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THE ETERNAL PURPOSE. O, yet we trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill. To pans of nature, sins of will, Defects of doubt, and taints of blood; That nothing walks with aimless feet; That not one life shall be destroyed, Or cast as rubbish to the void; When God hath made the pile complete; That not a worm is cloven in vain; That not a moth with vain desire is shriveled in a fruitless fire; Or but subserves another's gain. — Alfred Tennyson.

IT PAYS TO DO IT.

Because the East Oregonian advised local people to raise the money requested by the Washington-Oregon company it does not follow that this paper has any connection with that company or is prompted by any particular desire to serve that company. The East Oregonian has absolutely no direct concern in the welfare of the Washington-Oregon company and never expects to have.

The East Oregonian did not back the traction movement in order to please the Washington-Oregon company. It fought for Pendleton and for the people of this city. It backed the traction movement for the same reason that in the early days this paper advised local people to raise money to have the Hunt line, now the Northern Pacific, extended to this city. This paper backed the traction movement for the same reason that a year ago it worked long and faithfully to get local people to take the \$30,000 bond issue that had to be floated in order to get the woolen mill reestablished.

Now there are "wiseacres" who pretend to think that this policy is wrong. These people claim the Hunt road would have been built to Pendleton anyway. It might have been. But more than likely the road would not have been extended to Pendleton, it could have had Athena, Adams or some other point for a terminal instead. The road was built by local capital. Had Pendleton not done its share towards meeting the expense we would not have our valuable connection with the Northern Pacific. Had local people refused to back the new woolen mill company it is safe to say we would now have no woolen mill.

There are towns in the northwest that have tried the "standpat" policy with reference to new railroads and other new industries. The town of Yakima today is a graveyard because some 20 years ago it refused to meet the wishes of the Northern Pacific company. All that Yakima has now is a hitching rack and a blacksmith shop. North Yakima on the other hand has become the metropolis of central Washington. The town of Weston failed to make proper terms with its railroad when it was built and Weston has regretted the fact ever since. Years ago Pendleton lost the O. R. & N. shops to La Grande merely because local people did not see that the company was given satisfactory treatment when it tried to buy a site here. The Dalles made the same mistake and its shops were moved to Albina.

As to the ethics of this thing that may be a mooted question. It may not be right for a railroad company to ask a town for concessions or for a manufacturing company to ask for local support. There is much to be said upon both sides of that question. But usually such matters should not be treated as moral questions. They are business propositions and should be so considered. From a business standpoint it certainly pays a mun-

cipally to get new transportation facilities and to get new industries, even if it costs something to get them. The money local people gave to the old Hunt road was wisely invested and surely no one can say Pendleton made a mistake in backing the woolen mill. If the Washington-Oregon company carries out the work it promises to do Pendleton will be repaid a thousand times over for the aid given that company.

TO WESTON ALSO.

Pendleton is intensely interested in having an electric line built from this city to the west end country. We need rapid transit connection with the irrigated empire and also with the Columbia river. It is welcome news that the Washington-Oregon company intends to go that way first. But we also want a line from this city to Grant county and a line from here to the Athena-Weston country. Athena and Weston are in this state and this county. The people of that region have interests in common with Pendleton. This city wants to "be close" to that region and nothing could bind the two sections together like an electric line. It would be advantageous to Weston, Athena, Adams and Pendleton alike to have an interurban electric line in operation. An interurban service would be especially good for Weston because that town now has poor railway service. After the normal school becomes re-established, as this paper believes it will be, an interurban line will become more essential even than at present. So here's hoping that before too many months have passed we will have an interurban line up that way too.

THE PROPER TREATMENT.

Mr. R. T. Crane, a multimillionaire and president of the Crane company, does not believe in anything like higher education. He says colleges are a curse and that it is "conservatively estimated that the expense of education to this nation is at least \$100,000,000 a year, and this enormous sum is literally thrown away, much to the injury of the country and its people."

For Mr. Crane and such men as he the proper treatment seems plain. Words and arguments would be wasted upon people of that type. They should be removed from the degrading influence of schools and civilization. They should be staked out upon some otherwise uninhabited island and allowed to follow the sort of life they love—living upon pine cones and raw fish.

