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JOY.

- Today, whatever may annoy,
- The world for me is joy,
- Just simple joy.
- The joy of life;
- The joy of children and of wife,
- The joy of bright blue skies,
- The joy of rain, the glad surprise
- Of twinkling stars that shine at night,
- The joy of winged things upon their flight,
- The joy of noon-day, and the tried
- True joyousness of eventide,
- The joy of labor, and of mirth,
- The joy of air, and sea, and earth—
- The countless joys that flow from Him
- Whose vast beneficence doth dim
- The lustrous light of day,
- And lavish gifts divine upon our way
- Whatever there be of sorrow
- I'll put off till tomorrow
- And when tomorrow comes, why then
- 'Twill be today, and joy again.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

CAN THEY KILL BEVERIDGE?

From indications there is to be a fight "to the death" between the "regulars" and "insurgents" of the republican party. Quickly following the bold declaration of Senator Beveridge and his insurgent followers in Indiana have come equally strong statements from the other camp.

First comes the announcement from Washington that President Taft is displeased with the Indiana republicans and to show his displeasure will mark Indianapolis off the list of cities he is to visit on his coming tour.

Whether or not such a "punishment" will drive the Indiana into line remains to be seen. From a standpoint of the party's welfare it might be better for the president to visit Indianapolis and talk to the Beveridges.

But the most severe criticism of the Indiana republicans comes from Representatives Payne and Dalzell, both recognized "regular" leaders.

"I cannot see how any self-respecting republican can vote for a single candidate on the Beveridge ticket or support the Beveridge platform," Representative Payne is quoted.

"I call it the Beveridge ticket because it is in no sense a republican ticket."

Representative Dalzell, of Pennsylvania was equally condemnatory in his remarks.

"I believe now that the democrats will carry Indiana," he said, "and what's more, I hope they will. I believe the next Indiana legislature will be democratic, and that it will send to the senate a real democrat in place of Beveridge. If we are going to have democrats in the senate, let's have the real thing."

This is party loyalty indeed. If it is a fair sample of the harmony that now reigns between "regulars" and "insurgents" then the "harmony" is of a peculiar brand. The outcome of the election in Indiana will be awaited with interest. The "regulars" are trying desperately to kill off Beveridge. Should they succeed the progressive cause will have lost one of its ablest advocates.

PRINCIPLES VS. POLITICS.

In the early days of this republic people paid more attention to principles than to petty politics. In public life there were fewer "practical" politicians than at present and more men who were sincerely devoted to working in a broad way for the country's good.

At this time there are many indications of a return to that sort of democracy. The public conscience is aroused against government in behalf of special interests and against that corruption in politics that makes privileged legislation possible.

In a recent address at a dinner at Elizabeth, N. J., President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton university gave

expression to this idea with the following:

"In brief our program should be a general revision of popular politics, of common counsel, of responsible leadership. We must supply efficient leaders and eschew all the lower personal objects of politics. It is a case of must as well as a case of may, a case of necessity as well as a case of privilege.

"A new day has come. Men and measures are being scrutinized as never before. For myself, I veritably believe that we are upon the eve of a new era of political liberty, when more literally and truly than ever before we can realize the ideals of popular government and of individual privilege."

The most conspicuous apostle of this same idea is now traveling in Europe. He calls it the "square deal."

WILL IT BECOME GENERAL?

It is reported that the 19,000 acres of Morrow county land belonging to the late J. A. Woolery, will be cut up into small farms and sold to actual settlers. The land was recently purchased by a syndicate of North Dakota bankers for the sum of \$150,000.

Now should the new owners of this land be able to colonize it successfully their tactics may be followed by others and we may have a general movement looking to the recolonization of the dry farming sections of eastern Oregon. Such a movement would be sure to follow the adoption of intensified farming methods in eastern Oregon. When close farming is practiced small farms are more productive, in proportion to the investment, than are large farms.

AN IMPORTANT TRIP.

Saturday is a busy day for Pendleton business men. Nevertheless local people should not forego the motor car trip to the west end country tomorrow because of that fact. It will be "good business" for Pendleton business and professional men to get into the closest possible touch with the situation in the irrigation district. The advent of the motor car on the run between Umatilla and this city marks the opening of a new epoch. Pendleton business men will do well to realize this fact and act accordingly.

Get ready for the big trip tomorrow. Your business will get along without you for the day.

After the two railroads have been built up the Deschutes and both the Hill and Harriman roads have constructed their "east and west" roads eastern Oregon will become so closely peopled that it will be entitled to two or three congressmen and will have a federal court all to itself.

Twenty brothers, whether they be twins, triplets or a quintet, are welcome to this city.

Rah, rah, rah—Motor Car.

A FASTIDIOUS CHILD.

He had lemon colored curls and a nose like a pink button, and his age was close to four.

He came into the drug store accompanied by his mamma and was lifted on to a stool at the soda water counter.

His mamma ordered two chocolate dips, and immediately thereafter the youngster's face wrinkled amazingly and he uttered an indignant "Waw-aw-aw." His mamma bent over him, "Make Algie's a chocolate soda," she said.

The orders were filled.

"Waw-aw-aw!" shrieked the infant. Again the mother bent down.

"Algie wants a plated holder for his glass."

The holder was provided.

"Waw-aw-aw!" howled the little customer.

"Algie wants a straw," said mamma.

Algie got the straw.

There was a moment's silence, during which the little angel intently scowled at the clerk.

"What is it, dear?"

"Waw-aw-aw!"

Once more the mother bent down.

