

East Oregonian.



REUNITED.

Tenderly o'er the fallen, the garlands of Memory twine,
 You at the tomb of your dead and I at the tomb of mine;
 There on their lowly couches, the speechless tributes lay—
 Deeper, by far their meaning, than words that the lips might say.

Side by side in the valleys, side by side on the hill,
 The shattered ranks are resting, the thundering guns are still;
 Sealed are the tragic trenches, reddened with brothers' blood—
 Shrined are the heights of honor where the dauntless columns stood.

But over those fields of carnage, an angel bends today,
 And seals in a higher and holier bond, the children of blue and grey!
 Over the scarred old heroes, the selfsame garlands twine—
 The blue and the grey together—God knows no dividing line!

Up from the fields of Dixie, and down from the Northern plain,
 Scatter the snowy petals, over the heroes slain;
 And like those petals falling, soft as an angel's prayer,
 Be the plighted troth of the new-born race, over their fathers there!

Strong in the Faith of Freedom, and yet as just as strong—
 Ever alert on the side of Right and ever spurning the Wrong—
 This be the reuniting bond, forever and a day,
 That seals the faith of the younger race, the sons of the blue and grey!

Tenderly, then, together, we will wreath them, you and I—
 Yours that fell 'neath the Northern and mine 'neath the Southern sky—
 Mingle the blooms above them and say, through forgiving tears,
 That buried forever with them shall be the hatreds of bygone years.

—BERT HUFFMAN.

IMPRACTICAL SOCIALISM.

There is a place and a mission in every community for the right kind of socialism—for the kind that acts more and talks less.

There is no urgent need for the rampant kind that deals in glittering generalities high up in the clouds, but which pays no heed to the crying wrongs about its feet.

The sentiment favoring government and municipal ownership is spreading among all classes. If those who believe in it would set to work to secure it, would begin at the ground in every city and hamlet to agitate and educate toward this end, instead of compounding abstract phrases about the curse of capitalism, socialism would make more headway and would bring results.

Thinking people are always ready to embrace a doctrine that does things for the public good. Results win men where pleasing words fail. One deed is more convincing than a dozen resolutions.

In Pendleton are over 100 voters who believe in socialistic principles, yet not one actual movement has been started to prove the good of socialism, although dozens of ripe opportunities pass unheeded. The socialist club meets regularly and passes glittering resolutions and makes glittering speeches against the "grinding capitalist system." Yet not a solitary socialist presented himself before the city council to protest against the granting of the gas franchise.

While the East Oregonian was fighting single handed, against the 25-year franchise, the socialists were meeting and resolving, in glowing, empty terms about the "brotherhood of man" and the "upper and nether millstones," forgetful of the franchise that was being delivered to the gas monopoly.

Get down from your rickety high horse towering in the clouds and do something. Set a mark in Pendleton and strike for it. Make the municipal ownership of an electric plant in this city your aim and educate the people to that end. The East Oregonian is with you teeth and nails on that goal. Dig up facts on municipal lighting and they will be cheerfully published. Show the common people by actual figures and statistics that light can be furnished so cheaply that every poor man's home in the city may be lighted by electricity.

Make this a goal; work toward it, not by empty statements, but by loaded facts. Not in malice, not in spite, not in envy or ill humor, but by clean-cut, unanswerable statements from American cities of today.

Electric light can be furnished at 50 per cent of its present cost in Pendleton. Such a reduction would put it in every poor man's home in the city. Prove this by facts and statistics and by this method of education, you can elect a city council at the next city election in Pendleton which would favor a municipal light plant.

By accomplishing this you will make more socialists than by any other method. You can prove your doctrine by its fruits. You can safely advocate state ownership by pointing to your triumphant municipal ownership. The next step will be easy.

Quite unobtrusively behind closed doors and do something that can be seen and felt and enjoyed by the peo-

ple. Resolutions never poked a rat out of a hole.

Philosophical, idealistic socialism never cut off a mill from taxation nor added an hour to the workman's recreation period. Frederick the Great said if he wanted to punish a province he would appoint a philosopher to govern it.

What is needed is working socialism, not the tongue-lashing kind.

WORD PICTURE OF INGERSOLL.

I sat in a great theater at the national capital. It was thronged with youth and beauty, old age and wisdom. I saw a man, the image of his God, stand upon the stage, and heard him speak.

"His gestures were the perfection of grace, his voice was music, and his language was more beautiful than any I had ever heard from mortal lips.

"He painted picture after picture of the pleasures and joys and sympathies of home. He enthroned love and preached the gospel of humanity like an angel. Then I saw him dip his brush in the ink of mortal blackness and blot the beautiful pictures he had painted. I saw him stab love dead at his feet; I saw him blot out the stars and the sun, and leave humanity and the universe in eternal darkness and eternal death.

"I saw him like the serpent of old worm himself into the paradise of human hearts and by his seductive eloquence and subtle devices and sophistry inject his fatal venom under whose blight his power faded; its music was hushed; its sunshine was darkened, and its soul was left a desert waste, with only the new made graves of faith and hope.

"I saw him, like a lawless erratic meteor without an orbit, sweep across the intellectual sky, brilliant only in its self-consuming fire generated by friction with the indestructible and eternal truths of God.

"That man was the archangel of modern infidelity, and I said: 'How true is Holy writ, which declares: 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'"

"Tell me not, O infidel, there is no risen Christ.

