

On Account of Influenza

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La Grande, Oregon

HOW IT SEEMS IN A TOWN THAT'S CLOSED

La Grande is a closed town. The business district is almost as lifeless as a marble slab, with not even a snow-bird or an English sparrow active enough to follow the street sweeper or the Ford car.

We are all paying homage to the dreaded disease called Flu.

Yes, it is an experiment.

No one knows whether it will do good and no one pretends to say whether or not it will do good.

It is a case of doing whatever seems possible to offset the grip of an epidemic.

The belief that the closing will not do good, but that the strict quarantine will do great good is everywhere prevalent, but good sports that La Grande people are, they are willing to try anything that might help.

With that part of the program explained, let us turn to the funny side of closing, for everything must have an amusing side, else it would not be worth while.

One old-time citizen marched down town this morning and he had forgotten to get any smoking tobacco. His pipe was empty; his nerves were wiggling and he had but one thought in his mind—how could he obtain tobacco. He appealed in vain, but no one had any more than a personal supply. Finally in desperation the old gentleman, who is a thoroughly law-abiding citizen, remarked:

"Is there not a tobacco bootlegger working today?"

If it is necessary to label a man a bootlegger who furnishes supplies contrary to the strict interpretation of the closing order it may be there are several who have bootlegged, who are bootlegging and who expect to bootleg.

Some one whistled as he stepped into the silent business district this morning and the sound of that whistle echoed and re-echoed until Officer Jim Christiansen, who had retired for the night, put on his slush shoes and came stealthily down town to grab the miserant who would dare disturb a closed city.

An automobile with a cut-out played fearful havoc by cranking its route through Main street and caused considerable consternation.

Then there came the fellow who could not help but sneeze and of course he has lost his standing in good society for all future time.

Clerks and store owners are playing hide-the-winks. Delivery boys are the only active piece of the commercial machinery of the city and they are working overtime, for it is admitted that people must eat.

Only seven days more of the experimental ban, so he contented himself happy. Look on the bright side of Mr. Emily and turn your troubles inside out, for the whole scheme may react for good and a life may be saved, which will be worth all the business in La Grande for an indefinite period.

VISITS HOME HUN PIRATES

CORRESPONDENT DESCRIBES INTERIOR GERMAN SUBMARINE

Find U-117 in Harwich Harbor. Near a Fleet of 80 Surrendered U-Boats.

ABOARD UNDER-SEA-CRUISER U-117, HARWICH HARBOR, Dec. 28.—The U-117, which during June, July and August cruised up and down the American Atlantic coast sinking sailing vessels, tugs, barges, and coastwise passenger steamers, lies under a thin fog tonight in Harwich Harbor—reduced to a curiosity.

Just up the harbor floats a fleet of 80 other former German U-boats. Moored up in two's and three's.

Stripped of her crew and potentiality for frightfulness, the monster submarine is nestling alongside a slaver diver, while English sailors search her for booty traps.

In her empty control room the butt ends of her two periscopes—one for navigation and the other for range-finding—swing useless, with no one to look through them.

She returned last September to Kiel from a 3-months cruise in American waters, with a record of 40,000 tons of shipping sent down, according to her crew.

From her mine racks in the rear to the torpedo tubes in the prow—through a greasy, queer-smelling jungle of steel rods and tubes, tiny steel-walled compartments joined by manhole doors, through the crews quarters, the officers and captain's cabins, the control room, the kitchen and the engine and switchboard rooms—is close to 300 feet.

The only variation in the steel lining of the passageway is the captain's cabin, where I am writing this—a pretty little den about 8 feet square, with oak-paneled walls. Each panel is the door of a cupboard. There is just enough room for a lounge, upholstered in beautiful imitation leather (the captain's bed) a little oak desk, where he wrote his log, and a small oak armchair, with an upholstered cushion.

The only other hint of luxury in the ship is the leather upholstery on the officers' berths in the adjoining cabin.

Both are simply enlargements of the direct end-to-end passageway of the ship.

The U-117 could shoot 28 torpedoes without returning to base. She had a mine-carrying capacity of 40 mines, and a 4-inch gun on her deck in front of the conning tower.

She has 3 places of control—on top of the conning tower for surface travel, in the upper control room (in the lower part of the conning tower) for semi-submerged or near-surface travel, and the lower control room, still further down, for deep submerged sailing. A slippery steel ladder, running through the manholes in the ceiling connects the three.

Here, squinting into the periscope, with one hand resting on the engine room telegraph beside him, the captain directed the actions. Behind him, with his back to him, stood the pilot, at an iron steering wheel set perpendicularly in the wall.

