

EDITORIAL PAGE

Where Else Will You Find It?

The Grande Ronde valley crops have had no rain. That is a matter of record. It was expected that almost a crop failure would overtake the valley this year, yet there are a number of ranchers, threshing thirty-five and forty bushels to the acre. Fall grain, where it is found, is properly ripened, is yielding well, and spring grain which had no moisture from the skies, is yielding much better than anyone had dreamed it could.

Where else will you find a country that can and does produce crops without a drop of rain during the growing season and without irrigation?

RACE RIOTS REFLECT UNREST.

The race riots in Chicago do not mean a race war, either do they mean that the time has come when the blacks must be sent to an island to live alone, as many have advocated since the days of civil war which freed them. There has always been now and then an occasional break between whites and blacks, but the seriousness of this event at Chicago would indicate that it reflects a terrible state of unrest which prevails throughout the United States and the world.

As to the credit of Chicago's mayor that martial law should be proclaimed, that the situation should be dealt with according to usual custom, thus not giving room for any sensation than is absolutely necessary. The unrest and feeds upon sensation. The most drastic rules and drastic action on the part of some people. A policeman who has the habit of pulling a gun on slight offenses finds that the people he deals with are aware of his sensational methods and act accordingly. But the officer who never pulls a gun until there is occasion to use it gets along far better. It is so with state and city governments. Too much threat is bad. When action is necessary take that action and say nothing about it.

It would seem that Chicago is handling the race troubles in that way, and if such is the case the city administration of Chicago is to be highly commended.

THE COAL SUPPLY, AND WHAT IT MEANS.

There is somewhat of a mystery about the coal situation. Everybody is talking about the prospective shortage of coal next winter. The National Coal association has given warning of a big deficit. Coal dealers everywhere are echoing the warning, and urging people to buy their winter supply now.

It is advisable, as always, to get in the winter's coal during the long period of fine weather. But even if this is done, so fully as it ought to be, why should there be an inevitable shortage so great as the coal men prophesy?

A man who professes to be pretty familiar with the coal mining situation says that at many mines, especially in the coal fields of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, the miners are working only about half time. That, apparently, it is all the work there is for them. And that despite the fact that, as the National Coal association says, 40,000 foreign-born miners are returning to their native homes.

If there is a deficit threatened, why do the operators not keep the men at work digging coal?

Steady employment, too, might keep those foreign born miners from leaving the country.

What is the real trouble, anyhow? Will some expert clear up the mystery?

GASOLINE.

Do you realize now how much you depend upon gasoline? So long as the storage tanks are full and you can run your car into a garage and have it filled with power, there is little occasion to worry when convenience is such that the wheels go around all the time, and you have no occasion to ponder over the gasoline situation.

Let a city run short for a day, as La Grande did the past week, and see what it does. If that condition had lasted a week we would have seen a stifled town. The motive power is practically all now by gasoline and without every car would have been idle and many industries would have come to a standstill.

The culture of the nation is propped up with gasoline. As something is found to take its place—and nothing has yet been discovered—the whole country must depend on the gas tank, which when full is a perfect joy and when empty is a pest.

The search for more oil is the biggest thing in the United States today. It is commanding attention of the government and the fortunes that are being made from it are large. Oil is the fast fortune producer. If one strikes it, the battle for wealth is over, and besides the production means not only a great thing in dollars and cents but it also means an addition of power for industry and transportation.

Yes, gasoline is as important as bread, and the oil fields that will be brought in will be as welcome to the world as wheat fields, and they will make people wealthy because they will produce something the world is compelled to have.

It's going to be a crime, punishable by prison sentence, to charge exorbitant profits on life's necessities. The government has regulated everything upward, now let it try its hand on regulating it downward.

Cattle and sheep are racing to see which can reach the downward levels quickest. More beef and mutton will help, even if the potatoes are short.

Can the Consumer Shake the Profiteer?

Fed housewives have patience to read lengthy columns of testimony and denials and accusations and counter-accusations and technical evasions and statistics and details generally about government investigations.

But there is hardly a housewife in the country who does not know, and who has not known for months, that something was radically wrong about the meat situation.

