East Oregonian.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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I am not discouraged; things will right themselves. A pendulum swings one way and then another, but the steady pull of gravitation is toward the center of the earth. Any structure must be plumb if it is to endure. So it is with nations. Wrong may seem to triumph; right may seem to be defeated; but the gravitation is upward to the throne of God. Any political institution, if it is to endure, must be plumb with the line of justice. —Last words of John P. Altgeld.

## WHOLESOME INDEPENDENCE.

"Wholesome independence" is what the New York Commercial correctly characterizes the flopping in the political ranks this year.

From an election for dog catcher in Pendleton, to the selection of a president, independence in politics is commendable. It shows individual thought and repugnance to "bossism." It shows personal interest in public affairs and selection of candidates from voluntary consideration, rather than from the crack of the leader's whip.

That so many influential men are changing from their time-worn ruts this fall, will give courage to many men in the common walks, who have been faltering between decisions.

The flopping of one man like William G. Choate, from the republican to the democratic ranks, because of a principle involved, will give courage and reason to thousands of men who are in search of a right decision.

The flopping of John S. McCall, lifelong, influential democrat to the Roosevelt rank, will mean thousands of democratic votes for Roosevelt, as a consequence.

Summing up the situation, after a long dissertation on the merits of candidates and parties, the Commercial says:

"In the present campaign no one question dominates all the rest, as was the case eight and four years ago.

"The action of influential republicans and democrats in thus severing former political ties is a wholesome sign.

"It shows the existence of a spirit of political independence that cannot fail to have a restraining and moderating effect upon both of the great political parties—particularly in the instance of men like Mr. McCall and Mr. Choate—men of affairs, who have nothing to do with machine politics and who are actuated by simple regard for the public good.

## TELL THE NEWS.

Chief of Police Hunt of Portland, will punish the patrolman who talks to the press, hereafter.

He has muzzled the force with a threat of a fine. He has put a premium on official ignorance which he hopes will keep the news from the public.

It is not the newspaper that suffers from such short-sighted decisions. The newspapers will get the stories just the same, and if the stories are garbled and deformed by insufficient official information, and reach the public in the wrong form, so much worse for the police department.

Many officials think to suppress news is to keep the people in the dark. It is worse than this. It is to make them suspicious of such officials and to lose confidence in them.

Where the police department of Portland suppresses successfully one story the newspapers will print ten, and the public will stand with the papers for an open, honest, outspoken publication of all the legitimate news.

This premium on ignorance will not be tolerated long by an intelligent, news-hungry public.

About the time some star story that effects the conduct of the department reaches the public in a most damaging and compromising form, because of the impossibility of getting proper official information, the chief of police of Portland will pay a reward for the reporter who reaches his office first in the morning, thereafter.

Legitimate official news is the property of the people. The official don't own the office. The people should know what is done.

Will Umatilla county go after that $100 prize cup, offered for the best irrigated fruit by the city of Ontario at the coming meeting of the Oregon Irrigation Association on September 19, 20 and 21, at Ontario? Will she gather some of the cream of the crop and compete for that reward or will it be captured by some community with less natural advantages, but more hunger for prizes? The stuff is here. It is now ripening on several hundred orchards in this county. The only obstacle between the Umatilla orchard and the cup is the labor and trouble of selecting the fruit, packing it properly and sending or taking it to Ontario, at the time of the irrigation meeting.

There is cause for Pendleton to be proud at the beginning of this school year. Foundations are now being laid for three of the best public school buildings in the Inland Empire. This is a standing invitation to country communities to come here for education. The two academies are prepared to teach more scholars than ever, and there is no reason why a dollar of money should go out of Umatilla county for a common education hereafter. Special education, of course, must be obtained elsewhere, but get the common education first.

It is discouraging for an energetic, public spirited man to meet with heedless lethargy among the people in any public enterprise. That impatience which President Jefferson Myers, of the state Lewis and Clark commission, has expressed in regard to the inactivity of Oregon fruit men in collecting exhibits for the St. Louis fair, is justifiable and should rebuke the state into a proper sense of its duty. With thousands of pounds of the choicest fruit that ever ripened under the sun, going to waste in many places in Oregon, it seems a shame that some of it cannot be collected for exhibit before it is too late.

