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

The German Peace Delegation.

The central empires have not yet taken any part in the peace conference. They have not been asked. It will be time enough when the allied powers have completed their work and agreed on everything among themselves. Then Germany, Bulgaria and such remnants as are left of Austria-Hungary and Turkey will be invited to Paris, and told to sign on the dotted line. They will object to nearly everything on general principles, and obtain what slight concessions they may, and then sign as requested.

Meanwhile it is of some interest to learn that the German delegation that will leave Berlin when the invitation comes is to be headed by Philip Schiedemann. He is one of the leaders of the dominant "Majority Socialist" party, formerly the Social Democrats. He can speak for the comparatively conservative element now in charge of German affairs, and is probably as good a man for the job as any non-German has a right to expect.

He is infinitely preferable, at any rate, to the man whom Berlin originally intended to send—Bernstorff, the lying trickster kicked out of Washington by the United States government. Some hope for Germany may be found in the fact that the Germans did finally allow themselves to be persuaded that Bernstorff would not do.

It would be far better for Germany, however, if they had had the decency or the shrewdness to appoint Prince Liehnovsky, who was German ambassador at London before the war, who did all he could to prevent the war, and who, when he discovered the criminal Prussian was plotting, revealed it to the world. He could get favorable terms out of the allies if anybody could.

As for Schiedemann, he lent himself too obediently to the Kaiser's purpose during the war to have much credit now as a spokesman for democracy.

Boys Are Entitled to Return Home.

A Umatilla county young man in the service overseas is quoted in a Pendleton paper to the effect that the suspense in waiting to be sent home is more trying than any part of the service. It is no doubt the same kind of a feeling that is now experienced by the La Grande boys in the hospital unit. While not one of them, as stated in yesterday's Observer, is aware that plans are on the way to secure their discharge and return home, the boys are anxious for that happy consummation at as early a date as possible. In a letter written by one of them this week is taken on the subject. The writer says:

"The only way I see that we have got a chance of getting home in the next six months is for you (senators) to write to the senators and representatives in congress and make it so warm that they will demand that this detention is returned. We all want to go home and do our part, but after the fighting is over they should have enough regular and drafted men to take our places. Because we don't expect to follow this as a life occupation, and if we don't get home this coming spring or early summer, it will mean to lose another year, as nothing of any importance can be accomplished in the winter."

The movement that was launched yesterday to follow on essentially the same plan outlined in that boy's letter, has been commenced none too soon. The first unit which com-

posed very largely of La Grande young men, has done its "bit," and according to every report from every source they have done their duty faithfully and well. It is eminently the proper and timely thing right now to begin on the job of getting these boys home.

The Advice Is to Build Now.

There is no use in postponing building projects longer in the hope that building materials will be cheaper. This is the verdict of the federal labor and treasury departments and the opinion likewise of most business men conversant with present conditions.

Unquestionably there is going to be a great deal of building this year, regardless of what the doubters may do. In most states the building permits already issued are far ahead of those issued last year or the year before. There is a vast amount of construction that has to be done, regardless of cost. The nation is short about 1,000,000 homes. Public buildings are needed in many cities. There are thousands of miles of roads to be paved. There are almost countless bridges to be built and sewers to be dug. A great deal of railroad and factory development is necessary. In most cases the money for the work can now be obtained. The demand from all these sources is bound to keep up the prices of materials for some time to come, perhaps for years.

Real estate men, too, say that it is safe to put money into buildings now, even at prevailing prices, because the realty values which have risen so notably during the war are going to stay up. Thus the money put into a home or office building or factory is not likely to suffer any loss—the value will remain, and in general the worth of the improvement may be expected to increase rather than decrease during the next few years.

Story About a Dog.

(Editorial, Spokane Press)

Jim Walbridge, the wealthy man of Towanda, Pa., has buried his dog at an expense of \$500, and is being roasted for extravagance by newspapers all over the country, but the fierce criticism is unwarranted, for the reason that there's no information as to why Jim spent \$500 on burying the dog. We don't know Jim's why, but it reminds us of a Story About a Dog.

Several times we have been ready and willing to spend \$500 on burying a dog, the same dog every time. It is a small but very hairy, remnant-looking dog, with the mien of a cur and, apparently, the disposition of a sandstorm in Los Angeles suburbs. This canine has a voice with Curuso depth and Schumann-Heink range and 11 p. m. to 2 a. m. is his favorite period for rehearsal. He will rehearse because the moon is listening or just because he has a voice, exactly like some humans.

Besides being a conscientious coloraturist, this dog is a devoted agriculturist. At the first spring twitter of the robin, at the first unfolding of dainty petals by the modest little crocus, this dog begins the planting of a skeleton of a horse, or something equally as good, in our best flower bed, and, every sunrise throughout the five-inch summer, he digs up the bones to see if they've sprouted.

Diplomat of high order is this dog, too. He has learned to knock over the family milk bottle and lap its streaming contents daily, and there is no gun, rock or club that can draw a bead on him.

