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Breathes the world with life anew. When I see the smile of you; When your eyes Become my skies, Love's the light, and darkness dies. Sorrow in that moment seems But an echo of dim dreams, And I see No mystery In the Heaven that dwells with me! F. L. S.

HOW ABOUT THAT VACATION?

Under the above caption the last number of the Saturday Evening Post has the following which will be of interest to more than the "million a week" who are supposed to read that magazine:

"A distinguished psychologist has argued that everybody possesses a well or reservoir, of reserve energy which he can tap at will. The operation to which he refers is familiar to the unlearned as "second wind." You peg along until it seems that you are completely out of pegs, or pegged out, and couldn't possibly go another hole. Then, by a determined act of will, you create as many more pegs as you need to finish the row. Anybody can do it. But anybody can do a great many things that may be highly injudicious.

"The subject is peculiarly interesting just now, for in mid-summer more than any other season this question of tapping the well, or of borrowing a handful of pegs from yourself, becomes crucially important to many people. It is the time when a great many are trying to decide whether they will take a vacation, which their bodily interest seems to demand and their business interest to forbid.

"The question, we think, should always be considered in view of the fact that anyone else can look after your business while there is nobody but yourself to look after your body. One of the scientific congresses scheduled to meet in the United States next year will especially consider this subject of fatigue, or overstrain, and try to indicate in how far it breeds disease, permanent loss of efficiency, etc. But we doubt whether an intelligent man who has a good, well developed specimen of fatigue in his own possession needs a congress to instruct him what to do with it.

"There are cases in which a man cannot afford to take a vacation; but there are many more in which he cannot afford not to. We have never yet known anybody who regretted a vacation; but we have known many who have regretted not taking it, and with good cause."

THE NEW TARIFF.

The new law has manifest defects says the Chicago Tribune. It would have had more but for forceful interposition of the President. Because of its shortcomings it did not receive a solid Republican vote. But one of the senators who would not vote for it was compelled to admit that it was "superior to any bill framed for revenge purposes, and, as far as the schedules go better than the Dingley law." That does not state the case fully. The Dingley law was the high water mark of ultra protection. This year's legislation is significant in that it indicates that the tide has turned. The long battle between protection and free trade has ended in favor of protection. The content of the future will be between moderate and ultra protection.

WHAT ARE WE DOING?

Hundreds, perhaps thousands of residents of the East and Middle West who will eventually make their homes in the far West, are passing through Pendleton daily and no systematic effort is being made to show them what

superior advantages Umatilla county has to offer to the actual homeseeker. Because we happen to raise 1 per cent of all the wheat grown in the United States, this is not exclusively a wheat country. Because the wheat barons are grabbing up all the land suitable for this purpose, is no reason why we should sit idly by and bewail this fact. There are thousands upon thousands of acres in the county which are capable of being converted into comfortable homes. These are not all under government and private irrigation projects, either. The southern end of the county, alone, is capable of supporting a population as great as the present population of the entire county and it will do it someday. Let us get busy.

Is it not possible that the million dollars of Umatilla county money and 2,000 of Umatilla's population which have found their way into Alberta within the past very few years, are responsible in some slight degree for the present so-called "dull times." And in passing it might be well to remark that these "dull times" are no worse, if so bad, as are to be found in every part of the country. Incidentally it should be remembered that the cheap lands of Alberta are losing much of their attraction. Already the tide has turned and a few years more will see all of Oregon's former residents, "back home." A land of frost and mosquitos holds little that is of permanent attraction to one who has ever lived in Umatilla county.

With comparatively clean seed to start with and the same amount of care used this coming seed time as last, next season should see a crop practically free from smut fungus which destroys crops and blows up threshing machines.

Even a gravity water system requires some outside force to set it in operation.

Oh well, it will soon be too cold to sit out in a park anyway.

What has become of "straw day."

SPORTS OF ALL SORTS.

It is said that the Boston Nationals gave Hartford \$2500 and Pitcher McCarthy for Pitcher Evans.

The Philadelphia Athletics came near going through the roof several times during their western tour.

Leon Martell, the Philadelphia nationals' new catcher, comes from Georgetown university, where he was a star backstop.

From the way Joe Ward has been pitching lately there is reason to believe that he will hold his job with the Boston Americans.

Players and umpires in the New England league seem to be a bit mussy this season. They go to a clinch on the slightest provocation.

The Cleveland club has purchased Pitcher Harry Ottis of the Goldshore club of the eastern Carolina league.

"Young Cy" Young is not only pitching true to life for Minneapolis but is hitting either seams of the ball.

The Chicago White Sox show a flash of their old time speed occasionally and as a rule Washington gets a beating during the flash.

Joe Cantillon says that Detroit is about due to hit the chutes. Joe would hate to see the Tigers slide down farther than eighth place.

Owen Bush of Detroit is without doubt a great shortstop but he doesn't own a copyright that covers all fielding stunts. Neal Ball of Cleveland puts one over now and then.

