

IT IS TRUE

Atwood's Cascara Compound

is the surest and safest medicine for regulating the action of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. A never failing remedy for constipation, biliousness, headache and all diseases caused by a torpid liver or irregular action of the bowels. It is very useful to relieve colds and fevers and to purify the blood.

For Sale Wholesale and Retail by
Brock & McComas Company
DRUGGISTS - PENDLETON



TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1902.

UNEARNED INCREMENT.

Thirty-four years ago Cornell university investd \$250,000 in Wisconsin lands, purchased chiefly at 50 cents an acre. As land has risen in value and the university needed money, portions of the tract were sold. A few days ago the last of the land was sold in a body, 56,000 acres for the same money which was paid for 500,000 acres in the first place. Cornell university made a profit of nearly \$2,000,000 on the entire investment.

From this it can be seen that speculation in land is a way of "getting something for nothing," through "ownership" of the land, (or monopoly is a better understood word) there is placed a permanent burden upon the shoulders of labor, which is compelled to pay a return upon this capital before it is allowed to have anything for itself. It is here that capital has advantage over labor and it is in this unjust advantage that the trust and combine evils are given privilege and power to further oppress and enslave labor.

But we do not want to live as long as it will take labor or labor organizations to discover the cause of their inability to cope with capital in its work of destroying equality of opportunity and placing one man over and above another—one to rule and the other to slave—thus creating the institution of aristocracy.

If capitalization of land were denied to the individual, money would not have the self-accumulative power and all men would have "equal rights." But with a few men "owning" the land—mind you owning it—the landless many will have about as much chance of remaining "free" and "equal" as a bull dog has of being a cherub.

This, doubtless, is only jargon to some people, but it is the truth, which will grow more and more self-evident as free institutions assert their rights and are defended from the assaults of those of the houses of monopoly, privilege and capitalization.

A CONGRESSMAN'S EULOGY.

A free press is one of the essentials in maintaining a government of, by and for the people. Without a free press government by the many could not be continued, for it would soon pass into the hands and under the control of the few and fall from its own rotten weight.

Charles E. Littlefield, the successor in congress of Nelson Dingley of Maine, is reported to have recently said: "If it were not for the newspapers the jobs which would go through congress are terrible to contemplate. If there were no newspapers at all, I don't believe I would be willing to trust myself alone in the house of representatives for fifteen minutes."

This is not an exaggerated statement. The newspapers certainly keep bad men in check and they are a spur to good men. The newspapers, with all their faults, stand for good government, and by preaching virtue so much, learn to really appreciate and respect it. The newspapers are the implements of publicity. It is their business to turn on the light and whenever this is done, in the nature of things, purification follows.

There is always danger from the stagnant pool—at least the danger of drying up, or dry rot. By agitating

the water you make it healthier and preserve its volume. Newspaper publicity and agitation has this effect upon the currents of public life. They do a vast amount of good for which they get little credit.

It was Thomas Jefferson who declared, if he had to accept government without newspapers or government by newspapers he would choose the latter, and it would be preferable, because government without newspapers would be government by a clique, while government by newspapers, would be almost government by the people, because the universal voice would have free expression in their columns, and wherever there is the freest expression, there is the greatest safety to life and property and the best government.

In even a babble of weak voices there is strength. Were it not for free speech and a free press we would be changed from a democracy resting on the genius of individualism, on the theory that the best government is that which governs least; into a bureaucratic government by fraternalism and socialism run mad in which imaginative, weak, parasitic and corrupt men would have full play, until the chaos they created would swallow them.

"Fear, craft and avarice cannot 'rear a state.'"

THE TEST OF CULTURE.

(Synopsis of the address delivered at the exercises of the Alumni Association of the Eastern Oregon State Normal School at Weston Thursday, June 12, 1902, by Andrew Bard, rector of St. Paul's church Walla Walla.)

As the test of the puddin' is in the eating of it, so the test of education is application. Not everyone who holds degrees from Harvard or Oxford is wise. Some are otherwise. The school is but the means, life and end; and only inasmuch as history philosophy, literature and science deepen and heighten the significance of human existence and add lustre to the moving phantasmagoria that dance across the grave—and cradle circle-scene—only so much they have a right to be.

