EDITORIAL PAGE

We Must Absorb the New Issue

The Victory loan must be taken by the people. There is no other way to view the matter and no one should think of viewing it otherwise. The nation has spent the money for war work and the debts of America must be paid.

Every soldier returning home would be shocked to think the people at home did not subscribe for the funds needed to finance the war when he was giving his life and his all. That feature should insure the prompt success of the Victory loan.

State Director Ethridge called the turn when he talked in La Grande by saying: "It is not of greatest importance what was done with the money; it matters little if the Spruce division squandered funds as it is claimed, for the very fact that what America did was sufficient to break the German morale and win the war is sufficient to justify every cent that the people of this nation can put up."

Another view of the situation is that most of the money, which was spent lavishly, was spent with home people and home institutions, and while The Observer is making no excuse for the extravagance that has prevailed, we do believe that every angle of the situation should be considered fully.

The investment feature of the new notes, or bonds, is attractive and those who have money will do well to consider the advisability of taking bonds purely as an investment. Ask your banker the merit of this issue and you will find it is especially attractive.

But when the whole thing is sized up and the final analysis given, the thing to do is to make a drive and place the issue. Union county's former war organization is intact and must work once more to put a big one over. Every worker is hereby called to action, and with the permission of the county manager of this loan, Mr. Kiddle, The Observer on this Sunday morning calls to action every patriot in this county to stand firm and do his or her part in this governmental matter. It is your duty.

MAKE LA GRANDE BEAUTIFUL IN EVERY WAY.

It is an inspiration to ride to the east end of Adams avenue on the macadam road and look at La Grande. Situated as she is most beautifully in the base of the hills, surrounded with wooded stretches on three sides, the high mountains to the north making a beautiful background, while the folding hills at Oro Dell present the aspect of a huge green envelope folded over the canyon of the Grande Ronde river. Take a lesson from nature. It was never intended with such a pretty setting that there should aught else but a beautiful well kept little city on the site where La Grande sits.

The civic pride here is good, but never perfect, and it is this feature The Observer wishes to discuss with you this morning. It takes only a little work to beautify the parking and keep the lawn well trimmed; it takes but little work on the part of each individual to clean up the alleys and by-streets, remove the trash and put things in perfect order. It is regrettable that the city has no rate on water for lawn sprinkling, and gardening, for that is surely a thing La Grande has long needed. But without that rate it pays in satisfaction and pride; use plenty of water on the lawn in order that the home folks may have a park; in order that strangers who wander this way may be thoroughly impressed.

Let us all make a resolution that beginning with Monday morning there will be more work done to make La Grande beautiful than has ever been done before.

THE ITINERANT VENDOR.

Let us say a word about the different itinerant vendors who visit this city and take money from the people, giving little in return. A few days ago a traveling photographer tramped through La Grande, taking pictures of different ones and in some instances acting, to say the least, very strangely. Later a traveling harness vendor happened in with a stock of harness, then came the overcoat peddler, the extract ramber and the traveling beauty doctor who sells cold creams to the ladies.

All of these people are imposters of the worst kind and every dollar that is spent with them is a niggardly dollar that shirks from doing its duty in its home. We mean by this that every dollar thus spent fails to pay its part of the tax to educate our children, it fails to pay its part of the tax to keep public buildings and public affairs moving, it fails to do its parts in keeping open the local churches and hiring the ministers—and when a dollar shirks these duties it is a dirty, measly dollar.

The itinerant vendor is a scab. He is fighting every union in the city. He is undermining the religious and social life of the community and he has no right here. Don't say "We should have a law to prevent these things," for we have too many laws now. What we should have is every person's mind made up to swat the vendor; that alone would be the strongest law. Make it your law to say "Good-bye" to such people who call rather than to say "How do you do."

Baker county is having a little fun locating the Columbia highway through that county. No matter how much local interest is aroused just watch the highway commission put it on the shortest route through the county.

Because the Ad club meets at the Y for luncheon each Tuesday do not become confused, for the Y will not force any song singing.

Many are looking for Grande Ronde ranches these days. There is an excellent reason for this.

If you can't buy gasoline and a Victory bond, cut out the gasoline for a while.

Conflicting Thoughts

Theorists Are in Complete Control.

Right along the lines of reasoning advanced by The Observer last Sunday when we stated that we are in the hands of theorists, the Kansas City Star editorially alludes to the same condition that we spoke of in the following pointed language:

"The country has had much opportunity of late to observe what may be called the impractical mind in operation. What we mean is the man who used to protest against the United States taking part in the war on the ground that force could never be cured by force. It is the woman who insists that critics of the proposed League of Nations are the advocates of war.

