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As one who when a new-found landscape flings Its wealth of promise open to the eyes, Pauses with one glad impulse of surprise, And listens to the song of joy that rings Through all the country, while his own heart sings In gladness with it—then Fares onward where the untried future lies. Careless of what the long, long journey brings: So I with you beside me stretch my arms In dauntless courage toward the life to be. Gone are the idle fears, the vague alarms That marked the path behind me; in your hand I place my own and open-eyed and free, I journey with you toward the promised land. —Mary Page Greenleaf, in Sunset.

THE FIRE DRILL.

Every public school in the country should practice regularly the fire drill. While it is too late to get scared after a horror comes, and may seem fickle to take up a serious matter of this kind simply because an accident has happened, yet the Cleveland horror in which 175 school children were burned to death, should stimulate every school district in the country to take precaution.

It requires but a few moments to practice the fire drill and it should be done daily. The state should enforce the rule rigidly for while educating children the state is under obligation to give them adequate protection.

Not a week should pass in the public schools without a fire drill. The teachers and children should be thoroughly familiar with it and superintendents and boards should see that this is not overlooked.

The life of one little scholar is worth ten thousand times more than all the time that may be thus consumed in a century.

IT'S TIME TO FIGHT ANARCHY.

The two recent anarchistic outrages, the murder of the Denver priest and the attempt on the life of Chicago's chief of police, and the recurrence of bomb explosions in eastern cities, have finally roused the people of this country to the extreme danger and menace that the spread of anarchy has brought, says the Spokane Chronicle.

All have heard of anarchy, and realized that anarchists are "undesirable citizens," but nearly all have been indifferent, not realizing that their laws, lives and institutions are already seriously menaced.

Now, however, the people are being awakened, and efficient action should follow. The police, the country over, will now war on all anarchists. Added to that the Catholic church will exert its tremendous influence against the spread of the doctrines of anarchy. The danger in which religion stands was exemplified by the Denver murder, and the unreasoning hate of anarchists for the officers of the law was clearly shown Monday in Chicago.

Seeking murderers who work in the dark, who shoot, kill and wreck without warning, without even the excuse of personal enmity for their victims, have no place in this country, or anywhere in the world.

ARE YOU USING YOUR BRAIN?

Herbert J. Haggood in a series of short sermons for busy people, makes use of some convincing facts and clinches some points with fine mental skill. One of his sermons is as follows:

Are you making use of every one of

the 600,000,000 cells in your brain? Or are most of them plugged up with stupid laziness? Each one of these cells represents a unit of work, just as each cell in the honey-comb means a certain amount of labor for the bee. The bee-hive cells are filled with honey and the cells of your brain are filled with protoplasm.

This protoplasm may be dead, useless stuff, or it may be the active, wide-awake kind. Is the protoplasm in your brain dead or alive? If most of it is dead, then wake it up. Stimulate it with some good old-fashioned hard-headed thinking. Don't be afraid to think hard. If you are not required to think constantly in your present position, get a job where you will have to use all your brains.

The average weight for the human brain is 300 grams. The monkey's brain weighs 150 grams. If you are using only half your brains, then you are no better off than the monkey, and who wants to be a monkey? When you accept a position with a concern you are selling your brains—all of them. Be fair in the matter. Be fair with your employer and be fair with yourself. Give him all you have. Let the convolutions in your gray matter grow deeper. Get the benefit of every one of the 600,000,000 cells.

Don't be a monkey, but use all your brains.

A SCHOOL BLUNDER.

The Oregonian of March 4 in discussing the relative merits and demerits of the University of Oregon and the Oregon Agricultural college, brings out some pertinent facts which are worthy of consideration and thought.

While there cannot be too much education nor too many good educational institutions, yet the questions suggested by the Oregonian are timely and highly essential to a thorough understanding of Oregon's higher educational standards. The editorial is as follows:

It cannot be denied that C. S. Hulm, of Newberg, lays his finger on a real weakness in our educational system when he speaks of the duplication of courses at Eugene and Corvallis.

It is, beyond all question, an educational calamity that the university and the agricultural college are not united in one institution instead of being established in different cities and existing more or less in the capacity of rivals both covering to a certain extent the same ground.

It is also regrettable that this weakness is beyond remedy. The problem of uniting the two institutions is now hopelessly insoluble, and the same can be said of the duplication of courses. Eugene ought not to drop the technical and general scientific courses, for without them her literary work would become sterile. We live in a scientific age and the college which fails to teach the sciences dooms itself to intellectual impotence.

