East Oregonian.

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There is a poor blind Samson in the land,
Shorn of his strength and bound with bands of steel,
Who may in some grim revel raise his hand
And shake the pillars of the commonweal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies!
—Longfellow.

WHY THE PEOPLE FEAR THE TRUSTS.

Regiments of arguments for capital-trusts and labor-trusts are hurled at the people of this country, says the Post, but they continue to be suspicious, continue to listen attentively to anyone who comes forward with a plausible "remedy" for what the trust advocates say is not disease but a national development of healthy growth. What is the reason for this tenacious, not-to-be-reasoned-with popular instinct? The usual answer is "Popular ignorance." But that is as shallow as it is easy. Analysis discloses the truth, the bedrock basis for popular dread and suspicion. It is expressed in the one word: Power.

The people of this democracy know that their liberty rests upon equality, that in our social scheme no man and no group of men is permitted to rave irresponsible, unendable power. The corporation has always been sharply watched by the people because it looked like a something possessed of real power. The combination, that amazing expansion of the corporation idea, is suspected and dreaded because it is obviously a depository of genuine power—the brains and muscles and capital of thousands intrusted to one man who is in no way responsible to any one or checked by any one, so long as he earns dividends and interest, no matter how. And for obvious reasons this applies equally, will presently apply as forcefully, to the labor "combine."

"No other depositories of power than the people themselves," says Jefferson, "have ever yet been found which did not end in converting to their own profit the earnings of those committed to their charge." And this the people believe—and can't be reasoned out by plausibilities or philanthropies.

"DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED."

The above headline is seen so frequently that it should be sterotyped. A combination of man that was loaded and gun that was not in Baker City yesterday, resulted in a young lad having his leg shattered by a rifle ball.

There are two forms of carelessness for which there is literally no excuse. One of them is pointing a gun at a person in fun and the other is putting poison in a bottle where a child can reach it. Any person who under any pretense will point a gun at you is dangerous and should be promptly knocked down. As to the second form of carelessness there is little or no excuse for that either. Carbolic acid, and all other dangerous drugs should be put in some bottle utterly unlike the bottle you keep other medicines in and then it should be put out of reach and away from other medicines. A little care would save a distressingly large number of "took it by mistake" accidents.

THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS.

The automobile goes merrily on reaping its victims. It will soon be listed as one of the causes of death along with smallpox and other epidemics. The trouble is, the automobilist has no regard for the right of others. A team is frightened, runs away and kills its driver, the automobilist pays his fine and goes forth on his career of slaughter. An eastern physician who suffered several runaways from the criminal recklessness of an automobile neighbor, at last sent word that he would treat him like any other assassin, and shoot him the next time he did not slow down when he saw that his machine was going to make his team run away. Regard for mutual rights will settle the whole question.

There are a few tramps making the rounds of the residences of Pendleton putting up a hard luck story of not being able to get work. If a too generous public would refrain from being moved to sympathy by their tale of woe and abstain from giving them a hand-out, they might have to do a little work. So long as they can live without work they will do so. There is no excuse for a man hunting for work now and not being able to find it. There is a steady demand for wood choppers in the Blue mountains. Men cannot be gotten in sufficient number. Show the tramp a sawbuck or an axe and you will see a vanishing scene. Work is the one thing he is not looking for.

Pendleton, Salem and many other Oregon cities are raising the salaries of their teachers. This is a move in the right direction. Teachers earn and deserve more pay than they usually receive. Now if Pendleton will see to it that our teachers have healthful, well ventilated and commodious rooms in which to teach, it will be another forward step.

The pope is not far from his appointed time. He is very frail. Only regular habits and a very temperate and abstemious life has enabled him to reach his advanced age. He will go down into history as a good and great man.

A spike on the track might have caused loss of life instead of delay and property loss at Latourelle yesterday. Probably it was some child who placed it there without knowledge of the consequences apt to ensue.

It will be a long time before the glamour of the Tracy escape fades from the minds of the criminal element. Indiana and Montana are both having a "Tracy" hunt after desperate criminals.

"CURVES OF BEAUTY" —IN KANSAS.

How often have we shouted joyfully, "O, Kansas, thou bringest all things!" The deviltry of the tornado and the cyclone is in the Kanssas genius. Kansas is a state of quips as well as of cranks. The unexpected and the innocently mischievous, the original, flows spontaneously from Kansas lips and pens.

There was a marriage in Hutchinson the other day. The editor of the Hutchinson Herald heard the loud bassoon. Straightway he "blew off" affectionately the dual changed to singular:

"The groom was a widower and stands over six feet tall. His bride is short, not over four and one-half feet, and to her intimates she has always been known as 'Little Dilly Bow Legs.'"

So breathes the Kansas spirit of good fellowship, of neighborliness, of sympathy, fraternity and homely humor. Reminiscence shades into contrast. In four lines the artist paints the scene unforgettably. A model of style if not of congratulation.—New York Sun.

I'm glad the sky is painted blue,
And the earth is painted green,
With such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.

The East Oregonian is Eastern Oregon's representative paper, and the people appreciate it by their liberal patronage as an advertising medium of this