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UNION LABEL

Not always the air which the master composes
Can stir human heart strings with pleasure or pain;
But strange, subtle chords, like the scent of the roses,
Breath out some measures, though simple the strain.
And lo! when you hear them, you love them and fear them.
You tremble with anguish, you thrill with delight.
For back of them slumber old dreams without number
And faces long vanished peer out into sight.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

WHERE THE "FAT" GOES.

The New York World, in a rather entertaining sarcastic vein, speaks of the old practice of the republicans of paying populist campaign expenses, for the purpose of weakening the democratic forces, as follows:

Almost simultaneously with the announcement that Chairman Cortelyou would conduct "an old-fashioned campaign," came reports that the populists in Indiana, Illinois, and even in Connecticut, are preparing to run a separate electoral ticket. Incidentally, it is also said that there has been a heavy slump in certain industrial centers from the democratic party to the socialists.

Mr. Bryan's candidacy dealt a heavy blow to the populist party. It was left without an excuse for existing. But the times have changed, and warning the people of the Kansas warning the populists of the iniquity of an alliance with the democrats in doubtful states is an ancient republican trick, played, it is sometimes said, to the accompaniment of liberal contributions to the campaign fund. Perhaps the populists are feeding on republican encouragement again this year. Stranger things have happened.

If the socialistic party is given aid and comfort, however, it is likely to injure the republicans quite as much as the democrats. Plenty of socialists have been voting the republican ticket. They look upon republican paternalism as a partial realization of their principles, and the socialistic vote will draw as heavily from the administration as from its opponents.

Altogether, the business of organizing victory by promoting third parties, is likely to make a heavy draft upon Chairman Cortelyou's campaign fund without corresponding results.

Man, and not nature, is making Umatilla county better year by year. Deeper plowing and the exercise of more intelligence is bringing up the dry land yields from 10 bushels, five years ago, to 30 bushels this year. Elbow grease and horse flesh and well directed labor, and not increased rainfall, is redeeming the western portion of Umatilla county, from its once sterile state to be one of the most valued sections of the county. Living wells are being found, new houses are being built, a home country is being made of the once abandoned portion of the county around which the banks drew a dead line. Man, and not nature, is deserving of the credit. The hard-working, deep-thinking, early-rising farmer, and not changing climate, is wringing this enormous yield from the stubborn soil. As the intelligent methods are applied to wheat raising, the industry will continue to flourish. Umatilla county should shun the fate of California wheat raisers, by shunning the methods of the Californians. The Californians have used the same old seed wheat for half a century, until the gluten has become exhausted and California is importing wheat from Oregon and the Dakotas, to mix with her home-grown product in order to manufacture marketable flour. Remember this, and change seed often. Wheat raising is a science and must be studied. Nature responds to every intelligent effort and one of the foundation stones of agriculture is to learn to handle her latent forces as you handle the engine or the dynamo.

The East Oregonian is the only paper in Eastern Oregon receiving newspaper in carload lots, the last carload amounting to over 40,000 pounds, the freight alone costing $524 from Wisconsin mills to Pendleton. Another carload will be ordered soon, to meet the increasing circulation and business of the paper. Being an evening paper, it goes into 91 per cent of the homes of Pendleton, and every street in the city limits is included in its carrier routes. During the past two months over 200 papers have followed city subscribers to the mountain and coast, where they have spent a vacation, and an extra carrier is to be placed on a new route soon, to meet the constantly expanding city circulation. Several costly and interesting new features will be added to the Daily East Oregonian this fall, as the increasing profits from the business will be constantly applied to improvements. As to postoffice records, it is only necessary to say that the total amount of newspaper postage received by Pendleton postoffice for one quarter amounted to a total of $63.25. Of this amount the East Oregonian paid $39.72, or almost double the amount paid by the Morning Tribune, Guide, Hiakawinn and the Livestock Journal, those four papers combined paying but $23.53. These facts are worth considering by advertisers who desire to reach the people who buy goods and who are alive to every opportunity of trade.

It seems that the criminal waste of Oregon and Washington timber by forest fires could be stopped by some means. This old thing of losing from four to five millions in valuable timber and property each year by carelessness, rank and inexcusable, it seems could be stopped by rigid enforcement of the laws. Where is the fault? Who is to blame? Cannot the law covering the subject be made to reach the guilty parties? What is the use of spending thousands of dollars for foresters, range riders and guards, if the old tragedy is to be re-enacted every year?

Every cyclone that visits the East gives an additional cause for rejoicing that Oregon, with open arms, is ready to welcome the weary, cyclone-chased homeseeker.

THE LONGING FOR HOMES.

We are accustomed to hearing the congestion of cities talked about as though the congestion were a matter of choice. The influx of country boys to the towns is generally attributed to the allurements and more attractive work and greater opportunities afforded by city life.

But the rush for homes in the Rosebud reservation tells a decidedly different story.

The registration of applicants runs far beyond the 100,000, though only 2500 quarter sections are to be drawn. There are 40 applicants for each farm.

Nor are the farms to be had for nothing. On the contrary, each of the lucky drawers must, within five years of the time of the allotment, pay for his land at the rate of $4 an acre, and must actually make his home on the land during a period of 14 months.

