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THE FRIEND.

Take the lid from off your heart and let me see within; Curious, I, and impudent, a rugged man of sin. And yet I hold you truer than would president or priest; I put my bow against your lip and seat you at my feast; I probe your wound and chafe your limbs and get my gods to see; That you are strengthened as we fare the forest and the sea. Strike hands with me—the glasses brim—the sun is on the hearth; And love is good and life is long and two are best together. —Richard Wightman.

BACK THE MOVEMENT.

"The importance of manufacturing establishments is not fully realized by unthinking people," said Frank W. Swanton, manager of the Columbia Milling company, in an interview in the Oregon Journal. "When the mere announcement is made by a concern that a factory of some importance will be built in a locality there is at once renewed activity, values increase, homes and business houses are built and the locality becomes of importance. Take the peninsula, for instance, which has been all astir for some years since the assurance was given that the Swift plant would be established down there. When the mere assurance of a concern creates such activity what will the realization of such industries accomplish? Encourage the manufacturers, we need all we can secure and the most effective way to get new ones is to support what we have."

This statement applies as well to Pendleton as it does to Portland. The most effective way to get new industries is to support what we have.

If the property owners, merchants and bankers of this city hope to see the town go forward, if they want new people and new factories to come—the first thing for them to do is to keep the woolen mill here and develop that industry.

By the nature of its position Pendleton is a woolen mill town. It is the greatest wool center in the state. Millions of pounds of wool are shipped from here annually. Most of it goes east unscoured. This is not right. It should all be scoured here and much of the raw material made into manufactured goods right here where the wool is grown.

At the present time raw wool is taken to New England. There it is scoured and made into blankets and garments that are shipped back to the west. The west raises the wool, but the east gets most of the good out of it.

Do you want to help remedy this situation? Do you want to encourage manufacturing in the west. Do you want Pendleton to retain an industry that has done much for it in the past, but under right management may be enlarged into a plant several times its present size?

If you do, get behind the movement and help retain the woolen mill. Make the movement a success. Towns are built, they do not grow.

RALPH FISHER, MARTYR.

Another good man has been killed because he did his duty as he found it. Sitting in his law office in Portland Saturday, Ralph Fisher, prosecutor for the Oregon Bar association, was shot in the back of the head and killed by a cowardly degenerate.

In the course of his duty as an officer of the bar association Fisher found it necessary to bring disbarment proceedings against a member of the legal profession. The facts in the case against Finch, the murderer, indicate that not only should he have been disbarred, but he should have

been given even heavier punishment. The killing of Fisher fully proves that the work he was doing was needed. The law is a high calling. Members of the legal profession, as a rule at least, are men of high character—men who believe in law and justice and who consider the oath they take when admitted to the bar, as something to be respected.

Only such men belong in the profession. Men who are lacking in morality should not be admitted to the bar. But if by chance one does become admitted he should be permanently disbarred when his low calibre is discovered. The law provides for it and this law is one that should be vigorously enforced.

May the killing of Fisher not end the work he was doing. His blood should arouse his fellow practitioners to the need of further action along the line he was working. If it does and the result is the betterment of the legal profession in this state Ralph Fisher's death will not have been in vain.

"UNDER THE PROJECT."

Under the Umatilla irrigation project lie 22,000 acres of land that will some day support a family upon every 10 acres.

At this time the settlement of the great project has just begun. Here and there over the big pathless, silent valley are little homes. They have been built by hardy, clear-sighted men who see the opportunities under the project.

Every week these little homes become thicker. A year ago hardly a house was to be seen outside of Hermiston. Now scores of good little dwellings dot the project. Nor are they homestead shacks. They are houses, weatherboarded and painted. They are fit for people to live in. People are living there now, some of the best people on earth, people who have the nerve to back up their judgment and are not afraid to work.

In a few years from now there will be many hundreds of little cottages where there are now but a score or more upon the project.

Within a few years there will be vineyards and orchards where now the sagebrush grows. From these vineyards and orchards the owners will be picking fruit that will bring them \$1000 an acre or more.

Within a few years the sandy roads across the project will have been converted into well made highways, lined with long rows of trees.

On Sundays, and other days, these driveways will be filled with autos and rubber-tired buggies, driven by contented, prosperous people who own valuable land under the project and are making money.

Keep your eye on the west end. Keep your eye on the Hermiston valley and upon the people who are settling "under the project."

LEAVE THE FLEET HERE.

It is now announced that America and Japan have reached an agreement whereby they will mutually guarantee the entity of China and the open door policy. By reason of the treaty danger of strife between the two countries is greatly lessened.

