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THE CALL.

All wantonly in hours of joy,
I made a song of pain.
Soon Grief drew near, and
paused to hear,
And sang the sad refrain,
Again and yet again.
Then recklessly in my despair,
I sang of hope one day,
And Joy turned back upon life's
track,
And smiled, and came my way,
And sat her down to stay.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in
October Nautilus.

LOOK TO THY FUTURE.

For weeks past the Pendleton water commission has been considering preliminary plans for a gravity water system for the town. With respect to the future of the city the task they now have before them is of a mighty importance and it is to be hoped that no mistakes will be made.

The East Oregonian knows only in the most general way concerning the plans before the commissioners and it has no desire to tell them what to do. But there is one suggestion it believes can be offered with propriety. It is this:

In providing a mountain water supply the source should be selected not with reference to Pendleton as it is at present, but for the Pendleton of the future.

Pendleton now has a population of but 6000 or 7000 people and during the past few years its growth has been comparatively slow. This has caused some people to think the town has reached its limit. But it has not. It is the center of a large country that in a modern sense is practically undeveloped. Some day Umatilla county is going to be settled up in a manner undreamed of now. The reclamation of the arid land in the west end and the coming of the interurban line mark the opening of the era of development.

When the county is developed to the extent of its possibilities Pendleton will grow and the people who are here now will be but a small fraction of the population then. It is for this future population that the water commissioners should plan.

Then there is another argument for a water system with an abundant supply. It lies in the fact that the right kind of a water system will in itself make the town grow. The growth of Pendleton is now hampered by the lack of water. Good building tracts are lying vacant and nearly worthless because the water system cannot be extended to them. When the electric line comes people will then live farther out and water will be wanted at places now beyond the city limits. Should an inadequate gravity system be installed the growth of the town would then be retarded as it is now.

The water commissioners have before them a job that requires foresight and courage. The future Pendleton will bless them if they show those qualities now and it will probably curse them if they don't.

TURNING STATES EVIDENCE.

Lawyers themselves are now coming to realize that modern court procedure is not what it should be. In an article upon "Loopholes of the Law," in the last number of Collier's, C. P. Connelly says:

"Lawyers of prominence" throughout the country have for years publicly and privately criticized the present growing tendency toward a too technical construction of the laws in the criminal departments of our state courts. The evil has grown to such magnitude that the decisions of courts of appeal in cases in which a public interest has been aroused are made the subject of ribald jest among the learned as well as the ignorant. It has brought into disrepute the temple

that should stand in public esteem highest of all in the orderly dispensation of our modern civilization."

Mr. Connelly, according to the introduction to his story, was for several years the district attorney at Butte. So he should be informed upon his subject. He is not the only attorney who has turned "state's evidence" within the past year. Another witness of prominence was the Honorable William H. Taft.

HUCKLEBERRY VS. CLAMS.

The other day, when the regular editor of the Tacoma Ledger was off duty, the marine reporter was allowed to do his work for him, and this misguided youth put the paper in a bad hole, says the Yakima Republic. He made it cast some unpleasant reflections upon the huckleberry, and unduly exalted the clam. The regular editor appreciates the huckleberry at its true worth, while the marine reporter is evidently a low born califf who does not know the difference between a huckleberry and a mountain oyster.

There is as much difference between a nice juicy huckleberry, with the perfume of joyous hills and woods clinging to it, and a villainous clam, as there is between one of our fresh, sweet North Yakima girls and a petrified Egyptian queen who lived 3000 or 4000 years before Moses.

Nature made the huckleberry in one of her rarest and most gracious moods. It grows out in the pure and healthful air of the hills, in those sunlit open spaces where the dew sparkles like diamonds in the morn, and the little zephyrs gambol and sigh and play tag with the tumbleweeds as the day comes on apace. It is a child of pure delight. The huckleberry, like the clam, is the noblest work of the housewife, the climax of culinary skill, the last and best achievement of the woman whose husband loves her well enough to buy her a gas range.

The clam is a filthy beast. He has no ideals, no ambitions, no place in poetry or song. He reaches his highest development in the muck of the Olympia tideflats. He looks down, and not up. He is a creature of the ooze and slime, and never rises above it. We do not know what he was made for.

THE DICTIONARY SUFFERS.

With the new words added to the language by the automobile not yet thoroughly assimilated, our vocabulary is put to the strain of digesting the crop of unfamiliar terms created by airship invention, complains the St. Louis Dispatch. In the wake of compression, chauffeur, garage, chassis, differential, etc., come aeroplane, monoplane, aerodrome, helicopter and all their brood. And the coinage has but begun. The man who has just succeeded in distinguishing between a carburetor and a commutator and is still somewhat hazy as to the difference between densimeter and manometer, is now called on to puzzle over the transformation of aviator from the name of a particular kind of airship to a general designation for navigators of air-craft.

Seemingly the little children of Pendleton will have to confine the drinking of tubercular milk and the dairies will be left unprotected. The East Oregonian thought the council was going to take a forward step, but instead of that the aldermen slipped. Possibly the dairymen poured milk in the path.

