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(Incorporated)

An Independent Newspaper

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A SURE DWELLING PLACE:—Treat in the Lord and do good; so shall thou dwell in the land, and verify thou shalt be fed.—Psalm 37: 3.

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS



VISITORS DAY.

bob white and two gallon jug. My uncle stepped into a side room, placing the jug under the faucet of a great barrel raised a little latch and set the thing going, with instructions to his roustabout boy to keep close watch on it. It made slow progress as the morning was cold and we made up our minds that life was too short to stay with such a cold morning, so we saw the sights of the town, boylike. When we returned we found the contents of the barrel all piled up on the jug. We were set to work scooping it up into crocks, and finally found the jug.

The candy pull came off as scheduled. Three elderly ladies were a committee to superintend the candy making. The great pot was hung over the fire in the open grate, and things set going, while youngsters marched around the room singing "Old Sister Phoebe." Finally the candy was pronounced all O. K., and taken out and set in the snow to cool, and in the hilarity it was forgotten. On going out for the candy we found a half dozen pot hounds had had their heads in the pot—had just finished the candy and were licking the pot.

The old gentleman was notified what was going on. He grabbed the poking stick, which was a hickory bludgeon some six feet long, and fell upon the hounds. All went off with broken heads, and on three legs at all points of the compass, making the midnight air ring with their tremendous yells.

Talk about a wet blanket being thrown over an enterprise—doesn't that express it, but here is where the saying originated and was coined.

Just 25 years ago the two boys that allowed the blackstrap to pile up on the jug met as members of the Oregon state senate, remembering the acquaintance of boyhood days after the lapse of many years. Abner Waters of Multnomah county was the other boy. Oh, for the childhood days of the very long ago.

When the flints made the fires and the boys wore shirts of tow, When the father and the mother, The sister and the brother, All passed the winter evenings around the hearthstone together.

It was Christmas eve at our home, and Christmas in the morn. And plenty of good hominy, all made of good white corn; I pen these lines that the girls and boys of today may know, How we spent our happy Christmas in the days of long ago.

—DUNHAM WRIGHT.

It's Happened



The old newspaper axiom has it that when a dog bites a man it isn't news, but if a man bites a dog, it is. James M. Johnson, of Los Angeles, has finally done it. His dog bit both his hands, and Johnson got the animal's throat between his teeth and held on until it died.

New York, harassed by pressure of business has made no exceptional remonstrance at its passing.

New York celebrated annually the day as its exclusive possession; its particular party. Theatres recognized it with special performances, Crack regiments and the city's response on parade. Even when the country was at war with Mexico, in 1846, Evacuation Day aroused a city-wide demonstration.

Marshfield, Ore.—Citizens of Marshfield, East Side, and other sections of Coos Bay are aroused over the failure of the port commission to approve a selected site for the Marshfield-East Side bridge so that the port's sanction could be presented to the army engineers when a hearing will be held in Marshfield on January 5.

The approval was expected a week ago, but was not received. The meeting that lay was postponed to Monday, and then post-

THE MARK OF SHOE LEADERSHIP

Most Styles \$10.00
Some \$11.00 and \$12.50

N. K. West & Co.
La Grande's Leading Store
For 25 Years

Then, slowly, observance of the day dwindled, lost its fervor. Opponents claimed the Fourth of July took away the edge. Thanksgiving Day, another national holiday, depreciated its prestige.

New York, harassed by pressure of business has made no exceptional remonstrance at its passing.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine is a Combined Treatment, both local and internal, and has been successful in the treatment of Catarrh for over forty years. Sold by all druggists.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio

After all, wasn't the Christmas smile and the Christmas wish about the most pleasant gifts of the day?

We missed a white Christmas by a wide margin but it seems that Santa Claus had no trouble riding the soft moonbeams wherever he wanted to go.

Fathers who failed to have a happy Christmas may know enough next time to buy two toy trains just alike, so they'll not have to wait for sons to have a turn.

