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East Oregonian.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1902.

> Labor with what zeal we will,
> Something yet remains undone;
> Something uncompleted still,
> Waits the rising sun.—Longfellow.

JUST AMONG OURSELVES.

Pendleton's hands are full of good things just now. The business, social, charitable and educational circles are alive with activity. No time for idleness. Plenty for all to do for months to come. Business pressing furiously upon every citizen. Public and private interests that must be intelligently met. Plans for future achievement that must be enlarged upon and consummated. Improvements that call for action. Questions of importance that cannot be postponed, all bearing upon the shoulders of the community.

The plans for the new club house have been accepted by the Commercial Association and the young men's club. The proposition of disposing of the $20,000 worth of stock is now before the city. Every point in the progress of this proposition has been satisfactorily met. It has been dealt with as a purely business transaction, and is now on a most rigid business basis. The flourishes and idealty do not enter into the strong and practical features of the concern. They can be added after the money is raised. It is now in the plainest and most practical business garb. It remains for Pendleton to meet it, as she has met, successfully, every other consideration that entered into her future welfare. She can add this club building to her worthy institutions without an extra effort. She can raise this $20,000 worth of stock and lay the foundation for the building inside of two weeks. The present quarters of the Commercial Club are inadequate to the growing demand for room. The need for suitable recreation and entertainment for the young people, grows more apparent day by day. It is a plain, broad, business deal. It will redound to the credit and profit of the city. It will be an everlasting monument to the enterprise and public spirit of the community and the work of building it should be entered into with zeal and wisdom.

The new Academy building is nearly completed. Its addition to Pendleton's high position as an educational center, demands an increased scope of opportunity for the social and business inclinations of the young people.

The high school journal that is to be issued by the members of that institution, is an undertaking by the young people of this city and deserves the support of everyone. As an adjunct to the high school, its mission is especially worthy of encouragement and aid. It is to be a home product. Thought and word and sentiment of your sons and daughters; fruit of their yearning for a higher plane and broader view of life; are you in favor of such? Then make it a success that the young and the old, the city and the county will be proud of.

Acting upon the suggestion of Judge Hartman, this city and county should organize at once, for the prosecution of the campaign of irrigation. There must be organized effort, systematic work and thorough understanding of the plans to be put forth by Umatilla county for government aid. Those in charge of our propositions should be in communication now, with the government engineers and the secretary of the state association, looking to an investigation and acceptance. This irrigation crusade did not end with the convention. Its climax is yet to come, in the full fruition of the land we love. Its meaning will be empty if we do not act in concert with the spirit that made that convention the most enthusiastic, the most thoroughly Oregonian of any that has graced the business history of this state. Every citizen is a member of the irrigation army. Every foot of arid land is a common foe that must be vanquished.

This morning the city of Pendleton put on her metropolitan clothes. The most beneficial addition that has been added, at one stroke, to the home and business circles of this city, is the inauguration of free mail delivery. From the plane of an every day town, she rises to the queenly dignity of a city, with one easy stride. In keeping with this progressive spirit of the day, she must take up the issues of importance now before her. She must meet unflinchingly the plans and business propositions that press for solution.

THE WORST TRUST OF ALL.

To me government ownership seems the worst "trust" of all, and I believe, attracted by rich spoils, a scheming few would control that socialistic government in their own interests, just as they control this one whenever it becomes worth their while to do so. For example, the great prize in every country is man's inheritance—the earth; and I'll venture to say this country and its people would be better off today if congress had never had any control over the public domain.

* * *

The land bounties, railroad grants, swamp land acts, have all resulted in the valuable bulk of the public domain going into the hands of scheming rings which stood back of each of these ostensibly public and general acts. The stone and timber act gives every citizen 160 acres of land valuable only for stone or timber.

* * *

What does a citizen want with an isolated 160 acre tract of such land? Obviously not to use it himself, but in practically every instance he secures it only to sell it at once to the timber speculators, who thus have gathered at nominal prices about all the timber land not in general grants (often calling perjury and fraud to their aid, and taking up the land by their own employes).

* * *

President Cleveland, to preserve river sources, set aside certain mountain areas as timber reserves—a worthy act; but the grafters, by their willing friends in congress passed an act permitting any person having land in a forest reserve to exchange it for an equal quantity (not value) out of the reserve. This exchange being wholly optional, railroads (and others) have kept all their good timber land inside the reserve, but have exchanged all their stony or burnt or otherwise worthless sections inside the reserve for choice timbered land outside the reserve, till now there is but little good timber left in the public domain.