"Algie doesn't like your face," she said to the clerk, "will you please go away a little while?"

And the clerk cheerfully went away.—W. R. Rose in Cleveland Plaindealer.

HER HIRED HELP.

At Cumberland, Maryland, the colored servants, as a rule, go to their own homes at night. The cook in the family of an Episcopalian clergyman not only does this, but of late has frequently arrived at the rectory too late to cook breakfast. Hence her mistress lately told her that for each breakfast missed there should be a reduction in her weekly wages. Dinish passively assented to this, but next day the mistress heard the maid next door say to her:

"Pears to me you get to work mighty late."

"I get to work when I get ready," was the reply.

"How do you manage 'bout de breakfast?"

"Oh, I pears de missus to cook de breakfast."—Harper's Magazine.

Many people who haven't arisen before sun-up for a good many years will do so this spring. Thanks are due to the comet.

"GET BUSY."

Said one little chick with a funny little squirm,
"I wish I could find a nice fat worm."
Said another little chick with a queer little shrug,
"I wish I could find a nice fat bug."
Said a third little chick with a strange little squeal,
"I wish I could find some nice yellow meal."
"Now look here," said the mother from the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast you must get up and scratch!"

—Exchange.

CLEVELAND'S WAY.

In 1885, when Mr. Cleveland came into the presidency, the Kentucky delegation in congress, along with many other influential persons recommended B. Thomas for commissioner of internal revenue. He was a most popular and highly qualified man. His friends grew more urgent in the face of delay. Finally, they went in a body to the White house and made a rather peremptory demand. Mr. Cleveland, more considerate to insist, than later on, parried and parleyed for awhile, and then he said:

"Gentlemen, has not Mr. Thompson a brother engaged in the business of distilling?"

The answer was that he had.

"Now gentlemen," said Mr. Cleveland, "that settles it. I will not appoint him. Find some other place in the public service and I will gladly give it to Mr. Thompson. I want to be nice to Kentucky and I want to be nice to you and him. But I will not make him, or any Kentuckian presumably in sympathy with the production of whisky, commissioner of internal revenue."

Mr. Taft would have shown wisdom and foresight had he applied such a test to Mr. Ballinger. Mr. Ballinger had been commissioner of the general land office. Having drawn a line upon the good things in the land law business out west he had resigned his post in Washington and gone to Seattle and put out a shingle. Prosperity followed, of course. He became at once a great land lawyer. That sufficiently disqualified Mr. Ballinger for secretary of the interior. All the rest was inevitable.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TACTLESS.

M. Pruger, the former manager of the fashionable and gay Savoy Hotel in London, has come, at a salary of \$50,000, to conduct a restaurant in New York.

Discussing success with a reporter of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, M. Pruger said:

"Success, leaving aside through practical ability, which we may take for granted—success depends on tact, sympathy.

"I'll illustrate this with an episode. A Manchester man took his wife to the Palace Music Hall. The Palace girls came on and did their notable danse aux jambes dans l'air, or dance of the uplifted limbs as one might say in English.

"The Manchester woman, regarding this dance, sniffed.

"Well, that beats me," she said.

"Without either sympathy or tact her husband chuckled:

"You bet it does!"

LOOMIS' FACE AGAIN.

Hank Johnson had long enjoyed the distinction of being the homeliest man in Canyonville, so it was somewhat of a shock to him when Steve Billings came into the Tourist's Retreat and announced: "Boys, there's a homelier man than Hank over at the depot. Feller by the name of Charles Battel Loomis that gives lectures."

Without a word Hank started across the road and was gone some time.

"Waal," Steve said when Hank returned, "d'ye give up?"

"Heck!" Hank replied, with supreme disgust. "He's a professional."—From Success Magazine.

While rebuking a small boy for playing with marbles on Sunday, John D. Rockefeller was almost run over by an automobile. He might considered this as a warning of providence to quit straining at a gnat after having swallowed a camel.

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HONESTY.

I was sitting at my desk when black Sam, who sometimes waits on me at my restaurant, entered my office.

"What can I do for you, Sam?" I asked.

"Ah got a chance to change mah situation, Misch Clahk," he said. "Yo kin seh a good wud' fo' me, can't yo?" Tell 'em Ah'm hones, 'n sich?"

"Of course," I hesitated, "you're a good waiter, Sam, but I don't know anything about your honesty."

"Well, tel 'em dat, an say yo' thinks Ah'm hones. Dat'll be enough."

So I promised I would.

"Thank yo,' thank yo,' Misch Clahk," he said, with a deep bow.

"When yo' come over tomorrow, sit at mah table 'n Ah'll give yo' a sho't check."—From Success Magazine.

Yet it is not so certain that the west wants to be Guggenheims.

THE ACCOMMODATING NIGHT CLERK.

Up to the night clerk's desk goes Abe Perlmutter, a Chicago traveling man. "I wonder," he says, "could you find me somebody to play a game of pinochle for an hour or two tonight?"

"Why," says the clerk, "I guess so," and he runs his eye over the register. "Boy," he calls, "page Mr. Gutwillig." Before long Mr. Gutwillig is found and introduced to the pinochle-hungry Perlmutter, and a game is arranged. "How did you know I played pinochle?" Mr. Gutwillig asks the clerk.

"Oh, I—" begins the clerk. Just then emerges from the bar a young man, triple-piled with wine. He staggers up to the desk and says: "Shay, I wanna fight! D'ye hear? I'm lookin' fr a scrap!"

Thus the clerk: "Boy, page Mr. Kelly and Mr. O'Brien."—From Success Magazine.

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