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THE HELPLESS RAILROADS.

Howard Elliott, president of the Northern Pacific, in a little pamphlet entitled "The Railroads and the People," has pictured the utter helplessness of the railroads in the present industrial growth of the country.

He says that the northwest has simply developed so fast and produced so much business that it has been impossible for the railroads to keep pace. He says it is not the desire of the companies to have cars standing idle on side tracks. There is no money in that for the railroads. They desire to keep loaded cars moving, more than any one else, for that is their chief source of income.

The country has enjoyed a surprising and phenomenal progress and it has come upon the railroads so suddenly, so unexpectedly that factories, machine shops and mines are unable to turn out building material and finished cars and engines fast enough to keep the vast tides of traffic moving.

Mr. Elliott is partly right. The past 10 years have been dynamic, pregnant years, filled with surging life and vitality. The hot life blood of industry has awakened such a volume of moving and uncontrollable forces that the ordinary channels are far and away inadequate to meet the pressing demands.

Flour mills, sawmills, factories and other industries have been "swamped" with orders which they could not possibly fill. The country's growth has outrun every industry. Even the breweries are working overtime.

In a sense the railroads are helpless. And yet they might have anticipated the remarkable growth that has been enjoyed. Judging from past experiences, they might have prepared in a measure, for the rush.

But neither railroad commissions, general superintendents, courts nor people can create freight cars and engines, faster than the factories are now turning them out.

IT'S PART OF AN EDUCATION.

Prof. J. S. Landers, city superintendent of Pendleton public schools, the able corps of teachers and the several hundred school children who took part in the school entertainments given this week, are to be congratulated upon the success of the events.

It's all a part of education.

Not only is "The Pixies" entertaining, fascinating from a dramatic standpoint, but its presentation offers children an opportunity to appear in public, to gain and hold self-control, to practice a rare art which gives grace and dignity to speech and actions and which is a vital part of every thorough education.

At least twice each school year, such entertainments should be given. While it costs endless patience and labor, yet the results are gratifying. It is safe to say that more good is accomplished in the time given to rehearsing these performances than would be accomplished in drilling in routine lessons.

The very diversity gives life to pupils.

THAW AND THE ALIENISTS.

In the critical and analytical searching of the alienists employed in the Thaw case, to discover whether the mind of Harry Thaw is unbalanced, and if so, how much so, make up a rather entertaining yet farcical phase of the trial.

Thaw's mind will admit of no very far-reaching investigation—there is not enough of it. Alienists are practically wasting their time on Thaw, from a scientific standpoint—but perhaps not from a financial point of view. They can afford to fill up the papers with hypothetical questions, scientific terms, technical phrases, startling forms of medical jargon with which to alarm the public and give rise to "learned" discussions.

But Harry Thaw's case is not unlike that of Macbeth, who asked his physician, after the murder:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet, oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

SENATOR FULTON'S MISTAKE.

In a whirl of angry oratory in the United States senate this week, Senator Fulton whitewashed the timber and stone land act and unloaded all the odium of western land frauds upon the shoulders of the forestry department and the forestry policy of the government.

Senator Fulton forgets that the somewhat radical actions of the forestry service in including large sections of mining, grazing and semi-agricultural lands in forest reserves, was hastened by the robbery of the timbered areas of the public domain through the timber and stone act.

The creation of reserves on broad lines, was made imperative by the rapid disappearance of the timber of the country and by the rapacious accumulation of priceless land by corporations.

Mr. Fulton forgets that the brazen frauds of the land sharks who used the timber and stone act as a vehicle for their friends, made the somewhat harsh measures of the forestry department necessary in sheer self protection.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF PROGRESS.

The tides of humanity move in mysterious directions and through mysterious influences.

The man who has lived in the far interior of Oregon for years looks forward to the time when he can move to Pilot Rock to educate his children. The man who has lived for years in Pilot Rock or Hellix, feels the thrill of aspiration tingling in his veins and moves to Pendleton. The man who has made a fortune in Pendleton feels the fascination of larger life tugging at his heart, and moves to Portland.

The compensating process goes on indefinitely.

From circle to circle men advance in the scale of human affairs. From sphere to sphere they move onward, following the indefinable longing of their hearts, answering the call of their nature, responding to the whispers of a widening activity.

These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.

HOPE.

What does it mean that sage and savage, saint and sinner believe in immortality; that from the broad altar of humanity the flame of hope ascends to the "Great Unknown?" When the first mother stood with weeping eyes over an open grave and her tears fell upon the pallid features of her love, when forget-me-nots were planted upon the sod and woeful sighs were lost in the stillness of the cemetery, when the first human mind

searched the midnight sky and the child's quest reached beyond the limits of time, then sprung up in the virgin soil of the soul, the grand and indelible conviction that man was "not born to die," but created for infinitude.