Tied up closely with the meat situation is the shoe situation. There is manifestly no excuse either for the retail price of meat or the retail price of shoes. That both should rise as the dollar drops is natural. But when it comes to paying ten to thirteen dollars for white canvas shoes, or 50 cents or more for a pound of lamb in the lamb season—why, the value simply is not in them. The difference between the cost plus honest profit and the retail price is simply a hold-up and there is no naive explanation which will satisfy the victim.

During the war wonderful things were accomplished by concentration of the public mind upon one point after another. The nation was able to save food in an astonishing manner because the whole nation put its mind at once to saving food. Other things were done in the same way—sweaters were knitted and shells were made and ships were built and camps sprang up like mushrooms.

This matter of profiteering in necessities is just as important as any of those matters were. And it is just as useful that it be settled now and once for all. If we let this slip, we are in for it, with no recourse.

The absolute concentration of the public mind upon the profiteering situation, the determination that some way must be found to deal with people who try to grow rich upon the fundamental needs of the people, is imperative.

If every individual will make it plain to his senator and congressman that he wants an effective check put upon the greed of the packing industry and the clothing shoeing and other vital industries, something will be done about the present situation.

This is not vaguely up to some commission. It is a matter definitely up to each man and woman in the United States.

The 1000 Per Cent Community.

Which community will score 1000 points and prove to be the Utopia of the Allegheny mountains?

That is what 25 communities of West Virginia are trying to find out. The system was started two years ago to encourage a higher standard of life in the rural districts. The points cover nine general headings: History, government, business, farms, clubs, homes, schools, churches and health.

The scoring is done by members of the community themselves, acting with representatives from the State Department of Schools and Health and the Sunday School Association and State University.

A year ago the highest score reached by any community was 734 points, so it can be seen that even communities struggling toward definite standards of perfection still fall sadly short. But the effect of such a contest as this upon the life and habits of a people surely has a value beyond any possibility of mathematical expression.

An Infant Industry Self-Sustaining.

The United States, through this war has achieved full independence in many ways never contemplated when the war started. It is well known that economically the nation is better able to stand on its own feet than ever before. One of the victories in this field, and far from the least of them, has to do with aniline dye or drugs or optical glass or surgical instruments, but with children's toys.

The secretary of the toy manufacturers of the United States announces that "American toy-making establishments have doubled in number and output, and as a consequence the country is independent of the rest of the world in supply toys to boys and girls."

In this fact the nation can take more than mere business satisfaction. It means that we shall not only have all the toys we need for our children, but we shall have American toys for them. Playthings, which play so big a part in the mental and moral training of children, will be adapted to American ideals and will serve a wholesome, useful, creative purpose. The American manufacturers will not flood the nurseries with linden soldiers, as the German toy makers did.

Private Stock Safe, But Not Irreducible.

A good many people will breathe a long sigh of relief at the decision of Congress that private stocks of liquor shall not be declared unlawful.

There are a good many cellars in this country where the preserve closet is largely given over to alcohol preservers, and there would have been wall-to-wall and washing of teeth sure if the boards had been declared

ed subject to search and seizure.

But they are safe for the present, anyway, the only stipulation being that their use shall be confined to members of the family and "genuine guests."

That the habit of being a genuine guest will be cultivated from now on goes without saying, while any fellow-grown man would gladly offer himself for adoption by any one of a number of his friends who laid in a bigger stock than he did. Large families of grown children may become quite popular.

Nor need the ardent champion of prohibition champ unduly at this protection of individual stocks of liquor. At the rate most of them are disappearing it will not be long before all men have joined the ranks of the mourners, sorrowing as those who have no hope, and all cellars once more will boast of perfect drainage.

Deaf Mutes Can Read the Films.

Movie actors had better be careful what they say before the camera. Not that the camera cares, but it may tell tales.

Somewhat of a scandal has been caused by the discovery that a "Pilgrim's" film is full of profanity.

There had been previously much criticism of the strong language characterizing many American productions, based on the frequent occurrence of profane phrases plainly printed on the films. But nobody suspected the depravity concealed in that pious version of the heavenly Pilgrim, until it was shown to the inmates of a deaf-mute institution. They could read the lips of the actors, and what they read on the lips of the man portraying the part of "Talkative" filled that asylum with excitement and indignation.

It developed that the actor in question, who was told to converse freely during the filming, in order to make the picture life-like, became exasperated over something or other, and filled the place with lurid and picturesque profanity, all of which the camera unfailingly treasured up for subsequent revelation.

