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Words on Death of Son Form a Classic.

We do not have to search the library shelves to find some of the most classical literature, neither do we have to leave our own community. Occasionally everyday life furnishes inspiration to some gifted words that so enrap the heart that they do not perish.

Recently a La Grande man heard of the death of his brother's only son and among other things he wrote to the brother was the following beautiful thought enounced in the plain Lincoln-like language of permanent life:

"It is certainly a hard blow to lose your only son at a time when he can do the most for you and himself. It looks like your sacrifice and contribution to the cause of world freedom and justice, because I believe the spreading of that dreadful scourge is a part of the German scheme of frightfulness. But that we may sometimes take comfort in the thought that our troubles and sacrifices are light in comparison with the afflictions that other people have suffered. It takes real heart trouble to prove the stuff of which people are made. The power to endure and be steadfast in the battle of life is the one characteristic that makes our race the dominating influence in the world. There is something higher than the mere spirit to endure grief and suffering. The immortal seems to reach out beyond the physical existence. It is a necessity of human thought and consciousness when we are confronted with the great mystery of life and death. We have no evidence of an after life, we only wish we had, and the wish is father to the thought, so that upon this hope is built all the religions of mankind. There is something in it, because it fills a great aching void that nothing else can fill, and in the economy of nature nothing exists or operates in vain.

"But in the final analysis everything must pass away and roll up as a scroll. It does not matter much on the time of our going, when viewed in the presence of Eternity, because all must go, and the solemn temples, the gorgeous palace, the great globe itself shall, like some unsubstantial pageant faded, leave but a wreck behind."

"But when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravan that moves to the pale realms of shade, where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death, go not like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon, but; sustained and soothed by an unflinching trust, approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The Stanfield Boys and the Wheeler Boys.

How quick the scenes shift in life; how soon does the act of yesterday overtake us all—especially if that act is a trifle unfair, and we know down deep in our conscience that we are doing a fellow man the worst of it. Two families of boys live in Oregon—both prominent, both ambitious. One is the Stanfield boys and the other is the Wheeler boys. The Stanfield boys run sheep and cattle. They have made their fortunes by hard work in the open country and the country has let its impress upon them, rendering them the open hearted men. The Wheeler boys have lots of wealth. They are not forced to make their start, consequently, with

inherited wealth they have added to their fortunes. The Wheeler boys' wealth lies in timber largely.

Only a few months ago one of the Stanfield boys aspired to hold office in the state where he was born, and very many of his associates wanted him to hold office. The Wheeler boys run a newspaper called the Portland Telegram and when the Stanfield boy went before the people in an honest manner the Wheeler boys hired the most venomous and conscienceless writers to besmirch his character, to accuse him of almost everything from stealing sheep to disloyalty to his country. Cartoons appeared of the most vicious nature, column after column of garbled matter was printed, and the desired effect was gained. Sufficient people were poisoned by the Telegram to defeat the Stanfield boy. He was a good loser, and held his temper, but he was badly treated and he knew it, also his friends knew it.

The above is all history, but now comes the moral. As we stated, it has been but a few months since the Wheeler boys dealt poison to the Stanfield boy, yet the wheels have turned and now the Wheeler boys are exerting every influence and running column upon column in their own newspaper trying to make it appear that the part they played in acquiring timber lands from the state and government was right. They are now set upon by the Portland Journal, which is endeavoring to show the Wheeler wealth was obtained in an irregular manner; and that the public domain was looted by those who a few months ago played the "holier than thou" roll with the Stanfield boy.

The Observer has no knowledge of the facts regarding the Wheeler timber fortunes. The charges against them may or may not be true, but we do believe in a sense of fairness which the Wheeler boys failed to show to the Stanfield boys, and we believe further that men nor newspapers can not follow such a course without sooner or later the tables will turn and the very utterances made will come back to haunt those who make them.

As the Wheeler boys follow the newspaper profession year after year they will also learn that it does not pay to search for the venomous writers and the cartoonists with stink pots and then turn them loose with instructions to go the limit, unless there is abundant reason for so doing.

Hold Them in Line, Joe, Hold Them in Line.

A lot of the newspaper correspondents at Salem contend that Joe Richardson is the whole thing when it comes to remodeling the state government and amalgamating offices.