* * *

What the babies to be born 50 years hence will say to this question of private ownership of all the timber, we cannot tell. It is a favorite axiom of the modern feudal baron that everyone has an equal opportunity. Obviously, the babies to be born 50 years hence will not believe this as to timber, coal, iron, water power and other natural foundation stones of wealth.—C. E. S. Wood, in Louis Post's Public.

RUSSIA'S TOTTERING THRONE.

Unhappy Nicholas, Czar of all the Russias, from Vladivostock to crushed defiant Poland; ruler of an empire that reaches half way around the world; all that wealth, gold, crown, kingdom and life could select or desire lying within his fingers' reach! St. Petersburg, Moscow—their spires, luxuries, palaces—their elegant temples of wealth; their rich apartments, [illegible] silken and embroidered tinsel! Couches for the royal head, eiderdown for the royal feet! Naptha, wine, rich and dainty dishes served in all the unique and wonderous styles, by cooks from every known clime, for the royal appetite. A treasury of gold, the key at his disposal. The greatest army on earth at his command. The Russian Empire for a playground; yet Nicholas is unhappy. Why?

* * *

When he was a boy he loved a peasant girl. Some winsome lass, whose father had bent his back beneath Russian tyranny, took the son of the old czar into her heart and he was changed for life. She laid a blight upon the Russian throne—not wantonly, for she was innocent as an angel. But it was she who was the author of Nicholas' unhappiness. She crippled his nature so it has been imperfect since that day. She returned his love, but they could not marry. He was the son of an emperor and she, the happy, gulileless thing, was only a peasant child, and the barbarous law of kingcraft says "no matter for love, marry a princess." The peasant girl shook the Russian throne.

Nicholas married a princess and so far as life's highest accomplishments are concerned, he had as well not married at all. His life and her life are records of mutual bitterness. She was a princess, it is true, but, Ah, that lingering, clinging, tender thread that reached from the royal palace back through the story of boyhood to the peasant cot! It bound him as with bonds of steel. He is only human. His heart is common clay. So his life is empty. His soul hovers over that old resplendent dream. Now that he is borne down with care, burdened with the weight of government, soured with the details of an unhappy life and driven to desperation with the thought that his children are all girls, he is said to be insane and on the point of abdication. Ah, to be a peasant, only a peasant!

* * *

But why should not three laughing girls make any father proud? Why should they be a cloud upon the royal brow? By the same inhuman barbarism that bars a prince from wedding a peasant, women are excluded from the Russian throne. Think of it. Don't love, only marry a princess. Don't let a noble woman wear a crown. Give it to some reprobate, who can dim its radiance with a life of debauchery!

If your mind can imagine the great space that lies between the glorious life of Victoria and the groveling baseness of old Leopold, you can understand this Salic law. What is the Salic law?

* * *

In the 5th century, the Franks, a nation of barbarians, roaming in the woods of mediaeval Germany and France, decreed that no woman should inherit the lands of her father. In the 5th century, when the warriors drank blood from a cup made of the human skull; when ferocity was valor; when butchery was glory; when civilization was not even a poet's distant dream. This was the age that brought forth the Salic law. Modern nations have applied it to the succession of the crown, as the ancients did to lands. It is a relic of fifteen hundred years old. Yet Russia clings to it. No wonder Nicholas is unhappy.

SLOW-HEALING SORES

Slow healing sores are unsightly, painful and dangerous. They are a constant care and source of anxiety and worry.

Chronic, slow healing sores are frequently the after effects of some long debilitating sickness that leaves the constitution weakened and the blood in a polluted, run down condition, when a scratch, cut, simple boil or bruise, becomes a fearful looking ulcer that grows and spreads, eating deeper and deeper into the flesh in spite of everything that can be done to check its progress. Old people whose blood is below the standard and the circulation sluggish, are often tormented with face sores, and indolent, sickly looking ulcers upon the limbs that give them hardly a moment's rest from pain and worry.

Purify the Blood Heal the Sore.

Ordinary sores are liable to become chronic when the blood is too weak to throw off the germs and poisons, and no amount of external treatment will heal them, but they continue to grow worse and worse, and many times terminate in that most horrible of all human maladies, Cancer.

S. S. S. cures slow healing sores by purifying and invigorating the germ-laden, vitiated blood and purging the system of all corrupt matter, thus striking at the real cause and removing every hindrance to a rapid cure, and this is the only possible way to reach these deeply rooted, dangerous places. S. S. S. strengthens and tones up the circulation, and supplies rich, nutritious blood for the rebuilding of the constitution and healing the sore, when you get rid of the old plague spot for all time.

SSS

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