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WAY TO LIFE:—He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—Micah 6: 8.

Curtiss and King on Our Neck

If you don't want to have sleepless nights, feel like you had a corn on every toe and a dozen carbuncles spread up and down your vertebrae, don't ever antagonize Senator Martin King, mayor or Kamela, and G. M. Curtiss, chief of police of that city.

We know, because we have just done some antagonizing and the results are fearful. Like many country editors, we depended upon current rumor and reported that the mercury in a recent cold snap hit 20 degrees below in Kamela. Therein lies the cause of Mayor King and Chief Curtiss' disgust and desire to get even.

Yesterday these august gentlemen, whose bulk after running locomotive engines for nigh onto fifty years, fills the average doorway, darkened the editorial sanctum of the Observer and with Mayor King as spokesman we received the calling down of our young lives.

"We want it distinctly understood," said the pompous mayor, "that Kamela has been irreparably maligned and injured by the Evening Observer. Just at the hour you reported the mercury 20 degrees below zero the weather was fine in our town, the birds were singing and the chipmunks were monkeying around, and when you said there was four feet of snow at Kamela you broke the back of truth and veracity to such extent that you shall be labeled in Kamela in the future as the father of untruthful utterances. As proof of this I point to the fact that a La Grande doctor drove his car unaided and without chains to Kamela that very night—to attend a sick railroad man; the following day, my worthy aide (pointing to Mr. Curtiss) started his private snow-plow, which is a device he has constructed in front of his automobile to keep the road open for La Grande people who want the pure air of the mountain and possess a desire to get up among the cultured and refined people who dwell in Kamela. This devised snow plow will not work in more than five inches of snow, to my knowledge, yet it worked beautifully the day you printed your slanderous news story about Kamela."

We thought the mayor had about run down, but not so, for his training with Bill Borah, of Idaho, when they campaigned together years ago during Mr. Calvin's administration as head of the Short Line, has left its impress and King, like Borah, never wants for words and never mutilates the King's English. Thus he continued:

"I say to you that we could stand it had this article only appeared in the Evening Observer, but I see smaller papers such as the Portland Oregonian, the Seattle P-I, and the San Francisco Chronicle, have taken up the line of abuse against Kamela printed in your sheet, and we, as people who live on top of the mountain, hereby register a just and solemn objection demanding that you retract, yes, retract, you understand me, retract your utterance against Kamela."

After thinking it all over and looking these two old patriots squarely in the face, we feel there is nothing to do but retract, so here she goes. In the language of the Bingville Bugle, come again when you are in better humor.

What Does This City Need Most?

Minneapolis has given a more extensive and intensive application of civic investigation, with the recent celebration of Minneapolis Week, than, in all probability, any community has ever, heretofore, attempted. That city has interested the many local organizations in an effort to have all residents familiarize themselves with existing conditions, or in full, effect, to know the town as it is.

The idea itself is not new, but the application is. Many cities have undertaken to acquaint the people with advantages and needs, and many have conducted buy-at-home campaigns and civic pride propaganda. But none, with the possible exception of Cleveland, has gone as far as Minneapolis in educational endeavor as to the city's merits or deficiencies. Cleveland, it might be said, wages a ceaseless battle for community advancement.

The average citizenship has a mistaken theory as to local pride and loyalty. It maintains earnestly that the affection which it owes to itself must be expressed in boastful terms, and that to criticize, even constructively, is almost tantamount to civic treason. It believes sincerely, even zealously, that the only essential to progress is fervent display of gallant patriotism.

No community can progress which is unwilling or incompetent to take cognizance of its faults and wants and no community can the town is and picture what it should be. Mere brag, unsupported by ideals and the will for more beautiful appearance and more think in terms of betterment which does not carefully study what satisfactory and improved living conditions, is an indication of the self-satisfied state which typifies retrogression.

The community which desires to go forward must not only feel just pride in its advantages, and give scope to this pride, but it must steadfastly exert itself to exalt living and business standards. Civic patriotism should foster a live sense of dissatisfaction, a displeasure over community and civic defects, so that advancement may be continuous.

We must like our town so much as always, while glorying in its excellence, to long and strive to make it better and more beautiful. We must realize its needs, as well as its beauties and benefits. Good as the town is, and better than any other, it is not quite good enough. This is the achieving civic patriotism.

