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Stand out from the shadows there, Come out in the sun-way wide, No one cares for the under dog, No one cheers for the losing side. All the heads and hearts of men Bend to the shrine they call success, All the gods of fate attend, Those who do and frame their best. No one cares for the yelping cur Seeking a refuge from his kind, All to the champion now refer, None the wounds of failure bind. Stand from out the shadows there, Come out into the sun-way wide, No one cares for the under dog, No one cheers for the losing side. —Arthur G. Lewis in Blue Book.

WASTED RESOURCES.

Oregon has shamefully wasted her resources in the past and is now brought to realize the folly of her acts.

In Umatilla county alone, about 25,000 acres of school land has been sold by the state at the pitiful price of \$1.25 per acre.

Much of this land is now worth at least \$40 per acre and could be rented by the state at a great profit, had the state been wise enough to have held his priceless resource of the public schools as Washington and Idaho have done.

As it is, the school land given to the state by the national government for the perpetual support of the public schools has been parcelled out by grafting officials and corrupt legislatures to speculators and land frauds, until the people are now compelled to tax themselves excessively to support the schools.

Had Oregon saved her priceless school tracts and leased them at a fair rental she would not now have an impoverished public school fund, and the excessive taxes levied for the support of public schools would not be necessary.

The passage of a strong and well guarded inheritance tax law, as suggested by Assessor C. P. Strain of Umatilla county, the proceeds of which would go into the irreplaceable school fund of the state, is one way in which to recoup the depleted school treasury of the state.

But even this will not bring back the wasted heritage of the people. Even this will not right the irremediable wrong of the past. Even a full atonement at this late day, in the shape of an inheritance tax upon the large estates, will not wipe away the record by which the school children of the state have been robbed of their most magnificent resource—the public school land of the state.

Who is responsible for this condition? Who has been in charge of the state for the past quarter of a century? Is it not time for a square deal, in fact as well as in oratory, in Oregon?

MODEL FARM FOR UMATILLA.

That the United States government will establish an experiment station of 40 acres in extent on the East Umatilla Irrigation project is now an assured fact.

A tract will be set aside and reserved for this purpose and it will be especially prepared for the growth of every imaginable crop known to the semi-tropic and temperate zones.

Irrigation in all its various and intricate phases, soil study in all its devious and fascinating evolutions and plant life in all its wondrous diversity will be made especial studies on this reservation.

Government experts from the different departments will assist in instituting the experimental crops and this

40-acre tract will be the touchstone, the mirror, as it were, for the irrigated belt of eastern Oregon.

New and untried forage crops will be tested and their value made known for the benefit of farmers in the irrigated sections, and new methods of applying water and of securing the greatest possible results from the smallest possible amount of water, will be made special subjects of experiment and trial.

Crops will be grown under unfavorable as well as under favorable conditions, to demonstrate the capability of the arid soil and to ascertain what crops will thrive with least moisture, thus giving farmers a valuable and indispensable knowledge without the cost and discouragement which accompanies such experiments on the arid farm on which the landholder is trying to support a family.

As far as possible the government intends to encourage permanent and happy home life in all the irrigation projects. There is no provision in the national irrigation law by which the speculator is encouraged. All its tendencies are toward home-building, all its requirements develop and further the home-building ideal.

Umatilla county is particularly fortunate in having secured a government irrigation project. The project itself is valuable and important, but there will grow out of it a new and marvelous tendency, a tendency which brings a deeper love of country life, and one which will bless the county and will extend like a beneficent and refreshing breeze to all surrounding districts.

UMATILLA VS. CALIFORNIA.

Umatilla county people are returning from Los Angeles disgusted with the "winter climate" there.

They say Umatilla county beats it all to pieces for comfort and uniformity. This winter in the vicinity of Los Angeles is particularly disagreeable and overcoats are worn constantly. It has been foggy, dismal, blistering and exceedingly unpleasant, and the quota of Umatilla county people going to that place for the winter hereafter will be considerably less than formerly.

Why leave such a climate as is enjoyed in this county for one considerably worse? Why spend good cash in contracting colds, pneumonia, chills, blues, rheumatism and neuralgia in California when you can get a full supply of such ailments nearer home, if desired?

Hereafter Umatilla county people will look with suspicion upon the boasted climate of California and many of them will prepare to enjoy the winters in Pendleton and to this end will build more good homes here and surround themselves with more of the luxuries and comforts of life.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

Discussing the labor question, Elbert Hubbard says: "Men are men, and safety lies in the balance of power." That's right, says the Troy Press. Give capital or labor an unrestrained hand, and oppression would ensue; in either case, greed would obscure justice.