This education ought to do and I believe it does. The argument that we have too much education seems unfair. What the critics really mean is that we have too much of the wrong kind of education. Who can help but smile, when hearing the great Hegel exclaim on his deathbed: "Only one has understood me," and then add in a whining tone "and even he didn't understand me." That kind of education seems a useless appendix. Or when Emerson tells us of the young student who for about an hour watches a wheel-barrow and being asked why, replies, that he wonders whether the thing ought to be pushed or pulled—then we feel that we wouldn't give a rap for that kind of education. We may go even farther and observe so great a thinker as Darwin, losing his love for poetry, music and all the beautiful arts. What is the cause that a man so highly educated should arrive at such a state of degeneration? The reply must be that his education, too, was not of the right kind, because it was so one-sidedly scientific that it allowed no room for anything else. The modern idea of training will advocate an all round culture; it will give a due share to the hand, the head and the heart and when these three are harmoniously developed, so that the same man can plow a field, enjoy the love songs of Moore and write an intelligent article for the daily paper—then I believe we have the modern ideal of education. He has a dexterous hand, a logical mind and a sympathetic heart and the three produce the kind of beauty which we admire in a quartet when soprano, alto, tenor and bass coming their voices in harmony. William Morris could make good furniture and write fine poetry. Michael Angelo was a sculptor, a poet and a painter. John Burroughs plants aspara-

gus and creates literature. Xenophon was a general and a historian. "Let there be many windows in your soul. Till all the glories of the Universe, Will beautify it!"

It will be the task of the Twentieth century to solve the labor question and I believe that the school ought to add its share to the solution. The demand of the working-man that a larger profit should be given to the hand than heretofore, is perfectly just. Look at your new school building, for instance. First we need the architect to design the structure; we need the brain of the contractor; we need the board of education to arrange intelligently the different apartments—but who will mix the mortar, who carry the stones, who drive the nails? The argument between labor and capital reminds me of Emerson's poem on "The Mountain and the Squirrel." When the mountain brags that he alone can carry a forest on his back, the squirrel challenges him to crack a nut. We need to recognize that all forces operate for the common good, that each is dependent on the other and that for that reason the man who works with his hands is as much entitled to our respect as the one who works with his head. Hurrah for the girl who, graduating, can cook a good meal as well as translate the Metamorphoses of Ovid! Hurrah for the boy who can deliver an oration as well as brea ka horse! Hurrah for the man with the hoe! Let us uncover in reverence before the tiller of the soil, the pioneer who makes the wilderness blossom as the rose, who breaks the path of civilization thru the aged forests! Let us do homage to the muscled king of creation, the companion of the sky, the woods and the field! No wrinkles of enervated society upon his forehead, no moods, no dyspepsia. He can eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, but he is sure to digest it! Three cheers for the hand that works!

But the hand without the head is fully as incompetent as the head without the hand. The employer of today does not need workmen; he needs intelligent workmen. Machinery has long since taken the place of mere labor. Brain and brawn are no longer divorced. They are close cousins. They are one. But do you know, that the first thing to know is to know that we don't know? The Arabians have put the facts of the case in the following rule:

"He who knows not and knows not that he knows not, is a fool, shun him. He who knows not and knows that he knows not, is simple, teach him; He who knows and knows not that he knows, is asleep; wake him. He who knows and knows that he knows, is wise; follow him."

You will find that the real masters of knowledge were humble; the boasters are pretenders. A modern scientist has asserted that the universe now-a-days has no more mysteries, but the king of nineteenth century thinkers admitted "that the origin of all things will remain a mystery to us." There lies the difference between sham and genius. Humility and Truth are sisters.

But there are some things we do know and life becomes more beautiful because we know them. Is not the whole world populated with birds and flowers and trees, which give us their song, their fragrance and their shade and does it not speak in divine language to the eye trained for color, to the ear, trained for sound, to the mind familiar with the architecture of the robin's nest and the pedigree of the rose and the industry of the bee hive?

And does not Literature furnish an Open-Sesame to thousands of fascinations all around us? There are millions to whom Shakespeare is a sealed book, who never heard of Emerson, who cannot derive any meaning from a printed page. Only when we realize the intellectual blindness of these, we shall appreciate how the school opens our eyes for the thought of others that we can make companions of Longfellow and Bryant and walk with Wordsworth over the fields or read the beautiful thoughts that rise from the soil of Tennyson. Life is more than meat. Life is thought. Man liveth not of bread only. And to possess a library, every page of which has a meaning for you, raising you into a higher sphere of thinking and securing for you the friendship of the masters of all time—how inestimable the privilege. Gold and silver cannot buy the merchandise of culture. It may secure Steinway pianos, but it cannot make souls that appreciate music. It may purchase gilt-edged editions of great books, but it cannot give a power to comprehend. The mind lies beyond the monopoly of capital.

All true teaching is practical teaching. Geography makes us a brother to all nations and extends the boundaries of our home unto the corners of the earth. History shows, how all ages are working out the infinite plan of God and that we are to shoulder the musket while it is day and fight out little battle for the great cause of progress. Astronomy unveils the grandeur of the Eternal and science lays bare the secrets of his work-shop. Let the mind of man

rise till all the universe is compassed by its thought and the orbs of the stars be cradled in its embrace. There cannot be too much education for truth is infinite.

Finally the heart. Beware, young friends, of being intellectual machines. There are some things which logic cannot reach and these things are worth while. La Place beheld the heavens thru his telescope and failed to find a place for God. Buechener dissected the human body and was surprised not to discover: the soul. There are more things between heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. Who can explain the rise of love? Who has seen virtue's abode? Who can say of God: he is here or there? But Tennyson had more than logic when he said: "Speak to Him though for he hears And spirit with spirit can meet; Closer is he than breathing Nearer than hands and feet."

