

La Grande Evening Observer

INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER Published daily and weekly at La Grande, Oregon, by La Grande Evening Observer Publishing Company. BRUCE DENNIS, Editor. Entered at postoffice at La Grande, Ore., as Second Class Mail Matter. On sale in other cities—Oregon Hotel News Stand, Portland; Imperial News Stand, Portland; Multnomah News Stand, Portland. Address all communications to THE OBSERVER, 1416 Adams, Ave., La Grande, Oregon. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By Carrier Daily, per month \$1.50; Daily, per three months \$4.25; Daily, per six months \$7.50; Daily, per year, in advance \$13.50. He that keeps his mouth keeps his life, but he that opens his mouth has his soul have destruction.—Prov. 13:3.

Editorials From Over the Nation

HOMIE LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD

Chicago Tribune: The latest event of interest and importance in Hollywood involves two of our favorite actresses, Mabel Normand and Edna Purviance. Every time the chivalry takes to shooting Mabel has just dropped in from a Brahmin concert, ending penance, reading the Police Gazette or Freud. She gets all the breaks in luck and does most of the festivities. Some people may think that the latest shooting will tend to bring into question the home life of the movie queens as disclosed by special investigators. Miss Normand's chauffeur plucked Miss Purviance's gentleman friend because he thought that the gentleman might be about to offer Mabel something alcoholic. The gentleman was a stranger in Hollywood, having struck oil and wired a real estate agent to rent him a bungalow. All successful oil speculators want to go to Hollywood, attracted by the home life and the excellent literary company.

The chauffeur may have been busy. He may have been mistaken. But it shows how far Hollywood is prepared to sustain the better things of life. The chauffeur evidently is a man of high character with a scrupulous regard for the moral welfare of the lady who employs him. What we have read of the movie home life does not prepare us to accept the implication that Miss Normand has offered Miss Purviance a drink or that she might have taken it; but Kelly, the chauffeur, says he was afraid the little girl would get litany-eyed and his impulse was noble.

THE CLEAR ROAD

Idaho Statesman: Secretary Wallace sees agriculture "on the road to recovery," with the "era of sound prosperity" in sight. We have no fault to find with the meaning the secretary seeks to convey, nor much with the phrases he uses, but are they not curious phrases, these standardized, grandiloquent, luncheon club expressions of our generation? "On the road to recovery." The economists have made such language remarkably vivid. They have drawn highways leading toward the sunshine of a new day of prosperity. And they have shown business, commerce, industry, mankind, individuals, institutions, moving toward the objective. It is all very vivid. And yet the cartoonists merely borrowed the device from the old writers of allegories, the pilgrims of the centuries before man proceeded along a road to his destination has been an easy one to grasp and otherwise abstract ideas have been caught easily when expressed in terms of it.

Progress toward "the era of sound prosperity" is not unlike progress on the road to recovery. One in progress in space, the other in time. Both are simple ideas. The idea of tomorrow's coming is absurdly simple. The hope of happy tomorrows is in every breast. America is truly fortunate if all her people, not her farmers merely, can see themselves on the road to recovery and approaching the era of sound prosperity. Men will always be happy if they see themselves approaching better times. We of the west lead ourselves to believe, sometimes, that we are peculiar in our forward-looking characteristics. We see in our country a developing land. Much of our prosperity, we say, lies in the future. But we should remind ourselves that even in the communities of the settled east, men are looking forward the same way. Every village expects to become a city, every city feels the molten molten urge, every airport tries to change the flow of traffic so that it will become the greatest on the seaboard. Always the perfect condition is a little beyond; it is never quite reached.

That may well be the case with agriculture. There will never be a day when everything is satisfactory to the farmer, or to the man of any other business. But if he sees the road clear ahead and the glow of prosperous times in the distance, he will be happy. It is only when he cannot see the road ahead and suspects that he may have lost his way and left good things behind him that he is sorrowful and despondent.

THE POOR GIRL

Chicago Herald - Examiner: From many of our institutions of higher learning comes the wall that a few girls got all the dates. At Stanford, for instance, there are 200 young women. Only sixty of them ever get asked anywhere by any of the 2,000 young men in the university. The other 140 have to look on, and write to the college paper complaining about the lack of "social democracy."