"What intelligence less than God's could fashion the human body? What motive power is it, if not God, that drives the throbbing engine of the human heart with ceaseless, tireless stroke, sending the crimson streams of life bounding and circling through every vein and artery? Whence and what, if not God, is this mystery we call mind? What is it that thinks and feels and acts. O, who can deny the divinity that stirs within us?"

"God is everywhere and in everything. His mystery is in every bud and blossom and leaf and tree; in every rock and vale and hill and mountain; in every spring and rivulet and river; the rustle of his wings is in every zephyr; its might is in every tempest. He dwells in the dark pavilion of every storm cloud. The lightning is his voice. His awful tread is in every earthquake and on every angry ocean. The heavens above us teem with his myriads of shining witnesses. The universe of solar systems whose wheeling orbs course the crystal paths of space proclaim through the dread halls of eternity the glory and power and dominion of the all wise, omnipotent and eternal God."—Bob Taylor.

THE LOST ISLAND.

The navy department has at last begun a systematic search for "The lost island of the Pacific." Somewhere between Honolulu and San Francisco, considerably south of the beaten track of vessels going to and from the Hawaiian Islands, is a mysterious bit of land which superstitious sailors believe is bewitched.

At long and irregular intervals it rises and lies with its head slightly out of the water or just below the surface, where it threatens every passing vessel. Most of the time it sinks to unfathomable depths, where it rests until some convulsion of the earth sends it again to the surface, to

either sink gradually out of sight or go down with a rush.

Whether the disappearing isle is a part of the ocean's bed that is thrown up now and then by a volcano, or whether its puzzling actions are due to some other cause is a problem that is too deep for the naval experts.

The island follows no schedule in its gyrations, and nothing definite is known about it beyond the fact that it is always reported at the same spot which has been exactly located. It formerly was chartered as an island, but on account of the conflicting reports which have been received about it now is on the naval charts as a "doubtful danger."

The navy department officials think there is an island or reef of some sort there, and it is believed that the American sloop of war Levant, which disappeared in the middle of the Pacific in 1859, struck on it and went down. This theory is adhered to in spite of the fact that the Albatross, which was sent out several years ago to try to locate the island, reported that there was a great depth of water all around the place where the bit of land was supposed to be.

THE WORLD'S INCENSE.

Incense is the resinous pear or tear-shaped gum that exudes from a tree found in British Somaliland, from near Berbera to Cape Guardafui. Some incense comes from a region adjoining Maslat, near the Arabian coast. Inferior incense is found in India, but the best and greatest quantity comes from British Somaliland.

The incense tree is a squat, thorny and unsightly tree—like the myrrh and acacia—and seldom reaches a height of 15 feet.

Incense is not only used in worship, but many Orientals use it to sweeten the breath and burn it in their houses to kill disagreeable odors. The crop varies from 2,240,000 to 3,360,000 pounds, and is gathered in the autumn and brought to market by the Somalis during the winter months. The price ranges from two to six annas (four to 12 cents) per pound, according to quality.

Incense is extensively used all over the Orient, and last year 1,493,744 pounds were shipped to Bombay, which is a great distributing point, and 1,428,880 pounds to Europe, the greater portion going to Marseilles and Trieste.

THE THINNING RANKS.

Only the mounds of the flower-strewn dead

Who sleep 'neath the sun and the sky;
 Only the mousing shafts at the head
 Now tell of the strife that's by.

Only the dust in the buttoned blue
 Is all of the heart that has thrilled
 At the call for the brave, at the step
 Of the true,
 At the song that the life has
 Shriiled.

Only a melting line, and slow,
 With the ghost of the veteran's
 Swing;
 Only a few heads crowned with snow,
 To bow to the call of the King.

Only a breath and a turn of the glass,
 A sigh and a sob and a tear—
 Only a few of the brave to pass
 From the hosts of the vester-year.

Only the throb of loving hearts,
 That thrill as the banners wave—
 Only the choking tear as it starts—
 The bier and the shroud and the
 Grave.

R. A. WATSON.

Correct Clothes for Men



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NY man can be proud to wear clothes made by the house of ALFRED BENJAMIN & Co. in New York. For 30 years they have been the world's standard ready-for-service apparel. This label



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Woman's Nightmare

No woman's happiness can be complete without children; it is her nature to love and want them as much so as it is to love the beautiful and pure. The critical ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass, however, is so fraught with dread, pain, suffering and danger, that the very thought of it fills her with apprehension and horror. There is no necessity for the reproduction of life to be either painful or dangerous. The use of Mother's Friend so prepares the system for the coming event that it is safely passed without any danger. This great and wonderful remedy is always applied externally, and has carried thousands of women through the trying crisis without suffering.

Mother's Friend

Send for free book containing information of priceless value to all expectant mothers.
 The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

HOLT BROS. Side Hill Combined Harvester

The latest improved two-wheel, side-hill combined harvester has proven a boon to wheat raisers. It is the most successful, most economical, and easiest machine to operate ever built.

These harvesters have been given abundant trials right here at home and all users are highly pleased. None have been dissatisfied and all are high in their praise.

The Holt side-hill harvester on a side hill is able to stick to the side of the hill, while the header will slip down the hill. The main wheels are vertical, which braces the machine to the side hills. It works equally adapted to level land.

The Holt harvesters are sold exclusively in this section by

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218 Court Street, Pendleton, Oregon

All extras for Holt machines on hand.

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