

La Grande Evening Observer

An Independent Newspaper

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Published evenings, except Sunday, at 1416 Adams Avenue, La Grande, Oregon. The Observer-Star published every Friday. Entered at the Postoffice at La Grande, Oregon, as Second Class Mail Matter under act of March 3, 1879.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF UNION COUNTY AND THE CITY OF LA GRANDE

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS

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By Carrier	
Daily, per month in advance	75c
Daily, six months in advance	\$4.50
Daily, single copy	5c
By Mail	
Daily, per month in advance	80c
Daily, per six months in advance	\$5.00
Daily, per year in advance	\$10.00
Weekly Observer-Star, per year	\$2.00

ADVERTISING RATES

Display, foreign, per column inch	42c
Display, local, per column inch	40c
Time contract rates on application	



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

We can't help wondering if there ever was an office boy who asked to get off and attend a grandmother's funeral.

It is rumored that General Pershing will be the next envoy to France. No one could be more competent, as he has acted in a capacity not essentially foreign to that for some time.

Amundsen is still missing and no one can say when the Arctic will give him up—or when we may know with certainty that he is just another victim of the mysteries of the icy North.

This new Canadian "four point four" beer isn't creating the demand from the American side that was anticipated by our neighbor's brewers. We imagine that our drinking citizens have been too long in search of something that approaches a little closer to one hundred percent.

New street lighting in the business district by full. That is a worthy goal that should be set by city officials when the coming election is out of the way. Progressive business men—and business men will have to pay the price—are thoroughly sold on the advantages of improved street lighting and will welcome prompt action to get installation as soon as technical requirements can be satisfied.

FOREIGN TRADE.

Dr. Julius Klein, chief of the bureau of foreign and domestic commerce of the federal department of commerce, has essayed to answer a question which has long troubled the minds of many Americans. That question is, how American goods, manufactured by expensive labor and shipped long distances by rail and boat, can compete in foreign markets with foreign goods manufactured by cheap labor and transported only short distances at low rates?

The secret, according to Dr. Klein, lies in American brains, American machine production and the sturdy Americans have made of foreign markets. American manufacturers are to supply foreign countries with the goods which they can not get at home or only in limited quantities and with goods which excel in quality, those of their domestic manufacture. Standardization and machine manufacture have enabled American producers to outstep their foreign competitors.

TO THE PATRIOTISM OF YOUTH.

The Memorial Day privilege of paying tribute to the nation's heroic dead has been transferred largely from the aged veterans of the Civil war to the more youthful participants in the World war. And it seems proper that this sacred privilege and duty should devolve upon this youth of the land rather than the older people. For it was the valiant young men of the country who made the nation possible, who saved the Union, and who destroyed the threat of Prussian despotism, even though it was the youth of succeeding generations.

The tribute we pay today to the soldier dead of all wars can be more reverent and more sacred because we can better visualize in the young men of the World war the sacrifices the youth of '61 and '68 offered for love of flag and country, as did those who wore the olive drab in '17 and '18. By being thus reminded of their youth and strength and manhood we can better appreciate the gift to us and to posterity of those who lie in soldiers' graves. The armies of which they were a part, no matter what the cause or when or where the conflict, were composed of the flower of the nation's youth. So it is honor to valor and sacrifices of youth that we pay today and it is fitting that men and women of like ages in all the years to come shall carry on the beautiful custom originated by the survivors of the Civil war—a custom that both honors the memory of those who served and at the same time pays tribute to the youth of the present and the future that is the nation's reliance, in war or in peace, for progress and accomplishment.

One of our duties on this day, therefore, should be to rid ourselves to indicate in the minds of future youth the spirit of gratitude and loyalty that shall insure the durability of the ideals for which our soldier dead strived not in vain. If we fail in this, we dishonor ourselves and break faith with them.

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS



LIBERTY OR DEATH?

Snow Leaves Road Past.

MEDFORD, Or.—If the usual normal spring melting weather prevails the road from Medford into Crater national park will be open for automobiles as far as the lodge long before July 1, the date of the park's opening, said C. G. Thompson, superintendent of the park. "But a series of freezeups would complicate the situation," he added.

Superintendent Thompson declared he would have the Medford entrance road open for automobile traffic at least as far as Anna Spring camp by June 15. This means that when the state national guard encampment is taken from here for a visit to Crater lake June 21 and 22 the soldiers will only have to hike to the lake, a distance of but three or four miles.

JERUSALEM (AP)—Steps are being taken by Sir Ronald Storrs, governor of Jerusalem, to preserve the only known grave of a crusader. It is the last resting place of Philip Daubigne, governor of the Channel Islands, one of the councilors of King John at the signing of the Magna Charta and tutor to the young King Henry III. It is situated at the entrance of the Holy Sepulchre, built in 1229 and died here in 1224.