Where one side is organized, both must be for self-protection. And the more generous each is in recognizing the rights of the other, the better for both—a vital truth often lost sight of in the disagreements and dissensions between the two.

A wise employer takes an active interest in the welfare of his employes, and a wise employe tries to make himself as useful as possible to his employer. Where both are animated by this spirit, business flourishes and prosperity ensues. And the one who disregards it will be the greater sufferer in the long run.

It is so natural, however, for the employer to desire to pay the least possible wage, and for the employe to demand the highest possible wage, that Mr. Hubbard is quite right in saying "safety lies in the balance of power." Neither must have the chance to do his worst, even if the disposition exists.

HER CAPTAIN.

I left her in the palace grounds Surrounded by a conquered race— Whose tongues were keener than their swords, Whose love went not beyond her face.

She did not bid me go or stay, I met the guard below the gate, And with her name behind my lips Rode out to meet a kinder fate.

They brought me back at set of sun, Uphorne upon a couch of spears, And laid me at her careless feet— I heard her laughter change to tears.

I saw her stoop and touch the blade That held her honor still so bright; While through the door of Death my soul Went singing out beyond the night. Lloyd Roberts in Everybody's Magazine for February.

POLITICAL ETHICS IN THE LAND OF GHARGAROO.

While in Ghargaroo (said the Returned Traveler) I heard much of the great statesman and philosopher, Juptka-Getch, who was accounted the wisest person in the realm and was held in so high esteem that none dared speak to him without permission of the sovereign. Having obtained this through the happy accident of having a wart on the left side of my nose, as had a cousin of the prime minister, I went humbly to the great man's dwelling, which to my astonishment I found to be an unfurnished cave in the side of a mountain. Inexpressibly surprised to observe that a favorite of the sovereign and the people was so meanly housed, I ventured, after my salutation, to ask how this could be. Regarding me with an indulgent smile, the venerable man, who was about 250 years old, and entirely bald, explained.

"In one of our sacred books, of which we have 3000," said he, "it is written, 'Golooloo ek wakwah betenka,' and in another, 'Jebek uq seodroy im aboltraqu oerux ti smelkit.'"

Translated, these mean respectively, "The poor are blessed," and "Heaven is not easily entered by those who are rich."

I asked Juptka-Getch if his countrymen really gave to these texts a practical application in the affairs of life.

"Why, surely," he replied, "you cannot think us such fools as to disregard the teachings of our gods! That would be madness. I cannot imagine a people so mentally and morally depraved as that! Can you?" Observing me blushing and stammering, he inquired the cause of my embarrassment. "The thought of so incredible a thing confuses me," I managed to reply. "But tell me if in your piety and wisdom you really stripped yourself of all your property in order to obey the gods and get the benefit of indulgence."

"I did not have to do so," he replied with a smile; "my king attended to that. When he wishes to distinguish one of his subjects by a mark of his favor, he impoverishes him to such a degree as will attest the exact measure of the royal approbation. I am proud to say that he took from me all that I had."

"But, pardon me," I said; "how does it occur that among a people which regards poverty as the greatest earthly good all are not poor? I observe here as in my own country, 'prosperity' is as much wealth and 'prosperity' as in my own country."

Juptka-Getch folded his legs across the back of his neck (an attitude which in Ghargaroo signifies profound reflection) and after a few moments answered: "The only person in this country that owns anything is the king; in the service of his people he afflicts himself with that burden. All property, of whatsoever kind, is his, to do with as he will. He divides it among his subjects in the ratio of their demerit, as determined by the waguks—local officers—whose duty it is to know personally everyone in their jurisdiction. To the most despicable and irreclaimable criminals is allotted the greatest wealth, which is taken from them, little by little, as they show signs of reformation."

"But what," said I, "is to prevent the wicked from becoming poor at any time? How can the king and his officers keep the unworthy suffering the punishment and peril of wealth, from giving it away?"

"To whom, for example?" replied the illustrious man, taking the great toe of his right foot in his mouth, as is the fashion in Ghargaroo when awaiting an important communication. The respectful formality of the posture imperfectly concealed the irony of the question, but I was not to be flattered.

"One might convert one's property into money," I persisted, "and throw the money into the sea."

Juptka-Getch released the toe and gravely answered: "Every person in Ghargaroo is compelled by law to keep minute accounts of his income and expenditures, and must swear to them. There is an annual appraisal of the waguks, and any needless decrease in the value of an estate is punished by skinning the offender's legs. Expenditures for luxuries and high living are, of course, approved, for it is universally known among us, and attested by many popular proverbs, that the pleasures of the rich are vain and disappointing."

