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Simple Story of Roosevelt's Funeral Means Much.

We have just finished reading the New York World's detailed account of the funeral and burial of Colonel Roosevelt.

The remarkable simplicity carried out in the services, and the simplicity of the World's report, strikes deeply to the heart of every American who loved the colonel and shared his belief that the one great danger confronting our nation is fabulous wealth, which begets false notions of happiness and nourishes pomp and parade.

The World relates the story of the Roosevelt funeral just as the small town weekly newspaper tells of the passing of a prominent citizen. Mention of the two Oyster Bay constables, the school superintendent and postmaster, all of whom were near friends of the colonel, indicate the great mistake many people make in forsaking the small community when fortune favors them.

The colonel, it must be admitted, could have lived in any city of his choice. He could have had daily the pomp and parade in most inflated form. He could have been attended by scores of servants, and his hours could have been a bee hive for nobles, all trying to ape and mimic him.

He was not that kind of a man. At no place in his whole career did his genuineness show forth stronger than at his funeral, plans for which he made years ago.

Colonel Roosevelt could have been happy had he lived on the hills near Medical Springs, and Dunham Wright would have been his boon companion, because happiness and contentment reigned in the Roosevelt breast. No palaces nor high-powered automobiles, no costly gems nor priceless linen was necessary in the life of this grand, true, noble, generous American.

Let us all try and emulate the life of him, who gave so much to civilization, who reestablished in this nation principles of freedom so plainly set forth by our ancestors, and whose last act was to impress upon us all the emptiness and folly of worshipping wealth, which worship automatically brings loss of self-respect and of the good friends acquired by living simply in a small community.

Build a Wall Between Our Soldiers and Bolsheviki.

Shocking is the news that twenty soldiers in uniform participated in a Bolshevik meeting at Portland a few nights ago.

It is difficult to visualize one of Uncle Sam's men at such a place. But before we blame the soldiers, let us look at conditions squarely with an endeavor to search out a reason for such a condition.

We sent our boys to war amid shouts and hurrahs; amid assurance of appreciation; amid pledges of proper recognition upon their return. Everyone meant what he said.

But the war ended and the boys are coming home. Industry is not absorbing them as rapidly as we all had hoped, and to be very candid, people are not stopping their daily pursuits to confer any shower of praise and gratitude upon our fighting men.

People feel it, but they are not saying it. What is the result? A private soldier is discharged with little money. He starts home on the train that carries a whole army of men (and many good soldier careers) two or three weeks and still is hungry.

Soon his money is gone. If he wants to jazz around the country some, and most boys do, after their experience, they find hotel rooms cost money and all meals are like prices. The soldier, too, La Grande sights Pendleton, where he meets a comrade and this may very likely be the conversation: "Hello, Old Top, how goes it?" "Not much doing." "Did they miss over you any when you got back?" "Nope. Wouldn't care for that, but I'm broke and nothing in sight." Then it is possible the boy will like it all over again and wonder to see other if there's not a cog loose some place or they would soon catch on to civil life.

This is exactly what causes our boys to drift and drift—perhaps into a meeting of the Bolsheviks. Not because they favor lawlessness, not because they are wrong in thought, but because the gates are not left open for the boys who come home.

Soldiers are visiting La Grande nowadays and The Observer earnestly recommends that the Y. M. C. A. be fitted as a barracks for these boys. Let it be known that La Grande has a soldiers' hotel at the "Y" where all of Uncle Sam's men are welcome without charge, until they "find themselves." There would be no charity in this movement. It would merely permit La Grande people to show in a small way the gratitude felt by every citizen for the boys who went.

Socialist 'Principles' Became Warped and Twisted

Victor Berger, former congressman from Milwaukee, convicted of violating the federal espionage act through conspiracy to obstruct the government's war program, declared in court:

"I have done no wrong. I have been living up to these principles for thirty-seven years—those principles the jury has seen fit to condemn. I cannot account for the verdict."

Here we have another evidence, more striking than usual, of the strange blindness which seems to have come over so many Socialist leaders during the war.

