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A little child laughed—and the sun came out,
A little child laughed—glory echoed his shout,
The birds caught the wonder and carried it far
In the song that they sang to the clouds and the star.

A little child laughed—and the shadows and mist
By the beams of love's beautiful sunshine were kissed.
A little child laughed—and our burden and care
Fell away as our sorrows fall away after prayer.
—Baltimore Sun.

THE SUNSHINE EMPIRE.

Do you know where the sunshine empire is located?

Have you not felt its exhilarating influence as you swept down the west slope of the Blue mountains into Umatilla county and on toward the pleasant stretches of the Columbia?

The sunshine empire lies along the Columbia river for 200 miles from The Dalles to Priest rapids, including all the counties bordering that great river in Oregon and Washington.

In all that vast empire the peach blooms are now in their richest pink, the alfalfa fields are most verdant, the berries are almost ripe and summer is at hand, while in the east winter is still lingering.

At The Dalles, Mosier, Arlington, Irrigon, Umatilla, Hermiston, Echo, Pendleton, Wallula, Pasco, Kennewick, Hanford, Yakima, Walla Walla and Milton, the sunshine empire is now in full bloom, its orchards are laden with a magnificent promise, its gardens are ready for market and its vital activities are throbbing everywhere.

It is good to live in this empire. Spring comes a month earlier than elsewhere and summer lingers a month later in the fall. It is a healthful, vigorous, pleasant empire, rich and prosperous and filled with untold resources only waiting for the touch of capital to unlock their treasures.

From one end to the other of this vast empire 200 miles long by 100 miles wide, are magnificent new settlements, just coming into existence, but giving promise of being permanent and highly prosperous. New land is to be had at reasonable prices and water is abundant everywhere.

In this basin of the Columbia river, in this empire of sunshine and health is destined to spring up the most prolific and varied civilization in the west. Everything is in favor of its growth. Water is abundant, land is plentiful, climate is unsurpassed, transportation is at hand, markets are within reach, people are seeking homes and all things are auspicious for this empire of sunshine of which Pendleton, Oregon, is the center.

THE OREGONIAN'S DECEIT.

In refusing to publish an excellent communication on statement No. 1 and the primary law, from C. A. Barrett of this county, the Portland Oregonian confirmed the belief of many of its readers that it has been purposely engaged in misleading the people of Oregon on the primary law at every opportunity.

Mr. Barrett simply answered a letter from a Willamette valley correspondent who had so distorted the meaning of the primary law that it was really disgusting to read it. The Oregonian published the distortion without comment, allowing it to go broadcast with its wrong impression and false assumptions, while it returned Mr. Barrett's communication, setting the Willamette correspondent right.

In extension of its act the Oregonian says that as a newspaper its columns are open to the discussion of every public question from every person desiring to write. This may be true. But on hundreds of occasions

in the past where correspondents made wrong statements in communications in the Oregonian that paper in the same or some succeeding issue corrected the wrong statement, made comments for or against the assumptions of its correspondents, and in every way sought to defend its side of every question.

It often prints a communication on socialism, but in its editorial columns of that very issue, it calls attention to the article and criticizes, ridicules, answers and destroys the socialist argument with much ability and intense earnestness.

The alleged fallacies of Bryan enthusiasts who send their correspondence to the Oregonian do not go unanswered in the editorial column of the Oregonian; wrong impressions from correspondents on almost any public question are taken up by the Oregonian and discussed editorially, which is right and proper and within the mission of a great newspaper, but in this communication on statement No. 1 the Oregonian shows its bald deceit so plainly that the people of Oregon cannot get away from it.

The Oregonian not only allows a most flagrant false statement of the meaning and working of the primary law to go uncorrected, but it absolutely refused to publish a moderate and fair correction of the same.

The purpose of the Oregonian has been to deceive the people on the primary law. It has held up the Chamberlain bugaboo before republican voters in hopes of whipping them into line; it has distorted the meaning of the primary law shamefully, for a well informed, sensible and widely read newspaper and its deceit should be known.

