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THE GRASSHOPPER FELLOW.

A big bank prints, in the form of an advertisement, a little story about "A Grasshopper Kind of Fellow" that is worthy of wider publication than the advertiser contemplated. Here it is—judge for yourself:

"In the beginning of 1920 he said, 'Easy money will last forever. Saving and production are Old Foggies. This is the Life.'"

"In 1921 he is saying, 'The end of the world has come. What's the use of getting ready for the future? There will never be any more good days.'"

"Then there is the wise man. In 1920 he prospered, but he also dug in. He maintained a balance. He saved."

"In 1921 he says, 'The world of business has its Ups and Downs. This is a Down; I'm getting ready for the Up that's sure to come.'"

Just an up-to-date version of La Fontaine's famous fable, "La Cigale," telling of the grasshopper that spent the whole summer singing and the ant that took advantage of the harvest weather to lay up a store for the winter. The present version, though, goes a step further, in its reminder that another summer is coming, and its advice to get ready for making the most of it.

Even a human grasshopper, you'd think, after such an experience as he and his kind have been going through, would take the hint. As for the human ants, all of them who can really see farther than the ends of their own busy antennae are already getting their working tools ready and planning for the harvest.

CAUSE FOR THANKS.

In the midst of a world of turmoil, with myriads of trials and tribulations at home, we yet are a fortunate people and there is much for which we should be thankful.

We have land that is fertile in the essence of life. We have freedom and liberty, and the unrestricted pursuit of happiness.

We are rich in the material things of life, and enjoy the right to worship as to our conscience dictates.

We are enjoying a wonderful and continued prosperity while the old world totters on the brink of ruin.

We are comparatively alone, but thrice blessed in our isolation. We should give thanks.

THE GOLFING HARDING.

"Of all the pen pictures of Mr. Harding, penned by correspondents who are doing their best to give the people of the nation a comprehensive idea of their chief executive," says the Boise Statesman, "the one based upon an interview with a golf course caddy is, perhaps, best."

"On the golf links, at least, men stand on common ground. Also, by their golfing, ye shall know them. Not by the game, of course, but by their reactions to its little tests of patience, temper and conceit."

"Knowing this, a writer for the Chicago Tribune sought out the Harding caddy, found that he had also caddied for President Wilson and brought back such interesting bits of conversation as this:

"Harding always wants everyone to see him when he gets a good drive. He sticks out his chest, but you've never seen a golfer that didn't do that. He's just like the rest of them. And he wants his alibi when he dubs them."

"Harding gets about 200 yards with his wood clubs. That's the best part of his game. He likes to see them ride through the air. But he spoils a good many shots. He gets too-much of his body into it and don't let his arms take the club through it. At that, he's a good deal better than Wilson, for Wilson could only go about 75 yards."

"Wilson's got it on him when it comes to using the iron club. Wilson hits them straight down the course with the iron, but Harding don't know whether he should hit them hard or easy. Sometimes he's far over the green and sometimes short of it. It won't come back all the way with the iron. He uses a half swing. And he dubs his shots with his irons."

"Harding is good with the putter. He judges distance and he's pretty accurate. He has it on Wilson then for Wilson never seemed to care whether he was driving for the hole or not. It always seemed that Wilson never cared whether he was improving as a golfer player and Harding is always trying."

"Harding is a pretty good fellow to go around with. He never causes but you can see he's thinking about causing. You can see that now and then he wants to let fly with some swear words, but I never heard him do it. It was easy to caddy for Wilson, too, because he never cared enough to blame the caddy for everything. He was always trying to have a good time out of it, and the caddy did, too."

"When Harding goes out, he plays golf. When they had the league of nations on, Harding always brought along someone to argue about the sea with Hitchcock, and then he played golf."

"Wilson was a good citizen."

THE OFFICE CAT



—By JUNIUS—

Not Disconcerted

One evening she said to him: "I've got something on my mind, Joe, that I hardly know how to tell you." "Is that so?" said Joe, his eyes widening. "I'm afraid you won't marry me if I tell you." "Is that so?" repeated Joe, his eyes still bigger. "I am a somnambulist, Joe!" Where upon Joe, in silence, reflected for a space. "That's all right. If there isn't no church of that kind here we get married by a justice of the peace."

R. J. Cotner says if you get something for nothing, you'll never cease paying for it.

Kind o' curious, isn't it about Money? Ed Myersick says the less the filthy stuff is worth, the harder we scramble to get it.

The missing link between the sublime and the ridiculous is found in the fellow who tries to get thrills by building a home-made racing body for his flivver.

No matter how often records are broken, says Jim O'Neal, they'll never build a motorcycle fast enough to catch up with tomorrow.

