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For pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe. 'Tis the law of our being, we reap what we sow; We may try to evade them, but do what we will, Our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still. The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure And detects in a moment the base of the pure; We may boast of our claims to genius or birth, But the world takes a man for just what he's worth.

BOYCOTTING "OUR" HEIRESSSES.

London society is boycotting American girls whose money places them on an equal footing with real aristocrats and real royalty.

The boycott seems just. The English noble families owe their titles to centuries of closely guarded isolation. They have kept themselves spotted from the common herd. Their honors were won and have held sacred. The noble set is noble because it won't mix. It is exclusive because it kept closed doors against uninitiated members, until the gushing American girl without title or lineage, flung herself into the social sanctuary and by virtue of her money bags, took an equal station among noble, exclusive families centuries old.

The daughter of an American mousetrap maker serves no apprenticeship, but with her millions invades the musty chambers of the higher English circles, a spontaneous peeress.

The untitled child of a pork packer sweeps into the court unannounced and gets nearer the throne through the magic influence of twenty million American dollars than any coronet ever dared approach, no matter how sacred its ancient lineage.

All this is heart-breaking to real nobles. They resent the American frontonery which is making nobility a matter of dollars and cents instead a matter of blood and record.

To the winds with pedigrees, if you have the money. English noblemen will continue to come, behold and divide at least if not conquer whole tortures, without questioning whether the family sprang from a soap maker, a ferryboat keeper, a butcher or a section boss.

The British boycott of the American heiress will be a tame affair. No matter how the spinster noblewomen rave and boycott, money is money, and is badly needed by a majority of marriageable English noblemen, and if old debts can be paid off through shocking alliances with American dollars, rest assured these stocks are yet to come thick and fast.

Raise the boycott, dears. You are

only giving the inventive American queen an opportunity to conceive and execute new forms of social torture to apply to you on their triumphant entrance into the empty honors of the "exclusive set."

Governor Brady, of Alaska, condemns the fee system for officials now in operation in that territory. As the officer's salary depends upon the amount of business he does, it encourages undue activity. In the case of peace officers, the more trouble the more pay for them, and if people are peaceful, it is distressingly dull for the officials. This being the case, it is urged that officials often stir up trouble and incite petty crime in order to get a fee. This leads to untold corruption and injustice. Innocent men are in this way made the victims of pernicious plots by which petty officers fatten and continual disorder is kept alive. The same condition prevailed in a high degree in Oklahoma, when that territory was opened up to settlement. Deputy United States marshals often hid whiskey in farmers' wagons, afterward following them into Indian Territory, searching the wagon and finding the whiskey where the marshals themselves, or some accomplice had hidden it. The farmer would be hauled up and fined \$50 for taking whiskey into the territory, the marshals would get a fee of \$10 and some family would suffer through this corruption. The government should clean out these festering conditions. Salaries should be paid officials on which they could live in decency and honor and everyone caught encouraging disorder, especially on a wild frontier, where conditions are none too good, at least, should be given a double penalty in the courts.

The officials of an interior school district ask the East Oregonian to assist in a brown fizzle a book agent who sold them a school library of 100 volumes. The officials ordered the books from the enterprising agent, signed a contract to receive and pay for them on arrival, and now because they discover that the same books which cost the district \$25 of public funds could have been purchased in Pendleton for \$11, they want the agent "roasted." The East Oregonian feels inclined to "roast" these officials, mildly. In this age of enlightenment and advertisement they should have been on their guard. Warnings are sounded through the press daily against buying of transient peddlers and grafters. Home institutions pay out hundreds of dollars in advertising and yet people will bite at these outside "bargains." It seems useless to grow hoarse talking to people in their own interest, when they ignore it to their loss. Peddlers will always urest a country that is so easy to work and the only way to avoid the "skin" game of the fakir is to confine your trade to citizens of your home town who spend their money in building up the community.

There is more loud profanity and cuss words to the block in Pendleton than in any other city of its size on the coast. At any hour in the day, in the presence of women and children, on the main streets can be heard disgusting and degrading remarks by smart young men, who take a delight in being heard by all passers by. This profanity is the lowest brand of ignorance. It is bad enough and does no good on the sheep range, and its use on the streets of a civilized town in the presence of women and children who are forced by business and necessity to pass up and down the public streets, is especially inexcusable and disgraceful. The East Oregonian is not teaching a Sunday school class and is not in favor of converting ordinary business into a prayer meeting, but there is a limit to all bad habits. Every man is entitled to the widest personal liberty, but every sane man also owes a duty

to the community and one of those duties is to respect the rights of the community. This disgusting profanity among the young men and boys should be stopped. It is not an evidence of good sense, good breeding, good taste or bravery, and the woman and children who must use the streets are entitled to protection from the ignorant bullies who wantonly insult them day by day.

DRIFTWOOD.

Twilight on Tweed, Three crests against the saffron sky, Beyond the purple plain, The dear remembered melody Of Tweed once more again.

Wan water from the border hills, Dear old voice from the old years, Thy distant music lulls and stiffs, And moves to quiet tears.

Like a loved ghost thy fabled flood Fleet through the dusky land; Where Scott, come home to die, has stood, Thy feet returning stand.

A mist of memory broods and floats, The border waters flow; The air is full of ballad notes, Berne out of long ago.

