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THE HOLY CITY.
A pillar of fire by night,
A tower of strength by day,
A lamp ever burning bright,
A guide on the darkest way.
A blessing in time of grief;
To the straying an open door;
In affliction a sweet relief,
A refuge when all is o'er.
ABAS THE PESSIONIST.

Towns and cities are built by men who have energy and nerve. Business cowards and pessimists never lead in movements for the advancement of the public good. Their advice should not be considered at a crisis like that which now confronts Pendleton.

The word crisis is used here because the East Oregonian believes that the future of Pendleton depends much upon the proper handling of the woolen mill problem.

If this city is to advance it must have industries and payrolls. If a manufacturing plant of any kind can be made a success here a woolen mill should be a success. This is where wool is grown.

So the settlement of the woolen mill problem involves more than is seen upon the surface. If the mill cannot be retained it is doubtful if any other industries can ever be secured. This being the case it is up to every business man of this city to put his shoulder to the wheel and make the mill stay here.

But there is no occasion for pessimism regarding the outcome of the movement to keep the mill. Prospects are brighter now than they have ever been. Ample money for the financing of the mill is already in sight. It is now purely a question of whether or not the mill can be made to pay.

John Wilbur, who successfully managed the Union mill for 10 years, says a woolen mill will pay in Pendleton if it is managed right. This being the case the woolen mill should be retained here and operated. If it is not in proper shape it should be made right.

Are you a town-builder or are you a grouchy pessimist and a business coward?

SENATOR GEARIN'S SPEECH.

Those who were at the court house to hear John M. Gearin Saturday night heard a good political address—an address by a brilliant orator who by reason of his high standing in that party is authorized to speak in behalf of democracy.

In his address the former senator spoke not only as a democrat; which he is by birth and belief, but also as a high-minded and patriotic citizen. In his sincerity lies much of his claim as an orator. Those who heard Mr. Gearin believe he means what he said. Had all the voters of Umatilla county heard him speak, Bryan would carry this county by an overwhelming vote.

Though the former senator dwelt upon many things that are at issue in this campaign his treatment of the bank guarantee plan roused the greatest enthusiasm among his listeners.

It has been charged by the republicans that if the bank deposit guarantee plan were put into operation it would work a hardship upon bankers and would encourage reckless banking. But those who heard Senator Gearin's exposition of the subject will not worry upon those points.

The cost of guaranteeing bank deposits will be so infinitesimally low that it is not to be considered in the matter. Banks operating under the law will not become reckless because they will be operating under the close scrutiny of the government.

But should a banker becomereck-

less and thereby bring his bank to failure his punishment would be as it is now—financial ruin and public disgrace if not criminal prosecution. But the depositors would not suffer. The deposit guarantee plan merely provides insurance for deposits. At present mercantile stocks, manufacturing plants, homes and business blocks are all insured. Bank deposits, which represent the savings of the people, rich and poor, are absolutely protected.

A national law providing for a system whereby deposit shall be guaranteed is but good business—it would be right from every standpoint.

A LESSON FROM PALOUSE.

At a fair just held at Moscow, Idaho, a Palouse farmer startled the community by displaying 40 different varieties of fruits and vegetables, all raised this year upon his 160-acre ranch.

The name of the farmer is Henry Moore and his display consisted of the following: Ten varieties of peaches, hops, three varieties of pears, parsley, cauliflower, three kinds of prunes, field, sweet and popcorn, cucumbers, 14 varieties of apples, two kinds of beans, peppers, two kinds of grapes, two of cherries, two of onions, three of cantaloupes, two of tomatoes, two of potatoes, two of plums, honey, radishes, black walnuts, beets, turnips, cabbage, nectarines, sunflowers, seven kinds of wheat, millet, watermelons, seven kinds of squash, three kinds of celery, pumpkins, muskmelons and carrots.

The fact that a man can raise such diversified products upon an inland farm has deep significance. No doubt Mr. Moore's ranch is a good one and he has worked hard. But his place is probably no better than thousands of little farms located along the creek and river bottoms of eastern Oregon. His land is probably no better than that along Wild Horse between this city and Athena.

When are Umatilla county people going to commence to really farm ranches?

Baker City has passed an ordinance for the regulation of the dairies and for testing tubercular cows. Because of that ordinance Baker will be a better town in which to live. Pendleton still has time to pass such an ordinance.

There is no stone wall in the path of Pendleton's progress.

The rain that fell yesterday came straight from heaven.

THE HOPE OF OREGON.

