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THE JOURNEY.
I.
Long it seems, the journey, and yet the rest ain't far, In the stormy weather, still we see a star.
Still the light is shining back of clouds of gray; We'll get there, where the dreams are, and rest in peace some day.
II.
Still we find a song there, in the Vale of Night; Even in the darkness a memory of Light;
We fancy, in Life's Winter, we reap the blooms of May, Oh, we'll get there, where the dreams are, and rest in peace some day.
III.
Don't you hear the bells a-ringing? Don't you see the journey's end,
With the peace which is enduring—with silence for a friend?
The tears of years—the crosses that were burdens by the way,
Will be memories of music with the sweeter dreams, some day!
—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

IS IT COMING?
The organization of the national progressive republican league has revived the talk of a possible new political party. There are many who see in the formation of the league the first step towards the organization of the progressive party about the time of the next national election.
As a matter of fact this country is already divided into two great political contingents—the progressives and the standpaters. The old republican-democratic alignment has become a farce. Its existence is now more nominal than real.
The other day the Kansas City Star had the following pointed comment upon the present situation:
"Standpaters have pointed with exultation to the fact that you may describe the representative as a progressive, and by that description fails to denote whether he is a democrat or a republican. The assumption is that he is neither, and fundamentally that assumption is right.
"But to put it another way, you may describe a standpatter fully, and by that description you cannot tell whether he is a republican or democrat, and by the same token you may properly assume that he is neither.
"The important thing is that you cannot describe either a progressive or a standpatter without clearly denoting whether he is a progressive or a standpatter."
That is it exactly. No one knows just what you mean when you say a man is a democrat or a republican. But you do understand when you are told that he is a progressive or that he is a standpatter.
Perhaps by the time of the next national election the "mills of the gods" will have moved sufficiently that we will see the new political alignment openly announced.
Who knows?

A POOR SUBSTITUTE.
It begins to look like the good roads measures will meet with trouble in the house. It is reported that the grange and farmers union organizations are fighting the measures and have a substitute for the highway commissioner bill. This substitute measure does away with the employing of a highway commissioner at \$4000 per year and leaves the work with the state engineer. He is authorized to employ a deputy at \$150 per month to assist him.
But why should this change be made? The state engineer is not a road builder. He is an irrigation engineer. Four fifths of his work or more has to do with problems pertaining to water and to irrigation. Mr. Lewis was formerly a U. S. re-

clamation engineer and a good one. But the East Oregonian has never heard of his building any highways. Perhaps the substitute measure is a move for economy. If so it is a case of misapplied zeal. If Oregon is going to spend \$600,000 a year for good roads surely the state can afford to spend \$4000 for a competent man to direct this expenditure. The move to employ a \$150 per month clerk instead of an expert highway engineer is not good business policy. If a man wished to erect a \$600,000 building he would hire a good architect, not a cheap boy, to draw his plans.
If we are to have state aid in the construction of roads let us have it upon a business basis. It would be better to defeat the good roads propaganda entirely than to butcher the scheme in the manner proposed.

IT REACHES THE SPOT.
In his annual report President Kerr of the agricultural college shows that \$8,000 people residing within this state have been direct beneficiaries of the work carried on during the past year by the college and the experiment station council. The student enrollment at O. A. C. this year will be between 1800 and 1900. This is a substantial gain over past years and shows the growing popularity of the agricultural college.
Nor is it difficult to understand why the agricultural college is popular and is steadily growing in favor. The school is prospering because it does work that "reaches the spot." It provides technical training and that of a thorough sort. It fits students for work in such lines as agriculture, horticulture, mining, civil, mechanical and electrical engineering, pharmacy, business, and household science. The school does not confine itself to purely cultural instruction and so "waste its sweetness on the desert air." The agricultural college gets down to business and prepares students for active life by fitting them for the fundamental duty of earning a living.
The theory back of the agricultural colleges is that schools should first look to fitting students for the work they have to do and that cultural studies should be secondary to the utilitarian. The idea is that if a student can be trained so that he will prosper in a material way he will fare well socially. The converse of the proposition is that it avails nothing if a man is cultured if he cannot earn a good livelihood.
The agricultural college is "here to stay."

