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- Sierras and eternal tents. Of snow that flashed o'er battlements. Of mountains! My land of the sun. Am I not true? Have I not done. All things for thine, for thee alone. O sunland, sealand, thpu mine own? From other loves and other lands. As true, perhaps, as strong of hands. Have I not turned to thee and thine. O sunland of the plain and pine. And sung thy scenes, surpassing skies. Till Europe lifted up her face. And marveled at thy matchless grace. With eager and inquiring eyes? Be my reward some little place. To pitch my tent, some tree and vine. Where I may sit above the sea. And drink the sun as drinking wine. And dream, or sing some song of thee. Or days to climb to Shasta's dome. Again, and be with gods at home. Salute my mountains—clouded Hood, Saint Helens in its sea of wood— Where sweeps the Oregon, and where. While storms are in the feathered fir. —Joaquin Miller.

CONFIDENCE IS LACKING.

Two preachers of Pendleton exchanged pulpits last Sunday morning, for the purpose of getting better acquainted with the people and to make each other's congregations know by experience that the horns were not sprouting on the Baptist nor the cloven hoof developing on the Presbyterian.

In fact, they wanted to widen their own vision and strengthen the attachments that bind them to humankind. One of the best ways to do these things is to look into the faces of new people and view the problems of the day from another man's place of vantage.

There are no guarded secrets in the preacher's business that prevent an exchange of pulpits for a Sunday morning service. They can exchange courtesies with perfect abandon, for their work is all done for humanity and not for self. There are no tricks in that trade, no skeletons in those closets, so they can exchange places and everybody concerned is bettered by the change.

But imagine two merchants exchanging courtesies of this kind to get better acquainted. Think of two barbers saying to each other: "You hold down my chair for an hour and I'll hold down yours."

Imagine two leading butchers shaking off their selfishness for an hour and suggesting that they count each other's income and take note of each other's customers for the busy period some morning.

Picture to yourself that miracle which would be wrought should two of the most pious grocers in town dare to trust each other with the key to the front door and the combination to the safe with the added privilege of knowing for a surety who are the star customers of each other and how much cash each other banks for the day.

Did you ever think of this Chinese wall of business selfishness that stands between the leading men of every community? Did you ever shudder to think of the lack of confidence, the absence of sympathy, the utter lack of companionship that marks 20th century business methods

under this stifling system of commercialism?

Every man locks his secrets from the other. Every industry secludes itself and treats every other industry as if it were a thing to be suspected. The whole system is founded on self. The whole plan is narrow and gloomy and degenerating. Mistrust, suspicion, a feeling of repulsion against your fellows, underlies the business world.

The preachers are the only men who dare trust each other, and this in rare instances. The pulpits bravely condescend to open the arms of companionship and good fellowship to each other, but the pews still hold each others at arm's length.

More freedom and confidence and plain, trusting, common sense are needed. It would make men broader, better, bigger. It would widen the vision and elevate the ideal and make this planet more like a home of thinking, trusting men, than like a haunt of hunted animals.

Get acquainted with your kind. Touch shoulders with the other fellow. Preachers can stand in each other's pulpits, see who attends the other fellow's church, count the other fellow's Sunday morning collection, and go home broader, more capable men by it.

More business men should exchange pulpits. Gloomy business secrets crowd sunshine out of too many hearts. Get together oftener. Mix more. Grow.

Those who are interested in economy in county finances and in just assessments, are invited to read the brief remarks of Judge Hartman and Assessor C. P. Strain, at the Pilot Rock democratic meeting Monday night, published in today's East Oregonian. This is a refreshing and clear cut statement of facts and figures which it will pay any taxpayer to read. The record of the county court during the past four years, under Judge Hartman's direction, is one that the people of this county may well be proud of. It will be the best of economy to continue this same policy for four years more, in order to get entirely out of debt. Judge Hartman is now in touch with the situation, has studied and planned to reduce the county indebtedness and no new man, however honest or capable, could take up his unfinished work and carry it to completion. It is a plain business question, and the taxpayers must concede the practical benefits to be derived from another term of Hartman's policy. Where dollars and cents are being hewn off the edges of the county debt as they are under Judge Hartman, is it economy to change? Is it business to institute a new administration? Read Judge Hartman's statements and remember them on election day.