Shall I say that this longing in the sanctuary of my bosom has no meaning? Is the eye created for the light, the ear for the sound, the migratory bird for a brighter shore and the yearning soul for nothing? If nature all around us answers the sigh of

struggling creatures, will she not listen to the inborn whisper that murmurs in the deep of the heart? If there is an Intelligent Force controlling the universe which has made me and kindled within me the spirit of hope, is it reasonable to think that this cry will not be heard and this belief remain unsatisfied?

Theories have their day. Philosophies change. Creeds crumble. Yet the heart has reasons which logic cannot sound.—Rev. Andreas Hard.

LOVES JOAQUIN MILLER.

That California loves Joaquin Miller is shown by the following from the February Sunset:

Joaquin Miller is home again at his eyrie on the Oakland hills—"The Heights." That's the way he spells it, carefully omitting the "e." He has been in Washington, D. C., for over six months but that conventional city with all its charm at last palled on the great apostle of "The Sun-down Sea" and "The White Sierra" and he is again among the rocks and alfalfa and eucalyptus trees of his hillside home. His friends are everywhere, but an army of them are here, and they welcome his return. Other poets are here, but friends all, and they greet the man who wrote "Columbus" and "Niagara" and honor him as a master. Stoddard is here and Robertson and Army and Sterling and Ina Coolbrith, and a host of others who sing because it's in the California air, but there's only one Miller and his fame is as sure as the sun.

TIRED OF THE PHILIPPINES.

The American Farmer says of the Philippine question:

They are howling at Washington for more army and navy, more money to fortify the Pacific coast to cut off imaginary enemies and more for fortifications in the blessed Philippines.

The best thing to do with these islands is to give them away to the first man who comes along with a "yaller dog" he wants to swap. Then bring home the army that has been engaged in killing savages and dying itself of diseased livers, discharge it into the productive industries and hereafter keeping a standing army of not over 20,000 men. That's enough to guard forts and police the country.

If we should have a real war the people may be depended on to volunteer to fight it and quit after the trouble is over. Give the money saved from all these retrenchments to agricultural experiment stations and farm colleges where it will do some good.

ONE VIEW OF JORDAN.

David Starr Jordan is an able man. But in California he does not stand as the only oasis of ability in a vast desert of incompetency. He is, within his limitations, a learned man. But all learning in California does not abide with him, nor will all learning in California perish when he dies. In the selection of several colleges in this state are men before whose depth and profundity in knowledge the learning of David Starr Jordan becomes but that of a wader in the shallows. These men do not talk as much as Jordan talks. The general public knows them not. They are modest and retiring, but the lamp of their wisdom shines with a steady glow before which Jordan must pale his ineffectual candle.—Sacramento Bee.

THE PILOT.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For the' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

CONCEALED HIS TROUBLES.

"An old negro who had been doing odd jobs at an institution in a large city," said Champ Clark of Missouri, to a circle of his colleagues, recently, "for some unknown reason disappeared for a number of weeks. One day another old darkey came in his place and the matron asked the cause of the absence of the former employe. 'His wife am sick,' was the answer. 'Wife?' queried the matron. 'Why, I didn't know he had a wife.' 'Yas'm, he's got a wife, but the reason you nevah heah him say nuffin about it is he doan' talk very much about his troubles.'"

Tehuantepec Railway.

The new railroad recently opened for traffic across the isthmus of Tehuantepec is expected to prove of great importance to the world's commerce. For the time being the new route will be directly available for the transportation of American domestic traffic only, the first steamship connections being those provided by the American-Hawaiian Steamer company. Under a freight contract, which the steamship company signed in 1906, and particulars of which were given by Special Agent Pepper a year ago, about 300,000 tons of sugar will be shipped annually from Honolulu via Tehuantepec to New York, Philadelphia and New Orleans. The distance from New York to Honolulu via Tehuantepec is 5699 nautical miles, while the distance via Panama is 6688 miles.

Ministerial duties do not prevent Rev. Joel H. Metcalf of Taunton, Mass., from pursuing astronomical investigations. His study of the stars has resulted in the discovery of a new comet which is now being closely observed by astronomers throughout the world. It has been named Metcalf's comet.

