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**FATHER.**

He had never made a fortune, or a noise  
 In the world where men are seeking after fame;  
 But he had a healthy brood of girls and boys,  
 Who loved the very ground on which he trod,  
 They thought him just a little short of God;  
 Oh, you should have heard the way they said his name—  
 "Father."

There seemed to be a tender little prayer  
 In their voices, even when they called him "Dad,"  
 Thought the man was never heard of anywhere,  
 As a hero, yet you somehow understood  
 He was doing well his part, and "making good";  
 And you knew it by the way his children had  
 Of saying "Father."

He gave them neither emittance nor wealth,  
 But he gave them blood untainted with a vice;  
 And the opulence of undiluted health;  
 He was honest, and unpurchasable and kind;  
 He was clean in heart, and body, and in mind;  
 So he made them heirs to riches beyond price—  
 This Father.

He never preached nor scolded; and the rod—  
 Well he used it as a turning pole in play;  
 But he showed the tender sympathy of God  
 To his children in their troubles and their joys.  
 He was always chum and comrade with his boys;  
 And his daughters—oh, you ought to hear them say,  
 "Father."

**SHOULD PULL TOGETHER.**

At the "Get Together" convention yesterday many things were said that were timely and right to the point. They bear directly upon the business relations existing between the different classes of men who made up the gathering. It is well those sentiments were voiced as they were because good generally results from a free and fair expression of opinion.

In speaking as president of the state organization of the farmers' union J. W. McAllister told of the stand of the union with reference to trading. He believes that farmers should trade with their home merchants rather than with outside mail order houses. But he contends also that in making purchases of produce merchants should treat farmers with the same consideration that they, the merchants, ask of the farmers. That is only fair.

Speakers representing the local business organizations also made timely remarks upon this subject. If a farmer is receiving credit from a merchant he should not send his cash away to a mail order establishment. If he wishes to make cash purchases get cash quotations from your home merchants and spend your money with him. When you buy at home you can see what you are buying and make an exchange if an article is unsatisfactory. The home merchant pays taxes, direct and indirect, that serve to keep up local government and local institutions such as schools, roads and churches. The mail order house does nothing of this sort. A mail order house never extends you credit when you may be in poor circumstances and when your family may be in need of the necessities of life.

In the view of this paper wholesome results will follow yesterday's meeting. It was a "get together" affair in spirit as well as in name. Each man present was ready to listen to the other fellow's side of the question and did so. Incidentally he learned some things that he should know. Merchants deserved to be reminded that they are under obligations to local produce raisers and farmers were in need of a few cold facts with refer-

ence to the mail order habit into which some of them have fallen.

Those who attended the meeting yesterday realize now, if they did not before, that each of the six organizations represented at the convention has a worthy and legitimate purpose. No organization does work that is inimical to others but in a general way each organization is working for the benefit of its members and incidentally for the betterment of the country at large. The six organizations should pull together better than they have been doing in the past.

**WHY SUCH A TREATY.**

In return for the administration's support of San Francisco for the Panama exposition the people of California, or at least some of them, have traded off their right to object to the admission of Japanese coolies to this country. What will be the outcome of this bargain?

Since Japan has assumed an obligation of honor to keep her laborers at home it will require some time to test the new treaty. It is evident though that the new arrangement bodes trouble for the Pacific coast. No doubt the Japs will flock to this country in greater numbers than in the past. They will tend to drive the American laborer from the construction camps and will enter into competition with white men in other lines of activity. They are already doing this to a dangerous extent in California. White men cannot compete with Japanese because the latter have a standard of living that permits them to exist at but slight expense.

Why is the Taft administration so favorable to the admission of the Japanese coolies that the president was willing to trade his influence in locating the Panama exposition in order to tie the hands of the Californians? Is the president afraid of the mikado and wishes to await the completion of the big canal before facing this issue in a firm and manly way? Or has he listened to the plea of railway magnates and others who desire to secure cheap labor from the orient?

The meadow larks are here, the baseball fans have formed a league for the summer and there are many other signs of spring. But now comes the snow to show that Old Winter has not yet left the stage.

In order to land a contract for two Argentine warships for a shipbuilding concern someone has given away secrets of the American navy. The thing looks bad but of course the secrets may have been of an open sort.

Lorimer seems about as hard to ditch as was the Honorable J. W. Bailey. Barnacles are always hard to cast off.

"All for one; one for all."

**THERE ARE MANY RENTERS.**

Editor East Oregonian:  
 This may look as if I were trying to keep in the limelight when in reality no one cares less for such things than myself. But there is one phase of the situation that I should like to have seen mentioned at the get together meeting. The relation of the renter to the so-much-talked-of progress of Umatilla county. The question is frequently asked of the farmers' union people, why don't you do things? Why don't you take part in the public enterprises that are being exploited. The district fair, for instance, etc. Mr. Smythe said in his address, put your society on a sound financial footing. Mr. Gwinn cites us to the large number of rich farmers in the vicinity.

The fact is that the wheat fields of this county are passing into the hands of the renter almost entirely. Every year he is squeezed a little tighter. For instance, he gets permanently located, so he thinks, at least. Some one comes along and raises the rent on him. He moves on to the next place that he can get, or tries some other locality.