Jack O'Brien wants to meet Bill Papke in a short bout the middle of August.

Sam Langford will go to Paris in the fall and expects to have at least six fights before he returns home.

Jim Coffroth is trying to sign Ad Wolgast and Dick Hyland for a bout at his Colma club next month.

Friends at Sydney, N. S. W. have sent transportation for Young Griffio to return home. Griffio has been down and out in Chicago for several years. California gossip has it that Stanley Ketchel is traveling 80 miles an hour and is due for the junk yards unless he quits his present blissful going.

A Slight Jolt.

Diggs (reading)—Here's an account in this paper of a man who paid \$10,000 for a dog. Now, what do you think of that?

Mrs. Diggs—Oh, that's all right, I suppose.

Diggs—But you don't seem to realize the magnitude of the sum, my dear. Just think—\$10,000 for a pet. Why, that is more than I am worth.

Mrs. Diggs—Yes, but, of course, some pets are worth more than others.

Facts.

We have it from a reliable dentist that some girls fail to get married because their teeth need fixing.—Nebraska State Journal.

We have it from an equally trustworthy barber that some men fail to marry because they don't shave often enough.—Chicago Tribune.

We have it from a thoroughly credible hunch that some people don't get married because the other party to the proposed contract won't agree to it.

Salem Journal: This year has not been normal. There were only four dry months before we got a rain by prayer. Then there was more rain in July than in 29 years previous. In August there are two full moons with five changes of the moon. The Fourth of July fell on Sunday. The year begins and ends on Friday.

IN DAYS TO COME.

When folks in swiftly gliding ships, About the heavens fly, Our front door will be on the roof And open toward the sky; And friends can drop in any time When they are passing by.

Then everybody will engage In friendly chat; no doubt, Nor dare dispute nor disagree While fitting all about, Because, you know, 'twill never do To have a falling out.

The airships for a while, perhaps, Will scare us just a bit, But when we see how those who will Athwart the azure flit, We'll overcome our fears and be Quite carried away with it. —Nixon Waterman.

"MEN AS TREES WALKING."

If I may not have my sight Give me, then, a little light, Such as comes at early dawn, Or as waits when day has gone—

Just enough that men may seem As the trees, of which I dream, On the mountains, far away From these streets where I must stay;

So amid the multitudes I shall walk in verdant woods; If I may not have my sight, Grant me, Lord, a little light. —President John Finley, in the August Scribner (Fiction number.)

SPECIALIZED WOMAN.

I went to an "advanced" dinner for "advanced" women last night and listened to "advanced" ideas from an "advanced" speaker, till I am so "advanced" that I'm afraid to pick up this morning's paper and look at the date lest I find myself in the middle of the fiftieth century, or so.

The advanced speaker told us, in the most advanced kind of language, that the day of specialization had come, and that woman was about to take her proper specialized place in the properly specialized world.

She threw the old-fashioned mother and house keeper and homemaker out into the dustbin of the ages, and with the spinning wheel and the tallow candle.

"We want specialized cooks," she said, "and specialized nurses and specialized menders, and specialized mothers—the woman who can cook, will cook—and do nothing else.

"The woman who can take care of babies, will take care of babies—and do nothing else, and the world will no longer be a treadmill, full of white-faced, sad-eyed beasts of burden we call women."

Isn't it interesting? I do hope some of it will happen while I am alive to see it. I should so love to see the specialized things that are going to happen in this specialized world.

The specialized sweetheart, for instance, the specialized mother, the specialized husband—won't they be lovely?

What's the use of wasting your time and energy falling in love and getting married and having children? Just send out and get a specialist to do all these things for you.

Won't it be glorious when we are "advanced" enough to care so much for the race and so little for the individual that we won't know or care which is your mother and which is mine?

Won't it be fine and free and independent, when we all raised together like a lot of chickens in an incubator—and when seven or eight hundred grown men and women will be calling the same specialized woman "mamma?"—and going out to her grave to shed a few million specialized tears over her headstone?

"What is keeping us women back in this day and generation," said the advanced speaker at the advanced dinner, "is sentiment?"

"Sentiment puts you into the kitchen and you into the mending room and you in the nursery, when you ought to be out doing the world's work.

"Once get rid of sentiment and woman will be free."

Hail, glorious day! I can hardly wait to see the dawning of it, can you?

The glorious day when we poor women will be free. Free to work for the world and not for those we love.

Free—no little hands clinging to our skirts—no little soft eyes smiling up into ours.

Free, with the love of no man to lean on and to hope for and to trust. Free—and then I wonder what all the work will be about—Annie Laurie in The Examiner.

So long as dry land in Baker county will produce 34 bushels of 90 cent wheat to the acre, what's the use of going to the Soeur d'Alene asks the Democrat. It's like chasing a rainbow, but the pot of gold is nearer home.

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