

**Observer**  
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT LA GRANDE, OREGON, BY THE OBSERVER PUBLISHING COMPANY.  
 OFFICE AT LA GRANDE, CLASS MAIL MATTER.  
 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE OBSERVER AT THE ADAMS AVE. LA GRANDE, OREGON.  
**COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER**  
 Published at the Oregon Hotel (Third) Imperial News Multnomah News  
**RATES**  
 By Carrier  
 Daily, per year in advance \$7.50  
 Daily, per six months in advance \$4.25  
 Daily, single copy 15c  
 By Mail  
 Daily, per year in advance \$6.00  
 Daily, per six months in advance \$3.50  
 Daily, three months in advance \$2.00  
 Daily, per month in advance \$1.50  
 Weekly Observer-Star, \$1.50 per year in advance, mail.  
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**To Grow Old Like Barney**

We want to grow old like Barney. Who is Barney?  
 Well, Barney Sheridan is the arch Democrat of Kansas. That is not exactly why he is growing old gracefully, for we choose to believe this can be ascribed to his strong character.  
 At one time he was the only Democratic editor in that state, but he stuck. He was invariably chairman of the Democratic state convention, for, at times, there was but a corporal's guard present and he acquired the position through the fact that he trotted the party mouthpiece and therefore should have recognition.  
 Barney never sought office. He was too wise for that. He did knock down a few good receiverships when Cleveland was in power, and he had the gumption to take the fat receivers' feet and improve his paper, buy a few ranches, and a little good whiskey.

Barney Sheridan never did take to the prohibition laws of Kansas with any degree of enthusiasm, but he is a man with wonderful adaptability and finally the dry element won out repeatedly and made Barney like it.  
 We saw him a few days ago at Paola, Kansas, his home, where he has been printing a tip-top weekly newspaper—the Western Spirit—for, well, we won't attempt to say how long, but we believe since John Brown defended the Kansas border against Quantrel's band. Although sixty-three years have passed over this old patriot's head, he is as nimble as a youngster, carries a smile—an intellectual smile, not a grin—and unlike so many of that age, he never denials it past events. To him the door of the future is not standing ajar—it is wide open, and there is a blazing fire on the grate to welcome him and everyone else who sees the world as he sees it; to him there is no such a thing as failure, and hard times are but a part of life.  
 When we asked Barney why he did not move, he said—now listen to this bit of his vocabulary: "Well, I don't want to move now; in fact, I could not move for I have grown to believe that in this fearful, fast epoch a fellow must grab the winning hand in the poker game of life before he is fifty."

Another of his axioms that sunk deep into our breast and caused us to resolve to come home and go to work was uttered when he was speaking of making a newspaper. He said: "I have observed, during the sixty-nine years of my life that there is no royal road to making a newspaper, except by the man who owns it getting in and working like hell."  
 Barney comes from a strong family. The blood of his ancestors is mixed with iron. When he used to go to Boisecourt lakes with a bottle and a gun to hunt ducks, he never forgot that he was put on this earth to work as well as play, and we remember when a small boy of seeing his editorials in the Paola Spirit carrying the date line of Boisecourt Lake, which meant that he was down there hunting, taking a few drinks, possibly playing a little poker with the boys, but always finding time to write something for his large family of readers.  
 He has ever been a practical joker and never was he so happy as when he could pull a good one on some fellow business man. When his good friend, Captain Quinby bought a dressed opossum thinking it was a pig, Barney Sheridan let the whole state know of it. Probably one of his best traits was shown when Tom Kelley, state treasurer, and a resident of Barney's town, was accused of misappropriating state funds. The accusation proved false, but the fight went merrily on during the process of proving. Tom Kelley was an ardent Republican, as is Jack Pearce, and Barney was the bull Democrat of the state. But when Tom was accused, Barney took off his coat for his fellow townsman regardless of political party and his defense of Tom is legend throughout that country.  
 Like some of the rest of us, Barney has been blessed with a boy. The boy is the apple of his eye—he lives, breathes and has his being for John, who is now a man. John took a fancy to try New Mexico and old Barney, with his heart breaking, urged him to go and have his experience. A kind providence has changed John's views and he is coming back to Paola next year to run the old Western Spirit—the Sheridan paper. In speaking of this bit of news, which to Barney is more important than the peace treaty or the League of Nations, the old editor's eyes sparkled as he said: "John's coming home next year to run the paper and then I am quitting forever, except to write some stuff that I think no one else can write; then Mrs. Sheridan and myself are going to globe trot a little, and I'll give you my word, Bruce, we are coming out to La Grande to make you a visit."  
 And when he comes we want the Democrats and Republicans as well to congregate in La Grande and give this old warrior a reception and shake his hand.

