

HIS LABORS ENDED

People's Acclaim of Washington as Their Hero Journeyed to Annapolis to Lay Down His Sword.

[Poem written for the unveiling of the tablet at Severn Cross Roads, where Washington passed on his way to resign his commission at Annapolis.]

THIS roadside sings again to-day—
Here where the barren branches sway
And keen December winds sweep by
Beneath a cold and azure sky—
The old road echoes to some tread
Of morning in a vanished hour
When here the red-cheeked courier sped,
And here the young land's pride and flower
Of glory and achievement came
To add fresh glory to his name.

The villages had all come out,
To hear the news, to watch about
To catch some glimpse far up the way
Of Washington—who from the fray,
And from the council and the crest,
Was riding down his sword to lay
Once more upon his country's breast—
While he stepped back to that sweet rest
He yearned for. Yonder sounds a call!
A bugle's note, mayhap the fall
Of horse-hoofs on the old State road—
From every hamlet and abode
Men, women, children, hurry forth:
The wind is sweet, though west by north,
And keen with that sharp chill that comes
When on the hill the partridge drums.
This way they look, this way and

that!
They'll know him by his coat and hat;
They've seen his face in pictures, so
There won't be any doubt they'll know;
But deep within their hearts they sigh
They'll know him by his forthright eye.
His noble mien, his lofty frame,
His fitting in with road and sky
As nature fits all great forms in,
And signs the portrait with her name.
The young folk chatter, smile and grin,
The old are prone to be severe,
And stretch each vertice of the ear
To catch that first sharp clicking sound
Of the stage coach thundering on its way,
The hoof-beat on the frozen ground
That knows the kind of tune to play.
Some in small groups together drawn
Wait on the green bench of a lawn,
And these—in some more sequestered place—
The wisdom of his act debate.
One rises who defends the sire
Of his great land, and vows with ire
'Tis only a great man's way, indeed,
To give up lofty place, secede
From honors of such high degree,
Putting ambition aside, and fame,
Upon the altar whence they came—
His country's heart—and stepping down
From all the lure of high renown,
Take his old place in life again,
One with all kindred gentlemen!
Some tell the story of his trip,
While others hark with hanging lip—
That parting at old Frances inn
With those who'd been his aids at war,
Tears in his eyes, and in his heart
That aching that they feel who part
With comrades and with friends
who've spent

GENERAL WASHINGTON IN THE FIELD



Hours with them in the battlement
Of life, of fate, of hopes and dreams,
And brave adventures long before.
Then to the barge they see him go
At Whitehall Ferry, bowing low
In all that stately form of grace
At each bowed head and tear-stained face.
And then that silent, sweet adieu
At Paulus Hook—sad words and few,
A silent waving of the hand
Back to his high and faithful band,
Then with his face set hither—
strong

THE STORY OF THE CAMP PASTOR

(E. E. Ryden, Lutheran Camp Pastor, Camp Wadsworth, S. C.)

If you were a preacher about to deliver a sermon before a thousand or more soldiers, and they greeted you with cries and cheers of "Hooray!" as you mounted the platform, just what would be your feelings? Well, that was my first experience in preaching to the New York National Guardsmen at a week night Y. M. C. A. meeting in Camp Wadsworth. At first it startled me, naturally. Thought I, this must be a political rally instead of a religious gathering.

But that's just the spirit of the boys here. They are such red-blooded Americans they don't know what to do with themselves. They want action. If they can't move, they must yell. And when you learn to know them you learn how to take them. Those same men are as susceptible to a heart-to-heart Gospel message as any congregation I ever faced, and when I began to speak to them they were as reverent as saints and docile as children.

But you must give them a straight Gospel message. Oil and water don't mix. Neither do religion and frivolity. At least they fall to go together in the army. Some preachers and lecturers coming to Camp Wadsworth have had experiences they will not soon forget. Some came here imbued with the idea that what the soldiers want is a lot of funny stories, and if they could slip in a little religion while the soldier wasn't looking, they felt that they were executing a clever flank movement. Now the soldier does like funny stories, but he wants them straight. And most of them are open to religious impressions, too, but it must come in a straight-from-the-shoulder, a firm on pure form.

