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There was a man who went through life and found the way both dark and hard—Fate willed it so: And facing much that others could not see, He overcame much that they did not know. Because he smiled, perhaps, but once a day, "He is a pessimist," his friends would say.

Another man there was whose lines of life Were cast in pleasant places; not a care He had. While others struggled helplessly, The world to him was always bright and fair. Because he smiled so much, men would insist That he was just an ideal optimist.

Which, think you, of the two, deserved The greater credit? Whose side would you take? The man who fought his way—and sometimes smiled, Or he who smiled—but had no fight to make? —Jack Appleton.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM.

By their persistent violations of law a score of former saloon men have made themselves liable to criminal prosecution and yesterday a flood of indictments came in against them. If all the cases are prosecuted to the limit the accused men will have to pay thousands of dollars in fines and spend many days in jail.

Why have these men acted this way? It is a psychological problem that is hard to understand. It is all the more difficult because of the fact that reports indicate violations have not ceased.

Are the saloon men so addicted to liquor selling that they cannot stop even though continuance in business means iron bars for them? Or do they think they can violate the prohibition law with impunity?

When the law went into effect July 1, the better class of saloon men accepted the result with the best grace possible and set about to make a living by other means. It was the only thing to do. The game was over and by quitting when they did they showed they were true sports.

The men indicted by the grand jury are equally able-bodied and as capable of earning a livelihood in an honest way. Why don't they try it?

If the "blind pig" operators think they can continue in business in defiance of law and of public sentiment they are bucking against a stone wall, and they will suffer. They are inviting the limit of punishment and if they continue their course there will be but one thing for them—the iron heel.

CHANGE THE LAW.

Portland people have been brought face to face recently with the dusty, cob-webbed Sunday closing law and the experience has made them do some thinking. Regarding the antiquated measure the Journal has the following:

The Sunday law, as to most of the prohibited kinds of business, was not passed because either a majority of the people or of the legislature desired such a law. But members of the legislature knew that to refuse to pass such a law would offend a considerable number of voters, which they dared not do. Most of the rest of the voters were indifferent, because they did not suppose such a law would ever be enforced. A small minority zealously in favor of a law can get it through, because this minority can hurt the politician, while most people pay little or no attention to the matter.

The saloons should be closed on Sunday, for reasons often stated. They are in a class by themselves. So

should all places where youth congregate to indulge in anything vicious. As to the rest, it is unreasonable to deprive the public of innocent recreation and refreshment on the weekly rest day. This is not a Puritan country and nobody should have a right to dictate to another how he shall spend Sunday, so long as he behaves decently and does not offend common sense morals.

BURDENS OF THE MIGHTY.

An interesting insight into the woes of the presidency is given in a current magazine. It is contained in a statement from ex-President Cleveland who sat for eight years in the seat of power and retired amid a torrent of abuse that did not cease until he died:

"A sensitive man is not happy as president," Mr. Cleveland is quoted as saying. "It is fight, fight, fight all the time. He is the target of every kind of calumny. Everything he does is open to misconstruction. His enemies are incessant. It is impossible for him, if he is conscientious, to keep the affection of his friends. I looked forward to the close of my term as a happy release from care. But I am not sure that I wasn't more happy out of office than in. A term in the presidency accustoms a man to great duties. He gets used to handling tremendous enterprises, to organizing forces that may affect at once and directly the welfare of the world. After the long exercise of power, the ordinary affairs of life seem petty and commonplace. An ex-president practicing law or going into business is like a locomotive hauling a delivery wagon. He has lost his sense of proportion. The concerns of other people and even his own affairs seem too small to be worth bothering about. I thought I was glad when Mr. McKinley came to Washington to be inaugurated, and I took a drink of rye whiskey with him in the White House and shook hands with him and put my hat on my head and walked out a private citizen. But I miss the strain, the spur of constant thinking, the consciousness of power, the knowledge that I was acting for 70,000,000 people daily."

The presidential campaign is interesting, but the people of Umatilla county have some local "issues" that are of equally vital importance. Among these may be mentioned the movement for a new commercial club; the expose of summer fallow and the crusade against the big farm; the campaign for a branch experiment station and the wherewith of the publicity bureau.

There are some people in this county and in Morrow, who have not yet attended the fair. If they continue to stay away a double loss will be incurred—the loss of much profitable enjoyment to themselves and to the fair, their patronage. No enterprising, loyal resident of either county can afford to miss the fair entirely.

OCTOBER DAYS.

Leaf and blossom of vine and tree,
Grasses of meadow and weeds of mire,
Autumn is gathering them all to be
Fagots rich for October's fire.
Smoke-like haze over vale and hill,
Flames of scarlet and crimson bright,
Speckled and golden and brown and bronze,
Field and forest a-flame with light,
All the glory the year has grown,
Flash and flare into beauty—so;
Feast the eyes on the trappings gay—
Soon the pageant will pale, we know,
Gray and ashen the skies will lower—
Gray and ashen the leaves will fall;
Over the piling landscape soon
Nature will gather her sombre pall.
Gather the gold of the leaves that hang
Like unto banners of brilliant dyes,
Press them, hang them on homely walls,
Fill them in corners for loving eyes,
Memory will cherish the waxen things,
Keep them, for the sake of the days now fled;
Embers they for the fire of dreams—
When the glow of the autumn world is dead.

—Selected.

ISN'T IT ODD.

That it is usually the man with nothing to do who can never spare you a moment?
That though "love is blind" it can "always find a way"?
That a good lover is not good if he's too good to be true?
That an author's royalties are often far from royal?
That in the mathematics of matrimony one and one make three?
That once a fellow wins a girl's hand he is under her thumb?
That the well-to-do man is generally hard to do?
That a heart must be broken several times before it is rendered unbreakable?
That gilt-edged security is often guilt edged?
That the big responsibilities of marriage are the little ones?

