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THE BELLS OF YULE.

On Eastern hills the night wind shakes From whitened woods the crisp flakes; And in the West, brown leaves again, Of lingering Autumn's hundred shades, Lie heaped in all the forest glades And rustle moistly to the rain. This night of all the nights of Earth Our babes love best, where e'er their birth; The happy hour God's angels rule, When hearts like harps are tuned to meet The crowding joys of little feet That time the Golden Bells of Yule. This hour its sacred calm shall send E'en to the bitter, broken end Of life, its fiercer flames to cool; And there shall steal a glow of grace To many a sinner's sad, white face While memory rings the Bells of Yule. —Harley R. Wiley.

A YULETIDE GREETING.

Christmas eve is always a joyous time throughout the Christianized world. It is not so much a religious holiday as it is an occasion on which people lay aside the ordinary cares of the world and take delight in rendering deeds of kindness for those they love and honor. Gift giving is the great feature of Christmas. It is a beautiful custom too, for it involves consideration of the pleasure of others. The spirit of selfishness so prominent throughout the rest of the year is put aside and for a time at least, Love sits crowned within the hearts of all.

Then Christmas is a day of general good will. It is a day on which the world forgets its troubles, its work and its fighting and thinks of brighter and more cheering things. In this day and age Christmas is a very valuable holiday for people follow a pace that is fast and wearing. With most people life is a serious race. The goal lies at the base of the fleeting aurora of success. Like a fairy princess it beckons alluringly to those who seek the shrine and spurs them on to greater and greater efforts. Sometimes it seems near yet it is ever far away.

Such occasions as Christmas furnish breathing times for those who follow the mad chase after honor, fame and wealth. Were it not for such holidays the world would grow tired of its quest and life would be a never-ending grind.

"Merry Christmas" is the song of this hour and it is a wholehearted, cheerful greeting. It is a chime that is heard in the dwellings of the poor as well as in the homes of those who are more blessed with worldly riches. Those who enjoy Christmas most are neither the rich nor the poor, the infirm or the well, the young or the old, but those whose hearts are so tuned that they respond most fully to the golden chord of kindness.

Newspapers, like individuals, have friends whom they wish to greet at Christmas time. Among the people within its field the East Oregonian knows that it has many warm friends and supporters. For many years it has sought to serve them faithfully and by so doing to merit their good will. This paper hopes that it is close to the hearts of its people. It has reasons for believing it is. If so it will try to hold their esteem. To do this it knows that in the work it has to do it must act always honorably and with force and courage.

At this time the East Oregonian wishes to join in the merry Christmas chorus and to its friends and readers and to all the people within its field it extends its best wishes for a happy and joyous Christmas.



THE TOUGH KID.

The Spokane papers have been very anxious to see other towns of eastern Washington go dry and when Walla Walla refused to do so the Chronicle published the following under the caption "Walla Walla's Mistake."

"The victory of the saloons in the local option election at Walla Walla Monday is especially to be regretted, owing to the fact that Whitman college, one of the principal educational institutions of the state, is located in that city, and its pupils will be exposed to the temptations of the saloons for the next two years. The majority by which the "wets" won, over 600, indicates that the liquor men have a strong grip on that city and that the dries will have a hard task before them if they hope to change the sentiment before another election can be held."

Walla Walla is about the only eastern Washington town that has voted on prohibition and remained wet. It is the tough kid of that part of the state. Shame on you, Wallie.

BETTER FOR SANTA CLAUS.

If some of Pendleton's knockers could have witnessed the throngs of Christmas shoppers that have crowded the stores during the past few days they would have wondered how even the most pessimistic could regard this city as being dull. Furthermore it is but the truth to say that there are some homes in the city that will be the happier on Christmas day through the fact that the old time Pendleton saloons are a thing of the past.

Admiral Schley's request that Peary likewise submit his data to the Copenhagen professors is entirely reasonable. Peary's claim should be passed upon by the same parties who judged Dr. Cook a faker. Unless Peary likewise runs the gauntlet there are many who will feel that he is in a class with his rival.

With the price of wheat soaring around the dollar mark and the rainfall up to this time greater than the normal the Umatilla county wheat-raisers and business men have some reason for feeling in good spirits.

It looks more and more like the congressional committee will be named with a view of whitewashing Ballengerism and discrediting Pinchot and his work. But it is a long lane that has no turning.

Mrs. Maud Myrtle Baney is a popular woman indeed. It seems that she is wanted everywhere. From the multitude of suitors she should be able to secure a very nice pair of bracelets.

ON THE HOMESTRETCH.

The Old Year's most ready to take in his sign; his gait is unsteady—old Nineteen-and-Nine! He brought me some sorrow, some cream and some whey; he stung me, as Laura Jean Libbey would say. O, great was his promise, and great was his nerve; he fooled me, as Thomas Carlyle might observe. His start was so graceful! So coltish his wiles! And he had a face full of won't-come-off smiles; O, he was a dearie, when charming and young; and now he is weary and minus a lung. He's tired of the tittin', his shins are all marked; he's all in, as Milton, the poet, remarked. You'll soon see his hide on the fence of the years; he's done up, as Dryden once said, through his tears. He seems almost human, the year old and gray, who goes to the tomb in his sorrowful way. For man has the habit of following fate, as though he would nab it, before it's too late; he gambols and prances, when morning is fair, and carols and dances, his heels in the air, at evening this bold one is given the hook; he's wilted, as Goldwin Smith wrote in a book—Wait! Mason in Portland Journal.