I admire a fine intellect, but I love a great heart; and surely if a fine intellect goes hand in hand with a great heart, we have the most wonderful combination on earth. But, if I had to choose between the two, I should say without hesitation: give me the heart and keep the intellect. A heart which can throbb echoes to all the voices of human woe and weal; a heart which can weep with the sorrowful and rejoice with the jubilant; a heart which has vibrated a thousand times the grand, old song of love and which even upon the tombstone writes with unerring pencil the deathless gospel of hope.



Dyspepsia AND Liver Disease CURED BY DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

"I was weak, nervous and dizzy, with a fainting sensation when walking," writes Jesse Childress, Esq., of Samuel, Sullivan & Co., Tenn. "Could not walk any distance; always felt bad after eating; felt as though something was sticking in my throat, always uneasiness in stomach. Doctored with three physicians but they did not relieve me. I grew worse and used everything I could think of, was nearly ready to give up and then some one told me that Dr. Pierce's medicine was good, so I began taking his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I have taken seven bottles of that now and am as stout as ever, and enjoying health as much as ever before. I worked all summer and this winter as much as any one. My case was liver disease and nervous dyspepsia of which your medicine has cured me. In September 1898 my weight was about 65 pounds, now it is 125. Please accept my sincere thanks."

It Pays to Trade at the Peoples Warehouse

Shirt Waists AND BELTS

If you'll come to us you'll acknowledge that there is BUT ONE assortment of these summer desirables in Pendleton. Whatever is correct and new you'll find here, and the PRICES are beyond the shadow of a doubt less than the same goods can be bought for elsewhere.

SHIRT WAISTS 35c, 58c, 75c, 98c and \$1.25
BELTS, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00

And all the time our JUNE SELLING goes on at prices like this:

Scotch lawns, per yard.....	3c	Good calico, per yard.....	4c
Spool cotton, 2 for.....	5c	Women's and Child's hose	
Lonsdale Muslin.....	7c	equal best 25c hose on earth	22c

The Peoples Warehouse
PENDLETON, OREGON

Agents Butterick's Patterns
Mail Orders Promptly Filled. Send for Samples.

WOOD! COAL!
WOOD! COAL!
WOOD! COAL!
W. C. MINNIS
SELLS BOTH.

Kemerer Coal. First Class Wood
Orders Promptly Filled.

Telephone, Red 401, or call on
W. C. MINNIS,
Office Main Street, just opposite Hansford & Thompson's hardware store.

— BUY YOUR —

LUMBER

— AT THE —
Oregon Lumber Yard
Alta St., opp. Court House.
PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST

For All Kinds of Building Material, Including
Doors
Windows
Screen Doors
and Windows
Building Paper
Lime
Cement
Brick
and Sand

And Don't Forget Our Wood Gutters For Barns and Dwellings

STANDARD BLUE FLAME WICKLESS OIL AND GASOLINE STOVES

W. J. CLARK & CO.
Court Street

Summer School for Boys

Summer Season of
HILL MILITARY ACADEMY
PORTLAND, OREGON

Open from July 1 to August 31. For day and boarding students. School session only in forenoon; recreation all the afternoon. For particulars apply or write to **DR. J. W. HILL** Principal
Hill Military Academy,
Marshall and 3rd St.,
Portland, Oregon.

BABBITT METAL, BEST IN THE world. In bars. Price \$1 per bar, at the East Oregonian office.

Let Us Figure ON YOUR BILL

If you are going to build a residence, barn or other building or intend to make improvements where you will require

Lumber, Building Paper, Lime, Cement, Brick, Sand, Terra Cotta or anything in this line

and you will be money ahead. Our facilities for supplying you with the above articles and **SASH, DOORS** and **BLINDS** is unsurpassed.

Pendleton Planing Mill Lumber Yard.
ROBERT FORSTER, Proprietor

I.W. HARPER KENTUCKY WHISKEY

For Gentlemen who cherish Quality.

Sold by **JOHN BOHMIDT**
The Louvre Saloon
PENDLETON

The Columbia Lodging House
NEWLY FURNISHED BAR IN CONNECTION IN CENTER OF BLOCK BET. ALTA & WEBB STS.
F. X. SCHEMPP, Prop.

Always Enjoyed

Are the Meals Served at the

French Restaurant

Large, comfortable dining room and good service. Positively the

Best 25c Meal in Pendleton

The French Restaurant

GUS LA FONTAINE, Prop.

The Strahon

Rooming House
Martin Block

Everything New, Clean and first class.
Good Beds and Well kept and Cool Rooms.

CONDUCTED BY
MRS. STRAHON
Formerly of the Duquain

TRANSFER TRUCKING STORAGE.

CROWNER BROS.
Telephone Main 4.