

The Observer

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OUR HABITS AND HARD TIMES.

Every man over forty years of age has seen hard times before. They are nothing new. It used to be considered a seven-year cycle when everything would naturally go to smash and the nation would have to start at the bottom and begin over again. However, in all the hard times of the past history does not record one epoch when the habits of the people were in the same condition they are in today. For the past ten years we have been hitting a gait that is hard to get over. It is difficult indeed to drop from the top sirloin steak well done, to the soup bone, or the nourishing neck roast. Prosperity is but one of the changing pictures of life and we must meet the reverse. There is nothing to warrant a long period of depression, but unquestionably we are up against slow conditions for a time at least.

Revision of the habits is the first essential. There is not a man in La Grande who could not live on one-fourth of his present income if he were forced to do so. No one wants to, and the Observer sincerely hopes such will not be necessary. But if the worst comes to the worst, we can do it. Laying right alongside the desire to spend money and have nice things there is in the American heart that other feature of living within one's means, which is the lifesaving belt of the nation.

When we raised corn and sold it for fifteen cents a bushel we got along somehow. When we raised wheat for two-bits we lived, and after all, the way we live at any time is a matter of habit. Some of the best men in Missouri river valley were raised on "sow belly" and "sorghum." A lot of bright, brainy men never wore a full suit of clothes until they were eighteen years old. The boy who could hire a livery team for five dollars to take his girl to the Fourth of July celebration was a whizz in those days.

Was there happiness then? There was. The joy of anticipation as we all worked and saved for the fun we knew we were going to have was greater than the luxury and ease we have today. And yet we don't want to see those times repeat themselves. We are like everyone else, prefer the path of least resistance; prefer the pavement to the mud; prefer the loaded dinner table to the meager meal of years ago. Our habits have taught us to live in luxury, so to speak. Nearly all America has been living in luxury.

But thank goodness, the people are right. And again we say, should the worst come to the worst; should America not be able to hold her own until the international credits are established; should the price of everything go down to the bottom; should the waistline of citizenship be reduced three inches, the people are right and everything will come out with flying colors.

No one class can be centered out in this depression, however. It must be a community affair where all share the burden. So far, such is the case, for the rich have been hit first and many who were wealthy a year ago are now bankrupt. Every day registers failures of the large operators—men who thought they were wealthy but awoken to find not only their earnings shattered but their capital wiped out.

The producing class has found itself in this condition. No one yet has been hit so hard as the man who raises foodstuffs. And keep it uppermost in mind, that when the producer is hitting the bumps it will be but a short time until the rest of us follow him.

The Observer offers a little consolation. Plant a garden and raise a good one. Spring is upon us, the ground is in fine shape and we have plenty of garden seed for everyone, free for the asking. While the choir sings, "We'll All Be Happy Yet," pass up to the counter of the Observer office and get your seeds. Form the garden habit and you will not only get hold of yourself quicker, not only get acquainted with nature again, but you will once more acquire the habit of economy and good cheer which the war knocked out of us all and which luxury has been overcoming for the past decade.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE STODDARD FAMILY.

Newspapers of Oregon have carried the story of allegations made by the government agents against the Stoddard family for the past few days in which charges are made of illegal acquisition of timber lands in Union and Wallawa counties.

The government is ever merciless, heartless and disinclined to explain detail whenever it lodges charges. Especially is that true in this case. To read the dispatches as printed, a stranger might conclude that the Stoddards had devoted their lives to robbing Uncle Sam. Quite the reverse. The Stoddards have devoted their lives to bring a stagnant country with unproductive forests into the zone of industry, of employment for labor.

If there are any details wherein the Stoddards have acquired government land without going through the usual red tape; or through error cut government timber while cutting their own lying adjacent, those details will be worked out and adjusted. It would be only natural for such things to happen under large sawmill operations and long period of activity in the lumber business such as the Stoddards have had. Most lumber companies encounter such conditions when cutting timber in forests where the government still retains timber interests.

The point we wish to drive home is that the charges as made are entirely too severe, and that the Stoddard family are among the best people of Eastern Oregon, possessing no inclination to defraud, living lives of uprightness and honesty, and loved by their friends and neighbors as they are entitled to be.

The Observer is not in possession of a complete history of the alleged transactions, but the instance relation of the govern-

ment will be found that George Stoddard and his wife were living in North Powder, where Mr. Stoddard was busily engaged in an attempt to make a small sawmill pay. And, believe us, this is some undertaking. If the department at Washington will take a tryout in this line of work there will be more compensation for the sawmill man who happens to cut a little government timber. About the same time two other members of the Stoddard family were in Idaho running a little water power mill, cutting boards for the settlers to use in housing the little community.

