

La Grande Evening Observer

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CITY AND COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

Bible Thought for Today

GUARD YOUR THOUGHTS.—Finally, brethren, whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Philippians 4:8

"CALL THE DOG AND PUT OUT THE FIRE."

People in Central and Southeastern Oregon had just as well call the dog and put out the fire, to use a pioneer expression, for they are not going to get any more railroads.

They had as well junk their stuff and roll up their wire fences, and by so doing issue a proclamation to Bill Hanley and the other cow men to take back that portion of Oregon and revamp it into a big cow ranch.

All this talk about advancement and development, all this boosting we have among us been engaged in for the past fifteen years is lost, so turn the cattle back on the big range and let no white man assume that he can live in Central Oregon.

Is it the fault of the physical country? No. Is it the fault of the people now in Central Oregon? No. Then what and why?

Simply this: Oregon did not get her railroad building done in the days when going was good with railroad building; in the days when Washington and California made such strides, and henceforth and forever Oregon had as well content herself with a fringe of settlement on east, north and west boundaries, giving over the remainder of the state to forest reserve and cow ranges.

It is rather hard to bring your mind to this conclusion, is it not? But there is no use barking up a dead tree any longer; there is no use fooling ourselves, for did not Carl Gray of the Union Pacific railroad give out an interview while in Portland a few days ago stating there was no railroad building to be done in Central Oregon—not soon, which means not in the lifetime of the present people.

Mr. Gray knows what he is talking about; had he been desirous of prolonging the excitement and keeping the people's enthusiasm up he would have given them a peg to hang their hats upon, but he did not. He was frank and open and unquestionably spoke as conditions warranted him to speak.

Come back from the Willamette valley, Bill Hanley, your speeches about making the desert blossom as the rose are mockery. Go to your law office, Governor West, and prepare to make your money from the billions law books instead of developing those irrigation projects. Go back to Ontario Mayor Deolittle and John McCullough for your well thought out plans are now only discarded; and your Central and Southeastern Oregon must be returned to Hanley and others for cattle range whether they want it or not.

Oregon, old Oregon, great as you are, much as we all love you, you are destined to show the largest white spot on the map without railroads of any state in the Union; you are destined to be the best place in the world to live, the least considered in the way of development, for out in Central Oregon those thousands and thousands of square miles of country will, fifty years from now, be depopulated of even the present day homesteader and his posterity; the irrigation projects will be deserted and nature again will re-instate the coyote with his dismal howl to warn anyone from attempting to cross this great American desert lest he perish by the wayside.

Yes, turn Central Oregon back to the boys with the lariat and the big hat; remove the last vestige of hope for settlers and colonization and let the cities and towns engorge until people are walking upon each other while this great expanse of territory, rich when watered, remain a cow country producing cattle, coyotes, ground squirrels, for the Indian has become too much civilized to stay there longer.

Call the dog and put out the fire.

"TODAY IS MONDAY"

As the Walter Jenkins song goes, "Today is Monday—Monday washday, everybody happy; well I should smile."

But this is more than washday. Today is Monday, yes, Monday the day following Sunday, the day following the day you spent in the hills far away; the day following the long trip in the open air; the day following the night when you turned into bed feeling a healthy first feeling; today is Monday and you arise this morning a little stiff, your arms do not work just right, your head is a little blocky, your feet hit the pavement a trifle awkward on the way to work.

But the day drags on with its usual grind and by night fall you are once more yourself again.

Monday is not as blue as some would make one think, but instead a "stiff" Monday—a day of pulling yourself together for the remainder of the week's work.

Huckleberry Thoughts.

(Editor Cheney in Enterprise) (Chieftain)
When huckleberry time comes there is a sort of instinct that leads the berry enthusiast back to the old patch, something like a bird comes back in the spring in the nesting place. The old camping ground, where the patches are well known, puts out the strongest appeal. It is indeed rare pleasure to get back to an old patch, one that you have picked several times and know good and sure to get there before anyone else learns that the berries are ripe. But how great the sorrow if on arrival you learn that some man or woman of exceptional nerve has beaten you to it and takes all the berries. There are just such people in the world and they go put out the strongest appeal. It is berry picking, too.

The experienced picker does not carry the pail he picks in but ties it around his waist with a rope or string. That leaves both his hands free to gather berries. Or at times he can lean over a cliff, holding with one hand and picking with the other, or if a bear comes around fight it off with one hand and go right on picking.

