



Published every afternoon (except Sunday) at Pendleton, Oregon, by the EAST OREGONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Subscription Rates:
 Daily, one year by mail \$5.00
 Daily, six months by mail 2.50
 Daily, three months by mail 1.25
 Daily, one month by mail .50
 Daily, per month by carrier .45
 Weekly, one year by mail 1.50
 Semi-Weekly, one year by mail 2.00

The East Oregonian is on sale at B. B. Rich's News Stands at Hotel Portland and Hotel Perkins, Portland, Oregon.

Member Scripps-McLure News Association.
 San Francisco Bureau, 408 Fourth St.
 Chicago Bureau, 909 Security Building.
 Washington, D. C. Bureau, 501 14th St., N. W.

Entered at Pendleton postoffice as second-class matter.

Build thee more stately mansions,
 O my soul,
 While the swift seasons roll—
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler
 Than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with
 DOME more vast!
 Till thou, at length, art free—
 Leaving thine out-grown shell
 By Life's unresting sea!
 —O. W. Holmes.

A POWERFUL INFLUENCE FOR GOOD.

"In America," said Wordsworth to Emerson, when the two poets were discussing our country together, "I wish to know not how many churches or schools, but how many newspapers." Poets often strike out brilliant criticisms. Wordsworth, long before the press had become what it now is, saw its importance in the development of our people. The newspaper is the characteristic expression of contemporary thought. The skill and intelligence employed upon the editorial pages of our leading newspapers is greater today than the skill and intelligence which goes into the making of books.

Foreigners are sometimes surprised that so many Americans, with a literary career already assured, choose journalism. The book means less here than it does in several other countries; the newspaper means more. The best work in it is anonymous. It goes not into literary, artistic or dramatic criticism, as it does, for instance, in Paris, but into the handling of the news and the expression of editorial opinion. The arts are, thus far, at least, not our main concern. We are more occupied with the interests of the many than with the refinements of the few. Democracy in our sense, where millions read, think and vote, is new in the world, and our concern is to reflect, guide and clarify it, much more than to make art along established lines. Newspapers, every year cheaper, reach a public every year bigger.

A justice of the supreme court of the United States has just given out the opinion that the press, in enabling us every day to know our fellow citizens throughout the land, has removed antipathies and misunderstandings, increased our sympathies and helped us to realize the purpose announced in the Constitution, "to form a more perfect union." He also sees in the press a powerful influence toward the solution of our many and deep social problems, especially by bringing them before the court of public opinion, "a court of increasing wisdom and power, mightier than any organized tribunal." The newspapers have their faults, like individuals. Some are controlled by money, like municipal councils. Some are vulgarly subservient to the untrained, like many politicians. But they are all improving.—Collier's.

GOODBY MR. PAYNE.

Now that the president is back at his desk there will be something doing in the postal department. Roosevelt's attitude toward corruption and trickery is too well known to leave any doubt in the minds of the guilty ones what action he will take. They know that they can not "square him" or "fix it up." The best thing to do would be to turn out that adroit politician, "Harry" Payne, put in a man like John Wannamaker, who is as honest and fearless as Roosevelt himself, and have a thorough overhauling of the whole service. The postal service is one to which a public point with pride and it must be brought up to the standard of the highest integrity as well as the highest efficiency. The public service needs more men of

the General Wood, Governor Taft and John Wannamaker stripe and less of the Platt, Quay, Addies and Payne stripe.

CONSOLIDATE THE RURAL SCHOOLS.

Great interest is being taken in the Willamette valley in the consolidation of rural schools. On Saturday a meeting was held in Polk county to discuss the advisability of consolidating the schools at Zeus, Lincoln and Lower Spring Valley. The argument advanced in favor of consolidation is that better salaries can be paid and therefore more competent instructors secured. It is also claimed that with a larger number of pupils the school can be graded and better results obtained. The smaller students will be collected in a carry-all and taken to the schoolhouse. In thickly settled districts there is no good reason why the plan would not prove very successful.

The following paragraph from one of Roosevelt's recent speeches rings true: "We cannot too highly honor him (Lincoln). The highest way we can honor him is to see that our homage is not only words; that to loyalty of words we join loyalty of the heart and that we pay honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln by so conducting ourselves as citizens of this republic, that we shall hand down undiminished to our children and our children's children the heritage we received from men who upheld the statesmanship of Lincoln in the councils and who made good the soldier-ship of Grant in the field."

