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In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war he mourns the warrior's steed;
In halls in gay attire is seen;
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above;
For Love is heaven and heaven is Love.
—Sir Walter Scott.

ECONOMIC, NOT PERSONAL.

In the name of partisan argument much inane rot is being inflicted upon the people just at present. But of all the things that have been brought forth from the "Book of Arguments," one of the rankest is the statement, made with much gusto, that the liberties of the American people are now fully and thoroughly protected.

Because the personal liberties of men are not curtailed—because they are allowed to pass from state to state without passports—some orators and newspapers believe that all is well.

But the problems now up pertain to the economic rights of men and not to their personal privileges. Though of a different nature these questions are just as grave and they are far more intricate than those which confront the American colonists before the revolution.

"When you take my house you take my life, for you take the prop whereby I live," said Shylock and he gave utterance to an economic truth.

Plutocracy does not care regarding the lesser rights of the humble American citizen. It is willing to allow him to breathe, to travel about and to vote, so long as he does not investigate too much before he casts his ballot.

As long as the trusts control congress and through doing so know that their grip upon the economic affairs of the country will not be shaken they do not worry about lesser matters. They prefer to show great outward deference for the rights of the people and to pose as meek and abused creatures rather than as robber barons.

BASIS OF THE SMILE.

It is now announced that an eastern business college will offer instruction in smiling. The principal object of the course will be to better fit young men and women for work in department stores.

The idea of a course in smiles is certainly novel and it may prove a good thing. It cannot be doubted but that the man with the smile is a better salesman than he with the grouchy look.

But if the New York college expects to produce the genuine article in the line of smiling it will need a very extensive equipment. Furthermore, the course may require more time than is needed to teach gentle fingers the art of stenography.

A smile is not a matter of the face alone. The real article is produced only when body, mind and spirit are in perfect tune. It will be difficult to adjust these through a six weeks course in a commercial school.

The only smile that's worth while is that from the man who really feels good and likes his fellow creatures. The smile that comes from the face only is a fake that is easily detected. Dogs and babies readily distinguish between it and the genuine article. Unless this business college has something better than the artificial variety to offer it had better leave the subject alone.

NEW YORK SOCIETY.

The most torrid roast New York society has received in many months has just been administered by Ethel Barrymore whose entree into society in both hemispheres is said to be unquestioned.

"There's no occasion for brain in our society, at least not in that of

New York which I have seen, and consequently girls don't prepare themselves or cultivate their capabilities," Miss Barrymore is quoted. "They have enough for what is demanded of them and they don't attempt anything more difficult. If you can join gracefully in the inanities of an ordinary dinner table, you'll pass muster, but if you should happen to touch on anything that the real men of our country are doing, you would be shunned as a frightful bore."

"The women of wealth are merely selfish and piggish and are utterly content with comfortable living quarters, a good dinner, a little polo or bridge, or a rapid automobile or two. They are empty shells and perfectly meaningless and useless to the country."

"If a plague were to wipe out the entire society element of New York, the city would be none the worse for it nor would they be missed. They accomplish nothing and give nothing to the world."

This criticism is doubtless intended for the people of Gotham's upper social circles—the set where they have monkey dinners and billion-dollar divorce suits. But these people have never stood high in good society.

JAPAN'S SYSTEM.

An insight into Japan's remarkable success in war may be had from the following statement recently made by a Russian general who visited the Mikado's empire:

"In their military school, where I saw a Spartan system of education, the exercises of the cadets with pikes, rifles and broadswords were not approached by anything of the kind that I had witnessed in Europe—it was fighting of the fiercest character," says he. "At the end of the struggle there was a hand-to-hand combat, which lasted until the victors stood triumphant over the bodies of the vanquished and tore off their masks. In these exercises, which were very severe, the cadets struck one another fiercely and with wild cries; but the moment a prearranged signal was given, or the fight came to an end, the combatants drew themselves up in a line and their faces assumed an expression of wooden composure."

"In all the public schools prominence was given to military exercises, and the scholars took part in them with enthusiasm. Even in their walks they practiced running, flanking and sudden, unexpected attacks of one party on another. The history of Japan was everywhere made a means of strengthening the pupils' patriotism and their belief in Japan's invincibility. Particular stress was laid upon the country's successful wars, the heroes of them were extolled, and the children were taught that none of Japan's military enterprises had ever failed."

