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When a man is thoroughly angry, it is not reasonable to demand that he be coherent. Count Leo Tolstoy's letter to the London Times on the Russian-Japanese war is a case of wild emotions in an uproar; it is a soul on fire in the winter of discontent; it is blazing and frigid by turns; now it is wrathful, then it is piteous, again contemptuous, and yet, in anger, compassion or disdain, it is hopeful. Surely Count Tolstoy never was more intensely human than in this demand, this plea, this hopeless, hopeful exhortation that his fellow-men act, not like men at all, but like angels.— Outlook.

WORK FOR THE OPTIMIST.

To be optimistic about your state, your county, your city, or your school district is a pardonable weakness.

To see a silver lining, where the croaker sees nothing but mud, to put the best foot forward to hope for the best, speak of the bright side, live and breathe in an atmosphere of buoyancy, all these are traits that are possessed by few (principally real estate agents and preachers,) but they are traits that are worth dollars and cents to every community.

Optimism is a sort of mental "boom"—it is on the "hurrah" order, and often brings down the wrath of the world upon it, yet it is necessary. If it were not for the hopeful man, for the cheerful man, for the imaginative man, for the bubbling, sputtering, fanciful devil, with painted dreams and rosy realities, the world would be a dyspeptic sanitarium, minus even the presence of sick man's smile.

Half the progress of the world is originated in pure hot air. Half the railroads ever built were conceived and actually promoted by men with no capital but push and no genius but optimism and adventure.

From idle dreams their schemes evolved into stern realities, dividend payers for the lagging pessimists who skulked in the rear and scooped in the stock.

There is work for the optimist. There are hidden fountains of industry and commerce in every state which are only spied out by the adventurous, prying, uneasy spirit of the dreamer and the man who risks.

It is a poor optimist who cannot take a bung hole and build a barrel around it. It is a poor organizer who cannot set four location stakes on the mountain side and evolve a million-dollar proposition.

It is better to risk and not find, than to sit still and and not find. A good effort that fails is worth a thousand refusals to try. Somebody must venture. Somebody must organize. Somebody must lead.

The hopeful man who stirs up communities and awakens new life and new energy is a benefactor. In the transient gleam of his enthusiasm, somebody always stumbles onto a valuable addition to the community. It may come in the form of new enterprises, or it may come in the form of a more compact and harmonious business organization, but good always results from enthusiasm, along industrial lines.

It don't pay to be glum. The world judges you by your countenance largely.

The packing house strike now on effects 100,000 men and promises to be bitter and prolonged. It is interesting to know that the organized butchers who precipitated the strike had no grievance. The packers offered to renew the agreement with the organized trades, which expired on May 28, and which was entirely satisfactory to both sides. But the packers having no agreement with the unorganized, unskilled laborers, comprising two-

fifths of the total number of packing house employees, decided to reduce the wages of these laborers from 18 1/2 to 17 1/2 cents per hour and refused to deal with them except as individuals. The butchers and other organized trades took up the grievance of the unorganized laborers and ordered a strike in sympathy. The butchers give as a reason for their sympathetic strike the fear that the reduction of the wages of the unskilled labor meant a subsequent reduction for skilled labor and that by taking up the fight of the laborers, it would cause them to organize, and then the employees could present a solid unionized front to the beef trust. Since the strike was declared nine-tenths of the unorganized employees have joined the unions and while a few non-union negroes are working, the employees claim that there is not enough unorganized packing house labor in the country to operate the plants. So the strike simply depends on the staying qualities of the contestants, unless the state of Illinois forces the case to arbitration.