There is little chance for permanent improvement under these conditions for either the country or the renter. He is little more than a chattel, a mere pawn to be moved about the board, or rather the wheat fields of the country. He couldn't do things if he could afford it. He is not fixed in one place long enough. He is not identified with the best interests of the locality in which he lives.

The Farmers' Union in this particular region is mainly composed of these men. They are making a half-hearted effort to protect their own interests, and that's about all. The rich retired farmer, as a rule, has no particular interest in our movements. In other places where conditions are different, the union is doing things. And are making themselves a power in the land. The question is, are we drifting towards conditions that exist and have existed in Ireland so long? And if so, what is the remedy. This is no personal complaint, but facts that concern your country and your city more than they do  
 Yours truly,  
 L. D. EATON, a Renter.  
 Pendleton, Ore., Feb. 23.

Some reformers want to make the world better so that there won't be so many temptations for them to yield to.

Sometimes the officeseeker who makes the slowest run scatters the most "dust."

**SUMMER AFTERNOON.**  
 (A Poem by Edith Wharton in the March Scribner.)  
 Not all the wasteful beauty of the year  
 Heaped in the scale of one consummate hour  
 Shall this outweigh; the curve of  
 That held, as in the green sun-fluted light  
 Of sea-caves quivering in a tidal lull,  
 Those tranced towers and long unruined walls,  
 Mount-girdled from the world's dissolving touch.  
 The rook-flights lessening over evening woods,  
 And, down the unfrequented grassy slopes,  
 The shadows of old oaks contemplative  
 Reaching behind them like the thoughts of age.

High overhead hung the long Sussex ridge,  
 Sun-cintured, as a beaker's rim of gold  
 Curves round its green concavity; and slow  
 Across the upper pastures of the sky  
 The clouds moved white before the herding air  
 That in the hollow, by the moated walls,  
 Stirred not one sleeping lily from its sleep.  
 Deeper the hush fell; more remote the earth  
 Flew onward with the flight of cloud and sun,  
 And cities strung upon the flashing reel  
 Of nights and days. We knew no more of these  
 Than the grey towers redoubling in the moat  
 The image of a bygone strength transformed  
 To beauty's endless uses; and like them  
 We felt the touch of that renewing power  
 That turns the landmarks of man's ruined toll  
 To high star-haunted reservoirs of peace,  
 And with that sense there came the deeper sense  
 Of moments that, between the beats of time,  
 May thus inspire in some transcendent air  
 The plenitude of being.

**BUDDHAISM.**

It must be said of Buddhism, however, that it has left one indelible mark all over India, China and the East, and that is the teaching of gentleness and kindness to one another and to animals. Buddha taught that life is but a prolonged endeavor to escape from suffering, and that, therefore, to cause others to suffer is the unforgivable sin. By meditation a man is to lose the sense of the painfulness of life, and to earn some mitigation, from the cycle through which he must pass before reaching Nirvana, where all rebirth ends at last and one loses consciousness forever. This creed is pure agnosticism, holding that a man's own acts alone make up the tale of his faith.

Agnosticism everywhere throws a man back upon himself, and everywhere and always produces one of two results. It makes men, as in India and China, pessimists—hopeless, helpless and without ambitions for either their souls or their bodies; or it makes men colossal egoists who worship themselves. Nothing can be more portentous of evil to the race than our agnostic democracies of the west, which are putting man on a pedestal and waving the incense of eight hours' work, old-age pensions, no conscription, a vote for each adult, state support, and so on, before him.

It was a moving spectacle, for example, to all students of the ethnic religions when Mr. Keir Hardie, as the exponent of western agnosticism or man as his own god, came out to India to preach this doctrine to the Buddhist impregnated Indians, steeped in pessimism. They immediately dubbed him the "King of the Coolies" and could not wrench their imaginations to see how a man of no caste could be worth imitating or following. The first flash of a picture that will some day be a terrible conflict between the Yellow and the White was revealed when the man who cared everything for man and met the men who care nothing for man, and neither understood the other in the least—"From 'Religion and Cases in India,' by Price Collier, in the March Scribner.

**THE REASON.**

"When Lincoln was on circuit in his lawyering days," says a Chicago veteran, "he used to put up at some pretty bad taverns—taverns where, big as he was, by Crinus, he and the judges and the lawyers would have to sleep two and three in a bed. 'And what beds they were! Once after a wretched night Lincoln got up and walked in his long night shirt to a notice on the wall that said: 'No smoking in the bedrooms.' 'He chuckled grimly. Then he took a pencil from his night shirt pocket and scribbled beneath the notice: 'The fleas don't like it.'"

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**HE WAS NOT DISINTERESTED.**

Andrew Carnegie at a dinner in New York said of the war scare that started up coincidentally with his \$10,000,000 peace fund gift: "It wasn't, perhaps, a coincidence, that war scare. Let us remember what large interests are involved in the maintenance of armies and armaments and navies.

"These war scares that, arising so opportunely, shut off so many peace movements, make me think of Smith. "As Smith frowned over a long dressmaker's bill at breakfast, Mrs. Smith murmured: "Who was I said that a woman's best friend was her dressmaker?" "Probably the dressmaker," growled Smith."

Gossip is when a woman tells her neighbors what one of her husband's friends has told him.

The real hero is the one who goes through the world without hurting any one.

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