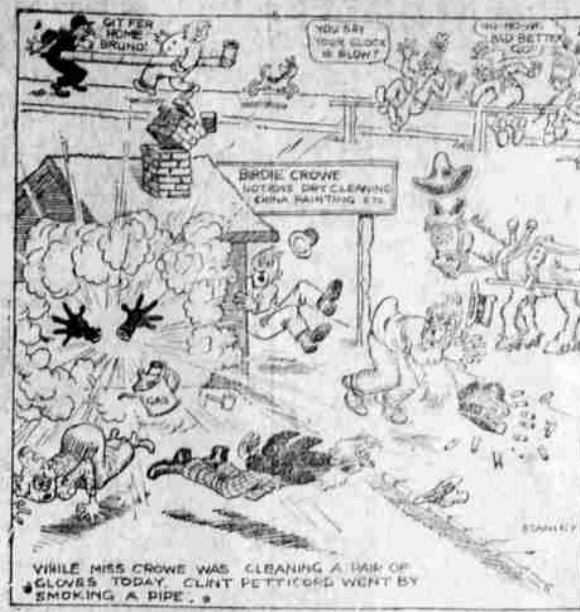
**Not Understood**

Not understood, we move along un-  
 der;  
 Our paths grow wider as the sea-  
 sons creep  
 Along the years; we marvel and we  
 wonder  
 Why life is life, and then we fall  
 asleep,  
 Not understood.  
 Not understood, we gather false im-  
 pressions  
 And hug them closer as the years  
 go by;  
 Till virtues often seem to us trans-  
 gressions;  
 And thus men rise and fall, and live  
 and die,  
 Not understood.  
 Not understood; poor souls with stun-  
 ted vision  
 Oft measure giants with their nar-  
 row gauge;  
 The poisoned shafts of falsehood and  
 derision  
 Are oft impelled 'gainst those who  
 could the age  
 Not understood.  
 Not understood; the secret springs of  
 action  
 Which lie beneath the surface and  
 the show  
 Are disregarded; with self-satisfac-  
 tion  
 We judge our neighbors, and they  
 often go,  
 Not understood.  
 Not understood; how many beasts are  
 aching,  
 For lack of sympathy! Ah! Tally by  
 day  
 How many cheerless, lonely hearts are  
 breaking  
 How many noble spirits pass away,  
 Not understood.  
 Oh, God! that man would see a little  
 clearer  
 Or judge less harshly where they  
 cannot see!  
 Oh, God! that man would draw a little  
 nearer  
 To one another—they'd be nearer  
 There,  
 And Understand!  
 —SELECTED