Good berry pickers will gather from three to six gallons of berries a day, to hear them tell it. The ordinary pickers will get about two gallons when they try hard. The berries have a most exasperating way of shrinking down in the pail just as one is getting a little tired of the job. When you start the berries fall into the pail rapidly and the bottom is soon covered.

The pail holds a pint; then two quarts. But it seems to stop there. You keep looking into the pail and the berry line stays right at the same place. You remember how many you promised to pick and put on some steam. You look again and the line hangs right at the old mark.

You note that the day is wearing away and hurry more, and look again. The berries seem to have sunk in the pail a little. Then you get angry and gather berries and leaves and stems in a terrible rush. About that time a hornet swats you in the face, you swing about, lose your footing, catch your toe in some brush, fall against the pail and start to roll down the mountain side.

You hang to the ball of the pail tightly, and then notice when you get up that the ball is all you have. The pail has rolled down the cliff and the berries with it. You go down and pick it up and the berries have shrunk to a mere handful. Berry hunting is one pleasure which can be indulged in a fit manner. We can't understand why this should be so; somebody is asleep at the switch surely, but it is so. No law says how many berries you can pick, except the laws of nature, or on what days you can pick, or how you shall pick or where you can't pick.

Importation of Luxuries Increasing.

(Duluth Herald.)
During the fiscal year just ended, according to the National City Bank of New York, the only class of imported articles showing an increase were luxuries—such things as diamonds, furs, lace, photographers' goods and tobacco. Imported luxuries for that year increased in value from \$240,000,000 to \$250,000,000. But they increased in quantity in a much higher percentage, indicating that during the past fiscal year the prices for such foreign luxuries had decreased substantially abroad. This country bought, for instance, in the eleven months ending with May, 1922, 38,000,000 yards of emeralds against 17,000,000 yards a year ago, and of cut, but not set, diamonds, 200,000 carats against 187,000 carats.

A quarter of a billion of American gold paid for luxuries in the last fiscal year! It seems a shocking waste. But it is well to remember that of this great sum of luxuries, the vast majority is not carried overseas toilers and that this national outlay is balanced by what is bought by the beneficiaries of our foreign luxury trade.

If anyone will trace the trade history of an ostrich feather, a diamond, foreign fur, imported tobacco, lace, pearls or emeralds, he will be surprised and pleased to note how great a share of the outlay reaches manual toilers on sea and land.

Nevertheless it is a great drain. Our people should limit their expenditures, but not in a mean or stingy way. Charity begins at home in everything. But trade in luxuries may well be encouraged if these able to indulge such tastes will remember that our own land produces many things of beauty and that American hands in plenty are willing to labor in making them.

Living Costs Increase.

Latest figures on the cost of living show an increase of more than 50 per cent since July, 1914, the month before the Great War began. They bring home, as almost nothing else could, just what German ambition and aggression have cost us here. The rest of the world has had the same sad effect impressed upon it.

Such statistics, supplied periodically by the National Industrial Conference board, go far to explain existing conditions in every industry. About the only satisfaction one may derive from them comes from the fact that they have shown much worse conditions, and that they do point to steady, if slow, improvement.

To speak in living cost was recorded just two years ago, when the period of serious industrial and commercial depression was just beginning. Since then we have been winners by a 24 per cent reduction, and it should be remembered that our recent increase in food costs are purely seasonal and practically offset by seasonal shrinkages in the prices of clothing.

Statisticians and very many business men, believe that the period of falling prices which began two years ago, will be of long duration and that production is certainly a popular one. Some commodities have already gone below pre-war levels, but their persistent fluctuation breeds distrust in prophecy. Anyhow, it is good to be able to hope.

WHEAT PRICES ARE IMPROVING

WALLA WALLA, Wash., Aug. 7.—Following a period of low prices during the early part of last week, the wheat market became stronger and climbed to 37 and 34 cents. On Monday agencies quoted their lowest prices for the summer 24 cents. Warehouse receipts that their warehouse receipts from farmers who have concluded their harvest show that 6,000 acres of the Walla Walla county crop will be but 75 per cent normal. Red is going well above normal, registering 62 and 63 pounds in the bushel.

Aug. 1922 last day to pay water rent without a penalty. 8-7-22

THE OFFICE CAT

—BY JUNIUS—



LOOPING THE LOOP IS NEXT.
He said to her, "My love for you is driving me quite mad."
She said to him, "How odd. It has the same effect on dad."

La Grande's Honest Ike says after all, the best way to elevate the masses is to raise the children properly.

Suitcases stiffen your backbone if it's made of the right stuff.