One of the first improvements the people of this city should demand now is a new theatre. Pendleton should have a theatre that will surpass the playhouses of all the other small cities of the northwest. This is a "show town."

We have had some little winter weather in this section but if reports from the middle states are not exaggerated our climate has been mild indeed compared with what Minnesota and Dakota have suffered.

In the course of time Pendleton will get a good fire department and along with it a good first class alarm system. Also this city will secure many other improvements that it has long needed.

Join the Greater Pendleton Brigade.

IT SUITED HIM.

The late Patrick F. Sheedy, the well-known gambler, always cautioned young men against gaming, though he had been himself so successful at it. "Never gamble," he said, one winter day in his art shop, to a New York reporter. "A gambler, in his despair, will stake his life and his honor to win a dollar or two."

"The desperate gambler is, in fact like that poor fellow who rented a steam-heated flat one very cold winter in Eight Hundred and Ninety-seventh street. "As this man sat reading in his overcoat and gloves one evening a little group of firemen burst in on him. "Quick!" they cried. "Stir yourself! The house is afire!" "Very good," the man replied turning a page calmly and selecting a fresh cigar. "Very good, indeed. It will be the first time this flat's been warm this winter." — Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE JEALOUS THING.

Two society girls on a car yesterday were talking about a young man they became acquainted with. "Has he been up to see you lately?" asked one. "No," replied the other. "Has he been up your way?" "Three times last week." Then she added, "He's the most attentive man I ever met. Why, he'd no more think of letting me put on my coat without helping me than he'd fly."

"Oh, that comes only natural to him," said the other. "I understand he was once a porter in a barber shop."

THE NAJAD'S POOL.

Gray are the walls of granite That circle the quiet pool, And the arches green that span it Are with shadows hung and cool.

Here on the moss who lingers And listens may hear the breeze As she lightly lays her fingers On her magic harp of trees.

Melody sweet she fashions Of silver notes that seem Born of sylvian joys and passions And of woodland love and dream.

Hour after hour she measures With music the whole day long, And she yields her lyric treasures For the dear delight of song.

Come while the dusk is creeping And fragrant with music the air, We get a ticket for the sleeping, With the stars down in her hair. —Julian Durand.

THE GHOST OF SPRING.

The south wind goes a-singing on his way Over the bright hill and glade, Surely, the violets are out today, 'The rose on dress parade!'

What says the man that makes the weather hum?— His prophecy repeat: "A biting blizzard from the north will come— Mountains of snow and sleet!"

How vain the wisdom of the world—how vain! The Promised Land's in view, (Boy get a ticket for the picnic train My linen duster, too.)

And yet, in case all omens should prove wrong When in the woods we rove, Take a snow shovel and a jug along— Likewise a red hot stove! —Frank L. Stanton.

EXPRESSIVE BOTH WAYS.

"I'll take a gun," the sad man said "and pour some shot in my tired head, and then curl up and die; this weary life upon me falls; I'm tired of prunes and codfish balls; who used to live on pie. The flour, the hay, the bread, the meat, and everything a man must eat would break a plutocrat; my salary's a nice amount, but when I pay my grub account, you see me busted flat. And so, my dear and precious wife, the joy and sunshine of my life, I think it's up to me to take the shotgun from the shelf and with it go and hang myself, and be from trouble free." The wife replied: "My dearest Bub! You noble, handsome, sawed-off dube! You're talking through your hat; it's true the price of bread and meats and cabbages and beans and peas, would break a plutocrat; but if you end the beastly grind, and leave your little wife behind, with grief I'll soon be gray; the coffin trust will seek this spot, and levy on the house and lot, and garnish my pay. It's hard to do without your pie, but then it costs so much to die, you can't afford to let it yet; to slumber in a graveyard ditch is something for the idle rich—the poor must live," and went! —Walk Mason in Portland Journal.

WHAT'S IN MCLURE'S?