Star chamber sessions of the council are always very interesting. The councilmen then have something to tell.

THAT THIRST.

Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt at a dinner in Newport, talked of the Grand Prix, the famous French race that concludes the Paris season. "Very sumptuous entertainments are given on the evening of the Grand Prix," said Mr. Vanderbilt. "A Russian grand duke will entertain a party of 100 or so at a dinner at the Ritz, Armenteville, the fashionable restaurant in the Bois, will be crowded with gay parties supping under the trees. All the theaters, all the restaurants, all the hotels will overflow with the aristocracy of France, England, Russia and America.

"They tell a story about a New York man who celebrated the Grand Prix too well. He gave at the Cafe Americain a large supper, and the next afternoon an overseer saw a valet carrying to this man's room a fresh water bath.

"What are you doing with that bath?" the overseer asked. "I am taking it to No. 72, sir," said the waiter. "But it's nearly 5 o'clock." "He is still in bed, sir." "But I thought," said the puzzled overseer, "that I saw you carrying a very large fresh bath to No. 72 a couple of hours ago?" "So you did, sir," said the waiter. "He drank that,"—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

He that neglects the little loses the greater.—Latin.

New York Style Show

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Life is a privilege. Its youthful days shine with the radiance of continuous May.
To live, to breathe, to wonder and desire,
To feed with dreams the heart's perpetual fire,
To thrill with virtuous passions and to glow
With great ambitions—in one hour to know
The depths and heights of feeling—God in truth,
How beautiful, how beautiful is youth!

Life is a privilege. Like some rare rose
The mysteries of the human mind unfold,
What marvels lie in earth and air and sea,
What stores of knowledge wait our opening key,
What sunny roads of happiness lead out
Beyond the realms of indolence and doubt,
And what large pleasures smile upon and bless
The busy avenues of usefulness.

Life is a privilege. Tho' noontide fades
And shadows fall along the winding glades;
Tho' joy-bloms wither in the autumnal air,
Yet the sweet scent of sympathy is there.
Pale sorrow leads us closer to our kind,
And in the serious hours of life we find
Depths in the soul of men which lend new worth
And majesty to this brief span of earth.
Life is a privilege. If some sad fate
Sends us alone to seek the exit gate;
If men forsake us as the shadows fall,
Still does the supreme privilege of all
Come in that reaching upward of the soul
To find the welcoming presence at the goal.
And in the knowledge that our feet have trod
Paths that lead from and must lead back to God.

YOUR PLACE IN THE WORLD.

There is just one thing in the world which we have a right to be proud of, and that is what we are doing. A good kitchen girl has a right to be proud of her work. A bootblack has a right to hold his head and look you square in the eye if he has given an extra good shine. And that is just when he feels like doing it.

But the man or woman who shirks work in order to maintain his or her "position in society" generates only shame and all manner of disease for self and others.

We must learn that we do not "come down" in doing the things we can do—we are never above what we can do. See?

That is your level, no matter how

The General Demand

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much money you may have or how high toned your relations or yourself may have been.

Then be honest and set yourself to do what you can do, if it is only washing windows or shining shoes. Instead of "lowering" you in anybody's estimation it will raise you.

Yes, in spite of all our artificial standards of society it will raise you. Folks will say, "Well, there is something in that fellow after all."

I'd rather have a man say that of me than to be able to say I inherited all the wealth of the Rothschilds, or am first cousin to all the rulers of Europe.

You never were higher in the world than the things you can do, and doing any one thing well fits you for doing something "higher," which means something more delicate, complex, "refined."

Continue to let "pride" keep you from doing what you can do and you starve out what little "respect" the world or you may now have for yourself.

And not only that but you effectually block your own way to better things and open wide the door which leads to every crime in the catalogue. —Elizabeth Towne in October Nautilus.

ABOUT WILBUR WRIGHT.

I was at the Le Mans race track last month," said a correspondent, "when Wilbur Wright made his first public flight.

"Our American aviator's triumph was tremendous. The French aerial sharpshooters admitted that the Wrights were quite 10 years ahead of Farman, De La Grange and Bleriot. They gave Wright a wonderful ovation, embracing him, shaking his hand, trying to lift him on their shoulders.

"He took the whole thing indifferently. He seemed rather bored. He smiled and shook his head, disengaging himself as soon as possible, and, with his hands in his pockets, walked away to his workshop whistling.

"I never saw such indifference to fame. I said something to Wright about it. He laughed and answered:

"Well, I am indifferent to that sort of thing. I want to fly successfully. To become a public idol interests me

as little as racing used to interest the Shah of Persia. When the shah was in London they wanted to take him to Goodwood; but he declined to go. "That one horse can run faster than another," he said, "I am perfectly aware; which one it is doesn't matter to me in the least."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

When some prodigals return it is the fatted goose that should be killed.

Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work.

Healthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood. It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys.

But now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs. The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, and is sold on its merits by all

druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sized bottles. You may have a sample bottle, name of Swamp-Root, by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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Isn't it worth while to try to find out whether this may not be true—today, tomorrow, or very soon?