What's the idea? That scientists, of lofty brow, Will ever chat with Mars we doubt. What is their object, anyhow? What do they wish to talk about?

They say that a wife can make or break a home. So can the other end of the team. Are you a husband or merely a married man?

We often wonder if aesthetic dancing would be still popular if the dancers wore a mackintosh and articles.

Years ago film entertainments comprised one reel of about a thousand feet. There is more than that much footage nowadays in kisses.

Hard on Blouses. The lady of the house had occasion to object to the number of blouses her maid servant sent to the wash. "Why, Mary," she said, "My own daughter doesn't send six blouses a week to the laundry."

"Perhaps she don't," replied the servant with great indignation, "And perhaps she don't go walking with a coal man."

Cynical (The Stanford Advocate.) "His friends could give no reason why he should have committed suicide. He was single."

Fondly Did He Hope, Fervently Did He Pray (Lake County, Ind. News.) You may have heard it, but a Green Line passenger with a bulging hip pocket full of his balance and sat down hard when the car hit one of the bumps on Holman street last night.

As he recovered himself a look of horror spread over his face. Something wet was trickling down his leg. As he feverishly started an examination he murmured prayerfully, "My God, I hope that's blood."

C. J. Black says that after a man has helped raise a half dozen of them he realizes that the best way to train children is to let your wife do it for you.

Money still talks, but has lost its reputation as a good mixer.

Culture is gotten from books—usually from check books.

Black face comedians now get their burnt Cork from Ireland.

Fashion Notes. By Uncle Jarvis. An Artist, in a nearby town, is advertising for a model to set in an old-time wedding scene. He has traveled from coast to coast searching for a beautiful young lady who can blush. He must have the real thing, without paint or powder, but has about given up that blushing belongs to the lost arts.

Ma tried to put on one of Sister Sal's new hobbled skirts the other day. Ma weighs about 250 pounds and is built accordingly and when she put one of her boughs through where Sal's twigs fit so nicely, she got staled and had to buck up.

ROSE CITY SPEEDWAY MOTORCYCLE RACES MAY RECEIVE ENTRIES

PORTLAND, Mar. 29.—Entries from Medford, Eugene, Grants Pass, Albany, Oregon City, Vancouver, Tacoma and California cities have been received for the annual motorcycle races to be held in the Rose City Speedway here on May 29 and 30. The races are under the auspices of the association of Patrons of Solid...

NATURALIST PASSES ON

JOHN BURROUGHS DIES ON WAY HOME FROM CALIFORNIA.

Noted Writer Intended to Spend Eighty-Fourth Birthday on April 3, At His Old Home in N. Y.

NEW YORK, Mar. 29.—John Burroughs, famous naturalist, died early today on the New York Central train at Kingsville, Ohio, while enroute from Pasadena, Cal., where he had spent the winter, to his home at Westpark, N. Y., where he had planned to spend his eighty-fourth birthday on April 3.

John Burroughs was the venerable dean of nature-writers in the United States. Through a score of books he shared with countless readers his life-long intimacy with birds, bees, flowers and the whole out-of-doors. His highly developed powers of observation and the charm of his interpretations were the marvel of his critics.

His flowing white beard, his kindly mien, his whole habit of life, and his literary style were rather reminiscent of that famous New England school of essayists a generation or two before him. His early writing on "Expression," was at one time widely mistaken for the work of Emerson, a close reader of whom Burroughs had been from youth. His later works on nature suggested something of Thoreau, but as critics said, Burroughs was the more sociable writer.

Compositions Were Bugbears

He learned to love nature when he drove cows at his birth-place farm, Roxbury, among the Catskills, in New York State, but anything like a literary composition was a bugbear to him as a youth. The story is told of how when he was fourteen in common with the members of his class at school, he was required to write twelve lines of original composition. He copied something out of a comic almanac. His theft was detected. Again in desperation upon his second trial he paid Jay Gould, his class mate, sixty cents for a twelve-line verse which he handed in as his own.

He was born in 1837. In 1853 he went to Washington with something of an inclination to enlist in the Union Army, but he decided to seek a government office. It is related that with only a few of his poems as credentials he walked into the treasury department and asked for a job. It was agreed that his vernal verses really smelt of the woods, and smacked of sincerity. He would be a safe man to watch the treasury vaults. He agreed to take the place. At a little desk, facing the huge iron vault where he kept tab on those who went to handle the \$50,000,000 stored there he began writing of the birds, to relieve his homesickness. The result was his first book, "Wake-Robin."

