

The Observer

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Bible Thought For Today

RICHES DO NOT SATISFY.—He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase: this is also vanity. When goods increase, they are increased that eat them; and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?—Ecclesiastes 5:10, 11.

The Horror of Wrecks

First flash of news of the head-on O-W. collision at Celilo sent the cold chills up and down the backs of every La Grande citizen. The second flash brought news that our fellow citizen, John Gardner, for years a locomotive engineer, was among the injured. Then rumors began to fly about many of the passengers, but Providence took care of all the La Grande people on the train and will probably spare the life of Mr. Gardner.

The death list is ten and the injured number over twenty. The horrors of the tragedy will not abate. Down in the Columbia gorge where nature most of the year spreads her mantle of green, where early spring brings forth blossoms and birds, the gorge that is known throughout the world as the most beautiful scenic spot—that's where the storms have been beating of late; that's where nature seems to have determined to change her usually motherly course; that's where bridges have been washed out, where twenty feet of snow and ice have impeded traffic, and that's where finally the most horrible wreck that has ever occurred on the O. W. happened.

Railroading has been a hard job this winter in Oregon. Death has claimed a number of the boys who operate trains, and now comes the crowning climax of a disaster which will go down in history as frightful as it was gigantic.

No Occasion for Session

Somehow the Observer feels that Governor O'Leary hardly appreciates the condition of the producers of Oregon or he never would have been induced to call a special session of the legislature. Extraordinary sessions are called when dire need of the same is manifest. No jury of a thousand level-headed Oregon men would decide that an emergency exists at the present time, especially regarding the fair.

What prompted the governor to do such a thing is not quite clear, but the Observer chooses to believe that he listened to the loud noises in Portland and failed to take the time to consult the remainder of the state.

The people of Oregon at the present cannot afford to pay for a special session of the legislature, much less vote taxes on their property for the fair.

The fair would be a fine thing probably, and it might be financed by the income tax or a poll tax, but never should it be financed by a property tax. And we are not so sure it should be handled by either income or poll tax. However, either would be much more preferable than the proposed property tax.

The Trucks and Jitneys

When the special committee, which the governor appointed to draft a bill regulating trucks and jitneys get into their task they will find that Oregon passed during the last session a law, which measure on trucks, both as to loads and speed. It is all the law books, but it is not enforced. Would it not be well for the executive department of the state to give attention to the enforcement of that law?

IN THE OLD HOME TOWN



THE SOCIETY FOR SUPPRESSION OF SILENT SMOKING WAS NOWHERE TODAY WHEN SHE FOUND SOME KIKES HAD SIPPED A CORNCOB PIPE IN HER HAND BAG.

THE OFFICE CAT



THE WISE FOOL
"An honest confession is good for the soul," observed the Sage.
"Yes," commented the Fool. "And it is often good for 10 or 20 years in the penitentiary."

As we understand it, the way to settle a strike is for everybody to agree that it is silly.

Slippery Customer—"I have a peculiar constitution," said the customer who owed every pharmacy in town. "And that must be considered in supplying my needs. What would you advise for my ailment, keeping in hand my condition?"
Long-Suffering Pharmacist—"Slippery Elm."

Whether or not these rollicking stockings of the flappers are to be popular this winter, is an uncertainty that remains to be seen.

THE BLACKFACE
Subscriber—"Your newspaper prints some wild stories."
Editor—"Think so? Well, you ought to see some of the stuff we don't print."—Judge.

Mrs. Harding is resuming practice on the piano. No discord in the White House, we beg of you.

The way to disarm is to disarm.

A cook book is food for thought.

Worry fills more graves than want.

Observations of Oldest Inhabitant
I kin remember when a man's profanity was given the acid test taking up, beating and putting down the old-fashioned carpets that covered the entire floor.

Poetry of Motion.
Brown—"Have you ever noticed that blues always rhymes with kiss?"
Towne—"I have also noticed that bluster rhymes with kissed her."

The darkest hour in the life of a young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.

TUFF!
"I'm down and out!" said Mr. Stifeng.
And everything just goes dead wrong.
Into each life some rain must fall.
But darn the luck, I got it all."

There's only one thing that beats a good wife—that's a bad husband.

FORCE OF HABIT
Jones, the druggist, was originally a hardware man, and featured washing machines. This explains the window sign on his toothbrushes. "Guaranteed for family use."

NO FOOL AT ALL.

An enterprising shop assistant was trying to persuade a farmer to buy a bicycle. The farmer was in town for the day, and had determined to see everything.

"I'd rather spend my money on a cow," he said, proudly.

"But think," said the assistant.

"What a fool you'd look riding about on a cow."

"Not half such a fool as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle," answered the farmer.

That some young men seem more able to raise mustaches than to get a raise in pay.

When a duck who owes you a little bill flashes a fifty-dollar green bill on you he always looks like 20 cents when he finds you can change it.

MILLIONAIRE SUICIDE

REDWOOD CITY, Cal., Dec. 2.—G. Fred Kohl, San Francisco capitalist and clubman, who ended his life at Del Monte last week, left his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Kohl, her choice of \$1,000 a month for life or \$250,000 outright. His bequest of \$250,000 and the residue of the estate to a friend, Mrs. Marion Lord of New York, according to the terms of his will, filed here today for probate.