The work now being done on the Columbia bar and the jetties at the mouth of the Columbia river is of such a permanent and efficient nature that the speedy removal of that barrier seems now assured. The slow and tedious extension of the jetties farther and farther into the ocean is deflecting the sand carried down by the stream away from the bar toward the coast on the north side, and is creating a channel and a suction which promises to scour out a passage that will give 40 feet of water over the present bar where there is now but 22 feet. Portland and the entire Inland Empire are watching the progress of this work with joy. Its success means unquestioned commercial supremacy for Oregon's growing metropolis; it means completion of other river improvements, that will place the ocean within easy access from the isolated fertile empires, now locked behind the river barriers. It will be the solution of problems of more moment to the Northwest than the construction of the Panama canal will mean to the same tributary. In spite of this barrier, Portland is leaving the Puget Sound far in the rear in export trade and with the bar removed and the river opened, Portland will have no competitor for the title of the "Gateway to the Orient."

The East Oregonian's ideal of religious worship is now being carried out in Pendleton. The seven protestant churches have united in a series of union meetings, and will hold the services at the different churches on different nights. This is the true Christian spirit that, which underlies all the teachings of the Nazarene and the only one that can allow of the fullest realization of Christian ideals. There is no more need of seven different churches in any community than there is need for seven Gods in heaven. From a religious, social, economic and scriptural standpoint, union of the present scattered creeds is the only logical solution of the problem.

SOMETHING ABOUT JAPAN.

The area of the Empire of Japan is about 161,000 square miles, less than 3000 square miles larger than California. Japan proper lies between the same parallels of latitude as the Mississippi valley states.

Japan consists of the four large islands of Formosa and the Pescadores, and some 4000 small islands. The coast line is 18,000 miles long. In 1900 the population was 47,646,810, the males exceeding the females by 500,000. As the average annual increase is 500,000, the present population must be close to 50,000,000.

In 1900 there were 12,000 foreigners in Japan, of whom a quarter were American and British, and more than half Chinese. Farming is the chief occupation. The average farm is of two acres.

Lafadio Hearn says: "The vast rice crop is raised on millions of tiny farms; the silk crop in millions of small poor homes; the tea crop on countless little patches of soil." The exports of silk amount to about one-fifth the entire export trade. There are rich oil and coal fields in Northern Japan. Formosa has valuable gold mines. A greater wealth is its 1500 miles of camphor trees.

In 1902, Japanese exports were \$130,000,000; imports, \$135,000,000. More than 4000 miles of railroads. Here are the daily wages in cents, of certain occupations: Female weaver, 10; female peasant, 9.5; compositor, 17; carpenter, 27; shoemaker, 23.5; dyer, 14; coolies, 16.5. Guilds and trades unions abound. Strikes occur. More than 1000 newspapers and magazines. Japanese postal service "beats" the American. Includes, besides the American "features," parcels post, postal savings, universal free delivery.—Everybody's Magazine for August.

Thirteen hundred Japanese laborers on the Oahu Sugar Company's plantation, Island of Oahu, Hawaii Territory, have struck. The trouble arose over the failure of crops and the poverty among profit-sharing laborers, who now demand full wages for the season. Police have charge of the plantation.

SEALED ORDERS.

Now honor to the fathers who sailed the ship of state, The mighty who were humble, the simple who were great!

They fired no noisy salvos, no gaudy banners flew, But silent, sober, solemn, they turned them to the blue.

When seas were black before them and skies above were black, No hand refused its duty, no eye looked longing back.

In stress of tide or tempest, or in the deadly grip Of broadside screeching broadside, they sailed and fought the ship;

No wasted breath in boasting; when work there was to do They held their peace in patience, the only peace they knew.

But peace is hard to conquer, and harder still to hold When treasure laden galleons make skulking pirates bold.

Alone the fathers voyaged; alone they held their way; But half a world in convoy looks up to us today.

To guard them with our bulwarks when rovers swam in force; To guide them to the haven by freedom's chart and course;

To share out lot as brothers, till all the world shall know From sea to sea one people—one flag from snow to snow. —James Jeffrey Roche, in Collier's.

BRYAN NOT DEAD YET.

