

LA GRANDE Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.



Y. M. C. A. News of Current Interest Noted Hereunder, Direction of J. H. Rudd, General Secretary.

"Nothing is more vital to this country than the association of men together for things that are not for private interest," said President-elect Wilson on "Investments in Men." He said further at a recent Y. M. C. A. cornerstone speech:

"No man ever organized a Young Men's Christian Association for his own benefit. No man ever expected, if he were a true man, even to make a spiritual profit out of it, because if you try to do good to another man for your own sake you don't do it for him.

"The only thing that can vitalize a great association like this is for men to forget themselves and try to serve others. Good was always a good undertaking. It is one of the peculiarities of men that they have never separated but always associated in order to accomplish things. What strengthens every community is to put its assets into one common investment to yield usury—a most beautiful usury—to the common benefit of all mankind, because there is one way in which you can test the modern community, you can test it by the degree of its interest in its Young Men's Christian Association.

We ought not only to open our individual homes to young men but we ought to make a common home to which they can resort, where they can find a communion with each other that is pure from all the grosser things of life, and that common home is the Young Men's Christian Association.

There is something a little alarming about one thought that constantly runs in my mind on occasions of this sort. It is a little alarming to realize that we are more moral when associated with one another than when separated from one another. One of the great dangers of a city is that so many men come there, and knowing they are at a great distance from their homes and believing that there are no home folks near to watch them they are too apt to adjourn their morals and have a fling; but if they only would realize, or if they only thought that the people at home were by, they would keep steady, and they would realize what home means to them. We would think they were living by a standard of morals which is in other men's consciences as well as in their own, and that their friends, their acquaintances, their enemies even hold them up to a standard of rectitude which perhaps they do not hold themselves up to. That illustrates one of the purposes of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is as if we said, "Come here and associate with the men who believe in the kind of life that you believe in, and I will help you to maintain the standards of your life and resist the temptations of your life." That is a pretty handsome enterprise. I look upon it as a sort of means of moral sanitation, as a means of purifying men by subjecting them to the tests of association with one and another.

There has arisen in our time a new profession—the profession of secretaries of Young Men's Christian Associations, with over 3,000 men especially trained for that work. They constitute guides in whose hands these associations may be wisely guided, and they themselves act as examples of a righteous life.

The thing that glorifies the work of an Association like the Young Men's Christian Association is this: The only thing that ever makes a man big is love something bigger and better than himself. A man who loves is already spilling. Just as soon as man's purposes are centered and concentrated upon himself he becomes unserviceable even to himself, because presently he will do some selfish thing that will rob him of the

trust and confidence of his fellowmen. He cannot even promote his fortune in the world unless he enjoys the confidence of others. A man cannot enjoy the confidence of others unless he proves worthy of it by showing he is ready to serve others and occasionally forgets himself. That is the test of manhood, it is the test of humanity, and it is the glory and sign of Christianity, that a man will lay down his life for another, no matter what the consequences may be to himself either in this world or the next."

SHE WAS A CREOLE.

Her Visitor Was Sorry For That Until He Was Enlightened.

It was snowing in the north, but in New Orleans the air was as soft as May, and in a garden brilliant with flowers and sunshine the winter visitors drank after luncheon the famous creole coffee.

"How good this creole coffee is!" said a young man.

"I make it," said the hostess. "I am, you know, a creole."

The young man looked shocked, hurt. "Well, after all," he said in a low voice, "you can't help that, and I'm sure no sensible person thinks any the worse of you."

His hostess, who was very beautiful, with hair and eyes like night, laughed merrily.

"Define the word 'creole,'" she said. And the young man replied, "A creole is a descendant of French or Spanish immigrants, with a touch of negro blood in his or her veins."

"And the word means just the opposite!" the woman cried. "A creole is a descendant of French or Spanish immigrants whose veins hold not a drop of negro blood."

"Well, well! I didn't know that." "No!" she said. "Nobody from the north does. The word creole is probably the unique word of the dictionary, a word that is universally misunderstood. Why, it is as though you thought up there in the north that white meant black."—New York Tribune.

AN EARLY PURE FOOD LAW.

English Bakers Had to Be Careful in the Old Days.

In the time of Edward I. of England innkeepers were not permitted to make either bread or beer. The former they were obliged by law to buy from the baker and the latter from the brewer. In "Customs of Old England" F. J. Snell declares that if the law defended what was considered the legitimate claim of the baker to a proper livelihood it was equally solicitous for the welfare of his customers and was most severe upon the baker who sold bread deficient in weight or quality.

For the first offense he was drawn on a hurdle through the principal streets, which would be thronged with people and foul with traffic, with the offending loaf suspended from his neck. From a pen and ink sketch of this ceremony it appears that the unhappy tradesman wore neither shoes nor stockings and had his arms strapped to his sides. It seems also that two horses drew the hurdle, which suggests that it rattled along at a pretty lively pace.

For the second offense the baker enjoyed another ride upon the hurdle and then underwent an hour's exposure in the pillory. If he proved so incorrigible as to commit the offense a third time his oven was demolished and he was forbidden to follow his trade.

