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NEW CITY ADMINISTRATION.

Pendleton has now a new mayor, or will have when January first comes. Dr. F. W. Vincent relinquishes the chair of the municipal executive to T. G. Halley. Mr. Halley now is district attorney. He has in that capacity the practical control of the criminal business of the county, inasmuch as the new law of Oregon gives into the hands of the district attorney the virtual powers of the grand jury, and really creates a new office in enlarging the province of the district attorney as it has been enlarged.

As mayor, Mr. Halley will have the appointing of the marshal and recorder, subject to confirmation by the councilmen. Naturally, the mayor's recommendations within reasonable limits, will be approved by the common council.

Thus, by holding two offices—district attorney and mayor—Mr. Halley has taken upon himself a very large degree of responsibility. He will be held to account for the conduct of affairs to an extent never before the lot of a man in this county.

Matters pertaining to the municipality—matters purely of business nature, demanding attention to details and performance of routine duties by employes of the city—these will call for the devotion of an immense amount of time on the part of the new mayor, if he thoroughly performs his work and acquit himself with credit to his administration.

Adding the duties of mayor to those of district attorney has placed upon Mr. Halley a burden of responsibility that few men would care to assume, and that will make the coming two years a period when affairs of government will almost completely absorb his time.

It will be no sinecure, indeed, and it will be graceful if all of his friends determine to lend assistance in every manner possible. This they will doubtless do.

NO HOPES FOR RECIPROCITY.

President Roosevelt in his message favors reciprocity. Yet, when all things are considered, there is little room to hope that the present congress will enact any law satisfactorily disposing of the question. There is within the dominant party hostility to reciprocity, and that hospitality is manifest in quarters that suggest utter despair to advocates of reciprocity.

The protected industries will not permit the congress to make any law impairing in any essential respect the doctrine of protection, and reciprocity rests for its support upon a belief that protection as it has been given by tariff bills is not for the good of the people. It is true that many republicans high in the counsels of the party favor it. But they have now no weight in the nation, and stand as pariahs, dogs of outcasts, in the eyes of their political brethren.

Representative Babcock, of Wisconsin, some months ago proposed a departure for the ruling party, involving changes in the tariff policy. Soon after he submitted his proposition Mr. Babcock resembled something less than thirty cents, and he and his colleagues in the tariff reform movement have been so completely squelched, that it is to be doubted if they will have anything to say in the making up of the tariff program this winter.

No adequate reciprocity bills will be adopted by the fifty-seventh congress, is a good guess as to probabilities.

The Minnesota movement against the railway trust, appears to be a large hornet's nest about the ears of the magnates.

THE MAKING OF A FOOTPAD.

The widow of a coal miner lives in a dilapidated shanty, down in the lower town of Pittsburg. She has a boy of 12 who is her only "support," except her own hands. She makes a scanty living by washing overclothes for the miners and railroad men in the vicinity. She pays no rent, for the shanty in which she lives is one of a hundred or more in the district which belong to a great coal company.

Her beloved son gathers up coal for their daily use from beneath the immense chutes and bunkers which stand about the home on every side. He has not gone to school since his father was killed in the cave-in in '98. He has no books nor suitable clothes and it makes very little difference, anyway, as he is only waiting to grow big enough to hold a job in the mines. His father was an honest, hard-working miner. His mother is a Christian woman, and by nature the boy is well endowed. His home teaching is good, but also the environment is bad.

He spends his time up in the yards or at the depot, where he learns the doings of the great undiscovered world, outside of Pittsburg.

In the shade of the water tank there is a dirty assemblage of tramps "toughs," doubtful characters, men without occupation, beggars and vagabonds. The hero of these councils is "Hobo Bob," the brakeman, whose witty stories, vast experience, wide acquaintance with the world and general good nature make him the favorite of the boys who venture into these borderlands of crime, vagabondage and beggary.

Bob takes a deep interest in the "Kid," as he familiarly calls the widow's son.

"He's got the real article in him," he would say to the group of admirers. "He can travel now." From this indorsement of the "Kid," by the champion of the group, he became the leader and hero of the crowd of boys in the neighborhood. He could spit farther and straighter than any boy he knew. He was becoming a little bit overbearing with his associates and had already whipped a boy, very gracefully, who questioned his authority.

Finally, one morning he told the "old lady" if she got any coal that day she would pick it up herself, as he was tired of being "guyed" by the other kids for doing a woman's work, and besides he had some "unfinished biz" up town, and was already gone.

There were tears in his mother's eyes, when he left, but he did not know what they meant, and she was only a woman, anyway, and didn't know much. He turned up his hat brim behind, lit a half-smoked cigarette which he fished out of his pocket, and headed for the depot.

He spent that day and every day thereafter as long as he stayed in town riding the box cars up and down the yard. He was an expert at getting on and off the trains while running at high speed, to the delight of Hobo Bob. When a switchman ordered him off a car, and out of the yard, the "Kid" was going to "hand him one," which was told and retold a dozen times that week, down in the shadow of the water tank. One day he actually climbed under a moving car onto the rods and road to the lower chutes, two miles out of town; and when the switch engine came back with a "string of flats," two hours later, Bob was elated to see the Kid sitting contentedly on the brake beam of the rear car.

This was the crowning act of boyhood; henceforth he was a full-grown man, and had a passport to the secret councils of the water tank brigade.

One afternoon the Hobo said to the Kid:

"I'm goin' to take a little trip, think you can follow my smoke?"

"Well, I should smile," answered the boy, taking a fresh chew.

"What kind do you chew?"

"O. P." (other peoples')

"Dig up. Well, what says you?"

"I'm your huckleberry. Which way?"

"West."

"She's a go."

"Got any dough?"

