



AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. Published every afternoon (except Sunday), at Pendleton, Oregon, by the EAST OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily, one year, by mail, \$5.00; Daily, six months, by mail, 2.50; Daily, three months, by mail, 1.25; Daily, one month, by mail, .50; Weekly, one year, by mail, 1.50; Weekly, six months, by mail, .75; Weekly, four months, by mail, .50; Semi-Weekly, one year, by mail, 1.50; Semi-Weekly, six months, by mail, .75; Semi-Weekly, four months, by mail, .50.

Member Scripps-McRae News Association. Chicago Bureau, 809 Security Building, Washington, D. C. Bureau, 501 Fourteenth Street, N. W.

Telephone Main 1. Entered at Pendleton Postoffice as second-class matter.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS: Copy for advertising matter to appear in the East Oregonian must be in by 4:45 p. m. of the preceding day; copy for Monday's paper must be in by 4:45 p. m. of the preceding Saturday.



Aye, the world is a better old world today! And a great, good mother this earth of ours; Her white tomorrows are a white stairway To lead us up to the star-lit flowers— The spiral tomorrows, that one by one, We climb and we climb in the face of the sun! —Joquin Miller.

PLOWING UP FORTUNES.

The startling story has been sent out to the world that farmers in the vicinity of Helix and Athena are plowing up fortunes on their land.

Well, it is so. And it is done by deep plowing, too. The shallow plowing farmer is still scratching a poor man's back. A fortune lies deeper under the surface than two or three inches.

It is the man who isn't afraid to plow seven, eight, nine inches deep who has struck it rich. The two and three-inch fellows will always be compelled to work hard to make a living and their land will never yield its capacity.

Umatilla county has had a hot weather test this season which has sorely tried the farming methods in use in the county. Farming, you know, is a science, just as medicine, law, chemistry, electrical engineering.

This year has brought out the fact that the farmers who have studied farming and who have put to use the result of their study, are reaping the reward due them. The crops grown on seven and eight-inch plowing, and on well cultivated land, this year are yielding from eight to 15 per cent more wheat per acre than those grown on three and four-inch plowing.

The fields are located side by side and there is no difference in the character of the soil. It is all of Umatilla's best. The only cause of the difference in the yield is in the method of working the land. The farmer who cultivates and plows deep gets the large yield every time. The farmer who skims off the surface gets a much smaller yield, and has foul land in many instances.

There is no theory about it any longer. It has been demonstrated time and time again that work pays and that shirking is unprofitable.

It is a lesson worthy of note. It means increased wheat yields, growing bank accounts, more certain crops regardless of weather conditions.

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.

The announcement of the consolidation of the Publishers' Press association and the Scripps-McRae association into one gigantic news gathering concern, of which the East Oregonian is a member, is an evidence of the growth of sane and modern journalism.

For years the Associated Press has held a monopoly of the news service of the country; it has suppressed news that didn't suit it, and manufactured news that advanced its interests and shielded the guilty corporations of which it was chief.

The people have shown their preference for independent and fearless newspapers by patronizing the papers

which have been engaged in building up such a service. The new association gives news strictly, unbiased and unprejudiced news, just as it happens and manufactures nothing to prejudice the public mind.

The consolidation means that the East Oregonian will be able to secure an increased telegraphic service. Such a service will be taken as rapidly as it becomes available. The paper will give its readers the benefit of every new feature that comes within its reach.

THE MASSES ARE HONEST.

From the number of exposures being made regarding American institutions, such as the ice trust, the Standard Oil company, the insurance graft, railroad rebates, meat fraud, etc., the outside world has jumped to the conclusion that Americans are dishonest.

They take it that if a few of the many institutions are shown to have pursued the almighty dollar along lines that are not strictly in accord with the accepted idea of dealing fairly with consumers; that if some of the corporations have resorted to bribery of officials; that if the back stairs method of dealing with favored customers, and other modes of obtaining business and money are used by large firms the people generally are dishonest.

From the corporations' actions they deduce that the people themselves are dishonest in tolerating such practices. This idea is also held by a considerable number of Americans.