Naturally when the government flashes a story, people breathlessly await the next development, thinking perhaps the charges must be both serious and true if the government takes up the case. But our government very frequently goes by jerks as well as the individual or corporation, and it would seem that is what has happened in the case against the Stoddards.

However the case may terminate, it should be understood that most of the alleged irregularities occurred long years before most of the Stoddard boys now in active life were out of the cradle. And should in the finality the government still brand these alleged irregularities with its fiercest brand, no stain or blot could be attached to the present Stoddard family, whom we repeat are as fine people as ever lived in any city, state or nation.

DAVID F. MORRISON.

For a newspaper man to die in the harness is the prettiest tribute to him possible. David F. Morrison, editorial writer for the Portland Telegram, passed away while on duty for his paper. He was making a tour of the Orient and writing regular letters to the Telegram telling of the trade possibilities with that part of the world. A severe cold caught up with him at Shanghai and the end came quickly.

We have held a regard for David Morrison for many years. He was a worker, a persistent worker, which is the greatest feature of any man in newspaper or other work. God did not touch him with the wand of genius and he did not write in a glittering, out of the ordinary way, but he produced, and his publication could depend on good, sound logic from his pen.

No man with newspaper breeding, such as Mr. Morrison, could ever retire. There is no such word familiar to newspaper folk. His life was happiest when he was at work, and the trip he was on would have been of untold benefit to the Oregon public when once he conveyed through public print his impressions of the Orient.

Just why did not the Public Service commission of the state of Oregon release the new order raising telephone rates thirty per cent for the Bell company while the state legislature was in session? You noticed that as soon as the session had finished its work the commission announced the raise in rates. Probably good politics, according to the Salem idea of politics, but those birds down in the lower atmospheric zone must not think that people do not get onto their maneuvers.

And now there is a row in Washington state. What? Change the name of Mt. Rainier—never sir, never!

We are losing our foreign trade, we have lost our foreign friends, so why not close the door of immigration, establish a high protective tariff and turn our trade to South America, leaving Europe to work and pay what she owes us?

Rather than go to the poor house, a Seaside, Oregon, man committed suicide, all of which shows the pride instilled into the citizenry of that hamlet by Dan Moore and Editor Hurd.

Frank M. Warren has resigned from the state fish commission, claiming he has more work than he can do with the Port of Portland commission and his own private business. Mr. Warren is more capable of doing lots more work than most men and we will consider his resignation for a while before accepting it.

Vancouver, Washington, is specializing in marrying widows. Seventy-five took out licenses there last month, and it is presumed that seventy-five men were made happy.

THE CAT AND DIPHTHERIA.

The idea that pet cats and dogs may take diphteria infection from human beings and give it to other human beings may no longer be scouted as an "old wives' tale." The Journal of the American Medical Association reports that a medical authority isolated diphteria germs, virulent to guinea pigs, from two cats which were pets of a person afflicted with a fatal case of the disease. Stray cats from the same neighborhood gave negative cultures. This would indicate that the pet, had caught the infection from their mistress, and had the disease in the form contagious to humans themselves.

This is not a blanket argument against the keeping of pets, but it should act as a warning against carrying them unduly, holding them up to the face, failing to wash the hands after handling them. It makes no difference whether owner or animal is well or ill. A little distance and plenty of soap and water mark the dividing line between security and the want of it.

FORUM

KIND WORDS FROM DUNHAM.

MEDICAL SPRINGS, Mar. 2.—To Bruce Dennis, editor of the Observer: We see by the Observer that you are at home again and ready to receive your "cussing."

Let me tell you that you are more "cussed" than "cussed." We thought when you ran for state senator you were a Republican, but come to find out you are a Lincoln Democrat, for the last six weeks of Lincoln's great Gettysburg speech are these: "Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Does not your work in which you shoulder the blame for having to soldier boys' bill and the county salaries bills referred to the publically with those immortal words: "So it is your work you do not intend that the government for the

people shall not perish from the earth."

We have heard of good governors vetoing bills on account of an emergency clause without an emergency existing, to get around the people having a chance to pass upon them. The highest right of the people is the right to petition and demand those holding delegated powers should reflect the sentiment of those whose delegated powers they hold, irrespective of what their own personal ideas and views might be.

When officers are tampering with the people's purse strings, they had better have the people's consent for they are touching a very tender chord, hence the "blame" for going to the people with such matters is going to rest lightly. Of course there are always a few dissatisfied persons with anything a legislator does, and while you are a holdover, yet should you ever run again for office with that particular class of dissatisfied people you must expect your name to be "Dennis."