That suits us, for Joe is a keen fellow and is possessed of a clear, square principle that the state needs at all times. We have seen a draft of a proposed plan to scramble the different boards of the state and make them into one, health officers who will have deputies, clerical forces, etc. As we read over the list of the boards affected we believe that in almost every case the board is self-sustaining. It does not cost the taxpayer anything to maintain, except one or two in-

stances. Now, in order to get a state health officer he must be paid probably \$5000 a year and his assistants must be paid and then all of the work of examining dentists, optometrists, barbers, etc., is to be done by mail, which will eliminate the practical examination which they are now forced to take.

The plan is not a good one and until something better can be devised we will have to advise our friend, Joe Richardson, to sit on the lid and allow nothing to be done. No doubt there should either be a plan found to eliminate boards and commissions entirely or to amalgamate them into smaller numbers, but there is no use in trading off the old knife unless we can get a sharper one in return.

For this reason we say, "Joe, hold them in line, those legislators, and let nothing foolish or impractical get by."

Best Field for Brewers to Spend Their Money.

The distillers have been talking of spending \$1,000,000 to fight the federal prohibition law. If they have any such fund at their disposal they might very much better use it to promote the manufacture and sale of commercial alcohol. The country needs alcohol for industrial purposes a great deal more than for drinking purposes, and has never yet been able to get it in sufficient quantity and at low enough price.

Commercial alcohol now sells, in most places, at about \$1.25 a gallon. The distillers were able to make whiskey for less than that, using good grain. Surely, with the cheaper materials available for turning into commercial alcohol they could make it to sell at a good deal less than that. And their plants, presumably, can be more easily adapted to this purpose than to any other.

Gasoline is likely to give out sooner or later. In the meantime there is plenty of use for alcohol as fuel, because of its cleanliness and safety. And its uses in the manufactures and arts are almost infinite. It is time now to begin realizing all the fine prophecies the experts were making for alcohol a few years ago.

According to Packer Swift's testimony Swift & Co. has 250,000,000 pounds of pork in storage. This pork was stored at a cost of 18 cents a pound to the packers and the drop of one cent in pork would cause a loss of \$2,500,000. The drop is very likely to come and, like other business concerns that made vast fortunes during the war, some of those earnings will be wiped out with losses which will follow.

Bill Hanley is back from New York. In his own language, "it is time to take an inventory and see where we are at." Bill's philosophy is essential to the welfare of this state and we warn him now that Oregon does not want him to be absent so long again.

Yes, that income tax is uppermost in Milt Miller's mind. He says congress is a little slow in fixing laws for him to wonder but asks everyone to begin to figure on how much he will have to pay as soon as the law is fixed.

Few men had so much experience in life as did Henry L. Pitcock. And few men mapped out a course and followed it so well as did this man who grew with his state and city, always doing his share in every undertaking.

The new Christian minister in La Grande has had a hard time. He arrived just as the ban went on and remained here a stranger for weeks, not even getting to preach to his own congregation.

The good readers in the legislature are too anxious to force their names on the bill that is adopted. There is not much in a name, but there is a lot in getting some good roads and getting them before most of us die.

A month or two ago some sarcastic editors were inquiring "Who wants a league of nations, anyhow?" And now who doesn't want it?

It's about time for a good, healthy row in the legislature. Things are going too smoothly for a result-getting body.

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ferer from indigestion and constipation," writes Mrs. Robert Allison, Mattoon, Ill. "I had frequent headaches and dizzy spells, and there was a feeling like a heavy weight pressing on my stomach and chest all the time. I felt miserable. Every morsel of food distressed me. I could not rest at night and felt tired and worn out all the time. One bottle of Chamberlain's Tablets cured me and I have since felt like a different person."—Adv.

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SOW NOW FOR THE DOLLAR HARVEST.
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IT PAYS YOU IN MONEY SAVED. There are many real bargains offered from time to time in the advertisements appearing in this paper. Watch for them.
IT PAYS YOU IN SATISFACTION. When a merchant asks you to come to his store he obligates himself to sell you quality goods "as advertised." You have a right to expect satisfaction from what you buy and you get it.
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Don't YOU want to save money and time? Wouldn't you like to be sure of getting satisfactory service and quality goods every time you go to a store? Then read the advertisements and patronize the stores which can serve you best.