If Germany is threatened with starvation after four years of peace, how did the Germans manage to eat during four years of war?

Editorials From Over the Nation

LET THE SEAWAY WIN ON ITS MERITS

Chicago News: Congressional friends of the St. Lawrence seaway project have decided wisely to reject the suggestion that an attempt be made to obtain favorable legislation for it by including it in the administration's ship subsidy bill. The idea was that the two plans, if presented in one measure, might help each other.

The St. Lawrence seaway plan is altogether too important to the nation to be made the tail of any legislative kite. The millions of farmers, industrial workers and business men who favor it would not countenance an attempt to make it so.

For the time being the project is held in abeyance by the Canadian government, but there is reason to believe that negotiation of the necessary agreements between Canada and the United States can be undertaken early next year. When the proper time comes for legislation to give the seaway official sanction the needed measure will be passed.

President Harding favors the plan, business, civic and technical organizations throughout the country have approved it and the members of congress—except those who in this matter represent the sectional prejudices of New York and New England—know that by supporting the seaway they will serve the interests not only of their own districts but those of the entire nation.

It would not be an act of wisdom to attempt to gain votes for the seaway plan by linking it with another and unrelated measure.

SPRING'S TEN COLORS

New Orleans Times Picayune: Lately a group of men—gentlemen, we trust—have been holding close conference in New York city selecting the colors that you ladies are going to find "perfectly adorable" when snow, sleet and spring's buds begin to melt. When you study the shop windows at that time for your seasonal purchases you may be surprised how frequently a small lot of colors will appear, colors that will be no credit to you, but wonder how you ever got on without them in the past. If you should count these novelties in hue you will find they are exactly ten, and eight now we could name and describe them.

Some of those are old friends in hue of last—a navy and gray—though doubtless in fact we will find them in new variations of an old theme. The others are apparently quite novel. Beige, as one might expect, is a neutral of scarlets, and sandalwood has a brown tone characteristic enough, but we have to be told that fallow is a beige brown, and a bluish green and rosewood an ash or cream buff. Strangely, we can imagine, is something violent, and almost green ought to be a not unusual tint of the olive variety. Then there is bitterweed, described as a just color. If it is in the exact hue of the bitterweed vine now in its glory at the north we are out for our net flapper's spring outfit.

THE SELFISH "GOOD CITIZEN"

Triuman Tribune: There is a certain type of man in every community who poses as a good citizen. He breaks no laws, keeps himself, pays his honest debts and he never tangled with the laws in any manner. But he lives at himself, by himself and for himself only and exclusively. When the call is issued for volunteers to take hold of the car of progress and give a boost, he never answers. When the community has fallen people in certain localities and charitable organizations file in the rescue, he is never one of their number. When money is needed to quill the spirit of public entertainment his name is never on the list. When he sees some neighbor stuck in the mud, he comes round to avoid him. In fact, were he standing on the shore and should observe the ship of state fast sinking in the sea, he never a line would he throw. He might bore a hole in the side of the vessel that lets in the water, so it is some of his business what happens, but were all mankind fashioned from this manner of clay, have you ever thought what would happen? There would be no charities, no hospitals for the sick, no institutions for the unfortunate, no rest rooms for the weary. Civilization would crumple in a heap and the strongest would rule, but in not a good citizen, but gets all fixed mad if you say so.

When they are dressed for market, you can't tell a chicken from an old hen. We are writing of poultry, you understand.

THE OFFICE CAT

This season's gas output breaks all records, so does our output for gas.

Good luck will help a man over the ditch if he jumps hard.

The motto of New Jersey is "Liberty and Prosperity." A certain number of murderers probably appreciate the first part of it.

The man who lives for himself alone certainly has very little to live for.

An "eternal triangle" has three corners but only one cornerer.

Amos Tash says a tactful man is he who listens with interest to the things he knows all about frequently told by one who knows nothing at all about them.

THAT HELD HER
Carried away by the beauty of the heroine on the screen, he murmured, unconsciously, "Isn't she lovely?"

"Every time you see a pretty girl you forget you're married," snapped his better half.

