

EDITORIAL PAGE

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REDUCING TAXES—HOW?

The Portland Oregonian, ably edited as it is, jerks the Observer over the spikes of public opinion, because this paper ventures to suggest the way to reduce taxes is to stop spending so much money as a state; we further offered suggestion that such things as the state fair be discontinued, and commissions and state employees be taken from the rolls and what is termed higher educational institutions be restricted in their expenditures, and if necessary be done away with. Also, The Oregonian finds cause for trembling in the statement of the Observer that many high schools had gone to seed on cooking, manual training and other things which could well be dispensed with, provided taxes are to be reduced.

The great metropolitan daily shows that same anxiety which has marked newspapers and officials for many years, fearful that some might think they are opposed to education if a single word of even friendly criticism is indulged in relative to our schools and colleges.

Therein lies the trouble. People have refrained from speaking their mind; they have refused to take part in any campaign, and have refused to let their names appear in print in any way other than bolstering up the present educational system for fear they would be charged with disloyalty to education. As a result many things in the name of education have been put over that are wholly impractical; the educational program of the state has been padded and amplified transforming it into a tremendously expensive institution which does not give results in proportion to such expenditures.

The Oregonian can render Oregon a great benefit if it will state openly and frankly its belief regarding the present educational program.

Does it function as the general public would like to have it? Are the colleges of Oregon turning out graduates fitted to take up life's burdens in a practical way?

Are the Oregon high schools graduating students well grounded in the fundamental branches of education?

Should cooking and other trades be taught in our schools at the expense of reading, writing and arithmetic? And is it not we done?

Do the Oregonian believe that college training such as is given in our institutions makes for general betterment of the young, or does not such training in many instances inculcate theories put forth by a certain class of pro-which undermine rather than strengthen Americanism?

WHAT THEN?

Suppose America should go like Russia, turning everything into a communistic chest and nationalizing all industry.

Suppose every store was taken over by the government and supplies furnished anyone who did not have a work card—a card to show so many days' work each week?

Suppose those refusing to work and those unable to work to be fed and clothed just as well as the man who did work, or not?

Suppose the government ran everything and everyone worked for the government without opportunity of getting ahead—what then?

How would La Grande and Union County people like such a plan?

What would be communism—a condition that recognizes no superiority in workmanship, in intellectual ability, in business training. Communism puts everyone on a level and has them stay there.

Has democratic and capitalistic forms of government have drawbacks and have their faults, but communism would be a disaster in this great American country.

Grand! Shoreacres was destroyed by fire the northwest lost a beautiful palatial country home. It was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson and was plainly one of the scenic spots and the best resorts of Oregon. Situated about ten miles out of La Grande, Shoreacres commanded a view over the cliffs and an unlike anything we have ever seen. The home was beautiful in architecture and the scenic gardens were grand. But the best part of Shoreacres was the hospitality of the well known Louis Simpson. Fire may destroy his house, storms may uproot his flower gardens, but nothing can take away that feeling of friendship which Louis Simpson holds for his friends.

July 16, 1898.—San Juan, Cuba, surrendered by the Spanish.

July 16, 1829.—Robert B. Potter, born. Said to be one of the best officers in the Union Army.

July 16, 1862.—Office of rear-admiral created by congress.

July 16, 1863.—Jackson, Miss., evacuated by Confederates.

July 16, 1863.—Battle of Honey Springs, Okla., won by Union forces.

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THE OFFICE CAT



The hardest part of conducting a column of this kind is getting started. Once we get the opening paragraph said, the rest is comparatively easy. We're gonna start off today by referring to the fact that love at first sight is a wonderful thing. Take Bill for instance. A dear thing from Union was in La Grande recently—well what we started to say is that Bill is gonna go to Union real soon.

"A man has to be a contortionist in order to be a successful painter these days," sarcastically remarked C. W. Runyon, as he gracefully draped his slender form around a silent policeman, and proceeded to paint what looked to Junius, on his early morning snoop, like another of those "It was lost, but is found again" ordinances that the City Fathers have been resurrecting from the buried annals of the city, such as "awnings must be shorter;" "limbs of trees must be higher;" Such is the influence of style on even the staid and sober Fathers. This one read, "No Sparking from 8:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.," Even though an old maid herself, we thought that was going a little too far, so, after much argument, we persuaded C. W. to paint out that "S", which he kindly did. All hail to the Office Cat.

Sunday in the Average Household. 7 a. m.—Family all in the hay. 7:30 a. m.—Ditto. 8:00 a. m.—More of the same. 8:15 a. m.—Head of family sits up sleepily in bed and looks at the clock. 8:17 a. m.—Crawls out and goes down to fix the kitchen fire, then starts the hose going. 8:30 a. m.—Rest of family starts crawling out of the feathers and coming down stairs, one at a time. 8:45 a. m.—Breakfast. 8:45 a. m.—Till 10:45.—Head of family monopolizes the Sunday paper. 11:15 a. m.—Mrs. Head of family finishes washing the dishes and starts to get dinner. 12 m.—Tells husband not to scatter paper all over the house. 12:15.—Baby gets hold of funny sheet and tears it up before anybody else has had a squirt at it. 1:00 p. m.—Dinner. Head of family and wife sit around and ask each other why Roast every Sunday. Asks if there's nothing else to be had. 2 till 6 p. m.—Head of family and wife sit around and ask each other why they can't live as well as the family across the street. In the meantime the family across the street is discussing the same subject. 5 to 7 p. m.—Problem of whether to attend church or a movie show comes up. 7:15 p. m.—Movie show wins. 7:15 till 10:00 p. m.—At the movies. Arrived late at first show and had to see it all through to make any sense out of it. 10:30 p. m.—Home and to bed.

