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BURIAL OF OLD MAN GLOOM.

Attorney H. E. Dixon and Coroner Hal Bohnenkamp, along with their very able corps of assistants, will not officiate at any funeral that will give as much pleasure as they did Tuesday at the Ad Club luncheon when "Old Man Gloom" was properly enshrouded in the winding sheet, deposited in a coffin and followed by Loney's band playing a funeral dirge, paraded through La Grande streets and finally placed in his grave in the Foley hotel dining room amidst roars of applause.

It was a fine service and in the language of the old lady who was a professional funeral attendant, "the corpse looked so natural." But the sequel to this bit of fun is of greatest importance.

Old Man Gloom is a bad actor. He enters into the lives of everyone. He enters where angels fear to tread. He steals the pep and activity from strong men and well meaning women; he gloats over his power to wreck good intentions; he polishes his heels on the doormat of adversity and sings doleful songs as an echo to the sweet childish prattle; he hesitates on everything that is for good and advancement; he chides those about to enter upon a new undertaking and pulls back the timid before a start is fairly made; he shrinks a bank account in twenty-four hours and makes a dollar look as a slick dime; he boasts over the business that has a hard month and claps his hands with glee when red ink shows on the ledger; he is the original maker of the Reds and the Bolsheviks, the criminals and the atheists; to him there is no God in heaven, and his gleeful screams are heard when someone defames the name of Jesus, the Christ; he knows nothing but discontent and his yearnings for discord spread with more rapidity than does a scourge of smallpox.

La Grande had this Old Man Gloom. He came down the Oro Dell canyon in the dead hour of night. He saw lumber mills idle and he rejoiced that this was the valley for his abode. He entered the railroad yards and saw some idleness. Again he patted himself on the back, remarking, "Ah, they are ready for me here."

But strong hearts with faith in La Grande and the Grande Ronde valley held a meeting and issued an edict much as the white people in Southern Oklahoma against the colored man, "Don't let the sun go down on you here." The old fellow heeded not, so it became necessary to put him out and bury him deep in the ground where the spring daisies of this valley can peep across his grave; where the meadow lark can sing the silver notes of freedom and happiness; where people can go about without murmuring about dull times, but take what is before them and make the most of it, always realizing that things are not as bad as they seem.

It was a fine meeting and an appropriate ceremony. Let Old Man Gloom remain in his tomb and as an ode to him, why not borrow the old doggerel:

"Bury Old Gloom down deep in the ground,
Where the bumble bee bums and the straddlebug straddles around."

UNCLE SAM'S OLIVE BRANCH.

It is expected that President Harding will act soon in response to the senate's unanimous resolution, at the end of the last session, asking him to invite Great Britain and Japan to a disarmament conference. As the unanimity of a seldom unanimous senate suggests, there are ample reasons for such a conference, and no sound reasons against it. There can be no possible danger in it, because the invitation does not commit the United States to any particular policy beforehand, and any recommendations made by the conference itself must be submitted to the President and congress for approval before they become effective.

The public is plainly in favor of any limitation of armament, by sea or land, which can be undertaken without risking the national safety, and the general estimate of the margin of safety is much lower than that demanded by the jingoes.

There is every indication that the partial disarmament contemplated is likewise in popular favor in the other countries concerned. The British and Japanese governments have both professed themselves friendly to such curtailment, and if this forthcoming conference accomplishes nothing more, it will test their good faith and show America what to expect and prepare for.

Above all this venture is a pledge of good faith on the part of the United States, which has always been foremost in its advocacy of a sane pacifism. It will hold out to the world a sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other, recommending the olive branch but holding the sword in reserve for use if the peaceful proffer is refused. The knowledge that the most powerful nation on earth is ready to lead either in armament or disarmament, according to the warlike or peaceful decision of the other powers, should settle the issue, and turn the na-

tions' thoughts at last definitely toward the peace so long delayed.

Editor Frank Irvine, of the Portland Journal, with his usual frankness, bluntly tells Oregon producers and Oregon manufacturers the way to sell goods at home is to produce as good goods as outside people and sell them in competition. If one is forced to pay just a little more for an article because it is made at home, about the second time the order goes to the fellow who produces it cheapest, whether he lives in Oregon or Hong Kong.

