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BRUCE DENNIS, Editor.

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JESUS THE HEALER:—Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them, and healed them.—Luke 4:40.

Learn To Do It Well

To the boys of La Grande—and there are many, many fine boys in this city—the Evening Observer wants to preach the great merit of a good apprenticeship. Learn to do something well—better than other fellows can do it. Frown upon this American idea of learning a trade or a profession in two years—be thorough, for in that lies future success.

Real men are wanted everywhere. There is a standing advertisement outside the door of every profession, occupation and calling. It reads "Wanted—A Man." Millions are out of work in every line of trade. Thousands of pulpits stand idle while church committees comb the country looking for candidates. Yet thousands of preachers are idle waiting for a call. Lawyers and physicians are numerous, yet good men in these professions are being sought in vain to fill man-size commissions. In industry great positions offering fabulous salaries go begging for the men to fill them acceptably.

Diogenes with his lantern sought at noontide for an honest man, and cried to those who crowded around him, "I called for men, not pygmies." The same cry resounded through the world today. There is room, even in the most crowded fields of endeavor for a man. The supply does not begin to meet the demand.

Men are wanted of outstanding personality and conviction. Men are wanted with initiative and insight, a fresh imagination and a ready wit.

Men are wanted who are bigger than their jobs, broader than their callings, whose value upon their occupation is not the capacity to give them a living.

Men are wanted who are poised and balanced. Not men who are cursed with some little defect and weakness that blights their usefulness. Men are wanted who are not lopsided and possessed of one-way minds.

Men are wanted who are educated all around, with steady nerve, active brain, skilful hands, generous spirit and whose native gift it is to mix with their fellow-men. Men are wanted who can reason their way with plain common sense.

Applicants may apply anywhere. The field is the world.

Who Is This John Doe Fellow?

Over in the city hall the name of John Doe is often heard, and recently an ambitious officer lately added to the office force, asked, "Who is this John Doe fellow?"

The question is important and the following little bit of John Doe history may be interesting to everyone, especially those who have asked their fines be entered on the docket in the name of John Doe:

John Doe was born about the close of the Dark Ages. He was the creation of some English lawyers who began to see the light of progress. They needed John Doe for the purpose of making law more complicated than it had been. Fact had made it snarled enough for most persons, but the lawyers called fiction to their aid to make it more profitable. John Doe was the fictitious lad to turn the grindstone for them. Just why they needed him as the plaintiff in actions of ejectment would of itself be a fit subject for a 10,000 word thesis by any young lawyer seeking a degree.

John Doe, springing full armed (with papers) from the brow of Justice, entered upon a career in which he was ever an imaginary lessee battling with an imaginary Richard Roe for possession of land. The land was real and so were the men who win it in court and the lawyers who never gave Doe or Roe a groat for their services. For seven centuries, until parliament passed the Common Law Procedure Act in 1852, Doe and Roe were busy, but always in fairly respectable work. But the act of 1852 abolished fictions in ejectment.

John Doe, after seven centuries of work, deserved a grave in Westminster Abbey. But no; the cruel lawyers would not let him die. He was forced into the miserable work of the criminal courts. Judges issued warrants in his name, and his monicker appears frequently on police court dockets. He is the most frequently fined individual in the world. Something really should be done for John.

The state highway department is said to be about ready to receive a general checking up and Commissioner Daby is to be the official shaker. Those of us who know Daby do not believe that he is inclined to do much fussing when things are running all right.

A jury of "superior intelligence" is demanded by one of the parties in a New York case. It might be difficult to get a jury of "superior intelligence" but not one of intelligence superior to the average jury.

Germany, according to a junker, will have a new "Tag" in 50 years. Giving themselves plenty of time, evidently, to forget the disastrous effects of the last affair.

Anyway, Portlanders are coming to Eastern Oregon to get the first glimpse of President Harding—but they are awful welcome, at that.

Bryan doesn't play golf and probably couldn't be induced to start. The very idea of links in any form seems objectionable to him.

Perhaps the rains may keep you in sometimes, but think of the crop this Grande Ronde is going to have this year and then overlook any personal inconvenience. At least do not mention it.

Editorials From Over the Nation

JUST THIRTY SECONDS

Milwaukee Journal: There is always the possibility that the child, playing on the sidewalk or standing on the corner, will start into the street. What makes the little mind work that way, no one knows. But it is a fact which drivers should and must—take into consideration. Of course the child may come from behind a parked car or an obstruction, in which case no human mind could foresee an accident. But Chief Lautenheimer, in investigating the disastrous toll of little lives, finds that in more than half the cases this is not the situation. The child—or the group of children—is there in plain sight to warn the driver to be under control. He does not heed the warning. After the accident, when asked his hurry, such a driver, nine times out of ten can give no reason. Suppose your child imperiled its life but was saved by a driver who thought more of the children of the city than he did of the thirty seconds that it took to slow down. It would mean to you all the difference between happiness and an empty life. If you are not a parent, try anyway to visualize the same situation. In the lines of Wordsworth:

"A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?"

But the driver does know, and he is in control of the death-dealing machine. His is the moral responsibility.