Now, if the nation is dishonest, then why all the exposures? If the practices of these selfsame corporations meet with approval from the public, then why the remonstrances that are being voiced throughout the country?

These disclosures, while they hurt and make mankind feel ashamed of itself, are according to optimists, but the commencement of better times; times when the people will come into their own and business get back to conditions where there is no graft, and where one man is treated as fairly as another.

It all comes down to the conclusion that the American people are honest at heart, that they want fair play and will get it even if some of the old-established institutions are wrecked.

While many of the citizens of this great commonwealth share in the belief with the foreign people regarding the matter, the majority are firm in their faith that everything will work out satisfactorily at the end, and honesty in business will prevail.

THE SALVATION OF WORK.

Hary Thaw's mother ruined her son when she changed the will of the boy's father. The latter left the spendthrift \$2500 a year. Mrs. Thaw changed it to \$80,000 a year.

It was a case of too much mothering. She put a handicap on the son's life, cheated him out of his chance.

Young Thaw never had the satisfaction nor the experience of earning an honest dollar. He never knew the keen joy of work. The exultation of the youth who turns from a woodbox filled or a lawn mowed—a job well completed—never came to him. He was denied the opportunity of labor with his hands or the working out of an idea with his head. The natural enthusiasm of application was a stranger to his life.

The curse of idleness was upon him. For idleness is a curse. The dictum that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow is not a curse but a blessing. Work is the universal law of nature. It is the normal, sane business of man.

What could be expected of a young man who had more money than he knew how to spend and who made diversion his only purpose? There's a limit to having a good time.

When you get so far natural pleasures pall and if the human has no occupation the craving for new emotions begins to pull on the appetite. Self-restraint is overborne. Life is warped. Tastes are vitiated. Existence is artificial and false.

There is one cure for a thousand ills—useful labor. No man can live in a sane existence without some healthy occupation. We are built that way.

The wisdom that is divine made us for a task. To refuse the task is to

go to war with that wisdom. Work and purity and sanity are a logical trinity.

IN HIS OWN LINE.

Jim Jackson was brought before a western judge charged with chicken stealing. After the evidence was all in, the justice, with a perplexed look, said:

"But I do not understand, Jackson, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owner's window and there were two vicious dogs in the yard?"

"Hit wouldn't do yer bit o' good, judge, for me to 'splain how I kitched dem chickens, for you couldn't do hit yerself of yer tried it foity times, an' yer might git yer hide full er lead. De bes' way fer yer to do, judge, is jes ter buy yo' chickens in de market, same ez odder folks does, and when yer wants ter commit any rascality do hit on de bench, whar yo' is at home."—Ex.

AMERICAN SUPERIORITY.

An Englishman who was entertaining his American cousin was continually annoyed by being reminded of the superiority of things American. A number of attempts to show young Jonathan something that distanced American progress all resulted unsatisfactorily, and the Englishman in desperation escorted the cousin to Mount Vesuvius.

"Well," exultingly exclaimed the Englishman, "you haven't anything like that in America."

"Well—no," replied the American as he watched the outpouring of smoke and molten lava, "but we have a little Niagara Falls over there that would put the whole thing out in a minute."—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE OLD PLACES.

Say, how would you like to go with me To a place where I know the fields stretch green And there's naught of strife and toiling?

And how would you like to forget the noise And these haunted city faces, And bury them deep in the dreams we'd have In the good old boy-time places?

Say, how would you like to go with me To the willow's friendly cover, Down to the river where, long ago, The plover used to hover?

And how would you like to wander again As we did with sun-burned faces, And bare, brown feet and ragged clothes In the good old boy-time places?

Say, how would you like to go with me In the romp and rove and heedless life We knew in our school vacations? And how would it be to find the pond, The one where the old mill-race is, And dive in its waters, cool and deep— One of those boy-time places? —Will F. Griffin.

LOVE KNOWS NO COLOR LINE.