"These impractical minds are usually exceedingly idealistic. The trouble is they don't know what practical measures to adopt to make their ideals come true. They will stray away after all sorts of unworkable propositions because somehow the instinct for reality seems to be left out.

"When Henry Ford set sail on his fantastic peace expedition he gave a perfect example of the impractical mind in operation. He wanted to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas. He was so naive as to believe that all that was necessary was to get the leaders to discuss the matter and reason would at once prevail. His aim to get the boys out of the trenches was fine, his method impossible.

"The case of Mr. Ford is especially interesting because it proves that a mind may be built in water tight compartments. He is practical enough in automobile manufacture. It slips in the realm of social relations. In general, however, the impractical mind reaches its finest flower when it develops in a more or less artificial world. Tolstoy was a conspicuous instance. In Russia he was out of touch with the main currents of progress and his genius developed on eccentric lines.

"College teachers, clergymen, chautauqua lecturers are under a peculiar temptation, for they naturally deal with theories, many of which cannot be tested by actual experience. In addition they are in contact with immature minds, or with uncritical minds, and so fail to get the wholesome corrective of keen criticism. Some of these men, of course, keep their feet on the ground and grow into that exceptional and wonderfully useful combination of the practical man who is at the same time an idealist. Many, however, fail to gain the experience with which to check up theories, and so go off on curious tangents.

"The minister may preach a sermon on abolishing war, and if he is eloquent his congregation will go away saying: 'What a splendid sermon!' The few dissenters rarely express criticism. It is so much pleasanter to be agreeable. The professor may tell his class that hereafter we are to substitute a [illegible] of the [illegible] balance of power, and [illegible] [illegible] knowledge of European history [illegible] the powers always has broken down into a balance of power.

"In the campaign of [illegible] illustration of how the theorists [illegible] [illegible] that attracted only the most [illegible] of the impracticals. The [illegible] of pacifism and of the League of Nations in its extreme form got the higher circles. With some notable exceptions those who were the strongest against the United States entering the war have been the most ardent supporters of the next patent remedy for war.

"The world situation of the last four years has been a fertile field for all sorts of theorists to exercise themselves in. A flood of ideas has resulted, which call for cold and perhaps unsympathetic scrutiny from the realists who understand something of the nature of this striving, passionate, unreasoning world we live in."

What Ireland Really Is Seeking.

Americans, outside of those of Irish affiliations, have hardly comprehended what happened in Ireland in the last general election. Nothing happened in Ulster. Its policy showed no change. It is apparently as determined as ever to maintain the present relationship with Great Britain, and to reject any sort of home rule, says an eastern newspaper.

But the rest of Ireland abandoned the old Nationalist party, that was working for home rule, and went Sinn Fein—that is, for an independent Irish republic. This outcome seems to have resulted from two causes. Most important of these is the failure of the British government to arrive at any solution of the home rule problem during the war. For five years the government has been wrestling with the matter, offering compromises but getting nothing settled. Apparently the Irish people got tired and responded to the invitation of the Sinn Fein leaders to kick the table over.

The second cause is the sudden wave of little nationalism that has swept over Europe with the wreck of the central powers and the appeal (largely for war purposes) to the principle of self-determination for small peoples. Sentimentally the wave has everything in its favor. Practically it is bound to recede. For modern industrial civilization has made the separation impossible. The nation with scant economic resources is condemned to economic dependence which involves political dependence. It is at the mercy of the tariff and other industrial arrangements of the amply endowed powers. This is not popular doctrine just now, but it is true.

Recognizing this fact one of the wisest of the Irish leaders, Sir Horace Plunkett, makes a constructive suggestion in the Manchester Guardian. A policy of repression, he says, will simply aggravate the situation. The reasonable thing to do is for Britain to make at once a "firm offer of a reasonable measure of self-government." Were such a measure put forward seriously and "with clear intent to carry it through in the face of all opposition"—Sir Horace evidently refers here to Ulster—in his opinion the common sense of Ireland would force an acceptance.

For autonomy within the British empire, such as Canada has, would enable Ireland to [illegible] herself and [illegible] voice to her [illegible] before the world," which, after all, is the essential thing.

The Great American Fruit.

Over most of the country, and over the rest of it, the soothing [illegible] of the [illegible] pie is [illegible] [illegible] plucked from the [illegible]. For a [illegible] constructed pie plant pie, [illegible] draftsman and competent architect for god parents, must be eaten with a spoon and not a fork.

