

HOW ABOUT 'DAD'?

Writer Makes Plea That Is Worth Consideration.

Too Often Father of Family Gives All With Comparatively Little Return From Those He Loves.

It is not father's fault. He rarely admits that he has cause for complaint. So someone must do it for him.

Imagine, if you please, a successful man of 50. Besides his prosperous business or profession, he has laid up an independence. He has fine character, unblemished reputation, good health and apparently ideal family relations. Yet he is not happy. Possibly he knows what is the matter; more likely he doesn't; but we do.

It is those seemingly ideal domestic relations. Of his three children, his son, a fine young man of 19, promises, after the subsidence of youth's effervescence, to follow worthily in his father's footsteps. But there is no comradeship between them. The boy greatly respects his father, and his love might be a stay in the crises of life, but is small comfort in its dead levels. He would as likely think of chumming with Abraham.

His elder daughter is "out." His younger still a school girl. He has given them every advantage of education, pays their bills, keeps open house for their company, sometimes boarding visiting girl friends for weeks. He has been driven from the parlor to the library by the force of that deep-rooted American delusion that social pleasure is strictly for young people. To be sure, his girls sometimes take fits of petting him, but the unfortunate coincidence of these spells with calls for some fresh indulgence will force itself on his attention, despite his loyal efforts to be fondly blind.

And his wife, the one member of his family of his own generation, she who has with him a common past, common interests and a common remembrance of "Love's Young Dream," surely she is in perfect accord with him? Surely she sits in the library with him?

No, she doesn't. A successful man's wife often mistakes the deference paid to her for tribute to her own charm when in fact it is paid solely to her husband's wife. Occasionally death and misfortune rob her of both husband and money and then she is made to realize how little court is paid to her personality. But the mistake is quite natural, and she really believes her husband fortunate to possess her. Therefore, when she has given the time and thought necessary to the smooth running of the domestic machinery she fancies she has done her full duty by him. The rest of her energy she gives to her clubs, her limousine, the dressing of her daughters

and herself; in fact, to all that pertains to the material well-being of the family. Never questioning the real happiness of the talented man who steadily working for the means to give her and her children these advantages. She takes it for granted that he is completely satisfied with that vocation.

But he isn't. He is human and often love hungry. It is high time his family will their horizons into active life and give smiles to him now, instead of tears to his cheek, Pennsylvanian Girl.

Matters of Etymology.

Ramblers among the derivations of words can always find fantastic similarities. "Cocaine" is centuries old and means a land where ease and luxury prevail, hitherland, an imaginary abode of the lotus eaters. Its etymology is disputed but possibly from the French meaning "cake," the Land of Cakes. It has been connected with "Cockney," whose origin also is uncertain, meaning a dweller in London in sound of Bow bells. "Cocaine" is usually spelled "Cocaine." The two words differ absolutely in pronunciation, for it must be remembered that "cocaine" is pronounced co-ca-in; three, not two syllables. Another error made by those comprising "quite a few" pronounce "cocaine" which has its "e" short and accent on the first syllable as if that "e" were long and the accent on the second. Finally, the origin of cocaine is clear, from the South American coca plant and the chemical suffix "ine."

Again.

On the night of anniversary day a negro trooper met some hilarious Frenchmen. Next morning he was before his captain, charged with intoxication.

"Young man," scowled the captain, "you've got a mighty good record, and I'm sorry. Have you any excuse to offer for this outbreak?"

"I ain't got no excuse, please, cap'n," said the culprit. "but I've done got a good reason."

"What is it?"

"Well, cap'n, I dunno de English fo' it, but de bunch I met las' night called it 'encore.'"

Concrete Baffled Bandits.

At the time of the Madero revolution in 1910 the various railways of Mexico were beginning to use concrete in the making of culverts, and it is understood that most of the concrete culverts and bridges built at that time have withstood the bandits' attacks and other injuries, while the wood and steel structures have been destroyed.

COSTLY PLACE TO MAINTAIN

White House, From Time of Its Original Building, Has Absorbed Millions of Dollars.

Just 100 years ago President Monroe indulged in a little extravagance. He "blew himself" to a bathtub. It cost \$20, and for a long time there-

after was the only bathtub in the White House.

The historic mansion has been pretty expensive from first to last. Up to date considerably more than \$3,000,000 has been spent on it, including repairs and re-furnishing.

Its cornerstone was laid by George Washington in a bare field October 1, 1792. Since then it has been twice rebuilt—after the British burned it, and again during the Roosevelt administration. It was commonly called in early days the Great House, or the President's Palace.

Recently Mr. Tumulty again gave out the announcement that the White House would be closed to visitors for some time to come, "because of necessary repairs." It seems forever to be needing repairs and re-furnishing, and for the latter purpose much more than \$1,000,000 has been expended since the beginning.

The original cost of the building was \$833,297. Its reconstruction after the British raid of 1814 involved an expenditure of \$248,430, the house being gutted and its walls so far destroyed that the greater part of them had to be replaced above the first story with new brick and fresh cut stone.

