EDITORIAL PAGE

Shall Union County Lose $1,200,000?

The Observer is fearful that many people of Union county do not see the intensity of the good roads movement. From conversations we have had with different people it is apparent that the gravity of the situation has not entirely taken hold as it should.

At the June election the measure to raise the bonded indebtedness from two to six per cent is the place where the importance of the present road work attaches.

"But," you may say, "why is it so important? It carries no bond, nor does it carry any provision to raise money."

Quite true, but it does carry the privilege under the constitution, of this county bonding itself for full six per cent. If this measure carries in June, it means that bonding election will be held for the purpose of bonding Union county for six per cent of assessed valuation. This will raise in round numbers, a million, two hundred thousand dollars. Then this amount will be matched by the state, giving sufficient funds to build a system of highways in Union county.

But, if the measure fails to pass in June, it means that this county is losing its right to participate in the state highway funds and that this county will not receive the million, two hundred thousand dollars. It means more. By such a vote, Union county would say to the outside world: "We are happy and content in the mud. We belong to the old, fogy notion of traveling in the summer and housing up in the winter. We will cease to do business on our ranches as soon as the roads get bad in the fall, and we do not want the outside world to travel our county. We do not care a rap about increased values of real estate, neither do we want to be labeled as progressive."

These are some of the things which Union county will utter at the June election if a negative vote is recorded against the measure to increase the bonded indebtedness.

Can we afford, with the reputation we have over the northwest for doing things, to stand under such an indictment?

Can we afford, being the best breeding live stock county in Oregon, to take on such an odium?

Can we as citizens, who have the welfare of the future generation at heart, force that generation out into the world to seek a progressive community because we are so backward that we will not do what other counties are doing?

You will never hold the coming generation in Union county unless we have highways. Bear that in mind. The child of tomorrow, and for that matter the child of today, is a gasoline child, and he will seek that portion of the United States where he can prosper and at the same time have good roads to travel.

Of special economic importance at the present moment is the loss of over a million dollars to this county. Think it over, Mr. Property Owner, and let your decision not only be in favor of voting for the measure, but get every neighbor to do likewise.

OLCOTT'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE "SNITCH."

Too much commendation cannot be given Governor Olcott regarding his attitude toward the "snitch." A "snitch" is a sort of a lawyer who injects his professional self into cases where no lawyer is needed. The case in question was one wherein the accident commission of the state was bound by statute to make a proper settlement with a woman whose husband had met with misfortune. The woman, not understanding her rights, had listened to the soft words of an attorney who had taken the case on a contingent fee.

Naturally the state commission assured the lady she had no use for a lawyer and remonstrated at the attorney receiving any money which the state was to pay the woman. The case hung fire for a short time and Governor Olcott wrote finis to the matter by standing squarely with the commission and against the attorney. A few more cases of this made public will cause the Bar association of the state to revise its roster and begin to weed out a certain class of undesirables who have for years used the title of "attorney" for purely selfish motives.

YEAR OF ALL YEARS FOR CELEBRATION.

It is very gratifying to know that the Ad club has decided to celebrate the Fourth of July in La Grande. Of all the years in history this is one that should be honored and dignified with a genuine Fourth of July celebration. This is a year when a Fourth of July speaker will be listened to, especially if he is an overseas man. This is a year when the great reconstruction problems are on and it is the duty of every community to celebrate the Natal day, thus drawing people closer together and giving them a more impressive understanding of what "Americanism" truly means.

EVIDENTLY THIS IS D. O. K. K. SEASON.

All Odd Fellows rambled down to Salem for a big convention. Just why they chose Salem for such an event has not been explained. The noise of the city did not interfere with the rhythmic work, that was one thing certain.

The new train to Portland is perfection from a service standpoint, and the traveling public throughout Eastern Oregon is delighted.

Automobile races will have a thrill for a lot of people.

Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining

The Possibility of Human Brotherhood.

From the widespread talk of human brotherhood and its realization overnight it might appear that a new doctrine had come into the world and that just to realize its presence would serve as a panacea for the afflictions of the race, says the Kansas City Star.

