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Though our only friend be memory.
And our only faith be fear,
Though we see the darkness gathering,
And the daylight disappear,
Let us drink the cup of nectar,
That a kindly fate has sent,
While we walk the path of duty
In the garden of content.
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WELCOME MR. HARRIMAN.

Mr. Harriman, the railroad magnate, is coming to Oregon. The press dispatches announce he is coming like a caged criminal, inaccessible to the public, secluded, isolated, hidden away in the recesses of a private train, not to be seen or heard or interviewed.

But let him come. He is welcome, and he isn't welcome; we like him, and we don't like him; he is both a benefactor and curse to Oregon; he has done some of the worst and best things for the state; he has made it forge ahead and has smothered out its industrial life; he has blessed and blighted Oregon; he has planted industrial seed and he has kept entire counties in desolation; with one hand he has been a charitable empire-builder, with the other a miserly blood-sucker; one of his Janus faces looks out on the green fields which his industry has created, the other looks on desolate wastes which his financial tyranny and selfishness have created and perpetuated; he is a paradox, a contradiction, a delusion.

We expect something from him in one breath and we expect nothing from him the next moment; we have his promise in words and his refusal in actions; we listen in rapture to his flattering phrases and we hate him for the very emptiness of his phrases; he is the biggest and the smallest man in the financial world today; he is the broadest and the narrowest, the shallowest and the deepest character before the public.

We are glad he is coming and again we don't care; it will mean something for the state and yet we know it will mean absolutely nothing; we will look ahead to his coming with pride and hate ourselves for it, after his sumptuous train has passed and he has pulled down his window blind and forgotten us.

ARE WE FORGETTING?

A few years ago, before the government had taken hold of the subject of irrigation in the west, enthusiasm for the National Irrigation association and its great work, was at high tide in western states. Such is not the case now. The association is struggling along with but slight support or co-operation from many of the leading irrigation states.

It was the work of the National Irrigation association which brought forth the reclamation department, which sowed the seed of government irrigation, which gave birth to the great projects now under way in the west.

Are we forgetting our benefactor so soon? Now that the work of the association has accomplished so much for us, are we to forsake the organization, let it languish when there is much for it to do in the future?

Other states need it and must have its invigorating influence to start the reclamation of their lands.

The 16th annual convention of the association will be held at Albuquerque, N. M., in the heart of the arid belt, September 29 to October 3, and

every western county and state should be represented.

The work of the association has not been completed. The reclamation of the west is not yet achieved, practical and modern irrigation laws are needed in states and nation, and the great timber, range and water resources of the country must be protected from corporate greed.

So there is yet work to do. Let us appoint delegates and take part in the work of this organization until there is not an acre of desert land remaining in the west!

THE LITERARY SEWERS.

Every week announces the arrival of a new sensation in the disgraceful fiction produced by the writers of today. "Three Weeks" has had its disgusting fame among a certain class of people who feed on literary garbage and now "Five Days" and "Julie's Diary" are here.

It is said that both of these latter alleged novels exceed in vulgarly and depraved suggestions "Three Weeks" and of course they have a "run" through the book stores if booksellers can be found who will peddle them to the public.

It is strange that with all the whole, some fields of fiction to choose from, a certain class of writers and a certain class of readers choose to feed on the literary sewage, the garbage dumps, the filth heaps of literature.

Sometimes it seems necessary to have a literary censor for the United States, to insure a more rigid regulation of the output of filthy stuff which is intended to deprave the minds and characters of all who come into touch with it.

In reviewing a number of these unwholesome novels, Goodwin's Weekly of Salt Lake City, says:

If up to date you have failed to read Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," you may as well save time, trouble and several thrills. Besides two new books—that are just off the press in the east, "Three Weeks" takes its place with "Black Beauty" and standard nursery publications. "Five Days" and "Julie's Diary" are the two new brain feeders.

