

PITAMITM


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WHILE A MILLION HORSE POWER GOES TO WASTE a time when the growing scarcity of oil endangers industries not merely of this nation but of the world, Ia-
tent water power energy of gigantic proportions on the Columbia river is going to waste. It is almost impossible to conCascade Loeks and at the lesser rapids along the river, such as the Umatilla rapids three miles above the town of Umatilla. water) power possibilities on the Columbia are as follows Cascade Locks, 200 000 The Dalles, 480,000 horse power.
Umatilla Rapids, 120,000 horse powe
may be developed at the three places mentioned aborse power much of the year far greater power coutd be had, the estimate cost of constructing a power plant at the Umatilla rapids was Why should the peop by, paying two prices for gasolene, oil and coal and let all this iinmense energy go unused
Is there any chance that private capital can handle the de-
velopment of such projects as these? rud when may we expect action? If this work is too big for priva states of Oregon and Washington combine with a view to bringing about development through joint state action or through
such action plus federal aid? The undeveloped water
riention lesser streams like the Deschutes and the Snake, constitutes a challenge to the intelligence and ingenuity of the people
of the northwest. This comes directly home to Umatill county because one of the big potential projects is at our own door.
How long are we going to remain asleep while such golden energy flows unused?
"TOMORROW I GO TO WORK" W ceived at a Portland business house last week bill reeart tale of a spendthrift. The inscription read: and-praise God - the last of an ill-spent life. Tomorrow I go
to work.-H, S." In those few words a volume is written. It doesn't take much sipates a fortune that came through the accident of birth. The
follies of the wastrel and song, perhaps, the gaming table, hapless pursuit of the phantom of pleasure, proftless companionship of other para-
sites, a surfeited beliy but an empty heart and an empty suul-
all these doubtless had their part And then came the end of the chapter of prodigality, the tage. And the end-as written across the face of the dollar bill - is what distinguishes the story from the many of its kind.
"Praise God, the last of an ill-spent life." the spender wrote and, had he stopped there, the "tinis" would have beent and that supplied the final scene-a revolver, a poison bottle, the dark "death by his own hand."
But he wrote more. "Tomorrow I go to work," his message finished. "Tomorrow I go towork" There spoke ,the strong man, rising from his weakness with a will to win instead of sur-
rondering to despondency and despair and seeking forgetfulness of his misspent life in the sleep that knows no wakening. There cismisses his barren and giddy past as he would an ugly dream and prepares to begin ire anew with hope, courage and confilearned that true happiness comes not from having but from "Tomorrow 1 go to work!" Would that every idler, rich or less past with as little bitterness and sorrow as this man has cone and write over it an epitaph so rich in understanding and


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THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT
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