As a matter of fact the doctrine of world brotherhood is as old as Christ if not the prophet Micah, and has been preached in some form for centuries. In its origin and most of its history the idea was not political, but religious. The whole duty of man as the prophet saw it was to deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly with God. Christ, in this case as in others, was more explicit when he declared it to be man's duty to love God and to love his neighbor as himself.

The matter of loving one's neighbor as one's self is the chief problem with men in their relations, one with the other, because the matter of loving God is something that one man cannot very well take account of in another. It is a question between God and man rather than man and man.

The command to love one's neighbor as one's self is indeed a hard saying and it has been made a great deal harder by being very much misunderstood.

Neither loving God nor loving one's neighbor, whether the neighbor be in China or forty feet away, involves emotion. It used to be supposed, and still is thought at times, that the person who shed copious tears and spoke with tuneless python in the voice had the most genuine love for God. And the failure to separate from feeling the love that Christ and Micah spoke of has apparently led most people to suppose that loving a neighbor who was altogether unlovable required the same attitude of affection one had for a child or sweetheart. The thing seemed humanly impossible, so the command seemed a dead letter.

Loving one's neighbor as one's self is simply another statement of the golden rule, to act toward another as one would act toward yourself.

Now a man loves himself not by engaging himself with a feeling of affection, but by protecting his interests, giving himself a chance, and looking in the light as best he can. Loving one's neighbor requires not that one should do them things any more than one would have them done for himself, but that the neighbor should be allowed the same opportunity to do being good, that one's self has.

This leaves the task difficult enough for human nature, which has ever shown itself inclined to be meddlesome and politically aggressive. And when one remembers that the recent war, and more recently that have followed it, have demonstrated clearly that the world may be upset in these same interdictions of peace, after twenty centuries of a human race which should relapse, some idea may be had of the kind of preaching and the persistent effort that will be necessary before the high ideal is realized and men are led to love their neighbors as themselves.

What Do You Know About Bugs?

Are you acquainted with the bee that certainly emits vibrant wings 11,000 times per second, that a common red ant, the hummingbird is equal of 27,000 miles a day, or that a caterpillar has 2000 muscles?

These and other striking facts are to be learned in the course of general entomology taught at Kansas State Agricultural College. Few persons are aware of the many curious and interesting things to be found out regarding the structure and habits of the millions of small insects which daily surround them.

For instance, how many persons know that the blood of insects is usually colorless or slightly tinged with green? Or that water beetles and aquatic bugs breathe by coming to the surface and lifting the tip of their wings, thus forming a cavity beneath them into which the air rushes? These insects can swim through the water carrying this air with them in a position where it can be respired. When the air becomes impure the insects rise to the surface, force the air from beneath the wings and take a new supply.

While it is generally known that spiders spin intricate webs, most persons have not observed that the spiders use the silk they spin as a means of locomotion. When spiders wish to descend to some place beneath them they simply fasten a line to the object which they are upon and then drop boldly off, regulating the rate of their descent by spinning the line out rapidly or slowly.

Everyone has heard of bedbugs. Ugh, the disagreeable things! But who has heard about masked bedbug hunters? Though their name suggests of a masquerade ball, they are merely insects which infest the house for the sake of preying on bedbugs. Their mask consists of particles of dust and fibers which adhere to a sticky substance with which the body, legs and antennae are covered.

Then there are waterboatmen, small, mottled bugs having flatboat shaped bodies which glitter like silver armor as they scull on the surface of a lake. Animush bugs conceal themselves in flowers and capture the insects which come to sip nectar. Lace bugs are tiny, face draped insects which look like they are clothed from head to foot in fine Brussels net.

From many of the names scientists have labeled insects one would think they were possessed of a number of human traits and characteristics. The following are a few which are aptly descriptive. Assassin bugs, stag beetles, damsel bugs, mutilans, aegyptiaelis spiders and trapdoor bugs.

How the Camel Came to Be.

They say that a horse never sees a camel without shuddering, writes someone in the Philadelphia Ledger. And no wonder, cause long, long ago this is what happened. The horse was the proudest of all the beasts in those days, and he thought of nothing but his good looks. One day he went to the king of beasts and asked to have his appearance still further improved. He explained how much better he could run if his legs were a little longer, how much more he could see if his neck were a good bit longer, and how much more strength he would have if his chest were broader—and since he was obliged to carry man upon his back, why could it not be made a part of himself.