THE VALUE OF PERSONAL KNOWLEDGE

Personal knowledge is the winning factor in the culminating contests of this competitive age and when of ample character it places its fortunate possessor in the front ranks of **The Well Informed of the World.**

A vast fund of personal knowledge is really essential to the achievement of the highest excellence in any field of human effort.

A Knowledge of Forms, Knowledge of Functions and Knowledge of Products are all of the utmost value and in questions of life and health when a true and wholesome remedy is desired it should be remembered that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., is an ethical product which has met with the approval of the most eminent physicians and gives universal satisfaction, because it is a remedy of **Known Quality, Known Excellence and Known Component Parts** and has won the valuable patronage of millions of the Well Informed of the world, who know of their own personal knowledge and from actual use that it is the first and best of family laxatives, for which no extravagant or unreasonable claims are made.

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MONEY IN DEMAND.

Never in the history of Wall street have the big corporations of the country resorted to short-term note issues, for the purpose of raising cash for improvements, as now. Fully \$150,000,000 of notes have been issued or offered for sale since December 1, with more to come. In addition there have been many equipment trust issues and extensions of maturing bonds, the latter transaction differing only nominally from issuing notes of short-term bonds.

These conditions have been brought about through the prevalence of abnormally high money rates and the general overstocking of the securities markets with issues of a permanent character. Then, too, the situation has been amplified by the great prosperity of the country, which is stripping the financial means of the country. Investors also have come to look upon the present tendency of legislative bodies to pass laws regarded as detrimental to great dividend earnings, on the part of railroads and industrial combinations.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad leads all the interests in note issuing by putting out paper to the amount of \$26,000,000, although the American Telephone & Telegraph company and the New York Central railroad were close behind with issues of \$25,000,000 each. The Lake Shore put out \$15,000,000; the Southern railway \$15,000,000; and the Michigan Central \$10,000,000, with many others for smaller amounts. Recourses to note issues promises to be a popular method of raising funds for railroads during the current year.

WOMEN OUTLIVE MEN.

Once more woman has demonstrated her superior vitality, to the discomfort of mere man. Of the centenarians who died in the United Kingdom during last year 42 were women and only a paltry 16 were men; in 1905 the numbers were 36 and 22 respectively, and in 1904 41 and 22. During the last 10 years the women who died after completing 100 years, at least, of life exceeded the male centenarians by 327 to 177—an advantage of nearly 85 per cent.

Tested by length of life woman can equally claim the superiority. Bridget Danahar, who died last March in Limerick, was said to be 112 years old; Mary O'Hara, another daughter of Erin, was only two years younger, and Mrs. Sarah Egan of King's county was credited with 107 years, while Bridget Somers, who ended her days in Sligo workhouse in March, 1904, had reached the ripe old age of 114. So healthy is Ireland that it is said she has at present more than 500 centenarians, while England, Scotland and Wales can only muster 192 among them.—Westminster Gazette.

A LAY SERMON.

Were I to preach a sermon
In simple, homely terms
Adapted to the culture
And growth of knowledge germs,
I'd say, with chastened spirit:
"Just do the best you can,
You may not be a poet
But you can be a man."

If I were bid to tell you
How best to reach the top,
I'd say with no misgiving:
"Go step by step—nor stop
To grouch, or look behind you.
Just do the best you know;
You may not be a genius,
But you can grow, and grow."
—Denby Morrison.

CALUMNY.

Column and column, lifted high,
Raised my temple into the sky;
Column and column, shaken low,
Lie where charn-of grasses blow;
Column and column shattered lie,
And between the stones the vipers go.
—James F. Richardson, in the March Everybody's.

The nobility of the United Kingdom numbers 750.

There was once a sculptor named Phidias, whose statues were perfectly hideous. He made Aphrodite Without any nightie, And thus shocked the ultra-fastidious. —Boston Globe.

A Word About PIANOS

Look over the list of the well known pianos handled by the GREAT HOUSE OF SHERMAN, CLAY & CO., and see how many other pianos made in the United States are cheap at any price. Read the list carefully: Steinway, Knabe, A. B. Chase, Hardman, Everett, Emerson, Ludwig, Estey, Vose, Packard, Fischer, Kingsbery, Haller, Stoe and a large number of others, and when it is known that these little houses cannot buy these pianos at any price and that they are sold all over the United States at ONE PRICE, freight added, you will know you can't make a mistake in selecting one handled by the house of Sherman, Clay & Co., buying, as they do, three times as many instruments as all the other houses on the coast combined, they get the lowest price that a good piano can be made for. Sherman, Clay & Co., the one price house. Special sale this month only.

JESSE FAILING,
Pendleton, Oregon.

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