SHOW HIM THE PROJECT.
While Col. Roosevelt is in the west it would be very fitting to invite him to come to Pendleton and while here to visit the Umatilla project. During his first term as president the colonel did valiant work for the passage of the reclamation act and he has ever been a staunch friend of governmental reclamation. So perhaps he would like to see what a good government project looks like at this time. Incidentally he might be persuaded to give an address of some sort while here. Why cannot the people of Pendleton and Hermiston unite in extending the ex-president an invitation?
If the legislature really wants to do something in the way of pruning expenses why not place the state printer on a flat salary? It is a notorious fact that the state printer has the greatest snap in the state and if reports are true the annual earnings of the printer at times exceed the salary of the president of the United States.
That there are more crazy people in the east than one would suppose is shown by the fact that in New York some sapheads have formed an association that upholds the intermarriage of all the races of the earth.

JOLTING THE EAST.
A Kansas senator was in this city at 8:30 p. m. and his political friends in Philadelphia invited him to a monstrosity dinner down the Delaware. The senator had a beautiful time. But he refused to admit that Pennsylvania, as a state, was superior to his beloved Kansas, or that the products of the east could surpass those of the west.
When the planked shad was served the senator eyed it in admiration.
"That's a beautiful fish," he said.
"H'm," murmured the Philadelphia politician, who was his principal host, "I guess you don't have fish like that in Kansas, do you?"
The senator shook his head. "No," he admitted. "No we don't have fish like that in Kansas. We don't need 'em. The Lord knows where to send brain food."—Philadelphia Times.

An Optical Illusion.
"I specs Mistah 'Rastus Pinkley is in trouble," said Miss Miami Brown. "Las' evenin' I saw de teardrops streamin' down his face."
"Dem warn't teardrops," replied Miss Cleopatra Jackson. "He des got himself a little splattered up fillin' his Christmas gift fountain pen."—Washington Star.

The next bond issue of the Pennsylvania will be \$100,000,000.

THE PATH TO YESTERDAY.
There's a path that leads to Yesterday—you know it;
A rambling path of blossoms and perfume,
You remember how the wild grapes overgrew it
To the house upon the hilltop deep in gloom.

There's a path that leads to Yesterday through flowers,
Where the wood thrush is a voice of magic song;
Where the cricket snaps its fairy whip for hours
And a barefoot boy goes whistling all day long.

There's a path that leads to Yesterday through dingles
Of forest, where the wood pool is an eye,
And the sunbeam is a twinkle soft that mingles
With a gladness of a girl who dances by.

There's a path that leads to Yesterday, a glimmer
With the pearl and purple footsteps of a dusk,
Where the first star leaps and flashes like a swimmer,
On the violet verge of twilight washed with musk.

There's a path that leads to Yesterday that's haunted
With the shadows of old memories of bliss
And the ghosts of loves that roamed there once, who counted
Every moment by a heartbeat or a kiss.

Oh, the path that leads to Yesterday! It's calling!
Don't you hear it? How it calls through many things!
Through its roses, like the memories now falling,
And the dreamlike nestward fluttering of wings.