If you see an unusual array of "loud" ties adorning shirt fronts the next few days, don't blame feminine taste and the Christmas spirit. All ties are brilliant this year and any new one will look like a Christmas tie regardless of how it was possessed.

The Chicago Daily News, the prosperous property of the late Victor Lawson and one of the outstanding newspapers of the country, has been sold for fifteen million dollars to Walter A. Strong, business manager under Mr. Lawson, and associates. Fortunate it is that it goes into the hands of men who were trained by Lawson and men who will conduct the paper along policies he laid down years ago.

TOO STRICT FOR PHILADELPHIA.

General Butler's usefulness in an official capacity in Philadelphia has come to an end. He has been director of public safety for two or three years and has devoted his time and effort to clean up the Quake City and make law enforcement a fact as well as a name. Now the mayor fires him and the way is open for a return to the lawlessness that caused Butler's appointment originally.

General Butler's record as a marine officer and as director in Philadelphia is hardly such as to cause criticism by the impartial outsider. He was granted leave by the government to go to that city to see that its official family was so reorganized and directed as to secure law enforcement and the destruction of vice. Like a good soldier he was doing his duty—and doing it well. So well, as a matter of fact, that Philadelphia has decided that strict law enforcement pinches a lot of toes and cramps varied styles. They have found that law enforcement means trouble for the rich as well as for the poor violator, that it touches the indiscreet influential citizen as well as the obscure underworld criminal. And that seems to have hurt those in high places, so the mayor is pressed into service and lets Butler out of his job.

According to that ousted official, his removal was occasioned by the fear of powers behind the big hotels of the city where alleged liquor law violations have been in evidence. Butler will also be able to throw light in other directions affecting law and order in Philadelphia before he drops back into the oblivion available for an officers and a gentleman. And we imagine the resulting picture will hardly be the kind that can modestly grace the Quaker City family album. Of course General Butler has nothing at stake in the present difficulty; he simply returns to duty with the marine corps with the privilege of sitting around the officers' club on cold, wintry nights and telling fellow officers how Philadelphia is progressing with the "damp rot." That city, however, does not have such an indifferent and easy future to anticipate. General Butler's going, under these circumstances, regardless of any minor faults he may have had, means simply one thing to a great number of people—that Philadelphia doesn't want strict law enforcement. And that's a serious reputation for any city to have—a dangerous reputation. Fortunately it is a reputation that better citizens eventually refuse to allow maintained.

OFFICE CAT
By Genius

"Magazine Explodes Killing Four." We didn't read the story, but we once read something in the magazine.

Falling in love is a good deal like loafing. If you do either, you'll find very little time to attend to business.

Every time he sends his girl in La Grande a telegram, one Portland salesman puts it down on his expense book as "chicken wire."

Flowered crumpones waistcoats for men are now in vogue. The old gray polkadot effect, however, will continue in most localities.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"My gosh, woman, you're bankrupt," was his apt reply.

While many young women are not content with anything less than a career, the telephone operators are satisfied with what you might call a "calling."

Women may be as old as they look, but they can't be as naughty as they try to look.

Fashioning socks skirts are to be shorter for spring. That will put the waist-line about on a line with the hem of the skirt.

It is easy for a girl to find a husband. Her difficult problem is finding a single man.

Dunham Wright Tells of Christmas 75 Years Ago

MEDICAL SPRINGS, Ore., Dec. 23, 1925.—Mr. Editor: As many of the papers of today are publishing Christmas happenings of the long ago, I have a vivid memory of Christmas times of 75 years ago—all manner of preparations to be made, and certain kinds of work to be completed by that time; the room to be all hushed and in the crib; the catkins to be brought from the tannery that the old cobbler might have time to make the boots and shoes for all the family. The wool had to be carded and spun into yarn and hand wove into flax and made into garments by hand, for wearing apparel for the whole family. Flax had to be broke, scoured and spun into thread to sew garments with; soft soap had to be made from hardwood ashes to last during the winter.

