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God knows success is sweet,  
 And yet He thought  
 Not best to give the longed-for  
 boon to all,  
 Lest the desire to win it had  
 been small,  
 And His most wise design been  
 set at naught.

So friend, if you or I, must work  
 in vain,  
 Remember that but for our fruit-  
 less toil  
 Success had missed some por-  
 tion of her foil.  
 Let that thought blunt the stab  
 of Failure's pain.  
 —Carrie Blake Morgan.

**AN AGE OF SYMBOLISM.**

A touching little ceremony was performed this afternoon at the high school grounds, when the graduating class carved their initials upon a huge granite monument and then with appropriate addresses and fitting solemnity, consigned this stone to the ground as a memorial of their graduation.

Those who come after this class may look with pride upon this monument and in looking upon it will be inspired to leave their own names, wreathed in the same glory, upon a granite slab, just as imposing as this. The ceremony and the monument are high incentives to those who hope to graduate and they are soul satisfying to the graduates themselves.

It is an age of symbolism. The spirit of it is seen everywhere.—is felt in all our associations.

Rituals and rites make up half the social life of the world. Church, lodge, home, street and counting houses—all are filled with symbolical things. Visible objects stand everywhere for invisible truths. Forms and shapes and tangible things are fixed before the eyes of the world as representatives of spiritual meaning.

A badge representing two clasped hands is worn to symbolize fellowship; the links and the battle-axe, the compass and square, the shining eastern star and the various expressive designs of crafts and fraternities all stand for spiritual truths which only the initiated can appreciate. The study of symbolism and the love of it is the best part of life.

This granite monument means to these hopeful graduates something deeper and purer and more inspiring than can be comprehended by the uninitiated. It is to them a symbol of work well done and faith well founded. It is their individuality planted in the records of the public school and in the hearts and minds of their classmates, teachers and associates and the enduring granite fittingly symbolizes a meaning that to them lies too deep for words.

Carter Harrison has slapped the street car and traction companies of Chicago in the face. In his annual message, delivered yesterday, he emphatically informed these magnates, who have controlled the public utilities of Chicago, that all 99-year franchise privileges they now hold must be waived before any extension of franchise would be granted. He told them that all future franchises should include a clause providing for early public ownership, and that all questions involving the disposal of privileges that belong to the people of Chicago must be and will be submitted to a vote under the "public opinion" clause of the new charter. Chicago clings to this brave champion of the people's rights, like Toledo clings to "Golden Rule" Jones and Cleveland to Tom Johnson. Whatever socialism and public ownership means to the people of the larger cities, is soon to be demonstrated. Nothing can stop the inexorable tide.

Rev. Charles Thompson, of New York, said yesterday in an address before the Presbyterian assembly in Los Angeles, in regard to the Mormon church: "It is not to be educated; it is not to be civilized; it is not to be reformed—it must be crushed. No other organization on earth, except the German army, is so well organized as the Mormon church." The Mormon church has made more desert waste habitable for man, on the American continent, than all the other churches combined. Their Sunday school classes are larger, their congregations more regular in attendance and their industrial and economic systems are more complete than any other American religious organization and at the present rate of increase in membership, the task of crushing it promises to be long and interesting.

Commissioner of Immigration Frank P. Sargent has just returned from the Sandwich Islands, where he was called to investigate the Chinese and Japanese invasion of the islands. He finds that Oriental labor is absolutely necessary there as the wages, climate and environment deter white men from working there, at manual labor. The United States must surrender the boasted Chinese exclusion act so the "infant industries" can get cheap labor and the country fill up with white tramps.

If the trip of the Portland capitalists into Central Oregon next week is to be made in search of trade encouragement for a railroad in that region, it marks an epoch for the interior counties. But if it is nothing but a mid-summer excursion for the purpose of quieting the clamor of the people for a railroad into the interior district, and to head off intending transportation lines from the south, it is an empty news item and will have no consequence.

One strong inclination in Roosevelt's nature bursts out in every speech he makes. In nine addresses out of ten his opening remarks allude to the subject of war. Can he talk to the people from the civilian's standpoint? Can he let the silent glory of the soldier be its own best advocate? This is an age of peace and a nation of civilians. He is not in need of soldiers. There are other inspiring subjects that are more appropriate to the time and the needs of the hour.

The scarcity of cord wood in the Willamette valley begins to remind those who have bartered away the people's timber land that the result of their acts is to be suffered by the present generation. Where politicians are permitted to deal in the inalienable possessions of the people, it is only a question of time until the people are stripped.

