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#### BE A FRIEND TO MAN.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn  
In the place of their self-content;  
There are souls like stars that dwell apart  
In a fellowless firmament;  
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths  
Where highways never ran—  
But let me life by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.  
—Sam Walter Foss.

#### A VITALIZER NEEDED.

Can Pendleton afford to let the Commercial association die? Do the business men of the city intend to sit supinely by while the organization that has done so much in the past goes by the board?

Present conditions at the club are not favorable. The membership has dwindled until the revenues from dues scarcely meet expenses. The remaining members are now marshaled with difficulty when there is work to do. The association rooms are dingy and the furniture is discreditable to the city. This year the gymnasium, with a splendid equipment, is lying idle.

But this situation will not continue. Pendleton cannot do without the association. If it tried to the city would soon lose its proud position as one of the best and liveliest little cities of the northwest. It would become a country village. The town would no longer have the nerve and the backbone that comes from organization.

Some people urge that since the Wenaha club has been started a commercial association with social features is no longer needed. But the Wenaha club is a private concern and while it is excellent in many respects, it does not meet the entire need. Pendleton should have a good live Commercial club with nicely furnished club rooms. Membership should be, as it is now, open to all who desire to help in the work for the good of the town. It should be a place where visitors within the city could be taken without apology; where the business men of the town could gather and where the welfare of the city and county would always be a live subject. A commercial club without social features would be a fizzle for sociability is an essential element in business.

Some time this winter the Commercial association should be revived. The rooms should be fitted up in a modern manner and every business and professional man in the city should be gotten upon the rolls. Such a move will certainly take place and every public-spirited man in the town should be ready to help when the movement starts.

#### SPEED THE EVOLUTION.

At the experiment station meeting last week Prof. Jardine, government dry farming expert, declared that by process of evolution the farming methods of this county will some day be changed; that annual crops will be raised and that as a natural sequence the big farms will be broken up.

The East Oregonian believes that this is true but it does not believe that it is going to require ages for the transformation to take place. Furthermore, it believes that evolution, in this instance at least, may be greatly hastened by proper campaigning on the part of such men as Mr. Jardine and the O. A. C. professors, who were here at that time.

Because they found Umatilla county's wheat section already blessed the scientific agriculturists should not forsake us. Though the wheatgrowers are doing well now they would not object to greater profits if they may be had through the use of better methods. Meanwhile, there is a city near the center of the county that

would like to see more homes upon the miles of fertile land about it.

The East Oregonian predicts that when the east Umatilla project is settled and the Pendleton-Walla Walla Interurban line has been built, the evolution of the big wheat ranches into diversified farms will be rapid. The irrigationists will set an example of industry for the rest of the county and the electric line will make land adjoining it too high priced for wheat raising.

#### A MANLY CALLING.

There is a young man from this county who will shortly leave for the east to take his graduating year's work in one of the large universities. When he is through he will return to take charge of one of the largest wheat ranches in the county; a ranch upon which in implements alone \$12,000 is invested. It will be his first work as a man.

There would be less criticism of the idle rich and there would be fewer degenerate sons of sturdy sires if some other young men could be instilled with the idea that to work is the most manly thing on earth and that they are not lowering themselves when they go upon a farm. To be the boss of a Umatilla county wheat ranch is a position of which any young man should be proud and it furnishes better post-graduate work than this particular young man could find in blowing around in leisure with congenial companions.

The world will deeply regret the tragedy that resulted from the flight of Orville Wright's airship yesterday. But such accidents are but the price of progress. Because an airship kills a man now and then the idea of traveling the air should not be given up. Orville Wright's aeroplane has been the wonder of the world and it is to be hoped that the daring aeronaut's nerve will not be shaken by yesterday's mishap.

The trouble with the socialists, those of the parlor variety at least, is that they dream of what the world might be and expect the dream to be realized at once. They forget that civilization is a gradual growth; that man is a rising animal and not a fallen angel. They devote themselves to their theories while the trusts and other enemies of the public get away with the goods.

