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Repeat Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech.

Tomorrow is the fifty-ninth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's great Gettysburg address that hallowed Gettysburg's battlefield, consecrated by the blood of our soldiers of the civil war.

We ask the readers to please compare the last three lines of his speech with what is transpiring throughout the whole world just 65 years to a month from the time Lincoln delivered his masterpiece when he said that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. The famous speech follows:

Four scores and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a civil war; testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be here dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this Nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—Delivered November 19, 1863.

A Real, Regular, Hundred Point Boy.

He works on the railroad as a section hand and he is probably not more than seventeen years old. He lives in Huntington but is working in La Grande at the present time and his name is Arthur Beasley.

A few days ago when the Canteen ladies were serving the soldiers, sailors and marines at the railroad station with things to eat, this young man approached the booth asking if he could leave a donation there. The ladies did not understand him at first and thought he wanted a cup of coffee or something to eat. When they asked him to repeat what he had said, the young man drew a five dollar bill from his pocket and presented it to the ladies with these remarks:

"I am only a kid and too young to go but I have two brothers playing the big game in France and every night I think of those boys and think perhaps they might be hungry. They have told us home folks of the great good done by the Red Cross and I feel the least I can do is to give this five dollars to the cause."

The young man bowed politely and walked away leaving the ladies of the Red Cross with moist eyes and a feel

BRINGING UP MAIL FROM "POST OFFICE"



Canadian official photograph taken in the war area showing two soldiers carrying mail up from a dugout that has been heavily shelled by the enemy. The Canadians are using this dugout for an improvised post office.

ing of great respect and admiration for the boy who was too young to go, but is nevertheless a patriot of the most pronounced type.

Enforce the Traffic Rules At All Times.

The Observer wishes to voice its approval of Chief of Police Rayburn's evident intention to enforce the traffic rules in La Grande. It may seem a little hard and irksome occasionally on the automobile driver, but in the end it is the only way to have a community free from accidents.

Not long ago a big handsome car was the victim of a careless driver of another car and as a result the rear end of the high priced machine is damaged to the extent that it will always be noticeable. This is the property phase of the careless driving, to say nothing of the danger to human life which is always present when carelessness marks the man or woman held of the steering wheel.

Enforce the law, chief, and you will save some one's life besides saving heavy repair bills on cars of the citizens of La Grande and surrounding country.

Once a Republican, Now He's a Democrat.

Old Uncle George is a typical old-time Kentucky negro and a firm Republican, says Life, but things are happening too swiftly for him, and this is how he unburdened his soul to his "old master."

"You know, Marse Jeems, I've always been a Republican ever since I was born; but, believe me, from now on I'm a Democrat and a Wilson man. I've for any man that's so smart that he can add an hour's daylight to the day and can take away all the railroads from their presidents and give them to his son-in-law. I sho' am going to be a Democrat."

SMILE AND SONG FROM HOME BRING JOY TO ALL YANKS

(By United Press) PARIS, Oct. 18.—(By Mail)—It was one of those days when everything had gone wrong in the convalescent wards of a certain French hospital, partly given over to wounded soldiers.

Most of the men were getting along nicely, that was the trouble. Heroes don't work at heroics all the while; and if there is ever a time when they knock off on the job, it is while they are convalescing. Any nurse will tell you that. On this particular day men who had distinguished themselves like martyrs while they waited for stretcher bearers, were acting like kindergartners with sore thumbs. The curtains were too high, and the beds were too soft, and the beds were too hard. The oatmeal was raw, and the oatmeal was overdone. Only the mothers at home, who had nursed the husky warriors through mumps and measles could have thought them heroes.

Nothing Was Just Right "Darn that pillow!" muttered one of the American soldiers. It hurt him to hit it so hard, and you could tell from the expression on his face, but it would have hurt him more not to hit something just then.

"Monsieur should look out for the collar bone," reproved the little French Red Cross nurse. Under his breath the American soldier said something that sounded like, "a my collar bone!"

"I shall read to you, no?" offered the little nurse to the half-dozen nearest American soldiers, as nearly vicious a way as they could speak to anyone so kind as the little French nurse.

"Just look at that, would you?" added one of the boys. "Disgust-

ing. I call it! Simply disgusting!"

Love a Lover? No!

They all turned and stared with the greatest animosity at a cot nearby, where a pretty French girl was saying goodby to her "poulu" after her afternoon visit at the hospital. It was really a charming scene, but the nurse, who was gifted with imagination, understood why the American boys hated to look at it.

"The poor ones!" she said, to herself. "It is that they have le mal du pays. One can do nothing for them."

As if to contradict her, the door opened at that moment, and 4 women came into the ward—American women by every sign. The little French nurse would have known it, if only by the way the leader drew a long breath before plunging into her French question, after the manner of one about to take an ocean dip on a chilly day. They wore the gray uniforms of the Y. M. C. A.

But they had another insignia which made the little French nurse who knew of Benjamin Franklin only sketchily, look at them again. Under their arms each carried a pump, crusty loaves of bread, partly concealed by thin paper wrappings.

"They told us there were American boys here," the leader said. "Could we see them?"

Answer is Whoop. Could they? The boys answered the question themselves with a wild whoop. Callers from home? Someone to see them?

"Hello, boys!" smiled the Y. M. C. A. women, coming up to the cots. "See what we've brought you! White bread!"

There was another whoop at that. "We knew you'd like it," beamed

They were still grinning happily, their good nature utterly restored, when the last crumb of white bread had been eaten, and the Y. M. C. A. women had to say goodby. The little French nurse felt that her life had been made so much easier by the call that she followed the visitors to the door, and so.

It was a Treat, all Right "Oh, I guess they weren't so glad to see us as they were to get some white bread," modestly dis-

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claimed one of the Y. M. C. A. women.

"Le pain!" said the nurse. "But they have that everyday, both at the front and here. The hospital is furnished white bread for les Americans."

The Y. M. C. A. women looked at each other for a moment, then they laughed. "And they have it all the time," said one of them, when she could speak. "You'll never know how near we came to eating that bread on the way here. Why, we thought white bread would please them more than anything. We thought we were giving them a treat."

"I do not know that word 'treat,'" said the little French nurse, pronouncing it cautiously. "But I think, Mesdames, you have brought them something better than bread."

E. H. ESTES The remains of E. H. Estes, 58, who died here Saturday, were forwarded yesterday morning to Portland for burial. Mr. and Mrs. Estes were removing from Cam-

bridge, Idaho, to Portland, where they have two sons, when Mr. Estes was taken critically ill with a disease he had been suffering from for about twelve years. A stop was made here for an operation which resulted in death.

ATTENTION ELKS.

There will be a special meeting of La Grande Lodge No. 433 on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst. for the transaction of any and all business that may come before the lodge. This meeting is called in order that we may dispense with our regular meeting on Thursday night and not conflict with the "49" show.

R. J. GREEN, Exalted Ruler. A. B. CHERRY, Secretary. Nov. 16-31

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