans have occupied Ehrenbreitstein. We don't know anything about it but we would bet two to one it's a dry town.

* * *

Russian bolsheviks claim flu germs are being spread to kill the workers. Well, that wouldn't touch bolsheviks anyhow.

* * *

An Ohio judge granted a woman a divorce while her husband was out of the courtroom to get a drink. Moral: Always ask the judge to go with you.

* * *

Latest Paris fashions show women's skirts twenty-nine inches long, which may be enough to break up the peace conference.

* * *

Allied diplomats want Germany's African colonies because the blacks have never been given any voice in the government. Here's hoping they don't try to grab off our solid south for the same reason.

* * *

Doctors says that kissing spreads the influenza—which may be another reason why you should wear a mask.

* * *

Our idea of useless occupations is picking a democratic candidate for president for 1920.

* * *

How much do you suppose the kaiser would give to be able to wake up some morning and find that it was still July, 1914?

Lead" Pencils.

The common black lead pencil is made from graphite and contains no lead. Lead pencils received their name from the leaden plummets which were used to rule lines on paper before the use of graphite.

Only One Town.

Previous to the great war, the only town in the old world ever captured by the United States was the town of Derne, in Tripoli, which was taken by an American force under General Eaton in 1804.

A WANT AD will do it.
Job printing, The Observer, Main 37.

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Starts Saturday, January 4, Ends Jan. 31

Every Article in the store at Clearance Prices

Getting Even With the Censor.

"The censor cuts out all the interesting parts of his letters, but he's found a way to get even with him." "What's that?" "He says he's going to quit writing."

Observer advertising will bring results.

For Croup.

"Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is splendid for croup," writes Mrs. Edward Hassett, Frankfort, N. Y. "My children have been quickly relieved of this dreadful complaint by its use." This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic, any may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult.—Adv.

A Most Attractive Combination

of Taste, Fragrance, Strength and Color in

Crescent Cream Coffee

The Cream of All Coffee.

Ask Your Grocer— 40¢ Lb.

Public Sale

Having sold their ranch, the undersigned will sell at public auction, at the farm one mile east of Alicel, Oregon, formerly known as the Pennington place, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m., with free lunch at noon,

Tuesday, December 31

THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED PROPERTY, TO-WIT:

17 Head of Livestock

1 black gelding, 8 years old, weight 1670 lbs.
1 black mare, 5 years old, weight 1510 lbs.
1 dark gray gelding, 6 years old, weight 1600 lbs.
1 dark bay gelding, 5 years old, weight 1515 lbs.
1 dark bay mare, 6 years old, weight 1500 lbs.
1 light gray gelding, 11 years old, weight 1085 lbs.
1 dark gray gelding, 6 years old, weight 1560 lbs.
1 light bay mare, weight 1190 pounds.
2 Young Cows; 2 Heifers; 5 Head of Stock Hogs; About 30 Young Hens; 40 Tons of Alfalfa Hay in the barn.

Implements and Household Furniture

1 gasoline pumping engine
1 10-ft. new Empire seeder
1 12-ft. 3-section Wood roller.
1 6-ft. 2-horse Planet, Jr., cultivator.
1 6-shovel 2-horse walking cultivator.
1 2-shovel walking cultivator.
1 5-ft. Deering mowing machine.
1 14-inch walking plow
1 3-bottom pony orchard plow
1 shovel plow
1 2-horse Puritan corn lister
2 Kimball orchard weeders
1 Dowden's potato planter
1 Dowden's potato digger.
5 7-ft. orchard step ladders.
1 15-tooth spring tooth harrow
1 Duplex Hardy Spraying Machine Outfit
2 3¼ wide tire wagons.
1 17-tooth spring tooth harrow
1 2-horse orchard disc
1 2-section spike tooth harrow
1 hay derrick
1 7-ft. 4-horse double disc
1 8-ft. 4-horse alfalfa disc
1 top buggy
1 open buggy
1 scraper
1 steel hay wheelbarrow
1 mounted grindstone
1 set of hack harness
5 sets of work harness
21 horse collars
1 pair of new 26-ft. 4-horse lines
1 new Litchfield manure spreader
3 hay racks
3 flat grain racks
1 Junior planter
1 lot of carpenter tools.
2 swarms of bees
1 Majestic range
1 large heater

OTHER HOUSEHOLD KITCHEN FURNITURE AND MANY OTHER ARTICLES NOT MENTIONED.

TERMS OF SALE—Notes made payable November 1, after date, with approved security, bearing 8 per cent interest, all sums of $10, or more. Sum under $10, cash. 2 per cent discount on sum of $10 or more.

ED STRINGHAM, Auctioneer.

La Grande Investment Co.

3 DAYS MORE

Buy your War Savings Stamps according to your pledge. It is a patriotic duty and a binding obligation.

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is superior to any other front lace corset, for without the Ventilo features no corset can possibly be just as good. It contains the master touch of scientific construction.

You do not sacrifice comfort for style and you do not sacrifice style for comfort when you wear

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