

EDITORIAL PAGE

Christ Arose

This is the greatest day of all, for it is the day that Christ arose. It is the day that the sweet and tender character who was destined to guide the footsteps of man, arose from the tomb.

No, it is not mere custom. It is not precedent. It is not a fancy. For customs, precedents and fancies wear out in time and cease to be effective.

Men and women who are not church goers rejoice at the coming of Easter. All feel a decided uplift when they stop to think why this great day is celebrated.

And in all our acquaintance we have never found a person, even though he claimed to be a non-believer in Deity and Christianity, who was not inclined to dress up on Easter.

The inward prayer, the pure and noble thought—which always a prayer—is taking hold as it never took hold before. Men and women are walking in their religious lives daily.

In La Grande today the church bells will summon you to worship. Let everyone who can attend some church. But if it is not possible, then let your mind dwell upon the Master and his great work, for this is His day.

KEEPING UP THE HOME TOWN

How many really feel the responsibility resting upon every individual who calls La Grande home? Is it not true that every undertaking is your undertaking, that every public movement to better conditions is your movement, just as much as the man who really starts it?

There is no disposition on the part of The Observer to crab and roar about neglected duty, but it is proper to urge more activity on the part of all and urge the doing away of the small town "stuff" which has handicapped La Grande in years gone by and will continue to handicap her until the last bit of it vanishes.

This community has grown out of the village days. Put a pin in here. Out of the village days, we said, and the man who believes he can continue village customs is wrong. He will eventually be lost in the shuffle of progress, for La Grande is on her way and there is not a thing nor a human being able to stop it.

What we need is pep and lots of it. The literary society for debating public questions was all right once, but now the town needs action. Men who do not think quickly and act fast have no place in the role of leadership.

Be specific, you say, be specific. No, we will not be specific—not now. Suffice to say, that the whole community cannot be impeded in order to hear the stories of olden days when the Cow ordinance was the chief springtime topic.

La Grande needs unity of action, but lots of action. A shot of "high life" right under the lower rib would be a fine thing for us all. No town in the country has such resources, no town in the country has such pay rolls. The dollar is nimble here and it jumps from one to another to pay the bills at the first of the month.

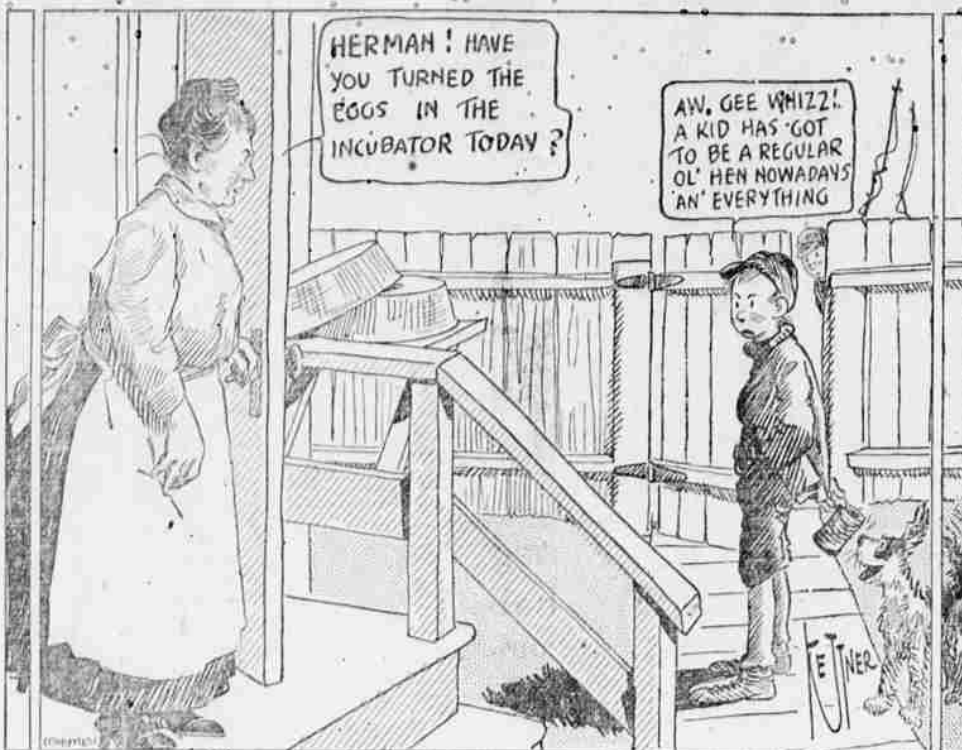
But we cannot advance in lethargy. We cannot claim our own in broken spirit and jealousy. We will be village forever unless we shake ourselves and put the song of success on the lips of all, put the spirit of endorsement in the place of the criticism, and arise above the horrid little strata wherein the rattle of little things dulls the ear and the sight of others' success dims the eye.

The statement by Redfield, of the United States government, that purchases would be continued to aid business and his urging that all industries run as much as possible is good advice. It is impossible for labor to lower prices now and it is very necessary that work be given to as many men as can be done.

