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He didn't like music, he didn't like art. He sneered at the lays of the bard. He didn't like children, and down in his heart For law he had little regard. He didn't like women, he didn't like men, His Bible grew old on the shelf. And he schemed and he cheated and hoarded, and then At last got to hating himself. —S. E. Kiser.

BETTER MORALS COMING.

Pendleton is the last resort in the Inland Empire where the gambler feels secure in his trade, and where the officers have made absolutely no effort whatever toward closing the saloons on Sunday, as the law of Oregon provides. Boise City, the fastest city in the Northwest, has just passed a rigid Sunday closing law, because as it is declared Boise county loses hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of crops every year, because of drunken crews, which are enticed to town by open saloons on Sunday. Spokane, a notoriously swift city, is seriously considering Sunday closing. Baker City, La Grange, Elgin, The Dalles, North Yakima and every other city in the Northwest except Pendleton, has taken some steps to bring about a better condition of morals, by closing the saloons on Sunday.

The law in Oregon is as plain as it can be made, and yet officials whose duty it is to enforce it seem to be in league with the element which does not wish the moral condition improved, and absolutely refuse to take steps toward enforcing the law.

But this failure on part of officials will not delay the matter. There is a power in the land stronger than the officer, and more exacting in its judgments when once aroused, and soon this power—the people—will demand the enforcement of the law.

And then the officer who has stood beside the law-breaking class and refused to do his duty will be classed where he belongs, with the law-breaker. Petty politicians, whose morals are questionable, have secured control of city councils in Oregon towns, until the only way in which the people can secure the enforcement of the law is to oust the politicians and place men of conscience and moral stability in positions of trust.

FORTIFICATION OF HAWAII.

In the latest number of Public Opinion there is a paper by Atherton Grownell called the "Key to the Pacific," which very clearly, by illustrative chart and forceful argument, shows that Hawaii is such a key and should be strongly fortified by the United States government.

The article is a study of two things—certain commerce and possible war. It states: "No such unique situation, strategically, exists elsewhere as that held by the Hawaiian group." It quotes this: "It is rarely that so important a factor in the attack or defense of a coast line—of a sea frontier—is concentrated in a single position." For this assertion Captain Mahan, the author of "The Influence of Sea Power," is the authority. The information thus saliently presented is a most timely and impressive geography lesson; but the best reason for its publication is that nothing present or prospective is being done about fortifying the key.

The chart and text show the unique position of the islands. To our coast line they stand sentinel. There is no other vantage point in all the great

expanse of waters from which an assaulting enemy could strongly strike, or to which a defeated enemy could fly for refuge.

They form the apex of the triangle whose long base is our coast line. The greatness of their value to us is almost so obvious as to go without saying. The measure of their value to us is equalled or exceeded only by the possibly decisive value they would have for a future enemy into whose hands they might fall in consequence of our delay in fortifying them.

INTELLIGENCE IS NEEDED.

In the current number of the Reader's Magazine, Mrs. Jean Cowgill writes of the teamsters' strike in Chicago, which has been in force since April 6.

It appears that the 50 teamsters of Montgomery, Ward & Co., with whom the strike began, had no grievance whatever, that their strike was sympathetic, and that their constitution forbade sympathetic strikes. When asked about the causes of the strike, one of the teamsters told Mrs. Cowgill:

"We did not want to strike. We can't afford to be out of work. There are the strike benefits, of course, but they are not wages. I never knew there was a strike of the garment workers on until us truck drivers for Montgomery, Ward & Co. was ordered out.

"The firm was paying us \$1.50 over the union scale. We never had no trouble with 'em to speak on. I don't know about the others, but I for one, never heard of the garment workers' strike until we was told that we had to walk out."

The strike, after all, is a good deal like war. Many of the soldiers do not know what it is all about, or have but a dim idea, at best.

President Roosevelt's advice to the Williams college graduates has the ring of sterling common sense. "Do not delude yourselves," he said, "to the belief that fantastic ideals are an indication of superior virtue. Adopt strong, practical ideas, and then strive to follow them as Washington and Lincoln followed their ideals." This is a summary of the experience of a man who has provided that ideals can be enforced in public life when those who hold them are ready to fight for them and are well equipped for the fray. The president has learned, too, that the practical reformer often has to take what he can get, rather than what he would like to get, and that in this way complete reforms are worked out step by step.

Prices of fuel, clothing and practically all food products, are constantly increasing, according to the bulletin issued by the bureau of labor covering a period from 1890 to 1934. In the early nineties prices were very high, but the last four years they have been steadily increasing, until now they are relatively higher than in 1892, just before the memorable financial and commercial depression. The average increase in 1934 of wholesale prices of farm products over the average of the years 1890 and 1899 was 26.2 per cent. Of 52 articles included under the head of food shown in the 1934 prices all but 14 articles are higher than the average prices from 1892 to 1899.

\$15,000 FOR A FLEA.