Other live towns in Eastern Oregon are preparing for their agricultural fairs next fall, where the resources of the different counties will be collected and exhibited and the people will be privileged to mingle in a free, clean, enjoyable entertainment for a week, becoming better acquainted with each other and with each other's products. Owing to the lethargy of the legislature, Umatilla does not enjoy an agricultural fair district and consequently must be content with a street carnival. The members of the legislature from this county should not stop until another agricultural fair district, including Morrow and Umatilla counties, is organized, on similar lines to the Eastern Oregon district, including Baker, Union and Grant counties, with an alternating county fair each year, with state aid, to start it off. This section of the state may justly claim a share of the public benefits and amusements. The state fair at Salem never fails to get its supply of state patronage. Why not make Umatilla county a part of the state fair circuit, holding one week at Pendleton and one week at Salem, or holding the state fair at these cities alternating years? This county is in the heart of Eastern Oregon, and is entitled to such recognition.

Although H. Melmann is looked upon as a speculator and an adventurer by the people of Pendleton, yet if he can furnish cheaper light and electric power than is now enjoyed he should be welcomed, whatever his eccentric characteristics may be. There is always room for competition where there is monopoly.

The name of F. B. Holbrook has appeared as editor of the Oregon irrigator from the time it was established two months ago until after the campaign started. It is a republican paper, supporting the Morrow county republican ticket and is controlled by Mr. Holbrook, although he has a foreman and business manager in charge. Mr. Holbrook has no claim on democrats, whatever, as his paper is fighting the democrats in Morrow

The Intelligent Use of Immense Wealth

A writer in the current number of Munsey tells of Mrs. George Gould adorning herself with a million dollars worth of jewels. And this does not exhaust her display. "This is not half of her stock," he says. "She has several tiaras and collars; she has a wonderful bird of paradise set with diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires, with which on occasion she decorates her corsage, and she has 50 costly rings, of which she wears a few at a time, in varying combinations." Such a story of lavish extravagance prompts the reader to exclaim, with Artemus Ward, "this is 2 mitch."

Writers on socialism tell us that in society where one person has excess and another lacks for necessities the method of distributing is at fault, and King Lear suggests a ready remedy: "Take physic, Pomp! Expose thyself to feel as wretches feel, that thou mayst shake the superflux to them, and show the heavens more just."

Mrs. Gould is said to be a very estimable lady, devoted to her husband, careful in the training of her children, and domestic in her tastes. So my censure does not lie against her. But does not such a manifestation convict our social system of inadequacy? The first business of the state is to see that justice is done. Its professed purpose is to award fair dealing between man and man; the strong and unscrupulous members can take care of themselves, therefore protection is needed for the weaker.

But the complaint we hear on all sides is, that this is not a poor man's government. Mr. Dooley expresses the defect in our social organization very strikingly. "Congress," he says, "thinks it is sailing the ship in state; but that ship in state carries no steerage passengers. The real ship in state has gone into the domestic trade and is carrying provisions, d'ye mind?"

Social reformers do not place implicit trust in law, or expect a fair award to all from its exact enforcement. "The letter killeth," says St. Paul, "but the spirit maketh alive." And the most effective remedy from the inequality of condition and widespread suffering that results, would be found in the monetary conscience of each favored individual.

Can man or woman live in one of the modern palaces, that are now built for private residences, at the cost of millions, and not feel that he or she is constructively responsible for the wretched, unsanitary tenements in which thousands of our fellow creatures are compelled to exist? Gibbon tells us: "In the commonwealths of Athens and Rome the modest simplicity of private houses announced the equal condition of freedom, whilst the sovereignty of the people was represented in the majestic edifices designed for the public use." What lesson does this convey?

In the descending ages has starry-eyed Freedom changed her attributes? If simplicity of living among those pagan nations was an outward and visible sign of correct public rule, are we to accept heaped-up wealth, lavish display, and an equipolse of wretchedness and insufficiency as a modern and improved "condition of freedom?"

I often wonder if the nouveaux county and will very likely contribute to the defeat of the party in that county, as they have no party organ there since Mr. Holbrook's paper sacrificed the democratic principles for a chance at the land office patronage. He has no claim on irrigators of Umatilla county because he has held them aloof and refused to join their association to assist in the general development of irrigation in the state.

SIBERIAN ROAD DISTANCES.

It appears from the report of United States Consul Warner of Leipzig, Germany, who has been making a study of the trans-Siberian railway, that the loop around the southern end of Lake Baikal is by no means as nearly finished as was stated some months ago.

Mr. Warner says that only 44 miles of the line have been completed, leaving 115 miles yet to be constructed over a very difficult section of country.

Many months must elapse, according to the best authorities, before the present terminals of the road will be connected. In the meanwhile the slow ferries across the lake will be used, thus making the transportation of troops and passengers more arduous and less swift than if the route were an all-rail one.