It took Dr. Keever of Utica, the "Fighting Chaplain," of the old First Cavalry, to drive this truth home at a recent meeting of Chaplains and camp pastors called by Major-General O'Ryan to discuss the moral situation in the camp.

"Let me tell you, gentlemen," he snapped in his sharp, incisive way, "when you leave out more of the spirit of liberalism and get more of the spirit of true religion in your preaching to the men, you'll have better results. I heard a preacher the other day refer to Jehovah as the 'Tribal God of the Jews.' Is that all he was? If so, I want to remind you that he always 'licked the other gods.' Tell the men that the laws God has laid down are immutable, and if they don't obey them they must suffer for it. This is no place for a wishy-washy religion."

When the Major-General spoke, he warmly commended the words of the Lutheran Chaplain. "I think I caught your meaning Chaplain," he said. "I have an instance in mind, where a chaplain was particularly popular among some of the men of his regiment. When I asked a soldier the reason for it, I was told that the Chaplain

in question was no 'Liberal.' 'We can swear right in front of our Chaplain, and he doesn't care.' Now, I need not say that that is not the kind of liberalism we want in this Division. The best soldier is the soldier who has a religion, the soldier who obeys the laws of God." I don't know when I have been so impressed with the truth of the General's statement as I was last Sunday night at our soldiers' Service. It had been announced as a soldier's communion service and our little church was well-nigh filled with men in olive drab. I wish you could have seen them! As stalwart and manly and clean-looking a body of men as my eyes ever looked upon. Any commander would have rejoiced to lead such a body of men. But what made my heart so glad was not the fact that they were so physically fit, but because of the great desire that filled each one that he might be made spiritually fit. Here were real soldiers of the Cross, ready, not only to fight the battles of the Republic, but also the battles of the Kingdom!

Then my thoughts went back, in

(Continued on Page Seven)

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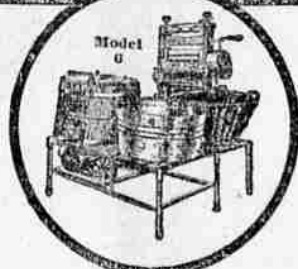
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In the high purpose he had made
To heed no imploring of the throng
But lay at his country's feet his blade.

Then the triumphant jaunt begun—
Those days of journeying in the sun;
The plaudits of a nation's best
Poured round him at each stopping place,
And on the roads from mile to mile
Always some patriot in whose breast

Inviolable love had left its trace,
Coming to bow by the road he'd take
And kiss the cold ground for his dear sake.

Philadelphia's loud acclaim,
Then Baltimore—her royal bounty
Poured as 'twas never poured before,
By every county seat and county—
To pay due homage to his name,
And give him a welcome at this door

Of Maryland he'd remember long
As life should last or dreams prolong
Their memories in his noble soul.
Then once again the coach wheels roll.
He's coming—down the General's Way!
The old State road is God's today!
God's—and beneath his sparkling sun—
God's and the General Washington!

Ten miles beyond the cross roads lies
The capital; o'er yonder rise
The Severn smiles 'neath azure skies
Where Indian Landing sleeps beside
The murmuring music of that tide,
Whose song—as light as beauty—
cheers

The silvering romance of the years.
He'll pass here soon; and this way rings
The music of the morn! Had kings
Such love from those they rule as he—
Ah well, what kingdoms we should see!

But he has struck down kings; his sword
Had fought for freedom and the Lord.
And now the cross roads teems with life,
The hour has come, the keen wind's knife

Is cutting under skin and bone,
But who cares for the cold—that lone,
Grave figure shall re-warm each heart!

An echo; see how sharp ears start.
It is the General—hooray!
And down the General's Highway
The women who have seen him pass
Follow in cheering groups—on mass

Of burning and of patriot zeal
To be first followers at his heel.
It is the General—hooray!
This roadside sings again today.
This nation sings, its heart still bowed

Before him in those dreams that crowd,
The moving canvas of the years.
There, like a peer among his peers
The vision looms again, and he
Stands in that room we still may see
One hand behind his back, and one
Laying that sword his bravery won
Upon the table. A shaft of light
Across the senate chamber steals,
A prelate in the foreground kneels
A consecrated hour, indeed,
That hour of high, exalted need,
That noble and immortal act—
Its spirit gleaming above its fact,
Its soul of beauty so made one
With the high soul of Washington!

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