Public Service Commissioner Williams is a big fellow physically, so the recall talk likely will not affect his nerves any.

Of course Oregon movie men will not permit Clara Hamon to appear on the screens of their show houses, and few other houses will. Oklahoma sent out Al Jennings, a noted stunt man in pictures, but that rough stuff is about over for the simple reason that people are getting tired of it and the public taste is demanding something better. Clara can keep her films in Oklahoma.

Won't there be a fine row in Portland over the way that money in the community chest will be spent. The thing for Mayor Baker to do is to appoint his spending committee immediately, so he can be rid of that feature of the game.

The fire at Tokio destroyed 12 million dollars worth of property. Perhaps the American Japs will be called home to rebuild the city.

Portland's Chinese tong is getting ready for another big scrap. Probably one gambling house got jealous of another.

Douglas county has one crop that is all her own—broccoli, and she is making the best of it. Probably it will bring in as much money as the inside crop of China in a few years.

THE OFFICE CAT



—By JUNIUS—

Secrets of Success.

What is the secret? asked the sphinx.

"Push," said the button.

"Take pains," said the window.

"Never to be led," said the pencil.

"Be up-to-date," said the calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the ice.

"Be on time," said the clock.

"Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Aspire to greater things," said the nutmeg.

"Make much of small things," said the microscope.

"Never do anything off-hand," said the glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the mirror.

"Get a good pull with the ring," said the doorknob.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the seal.

"Turn all things to your advantage," said the lathe.

"Make the most of your good points," said the compass.

Gosh, We Never Thot O' That

Said Simple Luke Lind,

"What do you suppose

Becomes of the wind

When no longer it blows."

A friend of ours says kittens are

like brides—they have their eyes open

in nine days—and here we thought

it was the other way 'round.

Why the Credit Man Turned Pale.

"Dear Sir: I got your letter about my

account please be patient I will pay you

if you wish this was judgment day and

you was no more prepared to meet your

God than I am to pay your bill you

would be sure to go to hel Good-bye."

A vegetable seed in the hotbed is

worth a whole package in your mid-

winter garden dreams.

Is Methuselah in the Audience.

(Phoenix, Ariz., Republican.)

A refined, up-to-date middle-aged

lady (No Health Seeker) who has

located permanently in Phoenix, de-

sires to meet a gentleman of like

qualities; no age limit. Box 24Z.

Belated Inspiration.

Of course, it's too late in the day

to mention it. But wouldn't this have

been a pip of a line for a distillery:

"YOUR NOSE GLOWS"

Earl Doane has observed that, up

to the present date, nobody has been

caught bringing whiskey into Ore-

gon by means of a camel.

A high-brow magazine says that

Thomas A. Edison says "that he does

not care what time it is." We won-

der if he'd be interested in a second-

hand dollar watch. We've got one

that orta suit him.

A married woman asked her hus-

band the other day if he thought it

was all right for her to kiss another

man. Now, I'd say that this woman

had plenty of nerve.

Possum dog down in Dallas, Texas,

treed eighteen quarts of moonshine

liquor. Joe Carr wants to know the

price of the dog.

Maybe the second hand auto busi-

ness is poor but there always seems

to be a market for used baby car-

riages.

Once the rich American went to

Europe to get culture, and now the

cultured Europeans come to America

to get rich.

The people who claim the dollar is

worth only 5c, are probably not pat-

ronizing advertised stores.

Jazz music, Eleonor, affects young

and old alike. We heard of an old

lady in her ninety-second year who

was cured of rheumatism when the

family bought a Victrola (adv.). She

now plans to give dancing lessons.

Woman really means it when she

says the baby is pretty; the man,

when he says it, wants to be diplo-

matic.

Even in Heaven.

I suppose, even in Heaven, a plumber

will stop the roll call long enough

to go back to the office and get his

wrench.

Wasn't that? Have a puncture?

Now, can't you see, I'm just changin'

air in the tires.