And on and on how much more beautiful I could be if he finished on a plan of his own. The king of beasts had listened very carefully to the horse's request, for he loved him better than all the other animals. Then he stamped hard upon the ground three times. Out of the dust rose a strange new creature, created just as the horse had suggested. The horse neighed with terror and pranced to one side.

"Well," said the king of beasts, "How does he please you?" Then he ordered the creature to run up and down, which it did in the awkwardest fashion possible. The poor horse withdrew as far as he could from the camel, for that is just the creature the king of beasts had made, and begged the king not to turn him into such a shape. Now, as I have said, the king was very fond of the horse, so he told him to stop trembling—that he should remain as he was, but never again was he to be so presumptuous and proud.

And ever after that the horse has shuddered when he sees the camel, for he realizes how very nearly he was turned to one, and in a way feels himself responsible for the poor camel's ugliness.

A Flower Romance.

May is the flower month, and I know as you plant your gardens you are thinking lots of pretty thoughts about the blossoms that are blooming now or soon will be. Here is a little romance of the flowers, and the name of a flower will answer each question and tell you something about the happy couple, who were wed in May. Can you answer these?

What was the girl's name?

What did she say when she found her lover asleep in the woods?

What had she 'lost there?

What time of day was it?

With what did she seal her promise to wed him?

What had she when another lover knelt to her?

What did she tell him she could not do?

Who performed the wedding ceremony?

What chimed merrily during the service?

What did she wear on her head?

What kind of cook was she?

What did she always keep in the kitchen?

Don't Talk the Boys to Death.

Now, that the boys are actually home and in civilian's clothes once more, it does not be inappropriate to suggest to all of us that we refrain from talking the boys to death.

Our eagerness to hear of their experiences naturally prompts us to go very far in our questioning, but indications are that the boys are by that like they are by marching—about the nine-hundredth time they tell their experience, they are very anxious for the subject to be dropped and let the conversation drift to the house cat or the old swimming hole.

Be considerate of the fellows who have been bearing the burden and let them not be burdened too much with the sincere desire on the part of home folks to hear more and more and more of Europe.

Truth.

This is what a little girl named Nancy writes us about Truth, and I think this is a mighty fine way for all girls and boys to feel about it, don't you?

Of lies there should be none,
Though many things of badness,
Day by day are done,
Truth fills the heart with gladness.

Flying across the Atlantic ocean did not take as much time as it did for Jay Van Buren to chase his first automobile through the Geisler lane.

"I was promoted," is the popular utterance of the small urchin, and it is a fine utterance at that.

Commencement, sweet girl graduates and pretty flowers.

PRESS COMMENT

War knocks the "T" out of glory.—Greenville, S. C., Piedmont.

Beverage consumers after July 1 will have no kick coming.—Wall Street Journal.

After the League is formed, might will make right popular.—Greenville, S. C., Piedmont.

Peace lies in keeping Germany's feet on the ground and her nose to the grindstone.—Wall Street Journal.

Until the League proves itself, we had better beat our swords into convertible plowshares.—Greenville, S. C., Piedmont.

It is said the former kaiser looks old and broken. A flying image of some sections of Belgium, as it were.—Detroit Free Press.

The German fleet is now giving the Allies more trouble than it ever did when it had the run of the Kiel Canal.—Rome Sentinel.

Anyway, Heinie, you will find an indemnity about as cheap as a halter.—Greenville, S. C., Piedmont.

A year ago we had one war in Europe, today we have six.—Canton Herald.

There is nothing humanitarian about feeding Germany. Make her pay the price, the rest of us pay.—Greenville, S. C., Piedmont.

League to be appended to treaty.—Headline. Well, everybody knows what happens to an appendix these days.—Philadelphia North American.

Reed says the League can will grant Wilson more arbitrary power than was ever possessed by a king yet. Mr. Reed forgot Mr. Bryan.—Greenville, S. C., Piedmont.

The advocates of the League admit frankly that even if it's half a league forward, by which the opponents naturally mean that such a league is that much too much, it goes into the jaws of death, into the maw of hell.—Philadelphia North American.

NOW I LAY ME—

By Will Ferrell.

