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Were Joy to come, and say, so tenderly.
'Dear friend, I have a little hour for thee.
And thou, I know, hast long had need for me.'
The whole of life would thrill in that brief space.
The past forgotten, though its cold, dead face
Might catch a glamor from this later grace
And I should say, 'O Joy, thy feet were slow;
I put my hand in thine, and whither go
I know not, not, rejoicing, care to know.'
—Charlotte Elizabeth Wells, in August Smart Set.

BUTCHERY BECOMES ROMANCE.

The irresistible cordon of troops and warships, which the Japanese are drawing around Port Arthur, is one of the surprises of modern history.

When the Russians took a 25-years lease on that port, from China, a few years ago, she did not reckon on making any defense against that race of brown pigmies, just across the Yellow Sea, but she did reckon on making it a fort of defense against Germany, England, France and the United States.

She little thought that this handful of despised barbarians, that scarcely claimed any attention from the civilized powers would evolve into a race of fighters, that would turn her contempt into surprise and consternation.

When she laid, deep and strong, the foundation of Port Arthur's fortress, she had in view possible aggressions from the German, the Briton, or the Yankee, but the Japanese, she scoffed the thought!

But the evolution of destiny has changed the entire front of civilization and history in the Orient.

Russia builded Dalney to become the empress of the Orient, the queen of the eastern commercial world. She expended millions on the splendid docks, wharfs, jetties, port and harbor accommodations, thinking that the plumed and armed knight, Port Arthur, standing guard over this beautiful queen, would be a sure safeguard against the jealousy of Gaul, Briton or Yankee. No other power came within the horizon of her fear, at that time.

Then after equipping this queen to acquire the commercial supremacy of the Orient, she set about to conquer and intimidate all the surrounding races, to make sure of a tributary territory sufficient to guarantee absolute safety and commercial security.

China, she partially subdued and partitioned, to suit herself. Corea, she began to divide to suit her own voracious appetite, when lo! the pigmy rises to the stature of man, flings down the gauntlet to the Bear, and the whole destiny of the Orient is shifted and the splendor of Russian hope is dismantled and shattered.

Dalney, the guarded queen of the East, falls into the hands of the hated pigmies, and they swarm through the splendid streets and devastate the priceless harbor equipments, to prevent any further use by the Russians, should they retake it.

By a thousand pin pricks, and aggravating covert attacks, the Japanese have driven the pride of the Russian army from fort to fort, from hiding place to hiding place, and from surprise to surprise, until a line of half a million troops now almost entirely cuts off the boasted Port Arthur from all Russian supplies and forces, and it seems only a question of days until the plumed knight, as well as the princess he guarded, on the far Oriental shore, shall become the prize of the pigmy Jap.

In the strange turn of destiny in the Orient, the butchery of the struggle becomes almost romantic.

Pictures are more potent than words. The cartoon has almost supplanted the editorial, on the great metropolitan dailies, where art is accessible and within reach of the newspaper. Ten thousand editorial essays have been written on the benefits of the portage road, and the dramatic features of the situation in Eastern Oregon, in which an empire lies locked behind the closed gates of the Columbia river, but not one of these thrilling essays or editorials, has ever portrayed an iota of the meaning contained in a cartoon on the first page of the Oregon Sunday Journal, of yesterday. The picture represents a strong stone wall, high and forbidding, with an iron ringed gate, locked and barred, and surmounted with frowning pillars. Over the gate is written "Inland Empire," and from behind it streams the golden sunbeams of prosperity and progress, representing the spirit that seeks to rush out to the world, through the barred gate. Behind that closed gate is crowding the traffic and commerce of an empire, seeking egress to the world, but it is securely locked. In front of the gate stands Oregon, represented as a beautiful woman, holding in her hand a monster key marked "Portage Road," and which fits the frowning lock, on that gate. Hesitatingly, timidly, beseechingly, she is looking at the sunbeams pouring over the wall, and stands with the key almost entering the lock, asking herself, apparently, whether she shall open the empire and give freedom to the worlds of commerce behind the stone wall. It is a picture worthy of a place in every home and over every door in the inland Empire. It is a sermon, by Gregg, the cartoonist, that could not be preached in words.

Here is a sample of Russian civilization, contained in an editorial from the Moscow Gazette. After reading this advice from one of the most "enlightened" Russian papers, it will not be difficult to understand the world's unanimous hatred of Russia: "Our great General Suvaroff," says the Gazette, "when he fought against the civilized French, often gave the order to give no quarter to his troops. This, which is not cruelty or barbarianism, was a necessity, and there is necessity in this war, with a half savage, barbarous nation to adhere to Suvaroff's rule. In our war with Japan we are like a man attacked by a viper. It is not enough to frighten it and then leave it to hide in the bush. It must be destroyed, and we must do this in the present instance without considering whether England and a cosmopolitan plutocracy object. We cannot burden ourselves with thousands of Japanese prisoners, who will spread dysentery, typhus and cholera among the Russian people. Perhaps, according to humanitarian principles, it would be very unwise to give no quarter; but, nevertheless, no quarter and no prisoners should be our motto."