ROBERT E. LEE'S MOTHER WAS BURIED ALIVE.

The 101st anniversary of the birth of General Robert E. Lee recalls the little known fact that he was born more than a year after his mother had been buried, furnishing to the world one of the most astonishing cases of reviviscence on record.

General Lee's mother was by no means an entirely healthy woman and the physicians at Stratford, Va., the home of Henry Lee (Light Horse Harry) was kept in constant attendance. Mrs. Lee suffered from cataplexy and during a prolonged trance she was pronounced dead.

The body was prepared for interment, and the morning of the third day after supposed death the remains were laid in the family vault in the graveyard of that pretty little Virginia village.

Members of the family made frequent visits to the vault, and while the sexton was cleaning up and arranging some flowers to be placed on the casket he heard some one calling for assistance.

Of course the old man was somewhat alarmed, but as he had seen many years of service in the city of the dead, he did not leave the vault. He listened closely and the voice was distinctly heard again.

Becoming satisfied that the voice came out of the casket he at once set to work and opened it, discovering that Mrs. Lee was alive. Releasing the poor woman from her awful fate, assistance was soon summoned and within a short time she was safe in bed at her home.

Mrs. Lee's recovery was slow, but she regained good health and a little more than a year after she was buried alive her youngest son, Robert E., was born, and thus came into the world one of her greatest men.—Breckenridge Democrat.

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

When she had carelessly asked the grocer the price of pineapples, and he had answered 29 cents apiece, she threw up her hands and exclaimed: "Twenty cents! Will you just think of that?"

"Very scarce, ma'am," said the grocer.

"Ah, but if I had a husband with the business head on him that I've got I'd be selling you pineapples by the thousand instead of asking the price."

"Yes?"

"It's not five years ago that a man came along and offered my husband 100 acres of pine land in the Adirondacks for \$10 an acre, and we had the money in the house to pay for it."

"And go to raising pineapples, eh?" queried the grocer, without a smile.

"What else, sir? I told my husband to barken at once, but while I was out asking how many pineapples we could reckon on to a pine tree he let the fellow get away from him and we've never seen him since. I'm saying to you that there's nothing like a business head on a man or woman, and being here I'll take a dozen clothes pins and count 'em out myself. As I was saying, if my husband only had my business head on his shoulders—"—Exchange.

YOUR IMPRESS.

Now what is your niche in the mind of the man you met yesterday? He figured you out and labeled you; then carefully filed you away. Are you on his list as one to respect, or as one to be ignored?

Does he think you the sort that's sure to win, or the kind that's quickly floored?

The things you said—were they those that stick, or the kind that fade and die?

The story you told—did you tell it your best? If not, in all conscience, why?

Your notion of things in the world of trade—did you make that notion clear?

Did you make it sound to the listener as though it were good to hear?

Did you mean, right down in your heart of hearts, the things that you then expressed?

Or was it the talk of a better man in clumsy language dressed?

Did you think while you talked? Or but glibly recite what you had heard or read?

Had you made it your own—this saying of yours—or quoted what others said?

Think—what is your niche in the mind of the man who met you yesterday?

And figured you out and labeled you; then carefully filed you away? —S. W. Gillan in Success.

TO TEST BLEACHED FLOUR.

As 30 per cent of the Kansas-made flour is put through the artificial bleaching process the millers of the state are not apt to find any great amount of Dr. Crumline, secretary of the Kansas board of health, because of his crusade against bleached flour.

As to whether the bleaching of flour injures it or not is a question yet under discussion. Some millers contend that it does, some that it does not. It is understood that Dr. Crumline has not yet come to a final conclusion on that point.

In one of the northern states, South Dakota, at the experiment station, extensive experiments have been made to ascertain whether the process of bleaching the flour really injures it or not, and the conclusion to which they came was that it does have an injurious effect. Dr. Crumline will probably have the same experiments made in Kansas, and if the same results are found Kansas millers will be prohibited from bleaching flour for sale in Kansas.

Whether or not it is found that the process of bleaching injures the flour Secretary Crumline is sure to make the millers label bleached flour as such.

Kind words are of more comfort to a man than a feather bed.

S.S.S. A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism is caused by an excess of uric acid in the blood, which is carried through the circulation to all portions of the system. Every muscle, nerve, bone and joint absorbs the acid, pain-producing poison, causing aches, inflammation, stiffness and other well known symptoms of the disease. Permanent relief from the pains and discomfort of Rheumatism cannot be expected from the use of liniments, plasters, and other external treatment which does not reach the blood, where the cause is located. Such measures give temporary relief, but in order to cure Rheumatism the uric acid and inflammatory poison must be expelled from the blood. S. S. S. cures Rheumatism because it is a perfect blood purifier. It goes down into the circulation, neutralizes the uric acid and drives it from the blood. S. S. S. expels the irritating, inflammatory matter which is causing the pain, swelling and other discomfort, enriches the weak, sour blood, and permanently cures Rheumatism. In all forms of Rheumatism, whether acute or chronic, S. S. S. will be found a safe, vegetable remedy, possessing the properties needed to cure, and at the same time a medicine that builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effects. Book on Rheumatism and any medical advice free to all who write. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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Regulate the Liver

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I, J. W. Maloney, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief

Signed: J. W. MALONEY, Cashier.
Attest: E. L. SMITH,
H. C. STEPHENS,
Directors.

State of Oregon, County of Umatilla, ss.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1908.
(SEAL) A. E. LAMBERT, Notary Public.

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