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TIME ENOUGH.

I know it is early morning, And hope is calling loud, And your heart is afire with youth's desire To hurry along with the crowd. But linger a bit by the roadside, And lend a hand by the way. 'Tis a curious fact that a generous act Brings leisure and luck to a day. I know it is only the noontide— There is chance enough to be kind; But the hours run fast when noon has passed, And the shadows are close behind. So think while the light is shining, And act ere the set of the sun, For the sorriest woe that a soul can know Is to think what it might have done. I know it is almost evening, But the twilight hour is long, If you listen and heed each cry of need You can right full many a wrong. For when we have finished the journey We will all look back and say: "On life's long mile there was nothing worth while But the good we did by the way." —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

SMALL PROJECTS FEASIBLE.

Under the heading "Irrigation in Umatilla" the Oregonian had the following editorial with reference to the various irrigation projects being considered in this vicinity: "There is room in Oregon for many an irrigation project like the five new ones in Umatilla county just launched or in process of formation. These deal with flood waters from the Blue Mountains, to be made available by dams across the creek beds. The canyons formed by the rushing winter floods are usually narrow and deep. Ideal chances for inexpensive yet solid construction. "Waters so held back from destructive violence in winter are to be led in spring and summer over thousands of acres of semi-arid lands. The necessary funds are to be subscribed by the landowners themselves, who are to profit by this work. Here are examples of conservation that conserves and with no one, near or far off, wise or simple, to object. It is true there is room for many small projects like those proposed near Pendleton. All irrigation schemes need not be of a mammoth nature. There are people who think of an of an irrigation project as something that costs millions of dollars and waters an immense tract. They overlook completely the fact that a little project may be just as beneficial and just as profitable as a big one if not more so. Furthermore it is an easier thing to finance a small irrigation scheme than a large one. Most of the small schemes now being considered in eastern Oregon are district concerns. The farmers themselves will raise the money through bond issues, offering their land as security. Such loans appeal to capitalists because they know that when a farmer goes into an irrigation enterprise of his own he knows what he is doing. He is on the ground, he owns the land and he knows what irrigation will accomplish. There is nothing of a wild cat nature about it. The only wonder is that farmers of eastern Oregon have not turned to irrigation before this. It is a shame they have allowed the flood waters to run to the sea all these years when it is needed upon their lands.

OBEY THE PRIMARY LAW.

A short time ago the Portland Oregonian had an alleged news story to the effect that members of the Kentucky Kilek, a reactionary democratic organization in Portland, had held

a "democratic assembly." That the whole thing was a fraud was easily apparent and but little attention has been paid to it.

Now comes the democratic state central committee with the announcement that democratic nominations will be made at the primary election as called for by the direct primary law. An open race will be held and all who wish to secure nomination will be given "equal opportunities."

Plainly this is the only course for the minority party to take. The democrats would be asses indeed to duplicate the blunder of certain republicans in trying to ignore the primary law. The hope of democratic success lies in a rigid observance of the direct primary law and in the selection of strong, clean men as candidates. Then in the event the republicans, through the machinations of the assemblyites, fail to name the right sort of men for office the people may fall back upon democrats as alternates. They have done this before and will do it again if necessary.

GO AND REGISTER.

It is now but a short time until the registration books will be closed for the primary elections and those who want to qualify to vote at that time will have to hurry. If you have not registered attend to this matter at once. It is a poor citizen indeed who will not take the slight trouble to be enrolled so that he can exercise the rights of citizenship. Go register now. Don't wait until the last moment or until it is too late and then complain if the primary election does not go to suit you.

MISS BEAN'S BEAR.

For a long time the girls of the Pendleton high school crowd have been famous for their good looks and their social accomplishments. Now that Miss Grace Bean has killed a bear and killed it with a single shot from her 22 rifle the girls will be more renowned than ever. Her deed shows they have nerve and courage as well as charm—which is right for eastern Oregon girls.

Reports from American lake state that the two Oregon regiments won a great victory in the sham battle between the Reds and the Blues. Yet the admission is made that the third regiment deployed and advanced across an open field in the face of a battery of machine guns. Oh you war correspondents.

The call has gone forth for wild horses for the Grand Roundup and for men to ride them. If the buckaroos are as eager to ride as they have been in the past there will be no lack of good talent here this fall. They will come from everywhere and we will have one of the biggest times the west has ever seen.

The registration books will close September 14 and will not be reopened until after the primary election, September 24. Hurry and register.

If the colonel opens the New York republican convention there will be something doing. But the New York politicians might not like the keynote.

It is about time Col. Raley and Dr. Somerville were getting busy. They have been beaten out by a girl.

The grouse seasons open Monday. Have you secured a hunting license yet?

People the country and the towns will grow too.

A visitor to the school was anxious to draw the pupils out about the tanning industry.

"What is the skin of a cow used for?" he asked. "To keep the meat in," promptly spoke up James.

ROCKEFELLER LOSES A RIVAL.