Always a Lover of Nature

Some years later, after work as a treasury clerk and a national bank examiner had netted him some savings, he bought a few acres at West Park on the Hudson, where among the loaded trellises of a vineyard he found "more pleasure" with nature than in the closets of greenbacks. There he renewed his emotional intercourse with nature, building a real home overlooking the river—just above Poughkeepsie. When rural civilization pressed a little closer about him, he built his "slabside" cabin a mile or two back in the woods.

He did not go at his studies with the set determination of an herbalist but took life easily, and wrote breezily when the spirit moved him of the secrets of nature. He never made much of the discovery of new species, and nothing of cataloguing them, but delighted in finding for himself and revealing to others the charms of close contact with the birds and flowers. The essence of his philosophy was always bright, in agreement with Browning, that "All's well with the world."

Defended Roosevelt

The titles of his books included "Winter Sunshine," "Locust and Wild Honey," "Fresh Field," "Indoor Studies," "Birds and Poets," "Signs and Seasons," "The Light of Day—Religious Discussions from the Standpoint of the Naturalist," "Literary Values" and "Ways of Nature." He was a friend of Walt Whitman and one of

his books was an appreciation of him. He was also a boon companion of Theodore Roosevelt in nature studies. During Co. Roosevelt's occasional clashes with "nature fakers" and those who charged him with brutal instincts in his hunting trips, the venerable Burroughs always came to the Colonel's defense. With John Muir, the naturalist of the West, Burroughs once toured the canyons and collaborated with Muir in a "Study of Our National Parks."

"Riverby" and "Slabside," Burroughs' retreats on the Hudson, became shrines for his many admirers, and those who made pilgrimages there were invariably received in the most democratic fashion by the celebrated naturalist.

On his 75th birthday he said "Growing old is a kind of letting go. The morning has its delight and its enticements, the noon has its triumphs and satisfactions, but there are a charm and tranquility and a spiritual life about the close of the day that belong to neither."

COVE TEACHER IS SURPRISED

COVE, Mar. 29.—(Special)—Last Friday afternoon the pupils of the seventh and eighth grades had a pleasant surprise party for their teacher, Miss Ethel Hansen. The affair was given in honor of her birthday. She was presented with a beautiful birthday cake, decorated with blue and white candles. Ice cream and cake were the refreshments. The additional guests were the other teachers in the building.

Mrs. R. H. Daniel went to La Grande Tuesday on a shopping trip. The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church met with Mrs. Thos. Towle on Wednesday.

J. M. Gassett was a business visitor to La Grande Wednesday. J. A. Hooper and wife moved to Union the forepart of the week.

Ernest Organ, of Cambridge, Idaho, was in this vicinity this week on business.

With the passing of A. L. Conklin, Cove has lost one of its most influential citizens. Mr. Conklin leaves his wife, three sons and one daughter.

Mrs. Nip Conley is ill and Mrs. Gane is taking care of her.

C. M. Stackland made a business trip to La Grande Saturday.

Ray Baker is still confined to his bed. Dr. McCown is in attendance.

Waldo Richardson is suffering with typhoid fever at the home of his uncle, Roland Richardson.

Miss Alice Kaufman, teacher at Imbler, is at home this week.

Pomona Grange was postponed on account of the storm and bad roads of this section. The meeting will be held later.

CORVALLIS IS TO ENTERTAIN NATIONAL CONVENTION IN 1922

CORVALLIS, Mar. 29.—The National Home Economics convention for the year 1922 will be held in Corvallis and already plans are under way for the proper reception and entertainment of delegates to this affair, which is likely to bring scores of leading educators from all sections of the United States.

The recent state meeting held here was highly interesting and profitable to the Home Economics people. The president, Marilla Dunning, presided.

Election of officers for the coming year was the first business in order. Edna Groves, of Portland was made president; Ruth Kennedy, of Corvallis, vice-president; Bertha Davis, of O. A. C., treasurer and Florence Bercholt, secretary.

Plans for the formation of a branch of Associated Collegiate Alumnae at Corvallis were adopted.

COPS AS MOURNERS GRAB GAMBLERS IN LIMOUSINE INTERIOR

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Mar. 29.—The Chinatown squad of the San Francisco police engaged in a battle of guile with Chinese recently—stole a chapter from Beet Harte's "Heavenly Chinese," whose principal character-



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ties were "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain"—and emerged victorious. The police had information that Chinese, fearing to gamble in their homes because of the squad's activities, had shifted to the insides of closed limousines parked along the curb. Efforts to trap them were blocked by lookouts. Two police detectives disguised themselves as mourners in a Chinese funeral procession. Scattering "devil papers" in their paths, they mourned until they drew alongside of a luxurious limousine. Eight Chinese were found gambling behind drawn curtains. They were arrested. Put down your eggs now for next winter. Get them fresh daily from O. C. Pleshman, Farmers 45. 3-2317

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