The republicans of Oregon are entitled to the truth from the Oregonian, their one greatest organ and journalistic light. Oregon will be made more strongly republican by honesty and fair dealing from such instruments as the Oregonian. When the people find that leaders are purposefully deceitful, will they not, and should they not forsake the company and associations of such leaders?

CAKE'S POSITION IS KNOWN.

The position of H. M. Cake on the popular election of United States senators is definitely known. There has never been any question about it. He has never "beaten about the bush," he has never minced words, he has not been in hiding behind any compromising half-hearted stand, but he has been outspoken and fearless in his advocacy and the people know where to find him.

If Mr. Cake is sent to the United States senate from Oregon republicans of the state will know that he will go there with clean hands, free from all taint of former political deals, absolutely clear of all accusations and in sympathy with the common people of the state.

Is it not better to have a man of this type to represent Oregon than one of whose principles there is a question? Is it not better for the people to know where their public officials stand than to be in doubt as to what they will do when the crucial time comes?

The people of Oregon know where H. M. Cake stands. He has made his position plain. He has not minced his words. He is for the people, first, last and all the time and should be elected.

WHITMAN NON-SECTARIAN.

The management of Whitman college of Walla Walla announces that after the close of the present college year, that institution will be no longer Congregational, as heretofore, but strictly non-sectarian.

In short, Whitman college responds to the spirit of independence which is surcharging the educational, political, religious and social life of the century. She will step out into the free, open atmosphere of the 20th century without denominational shackles, sectarian bonds or selfish belief. She accepts the challenge of the age to be independent, unfettered, and she will profit by it.

It is safe to say that the scope of the Walla Walla college will be greatly enlarged, its attendance increased and its popularity multiplied by this action, although it has never been offensively denominational in the past. This is a time for the breaking of old bonds, for the severing of old prejudices and the spirit of the age demands higher ideals, broader view, wider scope. Whitman college is just now entering her real college life.

So many good tracts of irrigated land are now on the market in Umatilla county that no one in this county should be homeless after this spring.

The excellent record of C. A. Barrett in the last legislature insures his re-election this year by a large vote.

HEY, LITTLE LAD.

Hey, little lad, with your bonnie blue eyes
Come with your laughter—we'll dream of the skies
That are waiting for us in the Land of No Care,
So come to this heart with that curling gold hair,
Come, and we'll float on the beautiful sea
In the Dream Ship that's waiting for you and for me!

Hey, little lad, with the wee wearied feet—
Up in these arms! My, those kisses are sweet!
Come and I'll tell you a story or two
That will make heavy eyelids fall over the blue.
One little arm round my neck and we'll float
On the River of Sleep in the little Dream Boat!

Hey, little lad, but how heavy you've grown—
You've slipped to your dreaming and left me alone!
But I know that the skies in your dreams are fair
As the blue of your eyes and the gold of your hair.
And O, little lad, in your garments of white,
Your dreaming, I wish I might know it—good night!
—Will F. Griffin in Milwaukee Sentinel.

MID-WOOD SPIRIT.

A perfume stole upon he, faint and sweet—
A breath of mid-wood in the early spring;
And then I heard a night-bird lightly fling
Its soft caress from out its far retreat.

The young spring spilled her hallowed ecstasy
In rivers of white moonlight on the night;
Then came a thrill of delicate delight—
A wild, warm promise of the day to be.

Come, send your magic on the heart of man,
Elusive mid-wood spirit; melt the crust
Of wintry ice that leads him to the dust;
Too long in silence lie the pipes of Pan.
—Genevieve Farnell.

THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT.

In the music of the night
Love is leading to the light;
Soft and cadent, hear it call
Like a murmuring waterfall
Tinkling through the starry dell
On a silvery laughter-bell;

In the music of the night
Love is guiding to the right;
Sweet and low within the door
Hear its sovran echo pour;
Sleep, my child, her arms are nigh
In the night of lullaby!

