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Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done.
And kept the humble way.
The rust will find the sword of fame.
The dust will hide the crown;
Aye, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.
The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common day-light sweet.
And left to heaven the rest.
—John Vance Cheney.

"CAYUSE JOURNALISM."

Under the above caption the Sunday Oregonian fires a 13-pound broadside into the anatomy of the East Oregonian, and then with fendish delight plugs up the hole with bleeding fragments.

The East Oregonian a few days ago attempted a few lines of irony in answer to the criticisms on the speech of John Sharp Williams, at the opening of the democratic convention, by the Oregonian. Everybody reading the East Oregonian's little sarcasm, except the chuckle-headed mummy of the Sunday Oregonian, understood the meaning of it and took it in the spirit of irony in which it was written.

The Sunday Oregonian deadened to all sense of humor, thickskulled as a "Guinea nigger," passive and unresponsive to the different moods of nature as a female mule, took the little editorial fling for gospel truth and seriousness and had the following spasm:

"A Pendleton paper that doesn't know much about journalism, or anything else, has this statement:

"The Oregonian says, in speaking of the speech of John Sharp Williams at the opening of the democratic national convention, that 'these long speeches are usually sent ahead by mail in time to be put in type in advance, but this one was not sent, but came, entire, by telegraph, as it was delivered.' It may be true that the long speeches in the trust-manipulated conventions of the party of the Oregonian are written by clerks and stenographers and sent to all the party bosses to be censored and criticised weeks ahead, in order to eliminate any compromising statement that might be embarrassing in a 'cut and dried program,' but such a practice does not prevail in the free and spontaneous programs of the national democracy."

"Thus the so-called East Oregonian. Now in fact many of the speeches delivered in the democratic convention came to the Oregonian by mail, in printed slips.

"It seems probable that the one by Mr. Williams wasn't ready in time to be sent so far by mail; so it was telegraphed to distant newspapers. There isn't anybody in the newspaper business except such cheap skates as the fellow at Pendleton who doesn't know that the press associations look out for and obtain copies, as far as possible, of all set speeches, in advance and send them by mail.

"We shall expect, and doubtless shall receive the letters of acceptance of Roosevelt and Parker in the same way. No wonder there are miserably poor and ignorant newspapers in the country, since a clownish stupidity is in control of them.

"Yet it could not have been supposed that there was such a stupid fool in control of a little printing material and a few sheets of paper as this fellow of the 'East Oregonian.'"

The East Oregonian is ashamed to quibble with the chattering old harpy,

but in this one instance will waste a few words.

The Sunday Oregonian very much resembles the towering old firs on Willamette Slough. It "stands high" in the air, is "doty" at the heart and its most conspicuous distinguishing mark is the venerable coat of moss that covers it and is the cause of open-mouthed wonder among all newcomers to Oregon.

Its sense of humor is about equally developed with that of the Digger squaw; it resembles a modern newspaper about as much as an Alaskan totem pole resembles a June bride; its honesty and sincerity of purpose is not equal to that of the Portland monte banks whose gold it is said to have accepted and whose degrading morals it openly supported in the recent election.

It is a pleasure for the little country dogs of journalism, basking in the sunshine of rural forgetfulness, to have their outstretched tails rudely trampled on by the iron heel of the "metropolitan press," occasionally.

As a more distinguished fool has said, "It keeps them from broodin' on bein' a dog."

PRINTER'S INK PAYS.

While it is admitted that newspaper advertising is the most expensive it is also a fact that it brings the largest returns.

The largest and most successful business houses are the largest newspaper advertisers. And there is a reason for it. Their places are busy and lively.

An advertisement in a good newspaper reaches the largest number of people, and the advertisers have to meet the demands on this line more fully. They have more inquiries for articles and prices.

As a result he must do a larger business, sell at closer margins, turn his stock over more rapidly, and keep the most up-to-date wares. Increased visitors and inquiries means larger number of buyers.

While fence advertising, or billboards produce some business, and save some money, the firm that employs these means of reaching the people does not reach so many.

As a result there are smaller sales, stock accumulates and there must be a larger margin in order to meet fixed expenses. The odds are in favor of the newspaper advertiser.

A smaller stock of goods, even in a smaller store room, can be turned over more rapidly, and made more profitable than a large stock where the same amount of newspaper space is not judiciously employed.