The remarks of Captain Smith of the Salvation Army regarding young girls in La Grande goes to the heart of every parent. The captain knows, for his mission is to save girls and boys and the souls of men and women. When he says terrible conditions exist he cannot be doubted.

Welcome to our midst, Mr. Parry. Oregonian cartoonist holds the entire state was about to go Redsheek since Tipple holds left for the Oregonian cartoonist is just as essential as Mr. Parry's lead editorial.

Symptoms of Spring Fever



An Appreciation

After all, there is compensation in this life. When tired day, with its tumult, its conflict, its misunderstandings, its nervous strain, brings us down to low gear; when the evening tide is welcomed, because of its restfulness; when thought of errors crowd the mind in steady train—

It is then that one appreciates the neighbors who just "drop in" for a game of five hundred; it is then that one hastily reorganizes one's self, looks on the brighter side of existence and rejoices when his hand shows right and left bower with the "enter" to "nigger" with.

Such was the program of the writer Thursday evening. The five hundred game was going good, everybody was in the hole and tickled to pieces because of the fact; they were bidding like high-grade miners at Tomopah, never thinking or caring of final scores.

Another hand was dealt—and such a hand, three aces, a couple of jacks, with two kings and a queen. It looked like a winner and Mabel's bid indicated that her hand would swell the victory to a "sweep"—and then, what happened—

Looking toward the door of our home we saw the venerable old A. J. Martin, O.-W. store-keeper, and at the same instant the O.-W. band of forty-eight pieces broke forth with its best selection. Every card fell to the floor—no more cards—not then.

For an hour we all enjoyed the serenade so generously given by this band which has won its spurs as a decided factor in Union county's life. Manager Ridenour was in high glee, and from his heart, he uttered the sentiment of the entire band in his greeting speech for the whole program was an entire surprise to the writer.

After the second selection the band entered our home and we had real music—the kind that makes the spinal column chase itself up and down—for quite a while. Director Caldwell seemed to have about every piece of music on tap worth having and we listened to Sousa and the rest of the big composers. After a good, old-time visit, touched up by a black Hackman cigar, the half hundred musicians bade us good night and good luck, leaving us to ponder over the pleasantries of life. The occasion was refreshing beyond description. It brought to our mind the words "gratitude" and "appreciation." Some people think these words have long since died, but they have not. For the small part The Observer and its force played in starting the uniform fund and for the large part La Grande people had in subscribing to that fund every member of the band is profoundly grateful, as the event of Thursday night thoroughly demonstrated. The uniforms are fine. The manager made a good selection of material and style. Henceforth the O.-W. band will appear in public dressed as it should be dressed, and the public will be proud of the organization's appearance, as well as of its excellent music.

In closing this little story of a delightful, pleasant evening it is not out of place for us to reiterate there is sunshine in every soul—no matter how dense the clouds may seem. The old world is not half wrong; in fact, it is largely a reflection of our own minds—so when you feel the pressure is getting heavy just manage to make it around to where Ridenour and his O.-W. band are playing and the new lease on life will immediately appear.

A Great Highway Program for Union County.

Union county's highway program is launched. Its completion will mean a full and complete system of roads for the people of this county to use while they are living. It is the very best thing that has ever been started in the way of improvement; in the way of increasing land values; in the way of making life worth while for every citizen.

It will cost money—lots of money. But every day brings every citizen of the Grande Ronde valley nearer the grave. You men who have made good-sized fortunes in this valley, take a lesson from what is now going on in the Pittock estate and don't hoard your money which may foster quarrels and law suits when you have passed away.

The decision of the state highway commission to pave the road to Island City and the road to Hot Lake is the final touch that was needed to shove Union county to the foreground with a bond issue that, when matched by the highway commission, will pave the main roads of the entire county and benefit everyone alike.

It was a glorious day for this county when the delegation of representative citizens called on the highway commission and mapped out a comprehensive road plan which will be carried out completely in the course of due time.

Union county sits in the front row of the Oregon counties that do things. She has the endorsement of her plans for highways by the commission; she will get the unqualified endorsement of her home people by voting a bond issue of sufficient size to really build and complete the roads.

Improving Military Courts Essential. It is a cause for general satisfaction that military courts return to one point of view, and that the military courts are being improved by the administration of military justice.

The reports of this officer, who acted as Judge Advocate General during the war, recalling the lines and the treatment of many of the military courts, especially those of the public and Mr. Baker to let nothing a public demand when he stresses the administration to an extent and made his authority to proceed to improve.

Military justice should be improved by the military courts to be able to handle the military courts. No one, however, can fail to believe that even military justice should be improved with more and more attention to individual rights and to the military courts, not to mention a knowledge of the law and a spirit of responsibility on the part of the military courts.

By the way, the administration of California to California to avoid chances for mistake, a suggestion may be accepted to change the name of the military courts to be a military court from Missouri. Lowell Courier.

Let Him Live in Burning Disgrace.