Miss Pearl Sailing of Winfield, Kan., was married Saturday in Chicago to Joseph Bartholmew, an Indian. After the wedding the two went to Milwaukee, where the United States Indian band, in which Bartholmew is a cornet soloist, is playing. The marriage came after a courtship carried on in Lawrence, Kan., where Miss Sailing was a student in the University of Kansas and her Indian sweetheart attended the Haskell Institute for Indians. The match did not meet with the approval of Miss Sailing's father, and he closed his doors to the aborigine. The lovers refused to be balked, however, and Miss Sailing met Bartholmew in Chicago, where the ceremony was performed. Bartholmew is a half-breed Chippewa Indian.

RULES FOR HOT WEATHER.

KEEP COOL. Drink no liquids. Eat nothing. Avoid work. Sleep in a cool place. Don't worry; your wife can do that. KEEP COOL. Live on board your yacht as much as possible. Pay no bills. Don't try to stop an electric fan with your fingers. If you feel faint, faint. Always sit in a strong breeze from the ocean. Use iced gasoline in your automobile. KEEP COOL. —San Francisco Examiner.

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

We summoned not the Silent Guest, And no man spake his name; By lips unseen our cup was pressed, And 'mid the merry song and jest, The Uninvited came. Wise were they in the days of old, Who gave the Stranger place; And when the joyous catch was troiled, And toasts were quaffed and tales were told, They looked him in the face. God save us from the skeleton Who sitteth at the feast! God rest the manly spirit gone, Who sat beside the silent one, And dreading him the least. —James J. Roche.

The supreme court of appeal at Berlin has ruled that less majesty can be committed by criticizing the ancestors of a living monarch. The decision was in the case of an editor, sentenced to six months in prison for writing disrespectfully of the king of Saxony's ancestors.

THE HIGH TIDE OF GETTYSBURG.

The following stirring poem, written by Will Henry Thompson, of Seattle, father of Chester H. Thompson, the youthful murderer of Judge Emory, was first published in the Century Magazine in July, 1887, and has been reprinted many times since:

A cloud possessed the hollow field, The gathering battle's smoky shield, Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed, And through the clouds some horse-men dashed. As from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee Moved out that matchless infantry, With Pickett leading grandly down, To rush against the roaring crown Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns A cry across the tumult runs— The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods And Chancellorsville's solitudes, The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew Against the front of Pettigrew! A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed Like that infernal flame that fringed The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led; A thousand died where Garnett bled, In blinding flame and strangling smoke The remnant through the batteries broke And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!" Virginia cried to Tennessee; "We two together, come what may, Shall stand upon these works today!" (The reddest day in history.)

But who shall break the guards that wait Before the awful face of Fate? The altered standards of the South Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth, And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set His breast against the bayonet; In vain Virginia charged and raged, A victim in her wrath, uncaged, Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed, Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost Receding through the battle-cloud And heard above the ferocest loud The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace They leaped to Rains's red embrace, They only heard Fame's thunder wake, An saw the dazzling sun-burst break In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand And bade the sun in heaven to stand; They smote and fell, who set the bars Against the progress of the stars And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come On through the fight's delirium! They smote and stood, who held the hope Of nations on that slippery slope, Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will That clutched and held that trembling hill.

God lives and reigns! He built and lent The heights for Freedom's battlement, Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns! Love rules, Her gentler purpose runs, A loving mother turns in tears The pages of her battle years, Lamenting all her fallen sons.

ESCAPED DEATH BY SINGING.

Mrs. John Underwood, of New York, who has been camping with her husband in the Black Hills, avers that she owes her life to songs, which saved her from a mountain lion which attacked her last week. The animal leaped on the woman, knocked her down and stood with his forefeet on her breast. Mrs. Underwood screamed, but suddenly remembered that ferocious beasts sometimes are tamed by music, and began to sing. As long as she sang the animal stood harmless, but as soon as she ceased it growled and appeared as if about to kill her. All night long she kept up her song and Wednesday morning, when she was almost overcome by exhaustion, she was found by her husband with the lion standing over her. Mr. Underwood shot the animal.—Kansas City Star.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP PAYS.

The benefits of municipal ownership are well set forth in the following dispatch from Monroe, Iowa: "In choosing motormen for what is believed to be the first municipally owned and built street railway in the west, the street railway of Monroe, Mayor Forsythe said the first test for fitness for the position will be a total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors.