Inevitably there will be a third rebuilding some day. Plans and a model of the White House as it ought to be with wings added, have already been made. The wings are embraced by exterior colonnades. In the east wing is to be a great reception room; in the west wing the state dining room. On the second floor of each wing are

to be five bedrooms. Thus the president will have about twenty bedrooms at his disposal. He will be enabled to offer a much finer hospital to his countrymen than the present one.

The cost of rebuilding the White House in this style will be in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000.

In the Days of Beaver Hats.

In the olden days in the United States soon after the Revolutionary war a good beaver hat became a kind of family heirloom, and was handed down from father to son. For some strange reason it was considered to be rather frivolous and extravagant to be seen wearing a new beaver hat, and it was the custom when a man bought one to leave it out in stormy weather before wearing it, to "make the newness off."

Only One.

A little girl had a twin brother and sister. Now, she was used to the cat having kittens and only one of the kitten family being kept. So when her father brought the twins down to show her she gazed at them earnestly for a small space of time, then said, "Daddy, I think we'd better keep that one!" Pointing, as she thought, to the prettier one!

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The Garden of the Gods is a tract of land, about 500 acres in extent, near Colorado Springs, Colo. It abounds with weird and fantastic pinnacles of red sandstone, some of them more than 300 feet high. Among the chief features are the Cathedral spires, the Balanced rock, etc. A gateway of the garden consists of two enormous masses of red sandstone, 350 feet high, sufficiently far apart for the roadway to pass between them.

Four Into One.

"A monthly holiday, closed all day every Wednesday is also to be observed from April to September."—Glasgow Evening Times.

REDFIELD TALKS OF CONDITIONS

(Continued from Page 1)

organization could then take the securities, in varied forms and amounts, of nations, states, provinces, cities, utilities, industries, railways, and of other forms of corporate activity. It could so distribute its undertakings geographically, politically, economically, as to

overcome the risk. Against these securities, kept under constant supervision, and against its own great capital, it should issue its own debentures at a commercial rate of interest and in small amounts and large so that are big and the life of the investor might purchase them. These it would be necessary to place all over the United States, for a great sum would be needed, probably 3, perhaps 5, billions, possibly more, depending on how well we did the job. These in their turn would be invested in our enterprises and as the work would go on, we do not know, though I hope, that we have the power to get together in one or more organizations on a sufficient scale. Without it we shall be a large total but nothing at all adequate either to our own need for business or to the world's need for progress. We can worry along in a relatively little way and so doing see others gaining strength and filling again the place in the world we have the power to take if we have the vision to see the opportunity and the wisdom to use it, not selfishly but helpfully, not as

one who seeks all the traffic will bear, not in the spirit of him who looks for cash in advance of shipment or who exacts terms that would cause him to writh if asked of him, but with something of the spirit of the gentleman adventurer who in the old days did much to settle America, doing it sanely, thoughtfully, intelligently, but not expecting to take all the tricks in the early part of the game. I can see a world in which America is loved because her commerce and industry finish the constructive work for which her sons laid down their lives. I can see her the great producer, the great lender, the great provider of the world's needs. I can see the fertilizing strength of wealth and labor pouring out from hence to build up the waste and desolate places of the world. But to bring these things about we must first have peace and then we must have organized action.

DELIVERY NOTICE

Starting Monday, Oct. 27th the last delivery will leave the stores at 4 p. m. instead of 4:30, on account of the change of time.

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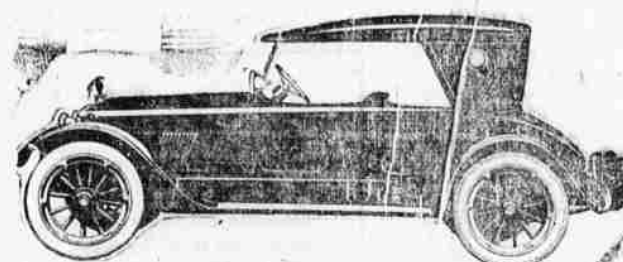
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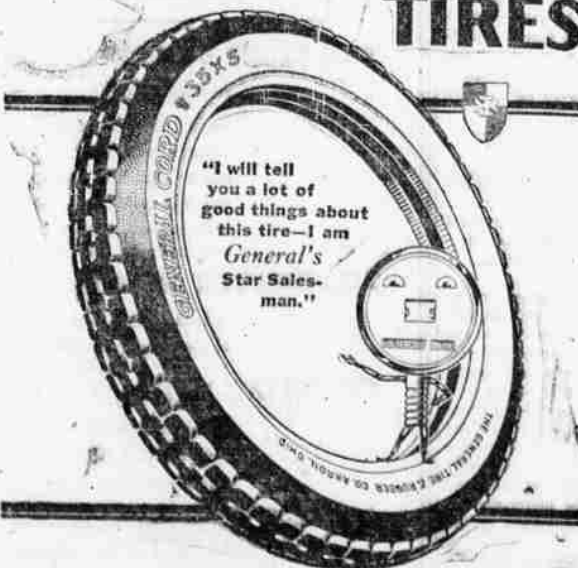
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