We hear no complaint from those who so well and faithfully served us in office during the days when we are substituted, and the high cost of living was at its zenith, and now when everything is going to staves like an old wooden candy bucket in the sun, it does not seem right to begin to boost salaries either in state or county without referring such matters to the people.

Each and every candidate for office knew the emoluments of the office for which he was running, and all candidates arranged to spend "cents" to obtain the office. This is plain from the many fine and dignifying looking pictures of candidates that came to Medical Springs during the campaign with their motes in a few short sentences. "Lessening of taxes" was the watchword they bore. O. H. Haxel, do you remember? Now, does raising the arising lesson taxation?

I don't accuse an incumbent of an office demanding a raise in his salary. When people accept office, the salary is certainly in the nature of a contract between the incumbent in office and the people that pays him for the service during the term of said office, otherwise it

would be as just to cut the salaries as to raise them. Unless, of course, it makes a difference whose ox is gored.

I feel the good people and voters of Wallawa and Union counties are going to substitute the word "cuss" for the word "blame" in being allowed the privilege of accepting or rejecting the measure to be referred, for which we acclaim.

Welcome home, thou good and faithful servant.
DUNHAM WRIGHT.

REGARDING TIMBER CLAIMS.

Editor Evening Observer: I wish to call your attention to an article appearing in your issue of the Observer of March 3, in which many people are named in connection with the alleged government land fraud deals by certain lumber companies.

The name of Frankie Bramwell, who was recently appointed state bank examiner, is mentioned as being one of the alleged dummy entrymen.

I understand some of the would-be friends of Frank Bramwell are trying to defame his character in this connection.

The information given is false. This is not the Frank Bramwell who was recently appointed state bank examiner and who of late held a position in the local land office.

It may be possible that some 20 or more years ago some of the Bramwells took up timber claims in Oregon, but I deny that there was any knowledge or intent to defame in any way. Yours very truly,
L. H. BRAMWELL.

AROUND THE EDGES.

John Rogers has sold his taxi business, had his teeth extracted, and still has rheumatism. In recounting his happy days, John says that everyone has been good to him, that he did not lose money on his trade, that people are honest to a fault, and that he likes everyone in the whole, whole Grande Ronde valley. He has nothing on the rest of us, for everyone likes old John and all cherish the hope that he will whip his rheumatic pain out now that spring is about to cast a blanket of heat over the earth.

One La Grande store has ladies' ready-made goods and a lot more things in stock including fancy pedestal lamp shades. Not long ago, a strange lady entered the store and one of the male clerks had to wait on her. She looked the whole stock over, examining the ready-made wraps when, finally, she spied one in gold rose, saying, "I'll take that one, please." The clerk stumbled over the rug, stammered, and finally exclaimed, "Pardon me, madam, but that is a lamp shade."

The hands of the La Grande National Bank clock failed to run true to form this week and one was about fifteen minutes behind its mate on the opposite side. "We keep the clock in that condition," said F. L. Meyers, "for the reason that a married man, in going home late to dinner, can save a family row by taking his wife in the car down to show her that he went by the public timepiece and it was, therefore, not his fault that the dinner was cold."

Ed. Coolidge was exhibiting the new Ediphone in the La Grande National to some customers explaining what a great labor-saver it is. "You see," said Mr. Coolidge, "we can dictate our letters during the day to the Ediphone and the operator can take them off any time she sees fit. And, besides, those cylinders are wax and we shave them one hundred and twenty times." Whereupon the janitor, who overheard the conversation, mumbled to himself, "Guess that's about right, they wouldn't have anything in this bank they couldn't shave at least that many times."

The warm day of this week nearly ruined Chief Dispatcher Charles Roberts, for he was certain he could hear the trout jump out of the streams in the sunshine.

According to Pat Powers, who teaches the old-time dances, the Jazz has passed its zenith, but there are lots of young people who take issue with Pat on this.

Don't forget the garden—the Observer furnishes the seed.

Crude oil is down to \$1.25 a barrel but, somehow, the Standard Oil company has not heard of it yet, judging by the price of gasoline.

The yellow and red flags continue to flutter around the city.

Jimmie McNamge says he will not paint his taxi cars green—no yet.

Someone should issue a subpoena for Jim Corbett so he could come up from Portland and visit his friends.

A Camera—The kind you will want these pretty Spring days. Come in and have us show you all about the Eastman Kodak. We have all the latest and best equipment of the large cities, and at Eastern prices. We develop and print and enlarge pictures, also color them after you. Give us your business and we will please you.

Silverthorn's
FAMILY DRUG STORE
LA GRANDE, OREGON

10 lb. bird for \$1.75. The Parrot's Market.

THE OFFICE CAT.



—By JUNIUS—

Which shall it be? Which shall it be? Shall I have the smallpox and my neighbor go free? Why certainly not, there is no excuse if my folks have the smallpox, why can't I run loose?