The injustice and oppression of the modern express companies has never more thrillingly illustrated than in the new parcels post agreement just closed between the United States and Japan. Under this agreement parcels weighing 4 1/2 pounds can be sent back and forth between these two countries at a maximum rate of 12 cents per pound, or a total of 54 cents for a 4 1/2 pound package from New York City, on the far eastern border of the United States to Yokohama, a distance of 10,000 miles, while 25 cents is the minimum express charge on a paper of pins for the shortest possible distance, under the express monopoly of this country, with a corresponding increase in cost according to weight and distance. Yet government ownership is hooted at by many sensible people.

The Salem Statesman recently boasted profusely that it receives carloads of ready print news matter, debates, speeches and other live articles, and rather severely chided the East Oregonian because it was forgotten by the ready print news factories. The Statesman uses its carloads of ready print news promiscuously and is now entirely out of date and has certainly lost its "notch stick" for it printed "A Sermon for New Year's Morn'" in its issue of July 31. However, this may be one way of keeping cool in Saïen.

SHE EDITS THE WHIRPOOL.

Mrs. Clara E. Wright, of San Francisco, enjoys the distinction of being editor and proprietor of the first and only newspaper published on the American side of the Yukon. And such a unique publication as the Rampart City Whirpool is!

Established in January of the present year as a 12-page monthly, its advertising business has so increased that the number of pages has been doubled, while the circulation exceeds the population of the place, and, this, too, with the paper selling at one dollar per copy.

The difficulties encountered by the plucky editor were many. There is not a single font of type in Rampart City, while the nearest press is at

Dawson City, some hundred miles away. How, then, is the Whirpool published? An ordinary typewriter does it all. Mrs. Wright having earned her living in San Francisco by typewriting before going to Alaska. Capital letters do service for display type, while small advertisements and reading matter go in lower case letters.

The first edition of the Whirpool was a wonder. Not a sheet of white paper or even wrapping paper could be found in Rampart City. Finally, after a tour of the place, Mrs. Wright discovered a quantity of red brown paper almost as thick as pasteboard. With this and her typewriter she got out the first paper of 16 pages, eight by 12 inches, bound and attached by the editor herself on her sewing machine. Every copy was sold as soon as bound, the miners standing in line before the office of the publisher waiting to secure a copy.—Manchester Union.

JAPANESE NEWSPAPERS.

The newsboys of Japan have been reaping a harvest during the past six months.

The people of Japan are great readers and besides they are exceedingly patriotic and intensely interested in the war with Russia. You can see, then, how anxious they must be to get the latest news of the war.

A Japanese newspaper generally has one big issue in the morning containing news, cartoons and advertisements about like our newspapers. Then after that extras are printed all day long, and sometimes up to midnight.

The extras are printed on little slips of paper just large enough to contain the item which is the cause of the extra. These little handbills are only printed on one side of the paper, and some times an extra consists of no more than 20 or 30 words. Then the next day each paper prints in its regular edition all the dispatches printed in the little extras the day before, with the hour and minute of publication, and thus they keep tally on "scoops."

All day long crowds of men and boys wait in front of the newspaper office to get the extras. They wear very little clothing—just a short kimono, and trousers that look like loose swimming trunks. Each one has a sack of cotton cloth tied around his waist, and to this is knotted three, four and sometimes six and seven ordinary dinner bells.

The bells hang on the wearer's hip, and as soon as he gets a bunch of extras he starts off with a dead run down the middle of the street. The bells make a terrible clatter and the people rush out to buy the war news, for they know that the bells mean a fresh war extra.

The extras go like hot cakes and the boys get all the way from five rin (which is about a quarter of a cent in our money) to five sen (or two cents and a half) for them. The bells save the boys the trouble of crying their papers, and besides notify everybody at once that there is some big war news on sale.

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PHONE MAIN 211, OR CALL ON W. J. CLARKE & CO. 211 COURT STREET

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

The experiment in Leeds, England, of government ownership of tramways shows excellently for its last financial year. Wages were raised, the fares lower than in our country, and a surplus was earned which goes into the city treasury to reduce taxes. In detail, the municipality owns and operates the tramways.

For the year ending March 25, 1904, the gross income from them was \$1,363,632.22 and the operating and maintenance expenses \$723,629.21, leaving a gross profit of \$639,996.91. From this last sum were deducted various charges for depreciation, income tax and interest, leaving a net profit of \$416,619.79; and, after redemption fund charges of \$128,445.49 were taken from this, a surplus of \$288,174.30 was left and turned over to the city treasurer to be used in reducing the city taxes. That is the largest profit ever shown by the tramways in any city in the United Kingdom.

Had His Off on Time.

An aged Billville citizen engaged the town poet to write an obituary on a late friend of his, and the following was submitted: He left this world of sorrow in another world to shine. And reached the heavenly portals. Just as the clock struck nine. "The only trouble about that," said the old man, "is that he didn't leave here till 12."—Atlanta Constitution.

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To My Friends and Patrons: Having sold to Messrs. J. S. Beckwith and W. E. Davidson my insurance and real estate business, and all other business interests conducted by me as successor to E. D. Boyd, deceased, at No. 119 East Court street, Pendleton, Oregon, I earnestly recommend them to your patronage, and assure you that you will receive fair treatment at their hands. Thanking you for past favors, and hoping that the new firm of W. E. Davidson & Co. will receive a continuation of the same I beg to remain, Yours very sincerely, IDA BOYD.

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