Movie patrons as well as actors may derive a lesson from this sad tale. Don't be too sure that the hero is murmuring words of love or that the heroine is like a perfect lady. Learn to read lips, and see what they are really saying. It may shatter some fond illusions, but it will add a new element of interest to the movie show.

Speaking of the house shortage, there are 39,000 people homeless in the city of Lens, France. Three thousand of them are camping out in corrugated iron huts left by the British army. Better think again before you complain about the rent.

Cove's baseball team promises to sit high in local fame, and it is up to La Grande to take one or two games of the after-league series away from them—provided La Grande is able to do so.

One eye-witness, lately returned from France, says: "The English soldiers walked about Paris as if they owned it, but the American soldiers walked about Paris as if they didn't give a damn who owned it."

Let the government get at this high cost of living. It is tardy in its efforts, but better late than never.

When a rancher expects to thresh ten bushels to the acre and his crop turns out thirty-five, how does that rancher feel?

Seven drops of rain by actual count have fallen in the Grande Ronde valley this week.

Where is the old-fashioned fellow who used to wait about "dog" days in August?

The social whirl is confined to the swimming hole these days.

Are you getting ready for the Labor Day celebration?

The good roads movement goes marching on.

HE SAW OREGON IN ALL HER GLORY.

E. Z. Weisinger made one of the most complete tours of Oregon of any Union county citizen when he finished a few days ago and said to himself, "I have seen the state." He left La Grande in his Studebaker and went to the coast, then swung around through every section of the state, noting the road conditions, the good places to camp and the hospitable people who live in the different sections. He kept a log of his trip and anyone who contemplates taking a long motor trip could profit by interviewing Mr. Weisinger. He was so well pleased with the journey that he admits he cannot see why other people seek other states for enjoyment.

"Although I have lived in Oregon for a long time," said Mr. Weisinger, "I was amazed at the undeveloped country, the opportunities offered for all who will work, and I want to say that I saw no place that looked as good to me as Union and Malheur counties."

DANCING GIRLS WILL BE HERE

AL KADER'S ORIENTALS TO WRIGGLE ON THE ASPHALT.

Women of Eastern Oregon Advised to Watch Their "Husbands" on September 6.

Al Kader's dancing girls are coming to La Grande on September 6th, and the chief of police has been asked for a squad of officers to guard the special car in which they will travel while it is parked down by the parade and to assure their protection when they begin their Oriental wriggling on the asphalt.

It is probably that some of the most dignified of La Grande's citizens, as well as carefully selected representatives of other cities in Eastern Oregon, will be seen with one of these chariots on their arms when the parade starts thru the principal streets. It may be that the dancers will be scanty of face and thin figures that would do for modern models of Venus.

And can they dance? Oh, h-h-o-y!

When the time comes for them to do their turn the aforesaid distinguished citizens will be charged with the duty of swinging the fans made of peacock plumage and to keep their lady guests from becoming overheated.

The Al Kader dancers are said to have been the big hit of the recent pilgrimage of Indianapolis, where Portland captured the 1920 season of the Imperial Council of the Mysic Shrine. After seeing them perform the whole country wanted to visit a town and a state where such danglers were allowed to run loose.

The dancers are from the harem of the far Eastern country from which Shirredom gets so much of its sense and its nonsense. They have danced before crowned heads, and other heads that have thought to get funny with them have frequently been crowned—with bricks and clubs. They are a pretentious and worried because of the responsibility for their safe keeping. Other coast temples are constantly trying to get possession of these dancers, and many have been the attempts to kidnap them.

The dancers furnish one reason why so many Shriners from the interior of the state like to drift into Portland on the fourth Saturday of the month, the meeting night for Al Kader temple. They know that the light-toed ladies will be there, reclining on their couches of silk, smoking their cigarettes and passing out orders to their admirers.

There is said to be a lot of jealousy among Portland men about these dancers. It crops out between Noble Robert Krohn and Noble Robert S. Farrell every little while. Both of them are directors of the dancing girls' performances and each would like to see the other tossed out the heaven window. Krohn has the dancing skill and leadership that enables him to teach the girls new steps, but Farrell has the money that enables him to look after the comfort of the dancers. The dancers feel that both are necessary.