The life of a German submarine sailor was a series of restrictions. He climbed from his narrow iron bunk in the morning to bump into the bank across the aisle. He squeezed down the narrow passageway to the tiny washroom. He ambled a little further along to another small compartment, where the cook bent over a square electric cooking range with a cooking surface about 30 inches square on top and a small oven below.

He probably returned to his bunk to eat his ration, for there is no dining room. Perhaps he went back to the torpedo or mine room, where there is a small open floor space about 10 feet by 8 feet.

Or, if the submarine happened to be running on the surface, he climbed up the narrow steel ladder through the hatch (a manhole with a water-tight lid) to the deck.

Then, if he were an engineer's helper, he worked in a narrow aisle between two sets of Diesel engines.

If he were in the torpedo crew he would sweat under a conglomeration of steel-caged electric bulbs in a long low-ceilinged compartment on the lowest deck of the boat. He entered through a manhole in the wall, squeezed down an aisle between 2 rows of torpedo racks to the tube ends, where he had a small free space.

MECHANIC LAB.

Silence is golden; courtesy is silver-tongued; conversation is usually loud and confab on the telephone is a nickel arrangement.

Can't Do It Alone.

If a man ever becomes truly great it is usually the help of a devoted wife that is responsible for it.—Chicago Daily News.

A New Dodge.

To a Natch Raffie belongs the credit of inventing a labor-saving device for chimney cleaning. One of the colony's journals says: "A native in Natch had been asked to sweep a chimney, which he undertook to do. Later he was seen mounting the ladder for the last time with a couple of fowls under his arm. The fowls were to flutter down the flue and the job was done."

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WORTH OF A NEW SERUM IS PROVED

(Continued from Page One)

home in this city, said that Dr. Rosenow's desk was piled high with telegrams from practitioners in all parts of the middle west, setting forth the satisfactory results they had obtained by using the serum.

While the serum is a prophylactic inoculation or preventive, it has been found valuable as a treatment in cases where influenza is already in progress, according to Dr. Rosenow.

Treatment Methods Described. Details of its preparation and the method of treatment are given by Dr. Rosenow as follows, in his letters to physicians:

"This serum is prepared from pneumococci of the various types and allied green-producing streptococci, from hemolytic streptococci, staphylococci and influenza bacilli, as isolated from the sputa and lungs of cases during the present epidemic. Heretofore, broncho-pneumonia and pneumonia have been prevalent for some months following epidemics of influenza and pneumonia. This is particularly apt to be the case this year, since we have had the epidemic so early in the season.

"It is the plan that individuals be given three inoculations one week apart in order that a relatively high degree of immunity may be conferred, as well as a more enduring one. It is assumed that one series of injections

will confer a relative immunity to pneumonia and influenza for a period of perhaps six or nine months. In giving a large number of prophylactic inoculations during the midst of this epidemic we find that occasional relatively severe reactions occur in persons who are about to come down with influenza. Curiously these have usually run a very short and mild course. The attacks seem to be shorter, convalescence more rapid and the tendency toward a complicating pneumonia less marked."

Candles From Human Fat.

Among soap anomalies may be mentioned human-fat toilet soap, known over continental Europe the past century or more and indicated by some medicines as a superior emollient. This making is not particularly noted for fine sentiment. The fat stock was obtained from cadavers of hospital and morgue dormitories and tried out like any other fat. Candles for special purposes have also been made from human fat.—Scientific American.

What Do You Think of That?

There is an aspect of spider and fly relation which has been overlooked. An observer has brought the microscope to bear on many house flies and finds that the parasite upon that hateful insect is often an immature spider. Too weak yet to spin its web it makes the fly its winged prey, and courses from place to place at the will of its captive; either until Pegasus perishes naturally or presumably until the rider has grown up and is able to make a meal of his charger.

Another Type.

Another type of American that gives us an awful pain is the constructive critic whose attitude seems to be that he isn't going to be proud of his country until he has to.—Ohio State Journal.

Weather Prognostication.

Tradition holds that a morning rainbow is a sign of rain and an evening rainbow a sign of fair weather.

25 per cent of eye trouble can be corrected by taking the treatment given by Dr. H. W. Snook, which makes the wearing of glasses unnecessary. 12-20-34



Dr. W. S. Solf is the German secretary of state for foreign affairs.

During the "Flu" Ban

Customers from out of town or those who have no phone can leave their orders at the door and then either wait for them, call for them or have it delivered any place in the city. Besides our regular deliveries at 9 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. a special trip will be made at 5 p. m. as long as the flu ban is on.

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