**The Perilous Kiss**

Reformers who have been hit on the trail of wicked rouses and the yet more pernicious kiss, made a mistake when they tried to abolish them through fear of linking poison. They asserted that the rouses in common use today contain poisons which are harmful and injurious to the unwary taster.  
 This theory has just been refuted by the Ohio pharmacists. In their recent convention they found time to assure youths and maidens that the amount of poison or drug that young men would come in contact with when kissing rouged countenances would not cause any harm. The druggists also volunteered the information that the reformers' campaign had not had any appreciable effect upon rouge sales.  
 When all is said and refuted, the effects of kissing remain as tremendous and perilous as ever; but Nature, not rouge, is responsible.  
 Ohio boasts that the millennium has come. An attorney refuses to defend a notorious gunman charged with murder, and two electric light companies have asked permission to reduce their rates.  
 Perhaps Japan is more to be pitied than censured. Her present uncertainty about the Washington conference comes, as much as anything, from the knowledge that she hasn't one real friend among the nations.  
 France has been praying officially for rain. The drought must be worse there than here. Few of our wet devotees have gone so far as to pray for booze.  
 That British exploring expedition is going to climb Mount Everest, if it takes a million words of descriptive writing to do it.

**IN THE OLD HOME TOWN**



WHILE MISS CROWE WAS CLEANING A PAIR OF GLOVES TODAY CLINT PETTICREW WENT BY SMOKING A PIPE.

**THE OFFICE CAT**



Who'll Start the Bidding?  
 (From the Lubec, Me., Herald)  
 FOR SALE—Cheap set of false teeth, made by Dr. Hibber of Eastport. They will not fit me and he will not, or can not make them fit. T. J. Hartnett.

Only one had cold in every fifty, seven is caused by sitting in a draughty church.

As an example of advertising, we want to print herewith an ad. clipped from the Chatsworth, Ill., Journal. It is so complete we must print it in its entirety. Also it is worth reading. Here goes.

For Sale—Cheap  
 My new two story brick store property with two lots, \$14,999 value for \$8,000 cash or part of it may be arranged on easy terms if taken before March 15th. Or I will sell the brick store property on the lot it stands on for \$5,500. I to reserve one half of the west wall joining the other lot. Having had offers made me on the same, but not quite near my low price. But I do mean real business to sell the above and surely will sell it if in anyway possible right now and ask anyone who means to buy it to state their very best price as I have made up my mind to sell for some very important reason of my own which will or must be done, now very soon or never. Otherwise I would not offer this property so cheap while everything is so high in price and will not offer the same at that low price after March 15, as long as everything else is staying up so high in price, with everything else still advancing, probably will for a long time to see and changes probably never for so many years to come no one knows, as this is only guess work. And as I need the cash to accomplish what I have in view, to do, not here but elsewhere, far away. Having on one here in particular to stay for no more, and with any legitimate and honest business undertaking has been a failure to me for late years, is one good reason, I do wish to make this change expecting to cross the sea in the near future. But should I not get this change now very soon to sell my property and compel me to stay I would then have to make some different arrangements and chances in this property so as to make it more convenient for the boy in public to buy merchandise which I then further expect to handle. Instead of them having to climb the

rear outside stairway. So here is a rare investment for someone with means who can buy me out right, and can receive a reasonable rent for same which should bring about \$500 rent per year for both the first and second floor, with nice, clean new room upstairs with plenty of good light, over 10-foot ceilings a part of the rear end I occupy at present, and as the ground floor is leased to good tenants for a year and will most likely stay by asking what is a reasonable rent of them. Now should the intended purchaser of the property feel in doubt to think of probable not being able to get a center for up stairs, had he not already one in sight, I myself would then take this chance to sell a fair reasonable rent, and I would stand good for it for 2 years at least. So now, kind friends as I do mean real good business and the truth to sell the above, which is my hope so help me God, by me asking you only a reasonable price for the same, as to everything else as high in the markets, so I ask you to come and see me at once, inspect this extra strong, well built building, as you surely will get a bargain, and any one buying this from me, right now while I want to sell, as I need the money, and wish to get out of the rat.

Aw, You Go Sit on a Tack  
 Sir—If a wealthy fella is threatened with a breach of promise suit and chooses the alternative of getting married, might one speak of his wedding as a safety match?  
 GOOPY.

Add Her Sketches  
 The society woman with a pet people who offers advice to teenage mothers on how to raise for their children.

From a popular magazine: "He looked at her with unseeing eyes." Which in the way some people lamp Mr. Will Hayes.

