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Pessimism is the philosophy of fools. It is one thing to see the evil clearly and expose it bravely; it is quite another thing to believe that the evil is omnipotent and everlasting. Whether we see it or not, all natural forces are fighting against every evil work and evil worker, and are fighting for the supremacy of love and wisdom in the world. There are a good many towns where God doesn't seem to be the "boss," and where such an affirmation about Him would seem to be ridiculously inappropriate. Yet back of all the temporary and superficial successes of selfish and sordid men "standing God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."
—Robert Whittaker in San Francisco Star.

SNEAKING OUT OF LIFE.

What has struck the people of this good old planet, anyway? What cause is there for such a hurrying, scurrying, shoulder-jostling rush for the next world, by way of the back door of suicide? What mania prompts a sane man to tip a cup of carbolic acid to his lips or to pull a trigger within a foot of his ear? Surely the imaginary ills of the world are not so appalling that a man should be willing to risk the unknown conditions of another world, to escape them. Poverty, discontentment and disappointment are the alarming causes of suicide. People cannot dress and feast like a more fortunate neighbor and they lose hope and sneak out of life. Why don't they live and make a fight? If conditions don't suit them why don't they vote and work and preach for reform? Don't get discouraged because some monopoly crushes the life out of you. Some of the rankest monopolists that ever lived on earth, have gone before you to another place, so you will only rush into their company by committing suicide. Stay on earth as long as you can. Make it better, if only by so much as one good hard fight for equality. People have a habit of magnifying their troubles. The greatest fault of society is that it uses a telescope when looking for scandal, trouble or faults in others and hoodwinks itself when looking for good deeds and good traits. Because some personal grievance is bearing down on you, don't imagine that everybody you meet is thinking about it. Don't work yourself into a frame of mind that persists in brooding. It is true, the struggle for bread and butter is a long, fruitless, prosaic task, with many. The luxuries that seem to multiply in the hands of neighbors and friends seem elusive when sought. The laws of the land seem to be with the powerful, and the weak man has no lever with which to rise. Yet in the face of all this, suicide is cowardly. In the face of all this inequality it is better to live a poor man and fight a good fight, than to leave the world by the back door. A study of the statistics of suicide reveals some of the most alarming conditions that ever confronted the human race. The increase of suicides among young people, from 15 to 25, has increased 200 per cent in ten years. The strong, healthful, sane, vigorous, educated and talented fall before its blight as well as the old and decrepit. If a disease, where will it end? If a creature of local conditions, will it not act as a self-destroying agency of the human race, as the economic ills that are largely responsible for it, increase? Not only moral philosophers, but legislators must deal with the question. It can no longer be cast aside as a freak. It is growing to be as

common as a fever and must be dealt with accordingly.

When the Rigby-Clove harvester manufactory was proposed for this city, it was doubted by many leading business men that there was a demand for such an enterprise here. Before the company had done a tap of work, ten combined harvesters were contracted to be delivered this season. This is all the plant is capable of turning out before harvest. As many more of the machines could have been sold this season had the capacity of the factory warranted it. This is only one of the numerous business opportunities that lie untouched in Pendleton. Idle capital could convert this city into a manufacturing center, at a profit to the investors and to the permanent glory of the community. The Pendleton Cold Storage and Ice Factory, now nearing completion, should have been built years ago. Pendleton consumes two trainloads of North Powder ice each year and there will be a market here for every pound of the output of this factory. Pendleton needs brick, tiling, miles of sewer pipe, miles of street paving and miles of asphalt sidewalks. The business openings in no city in the West compare favorably with those of Pendleton. The wonder is that capital can resist such temptations.

The Portland laundry owners have absolutely refused to grant a nine-hour day, as requested by their employees. Most of the laundry workers in Portland are women and girls and their work requires them to stand up all day. The demand for a short day is based on humane grounds. The women employees claim that they cannot work full time under the present ten-hour day as they become so worn out from standing up day after day, that they must "lay off" to rest, and thus lose time which they can ill afford to spare, on the wages paid.

The past good deeds of Russia nor the promise of future reform do not atone for the awful cruelties she has inflicted upon her Jewish residents within the past two weeks. When she seeks to establish a commercial center in her Chinese possessions, she invites the Jew to lay the foundations, but in her blind fanaticism she goes back four hundred years to hunt up tortures for the defenseless race when it becomes thrifty and self-supporting.

But little over three months remain until the opening of another school year and Pendleton is doing nothing to prepare for it. Every week that passes increases the school population. Last February there were 50 pupils turned away for want of room. By September 1 this number will have increased to perhaps 100. Delay in this matter is dangerous to the prosperity of the city. No amount of business increase can satisfy the demand for better school facilities.

A statue to Sacajawea, the Indian girl guide of the Lewis and Clark expedition, is now an assured fact. The matter of raising funds for this purpose has been referred to the women's clubs throughout the state. The more the history of this woman is read and rehearsed, the greater appears the need of a statue of her at the Lewis and Clark Fair to complete the story of that memorable expedition.

Just now, in Webfoot, there is taking place a sickening disinterment of political carcasses that were thought to have been buried beyond recall.

AUSTRALIA'S UNEMPLOYED.

Among the many expedients which the New South Wales state government is adopting in its efforts to alleviate the distress which exists in Sydney owing to the large number of unemployed is the establishment of a "relief farm," writes our Sydney correspondent.

An area of land in one of the more distant suburbs of the city has been acquired and placed under cultivation. Any man who is unemployed can go there, and in return for his shelter and food he must do a certain amount of work. If he works for one hour he gets his supper, if for three hours his supper and a bed and his breakfast. Then, in the morning, he must leave for the city or elsewhere in search of employment, and if he fails he can go back to the depot again.

So much for what is known as the "casual." But in addition there is what is known as a "permanent" class. This class consists mostly of the partially incapable, or invalid, and these are kept at the institution for a period not exceeding three months. They are paid 5s a week for

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their labor, and their wages accumulate against the day of their departure. Under this system men have frequently entered the depot in bad health, and at the end of three months have left it with strength restored and money in their pockets. The institution is thus in the nature of a poor man's sanatorium. The farm is expected to be self-supporting. The chief products are vegetables, which find a ready and profitable market in the city. At present experiments are being made in the growing of peanuts and tobacco.—London Mail.

THE "TREE OF LIFE."

The expression "tree of life" has more than a biblical or a symbolic meaning according to modern science. All animal life upon this planet is dependent upon the green iron-containing substance called "chlorophyll," which gives their summer colorings to trees, grass and shrubs. Green, not blood-red, is the life color.

English scientists have figured out that such schemes as Sir Oliver Lodge's proposed reforesting of the English Black Country would help to eke out the three millions of years for which astronomers tell us the sun will continue to make animal life possible.

Disastrous forest fires in the Adirondacks are, upon this view of the matter, a species of "race suicide," and the proposed new undertaking of the United States government to study the prevention of forest waste is the most direct work of self-preservation.—New York World.

A. B. McGraw, of North Yakima, fatally injured C. B. Gaylord Monday by striking him on the head with an axe.

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