It's tough, but it can't be helped. To her that hath shall be given—to her that hath the charm shall be given the fraternity pins. But isn't it better so? As long as the vast majority are unpopular they can find consolation. If there were 440 who stepped out, and only sixty who looked on, think of the concentrated agony of the situation! The professors are to blame, anyway. It would be easy enough for any practical scientist to make a study of the sixty best stappers and find out wherein their charm lay. Then a class in popularity—and behold the problem solved. For men are like sheep. What one says they all want. The girl who is popular will never be why. In most cases she doesn't know. But her attractions can be analyzed and codified, and college

THE OLD HOME TOWN



will never provide a real education till it teaches this analysis. THAT CONVENTION. Pendleton, East Oregonian:—The Democrats are going to hold their convention in New York. It would be more fitting were they to meet at some point in the United States yet the party will be judged by the candidate they name for President rather than by their choice of a convention city.

THE OPEN COURT

CORRESPONDENTS MUST SUBMIT THEIR NAMES TO THE EDITOR IF THEY DESIRE LETTERS PRINTED. Writer's Name Needed. Will the party who addressed a communication to the Evening Observer on the dog situation send his name to the editor? It is impossible to print communications unless we know who writes them. His correct name will be held confidential by the Evening Observer but we must have it before printing the article. —Editor.

OPEN LETTER FROM UNCLE JARVIS

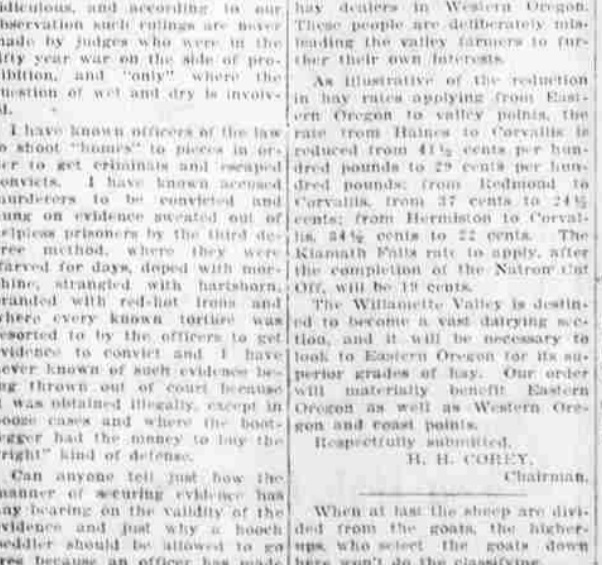
To Whom it may concern: I have given fifty years of my life fighting for prohibition of the liquor traffic and in my old age I rejoice in the victory of the noble men and women who have made the outlawing of strong drink their life's work. The victory is won. The question is settled. Prohibition as an issue is as dead as the staves and free school question. The plaintive wails of the "wets" in the columns of some daily papers are only the echoes of the old brass band, the high spillover and the snappy ditty that is some forever. I have seen nothing worthy of notice in the vain vaporizing of the old devotees in their so-called arguments against prohibition, but recent court decisions and the prostitution of the word "Home" in defense of the lawlessness makes me know that our work is not finished. It seems that a highly respected "business" man of Portland has been found in possession of several bottles in violation of the laws of Oregon and in defiance of the constitution of the United States. Editorials in some of the Portland dailies seem to admit this fact, yet they have nothing to say in condemnation of the rich criminal who deliberately violates the laws of our country, spits on the constitution and hides behind the sanctity of home to cover up his crime and disloyalty, while those same papers give whole columns in eulogy of the over-zealous prohibition officers. The court with the approval of this branch of the press of Portland, has ruled in defense of the traitor and has ordered the only evidence of his guilt destroyed. In a long written opinion the judge has justified himself in this ruling and the prosecuting attorney for refusing to prosecute, while all the old-time "wets" applaud, but do a leaman, to one who knows nothing of the fine points of law and the ideas of justice that makes it possible for a good lawyer to take a fee for aiding a prisoner to escape—the ruling looks silly and ridiculous, and according to our observation such rulings are never made by judges who were in the fifty year war on the side of prohibition, and "only" where the question of wet and dry is involved.

I have known officers of the law to shoot "bums" in process in order to get criminals and escaped convicts. I have known accused murderers to be convicted and hung on evidence swayed out of helpless prisoners by the third degree method, where they were starved for days, doped with morphine, strangled with barbitone, branded with red-hot irons and where every known torture was resorted to by the officers to get evidence to convict and I have never known of such evidence being thrown out of court because it was obtained illegally, except in booze cases and where the boot-licker had the money to buy the "right" kind of defense.