No doubt you have heard of one "Blinkey" O'Shay
The big Irish sergeant of company "K"
As tough as the pattees he wore on his shins,
Steeped in the dregs of the manifold sins;
A dandy good looker, as game as a cock,
As straight as a limb, and as hard as a rock
And tough—holy smoke! how the trooper could cuss
Before he mixed up in that free-for-all fuss,
Over yonder.

Now Blinkey was raised "sorter skif'las," 'tis true,
His Mammy was dead and his Daddy was, too,
And he lived with his kin, just as ornery as he
Till he met the one girl and, betwixt you and me,
The first thing she did was to work on his heart
And as Blinkey was willin,' she got a good start.
She taught him a prayer—short and simple, but deep,
Which he promised to say ere he lay down to sleep
Over yonder.

In trench or in dugout; in reid or in rout,
The seed the girl planted grew sturdy and stout;
Each time that he gambled, each time that he swore,
That prayer would unchain him a little bit more.
And now comes the clamor! A swift, blighting breath
Sweeping down from the north in a whirlwind of death;
A nest in the mud and a smother of blood,
A wreck in the wake of the smoking flood
Over yonder.

His eyes to the sky; a whisper of pain;
His palm reaching out to the heat of the rain,
Sergeant O'Shay, with a gasp and a moan
Knew he was bleeding, and dying—alone.
"Oh, Lord—jist a minute—she told me to pray—
"She said you would hear what my heart would convey—
"And she said: 'I ean't fight, but I'll teach you a prayer.
"It'll help out a lot, if you say it fer fair,
Over yonder.

How many young lucks, do you reckon, have said
That one little prayer ere they rolled into bed?
"Now I lay me down to sleep" (Be it shell hole, alone;
Be it couch made of silk or a pillow of stone),
"I pray Thee, O Lord" (Be it uttered in tears
Or the calm of a soul unacquainted with fears)
"My soul to keep" (Hark you, what more could be said
In that land of destruction; that prison of Dread?)
Over yonder."

"If I should die, Lord (Hear the sound of the guns
And the jeer from the trench of the battle mad Huns),
"Before I awake" (At the dawn of the day),
"I pray take the soul of poor Blinkey O'Shay."

The gray dawn appeared through a rift in the fog,
A trooper lay still in his nest in the bog;
The body was there, with its face to the fore,
But the soul had passed on to that Evergreen Shore

FAMOUS SAYINGS

Fair and softly goes far.—Don Quixote.

Thank you for nothing.—Don Quixote.

Sing away sorrow, cast away care.—Don Quixote.

Plain as the nose on a man's face.—Don Quixote.

The more thou stir it, the worse it will be.—Don Quixote.

Fortune leaves always some door open to come at a remedy.—Don Quixote.

It was a saying of his that education was an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity.—Aristotle.

Let me leap out of the frying pan into the fire; or, out of God's blessing into the warm sun.—Don Quixote.

Of a rich man who was niggardly he said: "That man does not own his estate but his estate owns him."—Bion.

After meat comes mustard; or, like money to a starving man at sea, when there are no victuals to be bought with it.—Don Quixote.

Asked what he gained from philosophy, he answered: "To do without being compelled when others do from fear of the laws."—Aristotle.

WITH THE SAGES

Strength is born in the deep silence of long-suffering hearts; not amidst joy.—Mrs. Hemans.

There is no mortal truly wise and resolute at once; wisdom is the repose of minds.—Lavater.

Our own opinion of ourselves should be lower than that formed by others, for we have a better chance at our imperfections.—Thomas a Kempis.

We seldom repent of speaking little, very often of speaking too much; a virtue and wise maxim, which all the world knows, but which all the world does not practice.—Bruyere.

Nature has joys for every season in the course of the passing years. Gladness always comes to those who seek it amongst the real things of life. If only we humans would live more according to our highest nature not a dull place would be possible on the earth. We need more sunshine in our homes, we need love in our souls, for we are to be happy and live good lives.—Gerald Stanley.

Well, dear, all you have to do is to be happy, say the optimists, is to keep up a mood that ever shines on its own sunshine; it is from a feeling of gloom that some of us make so much trouble when trying to this account.