There was class to the illuminated parade last night and those who did not see it missed something good. Between the Best People on Earth, the scorching autos and the bands, there was something stirring.

Pendleton has splendid hotel and lodging house accommodations. But last night they were overtaxed. The fair is popular.

The newspaper that never says anything positively and never hurts anyone's feelings is not a newspaper.

THE GIRL WHO SMILES.

The wind was east and the chimney smoked,
And the old brown house seemed dreary,
For nobody smiled, and nobody joked,
The young folks grumbled, the old folks croaked;
They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door and a girl came in;
Oh, she was homely—very!
Her nose was pug, and her cheek was thin—
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin—
But her smile was bright and cheery.

She spoke not a word of the cold or damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her,
But she mended the fire and lighted the lamp,
And she put on the place a different stamp
From that it had without her.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place,
And smoky from base to rafter,
And gloom departed from every face,
As they felt the charm of her mirthful grace
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and sing,
And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing,
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.
—Woman's Life.

It does not pay to do things just to be doing, or to say things just to be saying.

Pig Sty or Cotton Field?

Since Biblical times, the hog has had the reputation of being a very uncleanly animal. How then can hog fat, from which lard is made, be clean and wholesome, and make healthful, digestible food? *It simply cannot, and does not.*

Now let us consider the ingredients of *Cottolene*—just pure, refined cotton seed oil, and the choicest of beef suet. Do they not appeal to you as preferable to the fat of the swine?

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BEAUTY.

There has been a beauty doctor
Givin' lectures in our town.
An' ma hired a stenographer
Ter take his lingo down,
An' the things that she's a-buylin'
Fer to rub into her face,
Comes in boxes, jugs, an' bottles,
An' are all around the place.

She takes here face o' morning's
An' steams it o'er a pot.
Then she rubs some dope stuff in it
While it's red and sizzlin' hot.
Then she lays some hot cloths on it
Fer to drive it further in,
Then she plasters it and rubs it
Fer to beautify her skin.

Then she's got a rubber dingsus
That she fastens ter th' door.
Then she grabs and bends down back-
ards

Till her head's most on the floor.
Then she doubles over forward
Till she almost busts in half.
Then she spansks us children awful
'Cause we can't hold in our laugh.

She has bought a jar of ointment,
An' the label on it said
It would kill hair on her features,
But would grow it on her head;
An' the shelves are full of skin-food,
And o' ointments an' o' creams,
And she dopes her face o' daytimes
An' she masks it while she dreams.

She has got some stuff in bottles
That, when it is well rubbed in
Will make thinnish women stouter,
An' make stoutish women thin;
An' gran'mother's gettin' skittish—
Gran'ma hasn't got a tooth—
An' she's bought a jar o' ointment
That is labeled, "Bloom o' Youth."

An' pop says th' world's gone crooked
Since that feller came to town,
An' ma hired a stenographer
Ter take his lingo down;
Ma tells pa his talk was gratis,
That it didn't cost a cent,
But th' druggist 'round th' corner
Kin tel you what paw has spent.
—Houston Post.

THE SOURCE.

A molecule, invisible, the work of the Unseen
Grew weary of its silent task, bethinking it was mean.

"Shall I, inanimate, confined, be destined thus to share
The fate of my chained brethren, the slaves of earth and air?
Why not a cloud, why not a star, why not a rainbow I?"

'Twere joy to be a sunbeam fair across a golden sky."
The question asked, ere had the plen ascended heavenward
Thence came as incense a reply, though as a flaming sword

It pierced its soul in ecstasy and, piercing, healed the pain
Of longing for forbidden tools to break the golden chain:
"O blind and feeble molecule,"—the voice within it cried,
The voice was God the Infinite—"Why art not satisfied?
"Without thee life and love exist; sunaught, the sky, the rainbow vain;
Without thee nothing could exist; supreme would chaos reign."
"Then I'm content, my joy bursts forth an ever-gushing spring;
Henceforth," it breathed exultingly, "I am God and King."
—Selected.

LOVE'S LOGIC.

Because your eyes look into mine
And read my heart and understand,
Withholding nothing, dear, they are
The fairest in all the land.

Because your lips, a budding rose
With half its glories still unfurled,
Surrendered to my kiss, I count
Those lips the sweetest in the world.

Because your heart still beats with mine
Up all the thorny way I go,
Beneath the sun no other heart
Holds any secret I would know.
—Reginald W. Kauffman.



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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.
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