The majority of the chapters in both are what the stars in "Three Weeks" indicate. Town Talk declares "Julie's Diary" ought to be called "The Happy Harlot," so rapturously and determinedly does Julie set about to accomplish her own seduction. Both books are about the end of the limit.

MOCKERY OF POLITICS.

Taft a member of the Shovelers' union, and Bryan a member of the Typographical union are the latest freaks in dignified politics.

This is what a good manager would call "polite vaudeville." It is disgusting and yet many good people tolerate it and declare they enjoy it.

It seems unreasonable to believe that sensible, fearless men such as Taft and Bryan must be, would not revolt at these frivolous tricks to capture the labor vote. It seems that both would continue to stand just where they stood before their nominations, and would not stoop n'r truckle for the help of those whom they never associate with nor recognize except in campaigns.

To the sensible laborer the acts of Taft and Bryan in joining or permitting themselves to be "joined" to these unions should be repulsive. And as for the feelings of Taft and Bryan in contemplating such miserable fawning, it seems that language would be inadequate to express them.

Pendleton will welcome an electric line from any direction, east, west, north or south, and there should be no discrimination or favoritism in the matter of franchises. Any legitimate company which promises to "make good" should be welcomed and encouraged. Pendleton needs this particular sort of development to complete her public facilities and everything possible should be done to connect this city with the distant portions of the county by electric line. Pendleton does not care who builds them or operates them, just so they are operated.

A well organized forestry department and fire fighting force in the Canadian Rockies might have prevented the terrible loss of life and property by fire in the Fernie district. Such calamities seem so wholly unnecessary, if only governments would exercise ordinary foresight and common sense. Perhaps two or three fire-fighters on duty would have stopped the terrible conflagration, before it gained headway.

THE MODERN CITY.

The turrets leap higher and higher,
And the little old homes go down;
The workers beat on the iron and steel—
The woodpeckers of the town.
Charles Hanson Towne.

UNREMEMBERED MAINE.

To every American who enters the harbor of Havana, whether it be for the first time or the twentieth, there comes a moment when a silence takes hold of him as he stares and stares across the greasy waters. It is when his searching eyes encounter the distorted mass of wreckage, with the wheeling birds above it, that marks the Maine. His mind flashes back when the whole United States shook with the explosion which destroyed her.

"Remember the Maine!" That was the cry to which a war was waged. And the watcher at the steamer's rail finds himself repeating it. Its sharp, clear syllables beat out the roar of twin guns in a turret, the measured tap of the drum, the step of advancing men. Then in an instant his thoughts swing to his own day and hour, and as he gazes before him the words that ten years ago were a nation's call to arms are now the whispering of waters in the crannies of a wreck.

Ten years is a short time in which to forget so much; but just so long has the shattered Maine lain in the harbor of Havana, forgotten. We were bidden so eagerly, so insistently, to remember, and now, her inflammatory task accomplished, we have left her to herself—and to the 63 men who are berthed with her in the clutch of the harbor mud.

Why has the government not raised the wreck of the Maine? That is the question the watcher asks himself, and the question is as old as the admonition to remember. If there be an answer, the government has never made it, and nothing has yet served to compel an answer.—Harper's Weekly.

A Few Kitchen Hints.

To test coffee—A teaspoonful of ground coffee placed in a cup of cold water will not if pure discolor the water in the least; but if chicory is present, the water will take on a brownish hue.

To test cocoa—The usual adulterant of cocoa is starch. If a cupful of boiling water is poured over a teaspoonful of cocoa the sediment that remains after cooling should be powdery, not sticky, not cohesive. But if the cocoa is adulterated, the sediment is a cohesive, glutinous mass. A piece of linen dipped in such a sediment will when ironed be as stiff as a board.

To test sugar—Pure sugar will dissolve in water. Any indissoluble substance, therefore, must be an adulteration. Sugar can also be tested by fire. Pure sugar burns quite away. An ash that absolutely resists the flames is some impurity that the refiners have left in.

