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Some day—so many tearful eyes
 Are watching for thy dawning light;
 So many faces toward the skies
 Are weary of the night!
 So many falling prayers that reel
 And stagger upward
 Through the storm,
 And yearning hands that reach and feel
 No pressure true and warm,
 So many hearts whose crimson wine
 Is wasted to a crimson stain,
 And blurred and streaked with drops of brine
 Upon the lips of Pain.
 Oh, come to them!—these weary ones!
 Or if thou art must hide a while,
 Make stronger yet the hope that runs
 Before thy coming smile,
 And haste and find them where they wait—
 Let summery winds blow down that way,
 And all they long for, soon or late,
 Bring round to them, some day.
 —James Whitcomb Riley.

The East Oregonian believes the entire tax system of today is wrong. As it is now, men of enterprise who build and establish industries and furnish labor and revenue for communities are taxed to death on their enterprise to support drones who hold idle property in the heart of business districts and will neither build nor sell to others who would build. No man should be encouraged in holding back the advancement of the community by low taxes on idle property adjoining valuable improved property. If a man cannot use a piece of property he should not be allowed to grow rich from its increase in value by the growth of surrounding property, without contributing his share to the expense of government. It seems unjust to raise street expenses and road expenses by means of poll tax, but the property of enterprising men is now burdened by state, county, school district and fair appropriation taxes, and it seems that a poll tax falls equally upon the enterprising and the non-progressive man. It also seems wrong and oppressive to make the franchise of the citizen contingent on the payment of taxes, but until the individual arouses himself to make better tax laws, many injustices and tyrannies must be suffered. To settle the question of raising taxes justly, and of maintaining public conveniences equitably, the present cumbersome method of taxation by means of fluctuating values, fixed by individual assessors, must be abolished and a new order built.

The young men and women of this community who are not taking a share of the moral and educational advantages offered them here cannot say their opportunities were limited in youth. No community in the West is so well supplied with moral influences and educational facilities. The young people who neglect to grasp these opportunities can blame none but themselves for the shortcomings and deficiencies which will handicap them on reaching manhood and womanhood. There are boys idling on the streets of this city every day who will lament the fact in after years that their chances in youth were so poor that they could not get an education. They are growing up to become subjects for cheap jobs, rented houses and miserable lives. Girls are "strolling" the streets here every day who will blame their parents in years to come

for the inferior positions which they are sure to occupy. There is a surplus of live opportunities here for young people to become educated, useful men and women. The public schools and three excellent private schools offer a variety of educational polish to suit all classes and conditions of people. If you reach the poor house, the prison, the sweat shop or the miserable old age of the unskilled workman, you boys and girls who are idling away your time in Pendleton, in the good year 1904, don't blame the city, the country nor your parents for your misfortune. Everything is ripe and ready for progress, except yourselves.

One thing that is now being agitated in this county among the voters, which must command the attention of future county courts, is the matter of permanent road improvements. A roadmaster is employed to direct county road work, and it seems that in order to perpetuate the position of roadmaster, the character of road work one year must be such as will require the services of the roadmaster next year, and so on indefinitely. Instead of filling in washouts with alkali dirt and light gravel that will be washed out again by the first rainstorm, work of more permanent character must be done. If the county court does not believe a rock crusher can be purchased now, that body should insist on more substantial work being done. Complaints are being made from different portions of the county of the temporary character of country road improvement. Judge Hartman has endeavored to improve the condition of country roads by insisting on more permanent and substantial road improvements and if he had even one county commissioner who would stand by his policy, the expense of maintaining the roads would be cut down year by year, as the quality of the work done was improved.

Samuel Smiles, author of "Self Help," is dead in England at the age of 92. The life and success of this remarkable man will be an incentive to many a boy in humble station. Smiles was the son of a poor Scotch physician and one of 11 children. His father died while Samuel was but a mere boy and left the mother almost penniless with her big brood. This boy fought fate and poverty, became a physician, a journalist, a railway manager and then an author. He lived to see his book, "Self Help," translated into 17 languages and his own name on the library shelf of half the homes in Christendom. He was plain, unassuming, reticent and hated notoriety. His life is a monument to energy and perseverance and is a sign board pointing to the fact that all men who achieve success are not the sons of fortune. Grit is a better heritage than gold. A grain of pluck is better than a pound of pedigree anywhere.