A grand jury will be called Monday and some delayed justice will doubtless be forthcoming. But if the law taking the indicting power away from the district attorney had not been passed the blind goddess with the scales and sword would not be so far behind in her work.

Many people are laughing up their sleeves because of the trouble the Columbia river fishermen are having. They are the men who resented the bringing out of the rival fish bills last spring and voted for both measures as a rebuke to the salmon catchers.

When the city councilmen are through with the various matters that now require their attention they might take up the consideration of the "Des Moines Idea."

The Pittsburg steel king who gave his children four million dollars each at a breakfast party, certainly had a remorseful feeling.

The high school band will be welcomed. Pendleton needs a band that will play.

The district fair will commence September 25.

#### PROTECTING THE CURRENCY.

The United States government is wily, and some of the secret trademarks and signs it uses on its currency, and other things which are apt to be imitated by counterfeiters would puzzle even a Sherlock Holmes to decipher.

There is probably not one man in a hundred outside of the treasury department, who knows that in each corner of one of our paper bank notes under the number of the bill, is a diminutive letter; and there is not one man in two thousand who knows the significance of these letters. They are one of the government's protections against the producers of bogus money. A ten-thousand dollar bill that does not bear these letters is not worth four good cents. But the mere existence of the tiny letters in the proper place does not make the bill good. Each of the little characters contains a hidden meaning, but the explanation is simple. Take the last four figures of the number on any bill, no matter what its denomination, and divide them by four. You will have either a reminder of zero, one, two or three. If the remainder is zero the letter on the bill will be A. If it is one, the letter will be B; if it is two, the letter will be C, and if it is three, the letter will be D.

A person can tell instantly, upon making this test whether or not a bill is good.—Scrap book.

A man who attends strictly to his own business has a good steady job.

#### THE BOOK OF THE WARS.

When the book of the wars of men is done  
And the story is truly penned  
From the yellowing page of the tale begun  
To the chapter that holds The End  
When the trumpets of peace the world around  
Have blent in a chorus grand,  
And the battle flag shall no more be found  
As a shadow above the land,

Will we keep the Book of the Wars of Men  
In a high and an honored place  
That our children's sons may be thrilled again  
With the stories their eyes may trace?  
Will we cherish the book in faithful pride  
That men of a future age  
May acquaint themselves with the ones who died  
That the volume might have a page?

Will the Book of the Wars of Men tell truth?  
Will it mingle the songs and cheers  
With the sacrifice of the beardless youth  
And the dew of a mother's tears?  
Will it blazon in gold the noble deeds  
That won a forgotten fame?  
Will it tell of the grips of a ceaseless greed  
That has wrought for a nation's shame?

O, the Book of the Wars of Men: it waits  
Till the wakening of the world,  
Till the banners that tell of scorn and hate  
In the glory of peace are furled—  
Will we keep it to tell of the rolling drum  
And the peals that the fifers know,  
Or to speak to the men of the days to come  
Of the ways that they must not go?  
—Chicago Tribune.

#### THE RAILROAD FIREMAN.

With tireless hands he feeds the coal  
In the thundering monster's maw,  
And hour by hour he trusts his soul  
To the God whom he never saw,  
And hour by hour his life depends on the care of the other man  
Who, scanning the track where it slopes or bends, keeps vigil as best he can.

Swiftly the miles go flitting away as the tireless monster speeds,  
And bravely he labors as best he may, giving the food it needs;  
And if dangers rise while his eyes are dim as he looks in the fiery glare  
He must trust to the skill and the care of him who watches beside him there.

He may not sit with his arms at rest and watch for the danger sign,  
He may only hope that they do their best who are guarding the line;  
Hour by hour his work is done and hour by hour his fate  
Depends on the care and the call of one who may give him word too late.