Queer Egyptian Burial Customs. The Egyptians have many curious customs in connection with the burial of their dead and the healing of the sick. At every Moslem funeral, for instance, there are hired mourners, varying in number according to the wealth of the deceased. These funerals are always headed by old blind men, carrying long staves in their hands and wailing loudly. They are followed by the relatives and friends of the deceased, and then comes the coffin. This is succeeded by two or three of the native flat carts common to Cairo, filled with women mourners. Mourning, in fact, is quite a profession among the women. Every day you see groups of them squatting on the ground outside the hospital at Cairo, waiting to be hired for a funeral.—Wide World Magazine.

Unique Signs in France.

Frederick C. Penfield was walking along a New Jersey road while his chauffeur fixed a broken tire. He noticed a danger sign at the roadside. "In France," he said, "at the entrance to their towns they have signs that are characteristically French and seem to me delightful in spirit. Over the road as you enter the town limits is an arch on which is printed the name of the town, the number of the road—for all the roads are numbered in France—and the name of the department in which the town lies. Then below those in larger letters, 'Attention aux enfants' ('Be careful about the children'). And then as you leave the town you see the back side of a similar sign, which says, 'Merci' ('Thanks')."—New York Post.

DO YOUR VERY BEST.

And Then Be Sure That You Are Satisfied With Yourself.

It is not what people say about you—it's what you are that counts. The one person in all this world whom you should aim to satisfy is yourself. You alone know yourself. Other people know your outward appearance, your actions, your deeds. You, and you alone, know your motives, your ambitions, your thoughts.

Are you satisfied with yourself? It is your own fault if you are not. Are you satisfied that you are doing the best you can in your work, that you are making the most of your time? Are you confident that your conduct toward your family, your friends, your neighbors, your employer, cannot be improved?

Look yourself straight in the face this morning in your mirror's looking glass. Ask yourself whether it is what people say about you or what you are that hurts. Analyze your own conduct in all matters.

Put yourself in the other fellow's place and try to see your actions through his eyes. Imagine that you are your employer instead of yourself. Answer honestly whether if he knew as much about you as you know about yourself he would discharge you or would raise your wages. If you do this conscientiously there are many things you will do differently.

Remember this, too—other people's opinion of you is based on your own opinion of yourself. Are you self-respecting? Other people will respect you. Are you truthful? The world will believe you. Are you honest? Every one will trust you.

But weigh yourself frequently. Weigh yourself carefully. Be certain that your own opinion of yourself is justified. Be satisfied with yourself.—William Johnston in American Magazine.

CRABBE, THE NEGLECTED.

A Poet Whom Byron Called Nature's Best and Sternest Painter.

Dante was a great traveler and the greatest poet impressionist who ever wrote. He describes a landscape in a line so that it stays with you forever. He uses the fewest possible number of words, hardly any adjectives, and the picture leaps up before you, immortal and unforgettable. Who can do this among the moderns? Keats could. Tennyson gives you English landscape. If you read "In Memoriam" you have lived a year in the English country and seen the march of the English seasons. Crabbe can do it. Who reads Crabbe? Nobody. And yet he is a wonderful poet, as realistic as Tolstoy and Arnold Bennett. Byron called him the best painter of nature—"Nature's sternest painter, yet her best." He writes about the poor as they are, without sentimentality and without exaggeration, and as a painter of English landscape he still remains the best. He may not be read by the modern generation, but he is not forgotten. A Frenchman wrote a long and excellent book about him not long ago. He is safe in the temple of fame, which place you have entered and can't leave. And this temple is like a wheel. It goes round and round, and some of its inmates are in the glare of the sun, and sometimes they are in the shade, but they are there, and they never fall out.—Maurice Baring in Metropolitan.

Writing For Posterity.

A prominent French critic, the story runs, once said to George Bernard Shaw:

"You are putting on a new comedy Monday night. Let me attend one of the dress rehearsals, won't you?"

"Impossible," said Mr. Shaw. "My dress rehearsals are always private. I have to refuse even the most distinguished critics access to them."

"But," said the other, "I want to write a critical criticism. If I have to write and telegraph it in a few minutes on Monday night it will be very hurriedly done, and I fear it will give a wrong impression of your comedy to Paris the next day."

"Have no anxiety on that score," Mr. Shaw replied. "My comedies are not written for the next day."—Exchange.

Restoring Rubber.

People using articles made of rubber that frequently lose their elasticity through oxidation may restore the material to its original condition by a simple process. Soak the part in a mixture of one part of ammonia to two parts water. This is said to be particularly well adapted to the restoring of rubber bands, rings and small tubing which are ready to become dry and brittle.

Just Like an Immigrant.

"Charley is so poetical! When I accepted him he said he felt like an immigrant entering a new world."

"Well, he was an immigrant."

"What do you mean?"

"Wasn't he just landed?"—Atlanta Constitution.

What's in a Name.

"But now that these sisters are married, a social gulf separates them hopelessly."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. One of them married a mechanic and the other a mechanician."