The Kansas twister started out upon an April day to lumber up its corkscrew kinks and set its curves to play. A dozen barns it gathered up, a mile of barbed wire fence, a widow woman's only cow, it scooped and carried hence; a lingering haystack by the lane, it hugged into its breast; the preacher's only sightless mare it laid away to rest. Brave Kansas sinners everywhere who never prayed before, prayed as their grammar prompted them, as down the twister bore. Across a dozen counties it scattered chattels wide! And lightning, greased and double-gearred, upon its crest did ride! Its trail was strewn with havoc and when its work was done, five hundred trembling Kansans set out for Oregon.

President Smith, of the Mormon church, is hardly the right man to advise Mormons to talk less, considering the volubility of the old gentleman on the witness stand, a couple of weeks ago. He left none of the history of Mormonism unsaid.

THE CZAR AND HIS MONEY.

The fact that the czar has just made a little contribution of \$100,000,000 from his private purse to the Russian war fund reminds us that Mr. Rockefeller is not the only rich man in the world. There are a few others, and there is hardly a doubt that the Russian monarch overtops the Standard Oil emperor, not only as the first of autocrats, but as the first of plutocrats.

Most royalties are very small potatoes financially compared with any of the several American millionaires. Mr. Rockefeller could put all the sovereigns of Europe, except the czar, on his pay roll at their present wages without depriving himself a single bowl of crackers and milk or ever lacking a quarter to drop into the contribution box on Sunday. He could pay the salary of King Edward or of the kaiser for a year out of a month's income and have something left for car fare.

But the Russian emperor is in a different class. In the imperial bud-

got the allowance for his household is figured at the meagre rate of about \$8,000,000 a year, but that is merely the beginning of his resources. He owns a great part of Russia as his private property—mines, forests and illimitable stretches of arable lands. In European Russia alone the strictly private domains of the imperial family are as large as Indiana. The state owns twenty times as much more, and the czar is the state. In Siberia the imperial resources are still more opulent. Most of the rich mines of gold, platinum and precious stones are worked for the benefit of the czar and his family.

But beyond all this, the emperor is the absolute master of the national treasury and all its varied sources of income. In England the king talks of "my army," "my navy" and "my exchequer," but all this is understood to be a legal fiction. Everything is regulated by parliament, and the king cannot touch a penny that is not appropriated to his use. But in Russia the czar can speak of "my army" and "my navy" in literal fact. He could dish out the whole outfit if he chose, and pocket the money saved by the operation. His civil list is simply the amount that he sees fit to dip out of the treasury. He could double or triple it without asking anybody's permission. The whole treasury is his, and all the taxing power of the empire, to the limit of the ability of his subjects to pay. Is it not clear that the diffident young Nicholas is the richest man in the world?

This suggests an interesting theme for speculation. What would some of our American millionaires do if they had the czar's opportunities?—Saturday Evening Post.

Bert Thorndyke, a prominent society man of San Jose, held up a fashionable gambling club, robbed the members of diamond rings valued at \$600, took \$400 from the table and fled. He was pursued and killed, the officials being dumfounded when they removed the mask and found the dead robber to be Thorndyke.



The Pace That Tells.

In the six day bicycle races the pace tells terribly at the end. Many a man falls out exhausted. The victor wobbles wearily over the line. In the business race it's the same. Many a man drops out exhausted. The successful man is often a dyspeptic, unable to enjoy success. When the stomach is diseased there is not enough nutrition assimilated to sustain the body and repair the daily waste of tissues. The result is weakness, tending to collapse.

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NEW BOOKS ARRIVING DAILY AT
Nolf's Big Book Store
 HERE ARE SOME OF THE LATEST:

"Rulers of Kings," by Gertrude Atherton; "Invention of the Idiot," by Bangs; "The Memoirs of a Baby," by Dostkan; "Extracts From Adam's Diary," by Mark Twain; "The Yoke," by Miller; "Oh, What a Plague is Love," by Tynan; "A Fearless Investigator," by Willson.	Also another shipment of "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," "Abner Daniel," by Harben, "Lux Crucis," by Gardenhire, "Sir Mortimer," by Johnston, "The Beau's Comedy," by Harper.
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