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AS A MAN SOWETH.
Sow a suggestion; reap a thought.
Sow a thought; reap a feeling.
Sow a feeling and feeling; reap an act.
Sow an act; reap a habit.
Sow a habit; reap character and health.
Sow character and health; reap a personality.
Sow a personality; reap an influence.
—A. F. Sheldon.

CATCH THE SPIRIT.

During the past few days the East Oregonian has worked hard towards aiding in the retention of the woolen mills in this city. It has not given space to the subject in order to fill its columns nor are its efforts due to a spasmodic burst of energy.

This paper is in earnest in the matter. It believes that Pendleton will suffer incalculably if the woolen mill is taken away. Prompted alone by the welfare of this city and county, the paper has brought the subject before the people. It intends to stay with the proposition to the finish—until arrangements are made to keep the mill here or until it has been fully shown that there is not hope.

But all a newspaper can do in a matter of this kind is to call the attention of people to the subject and urge them to take action. It is then incumbent upon the people to do the rest.

In an interesting communication, published upon the first page of this paper, C. A. Shepard, former superintendent of the woolen mill, strongly urges that steps be taken to keep the plant here. He declares that the mill, even as it now stands, is a money-maker and he should know. In view of Mr. Shepard's experience in the business his statement should be given much weight.

But Mr. Shepard is not alone in declaring that the mill can be made to pay. The men who have backed the lessees in the past say the mill is a profitable thing. They are in a position to know.

It is argued by some that the plant is very old; that the machinery is antiquated; that it would be better to let the mill go and secure a new one some time in the future.

But if the plant as it stands can make a profit of \$19,000 a year for a lessee, isn't that doing very well? Would it not be safer to buy the present plant, if it may be had at a low price, and operate it until improved machinery can be secured?

The East Oregonian believes, and so do many others, that if the woolen mill is taken away it will be many years before another loom is ever operated here. To establish an up-to-date mill would cost many thousands of dollars. It would be difficult to raise that money. The present mill can seemingly be had almost for the asking.

The woolen mill can be saved to Pendleton if the business men of the city take the matter up in the right spirit and with the vim and energy that the merits of the proposition demand.

Are you going to do it, gentlemen?
THE WAY IT IS.

The newspaper that is a newspaper is published for all the people—not for any one particular element of society, nor for any one political party. The paper that is devoted to any particular class of people is an organ, not a newspaper.

This statement is made for the benefit of people who during the past few days have been inquiring and speculating as to the attitude of this paper regarding some local issues that were paramount in the past. During the last few days some people have subscribed for this paper because of the change in the editorship.

One man stopped his subscription professedly because of the change. These are of importance only as straws that show the direction of a prevailing wind.

But in candor it must be said that those who have just subscribed may regret their action. On the other hand, the man who quit may find he made a hasty mistake.

As with a man, two elemental duties a newspaper has are to work and to fight. The East Oregonian likes to do both and its record shows it has some skill along both lines.

Just now there seems to be much more need of work than of fighting. There are many things to be done in behalf of this city and county. The East Oregonian already has its coat off and to the best of its ability it is going to help in the work that is at hand.

But if at any time, by the will of God, it should develop that fighting is needed, the East Oregonian will quickly don its war clothes and it will fight with all its might. The only pledge it has to make upon this subject is that when this paper fights it will do so for the good of the people only and there will be no malice in its heart.

BRYAN IN OREGON.

The leaders of the old populist party in this state have issued a proclamation in which they advise their former political followers to vote for Bryan. If this advice is generally followed, and indications are that it will be, Bryan will carry the state of Oregon.

But why should not Bryan carry Oregon? Judging him by the standards now recognized by the rank and file of the people of this state, is he not a statesman of the proper stamp?

Is not the democratic national platform pretty good doctrine, judged by Oregon eyes? The direct election of senators is a principle for which the people of Oregon have fought and bled. To many people of this state this question is regarded with almost as much importance as the southern people regard the principle of white supremacy. The democratic national platform declares strongly and frankly for the direct election of senators. The republican national convention turned down such a plank by an overwhelming vote.

In view of these well known facts the East Oregonian would not be surprised if many people who are classed neither as democrats nor populists would vote for Bryan in November.

If Judge Lowell said last night that William J. Bryan is dishonest and without any fixed principles upon any subject he made a statement unworthy himself. The big men of the republican party now know and they openly state that Bryan is thoroughly honest, and that he is a man of matchless personal ability. If he were not such he could not have the splendid following that is his and he would not be making a third race for the presidency.

Power sites galore have now been filed upon in this county. The next step in the march of progress will be the development of this latent resource. The East Oregonian hopes that there will be no halt but that those who have filed upon power sites intend to develop them speedily.

The pastors of the Pendleton Methodist church is an important position and Dr. T. B. Ford, the new minister, will find the hand of welcome extended him by the people of this city.

GASOLINE LAWN MOWER.

A new type of gasoline propelled lawn mower is being used to some extent in Detroit, Mich. Inventive genius has come to the long suffering caretaker, as it has come to the aid of man in all other kinds of labor, and if he is strictly up to date in the matter of equipment he starts the motor, mounts the seat of the mower and lets the engine do the rest, taking life easy beneath the shade of a capacious umbrella.