"I am not a prohibitionist," said the mayor, "but it is essential that men occupying these responsible positions should be sober, sane and strictly reliable." It is expected that the railway will be in operation in a short time.

"A remarkable feature is the fact that the road's construction has not directly cost the taxpayers a cent, all expenses being defrayed by the revenues from the city's water works, electric light plant and other municipally owned public utilities."

Lorenzo J. Dame has been sentenced to 18 months in the penitentiary at Portland, for polygamy.

"Spruce Up" Your Home FURNITURE. You have only one home and you should take great pride in it. When you furnish it, buy only the best furniture and you will never regret it. A few home helpers: Alxminster, Brussels and wool art squares and rugs, new patterns, just received. \$2.00 to \$25.00. Folding beds and new sanitary, vermin-proof, davenport and cot, fine for summer. \$6.00 to \$40.00. The famous jewel ranges, all sizes and prices; also the winner and St. Clair stoves and ranges. \$30.00 to \$50.00. Lewis Hunter. The House Furnisher. Near St. George Hotel.

Bingham Springs THE POPULAR BLUE MOUNTAIN RESORT. Bingham Springs Hotel, beautifully located in the heart of the Blue mountains. The Umatilla river flows past the hotel, making an ideal place for the lover of trout fishing. On all sides rise the tree-clad mountains, making Bingham Springs one of the coolest and most restful resorts in Oregon. The Hotel maintains its own herd of cows, furnishing an abundance of milk and cream for its guests. Our garden furnishes an abundance of fresh vegetables for the table. We spare no pains to add to the comfort or pleasure of our guests. Our swimming pool is one of our most popular features. Rates, \$2.00 and \$2.50 a day. \$15.00 a week for one, or \$25.00 for two. Table board, \$8.00 a week to campers. Camping privileges \$1.50 each per week. This includes all privileges of the grounds, including the use of the swimming pool. Address, M. E. FOLEY, Bingham Springs, Gibbon Postoffice, Oregon.

FOR ALL BUILDING PURPOSES. Oregon Lumber Yard. NEAR COURT HOUSE. Phone Main 8. Pendleton, Oregon.

Change of Business. C. E. BOWLSBY, HAS PURCHASED THE BUSINESS OF J. HARDWICK, PAWNBROKER AND MONEY LOANER. He would like to have all his friends call and see him in the Bowman building, 119 Railroad street. Musical instruments, bicycles, guns and all kinds of second-hand instruments bought and sold. Diamonds a specialty. Money loaned on all articles of value. C. E. BOWLSBY.

Byers' Best Flour. Is made from the choicest wheat that grows. Good bread is secured with BYERS' BEST FLOUR is used. Bran, Shorts, Steam Rolled Barley always on hand. PENDLETON ROLLER MILLS. W. S. BYERS, Proprietor.

Put Wings to Your Work. An electric motor will do more and better work than any other power that you can use. The economy of its use is a demonstrated fact. If you want good, quick work at a minimum of cost you want an electric motor. We will be pleased to give you our prices and to furnish complete estimate to suit your needs. Northwestern Gas and Electric Co. CORNER COURT AND GARDEN ST.

Mrs. Sawtelle's Turkish Bath Parlors. BOTH LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ATTENDED. TURKISH BATHS, ELECTRIC BATHS, MASSAGE COMPLETE, SALT GLOW, FOMENTAION, Scientific Chiropractic attendance. LADIES' HOURS—8:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m., with lady attendant. GENTS' HOURS—6:30 p. m. to 7 a. m., with gentleman attendant. COVER DOMESTIC LAUNDRY. PARLOR PHONE RED 3802. RESIDENCE PHONE RED 2102.

Frank B. Clopton & Co. Represent the following companies: London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co. North British & Mercantile Insurance Co. Royal Insurance Co. New York Underwriters' Agency Alliance Assurance Co.

Summer Reading. If you are thinking of going to the mountains or to the coast to escape the heat, you will want some light reading matter. We have a complete line of paper covered books, all the leading magazines, and the best of popular books of fiction. We also have the TABARD INN LIBRARY. Ask us about it. FRAZIER'S BOOK STORE.