MISTAKEN.
Owner of private pond (to man who is trespassing): "Don't you see that notice, 'No Fishing Here?'"
Angler (with an injured air): "Yes, and I dispute it. Why, there's good fishing here. Look in this basket."

DAYS GONE FOREVER.
We used to be scared to death when a man reached for his hip-pocket. Now we are tickled to death, gorges a La Grande rouser.

"Hello, is this the — Club? Is my husband there? Hello, not there you say? Well, all right, then, but hold on. How do you know? I haven't told you my name."
"There ain't nobody's husband here never," was the darky's reply.

Being miserable and yet perfectly happy defines love, opines Joseph Hood.

"I wonder if you've remembered that tomorrow is my birthday?"
"Indeed I did. I went into a department store today and said to the floorwalker, 'I want a birthday present for my wife.' He said, 'How long married?'"
"I said, 'ten years.' He said, 'Bar-gain counter to the right!'"

Why kick on members of the fair sex wearing knickers—a much more intimate view is possible when they don their bathing suits.

A woman begins to show her age only when she tries to hide it.

Teacher—"If Shakespeare were alive today, would not he be looked upon as a remarkable man?"
Student—"Sure he would be! he would be 300 years old."

THE STENOGRAPHER'S VACATION.
My typist is on her vacation.
My typist's away for a week.
My typist is in her vacation.
While these damn keys play hump and send!

CHUCKLES.
Oh, bring back, bring back,
Bring back my b'Onnie to my, to my,
Bring back my being back.
Bring back my b'Onnie to my, to my,
Bring back my being back.

Talking without thinking is like shooting without taking aim.

Second hand cars are never as good as they are painted.

It would be an awful calamity if the bootlegger would go on a strike.

Dynamite is about the only agency that would have an uplifting effect on some birds we know.

LARGE SUM TAKEN BY BANK TELLER

SEATTLE, Aug. 7.—The steamer H. F. Alexander of the Admiral Line, sailing from San Francisco crashed into Cape Flattery last night.

She tore a hole in forward port and began leaking slowly. She probably she expected to arrive at 10 o'clock.

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TONIGHT

DANCE

With Shuberts Jazz Orchestra AT EAGLES HALL. We don't make records but sure do break 'em. Popular Prices. F. O. Eagles Management.

West & Co

MEN!
If You're Looking for a SUIT---
We've just unpacked fifty new suits that have arrived in advance for fall. They're young men's and business men's models and all are from HART SCHAFFNER & MARX.
Every man knows what that means—finest all wool quality wools, finest hand tailoring which means the best of fit and an absolute guarantee of satisfaction.
MEN WHO LIKE REAL CLOTHES
We want you to see these new suits. Come in any time and look them over. Marx suits are all cheaper this fall. Best of all in the price—Hart Schaffner & Marx \$25.50 to \$35.00
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Mattresses of all kinds cleaned and rebuilt. Feather Renovating. Rug Rugs and Fluff Rugs for sale.
Carpet and Rug Cleaning 1x12, \$1.50 and up. Chas. Edwards, Prop. Phone 252-W

Market News

WHEAT UP A LITTLE.
(By Associated Press)
PORTLAND, Aug. 7.—Wheat went to \$1.04 to \$1.09 today.

For Sale

5 room modern house close in on O street. Nice lawn, trees, shrubbery, cement sidewalks. An ideal little home. Price \$2800. Terms on part of it.
5 room modern house in Chinatown addition, bungalow style. Cement sidewalks, lawn, trees, etc. Price \$2000. \$100 cash, balance easy terms.
5 room house, 4 lots, at 1004 Third street. Close to high school. Price \$2500. \$500 cash, balance \$35.00 per month.

Two good rooming houses for sale, close in and built money makers. Price right. Come in and we will talk these over with you.

7 room modern house and large barn, garage, lawn, trees, shrubbery on Adams avenue. Price \$5000 and \$1000 cash will handle it and \$1000 and interest on deferred payments per year. A real home, and may be buy.

C.J. BLACK & CO.

New Foley Building La Grande, Oregon



Make enlargements from your good negatives. Brownie Enlarging Camera. RED CROSS DRUG STORE THE KODAK STORE

The Promise of Tomorrow

The possibilities of the future are the incentive to work and strive for the attainment of something we think is in sight for tomorrow. It gives courage and strength to endure hardship and disappointment.

You may insure your future by opening a savings account with us from a small portion of your earnings of today and build upon it as a means of guarantee of the promise of tomorrow.

La Grande National Bank

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