Her Reason. There are several million of laws, We are sometimes check'd and we pause, While the lawyers are looking for flaws, A woman just says: "Because."

Some people "know" and others merely state their "opinions." It is much easier to live with the latter.

A Hot One from H. E. Coolidge. "Money profiteth not in the day of judgment, but it helpeth mightily in the meantime."

Every argument has two sides, says

WOULD YOU CARE? To defend a damage suit? To see your name in the paper as the "Defendant?" To pay out your good dollars to lawyers? To dig down into your jeans for \$10,000 or \$20,000 to settle the damage award? Of course you wouldn't. Yet if you are driving a car there is nothing, except one of our policies, to prevent these misfortunes. It only takes one little accident to start a lot of trouble. And it only takes one of our policies to protect you. SECURITY INSURANCE AGENCY Chas. H. Reynolds, Mgr. La Grande, Ore.

T. J. Scroggin, until we take one. Then the other side disappears.

A man may leave footprints on the sands of time, but they are pretty sure to be muddied up beyond recognition by those of the gang that trails along behind him.

Surprise. Mr. Pepper—"Want to see something swell, dear?" Miss Kewpie—"Uh huh?" Pepper—"Here it is,—sponge, put it in water."

'Round The County Little Bit of Everything Gleaned By the Observer About People and Things.

Tucked away in the wooded nooks of Union county are spots of rare beauty, but thousands pass them by. One such "place wonderful" lies hidden near Elgin, and Sunday excursionists drive by in search of something beautiful and comfortable unaware of what they miss. The Elgin ice caves and the Rock Wall district are seldom visited, yet no spot in Union County is richer in nature's strange and mysterious manifestations. However, the ice caves themselves are not so much concerned in this particular article as a certain family that lives near them, and the environments in which they live.

On the wooded slopes of the rugged foothills northwest of Elgin is one of the finest orchards that lie out of doors, and in the orchard lives a horticultural wizard and his wife. Being the wife of H. H. Weatherspoon is not the only distinction that has come to this lady, for she has created a reputation as a charming hostess and a cook par excellence. But neither Mr. Weatherspoon nor Mrs. Weatherspoon are the sole topics of discussion here.

A few days ago County Agent Avery and an Observer representative planned an orchard-inspecting itinerary to reach the Weatherspoon orchards about noon. Once there, it took us but a minute to get a hook and line into the black bass pond—a body of water that's deep and clear. Likewise we threw a line into a trout pond which like its sister lake, is less than a stone's throw from the Weatherspoon estate. We played with trout and with bass until a hospitable call came from the kitchen and we climbed the short but steep hillside to the summer cottage of three immaculate clean rooms. In doing so we jumped a big flock of China Pheasants, condescendingly fluttering out of our path. A moment later a bevy of grouse, largely devoid of finch shyness, blocked our progress until they straggled into the deep grass. Rabbits roamed the foothills.

After performing our ablutions in icy waters dipped from a mountain spring that races by the cottage and we had drunk our refreshing fill like the poet's stag at eventide, we stood on the stoop with our host and viewed it all; the grouse, the "Chinooks," the bees jumping at bugs, the trout striding their prey with a splash; the green-veined slopes, the wooded hills, the frayed and barren rock walls in the background; the frantic brook at our feet, the ice caves a few rods below us, and away across miles of open to the snow-bonneted peaks around whose nooks lie, Wallowa, Ice, Fish, Anroid and other famous lakes. Twittering wildbirds and the drone of bees, sucking sweets from the flowers of the forest were but incidents in our reveries. Love of the outdoor welled up within us and we were loath to break the enchantment. But we discovered just why Mr. Weatherspoon built his summer nest at this rare nature's communion table.

When he was a little chap—about seven—he lived near Bowling Green, Kentucky. He and his chums got their traps by lantern light. To reach them meant getting from under covers at 4 a. m. and walking for in the early winter morning. It took courage and determination. Back again at 7, for at that hour Kentucky school bells rang their clarion call to 7 R's. At 8 p. m. in those days the master called it a day.

However that is aside from our story except in that it uncovers the reason why Mr. Weatherspoon lives where he does. In his boyhood days he caught the call of nature and he hasn't been delinquent, even today. He snuggled right up to nature as a lad and he still is there. On the St. Joe in Idaho, on the mountain streams of Montana, in the rugged Snake river breaks of Oregon, in his sylvan retreat just out from Elgin, he has simply been answering the call—the call so many of us hear but fail to heed and live and die without having lived.

Hemmed in by game birds in his dooryard, with fences of hill-side brooks and fish ponds, shut out from the dust and the heat of the world by wild flowers and ivied woods, he and Mrs. Weatherspoon direct the affairs of one of the finest orchards in Oregon, but they live the life of nature.

For the Unexpected Callers. When the Unexpected Callers drop in for an afternoon call and you realize that you haven't anything to serve them, just step to your telephone and order a quart of ice cream or sherbet and it will be there promptly.

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