

# La Grande Evening Observer

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OF A TRUTH I perceive that God is no respecter of per-  
 sons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh  
 righteousness, is accepted with him.—Acts 10:34, 35.

## The "Right Now" Period

We are a people who want what we want when we want it. Every moment brings something in the line of invention which would make the pioneer of the Grande Ronde valley stagger if he could but know it.

For instance, five days from New York to San Francisco was fast enough for the most important mail in the opinion of many a few weeks ago but when the government inaugurated twentyseven hour deliveries by air its transportation facilities had to be doubled to provide for the first mail.

Everything is good enough for man—until something better turns up. Our pioneer forefathers congratulated themselves on a footpath clear of brush and savages. Their fathers marveled at the rapidity of stage travel and the swiftness of the pony express. The inventors of the steam railroad engine were condemned for their "ungodly haste." Little more than a decade ago thirty miles an hour was a fearsome rate of speed for an automobile. Today manufacturers of automobiles for private use are spending advertising appropriations to tell the public that their cars will "beat seventy." Yesterday five days was enough for transcontinental mail. Today only the difference in postage makes five days tolerable. Lieutenant Maughan's fifteen hour "dawn to dusk" flight is a challenge to the postal department to "improve its service."

But until quicker mail deliveries are provided twentyseven hour service from coast to coast will be acceptable as a "much needed improvement over the unnecessarily slow five days' service by railroad." It is quite evident that America has not yet reached the end of its speed mania.

## The Dog's Life

Acts of cruelty to domesticated animals are less frequent today than homicides and prosecutions for the cruel treatment of human beings. There are some grounds for the statement that the public is less angered by the mistreatment of humans than by the mistreatment of dumb animals. Our heartstrings are touched by the helpless, is the way we explain this seeming anomaly.

We of today take for granted that man has always been as kind and gentle with animals as he is today. But when we so think we forget that there must have been some extreme provocation for the many laws against cruelty to animals and some cause for the inception of the so well organized societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. On second thought the older spectators of life can probably recall a time when it was not an uncommon occurrence for drovers and drivers to cruelly beat their beasts-of-burden on the public highways, when it was a man's privilege to treat his animals as he saw fit or as his disposition prompted him and when any act of cruelty toward animals was committed with impunity.

It was one hundred and two years ago in England that the first law was passed taking from the individual and placing in the government the power to determine how domesticated animals were to be treated. Two years later to Old Slaughter's Coffee House at the upper end of Martin's Lane, London, the first English society for the prevention of cruelty to animals was organized. Richard Martin, Irish member of parliament, got the humanitarian bill adopted at a time when bear-baiting, dog-fighting and bull-baiting were popular sports in England. The Rev. Arthur Broome organized that first society at Old Slaughter's.

The world today is not surprised that the sixteen-year-old Princess Victoria supported Broome's society and that Broome on his death bed, after spending his fortune for his animal friends, requested that his dog be cared for.

Chief of Police Clint Haynes is quoted as saying when he saw a boy and girl whizzing past in a machine breaking the speed limit: "These joyriders need not be in such a hurry for hell keeps open all night." Quite true, chief, hell has a habit of keeping open house in the darkness of night.

One La Grande girl is in a quandry. She does not know which to roll as life goes on, whether her stockings, a baby carriage or a cigarette.

## OFFICE CAT



BY JUNIUS

Many a druggist grows hoarse trying to sell a box of throat lozenges.

Funny how a girl encourages a man to stay out late during courtship and then kicks when he keeps it up after marriage.

"For beating your wife I will fine you \$1.10," said the judge. "I don't object to the dollar," said the prisoner, "but what is the ten cents for?"

"That," said the judge, "is the federal tax on amusements."

Home making hearts are happy.

The moon affects the tide—also the untid.

Empty bottle of Whiskey. S. M. Bradsher of Roxboro, N. C. was arrested here Saturday night by chief of police. He found two pigs, and an empty bottle of whiskey on his person.—Lynchburg, Va. News.

Out where nature laid out a 2,000 mile golf course, that's where the west begins.

"Americans Abroad Must Pay Income Tax." It costs to be an American—but it is worth it.