His estate amounted to several million dollars, his attorneys said. Other bequests included \$50,000 to his former secretary, Alan Maguire of San Francisco, and \$25,000 each to the Hebrew, Roman Catholic and Protestant orphanages of San Francisco and the Children's hospital of that city.

Mrs. Laura M. Hoyt Recommends Chamberlain's Tablets.

"I have frequently used Chamberlain's Tablets, during the past three years, and have found them splendid for headache and bilious attacks. I am only too pleased, at any time, to speak a word in praise of them."—Mrs. Laura M. Hoyt, Rockport, N. Y.

READ THE WANT ADS!

Six Generations

A current newspaper shows the picture of a family group comprising members of six generations, from a little baby in arms to the great-great grandmother who is now 193 years old, but still in good health.

Four generations alive in one family are not so common as they should be; five are rare; six, as in this instance, are almost unknown. It is a pity that this is true, because as a rule the families which establish records for longevity establish records also as wholesome and useful citizens.

They seldom acquire wealth, but they labor cheerfully and hopefully, "content with small means," and practicing the thrift which keeps within its income. They marry early and they stay married, because the love of home and family is strong within them. They live long because they live sensibly and continue their activities into their later years. Such families as these are the moral and physical bulwark of the nation.

The Unspoken Name

Premier Briand, just before he left for France, told a group of correspondents that the deliberations at Washington would undoubtedly make it necessary for the powers represented to meet and confer hereafter "probably at rather frequent intervals." Whereupon some incautious scribe interposed:

"But that's the league of nations!"
"Hush!" replied Briand with a grin. "Never speak that name aloud in this country. We might talk of a league of governments, perhaps."

There is a jest with seriousness back of it. The league of nations is, indeed, taboo in diplomatic discussions at present, and also in newspaper discussions. Yet that silence may cover a deal of thinking. Statesmen know and other thoughtful people know that if the arms conference arrives at any conclusions worth while, some continuing organization will have to be provided to see that those conclusions are carried out.

There is renewed talk of an "association of nations." The league, however, naturally comes to mind because it is the only existing organization to which such a job might be given. Though possessing little prestige or authority as yet, it has the machinery for such work. But the United States is not in the league, and nobody knows whether it ever will be.

It may be expected that the conference will try to continue itself, or to create a new body, with greater powers, to carry on its work. But that would be a rival of the league. Could both exist, working independently? Or would one have to die? And if so, which? There are questions that may have to be answered before long.

Lloyd George expects to come over in about two weeks. He couldn't get here in time for the big show, but he is going to be on hand for the grand concert, at least.

The new German representative at Washington has thrown out the picture of the Kaiser which used to adorn the embassy wall. Another big gun scrapped.

"Disaster Faces the World." Well, if it doesn't like our looks it can turn its face the other way.

Aeronauts are now assuring us that the star Antares is bigger than Bethlehem. It would make a fine subject for the debating society, if we could only pronounce "em."

A visitor to Holland says the Kaiser's pump is fading. Pump, well-away!

Taking the average, says a news item, we Americans are eating about 8 per cent less meat than we did 20 years ago. Is badly because we are paying 30 per cent more for it.

Children have a hard time now, says a news item, when they are asked to take to their parents.

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DO SOME
CHRISTMAS
SHOPPING
TOMORROW



WOMEN WILL STUDY VOTING

CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—Why men do not vote, what's wrong with the ballot and how politics handles electoral machinery—these are some of the problems that women voters have set to look into here December 1 to 3. At this time the National League of Women Voters will hold its first institute on efficiency in government in Chicago.

"Its purpose," explains Miss Belle Sherwin of Cleveland, who is in charge, "is an expansion of the political education for women begun in our citizenship schools. We started with a study of government, the constitution and the laws, and are going forward to consider much more carefully what political parties are doing with the institutions we are studying."

"If the league is a university for adult political education, I might say the citizenship schools present the freshmen course and this institute is a second year's course."

The program of the league is to study government as it is, government as it is practiced under the influence of party organizations, and government as it should be to get the participation of more people in it and more efficient administration, Miss Sherwin added.

"It has before it," she said, "two questions: what will make government more truly representative and what will make its operations more efficient in political units of every size?"

"This institute will cover only the first question. It will devote itself therefore to a study of the whole voting system."

"We are not planning a debate, but a school with one speaker at each session. We want to get over a medium of education which is non-academic and as far as possible a substitute for actual experience. We want to give women what you might call political sophistication."

Women for whom the institute is held, Miss Sherwin said are especially those who are "able to take back and set up a method of presenting these fundamental things about participating in government to women who were not primarily interested in becoming voters."

Criminal Hours In Tacoma are Long

TACOMA, Wash., Dec. 1.—Tacoma's "criminal hours" are from 2 until 5 o'clock in the afternoon and from 9 at night until 4 o'clock in the morning, according to a chart kept by the police.

The chart shows that most crimes are committed between these hours. In the afternoon, police say, prowlers take advantage of the absence of women from their homes, while criminals of all sorts work under cover of the night.

A London judge refused to allow a husband to return his bride to her family because he found her "unsatisfactory." The judge told the husband that he had to keep his wife.

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