The Mormons have been ordered to leave Prussia. They are trying to interest the authorities at Washington in hopes of having the decree of expulsion rescinded. While they are a thrifty and industrious people, their religious beliefs and practices render them distasteful to the German authorities. It is hard to legislate a religious belief out of existence. While they may refrain from the practice of polygamy from fear of the law, yet if they were strong enough politically, they would undoubtedly reassert their belief in the practice of plural marriages.

Fire and flood are causing great damage in the East. While the New England states are suffering from disastrous forest fires, Kansas and Missouri are seeing the accumulations of years of toil destroyed by the encroaching waters. Happy Oregon. Neither fire nor flood are disturbing our tranquility.

A. W. Machen has made \$18,000 on the side during his occupancy of the office of chief of the free delivery division. The only drawback to his enjoyment is that the grand jury has found a true bill against him and he may have to don a suit furnished by the government for three years.

BEST THING IN POET'S LIFE.

There have been many good things said of Richard Henry Stoddard, the aged poet, who died a few days ago in New York. He was an old-fashioned man, with old-fashioned notions of honesty and courtesy, and a nature as fine as spun gold. And the sweetest story of his life was his love for his wife. Half a century ago he married her and for 50 years he made her happy. They say that true love and real sympathy speak without words; that a man and a woman, their lives in tune, can sit hand in hand and each understand the very heart throbs of the other without one spoken word. That is true, sometimes. It means a devotion that is unselfish and holy.

When Mrs. Stoddard was dying she smiled fondly into her husband's face, touched his hand with her wan fingers and whispered, "Goodby, dear old pappy. I am going and you must take care of yourself."

He stood by her open grave with the sun shining on his grand face and told the mourners what one woman had done to completely fill the life of her husband. After that he didn't want to live.
 You are young. There are no aches in your bones, no great sadness in your heart. You can't understand how a human being can yearn for the end of material things.
 Pray that the day when the sun goes out for you may be long deferred.
 Richard Henry Stoddard survived his wife eight months and died happy in the belief that in that great mysterious somewhere he would again feel the strength of her presence, the glow of her tender affection.
 He wrote many beautiful things; he penned nothing to equal the love story of his own life.—Spokane Press.

A ROYAL HEART.

Ragged, uncouth and old and gray. A woman walked in Northern town And through the crowd as she wound her way One saw her loiter then stoop down Putting something away in her old torn gown.

"You are hiding a jewel," the watcher said, (Ah, what was her heart—had the truth been read?) "What have you stolen?" he asked again. Then the dim eyes filled with a sudden pain, And under the flickering light of the gas She showed him her gleaming: "It's broken glass." She said: "I have lifted it up frae the street, To be oot o' the road o' the bairnies' feet!"

Under the fluttering rag astrir That was a royal heart that beat! Would that the world had more like her, Smoothing the road for the bairnies' feet!
 —London Spectator.

SOCIETY WOMEN AUTHORS.

Three literary women, all of whom have made successes, in one family, is rather rare. In the history of other days the Brontes were the nearest approach to it. Today there are Mrs. John G. K. Duer, her married daughter, Mrs. Miller, who signs herself Mrs. Alice Duer Miller, and her unmarried daughter, Miss Caroline Duer.

This trio of clever women have written several novels and novelettes and some excellent short stories and essays, and there is hardly one of the popular periodicals which does not contain the name as a contributor of at least one of the three. Mrs. Clarence Mackay, who is a cousin, is beginning her literary career and is said to be at work on a novel. She has already published a species of medieval play which has signs of promise.

WORTHLESS STATE GOVERNMENTS.

When Governor Dockery of Missouri heard of the calamity at Kansas City he issued a proclamation calling upon the world for help, and then he took up a collection at the state house, amounting to \$185, for the stricken Southwestern metropolis. Governor Bailey of Kansas also issued a proclamation to the world, asking aid for Topeka and began considering a special session of the legislature.

Such a spectacle of the helplessness of state government.
 Neither the government of Missouri or Kansas was of any consequence whatever in the emergency. The same was true of the Texas government in the terrible Galveston flood. There might as well have been no state government.

The truth crowds itself upon the people that the average state government is chiefly useful to pay salaries. In emergencies the people have to help themselves.—Denver Post.
 Way down in old Kentucky, Where the smilin' sunbeams glint, They're shootin' one another When they might be pullin' mint.
 —Washington Star.
 Pay ransom to the owner And fill the bag to the brim, Who is the owner? The slave is ownere, And ever was. Pay him.—Ex.

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