Rhubarb, first of the spring treasures to pop from the chill lap of nature; rhubarb, we adore thee!

Just as soon as old man winter lifts his hoof off the back yard the pie plant begins to bear pies. It sticks its hold brave leaves up through the nearly frozen ground, and with a flourish unfolds its banners.

Wide velvet banners, bourne defiant on monster staffs of ruby and green.

The day the pie plant gets up far enough to give us three inches of stalk is a great day.

No other dessert compares with rhubarb sauce.

All winter through we have longed for your pleasing tart, acid tang and did not know what we craved, but one sip and we remember.

But the pie plant is a home lover. It mocks at the best efforts of bakerymen. It withers and droops on the market stalls. It defies the tin can, and the drying oven.

The soul of the rhubarb is domestic. It must be lifted from its bed by the housewife, and tenderly undressed, and carefully embedded in just the right sort of crust, and as speedily as possible, it must be partaken of before the lower crust is soggy, and it must have exactly the right touch of sugar.

But given a cook worthy its high estate and the pie plant is easily our first American fruit.

Spirits Linger Near?

With whisky at $20 a quart, in certain "arid" communities, various strange things transpire.

Consider that recent funeral party out in Oregon.

It was a small but very sorrowful party. It came north from San Francisco with a corpse.

The corpse rode in the baggage car ahead, and the mourners rode in the Pullman behind but occasionally, at division points, peered in the baggage car to see that their lamented friend was still with them.

With due solemnity, aye with unusual respect from express messengers—for the corpse was said to have died suddenly of influenza—the party alighted at Portland and paced their sorrowful walk up and down the station platform, while the corpse was being unloaded.

And just then one of the impromptu pallbearers slipped, the coffin was given a lurch, and strangely the corpse gurgled.

And ghostly hollow sort of a gurgle it was.

And one of the pallbearers, who was also a deputy sheriff working on a commission basis, said "Oh ho."

And a near-by detective echoed "Ah ha."

And a third stander-by, who was a federal officer, reached for his nail puller without comment.

So, in the soft murk of a typical Oregon afternoon, these callous folk unwrapped the winding sheet, and discovered the last remains of one Jimmie Taylor, eight years old, and 105 proof, with a government bonded warehouse birth certificate to prove it.

Indeed this strange coffin held numerous members of the once well-known Taylor tribe.

And then they invited the mourners to the wake; or set out to do so, but the mourners had seen a ghost; the day of miracles had returned; the spirits of the departed had been made manifest, and so they went away.

Doubtless, like a "certain young man," exceeding sorrowful.

Telegram Takes Poke at Disque.

Positively refreshing was the shot that the Portland Telegram took at Gridagier General Brice P. Disque, who has been running wild and woolly over the northwest since the war started, claiming big things and accomplishing little. The Telegram did not attempt to shield this man who has been in the public press for several months, but plainly told of the huge sums he had spent on the spruce game and got little spruce. It told of the enormous amounts spent in forts, yet purchased most of his timber used from other mills.

In fact, the Telegram rang the bell on Disque. It was an article that everyone who has watched his antics was delighted to see, but to be fair with the Telegram it must be admitted, it was the first paper that had the courage of its convictions and printed the truth about this chap who swelled up the moment he hit the Pacific coast and with the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen merely did during war times what honestly organized union labor would have done without him.

Here's to Paul Spillman's Shorthorn sale. We'll bet it will be a thorough success.

Today Island City will raise its community flag. Drive out to the services.

MAN'S CARELESS KISS BRINGS DEEP MISERY

Mary MacLarn Scores New Triumph In Latest Play, "Vanity Pool."

She was a girl of the tenements.

He was a man of the world.

She dreamed of love and a home and children.

He dreamed of power and the governor's toga.

He kissed her. To him it was merely the yielding of an impulse.

To her it signified a solemn pledge of marriage.

Then his political career was threatened, and she found out that he was married to a socially ambitious wife.

To cover up possible scandal the wife took the girl into her home, and then complications started that bring about a terrific climax in "Vanity Pool." Mary MacLaren's latest Universal Special Attraction, which is being shown at the Star theatre today for the last time.

It is packed with big situations; the heart-throbs are there; Mary MacLaren has never had a more superb role; and her supporting cast includes such stars as Franklyn Farnum, Thomas Holding, Marin Sais, Anna Q. Nilsson, Virginia Chester and others.

SPECIAL SALE

$15.00 Wool and Fibre Rugs 9 x 12

$10.50

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