Old songs that sung themselves to me, Sweet through a boy's day dream, While trout below the blossom'd tree Plashed in the golden stream.

Twilight, and Tweed, and Eldon Hill, Fair and thrice fair you be, You tell me that the voice is still That should have welcomed me. —Andrew Lang.

On one of the many eminences which meet the eye of the visitor in San Francisco stands an imposing looking building bearing the name "The Little Jim Hospital." If the visitor is curious enough to inquire its history, he learns that a number of years ago Little Jim was a newsboy, who, while playing his calling at one of the street corners of this busy city, met with a very serious accident; his "bank" account, like that of most newsboys, was deplorably small. The newspaper for which he had been working headed a subscription list for his benefit and the endless chain was started, that wondrous chain with human hearts and pocketbooks at one end and a bruised, broken and homeless newsboy at the other. Little Jim had soon crossed the bar— "Had ceased to pull against the stream. Had seen the gates of Eden gleam." But the chain held, and the subscriptions came in, and still came in, and so today this pile of brick and stone stands an enduring monument to "The tie that binds" and to Little Jim.

A Parisian clothes dealer kicked a dog out of his shop. The dog snarled with some rapidity and knocked over a woman with a jug of milk; the woman broke the jug and upset an elderly gentleman, and the dog ran over both of them. At that moment a cyclist arrived and was thrown off his machine by the prostrate figure, and simultaneously a cart came up and smashed the bicycle. The merchant who was appealed to blandly advised the squad to proceed against the dog and they are now loading for it.

No matter what the trouble, In the sunshine or the rain; If you axed him his feelings, Well, he never did complain. An I reckon it was wisdom, For the world'll jump a train To make the glad acquaintance Of the chap who don't complain. —Atlanta Constitution.

The extreme variability to which the newspaper mind seems to be somewhat subject is thus set forth in the Kansas City Journal: When a new newspaper starts up in the territories the country exchanges greet it in a form which reads something like this: "Vol. 1, No. 1, of the Deaksville Daily Tribune is a newsy little sheet, which supplies a long felt want in that thriving little community by the placid waters of picturesque Bitter creek. The editor, Mr. James Smith, is a scholar and a gentleman, who has acquired great journalistic ability by serving a number of years on the reporter staff of one of the metropolitan newspapers of Kansas City. Good luck to you, Jimmy; we affectionately welcome you to the fold of the true molders of public opinion." But these amenities don't last long. James runs counter to the ar-

guing opinion on some living issue, and the next thing he reads of him self in this fashion: "Vol. 1, No. 2 of that disreputable organ of the Snake Indians, the Deaksville Tribune, published in that hell hole near the sewer of creation, by that dough-faced, pudding-brained idiot who recently fled from Kansas City, leaving a two dollar laundry bill unpaid the which seems queer, as he does not have any washing done here." The whole is not repeated, as only a sample is necessary to show the troubles which soon overwhelm the adventurous James Smith.

A member of the learned profession of law in a Southern state was once passing on the qualifications of a jurymen. The jurymen in question was anxious to escape service, and explained: "I no understand got English." "Not sufficient," snapped his honor; "I've been on the bench five years and am in a position to positively assure you that you won't hear any good English in this court room." —Portland, Dec. 28.

THEY'RE ALL LIARS.

The woman dearly loved him, but he lied to her one day, And then he told another lie to clear the first away; When that was done he lied again— he couldn't tell you why— Until most every word he told the woman was a lie. He lied to her about himself and of the life he'd led— She took his lies for Gospel truth, he lying all that he said— He lied and lied and lied and lied, and then more lies he'd play, Because she was a woman, and you see he was a man. —Seattle Star.

J. D. R.

John D. Rockefeller is from time to time credited with large contributions to churches and colleges, but he never allows piety or philanthropy to interfere with business. Rockefeller's conscience seems to have much of the same elasticity as that of Peter Dym in the Danish play of that name, who each spring sent a consignment on deck to be sold in China, but followed it up in the fall with a band of missionaries, his aim being to make one convert to Christianity for each dollar that he made on a round profit. Besides he made money on the supplies of "rum and rice" sent to the missionaries.—Sacramento Bee.

PAGANINI'S PHILOSOPHY.

An incident in the life of Paganini comes from Liverpool. The great violinist was visiting in the suburbs of that city, at the house of a lady whose religious ideas were severely strained by her guest venturing to play on the Sabbath day. "Vy," asked the musician, "seef ze Sabat mos be so holl that noating mos be done at all; vy does Providence permit ze lettel birds to sing on dat day, and ze leaves of ze forest to clap zere hands for joy, making ze bushes sing, and ze vates of ze great deep to sound zere mysterious harmonies?" Paganini's reply at that house was brief.

MENTAL FACTORIES.

Dr. Louis Duncan declares in a magazine article that in this country technical education is too technical. "There is too much instruction," he says. "We should not attempt to make mental store houses of men, but mental factories. The ability of a man to work out any specific problem depends upon his being able to make a mental plot of the problem and keep it constantly before him. This requires an imagination that has been developed and not suppressed."

Mrs. Alex Sullivan, aged 58, is dead at Chicago of paralysis. She was an editorial writer on the Chicago Chronicle at the time of her death. She had written much for the New York Sun, Chicago Times and other papers.



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