This army of 100,000 people is an army of homeseekers. They are people who prefer the country to the city and seek only opportunity to follow their choice.

There are, moreover, not among the poor, but must have at least a little money. They are of a class who desire the lands for homes, not for speculation.

* * *

These figures ought to be sufficient to open the eyes to the fact that the congestion of the cities is not a condition of choice.

These figures suggest that associations of those who deplore this congestion and are willing to aid in relieving it, might find a way by helping to create a fund to be used in aiding the unfortunate of the cities to secure homesteads in the West.

Senator Hoar has a bill in congress through which it is designed to set aside a national fund for this purpose.

The Rosebud registration proves that the people are more than willing to go to the farms if opportunity be afforded them.—Seattle Star.

ANGLO-SAXON SUPREMACY.

In an address before the Michigan Baptist assembly at Orion, Mich., the Rev. R. S. Arthur has presented a novel interpretation of the possible Japanese victory in the present crisis as indicating an Anglo-Saxon world supremacy. In regard to the present war he said:

"If Japan wins it will mark the first step toward Anglo-Saxon supremacy of the world. Japan will lead China, Britain will lead Japan, and America will lead Britain. The rest of Europe will follow easily. Look at decadent Portugal, bigoted, poverty stricken Spain, volcanic France, Austria-Hungary, about to disintegrate, and soon. Put them all under the rule of two Anglo-Saxon nations and the world will be for civilization, peace and Christianity. The yellow peril is, then the golden opportunity for the world."

TO MY SOUL.

My soul, thou art a climbing vine
Whose root is in the sod.
Oh! make the best ideals thine
And learn to be a god!

The golden rod of higher thought
Points out the highest way.
The mountain peak has ever caught
The first smile of the day.

Think purely—make thine own the things
Great souls have understood,
And lo! thou, too, wilt put on wings
To reach the greatest good.

Uplift a brother from the ground,
Stoop ashen lips to kiss,
And when a single sudden bound
Achieve vicarious bliss.

Forgive all evil, none deride—
The effort onward rolls—
The mighty ego thrust aside,
That stumbling block of souls.

The mantle of unselfish love
Throw o'er another sin—
A latch is lifted far above:
A heart has entered in.

My soul, thou art a climbing vine,
Whose root is in the sod,
But make the best ideals thine,
And thou wilt be a god.
—Margaret Hunt.

THE HIGHWAY.

All day long on the highway
The king's fleet couriers ride;
You may hear the tread of their horses sped
Over the country side.
They ride for life and they ride for death
And they override those who tarryeth.
With show of color and flush of pride
They stir the dust on the highway.

All day long on the highway
Is the tramp of an army's feet;
You may see them go in a marshalled row
With the tale of their arms complete;
They march for war and they march for peace,
For the lust of gold and fame's increase.
For victories sadder than defeat
They raise the dust on the highway
All the armies of earth defied,
Love dwells in little paths aside.

All day long on the highway
Rushes an eager band,
With straining eyes for a worthless prize
That slips from the grasp like sand.
And men leave blood, where their feet have stood
And bow them down to brass and wood—
Idols fashioned by their own hand—
Blind in the dust of the highway.

Power and gold and fame denied.
Love laughs glad in the paths aside.
—Louisa Driscoll in Lippincott's.

ADAMLESS AGRICULTURE.

Women farmers within a radius of 10 miles of New York city must do their own plowing and harrowing and gather their crops, because of the wild exodus to the cities.

An habitual visitor to the immigrants' Free Labor bureau is the woman farmer. Usually she is as big as a man. One recently introduced herself to the superintendent, who without remark called out to the threescore immigrants ranged along the benches, "Any one want to work on a farm at Mount Hope?" If he had announced a baker's or brewer's position in the city not one would have remained in his seat. On the other hand not a man arose.

* * *

Once again the announcement was made, with an imperative tremor. One half decrepit looking person came forward falteringly. The poor woman sighed, as much as to say, "I'll have to take him and give him what he asks."

The man would not go for less than $18 a month, with room and board. She finally assented and added that she would reduce some of her expenses to make up for it. He need not arise before 6, though she is always up at 5 o'clock. Like most women farmers, she is a widow. She would meet him at the 155th street station.—New York Herald.

THE POOR MAN'S SAVING.

"I do not care how small the income of a man is, he should never spend the whole of it, especially if he has a wife and children. He should at least save enough to pay every year the the premium on a good life policy. No man is worthy of the name who does not do this at least, at the price of whatever privations he has to submit to. Some pleasure may be derived from high living, but certainly no happiness. I will go further, and say that while there may be pleasure in self-indulgence, pleasure for a few minutes, there is invariably happiness in self-abnegation, forethought and devotion to others, and lasting happiness, too. And what should make a man always prefer happiness to pleasure is that it lasts ever so much longer."—Max O'Rell.

A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.

She held her skirt close with one hand—
Behind her, on the ground, there lay
A dainty pale blue satin band
(And Peggy blushed in dire dismay).
Its broken clasp, beyond repair,
Was useless, so we left it there.

What could a fellow do? I could
Not leave my sweetheart thus, although
With flaming cheeks she said she would
Be happier far if I'd but go.
I stayed—but turned away my face—
And then walked home—sans one shoe lace.
—Town Topics.