One day we started over to the house of the owner of this dog to offer \$500 or something mercenary like that, for permission to bury him (the dog). At the third corner we came upon a ragged, starved-looking little girl of perhaps two years of age, sitting in the middle of the sidewalk. She had been crying, as the streaks of tears through the dirt on her face showed.

Say, did you ever notice the tea-stains on the face of one of these old, old-faced children of the streets? Sometime, pick up one of these babies with the 10-year-old face and study the stains, the wrinkles, the hopelessness, the dirt. Therein is written the centuries-old story of wrong, oppression and neglect. Therein is the power that makes "the man with the hoe" turn upon his "masters, rulers, kings," at the judgment seat of God and ask his awful "Why?" Look into one of these old, worn child faces, sometime, and see the whole history of what men have done, and haven't.

But this child we came upon, that time, was no longer miserable. She gurgled, she shrieked joyously, she clapped her hands, her eyes sparkled with fun. Hunger, neglect, rags, loneliness were forgotten. She was happy as a child with a new toy, than which there is none happier this side of heaven. About her, leaping, crouching, smiling, now bobbing at her rags, now flicking her face, playful, joyous, sunshiny, frisked that blamed night-howl, the milk-thief cur. And we went straight home and saved \$500, or thereabouts.

Maybe Jim Walbridge made a good investment in paying \$500 to bury his dog. Maybe not.



THE FORUM
The Place Where Everyone Has His Say.

ALBERS AND OTHERS

Editor The Observer:
It may be that I am lacking in powers of perception and understanding or it may be that I am suffering from what I have heard termed the "thick headedness" of the average Englishman, it may be either or both of these causes, or it may be something else not herein mentioned, but for the life of me, I cannot see just where the northwest is heading in it. During the past few days Henry Albers has been on trial and now found guilty on charges which brand him as a traitor to this his adopted country. During the days of his trial I read the Portland papers accounts of the trial, giving the evidence and speeches of both counsel for the government and counsel for Albers. Well, Albers was found guilty on two charges, but whatever degree of guilt was established, in my mind, it pales away into insignificance when compared with the speeches of the lawyer Albers employed to defend himself.

By his own words this lawyer confesses his love for Albers, for Germans, for Germany and for German propaganda. My English blood boiled with indignation as I read paragraph after paragraph extolling the prisoner and all he had said and done, and incidentally affirming that Albers was to be commended for his righteousness and justified deep life long hatred of England and everything English. I do not mention the last sentence as incidentally.

This lawyer's attacks, paid for by Albers, on the government's officials for having done their sworn duty seems to me to be even a worse offense against the government than was Albers' drunken babblings. Tell me, is a lawyer in American courts of justice non-amenable to the laws of the land concerning what he may say of the party who is charging his client with an offense? Even that being as it may, this same lawyer is a self confessed friend, supporter and admirer of Germany and German propaganda.

Listen—it is no wonder that with such men in our courts, well educated men and given endless opportunities to voice their views. I say it is no wonder that yesterday the head business agent of the Trade's Unions in Seattle, himself a Russian not even an American citizen, brazenly told the mayor of Seattle that he would not let one electric light

worker at duty at the Seattle general hospital, or in connection with it, so as to give necessary light at night time in case of a patient's life being in danger. No wonder Bolshevism is gaining power towards a strange hold when United States lawyers, openly, in court, are permitted to preach sedition as was done this week in the law courts in Portland.

Is the northwest going to lie down and take all this without even a word being said against such damnable proceedings? What's the matter with people? I scarcely ever hear anybody discuss these matters, and I mix up with people from all parts of the northwest every day. If they only would act the people have the remedy in their own hands, but they need to be awakened up before the hell scourge of Bolshevism gets a strange hold on this fair land, such as it has already gotten in Russia, Australia and other European countries.

For God's sake Mr. Editor try yourself to awaken some of the people to the fate which is hanging over this land of the brave and free.

CHAS. E. KING.
Hot Lake, Feb. 6, 1919.

Only Left It a Comb.

"Mamma," said Bobby, "when you told the new cook to dress the chicken, she started to undress it."—Boy's Life.

Getting Rid of Colds.

The easiest and quickest way to get rid of a cold is to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This preparation has been in use for many years and its value fully proven. No matter what remedy you use, however, care must be taken not to contract a second cold before you have recovered from the first one, and there is serious danger of this. A man of middle age or older should go to bed and stay in bed until fully recovered. It is better to stay in bed three days at the start than three weeks later on.—adv.

No matter how fast the snow falls, people very generally like a hot drink, a tamale, chili con carne, or a malted milk and often an ice cream sundae. If you will drop in at Silverthorn's fountain you will see just why the customers give them so much of their patronage. They put out the very best of everything at their store. 2-5-3t



Farming Dollars

When you are planting your corn crop do you plant whole ears? No! Grain by grain, hill by hill, it is dropped into the entire field is planted. As you raise corn, raise your dollars. Plant them as you get them, one by one, in an account with us. Now is the planting time for your money crop.

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It Pays To Read Advertisements

YOU'VE often heard the saying, "It pays to advertise." That is true. And it also pays to read advertisements—pays you. If you read advertisements consistently for any length of time you will agree that this statement is also true.

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.

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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.