There are those who construe Mr. Bryan's speech in the Illinois case as a swan song, but it is far more suggestive of vitality than of approaching dissolution.

If we call it a song at all we should recognize in it the fervor of a hymn, the object of its praise being the truth and the right. But it is, more properly considered, a philippic that was evoked by an outrageous wrong. Majority rule had been prevented in the Illinois convention by rank dishonesty and an audacity and impudence which were carried into the debates at St. Louis by the "highwaymen" and "train robbers" of Mr. Bryan's denunciatory sentences. In the contrast both of cause and of persons the Nebraska shows to such great advantage that he should receive a tribute of respect, even from those who have differed from him most widely in the past upon political principles.

We believe, moreover, that his cleanliness of character, his fine moral qualities, his purity of purpose, his political zeal and his unrivalled gifts as an orator absolutely preclude the idea that he has ceased to be a force in our public life. Whether one approves of his tenets or not, one should recognize the power that is in him, and it may affect millions in the future as in the past. For the present it must be said, of course, that the leadership of his party has gone from him to other men. It may even be said that the masses of the party have decreed the change because they are tired of his silver hobby and tired of defeat. But who shall say that he may not reassert himself if conditions should beckon to him to the fore as they did in 1896. Anyone who believes that he can never again have a great popular following is a careless reader of history and of human nature.—Chicago Record-Herald.

SAVING POSTAGE.

The republican campaign managers must fear the fat-frying cannot be carried on this year so industriously and successfully as in 1896 and 1900 for already they have contrived a means to save postage.

Congress adjourned more than eight weeks ago and yet no later than a week ago the last number of the Congressional Record was issued. This number contained several speeches by republicans on campaign topics, and while they were never delivered, they were given a place in the Record by virtue of a general leave to print.

If republican members of congress can write speeches eight weeks after the adjournment of congress and have them printed in the Record, they can do so eight months afterward, and the Record can be used as a republican campaign book sent out under a government frank, postage free. The grafty old party has become extremely versatile in its methods, but, really, we hadn't expected it to become so cheap as to try to beat the poor defenseless government on postage bills.—Grand Island (Neb.) Democrat.



When the tongue is coated, appetite poor and sleep restless, you will find a few doses of the Bitters will do you a world of good. It tones up the stomach and cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Vomiting, Cramps and Liver Troubles. Try a bottle.

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WANDERLUST.

O spirit of the Wanderlust, That whispers ever, beckons yet, Be still, be still, and let me rest— Your luring paths let me forget! Your endless yearning fires my heart! (Born of a race that loves to roam.) I cannot wait and be content— You lure me, drag me from my home!

I fain would plant a vine and live A dreamer in its patient shade— I fain would grow into the soil, But still I hear your voice upraid! You whisper yet of heights untried, Of El Dorados yet untried! My heart lifts anchor and away, Where'er it hears that luring sound!

O spirit pass me by and go! Let me forget, let me repose— I'd rather be content and rest Than follow yet the sunset glow! The wild frontiers are luring on, The glistening range I long to scale, The pioneer within my heart— Is hungering for the pathless wilds That lead beyond the far frontiers— There's something tugging at my heart.

For I'm a whelp of Pioneers! It is the olden, Wanderlust That drove my grandfathers o'er the sea, That spurred the tyrant's hated touch, That framed the war cries of the free!

It smolders yet, it bursts to flame, It whispers of the haunting West— Along its luring, perilous paths The world's adventurous feet have pressed! The ties of Home, the chains of Love Are snapped as hempen strands would be, And Something, Something calls me on.

To scale the range, to pass the sea! To view and conquer farther wilds, To go beyond the outlying lines Of human conquest—where the world, Free from all narrowing law re- lines!

O spirit of the Wanderlust, Peace, peace, I pray—no more frontiers— I fain would be a Builder now, Although a whelp of Pioneers. —BERT HOFFMAN, Pendleton, Or.

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