The strangest quest on record is referred to by the Johnstown Democrat in this way: "One Jimmy Click has departed for the darkest depths of Africa on perhaps the strangest mission that ever induced a man to dare death in the jungle.

"Click is an animal catcher of varied experience and great skill. He has trapped lions and captured fierce tigers. He has made many trips into the wilderness. He has always been successful. He has always come back with the thing he went for. This time Click has departed in search of a very small but ferocious animal. He is searching for a flea.

"Baron Rothschild, the London millionaire, has a vast collection of fleas. He keeps them in a glass case and has spent a fortune in gathering from all parts of the globe specimens of his favorite man-eater. Rothschild finds no pleasure in the display, however. He is unhappy because there is still one stray flea, one kind that he does not have in his collection. This flea is missing, and the baron will not be happy until he gets it.

"Ever since the world began the poor have envied the rich. It now appears that there has been no cause for such a feeling. The poor have always had plenty of fleas and without price. In spite of this fact a multi-millionaire longs for a single flea that with all of his money he has been unable to buy. Scientists have searched the world for it. An expedition went to Alaska seeking it.

"And now Click proposes to raze Africa with a fine-tooth comb. The rare and exclusive flea is known as the 'simmy' and the price offered for it by Rothschild is \$15,000. The difficulty of catching a flea is proverbial. But the sending of an expert into Africa to catch one is something new. General there is not the slightest objection when a flea gets lost and stays lost. The spectacle is a peculiar one. Here is a man with money, position, rank—everything. He has all that the ordinary mortal ever desires in his dreams. Yet he is not happy. He is

pinning for a flea. Evidently there is no such thing as contentment in the world."

THE AMERICAN.

Strong-limbed and free I face the world a man, Not Anglo-Saxon, But American.

My mother's father Felt hale German blood Pour through his veins A satisfying food.

My father's grandsire Wore the Irish green, Told tales of banshee And of good potheen.

My mother's mother Climbed upon the knee Of her good sire In ancient Brittany.

My father's mother Was of English birth, And loved old England Best of all the earth.

My father's grandame Came from Lombardy, And left unto the line The eyes of Italy.

Strong-limbed and free I face the world a man, Not Anglo-Saxon, But American. —Grace Shoup in Leslie's Weekly.

IN HOT WEATHER.

I thought about a dairy house I know, Out in the country. It was paved with stones And underground; a fresh spring trickled through The deep, cool shade, talking in undertones; And on the threshold green moss grew.

I thought about a certain giant tree— Fallen across a northern stream it was; The water rushed beneath incessantly, And in its up-stream shadow lurked a bias, Full five feet down, and looked at me!

I thought about a little beer saloon Down on the corner, Tables bare and wet, Electric fans, the click of ice and spoon In glass—and O! before you will be set A foaming pewter stein, full soon!

I thought about cold-storage rooms and great Cathedral aisles—cows' noses in a trough Of water—surf baths—ice cream on a plate— And then I took my witted collar off, And cursed the city toiler's fate! —Cleveland Leader.

A HYMN OF ACTION.

Not in dumb resignation, we lift our hands on high; Not like the nervous fatalist, content to do and die. Our faith springs like the eagle's, who soars to meet the sun, And cries exultingly unto Thee, "O Lord, Thy will be done."

When tyrant feet are trampling upon the common weal, Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe beneath the iron heel. In Thy name we assert our right by sword or tongue or pen, And even the headman's axe may flash Thy message unto men. Thy will! It bids the weak be strong; It bids the strong be just; No lips to fawn, no hand to beg, no brow to seek the dust. Whenever man oppresses man beneath the liberal sun, O Lord, be there: Thine arm made bare, Thy righteous will be done. —John Hay.

MOTHERHOOD.

Oh, the spider, mother spider, Has her cradle in the grass, Made of silken web and silver Sunbeams plaited as they pass; And the summer breeze is rocking Baby spider in the net.

'Tween a drowsy poppy-blossom And a purple violet. Oh, the oriole is singing By her cradle in the tree, Woven dandelion and satin And a leafy filagree;

And the gentle wind is rocking Baby oriole that dream In the nursery of summer To the music of a stream.

Spin your cradle, mother spider, Rock your baby, mother bird, In another downy cradle Little feet and hands have stirred, And I, who wish the singing mothers Of the trees and grasses joy, Must away to my own darling, Hungry little baby boy. —Selected.

THE STIRRUP CUP.

My short and happy day is done, The long and weary night comes on, And at my door the Pale Horse stands To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof Sound dreadful as a gathering storm; And I must leave this sheltering roof And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life; Good friends, the faithful and the true; My rosy children and my wife So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view, The night comes down, the lights burn blue; And at my door the Pale Horse stands To bear me forth to unknown lands. —John Hay.

The charity that hastens to proclaim its good deeds ceases to be charity and is only pride and ostentation.—Hutton.

The Seaside House Clatsop Beach, Ore.

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