Toys had to be fatted, and all this had to be accomplished by Christmas, that we might have a rollicking time.

Cooked on Open Grate. All cooking had to be done over the open grate. The old cobbler with his bench had to occupy one corner, while the blue dye pot held the other, which left little room for cooking. This was before the days of cookstoves.

The old maid with a loom could weave three yards a day if she did not have to leave the loom too often to warm her feet.

So under promise of having the first pair of pants made from the yarns she was weaving I kept a shifter full of live hickory cutters under the treadles as they work-

ing with her feet.

The old cobbler also had to be kept warm, so another bargain was made, that I was to have the first pair of shoes made, after the boots for the older people were completed. Shoes for the smaller ones of the family were made from boot legs saved up from the year before—one pair of shoes had to last a year. In order to keep the cobbler warm, I had to cut wood barefoot in the snow. I would take two pieces of board, heat them before the fire and take them out and stand on them and make the chips fly while the heat lasted. It was a case of striking while the iron was hot.

I was some eight or nine years old, and trapped many bob white quails, as well as bringing in a wild turkey occasionally, when I could get the old flintlock to make fire.

Lived in Iowa. Uncle Dave and Ase McCulley, later the J. T. Co., of the Willamette valley, were among the first merchants of New London, Iowa, my native town. Uncle Ase called me in one day for a trade, as it was nearing Christmas. He offered me two gallons of blackstrap New Orleans molasses for four dozen bob white quails. The trade was made at once, and I, being the Jay Gould of the day, immediately advertised a candy pull, to take place on Christmas eve at the home of an old backwoodsman who had a log cabin and a pack of hounds. The day for delivery arrived, and I was Johnny-on-the-spot with the

Dolls and Toys

Your Choice of Any That Are Left in Stock AT HALF PRICE

Norton's Kiddy Shop

Everything in Infants' and Children's Wear



We were going to put a big speal in our ad today about the cartload of No. 2 Cedar Shingles that arrived day before Christmas, but they are all sold now, except about 10,000, so that leaves us with nothing to say except that a cartload of Star-A-Star shingles will soon be here. It sure is amazing how fast the shingles come and go. We are arranging to have all the paint and oil, white lead, zinc and kalsomine here for early spring trade. The price will be so low it will make you stagger. People thought at first that the paint that we sold must not be any good as the price was so reasonable, but they have changed their mind now. Just ask the painter that did it. Say, boy, we have 200 gallon of Non-Fading guaranteed single stain coming, that we will sell out for 5c a gallon under the wholesale price, \$1.35 a gallon. What do you think of that? It is none of your cheap junk, either.

Claude C. Pratt Lumber Co.
"The Poor Man's Friend"
Near Foundry. Phone M-218
No Sunday Business



When Poverty Ends

Poverty ends when the spirit of saving begins in a man. The amount saved is unimportant—the BIG thing is to MAKE THE START.

When will YOU make this start? How much longer will you put off this important step? Decide right now that you will do this the FIRST thing TOMORROW by opening a Savings Account here. When you do, we will present you with a Liberty Bell Home Safe to assist you in saving.

La Grande National Bank
La Grande, Oregon

The only news that regularly saves you money

YOU may be interested in the baseball scores—in the politics of the world—in the latest discoveries of science—

But you are not half as much affected by such news as you are by the welfare of your own pocket-book; the comfort of your shoes, the price of the phonograph or radio you want.

That's why advertising news deserves even more attention than sporting or international news. The advertisements keep you informed of all the latest comforts and conveniences that can make your daily living more delightful. They tell where to secure the best; how to save money; how to lessen work; how to have a better home, better food, better clothes, more luxuries.

You can't keep up with the daily news—the kind that affects you most—unless you read the advertisements.

They are the chronometers of local time. You'll find it highly profitable to adjust your living by them.



Advertisements Are the Only News That Really Save You Money—Read Them All.

Four Floors of Fine Furniture

W. H. Bohnenkamp Co.