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THE OLD HOME TOWN



WHEN THE JANITOR WENT UP TO OIL THE BELL TO DAY HE FOUND A HONEYCREEPER'S NEST

THE OFFICE CAT



—By JUNIOR—

Yes, Jimmy, the middle aisle is the most satisfactory bridal path.

"Mose," demanded the judge sternly, "are you guilty or not guilty? In other words, did you or did you not steal those chickens?"
Mose squirmed uneasily. "Wait until Ah heeds de evidence," he finally answered.

From the Mount Carmel, Ill., Republican Register: "Man Was Shot Through His Windshield." He is, we are informed, mending rapidly.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!
"New species of tree discovered in Paraguay which has sap like wine."
—Newspaper.

Rear Office Cat—What is good to take grass stains out of a white dress?—Helen Earth.
Damfino—Wear a green dress hereafter.

A woman can charm a snake if she is said, and how can mere man ever hope to have a chance with her.

When a farmer puts a porcelain egg under the hen, is he sitting a good egg sample?

Occasionally a girl insets on a church wedding because she realizes it may be her last chance to show off in good clothes.

Nervous Bridegroom (at hotel)—"Oh—ah! I'd like a room with a wife, for myself and bath!"

HE WAS NERVOUS
A fellow was told to call for the cemetery and ask for Mr. Graves. It is understood he found him to be quite numerous at that location.

William Jennings Bryan was arrested for speeding at Antioch, Ill., recently. The great orator told the constable who he was, but that did not make any difference, by Heck! That constable was evidently a member of the G. O. P.

Farm Problem—Serious and Complex

Few straight from the shoulder shots relative to the condition of the farmers at the present time have been delivered such as the following truthful and analytical statement from the Pacific Banker. Read it over several times and let every word sink in:

When it takes two bushels of wheat or 300 pounds of cabbage to pay for a restaurant dinner for himself and wife, and he would have to strip the hide from three steers to buy his son a pair of shoes, and carry to town 50 pounds of onions to pay for a handkerchief for his daughter, if barter was the only medium of exchange today for the farmer, is it any wonder that thinking men are beginning to take note of the ferment and unrest in the rural population of our country?

Bernard M. Baruch, in the July Atlantic, makes some very telling points on the present condition of the farmer, in which he says: "Agriculture is the greatest, and, fundamentally, the most important of our American industries. The cities are but branches of our national life, the roots of which go deeply into the land. We all flourish or decline with the farmer. So when we of the cities read of the present universal distress of the farmers, of a slump of \$6,000,000,000 in the farm value of their crops in a single year, of their inability to meet mortgages or to pay current bills, and how, seeking relief from their ills they are planning to form pools, inaugurate farmers' strikes, and demand legislation abolishing grain exchanges, private cattle markets and the like, we ought not hastily to brand them economic heretics and highwaymen, and hurl at them the charge of being of special privilege. Rather we should ask if their trouble is not ours, and see what can be done to improve the situation. Purely from self-interest, if from no higher motive, we should help them. All of us want to get back permanently to "normalcy," but is it reasonable to hope for that condition unless our greatest and most basic industry can be put on a sound and solid permanent foundation? The farmers are not entitled to special privileges, but are they not right in demanding that they be placed on equal footing with the buyers of their products and with other industries?"

That the situation is becoming serious is fully demonstrated in the recent survey made by the Agricultural College of Rhode Island in the most prosperous communities of New York. Forty thousand farm-hand men and boys left the farms of that state last year, showing a net loss in farm population of 16,000. In California an American-born farmer has almost disappeared from the agricultural districts, giving way to a foreign-born farmer, largely Oriental, a condition easily to bankrupt American institutions and ideals.

The cause is not hard to find. To the New York survey of the homes of farm owners in the most prosperous communities 70 per cent were without running water, 77 per cent without furnaces of any kind and 85 per cent had no bathrooms. Other facts were reported, revealing a comfortless and unsanitary condition of farm life in the great Empire state. If any wonder that young men and women are leaving the farm?

Won't someone increase the price of flour very much, for flour forged to come down when wheat hit the bottom.

"Mr. Arbuckle Was Detained"

What silly gams we are. "Fatty" Arbuckle, of moving picture fame, had a booze party, raised merry thunders in the St. Francis hotel at San Francisco, and the girl kicked in—could not stand the shock.