The man who doesn't advertise because he doesn't know how himself ought to stop eating because he can't cook.

"This morning a stingbug flew right into my mouth. What is that a sign of?"  
 "That's a sign that you should keep your mouth shut."

We have often wondered why our make-up man appeared to have a perpetual frown on. He appears that in addition to all his day's work in the office, he takes in family washings on the side. We believe in a man doing all he can to increase the family pocketbook, but we, the front office, would advise a lay-off on a few washings. We might get a pleasant word occasionally. (Notice, we say "might".)

The Observer mechanical department has recently heaped into prominence by the addition to its number of one Everett True, nee "C. O.", the hard-boiled (?) maker-up.

**THE TELEPHONE**

—is a servant always at command, that never tires; night or day, hot or cold, snow or rain, it is always ready to quickly, cheaply and cheerfully perform tasks that otherwise require time, expense, exposure and in cases every day, by its celerity, it saves lives and property of value almost beyond computation.

**Home Independent**  
 Tel. \_\_\_\_\_  
 BATTERY  
 Order Form

**TERRY CLOTH DRAPERIES!**

Five New Pieces on Display this Morning

Five very striking new patterns in this popular drapery material arrived this morning and will be seen in display here today.

This material has a soft, yasee draper quality not found in other material and it is a material well adapted to its purpose.

The colorings are beautiful in themselves—combined as to be very effective in any room, no matter what the color effect. All are 38 inches wide—can easily be split if desired—and all are priced at \$1.00 yd.

Lingerie-Krinkle  
**40c yd.**

This popular material, so soft and light, for gowns, is in a great array of new patterns. Both figured and plain colors in every shade. It is 28 inches wide and figured pieces are priced at 40c yard. Plain colors are 35c yd.

**Madame Flinders' BLOUSES**

Women who desire the exclusiveness of a fine tailored blouse will be well pleased with these very new arrivals of "Madame Flinders." See them in our window tonight. Prices range from \$10 to \$15.

**Key Level**

build strength Waste Grape Nuts

**'Round The County**

Incidents with Human Interest Attached, Gathered by The Observer.

**Cave Losers Game**  
 Business men who lost heavily in the recent conflagration at the Cherry City are "peptomists" of the first order. They console themselves with the assurance that should there be another fire in Cove, only one building at a time can burn, for the great enemy of man has now made visitations upon that little town in such time and places as to leave the building well scattered.  
 One of the men who lost did not tarry long. They found temporary quarters to operate in, even though wholly inadequate in size. Judd Geer, the confectioner, moved into the postoffice across in the next block below and smilingly meets his customers there. Geer's Bloom moved across the street to the square frame house that was left by the last conflagration save one. The library, which saved most of the books, has taken quarters in a residence nearby. M. C. Loree, the repair man has also relocated but the Ed Knoblock pool hall has not found quarters.  
 The prevalent opinion in Cove is that the burned-off sites will not be rebuilt immediately.  
 But right now, which is the month Cove picks "grapes" as they say in politics, there is no room for morose indignation. When the pickers come in from the fields the pool halls, the soft drinks, the cigars, ice cream and all are in much demand, regardless of how cramped the space from which it comes.

**Better Furn**  
 FOR LESS

All the popular Period Styles in stock at all times

**EASY TERMS**  
 Come in and look us over

**W. H. Bohnenkamp Co.**

INTER-STATE BASE BALL

**CHAMPIONSHIP**  
**Cove vs. Weiser**  
 LA GRANDE BASE BALL PARK  
**Sunday, July 31**  
 Admission 50c, Grand Stand Free  
 "HELP COVE" is the Slogan.

**CARD PLAYERS LOSE VALUABLES**

SAN FRANCISCO, July 28.—Six unmasked bandits entered the Colonial Club early today, lined up twelve card players and the game keepers, obtained \$2500 in currency and \$2500 in jewelry, and escaped.