Mr. Berger has repeatedly defended the sinking of the Lusitania. He regarded it as quite justifiable, apparently, for Germany not only to take up arms against her neighbors, but to assassinate helpless non-combatants when the German government happened to consider them as standing in the way of accomplishing its military purposes. And yet he has insisted that it was wrong for the United States to raise an army to defend itself against such German attacks on American property, rights and lives.

The absurd conflict of logic in such an attitude is evident. The curious thing about it is that Socialists, of all men, should have thus championed German aggression and violence. Needless to say, neither Victor Berger nor any other Socialist of any repute preached for a generation before the war, the right and justice of such acts as the invasion of Belgium and the sinking of the Lusitania.

Socialism made headway precisely because it preached a gospel of brotherhood, justice, peace and good will to men. It is one of the strangest facts in political history that such a movement, in theory so idealistic, should have been suddenly perverted, in this and various other countries, to a practical championship of a German system of political and military aggression which is the diametrical opposite of what Socialism has always professed to represent.

Socialism as a theoretical plan for reconstructing society still exists and commands support among many thinking men as one possible solution for political and economic problems. But any intelligent non-Socialist must wonder how men holding such views as those of Victor Berger and other like-minded Americans can still call themselves Socialists.

Roosevelt Highway Would Be Proper Tribute.

The suggestion that a great national highway be named for Theodore Roosevelt is timely and appropriate.

The need of good highways is recognized more today than ever before. We have got rid of the old notion that a road was something of little more than local interest and value. The growth of transportation needs and the development of the automobile and motor truck have raised the main highway to a place of dignity comparable with that of the railroad. We are learning to think of roads in terms not of the township and county, but of the state and nation.

We already have one "Theodore highway," constituting a fine monument and at the same time serving important purposes of utility and pleasure. Another great paved highway stretching across the continent would be worth more to the country in a practical way than its cost would amount to. It would also serve as a fitting memorial to a president who did so much to save and develop western resources and to link east and west together in work and spirit.

Keeping Faith Regarding Wheat Is Right.

Estimates made last week by the government of maintaining the fixed price for the entire wheat crop of the present year are interesting, but they are only guesses and not always shared. As the obligation is one of honor, it is hardly decent to engage prematurely in lamentations over the expense, says the New York World.

We know that we are pledged to pay on the basis of \$2.26 at Chicago, but what prices will prevail through out the world between now and mid-summer, 1920, is wholly a matter of speculation. While peace has liberated some wheat not available in war, it is to be remembered that in the greater part of Europe stocks are exhausted and that the demand is urgent.

Great Britain has a fixed price and so has Canada. Russia cannot be much of a competitor this year, and Argentina's crop is not great. There is better reason, therefore, to assume that the average world price of wheat for two years to come will be very high than to hold that it will fall to anything like the ante-war level.

Even if the United States, purchasing our entire crop on the basis of \$2.26 at Chicago, should be compelled to dispose of part or all of it at lower prices, the cost to the government would be small in comparison with the saving already made by price-fixing. It is probable, furthermore, that if restrictions were removed from the Chicago wheat pit the patriots who operate there and who two years ago had wheat at \$3.25 would soon establish another famine market.

We are under bond to the hungering democracies of Europe as well as to the farmers of America who have responded to a national pledge. Perhaps we shall lose some money by keeping faith, but nothing else will be sacrificed.

Cootie Death Toll Put Above Million.

Hardly possible to conceive of such a condition, yet the facts justify the belief that the louse is declared authoritatively to be one of the most deadly enemies of man and to it is charged the death of at least a million persons.

That, however, is only a rough estimate. The toll probably was infinitely higher, for in Serbia alone typhus, a louse-borne disease, infected nearly one million and killed 500 a day in Jassy, while 200 of the 1200 medical officers were victims. This disease spread over Russia, Austria, Germany and the Balkans.

These figures are vouched for in a publication prepared by Lieutenant Lloyd, chief entomologist in northern Rhodesia. He says: "Typhus is entirely due to the activities of lice. The same remark applies to relapsing fever. Trench fever is credited to the louse."

