

East Oregonian

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It Does Not Matter Now.

He was a slender, blue-eyed boy,
 Yet scarcely reached sixteen;
 His widowed mother's hope and pride,
 Of brave and gallant mein.
 A jaunty soldier cap was pressed
 Upon his girlish brow,
 But whether it was blue or gray—
 It does not matter now.

Close to her breast the mother held
 Her boy, in fierce embrace.
 Her kisses hungered on his lips,
 Her tears bedewed his face.
 Yet yielding him at duty's call
 She prayed as mothers pray,
 And gave her all—it matters not,
 Whether for blue or gray.

On Shiloh's dread and bloody field
 He lay among the slain,
 The ruby of his youthful lips
 Dyed a more crimson stain.
 The blue eyes were forever closed,
 And cold the waxen brow;
 But if he died for blue or gray,
 It does not matter now.

Just where he lies she may not know,
 Yet, on some grave instead
 Of his, she lays a snowy wreath
 For all the "Unknown Dead."
 And on his grave some kindly hand
 Will place a wreath today,
 Nor seek to know if the dead-blow
 Had worn the blue or gray.
 —J. H. Cradlebaugh.

WAKE UP, IRRIGATIONISTS.

The agitation of the East Oregonian in the matter of holding the semi-annual irrigation convention at Baker in June, in spite of the apparent lack of interest, is bearing fruit. The Baker City Herald prints the East Oregonian's editorial on the subject in full, and introduces it with a cordial appeal to the better judgment and public spirit of Eastern Oregon irrigationists to see to it that this first meeting does not go by default.

The Baker City Democrat, which has been mum on the subject, seems willing to abandon the meeting, and was saying nothing or doing nothing to save this section of Oregon from the undeserved reproach of being too slow to hold a meeting in its own interest, until after the lash of the East Oregonian was cracking over its head.

Awakening from its dream, it makes a good fight for the meeting and with a word of encouragement from the local associations, the meeting will be held. The Democrat lifts the nail on the head in coming back to consciousness, when it says: "The mistake made by the local irrigation association in throwing over the semi-annual convention of the State Irrigation Association, which was scheduled to be held in Baker City in June, because an under official of the government did not at the first glance recommend an irrigation reservoir for Baker county, is glaringly apparent."

"Baker county sent thirteen delegates to the last irrigation convention held in Portland. At their invitation the members of the state association agreed to make a special visit and hold a semi-annual meeting at Baker City, the next regular annual meeting to be held in Pendleton. The hospitality of Baker county is at stake. What does it matter whether a government official has for the moment turned us down or not? The way to get irrigation is to go after it and not sit down in abject fear. If the Portland and Western and Southern Oregon delegates come

to Baker City in a body it will be a tremendous advertisement and that much aid in assisting us in the proper department to secure government irrigation.

The general sentiment of those who have studied the situation is that Baker City should have this convention at any cost and that immediate steps should be taken to that end by the county association, or the mayor and citizens at large if the association is not interested in the matter."

BREMERTON'S REWARD.

The United States government has done a wise thing and set a worthy example by boycotting the town of Bremerton.

It is a healthful lesson that other Pacific Coast towns may profit by. It is an indication that the government recognizes the moral standard and is going to insist on its observance. It is a rebuke to the city that opens its doors to the vile and invites the slums of the earth to infest it.

This does not signify that Bremerton is any worse than other coast towns—it only signifies that where such gross immorality comes in the way of good service in the government, it must yield or the government will seek other locations for important headquarters.

It is a warning to the people that vice is not tolerated by the United States government. It is a declaration by the head of one of the greatest departments in the national government that the worst class of citizens in the community shall not set the standard and form the environment for employes of the people.

Bremerton opened her doors and gave her keys to the ruffian class. She built saloons, gambling houses and unspeakable dens with which to allure and demoralize the sailors of the United States government. She soon won the unenviable reputation of being the "toughest" town on the Coast, and if the navy department permanently abandons the yard there it will be only a mild rebuke to the low element which tries to dominate every new Western city.

One of the most exciting scenes of the president's tour was witnessed yesterday at Pocatello. Five hundred Fort Hall Indians, mounted on the best steeds and dressed in their Sunday blankets, met the president's train near town and raced for three miles beside it. The only mad man in the party was the locomotive engineer, who had orders to hold his steed down so the ponies could keep up with the train.

Tolstol says Russia is solely to blame for murdering the Jews. She need not try to shift the responsibility. And the whole case against her is summed up by this fearless philosopher by saying that the bottom cause of the outrage is the idolatrous faith that has supplanted Christianity in Russia. She no longer bows to the cross—but to the rouble.

The crop reports from the world's great wheat countries, now indicate a shortage of 300,000,000 bushels. This means money to the farmers of Umatilla county, although it may mean want to people less favorably situated.

It is rather a grim bit of irony to say that bartenders get 40 per cent more wages in Oregon than county school teachers. The bartenders are organized and the teachers are not. There may be something in this.

O lifeless presence, mute, unknowing clay,
 Accept from us our sorrowing heart's behest—
 As with a sigh, we reverently lay
 The blossoms on thy breast.

This is the day of dead. To those who know its meaning, through sorrow, words are empty. To them, the eloquent silence of the tomb is the greatest incentive to high resolve.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

In London a discovery has been made which is likely to become one of the toughest problems of the age. D. V. Colingridge, the chief medical authority of that city, has issued a report in which he announced that all of the Thames fisheries, including the estuary, are contaminated with the bacilli of typhoid fever. His condemnation includes the famous White-table oyster beds, where 90 per cent of the oysters examined were found to be infected. A ban has also been laid on the whitebait, shrimps, smelt and cockles. Contamination by sewage was found 50 miles away from London in the drainage outfall, while an even worse state of affairs was

discovered at other points on the coast, from which shellfish are supplied to the markets.