To test butter—Pure butter, set out in the summer sunshine, will not melt under a temperature of 95 degrees, and then the liquid it becomes is sweet and wholesome. Adulterated butter melts at 88 degrees into a liquid with a repulsive odor.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It Was Good.

The following story is told of Jay Gould: Years ago Jay Gould went to Holland. He went to meet the directors of a certain railroad in America. They met him by appointment. He asked them if they cared to sell their railroad in America. They said yes, they would sell it for \$14,000,000. Mr. Gould quietly pulled a check book from his pocket, filled a check for that amount and signed it, and passing it over said, "I am a little busy. Will you kindly fix the transfers and forward them to New York?" and went out of the room. The old Dutchmen sat paralyzed. They could not realize for the time being that the railroad was sold and they had the money. They at once telegraphed to the Bank of England asking if the check of Mr. Jay Gould for \$14,000,000 would be honored. The answer was flashed back that it would, and for a very much larger amount provided they could get it. Dutchmen were hurt. They thought that at least a week should have been consumed in preliminaries and final adjustments.

COMMON SENSE

Leads most intelligent people to use only medicines of known composition. Therefore it is that Dr. Pierce's medicines, the maker of which print every ingredient entering into them upon the bottle wrapper and also in its correctness under oath, are daily giving in favor. The composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines is open to everybody, Dr. Pierce being desirous of having the search light of investigation turned fully upon his formula, being confident that the better the composition of these medicines is known the more will their great curative merits be recognized. Being wholly made of the active medicinal principles extracted from native forest roots, by exact processes original with Dr. Pierce, and without the use of a drop of alcohol, triple-refined and chemically pure glycerine being used instead in extracting and preserving the curative virtues residing in the roots employed, these medicines are entirely free from the objection of doing harm by creating an appetite for either alcoholic beverages or habit-forming drugs. Examine the formula on their bottle wrappers—the same as sworn to by Dr. Pierce, and you will find that his "Golden Medical Discovery," the great, blood-purifier, stomach tonic and bowel regulator—the medicine which, while not recommended to cure consumption in its advanced stages (no medicine will do that) yet does cure all those catarrhal conditions of head and throat, weak stomach, torpid liver and bronchial troubles, weak lungs and hang-on-coughs, which, if neglected or badly treated lead up to and finally terminate in consumption. Take the "Golden Medical Discovery" in time and it is not likely to disappoint you if only you give it a thorough and fair trial. Don't expect miracles. It won't do supernatural things. You must exercise your patience and persevere in its use for a reasonable length of time to get its full benefits. The ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed have the unqualified endorsement of scores of medical leaders—better than any amount of lay, or non-professional testimonials. They are not given away to be experimented with but are sold by all dealers in medicines at reasonable prices.

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A SONG OF YOUTH.

I met Youth in a garden wild,
With roses tangled in her hair,
"Kiss me," she said, "for I am fair."

But laughingly I went my way,
And heeded not the words she said;
What was her smile to me that day,
Her mischievous sweet mouth so red?

I went my way with dreaming eyes,
Oh, light of heart I was, yet shy,
But not too odd and not too wise,
To miss the rainbows in the sky.

I went my way with dancing feet,
For I was slow to learn the truth,
That fame, and love, and song are sweet,
But not more thrilling sweet than youth.

GUIDE POSTS TO PEACE.

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit in God's out-of-doors; these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace.—Henry Van Dyke.

It is a significant fact that parrots never learn to swear until after they are domesticated.

YOUTH AND AGE.

How gaily prodigal of life is youth,
Thoughtless beyond today's bright-blazoned page;
But with the shifting of the years,
Forsooth,
How miserly is age!

—Clinton Scollard.

The Real Article.

"Is she a stenographer?"
"Whut? That swell girl? I should say not. She is a typist"

Light injuries are made lighter by not regarding them.

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