The average man's purse, is just a port where a pay check stops for sailing orders.

Dealer Jones took his little girl to the barber shop to have her hair cut. The barber started to run the electric clippers over her head.

"Stop that!" commanded the little girl. "You not going to have that vacuum sweeper runned over my head."

A man was driving his wife thru the country recently, and ran on to a bridge before he noticed that another car was half way across. The bridge was narrow and it was plainly his duty to back off. But his wife seized the gear lever so he couldn't reverse and started to give the other fellow's tongue a licking for daring to try and cross at such a time. She grew very indignant and said just what she thought.

Finally the offender who had become convinced that he was un-able to live among decent people backed off the bridge and told the woman's husband to proceed. As the first driver passed the culprit he said:

"Sorry old man and thank you."

The other replied:

"Oh, don't apologize. I've one at home, myself."

The reason pioneers were hardly as kind to their animals as we are today was because they couldn't sit on a cushioned seat and howl for service.

Bill Hays gets \$822 each and every day for worrying about the movie actors. The extra \$800 is on account of Mabel.

The wife of the man, who, in his youth, wrote jokes for a humor column was telling little George a bed time story.

"And then the little boy kissed the little girl. Why do you suppose he did that?"

"They had come to a tunnel."

Flames Sweep Cow Creek Canyon.

ROSEBURG, Ore.—Two forest fires were reported by the Douglas fire patrol, one in the Cow Creek canyon, six miles south of Hildreth, which is burning over considerable timber. The other is near Elkton, in an old burn and is doing little damage. Thirty men are fighting the Cow Creek canyon fire and a crew of 16 has been sent to Elkton.

Man Hurt in Explosion.

ASTORIA, Ore.—Oscar Tibert, a trolley, had a narrow escape from death when his craft, the launch Hupp, was wrecked by an explosion. The launch was moored at the west side of the Union Fishermen's Co-operative cannery wharf and during the night the cabin became filled with gas fumes. This morning Tibert went aboard and lighted his oil stove to make coffee. An explosion followed, wrecking setting fire to the cabin and lifting the forward deck fully six inches.

Tibert was knocked down, the side of his face burned and his hair singed, but he managed to crawl out of the wreckage. The launch soon filled and swamped and the fire department extinguished the flames on the upper works. The extent of the damage cannot be ascertained until after the launch is raised.

Threshing Season Closed.

SWEET HOME, Ore.—The threshing season has closed at this place and farmers are making preparations for fall plowing and sowing.

## THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Stanley



SAM CRAIG, WHILE STANDING IN THE DOORWAY OF THE LIVERY STABLE, WAS BADLY HURT BY SOME HEAVY HORSE FLIES.

Tom Sims Says

Trouser pockets are places that men put hands that get in the way.

The older a man gets the more he hates to buy a new suit.

As a rule, as you look so you are looked upon.

The motto usually runs, put off until tomorrow what you don't absolutely have to do today.

The trouble with most inventions to end wars is that they shoot in any direction you point them.

Breakfast bacon is just educated fat meat.

Collars are choking strips, vilified by men while laughing at foolish clothes women wear.

Printing presses are great. They enable you to worry about troubles in all parts of the world.

It is not bad luck for a black cat to cross in front of an auto. Not if it crosses all the way.

The height of ignorance is buying two ties exactly alike.

They say it took two million years to make us what we are and still we don't appreciate it.

New York has a wonderful aquarium, but most of the fish there live in hotels.

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now have La Follette and Wheel-

er. What a falling off! From the sublime to the commonplace.

La Follette was a Movement. La Follette and Wheeler are just a flock.

**THE AGE OF THE FADDIST.**  
 Milwaukee Journal: If the health faddists don't save us all it will surely not be because of any scarcity in the number of alluring "systems" they have worked out or any lack of suggestions as to what we should eat, how we should take our "daily dozen" and what we should do when ill. Here are a few of the things the faddists offer to make up the perfect day:

Watch the eager flier and learn the ways of keeping fit—presumably addressed to the card office worker.

Cure your cold by standing on your head—your own blood pressure will do the trick.

Want to see one of nature's miracles? Then try the milk diet or an all-vegetable diet, or a raw food diet, letting the sun do your cooking.