"In some dark hiding place among the outcast and vile thou'lt crouch—and die accursed!" A German wrote those words in a German play, long years ago. They apply now with the solemn weight of prophecy fulfilled, to the suggestion that the Kaiser be allowed to live on, restrained, disgraced.

There will be many people who will urge that Wilhelm should die, but death is far too easy. Life in disgrace, life marked with the stigma of a murderer, a plotter against the peace and safety of peaceful people, life robbed of pomp and power, of freedom and glory, will be harder than death for that haughty spirit.

Even now who but a few Germans stupid and unconverted, would take him by the hand? And if the whole nation should welcome him back and try to fust him again upon the rest of the world, what vengeance would fall upon Germany?

Let him live, by all means, in some dark hiding place, marked with the brand of the outcast and the vile. Who knows? Death may be the end of everything, of loneliness, shame, regret—let him live!

"The house where we are living was sold yesterday, actually sold, and we have to move. But goodness knows where we will move, for there is not a vacant house in town." This remark is heard daily in La Grande. Who is going to do the building that is essential to the welfare of this community?

Who will invent the noiseless dish for big dinners.

Opinions of The Press

"No beer, no work," will, probably subside into near-beer and near-work.—Boston Herald.

It is hard to tell whether a German government has been set up or framed up.—Brooklyn Eagle.

You many bath tubs, safety-fuzes and tubes of soap in this country to make possible a big crop of red anarchy.—Utica Observer.

Former Kaiser Bill wants to go to a warmer climate. For one we feel like accommodating him.—Washington Post.

What we need is a law that will make an unjust strike impossible and a just strike unnecessary.—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

Considerable astuteness was shown by James Monroe in limiting his much abused doctrine strictly to one point.—Washington Star.

The government claims that it has decreased train robbery; there be those who insist that every train still is a robbery now.—Venango Herald.

Another result of international strikes will be the final recognition of the consumer as a person having equal rights with others.—Chicago Daily News.

Among the chief troubles of a great nation in some of these South Sea Islands these days is trying to figure out whether the new hair ought to be electrical or wavy or George.—Miami Herald.

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Abolishment of the Red Flag Is Needed.

It is announced that a bill is to be introduced in congress soon, and its prompt passage urged, making it unlawful to exhibit a red flag in this country. This is a radical remedy for a radical evil. Most Americans, however, will doubtless give their approval.

In former days the red flag was tolerated because it did not appear a menace. As used by the Socialists originally it was considered to represent human brotherhood. The color did not suggest bloodshed, but merely the blood that flows alike in the veins of all mankind. But Socialism has degenerated in character and program, and its symbol with it. The red banner has come to stand for crime, for revolution, for the violent overturning of the ideals and institutions of the freest and best of countries. It is not only un-American, it is anti-American. It is used today as the emblem of an alien propaganda seeking to reduce America to a level with Russia.

The moment the issue is drawn, there can be but one answer. When the red flag comes into conflict with the red, white and blue, it must go.

Women's Clothes as an Investment.

Don't worry and whine when your wife needs a new dress, is the advice of a man who has had several wives. He may have more wisdom than the ordinary man because, he has had more experience, but there is much to what he says. Men and women grow old together.

There comes a time in life when a woman, who by nature is more economical than a man, ceases to take a deep interest in clothes and feels that money spent for gowns is more or less wasted. That is when she studies a mistake and her husband should insist that too often parting of the ways come to people because of appearance. But when a woman keeps her self up daily, dresses well—not grandly or extremely extravagantly—nearly every man will exercise a pride over the fact that his wife is well dressed, thus cheating many a divorce court out of a case.

We are not boosting for the merchant who sells women's clothes, but it is a fact that every woman should dress well. It is more essential than for a man. As time takes its toll, which time has a habit of doing, it will be found that harmony will remain in a household where all are presentable, and the dove of peace will reign long, long when the wife is inclined to economize to a dangerous degree and fail to keep up an appearance that will attract her husband to a point of admiration.

After all, men and women are only boys and girls grown tall, so keep the youthful fires burning in every way possible. Clothes will help do this very thing.

Horses Thriving Despite the Auto.

If the automobile is to drive the horse completely into the background, it has got to do better than it has so far.

According to recent figures there are now about 2,524,000 horses in the United States. This country furnished about 1,500,000 horses for the war. That was supposed to make serious inroads on the horse population. In spite of that war record, however, and in spite of the fact

OVER THE TOP AND PAY!

Over the top they went and won; Home they are coming today. Safe from the foe they made you here, Over the Top and Pay!

Hungry and cold and wet they fought All in the work of the day. Little you knew of the carnage fierce! Over the Top and Pay!

Some of them blinded, gassed and lame; Brand of the bloody stripes earned Hereof, with wound stripes earned for you. Over the Top and Pay!

Scorn and contempt they'll have for you If slackers you are today. None of their bone and blood of their blood. Over the Top and Pay!

How and abroad they are watching you; Sisters of U. S. A. They draft you now for the Victory Loan! Over the Top and Pay!

—Telegram.

Geneva is to be the seat of the League of Nations. Going to keep a Swiss watch on things as they go.