No Western democrat is under obligations to support Parker; Debs comes much nearer the democratic ideal than he. Parker can reasonably expect the votes of the gold democrats who elected McKinley and who, at St. Louis, last week, sounded the death knell of the democracy. A few disgruntled republicans will also vote for Parker, but he was not nominated to be elected. He was used as a tool by the trusts and the gold power to disrupt the true democratic party and make sure of the perpetuation of the graft of the money interests. The sensible, sane way out of the present mess is for the whole people to vote for Roosevelt, give him and his congress full swing, drive the delirium of imperialism and concentration of wealth and power to the farthest extreme in the shortest possible time in hopes that in the excesses of that hour the common people will get their fill of a trust government, and will then come back to the true independence which is being bartered away and absorbed by class legislation today. The concentration of wealth and power in the hands of the few, under the Roosevelt regime is preparing the country for socialism more rapidly than any other agency.

Because a foreman asked a shingle mill employe at Hoquiam to pack the bundles a little tighter, so they would not shake to pieces in shipping, about 80 shingle mill men went on a strike and tied up the entire industry in the city, stopping wages to the amount of at least \$300 per day, and demoralizing the business generally, by causing orders to be cancelled. This strike craze has just about gone the limit with thinking people, and before the labor unions know it the public will lose confidence in them, and all respect for them and they will be totally disorganized and despised by every employer in the land. A strike is a dangerous thing, in the hands of an ignorant set of men. It not only damages those directly interested, but its evil effects are keenly felt by the innocent. If this delirium of industrial tyranny does not soon reach a limit, it will drive many enterprises out of business, cause a public sentiment against all organizations and result in suffering and financial distress to those who should be in a prosperous condition, if they would "live and let live."

Some people live; others just worry along.

A RUBAIYAT OF THE STATES.

Some people seem attached to booze-less Maine
And some to California, where's no rain;
An' some again thinks Florida's th' spot,
While others clings to Kansas' wind-swept plain.

Still others sounds th' praise of New Orleans
Or Hoosierdom that wears the home-made jeans;
Some, more misguided than all the rest,
Speaks handsome of ol' Boston wih'er beans.

Their folks, I s'pose, out on th' ol' Pike road
That, livin' in Missouri, must be showed
Why they's a better place to live than that,
Though most of us believe they ort to knowed.

In Utah once I found a man that swore
He wouldn't never live back East no more;
An' even in New Mexico they's men
That's stuck on them ol' cactus-plains for shore.

Some folks, agin, in little old New York—
These dudes that can't eat pie with-out a fork—
Don't feel quite certain they's another place
Except Chicago, which is full o' pork.
I've lived in all these places, on th' square,
From Maine t' California's life-fraught air;
I'd just as leave live one place as th' rest—
Thank God there's bang-up people ev'rywhere.
—Gillian in Baltimore American.

A Library Wagon.

A library wagon to carry books to farmers is a good Wisconsin idea. The literature-laden vehicles, bearing consignments of the latest novels and of treatises on how to tell wild flowers, the bugs and beetles, rocks and fossils, and all the rest, will make their rounds much as the Yankee peddler made his in the old days. In cities and their suburbs the book lover must still go to the library or the drug store for his books; in the rural districts the books will henceforth come to the lover of them.

All attempts to keep the British army recruited to its proper quota, and also adhere to the time-honored standards of physical development, will have to be abandoned.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitter advertisement with image of a man on a horse.

J. L. Vaughn Electrician advertisement.

SSS THE BEST TONIC advertisement with large SSS logo.

In S. S. S. Nature has provided a tonic suited to every requirement of the system when in a debilitated, run-down condition. It contains no strong minerals or drugs, but is a pleasant vegetable preparation. You can find no better remedy for toning up the nerves and bringing refreshing, restful sleep.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

GAINING FAME EVERYDAY advertisement for Flynn's knives.

ELATERITE IS VINERAL RUBBER advertisement.

BECK, THE PLUMBER advertisement.

BECK, the Reliable Plumber advertisement.

Modern School of Commerce advertisement.

Shoe Repairing advertisement.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST advertisement for C. F. Colesworthy.

HARVESTERS' HEADQUARTERS advertisement for W. J. Clarke & Co.

Brock & McCoin Company DRUGGISTS advertisement.

Building Material advertisement for SASH, DOORS and WINDOWS.

REAL ESTATE advertisement.

MISS BOYD advertisement.



NOW SUMMER BLINKS ON FLOWERY BR... advertisement for Neagle's wagons.

GOOD DRY WOOD advertisement for W. C. Minnis.