Of course women in the Arbuckle party immediately turned states' evidence and squawked on the whole bunch, in closing "Fatty," which was all right.

But, along with many disgusting features of the scandal, is the attitude of the law. Instead of grabbing "Fatty" Arbuckle and sticking him in jail without bond when the girl died, the officers merely "detained" Mr. Arbuckle.

It is the same old story: In La Grande if a laundry girl steals a bolt of silk at one of the stores, or a gold watch from a counter, it is theft and an arrest follows, but when a stylish woman shoplifts, including high priced merchandise in her clothing, she is not a thief, she is a kleptomaniac.

Poor old justice, bleeding, dripping justice, you are hit the same in La Grande as you are in San Francisco. "Mr. Arbuckle will be detained—the girl is dead; the people still worship at the shrine of movie stars, more so than they do the thrones of kings and queens, and in those stars they see no wrong, for they can commit offenses, and if a neighbor should follow the example and duplicate the crime, that neighbor would be ostracized from society, set up as a public nuisance and probably be treated to a coat of tar and feathers by the Ku Klux Klan.

Next to the word "mother," the word "home" sinks deeply in the American heart. At least it used to and it should today. But the drift away from the home lies: from the desire to own a home is plain even if it is regrettable. Along this line of reasoning the Portland Telegram recently ran an editorial headed, "Why Men Die Homeless," which was so pertinent that the Observer reproduces the following portion of it:

"It is an obsession of the typical American mind that among the florid ambitions of early manhood the owning of a home is not commonly prominent. This typical American is not looking immediately for a home but for a pile of money.
When he gets to the end of the road where the pile of money lies he proposes incidentally to build a whale of a palace on the hill where his wife can entertain friends and where the servants can enjoy themselves while he is away making money. Occasionally a man does succeed in this ambition, and builds a monstrous structure that his wife can manage about as well as she can run an ocean liner. But most men never get as far as digging the cellar of the dream house at the end of the road.
Some expert has shown that less than 25 per cent of the old men of America die under roofs to which they have a title. And why this poor showing? Because the little home, the reachable home, the finish, livable home has not been glorified in American mind, in American speech, in American print.
We have come to live in a painted world of our imagination, a world where we think we can enjoy our income while we go along and have it all at the end saved up for a luxurious old age. There is always a gold mine at the next turn of the road. And while we are traveling toward the gold mine we buy a lot of 10-cent cigarettes, with the dream that could have bought a little home.
Nearly every man who has died penniless has tumbled into the mud a snug little home which, when after pleasure or a big fortune, had he never known that a little home, built for and honestly paid for, is the biggest little thing ever conveyed by a title deed. Next to a mansion in the sky a snug cottage on earth is the high mark of human success."
Guess Oregon should be happier for she paid over eight million dollars in income tax last year. Who paid it? That's the question? For we would surely like to know the names of the boys who would keep their incomes up during the slump.

The press dispatches tell of a hundred thousand dollars lost at Memphis, Oregon. Evidently none of the town was left standing.

Oregon has a saw trade developing. Let's hope it only can be produced in the Willamette valley.

The Teuton Trade Bogey

German competition in foreign trade is not so acutely to be feared, after all, in Herbert Hoover's opinion. Mr. Hoover has been making investigations of the situation and says that while German activity in foreign parts is considerable, German merchants are having difficulty in handling the business which they had obtained by very attractive price quotations.

The Secretary says that Germany is finding it impossible to produce goods "on a war quality" and at the same time is unable to execute large numbers of contracts. The Germans have been forced to throw up contracts in Argentina for greater quantities of steel which they cannot deliver. Their control of the Argentine market was one of the very sore spots in foreign trade.

So the fear of Germany's stealing all the markets of the world by price cutting and whirlwind production proved to be another Teuton bogey, time-dispelled. This news should quiet the frantic fears of American business interests and at the same time offer a new incentive to prompt development of our foreign trade.

Londoners need never make fun of Americans. The other day the staid old city turned out and welcomed Charlie Chaplin with more glow than they would accord to King George. The English people are sure enough on the toboggan.

Brevity may be the soul of wit, but somehow a short phrase is not so very funny after all.

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