There you are. So it's up to the good women of Eastern Oregon to look out for the safety of those husbands of theirs.

FOUND COUNTRY HOT AND DRY.

Mrs. Harry Turner and her mother, Mrs. S. S. Nye, who lately returned from an extended visit to New York, Philadelphia, Dayton and Springfield Ohio, state they have never seen the east and middle west so dry. All through the journey homeward the heat was intense and they were delighted to be back in Oregon, although it is admitted this is the driest and hottest season this state has ever had.

Mrs. Turner, who is one who observes conditions of the country while traveling, gave the refreshing news that there is some building being done in the east and a great deal of remodeling of old structures. She says the state of Ohio probably shows more activity than any place else which they visited.

We wish to thank our many friends and especially the Brotherhood of Locomotive-Fireman and Engineers and also the Ladies' Auxiliary for their kindness to us during our recent absence, and also for the beautiful floral offerings.

MR. ALICE JONES AND RELATIVES.

The Observer furnishes and prints Butter Wrappers.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received by the Commission of the City of La Grande, Oregon, up to 7:30 p. m. on Wednesday, August 14th, 1919, for the construction of concrete sidewalk



NOBLE W. J. HOFMANN, Illustrious Potentate.

PROCLAMATION

Es Salamu Aleikum; Unto the Nobility of the Oasis of La Grande and of Eastern Oregon, Peace, Happiness and Prosperity.

May the blessings of Allah be on you and yours; may the descendants of your Harems be as plentiful as the sands, and supply you with honey and smoking tobacco in the wintry days of your old age; may you be cooled with money, and may your whiskers lengthen and luxuriate as does the alfalfa in your noble fields.

And now, ye of the True Faith, hear the words of your Pote and get ye busy with the command that is hereby made a mandate.

It is my will that on September the Sixth, the day being Saturday of the first week of that month, the Nobility whose tents are pitched in the district bounded by Pendleton on the North, the state line on the East, Ontario on the South and the Cascades on the West, gather at a Moslem feast and jubilee to be held at the Oasis of La Grande between the hour of daybreak on that date and the next crowing of the rooster; there to do those things to a band of degenerate dogs and infidels who will be rounded up for salvation as may seem to you requisite to their purification.

Of course it may take longer, so if you think best to choke the roosters it is all right with me.

But it is not pleasing in the sight of Allah that regeneration be withheld from those who cry aloud from the deserts for our aid and succor. They die in ignorance, and their souls will be denied the paths of glory, if we heed not their lamentations.

So perk up thine ears as the jackrabbit, give heed to benefitting thy neighbor by putting the hitch of the hogtie around his ankles and bring him before us, a strong rope in his hand, the mazuma in your pocket, and much faith in his heart. Do not deny the privilege of Shirredom to any whose feet are fit to approach the sacred city, but rather smear the tanglefoot of happiness where the denizens of your fair country will step and stick. We need a big class of Novices, and it is my hope that all of the Faithful will round up enough at La Grande to make a mighty Caravan.

And further, it is ordered that every Noble east of the Cascades prepare well for the pilgrimage to the Mecca of Eastern Oregon, there to renew your vows in the Temple, to eat the salt of the Chief Sheik and to join in welcoming the Novices who will make the journey over the hot sands.

Feed well your racing camels, so that they may travel farther without a drink than they ever did before, and that they may have the strength to land you in the fair Oasis of Eastern Oregon with a speed that will make the coyote blush for shame.

Be there without fail, we command!

It may be a long time before Al Kader again journeys to the Eastern half of the state. This time we want to meet and greet all of the Faithful and to smoke a cigar with you as we watch the dancing girls and listen to the chanters recount the glories of our tribe.

We expect a large number of Nobles to accompany the Divan from Portland.

The occasion should be a happy one. The peace of Allah unto you and yours.

W. J. HOFMANN, Illustrious Potentate.

walk along the north side of M Avenue from Tenth Street to Ninth Street and along the east side of Ninth Street from M Avenue, according to plans and specifications filed in the office of the City Recorder.

Bids must be accompanied by a certified check of deposit for 10 per cent of the estimate amount.

The Commission reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

J. E. OVERMAN, Recorder of the city of La Grande, Oregon, August 1st, 8th, 12th.