Perhaps no more important subject was discussed at the recent Trans-Mississippi congress than that of dry farming. It has been gradually learned during the past quarter of a century or less that fairly good and reasonably profitable crops can be raised on "semi-arid" lands, that cannot be irrigated. Certain methods of cultivation, it has been found, will produce fair crops—what in the Atlantic states would be considered large crops—on land that up till recently was considered totally valueless for anything but grazing. And as the native grass has in most cases been pretty well destroyed, the lands had become almost worthless for that purpose.

Eastern Oregon is greatly interested in this subject of successful "dry farming." Throughout central and southeastern Oregon lie vast expanses of land, that with dry farming made successful will support a large population of fairly prosperous people, where up till recently only an occasional stockman and his employees have dwelt. Already, in fact, in Crook and Lake counties, and others, many carefully intelligent, industrious men have proved that they can raise fairly good crops on these elevated dry, non-irrigable lands, in any average season. The past summer was an unusually hard one on those people, and yet we read of many pretty good yields up there—up to 25 bushels an acre of wheat, and larger crops of barley. Even alfalfa is successfully grown on much of this land, and this enables the farmers gradually to engage in raising diversified crops.

There is some evidence to show that increasing cultivation of semi-arid land throughout a considerable area induces an increased precipitation. The more of such lands that are cultivated, the more rain will fall; the more the soil, not to be despised as was thought, will yield of valuable crops. But this soil must

be worked right, and made to hold and conserve such moisture as is available for the growing crops, to get the best results, and this is being done. A good deal along this line has been learned during the past few years, and more will be learned, by study and experimentation, in the years to come. The farmer of today needs to be an intelligent student; he must use his brains as well as his hands, and the farmers of both eastern and western Oregon are doing this as never before. Within a few years we shall see a great and constantly growing volume of crops rolling down to this seaport from the vast plains of central Oregon.

It has been truly said that there is but one crop of land. The land has been grossly abused through many generations by ignorant and careless men, and great areas of it, in this country, have been misunderstood. Misjudged, considered valueless, when, in, if treated intelligently, and as we might say kindly, it will richly or at least reasonably reward the husbandman's endeavors.—Oregon Journal.

OLD AUNT MARY'S.

Wasn't it pleasant, oh brother mine, in those old days of the lost sunshine Of youth—when the Saturday's chores were through, And the "Sunday wood" in the kitchen too,

And we went visiting, "me and you," Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

It all comes back clear today! Though I am bald as you are gray— Out by the barn lot and down the lane,

We patter along in the dust again; As light as the tape of the drops of rain.

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

We crossed the pasture, and through

'the wood

Where the old gray snag of the poplar stood,

Where the hammering "red-head" hopped away,

And the buzzard "raised" in the clearing sky,

And lolled and circled as we went by.

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And then in the dust of road again, And the teams we met and the countrymen;

And the long highway, with sunshine spread

As thick as butter on country bread.

Our cares behind, our hearts ahead

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why, I see her now in the open door,

Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er

The clapboard roof! And her face—ah, me!

Wasn't it good for a boy to see?—

And wasn't it good for a boy to be

Out to Old Aunt Mary's?

The jelly, the jam and the marmalade,

And the cherry and quince preserves she made!

And the sweet-sour pickle of peach and pear,

With cinnamon in 'em and all things rare—

And the more we ate was the more to spare,

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And the old spring house in the cool green gloom

Of the willow trees—and the cooler room

Where the swinging shelves and the

Cricks were kept—

Where the cream in a golden launder slept,

While the waters gurgled and laughed and wept,

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

And oh, my brother, so far away,

This is to tell you she waits today

To welcome us—Aunt Mary fell

Asleep this morning, whispering,

"Tell the boys to come." And all is well!

Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

JOHN O'DREAMS.

What a world that was you planned

us—

Made of summer and the sea,

Where the very wind that fanned us

Drifted down from Arcady,

There where never fate might sunder

Rose your castle's shining beams,

Are you there today, I wonder,

John o'Dreams?

That was but a trick life played you

When this planet knew your birth,

When she trapped your soul and made you

One of us on dreamy earth.

Since for you what fancies crossed it,

Lures of alien stars and streams;

Have you found the path or lost it,

John o'Dreams?

Just a little day in May time

Once I took the road with you;

Just a boy and girl in play time

With a vision to pursue,

I but glimpsed the glow around it.

Ere I turned, and yet it seems

Sometimes that you surely found it,

John o'Dreams.

—Theodora Garrison in Life.

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