It is to be hoped that the agreement will hold and that it will permanently insure peace between the two countries. Peace is sweet and war is as General Sherman defined it, if indeed it is not worse.

But nevertheless the United States should keep a good battleship fleet upon the Pacific. It is possible the sending of the Atlantic fleet to the orient was one of the strong cards the administration played in its diplomatic game with the mikado.

Then it is possible the future will bring forth diplomatic problems other than those arising out of China. In the agreement between the two countries there is seemingly nothing upon the subject of oriental exclusion from the United States nor anything defining the status of Japanese children in the schools of the Pacific coast.

At the present time these problems are not really serious. But if Japanese immigration continues as it has in the past, a race problem is going to arise in the states along the Pacific. It may be a difficult one to solve if allowed to go too long.

If the administration does its duty by the Pacific coast it will keep a fleet upon the Pacific so as to be in readiness for further negotiations with the aggressive little brown men across the ocean.

In another part of this issue of the East Oregonian is an interview with a man who has found all kinds of good opportunities for investment in this county. Mr. Lewis is right. There are good openings for investors all around us—in the west end, the east end, the south end and in the wheat belt. Look at them before going elsewhere.

What Oregon needs is not only a

strong law against gun carrying, but a swift, rigid enforcement of the law against murder. It is impossible to keep a man from carrying a concealed weapon. The fact that he has one upon his person never becomes known until he has used it. A better way is to hang the man who uses it, especially if he shoots his victim in the back when he is alone and defenseless.

STRAY THOUGHTS Of a Crank.

The happy, successful farmer has many friends with old names. Have you ever noticed it?

He has Experience, Contentment, Patience, Mercy, Faith, Hope, Charity and Love. You will find yourself happy and successful, too, when all these can be found under your roof.

Did you ever notice how much good there is in honest laughter? The man who is laughing never strikes his horse or cow at that time, neither does he kick the dog.

Any story, the reading of which made one life brighter, one household happier, one heart less sad, was well worth the writing.

The compensation should be equal for men and women, where the amount of work done and the quality are the same.

A mule once drew a heavy load up a steep hill; when he had almost reached the top he kicked himself loose and the load rolled down the hill. That mule had to go back and draw the same load to the top of the same hill again. There are lots of mules in the world. Ponder, and be wise.—From December Farm Journal.

THE GATE OF DREAMS.

An idle youth one summer day Went wandering afield— Went east or west on any quest That eye or thought revealed. But on and on through bloom and shine And down by shady streams, Through lane and wood, until he stood Beside the Gate of Dreams.

What saw he there? Nay, rather ask What saw he not and heard, Hath mind perceived? Hath heart received?

Hath soul been deeply stirred By radiant things, by whisperings From better lands? It seems All these he saw and heard in awe Beside the Gate of Dreams.

What brought he back that summer day From wandering afield? Naught he can show or tell, I know, Of things on earth revealed. But more than gold, a million fold And all the world esteems He holds the day he strayed away Beside the Gate of Dreams.

—Clarence Ousley.

One Saturday, shortly before the close of business, Kuhn, Loeb & company had occasion to send some bonds to J. Pierpont Morgan. As all the other employees had left, it was necessary to entrust the negro porter with the valuable package to Mr. Morgan's office, and to insist upon giving it to Mr. Morgan of J. P. Morgan & company and to no one else.

By commendable persistence and many repetitions of his instructions he finally succeeded in reaching Mr. Morgan, who was in session with several other gentlemen in his private office.

"Ah wants to see Mr. Mawgan ob J. Piehpon' Mawgan an' company," he doggedly insisted.

Mr. Morgan arose. "Well, I'm Mr. Morgan," he said. "Who are you?" "Who'er-me?" stammered the porter. "Why, I'se de coon ob Kuhn, Loeb an' company, an' hah'de papers Ah done brung yo'."—Everybody's Magazine.

A Lost Day. A young boy got a job with a Scottish farmer once.

"Ye'll sleep in the barn," the farmer said, "and I'll expect you out in the field ilka morn at four o'clock."

"Very well, sir," said the boy. But the first morning he overslept a little and it was 4:30 when he reached the field.

The farmer, leaning on his hoe, gave him a black look. "Where have ye been all the forenoon?" he growled.—Washington Star.

Fill that dog and cat box with clean straw before you forget it.

Your laundress may be a "jewel"—let us hope she is.

Nevertheless, there are some things you may not care to entrust even to her—lace handkerchiefs, for example; colored goods; or, possibly, a shirt-waist of more than ordinary beauty.

Such articles as these you will do well to wash yourself—with Ivory Soap and lukewarm water.

Ivory Soap 99 4/100 Per Cent. Pure.

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