"I'll work my old lady tonight, and see you later."

Next morning the "Kid" was standing on the depot platform when the fast freight rolled in. A boy of his own size and age climbed off the brake beam of a box car, directly in front of him the Hobo had not yet "showed up."

"Hello pard," said the newcomer.

"Howdy."

"What bloomin' town is this?"

"Pitts." (Pittsburg.)

"No?"

"That's no jolly."

"Where you hail from?"

"Live here."

"O, I see, anchored to the shore, so you can't drift."

"Where you from?"

"All over. Got pinched in old Chi. (Chicago) and quit her cold last night. Pretty crimpy up here these mornings. Say, you couldn't help a feller out?"

"Aint got a red."

"You're a cheerful liar."

"On the dead square."

"Any of your old pals in? But you don't know, do you?"

This imputation of ignorance struck the Kid to the quick.

"Don't know, eh? Well I guess Bob, the brakeman can put next; or maybe Brooklyn Mike can tell you who I am."

"Where's the hang out?"

"Down on First and Forest, but the push aint there. Some one give the coppers a tip and everybody is on the dodge."

"Say, that feller over there looks good to me. I'm goin' over and hit him for a piece of money. I must feed. I'm gettin' despirt."

The two new acquaintances walked over toward town, the "Kid" feeling that heroism had never attained such height before, as in his new found friend. They met Bob, heading for the depot.

"Well, if that aint a hot pair," he said looking delightedly from one to the other. "Dan, this is Pittsburg Kid. Kid, this is Denver Dan," he continued by way of introduction. The Kid threw down his chew of tobacco and tried to look tough.

"Say, Bob," said the new comer, "can't you do something? I'm hungry on the dead."

"Well, you aint no spring chicken."

"Dig up quick, before I hate you one."

Bob gave the new comer ten cents as it seemed to be an emergency case.

"Denver Dan" went down to the bakery and bought two small loaves of bread, and started down the track on a trot. He soon smelled a smoke and found a dozen pilgrims had preceded him to the camping place, and had a can of coffee boiling.

That evening Bob and the Kid "hit the grit." The Kid's mother left the lamp burning for him. But when she awoke at midnight and found his bed still empty, she blew it out, as her supply of oil was almost gone.

This Hobo had no visible occupation. Once, years ago, he had been a railroad brakeman, and the title still clung to him, as a distinguishing mark, and not as a token of his trade.

"Gee! they do wheel 'em!" said the Hobo, as the box car in which they were riding lurched around a curve.

"Ever go in the ditch, Bob," the Kid asked nervously.

"Ever! Why, I feel lonesome out of the ditch! It's about my time again. But its dead easy to laugh, after its all off."

The Kid wasn't laughing then.

Morning came and they were sidetracked at a lonely water tank.

"Here's where you register, sonny," said Bob, pointing to a long list of romantic names, cut deep into the wooded support of the tank. The Kid took his knife and cut "Pittsburg Kid" at the foot of the list. He saw the name of Hobo Bob well up toward the top. He turned his hat brim up behind, took a fresh chew, and loked the very perfection of toughness.

"Say, that house looks good over there. Try your luck. We got to feed," said the Hobo.

"Gee," thought the Kid, "looks like Bob meant to work me. But he knows the road, and I guess this is the road."

When he came back with a plentiful supply of cold grub for two, Bob took the lion's share. "Better stretch out and get a little shut eye," said Bob, suiting the action to the word.

A week later the two travel stained travelers entered the "Owl," a down town saloon which answered as a "home" for all the questionable people in the district. They were two thousand miles from old Pittsburg, and the Kid was fully initiated.

A dozen rough voices greeted them.

"Where'd ye get him, old shack?" asked a grizzled old specimen of Bob.

"Pittsy," answered he.

"Real thing?"

"Every inch."

The old specimen laid his hand on the Kid's shoulder. The Kid spit on the stove and leered around the room. He looked like the equal of anything present.

"Know the ropes, sonny?" said the old specimen.

"Yep, all of them and then some," replied the Kid.

"Get the first chair you find empty and take a nap. This is your home."

In a few days Bob disappeared and the Kid was alone with his new companions. Several other boys of his age were in the crowd.

"Well, Pitts," said the old specimen one day, "aint it about time you was gettin' a piece of money. Remember, it all comes into the company here. I am cashier."

The Kid was an expert and brought in a suit of clothes which did not fit him very snugly, and a goodly sum for his day's work.

Week in, week out, he begged for "the company." He was the hero among the town boys, as Bob had been in Pittsburg, years ago.

Finaly, he got too large to beg. He didn't know what work was, so took another degree in his profession, and held up a boy one dark night.

"Don't never squeal when you're pinched," said the old specimen. "That's a woman's trick."

"Gee, they are getting foxy," he said when he was arrested for robbery.

Finally they got him properly.

He didn't squeal, but the guards had to cary him onto the scaffold.

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Children are constantly exposed to all sorts of diseases. The air they breathe is filled with germs, sewer gas and dust from the filthy streets are inhaled into the lungs and taken into the blood. At the crowded school rooms and other public places they come in contact almost daily with others recovering from or in the first stages of contagious diseases. You can't quarantine against the balance of the world, and the best you can do is to keep their blood in good condition, and thus prevent or at least mitigate the disease. You have perhaps learned from observation or experience that healthy, robust children (and this means, of course, children whose blood is pure) are not nearly so liable to contract diseases peculiar to them, and when they do it is generally in a mild form. On the other hand, weak, emaciated and sickly ones seem to catch every disease that comes along. This is because their blood is lacking in all the elements necessary to sustain and build up the body. Poisons of every description accumulate in the system, because the polluted and sluggish blood is unable to perform its proper functions.

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