S.S.S. CURES MALARIA

Malaria is due to impurities in the blood which destroy the rich, healthful qualities of the circulation, and reduce it to a weak, watery fluid. The body is then deprived of its necessary nourishment and strength, and is unable to resist the countless disorders that assail it, and the general system suffers in consequence. The appetite fails, digestion is weakened, chills and slight fever are frequent, while the sufferer loses energy and ambition. Boils, skin eruptions, and some times sores and ulcers follow when the blood becomes deeply polluted with the malarial germs. Both a tonic and blood purifier are needed to cure Malaria, and S. S. S. is best fitted for this work. It is the most perfect of all blood purifiers and at the same time an invigorating, healthful tonic. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation, and removes every trace of impurity or poison, and gives to the blood the health-sustaining qualities it needs. It cures Malaria thoroughly and permanently because it removes from the blood the germs and poisons which produce the disease, and while doing this tones up and strengthens every part of the system. Book with information about Malaria and any medical advice furnished free to all who write.

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TWO PUSSY CATS.

I. The Pet Cat.

Dainty little ball of fur, sleek and round and fat,
Yawning through the lazy hours,
some one's household cat,
Lying on a bed of down, decked in ribbons gay,
What a pleasant life you lead, whether night or day.

Dining like an epicure, from a costly dish,
Served with what you like the best,
chicken, meat or fish,
Furrowing at an outstretched hand,
knowing but caresses.

Romping through the house at will,
racing down the hall,
Full of pretty, playful pranks, loved and praised by all,
Wandering from room to room to find the choicest spot,
Favored little household puss, happy is your lot.

Sleeping on my lady's lap or dozing by the grate,
Fed with catnip tea if ill, what a lucky fate!
Loved in life and mourned in death,
and stuffed maybe at that,
And kept upon the mantle shelf—
dear pet cat.

II. The Tramp Cat.

Poor little beggar cat, hollow-eyed and gaunt,
Creeping down the alley-way like a ghost of want,
Kicked and beat by thoughtless boys,
bent on cruel play,
What a sorry life you lead, whether night or day.

Hunting after crusts and crumbs,
gnawing meatless bones,
Trembling at a human step, fearing bricks and stones,
Shrinking at an outstretched hand,
knowing only blows,
Wretched little beggar cat, born to suffer woes.

Stealing to an open door, craving food and heat,
Frightened off with angry cries and growled into the street,
Tortured, teased and chased by boys,
through the lonely night,
Homeless little beggar cat, sorrow is your plight.

Sleeping anywhere you can, in the rain and snow,
Waking in the cold, gray dawn, wondering where to go,
Dying in the street at last, starved to death at that;
Picked up by the scavenger—poor tramp cat!
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The amount of E. B. Sweet's defalcation will reach \$46,000, according to information from the Walla Walla sheriff's office. Of this amount \$12,000 was made by insurance which was never turned in to the company, \$8,000 was obtained by false checks on the Prescott State bank which never were recorded. It is said he stole all the undivided profits of the bank.

ALL SOCIETY GIRLS.

The French public has just made the acquaintance of Mrs. Wharton's Lily Bart. They are now surer than ever that the American life means the making of money by the men and the spending of it by the women. What are the ordinary American girl's ambitions? M. Jules Clairette knows. He found it out from a young friend, who is professor of French, presumably, in a woman's college in the "heart" of Illinois. M. Clairette imparts his newly acquired information through the columns of the Paris Temps: "Among the lovely flock which this young shepherd was supposed to guide in the ways of culture, formed peculiar customs, most of the American races were represented. These young women bore names poetically Americanized: Mellita, Priscilla, Mabel, Jessica, Phoebe, Minerva, Rosamonde, Florida, Myrtis, Jessamine, Sylvia, Imogene, etc. I could not mention all of them, nor speak of those who were simply called Annie, Maud, Eleanor, Lillian, Beatrice or Margaret. They came from all the countries of the new world. Some were born on the gray slopes of the Rocky mountains; some on the verdant banks of the Great Lakes; others had grown up, like Atala, under the hoary shade of giant cedars or magnolias, by mighty rivers, within the sound of thundering cataracts. But all had just one aim in life, if we may judge from their replies to questions put by the professor at odd moments:

"Miss Mellita," asked my friend of a young woman from Florida, "what are you planning to do when you leave college?"
"I am going to be a society girl."
"And you, Miss Priscilla?"
"Society girl."
"You, Jessamine?"
"Society girl."
"You, Imogene?"
"Society girl."
"And so on."

—New York Post.

The United States annually exports more cottonseed oil than all the other countries of the world combined—42,000,000 out of 52,000,000 gallons.

WOMAN'S NIGHTMARE

No woman can be happy without children; it is her nature to love them as much so as it is the beautiful and pure. The ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass is so full of dread that the thought fills her with apprehension. There is no necessity for the reproduction of life to be either very painful or dangerous. The use of **Mother's Friend** prepares the system for the coming event, and it is passed without any danger. This remedy is applied externally, and has carried thousands of women through the crisis with but little suffering.

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