FORUM

BETTER THAN CALIFORNIA.

Editor Observer—I'm from Mis-

souri and you must "show me" that

California has a better climate and

a better place to live in than Oregon.

I have been there seeking res-

toration of my health but came back to

Farm—in the Grande Ronde valley—the

dearest and best place on earth to

me.

Mr. H. S. Hudson, in his talk to the

Ad Club, told many truths about peo-

ple who run down their home town

and home state for such running down

discourages the home-seeker.

Yes, we have snow storms and wind

storms and sunshine here, but what

would life be without them? Califor-

nia has worse things—they have

earthquakes that scare people until

they take the next train back to the

"ould country." I talked with some

who got into Los Angeles one even-

ing before a quake happened along in

the night and they were ready to beat

it back the next day.

One of those quakes is a funny

thing. I was not scared but, just the

same, I would rather be out of a

house than in one when the bed be-

gins to shake, and most people down

there hunt the open air when they

feel the tremble. Up here in the

Grande Ronde we would all rather

be inside when the blizzard comes

and the wind blows hayracks off the

wagons and turns a mule inside out

and we are safe enough if we are in-

sided at such times.

I started to church one Sunday in

Los Angeles and the rain fell and the

wind blew until I could hardly walk.

I remarked to an oldtimer that I did

not think the weather acted that way

in California, and the reply was, "Just

stay here a while and you will find

out it can do a lot worse than this.

I stayed and found the statement

true enough. I came home and found

things looked mighty good in this val-

ley. Our grain, our livestock, our

fruit, our people and our schools are

equal to California and, in many ways,

better.

To the Grande Ronders who pine

for Southern California, let me say,

don't wander away, for you will hunt

until eternity before you will find a

better country than this, and before

you will find a better town than La

Grande.

MRS. M. C. COUCH.

TREE FUND OPENS IN

BLAZE OF COLORFUL JOY

(Continued from Page 1)

may be had at all times are salad,

pickles, sandwiches, conserve and hot

biscuits, tea cakes, with or without

whipped cream, tea and coffee.

This evening, supper will be served

at the tea room, and, hereafter,

Jappy Land will be a welcome addition

to the Tree Fund Festival, for those

who are hungry. Several special

dishes will be prepared for each

day of the bazaar.

STOOP JOINS THE

C. J. BLACK FIRM

REAL ESTATE MEN COMBINE

ENERGY FOR FUTURE.

Look For Lots of Trading This Sum-

mer—Colonists Expected

From the East.

I. A. Stoop, who has been trading

more or less twenty years, has joined

the real estate firm of C. J. Black &

Co. and will in the future be

connected with that institution.

In speaking of the real estate

business today, Mr. Black, who an-

Knit With MINERVA YARNS

—These famous yarns in beautiful shades for Sweaters, are sold only at this store. Silks, silk mixes, goat yarns, etc. Prices from 25c up to 75c. —Minerva Knitting Manual 35c.

West & Co.

SUMMER VOILES

—On display at this store. Figured and plain Voiles are in brighter patterns than ever. All 36 inches wide. Prices from 50c up.

A SEASON FOR SPORTS ATTIRE



New Sport Sweaters

\$8.00, \$9.00 and \$11.50.

These new sweaters are in styles that will at once appeal to women who like sport things, and at the same time are very serviceable and comfortable. Made with long tuxedo collars, narrow belts; some plaited in back, some plain.

White, Navy, Black, Brown, Heather, Green, Orange and Heather mixtures. Fine knit Jersey. All sizes now. See window.

Something Very New!

BROWN STRAP PUMP

Military Heel Brogue Style \$10.50

—One of the snappiest shoes of the season for street and sports wear. Of medium heavy brown calf skin, punched and tipped, with two instep saddle strap effects and buckles. Made with best welt sole. In all sizes now. See it in our window; you can't help but like it.

Armstrong Make. Price \$10.50.

SPORT SKIRTINGS

—You will find in our Dress Goods Department many new materials for sport skirts and summer skirts. Baronette satin, Duchess satin, Silk Jersey and Crepe Poplin