An appeal has been sent by Sir Ronald to the Channel Islands and to the descendants of Philip Daubigne, if any, to contribute in order to assist in restoring this link between the Channel Islands and the Holy City.



FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS this 19-inch, solid-ivory and hand-carved engraved curio crucifix was worshipped as an idol by the people of the Dutch East Indies. Soldiers took it from a seaver when it was learned that he was using it to instill terror into the natives and force them to do his bidding. It now is the property of the Society of the Divine at Techny, Ill., a gift of Bishop Verstraeten.

she can be. (St. Mary's, Md., Enterprise.)

One good thing about being a king you don't get behind with your work when you are sick.

Mr. Coolidge is understood by the farmers. Most of them use mechanical horses now.

The farmer boy thinks that (Top) is the place where a garden grows without hoeing.

It isn't politeness that makes men allow women to board a street car first, it's curiosity.

What a punishment it would be to lock a girl up in a room with a thousand hats and no mirror.

The best way to get the job of the fellow ahead of you is by helping him get a better one.

One thing about old codgers who give fatherly kisses is that they always pick out pretty daughters.

Poets' Corner

TO A NOMAD.

Alone is the curse of Gypsy blood
The urge of a restless soul
And I feel the lure of a tangled trail

With nowhere as my goal,
Destined, impatient, I must be
Till the force of life is spent
Haunting the wild untrodden ways
A variant of discontent

Strange is it not, that I cannot talk
The noble and quiet way
Of life with its plain, well-order path,
But it seems that I've gone astray.

I must be an alien to every clime
Inclined with a restless soul
To follow the lure of a tangled trail
With nowhere as my goal.

WALLOWA LAKE.

The moose people are making their
Or Wallowa lake, and surrounding hills,
But—the hills are mountains, high and grand
That have stood for ages in this wonderland.

At the foot of the lake, Chief Joseph took his stand
And fought to a finish to save his land,
For his dear children, for there were heroes at stake,
And he wanted to save this beautiful lake.

They have buried him there, on the hillside green,
Overlooking the lake's silvery sheen,
Lo, his spirit may rest, in his mountain home
There forever to stay, novermore to roam.

—Written May 10th by Jeannette Myers Tuffie.



OFFICE CAT

By Junius

WEEK-MINDED POETS

On Sunday last,
They buried Myrtle;
She drove too fast—
The car turned turtle.
Birmingham, Ala., Age Herald.

On Monday last,
They looked at his gas
With a lantern—blow!
Houston, Tex., Post Dispatch

On Tuesday last,
They planted Toad;
He always tried
To hog the road.
Hastings, Nears., Tribune.

On Wednesday last,
They buried Hicc;
He courted it—
He named his wife,
Warren, Ohio, Tribune.

On Thursday last,
I saw this ode:
And says, "Gosh, how
That rhyme has grown!"
Birmingham, Ala., News.

And now it's Friday—
Man alive!
The verses are six
Instead of five.

GOT 'EM GUESSING
Mr. Preston Inley spent Sunday
in the Capitol City, looking the
fair dames over. I wonder who

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Norton's Kiddy Shop

Where Quality Is Higher Than Price

Table Exhibited Worth From \$1,200 to \$3,000

The man who made the clock out of gingerbread, the gentleman who sculpted the life size model of a horse out of ice and others of the same sort who spent years of patient effort constructing unusual handiworks have a rival in J. L. Spiker, 1294 W. Avenue.

The result of Mr. Spiker's labor is not only more useful than the articles mentioned above but perhaps more artistic. A beautiful inlaid table, built by Mr. Spiker is now on display in a window of Richardson's Gift Shop.

The table took upwards of a year and a half to build and has a value of from \$1,200 to \$3,000. This is not what the owner asks for it, but is what it will actually bring on the market.

The table is inlaid throughout with many intricate designs in different colored woods. Approximately 10,000 pieces of wood were used in its construction. It is built in four sections and may be taken down and stored or shipped in a comparatively small package.

Strange Sounds Broadcast For English Radio Fans

LONDON (AP)—An effort to bring the city and country closer together is to be made this summer by the British Broadcasting company, which enjoys a monopoly of the wireless entertainment business throughout England.

The hum of the bee, the chirp of the cricket, the crow of a rooster and similar sounds suggestive of the great outdoors and the farm yard are to be put on for the benefit of city dwellers. Last year the company broadcast the call of the nightingale, and this was so successful having been heard by millions of listeners, that the officials decided this year to go a step further.

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READ THE OBSERVER CLASSIFIED ADS

In Flanders Fields

By JOHN McCREA

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high,
If you break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields.

Memorial Day 1925

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