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A LAMP AND A LIGHT.—The word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.—Psalm 119:105.
VICTORY HERE.—Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world.—1 John, 4:4.

Editorials From Over the Nation

THE HOUND LYING DOWN WITH THE FOX

(Editorial in the Christian Science Monitor.)

The illustrated supplement of a metropolitan newspaper shows an interesting picture of a hound lying down with its forepaws around a young fox, like the arms of a child flung around the neck of a beloved dog. On the face of it, this picture shows a situation apparently violating a law of nature deeply imbedded in both the hound and the fox. The nature of a hound is to pursue a fox. The nature of a fox is to flee, with all the accessories of cunning, whenever it catches sight or scent of a hound. These two particular creatures which ordinarily act as irreconcilables are recorded by the camera in that apparently paradoxical relation because they know each other. They have been brought up together in the same kennel. Because of this habitual proximity, continued through puppyhood and adulthood, the two foes, ordinarily at swords' points, so to speak, are firm friends, apparently incapable of doing each other any harm.

That picture of the hound and the fox conveys a basic lesson to warring men and hostile nations, "snarling at each other's heels." Back in the early beginnings of human society, when men dwelt in caves or rocky tops, a stranger was definitely an enemy—an enemy to be circumvented or destroyed on sight. The initial and instinctive reaction of the cave man to the stranger whom he sighted or whose voice he heard in the silence of the forest was one of hostility. This hostility was based primarily on fear—fear of what the stranger might do if he could deliver the first blow with his club.

Man has traveled far since cave-dwelling days. But that fear of the stranger—and consequently hatred of him—has survived deep down in the human heart. The Slavic race, when it first met the German, could not understand his language. Therefore, the Slav assumed that the German was incapable of speech, and that he uttered inarticulate, guttural sounds. Hence he named the German a "Neimetz," or a man who was "niem," or dumb. The Slav did not understand the German, therefore he assumed that he was a mate-montroy.

Throughout the world, at the beginning of what we hope will be the new era—an era of peace and understanding—the same instinct of fear and suspicion, the bequest of cave-dwelling days, is acting as a powerful obstacle to reconciliation. Despite all the progress which the race has achieved, at least in material things, including the invention of such instruments to promote acquaintance and facilitate contact as the railway, the telegraph, the telephone, nations snarl at each other's heels, when they would co-operate heartily if they knew what was in each other's hearts.

These misunderstandings, dating back to the infancy of the race, are being too frequently promoted by statesmen whose aim is to serve their selfish interests instead of serving the interests of their peoples. But it is also due in large measure to the lack of effort in the schools of America and of every other country to instill into the thoughts of the children an intelligent, sympathetic understanding of other peoples. The process of accustoming the lamb to lie down with the wolf—a wolf disarmed by understanding—should begin in the school and in the home. This would help to bring the millennium.

THE DAY I QUIT TRAPPING.
James P. Sullivan in Our Dumb Animals: I well remember the day. It was four years ago, but it all comes back to me as vividly as if it had happened yesterday. I was a boy in my teens, living with my parents on a farm in the Ozark hills. There were twelve of us children in the family. Most of father's earnings went for necessities of life, leaving but little for luxuries, even at Christmas time; so I had fallen back on purchasing animals to supply me with money for such occasions.

One winter morning I set out across the hills to my traps. A light flurry of snow had fallen the night before, and the morning air was crisp, cold and penetrating. I found the first traps undisturbed, so I eagerly stepped on to my last trap with expectation. Sure enough, I found a large possum in it, but when I look at the poor creature I destroyed all the joy of my anticipation.

The springs of the trap had cut deep into the animal's leg, the skin was torn, and the flesh lacerated to the bone. The hairs of the nose were stiff and crusted from its frozen breath. The earth torn about indicated that the creature had been going on for hours. The anatomy of the poor creature had imprinted on my mind a picture not easily forgotten. I soon put it out of misery, wondering that I had not opened my eyes to cruelty and torture of trapping long before.

A WANT AD WILL DO IT



More pianos are ruined through neglect than through use. Ad in DeSota County, Fla. News.
(And a belava lot of dispositions are ruined thru too much use of pianos.)

It must be annoying to be born rich and never have a chance to brag about your humble start.

We'll never think Burbank a real wizard until he shows us how to cross a street with impunity.

It may be that fruits feel pain, as that Frenchman says, but the grapefruit is the only one that can hit back.

Don't put things off—put 'em over.

"I'll never get over this as long as I live," said the hen as she surveyed the ostrich egg.

The sad thing about honesty, is its lack of popularity.

"Bear with us!" cried Silent Sam as brain knocked the tent pole over.

There's Many a Slip.

(Being a synopsis of the ambitions of a few graduates of a Portland High School class of 1910, and how they panned out.)

John J. Jellison wanted to be a Congressman, and help make Advanced Laws for an Advanced Race. He now is doing a song and dance skit twice a day on the Big Time.

Bertha Summers had her heart set on an Olympic career. Today I saw in the paper that she had her seventh

baby back in the old home town. Art Henderson was fairly spoiling to be middleweight champion some day. He recently accepted a call to the pastorate of a prominent Boston Church.

Thomas Thingle, on the other hand, was sure he wanted to be a missionary. Now he operates a large chain of poolrooms in a mid-western city.

Helen Holden, the clinging vine, blushing admitted that she thought matrimony the ideal career for a woman. She is now the very prim Miss Holden, teacher of mathematics in a Chicago High School.

Fred Sterling, the prominent athlete of high school days, wanted to be a golf professional. I saw him today on his way to his plumbing shop.