In the music of the night
Love has made the wayside bright;
Dancing, dearie, unto thee
I have come, from toil set free,
To the music, sweet and far,
Of the dream and of the star!
—Baltimore Sun.

THE CRADLE SONG.

Adown the vista of the years,
I turn and look with silent soul,
As though to catch a muted strain
Of melody, that seems to roll
In tender cadence to my ear.
But as I wait with eyes that long
The singer to behold, it fades,
And silence ends the Cradle Song.

But when the shadows of the years
Have lengthened slowly to the west;
And, once again, I lay me down
To sleep upon my mother's breast,
Then well I know I ne'er again
Shall cry to God, "How long? How long?"
For to my soul her voice will sing
A never-ending Cradle Song.
—Marion F. Gilmore.

Do You Open Your Mouth

Like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you? Or do you want to know something of the composition and character of that which you take into your stomach whether as food or medicine?

Most intelligent and sensible people now-a-days insist on knowing what they employ whether as food or as medicine. Dr. Pierce believes they have a perfect right to insist upon such knowledge. So he publishes, broadcast and on each bottle wrapper, what his medicines are made of and verifies by analysis. This he feels he can afford to do because the more the ingredients of which his medicines are made are studied and understood the more will their superior curative virtues be appreciated.

For the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and derangements, giving rise to frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down pain or distress in lower abdominal or pelvic region, accompanied, oftentimes, with a debilitating, pelvic, catarrhal drain and kindred symptoms of weakness, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most efficient remedy. It is equally effective in curing painful periods, in giving strength to nursing mothers and in preparing the system of the expectant mother for baby's coming, thus rendering childbirth safe and comparatively painless. The "Favorite Prescription" is a most potent, strengthening tonic to the general system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. It is also a soothing and invigorating nerve and cures nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neurasthenia, hysteria, spasms, chorea or St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the distinctly feminine organs. A host of medical authorities of all the several schools of practice, recommend each of the several ingredients of which "Favorite Prescription" is made for the cure of the diseases for which it is claimed to be a cure. You may read what they say for yourself by sending a postal request for a free booklet of extracts from the leading authorities to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel and Sanatorium, Buffalo, N. Y., and it will come to you by return post.

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GETTING RICH IN FIJI.

A certain enterprising Englishman, and his wife, who were getting rich very slowly indeed keeping a country store in Fiji, resolved to try whether the magic bean might do for them what it had done for others in South America and the West Indies.

So, in the face of some actual opposition and continual ridicule, says the National Geographic Magazine, they expended their little capital of £250 on the leasing of eight acres of warm sheltered valley land and the planting of 8000 cuttings of good Mexican vanilla.

For three years, with the assistance of one Fijian, and occasionally a couple of Indians, the industrious couple kept their plants weeded and tended and latterly looked to the fertilizing of the flowers—a rather tedious business, done every day by hand, in the earliest hours of the morning.

At the end of three years the reward came, for the plants were yielding splendidly and were expected to give about 9000 pounds of dried beans, bringing an average price of 10 shillings a pound. As this would amount to £22,500, it would appear that they were quite justified in staking their initial £1000 on the magic bean.

Human Hair from Japan.

The British commercial attaché at Yokohama, has written a report on the subject of the Japanese export trade in human hair, which is an industry of recent growth in Japan. The total export in 1904 amounted to a little over \$1000, but in 1906 the total reached \$60,000. Although this rapid rate of progress was not maintained during 1907, yet the industry was well sustained. The hair exported is all black in color and rather coarse and consists almost entirely of the combings of women of the lower classes.

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Is essentially a "Home" institution. Its stockholders are well known Umatilla county and Oregon citizens. Its constant growth is the result of careful and conservative management, with the most liberal treatment for all deserving enterprise.

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