Would you be a great singer? Look at a diagram of Caruso's throat and make your own like it, simple enough, surely.

More brain power? Well, here is the man who has harnessed the forces of the mind and is ready to deliver. Surely there is no reason why anyone should be a weakling any more.

But suppose a man tried 'em all. Let him start his day with his "daily dozen": drink a glass of milk and eat two pecans for breakfast; walk twenty miles to work, getting there about noon; take his lunch of "sun cooked" apples; lie across the office desk for an hour and a half to teach his nerves composure, spend the rest of the afternoon at strenuous exercise to develop those wonderful swelling muscles that he sees in the pictures; take another meal of sun cooked food about sundown, and then use the evening to go through his mental burlesque.

His problem would be to do it all and live within his twenty-four hours.

There is and can be but one La Follette.

While he stood alone he embodied all that could be assembled of progressive political actionism.

There was just enough to make one La Follette.

No more was needed to round out the man, and at the same time none was left over.

La Follette and progressive political actionism fitted each other, so to speak, exactly to the hilt. The fit was perfect.

Neither ran a single drop over the top of the other.

Obviously, here were all the utilities.

Nothing could be added and nothing could be taken away. The ticket was complete.

That the perfection of the situation did not strike the progressive political actionists is remarkable; that they should lay the lightest finger touch upon it is astounding; that they could not see that to attempt to add to La Follette was to detract from him is past understanding.

Yet they have insisted upon supplying him with a running mate.

Truly, they are not the men of Political genius and imagination we thought they were.

They are just as much bound by reactionary tradition as are the Republicans and Democrats.

They surely would have a candidate for vice president and combed the country until they found one.

Yesterday they were progressive political actionists, today they are reactionary stampedeers.

They had the only presidential candidate in the field who was without a running mate.

To run him alone was to proclaim there was no other like him.

That would have been progressive.

If it never had had any meaning before it would have had one then.

But instead of La Follette they

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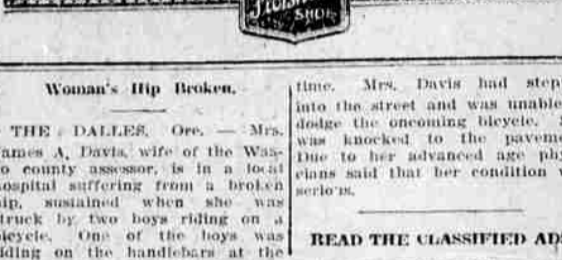
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## The FLORSHEIM SHOE

THE MAN who keeps abreast with the times relies on THE FLORSHEIM SHOE for style that is smart—good-looking—correct.



The Kialto \$10



Woman's Hip Broken.

THE DALLES, Ore.—Mrs. James A. Davis, wife of the Wasco county assessor, is in a local hospital suffering from a broken hip, sustained when she was struck by two boys riding on a bicycle. One of the boys was riding on the handlebars at the

time. Mrs. Davis had stepped into the street and was unable to dodge the oncoming bicycle. She was knocked to the pavement. Due to her advanced age physicians said that her condition was serious.

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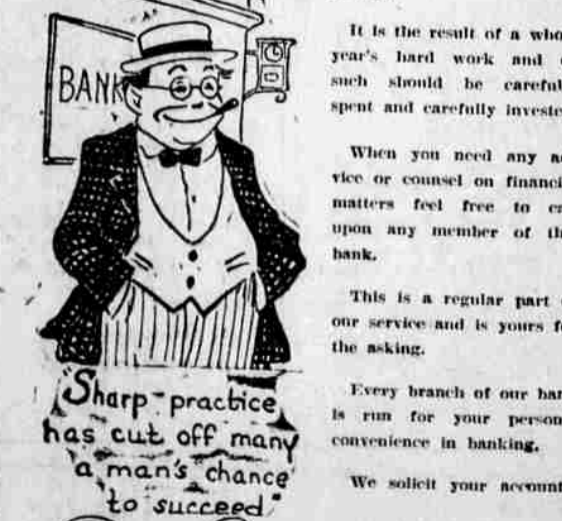
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