The increase of the ore output at Susanville and the fact that this ore is hauled 85 miles to Pendleton and the wagons loaded with merchandise on the return trip, should cause Pendleton to come in closer touch with that district. All roads from the interior lead to Pendleton, but are they good roads?

**THE DIGNITY OF A TRADE.**

A wealthy New York broker who has a country home on Long Island, is so fond of flowers that he frequently spends some time in and about his plants, sometimes doing a little gardening himself. A few days ago he thought he would water some plants, so he called to his new coachman, who was standing near a watering can, and told him to fill it and bring it to him.

"Beg your pardon, sir, I'm the coachman," said the English importation, touching his hat.

"Well, that's all right; bring that can here."

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm the coachman."

"Well, well, I know that. Bring the can here, I want it."

The coachman touched his hat and still made the same reply. Then something dawned on the broker.

"Oh," he said, "so you're the coachman and can't bring that can. Well, coachman, go and have the black team hitched to the family carriage and bring it here. Have one of the hostlers ride on the box with you."

The coachman touched his hat again respectfully and went. Presently he drove up in style.

"Now," said the broker, "drive to where that can is and you, hostler, pick it up; get back on the box, drive around to the stable with the coachman, fill it with water and have him drive you back again."

It was done, and the can brought, filled.

"Now, hostler," said the broker, "you may go. Coachman, you remain

where you are. I may need you again. Don't drive away until I give you leave."

The coachman saved his dignity, but he sat on the seat of that coach for two hours after the broker had finished watering the flowers.—Exchange.

**A WISH.**

In the midst of all the bustle,  
 In the rush and roar of life;  
 While we toil and while we hustle,  
 Bearing each his share of strife,  
 Comes to me and every other,  
 Dreams that make us smile and sigh;

And we are at home with mother  
 Where the swallows homeward fly.  
 Far we roam o'er sea and jungle,  
 Though our life be good or bad;  
 If we build or if we bungle,  
 Still that vision we have had;  
 And we see the grey head nodding  
 In the rocker broad and high,  
 And we wish that we were plodding,  
 Where the swallows homeward fly.

City food may all be healthy,  
 Breakfast foods may lengthen life;  
 But I'd rather not be wealthy—  
 Gladly I'd forsake the strife,  
 If once more in boyhood's country  
 I could smell its pumpkin pie;  
 And could steal into the pantry  
 Where the swallows homeward fly.

Oh, ye gods, who good are giving,  
 Grant me that before I die,  
 I may have the joy of living  
 Where the swallows homeward fly.  
 And that loving hands will pass me  
 Country fare heaped full and high,  
 And the gout will ne'er harass me  
 Where the swallows homeward fly.  
 —R. A. Watson, Pendleton, Or.

**A PREACHER IN THE SADDLE.**

In the Outlook Dr. Rainsford tells how once, when he had been long away from civilization, he was riding with a lawyer friend to an army post: "I wore no coat," writes Dr. Rainsford; "my shirt was heavily spattered with blood from butchering our own meat and carrying it into camp on my shoulders; just before we reached the post we met three or four rough Western fellows; they looked at me and at my friend, gave us the time of day, as they always do there, and passed on to where our outfit was behind; they hailed the drivers of our pack horses and said:

"Who are those fellows in front?"  
 "One is a lawyer and the other's a parson."  
 "Suppose the big fellow is the lawyer?"  
 "No, he's the parson."  
 "Well, he looks big enough to work for his living," they answered, as they rode on."—New York World.

**INDIAN BABIES.**

Babies cry very little in India—they obey spiritual law as a flower. The lotus bud, lying on a stone bench in a dirty room, sucks its toe and seems dreaming of the pranks of baby Krishna, and solving the problems of the universe. As it grows older it is very timid and shy in the presence of its elders, it feels the religious awe around it and does not break out into boisterous sport when all seems at prayer.

But there is much love in India and these humble households seem very happy. They are all-in-all to each other and seek nothing outside either in society or amusement. Beautiful character comes from obedience to law and not from lawlessness. In India children are the crowning gift of life. It is a horror to be childless.—Edmund Russell in Everybody's Magazine.

The Copper Queen and the Brunswick, two barks are beached at the mouth of Rogue river.

Senator C. W. Fulton is now in Southern Oregon campaigning for Binger Hermann.

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Miss Sarah Finley

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