On the path that leads to Yesterday we've started;
Hear it calling with the many whippoorwills,
Like voices of old happiness departed,
Through the darkness where the moon rests on the hills.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LINCOLN: MAN AND AMERICAN.
In his lifetime Lincoln was maligned and traduced, but detracting during a man's life time affords no test of his life's value and offers no forecast of history's verdict. It would almost seem as if the glory of immortality were anticipated in the life of the great by detraction and denial while he lives. When a Lincoln-like man arises, let us recognize and fitly honor him. There could be no poorer way of honoring the memory of Lincoln than to assume, as we sometimes do, that the race of Lincolns has perished from the earth, and that we shall not look upon his like again. One way to ensure the passing of the Lincolns, is to assume that another Lincoln can never arise. Would we find Lincoln today, we must not seek him in the guise of a rail-splitter nor as a welder of the axe of the backwoodsman, but as a mighty smiter of wrong in high places and low.
The first word spoken after the death of Lincoln is truest and best,—the word of Secretary of War Stanton standing by the side of that scene of peace,—"Now he belongs to the ages." It was verdict and prophecy, for he is not America's, he is the world's; he belongs not to our age, but to the ages, and yet, though he belongs to all time, and to all peoples, he is ours, for he was an American.—Stephen S. Wise, in Pacific Monthly.

ALMOST LOST WEST.
The people of Oregon do not know how near they came to losing their new governor. Oswald West was on the list for appointment to the Interstate Commerce Commission. He refused to consider the matter, saying that his duty was to serve the people of Oregon for four years as governor. However, his achievements as State Land Agent and State Railroad Commissioner had attracted attention the country over, and, inasmuch as Commissioner Cockrell, of Missouri, a democrat, was not to be reappointed, Mr. West could have had the position, had he consented to accept it.
The retirement of Chairman Knapp from the Interstate Commerce Commission gave joy to the shippers and consumers of the nation. During November, in the middle of the week, when Louis D. Brandeis and other attorneys and eminent engineers were presenting the shipper's and consumer's protest against proposed increases in freight rates, Chairman Knapp spoke at the annual dinner in New York given by business men who sell supplies to the railroads. Chairman Knapp, was at the time, sitting in a judicial capacity, as chairman of the commission, to pass on the increases in rates; and yet he declared his mind already made up, and stamped himself as an undesirable member of the commission, in the opinion of the shippers. They are saying that in his new position on the Court of Commerce he will be immersed in an atmosphere of "innocuous desuetude."
—John E. Lathrop, in Pacific Monthly.

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DIAZ, STATESMAN?
There are some \$300,000,000 of American capital invested in Mexico; or those are the figures recently given by our Consul-General there, Mr. Shanklin. While this is divided among thousands of Americans, most of it is centered in Wall Street. The Morgan group of financiers, the Standard Oil group, the Harriman group, the Guggenheims, and other such "big" Wall Street people—if there are any others—are heavily interested in Mexico. The opinion of a few of these men goes a long way with the press and the politicians, and through them, with the public.
The American investors in Mexico are usually boosters for Diaz because they know that their special privileges come from him and depend upon his whim. If they are interested in a stock-selling scheme, or a land-promotion scheme, their sales depend largely upon the confidence of the prospective buyer in the stability of the existing regime. Therefore they are strongly inclined to feel that it is up to them to deny the reports of barbarous conditions in the country and to praise Diaz to the skies.
This is natural. It is natural for "business" to dread a change of any sort. In "defending Mexico" as they call it, they are, doubtless, acting in accordance with the immediate interests of their pocket-books. But they are not acting in accordance with their ultimate interests. They should know that no one man, however strong, can rule forever. They should know that despotism cannot last and that when it falls it falls with a crash. They know that, while they may sell their stock now, tomorrow their property and their lives may be in jeopardy, for there can be no despotism that is not clouded with the threat of revolution.—John Kenneth Turner, in Pacific Monthly.

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.
Mrs. de Bride was entertaining callers. After they left she remarked to her husband:
"I hope they didn't see my walking shoes lying there. They would think me very untidy if they did."
"Oh, if they saw them they probably thought they were mine," answered her husband in a consoling tone.
And she hasn't spoken to him since.
Do you read the East Oregonian?

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6 ROOM HOUSE
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\$2500 HOUSE
in Payette, Idaho, to trade for Pendleton property.

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