McClure's Magazine for March contains a remarkably dramatic story of the Cherry Mine disaster by Edith Wyatt. Few such stirring stories of heroism and self sacrifice have been written. Burton J. Hendrick, describes the latest experiments with the new drug, stovaine; Xavier Paoli, who formerly looked after foreign sovereigns sojourning in France contributes his reminiscences of the Shah of Persia, and L. M. Rubinow and Daniel Durant offer a new solution for the servant problem. Among the short stories is "The Joint in the Harness," a marvelous story of the romance and wonder of aerial warfare with full page pictures by Andre Castaigne. The number also contains "Mary the Peach" by Wiltona Godfrey, "The Influence" by Ether M. Kelly, "The Pretensions of Charlotte" by Walter Beach Hay, "A Task Appointed" by Percival Gibbon and the last instalment of Arnold Bennett's play, "What the Public Wants."

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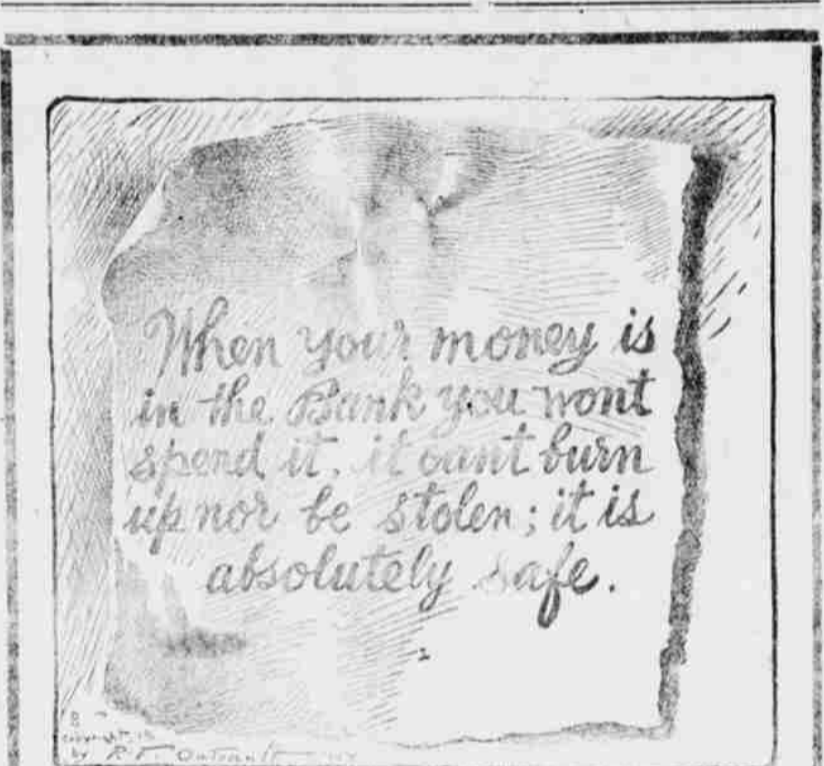
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THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

(From McClure's Magazine.) What is the servant problem? A scarcity of skilled houseworkers. Why the scarcity? Because work-ingwomen desert housework in favor of industry. Why? Because industry offers more of personal life. Why? Because industry is modern and the home medieval in its organization. Why is the home medieval? Because of the lack of mechanical appliances and labor-saving devices. Why so backward in this respect? Because hitherto there has been an over supply of cheap female labor. What forces are working toward a solution? Many. The chief are: The scarcity of servants, which will stimulate the introduction of appliances. The invasion of the kitchen by factory products. The recognition of the human rights of a servant, and the equalization of con-ditions in domestic services with other services. What effect will these have? Housework will become more desirable as an occupation. And then? This will re-attract competent workers to the home. So far, we have assumed that the problem may solve itself by natural evolution without conscious aid or hindrance from organized society. That is possible. But the other alternative—of conscious, collective effort—is also possible, and, we believe, preferable. Sultan Is Offensive (Morocco).—A courier who arrived today from Fez reports that Sultan Mulai Hafid ordered the French consul, who had come to protest against recent acts of the Sultan has also treated officials from the French military mission offensively. Abundant light transforms all ugliness into beauty.



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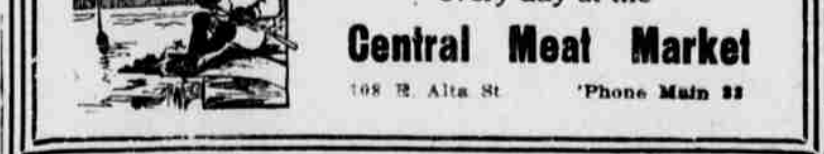
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