Can anyone tell just how the manner of securing evidence has any bearing on the validity of the evidence and just why a hooch peddler should be allowed to go free because an officer has made a mistake, or violated the law himself. Why was the officer not punished for trespass and the "hooper" not punished for violating the prohibition law? The judge who has given an opinion through which a known criminal escapes all the high priced stories and all the "wets" from Governor Al Smith to the Death may be absolutely honest in their opinion—BUT WE WOULD BE FOOL TO CONTINUE TO VOTE MEN WITH SUCH "DAMNABLE OPINIONS" INTO OFFICE AND EXPECT ANY BENEFITS FROM OUR YEARS OF LABOR AND SACRIFICE UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF OUR OLD HEROES, NEAL DOW, JOHN B. GOUGH, FRANCIS WILLARD, AND OTHERS OF THE GREAT OLD ARMY OF TEMPERANCE WHO SAVED THEIR LIVES IN DEFENSE OF GOD, HONOR AND NATIVE LAND.

Home and Mother are two of the sweetest words ever offered by man. Yes, a man's home is his castle. It is more, it is his heaven, his hope, his all, what must be the nature of the being who would smirch that hallowed name and hide behind Home Sweet Home to cover his criminal acts? By what stretch of imagination can a visit to an honest man's home by an officer be considered an infringement of any of his privileges? It is in all ways a civilly man would fight against a visit of an officer, but why should an honest man object? Fellow citizens and fellow workers in the grand cause that ever called true men and women together in council, our work is not finished. Let us keep up our organization, let us fight now for the full benefits of the victory of our long battle, let us welcome ourselves ahead to vote, as we have been praying all these years, and on Monday next, December 20, meet at the house of public office and put in their places those who rough the good fight with us, side by side, those who we know to be exactly right on the all important question of enforcement of the prohibition law. Yours for the protection of the "Real Home," not the refuge and safe retreat of Bling-Purgers, Moonshiners and Horse Peddlers. UNCLE JARVIS EMMICH.

OFFICE CAT



BY JUNIUS

When you're right you can afford to keep your temper; when you're wrong you can't afford to lose it.

Character will get you to Heaven, but it's reputation that gets you on the first page.

FIGHT FANS ALWAYS REJOICE IN THE LINE "THEY WILL MAKE THEIR HOME WITH THE BRIDES' PARENTS."

There should also be a three-mile limit for imported lectures.

The senate now has only about a dozen millionaires in it, but Magnus Johnson will have a lot of fun making it hot for these few.

Rubber phonograph needles will cure insomnia.

We see to it that only satisfied customers leave our store, procuring a certain merchant, and a certain La Grande woman wonders what he does with all the bodies.

Mary had a little waist, 'Twas porous, low and thin, And every man that Mary passed Would try to rubber in.

A girl in Wallonia, recently ran for 14 miles. The report doesn't say whether the man got away or not.

Imagine the apology of a Jottan woman who hit a burglar by mistake for her husband.

The La Grande teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils the importance of doing right at all times, and to bring out the answer, "Bad habits." She inquired: "What is it that we find so easy to get into and so hard to get out of?" There was a silence for a moment and then one little fellow answered, "Bed."

One half of the world doesn't know how the other half can afford to have motor cars and play bridge for money.

Prohibition is the law of the land and twelve miles of the sea.

"If you eat another piece of cake, 'You'll surely burst," said mother. "Then pass the cake and clear the way." Responded little brother.

One thing that no man ever keeps in his safety deposit box in the lumpy picture of himself when a little boy in curls.

Don't believe everything you hear, but be sure you hear everything you believe.

Fold Lands Good Prospect In Cleveland Sandlot Pitcher

CLEVELAND, (AP)—When Lee Fohl was manager of the Cleveland Indians he picked George Uhlen from among the city's sandlot players. Under the tutelage of Fohl and Tris Speaker, Uhlen has become one of the pitching stars of the American League.

Next Season Fohl will manage the Boston Red Sox and he going to try another Cleveland sandlot player, Charlie Dornkott. The new prospect finished a brilliant season in semi-pro ball with 21 consecutive scoreless innings. Dornkott is 28 years old and a right-hander. Cleveland, Detroit and Pittsburgh tried to land him.

Real Estate Boards Meet In Convention at Augusta

AUGUSTA, Ga. (AP)—The mid-winter session of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, convening in Augusta, Ga., Janu-

Advertisement for Hart Schaffner & Marx. It features the company logo 'Hart Schaffner & Marx THE QUALITY STORE' and the slogan 'CLOTHES OF CHARACTER'. Below the slogan is a large illustration of a man in a long, patterned overcoat and hat, standing in a snowy landscape. The text reads: 'Did you ever take particular notice of the man who wears Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes? You will find that his clothes are in keeping with his manner; his outward appearance denotes the character within. Sensible style, individuality and excellent tailoring—these are the qualities found in Hart Schaffner & Marx Suits and Overcoats.' At the bottom, it says 'Hart Schaffner & Marx'.

ary 17, 18 and 19, has on its program the study of an undertaking by the organized realtors of the United States to bring about a uniformity of public policy and business conditions as to be characterized as industrial status-quoism. Delegates from 495 real estate boards from all sections of the country are expected to attend. The principal work of the conference, according to the program, will be centered in the formulation of public policies on questions affecting real estate interests and the ownership of real property. The conference, as outlined in its program, will go into every phase of real estate dealing as it is related to the growth of cities, the development of property values, the spread of home ownership and the safety of investment.