Here is an easy breakfast that uses the dry bread—and everybody likes it:

—RECIPE NO. 3—GERMAN TOAST—

1-3 cup flour
1-2 teaspoon sugar
1-4 teaspoon salt
3-4 cup milk 1 egg
8 or 10 slices stale bread

Sift flour, salt and sugar together; slowly stir in with milk until smooth; add well beaten egg; dip bread into batter and brown in hot fat. Add a bit of butter and dust of salt to each slice, and serve immediately.

German toast is at its best when made as above and served with plenty of

TOWLE'S LOG CABIN SYRUP

How is it that Towle's Log Cabin Syrup is known from end to end of the land, as a wholesome syrup for children? Simply because the whole immense Towle business has grown on the one idea of furnishing goods that are exactly as represented—the highest quality which can be produced.

There are scores of uses for this most delicious of syrups—just keep it in the house and the children will help you to discover uses for it every day. Little folks just "love" it, and that is because their energetic little bodies crave and need this safe, wholesome "fuel," for Towle's Log Cabin Syrup is an energy producer. Active children would soon lose vitality if not supplied, in their diet, with a liberal amount of wholesome sweet. Log Cabin Syrup is the answer that delights the children when they ask for "syrup" and it is certainly good for them.

Try this German Toast recipe for breakfast tomorrow—and be sure to order Towle's Log Cabin Syrup from your grocer today.

Drop a line to "Jack" for a free recipe book. If you also send him five two-cent stamps, to cover postage, "Jack Towle" will send, with the recipe book, a miniature can of Towle's Log Cabin Syrup. The cunning can pleases the children—and the syrup pleases everybody. Send the coupon today.

Towle Maple Products Company
Dept. 20 St. Paul, Minn.

MR. JACK TOWLE,
Care of Towle Maple Products Co.,
Dept. 20, St. Paul, Minn.

Please find enclosed five two-cent stamps for which you are to send me your recipe book and a miniature can of Towle's Log Cabin Syrup.

Name _____
Address _____

"From my camp to your table."
—Jack Towle

La Grande a Good Town.
La Grande is a mighty good town, worthy of the best of everything. That's why we have joined the American Drug and Press association and offer to our people the Meritol line of preparations, made by the association and sold only through its members. There is nothing like these goods, guaranteed in every way, without an equal, made by experts. We want La Grande people to have the best there is, so we offer you this line. Ask to see Meritol goods. The Newlin Drug company.

VACCINATION AGAIN.
La Grande, Jan. 23.—To the Editor of The Observer—Dear Sir: I should like to ask you, Mr. Editor, and the people of La Grande, through your paper, how long the people are going to submit to vaccination of school children in this city? It is generally understood that the school board has taken the stand that unless a child has been vaccinated he can not enter school again this year. Is this fair?

In the first place there as many opposed to vaccination, doctors and laymen, as there are those who favor it.

In the second place, the vaccination of our school children will not stop the spread of contagious diseases even if it was efficacious; for the majority of our population is not school children and is permitted to congregate in picture shows, dance halls, churches and clubs whether vaccination is general or not.

In the third place, the fact that a child has paid to the doctor his required toll and has received a certificate of vaccination which permits the child to enter school does not vouchsafe that the child will not contract smallpox. The most ardent adherents to the belief that vaccination is necessary don't claim that one who has been vaccinated is immune from the disease unless the vaccine "takes." Simply showing a doctor's certificate that the child has been vaccinated is not proof that it has "taken." The adherents to the idea that vaccination is beneficial say that the patient should be repeatedly vaccinated until the patient has been infected with cow-pox. All of the faith agree that the effects of vaccination run out in from two to five years yet there are those going to school now on certificates ten to twelve year old.

Now while the dollar is being extracted from the people in exchange for a certificate of being "properly vaccinated" why isn't there something more, something of value, being done to stop the spread of the disease about the city? The people have been told that the children who congregate in the schools must be vaccinated to stop the spread of smallpox. Bu why stop there? I believe the mayor of our city is a doctor and am under the impression that doctors fill the offices of city physician and county physician. We have seen what a doctor on the school board has been able to do, let us now hear from the other doctors in answer to the following questions: Is anything being done, besides the vaccination of the school children, to stop the spread of the smallpox which we are being led to believe is threatening? Is anything being done to stop all public gatherings or to enforce the quarantine laws? There is a division on the vaccination question, but all are agreed that the disease can be carried to a crowd by one who has been exposed. Children are being kept from school by their parents as they do not believe it to be wise to allow them to mingle with a crowd and a man was sent home by his employer a few days ago when it was learned that he had broken the quarantine law by visiting a home where there was smallpox.

I do not believe that the scarcity of smallpox in the east is due to vaccination but to the fact that the quarantine laws are strictly enforced. Where I lived in the east if one was taken with the smallpox a tent was put up in front of his home and guard kept night and day to insure that the quarantine law was enforced.

If more people would hear Dr. Sadler (who spoke from our chautauqua platform) and Dr. Lyman B. Sperry, two men who devote their lives to two men who devote their lives to the altruistic service of mankind, there would be much less need for doctors and a healthier, happier and more prosperous lot of people in the world.

Yours truly,
C. B. PICKENS.