THE MODERN PATHICIAN.

Oh, you cheap skates! You four-flushers! You common people, you hoj polloi! What right have you to celebrate Christmas? What can you buy with your little old salaries, or your measly four-per-cent. stocks and bonds? We Wells, Fargo & Company

stockholders are the people, and next Wednesday we are going to have a quiet little meeting, when we will cut a juicy Christmas melon, of which each stockholder will receive a 300-per cent. slice. Now, that is going some, isn't it? Doesn't it make you feel like a sinner?

Of course, old pal, you mean well. What you lack is gray matter in your carnial appendage. You observe, it works out like this. Last year you permitted us to haul your Christmas gifts to relatives and friends all over the country. You'll remember we soaked you good and plenty. Well, that helped some toward our own little 300-per cent Christmas package. Does it make you sore? But it shouldn't because this is a season of peace on earth and good will to men. What's more, we Wells, Fargo stockholders have been careful to get our share of the good will and other assets.

We admit that when we went before the Illinois Railroad and Warehouse Commission last month we drew a long face and declared that if our rate increases weren't permitted to stand, we'd all have to go to the poorhouse over the hill. But that was just in the line of business. We can't permit the servants of your common people to be butting into our affairs.

Only a few persons will have the pleasure of partaking of the luscious "melon" the Wells-Fargo Express company proposes to cut by declaring a dividend of 300 per cent. as the stock is closely held by wealthy families. A leading broker declared that he had been in the business twenty three years and had never seen a certificate of Wells-Fargo stock and never expected to if he continued in business twenty-three years longer. "This is a rich plum for rich people," he said.

GROWTH OF WOMEN.

Marvelous has been the development of women and remarkable their success in the new sphere in which they now move. They have invaded many fields formerly held exclusively by the men and they have made good, says an exchange. Poor man remonstrated at first but finally submitted with commendable graciousness. Having bowed to the inevitable, he is in all the better frame of mind to accept the prophecy of a group of London physicians that the "woman of the future will also in point of size not only gain an equal stature but will overshadow and dwarf him. So fast is woman growing, these experts declare, that in 100 years she will be taller than man by half a head if not more. The conclusion is reached scientifically, no guess work. It is shown that in 1875, the average girl of 18 stood only five feet, three inches in her stockings. Today the same time the average height of man has decreased about three-fourths of an inch. The experts do not attempt to explain; but they suggest that the devotion of women to outdoor sports while men are bending over desks in stuffy offices, has something to do with it.—Eugene Register.

WHAT A YACHT IS.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, at a dinner at Bar Harbor in honor of his stooop Aurora's victory in the squadron run from Portland to Rockland, said aptly:

"Yachts like these, then, don't come under the cynical definition I once heard a Camden lobsterman give.

"What, exactly is a yacht?" a lady said to this old lobsterman.

"He plugged a lobster's claws and answered, mockingly: "What is a yacht? Oh, ye just take an old tub or craft, an' fill her up with whiskey an' chicken an' cigars, an' git yer friends all on board, an' have a high old time—an' that's a yacht."

And here's the Thaw case again, just when Commander Peary had subsided.

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E. T. WADE, Pendleton, Oregon.

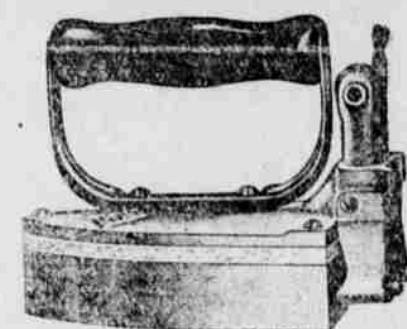
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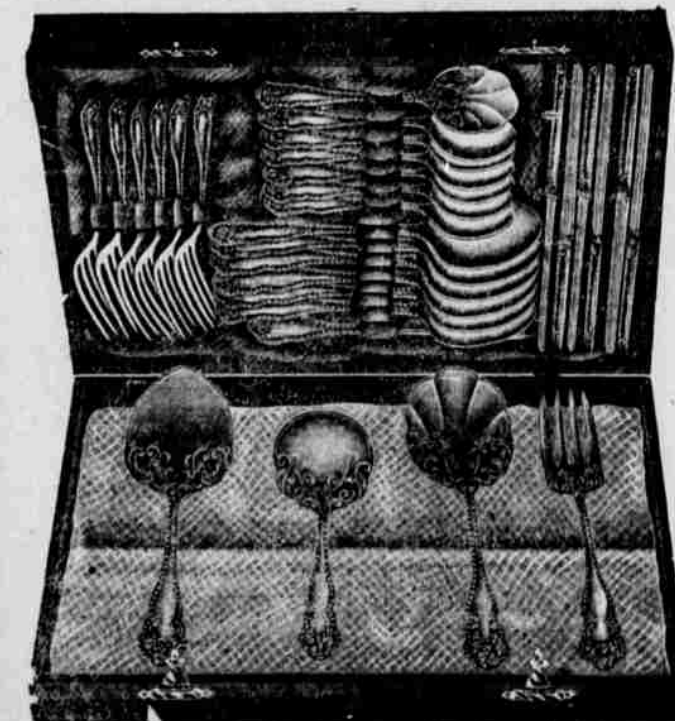


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