In his report Consul Warner also gives some figures as to distances on the trans-Siberian railroad. These figures, he says, are official, and as they vary somewhat from previous reports they may make interesting reading.

The consul says that the length of the road from the Russo-Siberian frontier to Irkutsk is 2078 miles. It is 974-34 miles from Missovak, on the west shore of Lake Baikal, to the Manchurian railway. By the Chinese Eastern railway from Manchuria via Harbin to Vladivostok is 1485-93 miles.

After the loop around Lake Baikal has been finished travelers from the Siberian frontier to Vladivostok must cover a distance of 4670 miles. Through these figures an idea may be gained of Russia's troop transportation problem.

And it must be remembered that the road over which the troops travel is built of light rails and very poorly equipped with rolling stock.

Cantaloupe and fried sausage met at breakfast this year.

riches, or those who inherit fortunes from money-getting ancestors, living a life of folly and ostentation, ever bestow a serious thought on the eternal fitness of things. They cannot think it the wise ordinance of nature that they are provided with every luxury, and hired retainers to minister to every want, while the larger share of their fellow beings are denied a fair chance in the battle of life, and go to their graves the victims of defeat and disinheritance.

Bishop Potter, himself a multi-millionaire, in a recent Yale lecture, bestows sage reflection on this matter. He says:

"One of the most dangerous foes of the higher life of our modern community is the temptation to luxury. It corrupts not only the rich who yield to it, but the poor who witness it.

"An enervating character, as debauching morals, as threatening—nay, as destroying—the purity of the family and the integrity of the individual, there is no other single influence that can surpass it—if there is any that can equal it.

"The question must needs come home to every man and woman among us: 'If I have wealth, how far am I warranted in indulging this craze, in feeding this passion, whether in myself or others, or in using great expenditure in whatever form to promote the creation of a standard by which no good end is to be served, and every bad and base passion inflamed and stimulated?'"

I have entered on a large subject, but do not propose to take up much of your space. The inequality of fortune has been subject of animadversion and reproach from the dawn of recorded history, and perhaps our social arrangements can be shaped by no such perfect rule that all can share alike.

But all must agree that in this age and in this country an unfairness of distribution has gone to extremes. What shall we adopt as a remedy? The English find great relief in the law of "Limited partnership," a method whereby the employe is admitted to partial ownership, and the profits of the business are shared with him in proportion to his holding.

The substitution of co-operation for our present system of private competition would be yet more effective, as the inducement to so many dishonest resorts in business would thereby also be removed. The keenest wits have been engaged upon this problem for countless ages, but the solution has not yet been reached.

Bastiat, a noted French economist of the last century, gives us this word of hope: "The Divine Intelligence," he says, "which infused harmony into the movements of the celestial bodies, has also the power to adjust the internal mechanism of our social life." A happy resort! Statesmanship has failed, and reform societies do not make satisfactory headway. How would it do for Divine Intelligence to deal with the trusts and withhold children of tender age from textile factories North and South? And when this consummation is reached, those of us who remain upon the regenerated earth and behold the great work, will exclaim with the ancient prophet, "What hath God wrought!"

FREDERIC LOCKLEY, SR.

HUNGRY HEARTS. Some hearts go hungry through the world. And never find the love they seek; Some lips with pride and scorn are curled. To hide the pain they may not speak; They eyes may flash, the mouth may smile. The voice in giddy mirth may thrill, Yet underneath the hardened mask, The famished heart is hungering still. Some know their doom; they walk their way. With level steps and steadfast eyes, Nor strive with fate; nor weep; nor pray; While there are others not so wise, Are mocked by phantoms evermore, And, lured by seemings of delight, Go blindly on, but in their hands They hold but bitter dust and blight. We see them gaze with wistful eyes, We mark the signs on fading cheek; We hear the smothered sob of sighs, And note the griefs they do not speak. For them, no night redresses wrong, No eye with pity is impaired; O, misconstrued and suffering long! O, hearts that hunger through the world! For such life's arid desert holds No fountain shade, no date-grove fair, No gush of water, clear and cold— But sandy reaches, wide and bare. The foot may fall, the soul may faint, And weight to earth the weary frame, Yet still they make no weak complaint. They speak no word of grief or blame. O, eager eyes that gaze afar— O, arms that clasp but empty air, Not all unmarked your sorrows pass— Not all unpitied your despair! Smile, patient lips so proudly dumb— When life's frail tent at last is furled, Your glorious recompense shall come, O, hearts that hunger through the world! —Selected. You might make a visit to your poor kin fashionable by calling it "alum work."

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