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LOVE, JOY, PEACE, long suffering, gentleness, goodness,
faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law—
Gal. 5:22,23.

The Unknown Soldier

(By Cicero Hogan, Wallowa, Ore.)

Armistice Day, 1924—what memories and tears this
day will bring back to some, memories that to the posses-
sor are as sacred as any place of worship could be, tears
that will come in spite of a full knowledge of a duty done
that was in itself an act of devotion to one's country—
an act of devotion that this nation will never forget but
never can repay.

Three years ago the writer was present at the burial
in Arlington cemetery at Washington, D. C., of the body
of one of America's unknown dead of the great war. The
ceremony was held at the dedication of a beautiful monu-
ment erected by the government to the memory of those
men who lost their lives in the service of their country.
The body of this soldier had been brought back from the
battlefields of France, his identity lost in the turmoil and
chaos of war but known to be a soldier of these United
States. The day before the body had rested in the capitol
building and the president and his cabinet officials, all of
those dignitaries who found themselves at the capitol to-
gether with thousands of citizens, called to view this bier
and to pay their respects to the memory of—just an
American soldier.

The official funeral and burial of this unknown was
held on Armistice day and a most wonderful and impres-
sive ceremony it was. In the procession from the capitol
building to Arlington appeared the nation's president and
officials; ex-President Wilson, for the first time out of his
sick-bed in months; General Pershing and his staff; all
of the representatives of those countries friendly to the
United States, together with the picked forces of our own
army and navy and marine corps and selected troops of
the allied nations. Ex-service men from every state in
the union had been sent to be present at this great solemn
occasion, men sent to offer a state's gratitude to the mem-
ory of one who might have been one of its own sons.

At the National cemetery where this body was laid
away one could see the beautiful monument which had just
been erected to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. It was
here that the president of the United States offered in
simple and sincere words that acknowledgement of the love
and appreciation a great nation felt for this unknown and
that respect it felt toward his loved ones. During the
eulogies of statesmen and the prayers of bishops I won-
dered, as thousands of those present must have wondered,
who was this lad, do his kind and loving parents, deep in
the sorrow his absence had brought them, realize that
never could his memory be referred to as "unknown and
ungone." I was hoping his loved ones were present to
hear the words of gratitude and praise offered by these
dignitaries of other nations than our own and I was won-
dering if they saw there the presence of one of the na-
tion's most honored statesmen, broken in body and in mind
by his efforts for his country's welfare given during the
same holocaust which had taken this boy of theirs away.

In the course of time to the prayers of bishops and to
the prayers of thousands who stood silently by the body
of this soldier was laid in its final resting place and there
was brought to a close the most wonderful ceremony I
had ever seen.

The next morning, desiring to view again and more
closely the wonderful monumental tomb of Abraham Lin-
coln, I visited again the beautiful Arlington cemetery. Too,
I must confess to a desire on my part to visit again the
grave of this unknown soldier, a desire impelled perhaps
by a feeling of pride in the fact that I could kneel here
and offer up a prayer to the memory of one who might
have been a comrade of mine.

It was early in the morning when I arrived and walk-
ing alone to where the day before I had seen them lay
away the body of this unknown soldier of the great war,
I never reached the mountain of beautiful floral offerings
which marked the place where he rested, for there I saw
a small, little, old lady dressed in black and for the time
on her knees. Not for the world would I have disturbed
with my presence such a sanctuary as this. The words of
presidents and statesmen, the prayers of bishops and the
crowd of the day before meant a great deal, but I won-

dered as I walked slowly away if this act of faith and de-
votion did not mean more. Even though she knew not
where that boy of hers lay buried, she had the right and
I know she had the faith to believe that here lay her son;
that the ceremony of yesterday was over the body of
her boy who had given "the last full measure of devo-
tion" to a cause in which he believed and for a country
which she had taught him to love and honor.

Time is a great emollient. For the first time since 1871
German bonds are being officially quoted on the Paris
Bourse.

The song of the cash register will again be heard in
Germany when that country resumes business with real
money.

It is never too early to begin practice on the New Year
resolutions you are going to make.

Shortage of helium gas is reported, and the kind gen-
erated on the stump is no good as a substitute, although
it does carry some people into the air.



THEY DON'T
Bright Boy: "In Siberia they
don't hang a man with a wooden
leg."

Innocent Boy: "Why not?"

Bright Boy: "They use a rope."

WONT FOSTER MAH JONG

I've sat up at bridge till midnight

I've played poker all night long;

I'll play crokinole or parched

But darned if I'll play mah jong!

Women may be slaves to dress

but most of them nowadays labor

under a very light burden.

"Alcohol and Skid Chains"

Sign displayed by Oregon gas fill-

ing station: "Eighteenth amend-

ment involved?"

"Oh, what pretty bathrobes!"

exclaimed a La Grande girl as she

stopped in front of a store win-

dow yesterday. When she went

inside she found to her confusion

that they were the latest wrinkle

in fall sport coats.

In Ohio woman lately received