"You're wrong, my dear, nothing brings home the fact with so much force."

The only drawback about playing Santa Claus more than once a year is the cost.

Most men wear false faces when they play Santa Claus so that they will not "give away" their real feelings, (especially when giving away fur coats and other inexpensive presents).

Wit without wisdom soon becomes wearisome.

There were flappers in grandmother's days, but they called them "tom boys."

When Greek Meets Greek
Unfortunately when Greek meets Greek, the event is more often billed as One Round Hogan vs. Kid Riley.

Somebody always makes money out of a fad, but the fad followers don't. Have another Eskimo pie?

Money still talks, but a dollar is sorely in need of an amplifier.

PEACE AT ANY PRICE

When the late Gen. Horace Porter was manager of the Pullman company an army officer wrote him saying that the Pullman car that had carried him from Jersey City to Long Beach had not been properly swept and dusted.

General Porter wrote back the letter; also the second, the third and the fourth. But the fifth was so violent that General Porter dictated the following reply:

"Sir: We have run the train off the track, burned the cars, shot the conductor, hanged the porter and discontinued the line. Hoping that this will be satisfactory, I remain, etc."

TAKE INTEREST IN SCHOOLS

What are you going to do in 1923 to make the "Happy New Year" your wish for all you greet in January 1st, come true?

"What can I do?" is the natural answer.

Here is something you can do; you can interest yourself in your schools. You can visit some of them. You can see for yourself whether or not your own children are being adequately cared for, properly taught, wisely made into real Americans.

"But I have no children," is no good answer. You have an American birthright. You have an American ideal. You believe in Democracy. You believe in freedom of thought, of religion, of the press, of action, within the law. You believe this is the best country in which to live. You believe that here, rather than in any other land, man has the greatest opportunity to be happy.

But you won't be able to believe these things if the generation to come after you does not so act that you can believe them. And the generation to follow you is not going to be truly and wholly American, unless its members are taught, now, today, this minute, in the fundamentals of the American doctrine.

You pay your taxes and comfortably leave the rest to a school board, or a superintendent of schools, or a board of aldermen. When you give an order in business, do you forget it? When a woman tells her cook to prepare dinner, does she rest satisfied regardless of how the dinner is cooked, or train her cook to better ways if it is ill-done, or get a new cook if the old one cannot be taught? Well, which is most important; the order in business, the cooking of a dinner, or the education of children? You have given your orders, as a voter and a taxpayer; it is your business to see that they are carried out. If you find them unexecuted, you can protest. But if no one looks to see, if no one protests, if no one takes an interest, not only the children, but America, your America suffers.

THE POET OF CHILDHOOD

James O. Young in New York Times: Perhaps no poet ever sought a larger audience to please, and certainly none ever pleased it better, than Eugene Field, the poet of childhood. Chicago has just erected a monument to him in Lincoln park, not far from the place where he wrought such exquisite things to delight young families. This memorial is in the form of an angel hovering over two children, sprinkling the sand of dreams into their eyes, a belated honor to the man whose lullabies have helped put to sleep two generations of American children.

Field's work is much better known than himself. "Little Boy Blue" has become a classic wherever the language has penetrated. But the Field who was a delight in the flesh is little more than a shadow now, a belated honor to those who recall the public interest in him when he was the merry minstrel of journalism—"The Good Knight, was near of eans monnain," as he was pleased to call himself.

The greatest source of noise is the battle, though it is found everywhere in color from a pop song to the orange, and sometimes in the frequently in these transient days are seen fossil insects long dead these thousands of years ago.

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Wagner's Piano, Long Lost, Is Found



The most famous piano in the world, the instrument presented to Richard Wagner by King Ludwig of Bavaria and on which the famous musician composed his greatest music dramas, has been found and is now in New York. Long thought to be destroyed in Germany by Robert H. Prager, American consul, Arthur Posadowsky, Best conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, is shown playing.

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As we complete 26 years of successful banking in La Grande we desire to thank those sincerely our many patrons and the public who have assisted in making possible this success.

We also desire to wish the citizens of La Grande and Union County a most Happy and Prosperous New Year, and we trust that the year 1923 may be replete with happiness and success for them.

The Directors, Officers and Staff.

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