He remarks, however, that "one of the few good points about insect-borne diseases is they are preventable if prompt measures are taken and thoroughly carried out."

'Warriors' Take Life Easy Says Madden.

Is Representative Madden of Illinois possessed of a grouch or has he the right hunch on the way things are going in the national capital when he says:

"Five government-owned automobiles, with five soldier drivers were waiting at 10 o'clock this morning before one apartment house in this city to take officers to their important duties at the departments, but their duty was not important enough to get them out of the nest until after 10 o'clock."

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THE FORUM

The Place Where Everyone Has His Say.

ROYAL ETIQUETTE. Editor Observer: In a very recent edition of The Observer the editorial page contained an article on the frequent use, which President Wilson made of "Sir" when addressing his majesty, King George, at a state banquet at Buckingham palace during the President's visit to England. The editorial gives the impression that President Wilson, knowingly or unwittingly, broke all precedents by not continually addressing the British monarch as "Your Majesty" during his speech in answer to King George's pledge to the health of his guest of honor.

Now, sir, President Wilson did just exactly what is right, proper and according to rules of etiquette whilst addressing the British royal personage. Those, not royal, who are in the immediate entourage of his majesty, or who had occasion to address him, would be correct in only at first saying to him, "Your Majesty," but on each subsequent occasion during the same speech would be expected to use the word "Sir" and not "Your Majesty," according to court etiquette.

I did notice, in a report of the president's speech cabled from an English press association, that he commenced his reply to King George's edification with the words, "Your Majesties," and afterwards invariably used the more democratic title of "Sir" in the whole length of his speech.

I haven't the slightest doubt that President Wilson is "up to" or cognizant of all those many little subtleties and fine points of methods of procedure which are considered "au fait" in high class company, and he acted strictly "according to Hoyle" in addressing King George of England as "Sir."

Personally, I think King George enjoys the democratic side of English royal life, if such a paradox can be more so, even, than the late King Edward, who, although such an all-around good fellow, was at times quite a stickler for court etiquette, especially if some snob attempted to ingratiate himself in the "favor royale" by attempting even a slight undue familiarity.

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TAPS! By John T. Troth. Eddie, an' Jim, an' Squint-eye Joe, Barefooted, freckled, an' tanned, Lay on their backs, with their mouths eaten pop. In the warm September glow; An' told what they'd be when they grew up— Eddie, an' Jim, an' Joe! Eddie, an' Jim, an' Squint-eye Joe Eddie's ambition a judge's wig Were bound to be richer'n kings; Jim would explarin' so, An' Joe'd be a actor, when he got big— Eddie, an' Jim, an' Joe! Eddie, an' Jim, an' Squint-eye Joe Lie on their backs, asleep; Their Great Adventure has come, and passed. And crosses three, in a row, Tell that they're richer'n kings, at last— Eddie, an' Jim, an' Joe! HAIR WORK. Ladies' modern hair work done, new switches made to order. Combs made to order. 1427 Washington St. 1-15-1919 Butter Wrappers printed at the Observer office.

The finest stock of hot water bottles and combination syringes that money will buy is what you will find at 41-14-17

Silverthorn's FAMILY DRUG STORE LA GRANDE, OREGON.



Be Strong

THE strong and vigorous man or woman is envied by less fortunate humanity afflicted with aches, pains, infirmities and ailments. The sufferer says to himself, "If I could only be well, how happy I would be," for health is more essential to the joy of living than is wealth. The kidneys almost literally wash the blood and keep it clean and free from impurities. When the kidneys are out of order, they fail to filter out this waste and poisonous matter. It remains in the system to cause headache, rheumatic pains, sore muscles and stiff joints.

Foley Kidney Pills

Helps the system eliminate this poisonous waste. They soothe, strengthen and heal sore, weak and diseased kidneys and bladder. When the kidneys are working properly, uric acid, rheumatism, indigestion, nervousness, etc., are eliminated. C. W. Foley, 1237 No. 4th St., Salina, Kas., writes: "I am very much pleased with Foley Kidney Pills. I am working in a coal yard and have been very much troubled with my back. I have taken several doses of Foley Kidney Pills and they have already helped me."

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