"So they are considered a part of the punishment, and not only allowed but required. A man sentenced to wealth who lives frugally, indulging in only rational and inexpensive delights, has his ears cut off for the first offense, and for the second is compelled to pass six months in court, participating in all the gaieties of the capital."

"Most illustrious of mortals," I said, turning a somersault—the Ghargarese manner of interrupting a discourse—"I am as the dust upon your beard, but in my own country I am esteemed no fool, and right humbly do I perceive that you are excoptur nemk puttoq peleemy."

This expression translated, literally, "giving me a fill," a phrase without meaning in our tongue, but in Ghargarese appearing to imply incredulity.

"The gaities of the king's court," I continued, "must be expensive. The courtiers of the sovereign's entourage, the great officers of the realm—surely they are not condemned to wealth, like common criminals!"

"My son," said Juptka-Getch, tearing out a handful of his beard to signify his tranquillity under accusation, "your doubt of my veracity is noted with satisfaction, but it is not permitted to you to impeach my sovereign's infallible knowledge of character. His courtiers, the great officers of the realm, as you truly name them, are the richest men in the country because he knows them to be the greatest rascals. After each annual reapportionment of the national wealth he settles all the unallotted surplus upon them."

Prostrating myself before the em-

Royal Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

Makes the finest, lightest, best flavored biscuit, hot-breads, cake and pastry.

Royal Baking Powder is of highest quality, always pure, wholesome, uniform. The contents of each can are exactly like every other, and will retain their strength and freshness regardless of climate or season.

Remember that Royal is a pure, cream of tartar baking powder, absolutely free from alum or phosphatic acid.

Alum and Alum-phosphate powders are injurious Do Not Use Them

rection—and, as they come into full bloom on or about Easter, the whole desert, far as the eye can reach, seems like one vast cathedral, arched with turquoise, floored with emerald and gayly garbed in giant Easter lilies. The largest and showiest blossom of them all grows on a short, stocky stem, which, during the summer, does not seem to have life enough to produce the magnificent, waxy flowers, which are often as much as five inches across. Other plants than cacti are scarce in Death Valley, but two species of mesquite grow from one end of the valley to the other, both blooming profusely and adding their quota of odor to the air. When they seed, the beans are gathered by the Plutes and ground up for flour. All in all, there are doubtless hundreds of acres of cacti in this one part

of the California desert, and its beauty when in bloom is something indescribable, especially when seen in the midst of mile on mile of barren sand flats.—Kansas City Star.

RAILWAY WHEELS. Did you ever notice that the wheels of a locomotive engine are beveled? The reason for this is that in rounding a curve the outer rail is, of course a little longer than the inner one. The difference is very little, but it would be enough to make an engine "skid" unless it were reckoned for. In the beveled wheel the higher part, with its greater circumference, is forced against the outer rail by the very tendency of the engine to drive straight ahead, and with the other wheel the smaller circumference rests on the rail, thus overcoming the difference in the lengths of the lines.

Mother's Friend advertisement with image of a woman and child. Text: Send for Book about "Motherhood." Are you to become a mother? If so, do you realize the great amount of suffering that most women are obliged to undergo, the pain they have to bear? If you could do anything to relieve that pain would you not do it? You are a sensible woman, and of course you would—then read carefully every word. Mother's Friend is a liniment so potent that it will greatly lessen the suffering of any case of labor, no matter how difficult. With this liniment, Motherhood is a beautiful dream; without it, a nightmare. No more suffering, no more needless cares, but one peaceful ideal motherhood is yours if you will but open your eyes. For external use, safe to administer, and wonderful in results. A word to the wise: "Mother's Friend." All druggists sell it at \$1.00 per bottle. We send our book, "Motherhood," free, if you ask for it. BRADFIELD FLEETWOOD CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Electric Lights advertisement with image of a light bulb. Text: Electric Lights. They are the best. They require no oil. They are the cheapest. They give plenty of light. They require no cleaning. They are always ready for use. Northwestern Gas & Electric Co. CORNER COURT AND GARDEN ST

Your Best Girl advertisement with image of a woman. Text: Your Best Girl can tell you when your laundry is right. She will notice it if it is not done up well wicker than you are likely to. If you want to make your best appearance always before your best girl you should have your work done at the Domestic Laundry, because here everything is done carefully, and your shirts, collars and cuffs are always right. Send your address on a postal; the wagon will call. ROBINSON'S DOMESTIC LAUNDRY

Byers' Best Flour advertisement with image of a flour sack. Text: Byers' Best Flour. Is made from the choicest wheat that grows. Good bread is assured when BYERS' BEST FLOUR is used. Bran, Shorts, Steam Rolled Barley always on hand. PENDLETON ROLLER MILLS W. S. BYERS, Proprietor.