A news item, to be genuine, should be backed up by some individuality, facts, figures, names or authentic details. The faked story of an electric road from this city to the Columbia river sent out to the Portland papers and used in this city also, without foundation, had none of these news features and was plainly an imagination, without parentage or authenticity. Only two remote facts are to be found in connection with the story: one is, that electricty will drive a train in that direction, if applied; the other, that the earth extends in that direction, to furnish support to a railroad track.

The perpetual motion of industry is seen in the Umatilla county wheat fields. The teams that have pulled the combined harvesters around the magnificent fields for the past month, will be unhitched from the harvester at night and hitched to the gang plows the next morning in preparing the land for another world beater next year.

If the Russian Baltic fleet will hold gunnery practice every day on its voyage to the war, it will relieve the Japanese of the task of annihilating it on its arrival in the Orient. Neither fate, fortune, good sense, nor skill seem to be with the Russians. Even numbers cannot make up for these deficiencies.

## TELEPHONE IN THE JUNGLE.

Abyssinia is being "wired." Some one thousand miles of telephone line have been put up, and as much more is being laid. The work is no joke, according to Everybody's Magazine. The rains and the poles fell. The white ants ate up a large collection of wooden poles. Then iron ones were put up, which the simple native liked so well that he took them home to use in his business. The Negus stopped this amusement by proclaiming death to the pole pilferers.

But his royal mandate cannot prevent the Bandarlog, the monkey people, from swinging in the wires or—what is much more delightful—the elephant from scratching himself against the poles. The telephone pole is a scratching post for elephants.

## BLACK AND TAN.

Miss Barbara Black, a waxen blonde,
Bemoans her visage, pale and wanned.
And strives by every plan
To compass her supreme desire,
Seen in her struggles to acquire,
A coat of richest tan.
Miss Lilly White, a "bright brunette,"
Disdains her locks of curly jet
And African descent.
True happiness she may not reach,
Because her hue will never bleach,
Say ninety-five per cent.
Now, if some scientific crack
Could bleach Miss White and tan Miss Black,
His fame would surely shine.
But, oh! suppose the learned man
Should equalize their black and tan
And lose their color line!

—Edmund Vance Cook.

## INDIAN SUMMER.

The sunlight, in a warm and mellow tide
Upon this Indian summer day descends;
Earth, sky, and all the view of waters wide
In silent and harmonious beauty blends.
Along the southward slopes, the after grass
Still shows the emerald shade of summer time;
With lingering pace a troop of zephyrs pass,
And oft repeat a verse of mystic rhyme.
The vapor ships that slowly cross the sky
Are smooth and fleecy, like the clouds of June,
And only trees that leafless meet my eye
Remind me earth has passed from Nature's noon.

—A. F. Browne.

## HOW OFFICES ARE WON.

At the close of the campaign of 1896—which was by long odds the greatest political contest ever seen in this country—Mr. Hanna rested from his arduous labors. At the last moment there came an urgent appeal from Nebraska for another allotment of funds.

"If we had fifty thousand more," telegraphed the chairman of the republican committee in that state, "we would carry Bryan's own state for McKinley." Mr. Hanna wanted to help the men who had made such a gallant struggle for the electoral vote of Bryan's home, but he did not suppose there was a dollar left in his treasury, and it was too late to get out and raise more. He was about to wire his refusal, when Secretary Heath remarked:

"If it is only lack of funds that troubles you, you need not stop, Mr. Hanna. We have more than a hundred thousand dollars on hand."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Hanna, "the campaign at an end and money still in the treasury? I never heard of such a thing. Are you sure?"

* * *

Mr. Heath produced the books to prove his statement, and the Nebraska committeemen got the $50,000 they wanted, though they were not successful in carrying the state with it.

During national campaigns, the books of the treasurer and manager are kept in a peculiar way. Instead of entering accounts by name, each account is given a number, and is thus carried throughout the campaign. The key to this legendary system is known only to two or three trusted men, and the accountants who keep the books have not the slightest knowledge of what state committee or other organization or individual stands behind the number. After the campaign is over the books are burned and all the records, except possibly some private memorandum kept by the manager, are wiped out of existence. Such a thing as the auditing of campaign expenditures was never known, and probably never will be known, so far as national campaigns are concerned. Everything is trusted to the honor of the responsible men, and I have never heard that any of the managers of a national campaign were suspected of betrayal of their trust in any way.—Walter Wellman in September Success.