ANOTHER DAILY GONE

The Pendleton Tribune has just added itself to the list of Oregon newspapers which have dropped back from daily to weekly publication, thereby leaving only one daily in the Pendleton field. In a valedictory editorial Harry Kueck, the former editor, says that with its passing there "probably passes forever the day when Pendleton shall have two daily newspapers." "It has become," he says, "no longer feasible to publish two dailies in this town of 7,287 people."

So the story goes. For the past two years the second daily in the smaller Oregon cities has been dropping out. With increasing cost of publication, support has been insufficient for two papers. Undoubtedly as time passes others will be added to the list. A change in the other direction will come only when publication costs are reduced and the existing papers fail to meet their obligations of service.—Bond Bulletin.

"Indians make eloquent appeal." In the old days poor Lo bit the dust, but now he merely chews the rag.

It isn't so very difficult to succeed if you have industry, common sense, and a few first-class enemies.

This is a marvelous age of economy kitchenettes and trick furniture for small apartments, according to

Southard & Shinn
Buick Automobiles
Buick Service
Buick Parts and Accessories.
Phone Main 587
Cor. Adams and Fir

The Good
MAXWELL

Is praised by all who are familiar with it.
Phone us today for your demonstration—without obligation, of course

C. W. Banting & Son
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OFFICE CAT
TRADE MARK

BY JUNIUS

The speed mania, characteristic of our generation, is getting worse. Auto drivers are harder to curb. People are hitting their meals faster. Our obsessed nation rushes to work so it can rush to the movies. The picture over, it stampedes to be first out.

Smooth talking and rough thinking usually go together.

THE BOYCOTT
Minnehaha met her papa
Going to the grocery.
Said Minnehaha to her papa,
"Oh, but do you know, sir,
There is no sugar in the house.
Oh, papa, dear, do you suppose
We could with sugar do without,
And help the women bring about
The downfall of the profiteer?"
Her papa this did greet with cheer:
Then to the drug store she did
Go,
And with the money she had saved,
(The dough for which her papa
slaved),
A box of sugar hobbons buy—
A two-pound box—of hobbons buy!

The Height of Ignorance
The guy who thinks that castle soap is made in the steel works.

Sure Disaster
Going to sleep in a swimming class.

If the murderer returns to the scene of his crime, he probably has a sense of humor and enjoys watching the detectives.

Anybody can write novels, but it

takes a genius to write an ad, that will make a pipe sound dainty and sanitary.

"Nothing makes me happier" growls Amos Tash, "than to see a shoe clerk buy a pair of shoes that hurt his feet."

The wages of sin are alimony.
The man who lives fast soon finds out that happiness can not keep up with him.

It isn't probably that the world ever will be bound together by any universal language except the one money talks.

There are approximately 387 tire-some talkers to the square mile, and most of them begin with the words, "that reminds me."

A woman was admitted to an institution for the feeble-minded recently. She said that she believed everything her husband told her.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING
Who was the wild and winsome coot
That made poor Adam pull the boot
And taste of that forbidden fruit?
A Flapper.

This Cleopatra maiden fair
For whom great Caesar tore his hair,
Who was this vamp so debonaire?
A Flapper.
Who strokes the cops upon their
nobs?
And on their shoulders gently sob,
While some swell finds from them,
she robs?
A Flapper.

Who is it spends their hard-earned
kale?
Who makes this plant a woeful tale?
Who is more deadly than the male?
A Flapper.

We do not agree with a lot of
men who seem to think woman's
place is in the dishwasher.

SEEDS ALMOST "PURE"

(By Associated Press)
BOISE, Idaho, June 15.—Idaho growers of certified seed are urged to have their seed tested for standard requirements, in a bulletin issued by the agronomy department of the University of Idaho extension division. The bulletin asserts that there will be no material change in the requirements for certified seed this year and specifies that the standard test requires the purity percentage of seeds shall not be less than 99 per cent.



Extra quality--style and value in Hart Schaffner & Marx Dixie Weaves
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THE MONTH FOR BRIDE AND GROOM
FOR APPROPRIATE PRESENTS
DAINTY TABLE FAVORS
CONGRATULATION CARDS
SEE OUR STOCK
Newlin Book & Stationery Co.

VIENNA SUPPORTS 73,000 DOGS
(By Associated Press)
VIENNA, June 15.—From a census which has just been taken in Vienna it appears that the city has 73,000 dogs, or twice as many as in peace time. At first sight it would seem remarkable that so many people in this poverty-ridden city should be keeping dogs.
One of the principal reasons is the increase in the number of burglaries and thefts, which has led many households to keep dogs for protection. Watchmen with police dogs are employed to guard the great Central Cemetery from which a number of bodies have been stolen.
Let a Want Ad find your buyer.

U.B. Thrifty says

A man might lose a fortune by a single stroke—but very few of them are made that way.
A fortune is usually the result of careful and systematic use of every available resource at the individual's command.
You can start the nucleus around which a fortune may later develop by starting a SAVINGS ACCOUNT
In our bank.
A dollar if all you need to start your account, and a desire to see it grow will bring surprising results in a year's time.
And now is the time to start building for the future.
Quit blowing bubbles and start making bricks
La Grande NATIONAL BANK
SOUND-RELIABLE-PROGRESSIVE
IT TAKES 100 YEARS TO GROW TIMBER
PUT OUT YOUR FIRES