They took a nice sign on the front of my house. But I sneaked in the back way as sly as a mouse.

I visit my people, though speckled like trout. And nobody sees me, for no one's about.

I go to my work and I go to the show. And you may be sure that the germs also go.

I shake them about and I flaunt them around. 'Till I'm sure, on my neighbor, a few may be found.

In due course of time, if they're all in a flurry. By having the smallpox, why, pshaw. "I should worry."

This question of quarantine seems a big joke—They let some folks free and then others they soak.

Now, pimples at all times make us feel quite fussy. But pimples called smallpox cause us to be cussy.

So if your folks are speckled from eyebrows to toes, Stay home—do not speckle your friends and your foes.

Just be a good sport and, for once, try to do unto others as you would have them do to you.

EAT DOWN THE MARBLE STEPS—reads a sign on a 9th St. restaurant, Cleveland. "Not with the poor teeth I have," says Harle Abel.

HO, HUM, HAZY. While we have no inclination toward a verbal altercation with a gentleman in Philadelphia, Pa., Who declares, all by his lonely, He brought prices down, we only Wish to say he's pulling something rather raw.

Every day for months we've fashioned Caustic paragraphs impassioned, And we've panned the profiteer in flowing rhythm; If the gentleman is willing To share credit for the killing, We'll be glad to split it 50-50 with him!

DRY BALLADS. I cannot sing the old songs I do not care for them. They don't sound like they used to At 1 or 2 a. m.

A LETTER TO MISTA HARDING. Dear Mr. Harding: Greetings, etc. This being the day you're inaugurated, we wish to extend our sympathies of the season.

Thanks for the moth-proof cabinet. We congratulate you on leaving out the Knotts and Knox.

We're only gonna ask one favor of you. We want to be appointed ambassador to Union Junction. Please send it to us at once or earlier by prepaid mail.

Yours for warmer beeveedes, JUNIUS.

WHEN IT COMES TO A REAL SHOWDOWN Chase Bohnenkamp says that most motorcycles are a whole lot faster than the fellows who ride 'em.

RELAPSE AHEAD. A La Grande physician claims to have restored two patients to sanity by pulling their teeth. When they see the bill they will go crazy again.

Nobody knows why they call it a dumb waiter. There is more talk up and down a dumbwaiter than there is in a political convention.

Carl Amsherry says that the Hon. Babe Ruth is responsible for about nine-tenths of the newspaper paper shortage this year.

Porter (to lady alighting from car) "Shall I brush you off, lady?" Lady—"No, thanks, I'll just get off the usual way."

Even La Grande news of 28 years ago affords us amusement. Here is one zephyr-spun yarn: "The violent wind of the past week, which has been general all over the state, has already furnished material for the good, it is true, and this one is told by a Grande Ronde valley farmer, well-known for truth and veracity: 'I had started to town with a load of hay, when a violent wind, accompanied by a driving rain, came upon me. I was forced to take shelter underneath the hay, allowing the team to proceed as best they could. Imagine my surprise when upon emerging from my hiding place some two hours later, I found myself on exactly the same spot which we had occupied when I was driven to shelter, and my four horses nearly buried in the sand. The wind had kept us stationary!'"

Don't overlook those 11:30 to 1:30 hot lunches at J. Cain's Confectionery Shop. He has everything steaming hot at these hours. His hot roast beef is just right, as good as your mother always had it; his corn is fine—none better. Those salads will suit you always. A hot malted milk or a cup of chocolate with whipped cream at the

Palace Confectionery Co.

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ARE LAND VALUES INCREASING? ASK F. N. FORD



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Old Mother Earth is growing richer every day. At times some properties do decrease slightly in value but take it year in and year out, every foot of land in the world becomes more and more valuable. If you are looking for farm lands or a building lot in town or a house and lot, we can be of considerable assistance to you.

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THE OUTSTANDING EVENT IN MARCH

occurred when Harding was inducted into office. No event will please us more than the pleasure of seeing you here soon

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Cleaning, Pressing and Hat Blocking

New Foley Building
La Grande, Ore.

Announcement

OLD-TIME DANCES will be given in Rex Hall on Thursday evenings. Nothing but the graceful, old-time dances will be danced. Music by Lindsay's superb orchestra. Everyone enjoyed the first dances; be sure and attend those to be given. Lessons by appointment. Call Main 42
Mr. & Mrs. P. J. Powers

DANCE

TUESDAYS SATURDAYS

Ticket Given Each Lady Dancer for Prize—to be given Away Each Tuesday Night. Drawing at 10 o'clock.

REX HALL
N. A. Delet, Mgr.