

The Observer

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.
Published daily and weekly at La Grande, Oregon, by La Grande Evening Observer Publishing Company.
BRUCE DENNIS, Editor.

Entered at the Postoffice at La Grande, Oregon, as Second Class Mail Matter.
Address all communications to THE OBSERVER, 1415 Adams Ave., La Grande, Oregon.

CITY AND COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

On sale in other cities—Oregon Hotel News Stand, Portland; Imperial News Stand, Portland; Multnomah News Stand, Portland.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
By Carrier.

Daily, per month \$1.00
Daily, per three months \$2.50
Daily, per six months \$4.50
Daily, single copy 5c

By Mail.
Daily, per year, in advance \$10.00
Daily, six months, in advance \$5.50
Daily, three months, in advance \$3.00
Daily, per month \$1.00
Weekly Observer-Star, by mail, per year, in advance \$1.00

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Bible Thought For Today

THE PRINCE OF PEACE—For unto us a child is born, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called, The Prince of Peace.—Isaiah 9:6.

A Jolt In the Ribs

Sheriff Warnick is sending out Union county tax notices right now. As the mails deliver these reminders of indebtedness each property owner gets a jolt in the ribs that he does not recover from for quite a while.

Taxes—taxes—taxes.

It used to be that most people listened to the tax grumbler with some sort of disdain wishing that he would either die or cease his haranguing, but that day also has passed away.

Property possession which has from time immemorial been a desired and a goal has now become a most dangerous possession. We say dangerous for if a person is not in his earning stage and capable of carrying the deficit that most property entails from his daily work he meets confiscation. Values that once were pronounced and sure in property have dwindled until the burning question of the present is, how can I pay my taxes?

Fine state of affairs we have reached. But the question is, how can conditions be remedied?

L. N. Day, who is an expert on taxation and one of the best read men in the northwest on the subject, gets down to the fundamentals in speaking of the future and says in the following language which anyone can understand, "When a man finds his income dwindling he quits smoking cigars and goes to smoking a pipe. It is time for state, county and city to each buy a pipe."

Teaching the Bible

There is a great deal of fuss going on now about teaching the Bible in the schools. So strong has the sentiment reached with some that they are campaigning for the issue in order to force the schools to teach the Bible.

Would it not be better to first teach the Bible in the home? This question is submitted with respect to anyone who is taking interest in the present agitation.

Incentive to Literacy

Foreign-born illiterates, in the naturalization requirements which they must meet, have more incentive to learn to read and write than do native illiterates. The latter group, according to the spokesman of the Middle West Conference on Literacy, must be given an incentive. The conference suggests that all states hang the voting privilege on ability to read and write the English language.

There should be better ways of creating the moving force, although a literacy test for voters has much to recommend it from other points of view. If the adult illiterate can be shown the greater opportunity for advancement in his occupation and in his community, the greater enjoyment of life and the other advantages which literacy will bring him, he will have incentive enough.

The lack of education existing among native Americans is one of the things still shaming other forms of national progress and service. Literacy and compulsory school laws in every state would go far to prevent ignorance among the native-born. The problem of eliminating the adult illiterate already existing is not easy, but neither is it hopeless. There should be night and day schools and classes adapted to the needs of these adults. They should be given the opportunity to study. The schools are the first responsibility, but press and public in general can be effective help.

IN THE OLD HOME TOWN



THE OFFICE CAT

—BY JUNIUS—



"CLARENCE"

In this old world of fight and fuss, Of also rans and the rest of us, Of faces long as Helms' best, Of chronic granches and other pests, A happy fellow drifts in sight, You may see him Friday or Saturday night.

His name is Clarence and oh boy, He's a killer of grief and a bringer of joy, If you're all dried up from having the flu, Feel ornery and mean and all-fired blue, And you'd like to laugh but darned if you can, For you'll tell the world, you're a mighty sick man.

Just put a warm lid on your ivory knob, And out out the grant and also the sob, And sprint to the school at the top of the hill, See the play as a tonic instead of a pill.

Unless you're as old as Methuselah's goat, Unless you're a crab and won't see the joke, You'll laugh 'til your old ribs will mighty near crack, And you'll find you have lost the old "crick" in your back, You'll laugh 'til your "inwards" are added thru and thru, And your pen will return and you'll feel just like new.

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Too Much

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