A man in Ohio recently sought an expert in oil, because he believed that he had struck oil on his land. He brought a sample in a bottle. Evidently he had been in a great hurry and had hastily grabbed the first bottle at hand, for when the chemist had duly analyzed the sample submitted he sent the following telegraphic report: "Find no trace of oil. You have struck paregoric."—Youth's Companion.

THE UNIVERSAL UNREST.

Up and down the boardwalk Goes the throng so gay. Keeps it up till late at night And starts again next day.

Up and down the country Goes the lecture man. Next year he'll be starting out On the selfsame plan.

'Round its mighty orbit Earth proceeds to climb, Finding warmth each summer And cold in winter time.

It's the general program; Rushing here and there, Always in a hurry, And not getting anywhere. —Washington Star.

BELIEVED IN PRINCIPLE.

President McCrea of the Pennsylv.

vania railroad, in his study of all classes of men who are under him, entertains a great admiration for the Irish foreman of a gang of laborers who went to any lengths to show his men that he was the real boss. One morning this foreman found that his gang had put a hand car on the track without his orders.

"Who put that han' car-r-r on the track?" he asked. "We did, sor," one of the men answered respectfully. "Well," he said shortly, "take it off ag'in!"

The laborers did so with much difficulty. "Now," said the foreman, "put it on ag'in!"—Popular Magazine.

IT HAD DONE ENOUGH.

"Fellow citizens," said the candidate. "I have fought against the Indians. I have often had no bed but the battlefield and no canopy but the sky. I have marched over frozen ground till every step has been marked with blood. "I'll be darned if you hadn't done looking voter came to the front, enough for your country. Go home and rest. I'll vote for the other fellow."—Success Magazine.

A GOOD CIGAR.

When Fortune throws n't cares oppress, And life seems useless, more or less, Whatever you are, And every time you've tried to win, You've somehow failed, there's comfort in A good cigar.

You watch the smoke wreaths as they rise, And as you dream with half shut eyes, Your thoughts roam far, Until your troubles seem a joke, Your worries vanish while you smoke A good cigar. —Somerville Journal.

GOD AT THE FOUNTAINS.

As torrents in summer, half dried in their channels, Suddenly rise, though the sky is still cloudless, For rain has been falling far off at their fountains; So hearts that are fainting grow full to overflowing, And they that behold it marvel, and know not That God at their fountains far off has been raining. —Longfellow.

OLD AGE REMEMBERS.

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers, Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past, Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers That warm its creeping life-blood till the last, Dear to its heart is every loving token That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows cold, Ere the last lingering ties of life are broken, Its labors ended and its story told. —O. W. Holmes.

A REPUTATION SHATTERED.

Gordon Scott bought a new table for his office in the Symes building the other day. When it was delivered he decided that it was too well varnished. "It was too smooth," said Mr. Scott yesterday to a couple of friends. "Why the first day I had it a fly lit on it, slipped and broke its neck and three of its arms." Heretofore Gordon Scott has borne a reputation for truth and veracity.—Denver Post.

NOT EASY.

Pat was a married man—a very much married man. He had married no fewer than four times, and all his wives were still in the fore. According to Pat's own account before the court where he was tried for bigamy and found guilty, his experiences were not altogether satisfactory. The judge, in passing sentence, expressed his wonder that the prisoner could be such a hardened villain as to delude so many women. "Yer Honor," said Pat, apologetically, "I was only tryin' to get a good one, an' it's not easy!"—August Lippincott's.

A woman with one of those overgrown kids dressed in a Lrd Fauntleroy suit, when he ought to be moving pianos, started to pass through the gate at the railway station to board a train. A little Irish gateman observed she had no ticket for the boy.

"Lady, yez have no ticket fer th' boy." "And I don't need any ticket for the boy. He's only seven years old, and I never have paid for him. I have a notion to report you for impertinence. Come on, Ralph!"

As she flounced through the gate the little gateman yelled after her: "Say, Mom, when he's eight, put him on the police force!"

An Unfortunate Response.

The problem of too many churches in a given locality is often a perplexing one. It is said that the churches in a certain village, on opposite sides of the streets, were so close that when the congregation in one church sang

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"Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?" the congregation in the other church promptly responded. "No, Not One; No, Not One." Fortunately it is if the seeming contradiction is confined to the unintentional inharmonious responses in song.—August Lippincott's.

IF SHE HAD KNOWN.

A clergyman, noticing the simple appearance of the couple he had just married, decided to give them a few words of advice. He explained to the young man his duties as a husband and then told the young lady how she should conduct herself, winding up with the old injunction that she must look to her husband for everything and, forsaking father and mother, follow him wherever he went.

The bride appeared very much troubled at this and faltered out: "Must I follow him to every place he goes?" "Yes," said the clergyman, "you must follow him everywhere until death doth you part." "Gracious!" cried the girl. "If I had known that before I would never have married a postman."

SMOKE PAINT.

Take a small quantity of Pittsburg Magazine. Strain the wash water air, wash thoroughly and turn loose again, advises a writer in "Success" and add certain ingredients which a Pennsylvania man claims to know about. The result is a paint that is said to be durable and cheap and especially adapted to tin roofs and iron work. The same air may be recaptured and used again, but the smoke is ruined forever.

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