The infection is pronounced due, altogether, to local sewage. There have been other fatal warnings since the terrible Winchester banquet, where the eating of oysters, it was claimed, spread death in that borough. These indications make manifest the truth that the limit has been reached and may be accepted as nature's protest against crowding so vast a population in one locality. During Elizabeth's reign, which ended just three centuries ago—1603—there was an outcry against the increase of the number of buildings in the British capital, but aggregation has gone on until the population of a second-class power is now crowded upon a few score miles of surface. It is not only the pollution of food resources that has to be dealt with, but the water supply is found to be inadequate. It is now admitted that the Thames valley, with its contributing streams, including artesian wells, furnishes an insufficient supply, and even an ordinary drought causes serious inconvenience as well as sanitary and fire perils. The only solution suggested of this menacing evil is an immense aqueduct to Wales, to be built at fabulous expense, and this, again, would render the drainage problem the more serious.

Here is an alarming physical condition brought home to our business and our bosoms; the moral degeneracy resulting from this herding together of millions of human beings has long been the terror of moralists and social reformers. Dr. Johnson, of a century ago, pronounced his favorite London, "the needy villain's general home;" and since his time the crime and illiteracy, with all their unspeakable evils, have been growing and extending in that immense swarm of humanity, notwithstanding heroic and increasing efforts to lighten the mass, until the condition of things now evolved is the despair of statesmanship and Christian effort.

New York is the second city in point of population and without the room for expansion that the old world capital possesses. Greater New York has three million inhabitants, with nearly another million who do business within its walls, but are crowded outside the island for shelter. The congestion in portions of that city exceed that in any other known community.

For want of surface growth the heavens are invaded and buildings with twenty-five to thirty stories tower in the air, to furnish homes and industrial space to the human ants that nest there. And immigration from abroad is pouring in at a rate unprecedented in our annals. What is to come of this piling up of humanity? In London we perceive nature has already begun to inflict her penalties, and it requires no prophetic power to predict that a continuance of this disregard of natural law will bring evils upon the human race, which to borrow Oom Paul's memorable words, "will stagger humanity."

—FRED LOCKLEY, SR.
 Missoula, Mont.

FITS MEN FOR JOURNALISM.

In the first place, let us say that American college life and work as now carried on, are of themselves a better training for journalism in the technical sense than they are for any other calling, except teaching. This is in part because the work of journalism is at many points so closely related to the work of education; and also because the best college work nowadays is in such close sympathy and touch with the best social, ethical and economic progress of the community at large, such progress being the material with which journalism most concerns itself.

Another reason is that the skillful and correct use of language, whether to state a fact or convey an idea, is of the very essence of good journalism; and our college work more and more recognizes the importance of training all students in the art of direct and lucid expression.

In college, one ought to acquire the habit of seeking the truth and liking it for its own sake, in a disinterested way. One's logical faculties ought to get good training, in order that fallacious reasoning may be easily analyzed and disposed of. Science study should have as its great object the training of the powers of exact observation and accurate analysis.—From "Journalism," by Albert Shaw, Ph. D., in the June Cosmopolitan.

THE DAY OF THE DEAD.

As throbbing drum and shrilling fire
 Call through this morn of May,
 The veteran thrills to youth again—
 The sad years drop away;
 Again he's supple, strong and straight
 Part of a dauntless line,
 That sweeps the field and drowns in cheers
 The bullets' fearsome whine.
 Today he is the household's pride—
 Far greater than a king;
 The grandchildren look up to him
 With awe and wondering.
 They fetch his hat and touch his sword,
 And shuddering, whisper low:
 "I wonder, did it kill a man,
 A long, long time ago?"
 From dust of death and dew of tears
 Uprising the finest flower;
 So blooms the daughter of the post



Of the periodic pain which many women experience with every month it makes the gentleness and kindness always associated with womanhood seem to be almost a miracle. While in general no woman rebels against what she regards as a natural necessity there is no woman who would not gladly be free from this recurring period of pain.
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To crown Memorial hour,
 She brings the tribute of the land
 To deck its deathless brave—
 What wonder if they thrill to feel
 Her step beside each grave?
 Columbia, Empress of the West,
 Alike on land and sea,
 Your starry vestments wake acclaim
 The banner of the free!
 O Sovereign-Mother! smile on us,
 The while we kneel and pray,
 For those who died to live again
 On each Memorial Day.
 —Martha McC. Williams.

HALLELUJAH DAYS.

The sun is climin' higher in the middle o' the day,
 An' I tell you I'm a-feelin' like the Summer's on the way;
 An' we'll be choppin' cotton an' we'll soon be stackin' hay,
 An' we'll all sing hallelujah in the mornin'!

Some folks they like the Winter, when the frost is on the shed,
 An' the stars are like bright diamonds in the cold skies overhead,
 But give me Summer blossoms an' the water-melon red,
 An' we'll all sing hallelujah in the mornin'!

I don't keer for the hot days—fer the twinkle o' the heat
 In the long and weary furrows where the sand'll burn your feet;
 For the noonday bells are ringin' an' the noonday rest is sweet,
 An' we'll all sing hallelujah in the mornin'!

I don't keer what the season in this mortal world may be;
 I want to roll in blossoms—feel the breeze a blowin' free;
 In the shed I see the harvest, an' the harvest is fer me,
 An' we'll all sing hallelujah in the mornin'!

A flume has been constructed in Benton county, the purpose of which is to float lumber from the Benton County Lumber Company mill to Philomath. It is six and three-quarter miles long, and has a capacity for carrying 25,000 feet of lumber an hour.

Track laying on the Tacoma Eastern railway is now in progress.

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