Advertisement for Home Independent Telephone Co. It features the slogan 'Telephone' in a large, stylized font. Below the slogan is the text: 'You will not have to wait for the answer'. At the bottom, it says 'Home Independent Telephone Co.'.

Advertisement for La Grande National Bank. It features the slogan 'Cold Type and Warm Sunshine' in a large, stylized font. Below the slogan is the text: 'In expressing to our patrons and friends the hope that this may be the Happiest Holiday Season you have ever enjoyed, we are compelled to use cold type because there is no other way to reach all. But we wish we might walk up to each and every one of you, take your hand, look you in the eye and say right to your face "HAPPY NEW YEAR"'. At the bottom, it says 'La Grande NATIONAL BANK SOUND-RELIABLE-PROGRESSIVE'.

Lengthening Life How 10 years can be added to the average span of life is the subject of a bulletin issued by a life insurance company. It is apparently based on careful study, and there seems to be no reason for doubting that its conclusions are in the main correct. Eradication of preventable diseases is given as the method. There is encouragement for believing that this can be done in the fact that smallpox, yellow fever, typhoid and some others which formerly took heavy toll of life have been wiped out or reduced to a position of minor importance in the mortality tables.

The average human life has been lengthened in the last half century. Vital statistics show that whereas the expectation of life in Massachusetts in 1865 was 40 years, in 1910 it was 51 years. The adding of 11 years can be accounted for in no other way than by ascribing it to the improvements in conditions of life resulting from the development of the modern public health movement. Accidents alone are responsible for lepping off a trifle more than a year from the average length of life.

If people would co-operate to eradicate preventable diseases and would take precautions against preventable mishaps it is plain that the span of existence would be lengthened.

A Place To Begin

The Atlantic Monthly publishes the following letter from the prime pessimist of the universe:

Am wondering whether you will be interested in a 3,000-word article on "Must Human Propagation Continue?" In a thorough discussion of the subject I suggest the thought that the numerous troubles in the world will cease, and its great problems be solved, only by a cessation of multiplication, sorrow and death be at an end, and the earth itself be better off without human beings.

What a grand place this chap must feel the moon to be! How he must gaze with unabated joy upon its barren plains and dead volcanic mountains! What bliss supreme it must be for him to contemplate the windswept sands of the burning Sahara, the bleak pampas of Patagonia and the frozen silent places of the frigid north.

For a thorough appreciation of what the earth might become bereft of men and the luxuries and comforts they have wrought for their pleasure and well-being we recommend the Atlantic's correspondent to take up his residence for a year or more in the pleasant precincts of Death Valley.

As for curing the evils of the world by the method suggested, any mortality department clerk will be able to give him the merry ha, ha, for the stark continues to be one of the busiest of birds, and the baby carriage trade thrives and pays dividends even in these dull times.

No Cause For Worry

There is always more or less worry connected with money. Those who do not have to worry about getting it, and those who have it are often put to a great deal of worry in hanging on to it. In addition to this no little worry is brought on by the desire to make a jitney grow where only a penny grew before. It seems as though poets and philosophers have conjured to bring money into disrepute, so anxious are they to tell us that the mere possession of it is a great burden.

In more recent times there has come to us the warning that money carries germs. Germ experts even went so far as to demonstrate that a bank clerk's occupation was particularly hazardous because he handles so much money. But how this dread has been dispelled. After exhaustive investigation on the subject of money as germ carriers two Illinois university experts assure us that this danger has been greatly exaggerated. It seems that the metals from which coins are made act as destroyers of bacteria.

This relieves us of the worry connected with the handling of money. The next thing for some expert to do is to tell us how we may be relieved of our worries in trying to get hold of it.

Excavations in ancient Carthage reveal that the women of that day used rouge, too. Woman's nature seems to have been always the same.

Trotsky ordered to milder climate, says a headline. To get accustomed by degrees to a torrid one, possibly.

A great many persons are constitutionally opposed to any ideas that they themselves do not originate.

If thinking were an inevitable preliminary to talking there would be far less talking.

Leave it to the reformers, and it will soon be Uncle Psalm.