Nellie Coyne could hardly wait to become a Red Cross nurse. Last week she took a position as assistant manager of the local dry goods house.

Walter Jones was all set to become a partner in his father's butcher shop. He now holds down the chair of Social Science at the State University.

Harry Alford, the class president, felt the call to higher things, and was going to study politics. He just bought a new Packard from his best-losing profits.

Little lazy Benny Butts, the incorrigible kid, said upon graduation that he didn't care much what he did. He was elected to the State Senate last November.

Bravery.
He braced right up and asked the proud Young millonairress for her hand.

You see, he owned a beach resort and so, of course, he had the sand.

A traveler says you can scrape an acquaintance in ten minutes at any fashionable resort. You can, perhaps, if you are a barber.

Many of our troubles may begin with the stomach lining, as that doctor says; but more of them begin with the brake linings.

One way to put the shikks under the sugar growers is to grow our fruit a little sweeter.

Great minds run in the same channel and so do little pigs run in the same path.

Troubles, like babies, grow larger by nursing.

There is only one thing the average man dislikes worse than being flattered, and that is not being flattered.

Shaking a Fist at Radio

Song writers and musical composers shook an angry fist at radio when they served notice that broadcasting stations throughout the country will be prosecuted under the copyright laws unless they pay royalties upon music used in aerial programs.

Every owner of the humblest home-made crystal receiving set is interested in that. He wonders how long stations would be able to broadcast literally free and to all the world if they were forced to pay a sizeable royalty every time a song is sung.

The representative of the song writers and composers painted what was meant to be a gloomy picture.

The situation is serious. Radio is affecting the sales of sheet music and of phonograph records. The radio sets are placed on top of the phonographs which are never even opened any more. In New York and St. Louis apartment houses are being built with attachments for radio sets in every apartment, and it is believed this will be done all over the country.

Radio can best leave the answer to that to the phonograph record makers, who are said to pay a royalty of two cents on each record. Are they likely to confess that radio has made the phonograph a back number? One shudders at the possibility.

What Mr. Rosenthal, of the "Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers of America," has done is to pay a handsome tribute to radio, a tribute that is none the less impressive because it is perhaps overdrawn. He says that not more than a dozen song writers in America are now able to support themselves out of their earnings. Which may mean that radio has taught Americans to be more discriminating!

What Russia Must Do

Secretary Hughes has reaffirmed clearly the proper American policy toward any proposal of recognition of the present Russian government. He declares again that the fundamental test is whether that government has the ability and the disposition to discharge its international obligations. He is satisfied that Moscow does not now meet these conditions. While the form of the Russian government may be none of America's concern, it is patent that there is everything to lose and nothing to gain by proposing de jure recognition of an administration that will not or cannot keep its obligations.

There has been much sentimentality in some quarters over the Moscow regime. Mr. Hughes does well to bring the discussion again to solid ground. It is proper enough to carry relief to the suffering populations of the unfortunate land. It is proper enough to assist it to its feet in every humanitarian manner. But to put the stamp of lawful recognition upon any government, whether communistic or monarchistic, unless and until it evidence its willingness and capacity to honor its obligations, is not to be thought of by substantial statement.

As protestations come from Moscow, from time to time, that the Lenin regime is willing and able to execute its obligations, the argument transfers itself from the realm of theory to that of fact. Sooner or later the United States may properly be called upon to decide whether such protestations are to be accepted in good faith. But as long as Tchitcherin and his colleagues confine themselves to glittering generalities, not much progress will be made.

Tobacco Praised

Tell it not in Utah—where tobacco is anathema and smoking an offense—that the weed has its uses as a means of warding off disease. From Paris comes the report of a savant's decision in favor of "My Lady Nicotine," defendant in the case which enemies of tobacco have brought against her as a destroyer of health. This opinion even goes so far as to hold that she actively aids health by checking the growth and spread of disease germs.

In the past defense of the weed has usually been limited to testimony of lay addicts who, having been unable to answer technical arguments against tobacco, have countered with a statement of account showing a favorable balance, including such items as contentment and satisfaction and thought stimulation and friendship promotion.

But it seems that there is no subject on which doctors do not disagree. There appear to be three or more sides to every question to which they address themselves. A scientific declaration in behalf of tobacco was only a matter of time. Now it has come.

Big men are said to be the best natured, but they also swing a hefty ham.

It might help if incomes could be raised as easily as taxes are increased.

Persons who clamor for something different do not always seem to know what is good for them.

Just when one thinks a man is beginning to show good business sense he loses his head over a woman.

Distance may have been shortened by the automobile, but three miles is just as far to walk as ever.

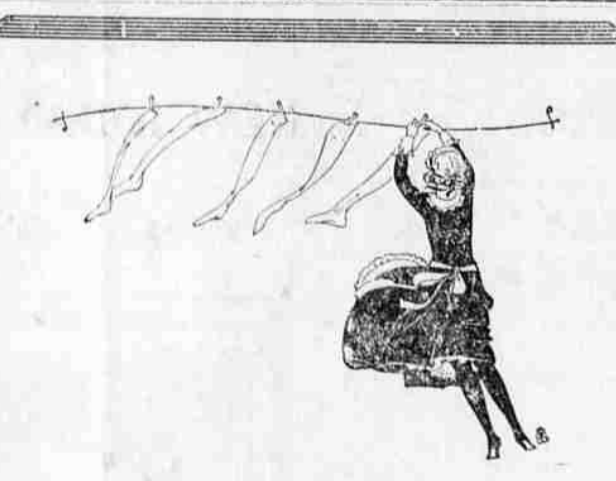
Wearing overalls in the senate could hardly make some members more ridiculous than they are able to make themselves now.

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