The hiss of steam is the sweetest song that ever he hears or knows,  
And in every throb as they rush along the worth of his toiling shows;  
With tireless hands he feeds the coal in the thundering monster's maw,  
And hour by hour he trusts his soul to the God whom he never saw,  
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

#### THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

All the bells of heaven may ring,  
All the birds of heaven may sing,  
All the wells on earth may spring,  
All the winds on earth may bring  
All sweet sounds together.

Sweeter far than all things heard,  
Hand of harper, tone of bird,  
Sounds of wood at sundown stirred,  
Welling waters, winsome word,  
Wind in warm, wan weather.

One thing yet there is, that none  
Hearing ere its chime be done,  
Knows not well the sweetest one  
Heard of man beneath the sun,  
Hoped in heaven, hereafter.

Soft and strong and loud and light,  
Very sound of very light,  
Heard from morning's rosiest height,  
When the soul of all delight  
Fills a child's clear laughter,  
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

If you can not plant an occasional flower along the path of life, you can at least pull up an occasional weed.

**The Swine or the Flower?**  
Ah me! I saw a huge and loathsome sty,  
Wherein a drove of wallowing swine  
were bared,  
Whose banquet shocked the nostril and the eye;  
Then spoke a voice, "Behold the source of lard!"  
I fled, and saw a field that seemed at first  
One glistening mass of roses pure and white,  
With dewy buds 'mid dark green foliage nursed;  
And, as I lingered o'er the lovely sight,  
The summer breeze, that cooled that Southern scene,  
Whispered, "Behold the source of COTTOLENE!"

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## S.S.S. BEST TREATMENT FOR CATARRH

The entire inner portion of our bodies is covered with a soft, delicate lining called mucous membrane; this is kept in healthy condition by the nourishment and vital vigor it receives from the blood. So long as the circulation remains pure this membrane will be healthy, but when the blood becomes infected with catarrhal impurities and poisons this inner lining of the body becomes irritated and diseased, and the unpleasant and serious symptoms of Catarrh commence. There is a tight, stuffy feeling in the nose, watery eyes, buzzing noises in the ears, often slight deafness, difficult breathing, etc. The disease cannot be reached by external treatment, though such measures afford temporary relief in some instances. S. S. S. cures Catarrh by cleansing the blood of all impurities and poisons. Then as rich, pure blood circulates through the body, the inflamed, irritated membranes heal, the discharge ceases, headaches are relieved and every symptom disappears. Catarrh, being a disease in which the entire blood circulation is affected, can only be cured by a remedy that goes to the very bottom and removes every particle of the impurity from the blood, and this is just what S. S. S. does. Book on Catarrh and any medical advice free to all who write.

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#### WISDOM OF THE TALMUD.

Wisdom increases with years; and so does folly.

He who has the least understanding asks the most questions.  
No position can dignify the man. It is the man who dignifies the position.

To what may he be compared who teaches a child? To one who writes on clean paper. To what may he be compared who teaches an old man? To one who writes on blotting paper. He who has more learning than good works is like a tree with many branches, but few roots, which the first wind throws on its face; while he whose works are greater than his knowledge is like a tree with many roots and fewer branches, but which all the winds of heaven cannot uproot.—Scrap Book.

#### A BOOMERANG.

Two young merchants, Clint and John, who occupied adjoining stores in a small town, were intimate friends. When business was dull they visited back and forth. Each was fond of a joke. One cold, blustery day, when customers were few, Clint

sat behind the stove in John's store. A young woman, a stranger, came in and John stepped forward to wait on her.

"I'm soliciting subscriptions for the Fresh Air Fund," she said.  
"You'd better speak to the proprietor about it," said John, politely. "You will find him a very liberal man. He is back there by the stove."

John grinned as the young woman approached Clint and restated her case.

"How much are the merchants generally giving?" Clint asked, with grave interest in the case.

"Some are giving as much as a dollar," she answered, "but we are grateful for any sum, however small."

"John," said Clint, with an air of authority, "give the young lady \$2 out of the drawer."

And John, of course, had to obey.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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