On the other hand, Corvallis must continue to offer instruction in the more essential literary branches, since it would be wrong to deprive the students of a well-rounded education. They wish to pursue technical courses, but they do not wish to become narrow in mind and spirit. The fact is that the colleges at Eugene and Corvallis are compelled by the very nature of a college to duplicate each other's work. This is one of the penalties which the people of Oregon must pay for permitting their educational interests to be managed by politicians in the past instead of by experts who had the general welfare at heart; and it would be a sorry remedy for the inconvenience to blight the future of the university by cutting off its resources.

While we have a university let us support it with becoming liberality. If we desire to join the group of semi-barbarous states which do not maintain universities, that is another matter. The genuine remedy for the duplication of courses at Eugene and Corvallis is, of course, to repair the original blunder which separated the institutions. This looks harsh and radical, but in the long run it would save expense to the state while it would enable the people to concentrate their support upon one strong and progressive college instead of two struggling ones mutually jealous of each other's prosperity. We do not believe the farmers as a class will vote against the appropriation for the State University. They will sustain the institution, though with a pretty general feeling that something is wrong with the system that compels them to pay taxes for two colleges where one would do better work.

Portland dispatched 22 cargoes of wheat, flour and lumber to China, Japan, Europe, Australia and South America during the short month of February, says the Oregonian. There are now in port under charter to load outward with wheat, flour and lum-

ber, 21 vessels, with half a dozen others fully due. The January fleet carried Oregon staples of a value of approximately \$3,000,000. The value of the February cargoes was about \$2,400,000, and March figures will be about the same as those for February. Exclusive of the coastwise business, Portland exporters have cleared an average of \$100,000 worth of the three staples mentioned, every business day since November 1. These figures account in no small degree for the elimination of the financial stringency, so far as Portland and Oregon are concerned.

After Bishop Paddock comes to Pendleton and looks over this rich and prosperous district, views the promise of this country, recognizes the accessibility of Pendleton from all parts of his immense diocese, and meets the splendid citizenship of this city and county, there will be no doubt about the location of his home. This city is the geographical center of his diocese. It is most accessible from all parts of eastern Oregon, has unequalled train and mail service and the eastern Oregon diocese is directly tributary to this city.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth.

The tang and odor of the primal things—

The rectitude and patience of the rocks;

The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;

The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;

The pity of the snow that hides all scars;

The loving kindness of the wayside well;

The tolerance and equity of light That gives as freely to the shrinking weed

As to the great oak, flaring to the wind—

To the grove's low hill as to the motherborn

That shoulders out the sky.

—And so he came—

From prairie cabin up to Capital, One fair ideal led our chieftain on, For evermore he burned to do his deed

With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.

He built the rail pile as he built the state,

Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,

The conscience of him testing every stroke,

To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the captain with the mighty heart;

And when the step of earthquake shook the house,

Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,

He held the ridge pole up and spiked again

The rafters of the home. He held his place—

Held the long purpose like a growing tree—

Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.

And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down

As when a kingly cedar, green with boughs,

Goes down with a great shout upon the hills.

—Edwin Markham.

WASHINGTON'S DISCOVERY.

"There is a great temptation, when a man gets on his feet to speak to a crowd, to state a thing a little stronger than it is," said Booker T. Washington recently. "It seems to me it's harder to tell the truth to a number of people than to one man."

Mr. Washington is right—when one has a large and attentively sympathetic audience, he is liable to stretch the truth—just a little—for the effect of feeling that he is able to sway people. Maybe that is the reason that so many of the promises heard just before election are often unkept.—Spokane Chronicle.

ROVER'S SONG.

I shall leave them all behind me, all the tinsel and the glare, And the songs that lured and led me to the paths I dreamed so fair: I shall bid goodbye to pathways that were tempting to my feet, And give welcome to the meadows and the clover blossoms sweet.

I shall hear the woodthrush calling, and at morn the joyful note Of the lark—shall drink for mirth that comes from every feathered throat.

I shall go the road I wandered when I dreamed in twilight gloam, And I wonder if they'll know me when they see me coming home?

I am going, staff and bundle, to the winding, backward track— I shall wend again the road beyond the town that leads me back To the fields of blossomed sweetness— where the flags of purple hue, And the willows, graceful, bending, in the quiet bayou grew.

There shall be no songs to call me, songs that once were luring sweet, When I saw my last goodbye and homeward turn my weary feet, No sea, no sky shall lure me, there shall be no thirst to roam— And I wonder if they'll know me when they see me coming home? —Will F. Griffin.

TO GROW SPINELESS CACTUS.

Every farmer in the arid districts of southern Idaho will watch with much interest the experiment shortly to be made by Dr. C. A. Hoover, su-

Advertisement for ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Features a large illustration of a bunch of grapes and a can of the product. Text includes: 'Absolutely Pure', 'From Grapes, the most healthful of fruits, comes the chief ingredient of ROYAL BAKING POWDER', 'The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar', and 'Costs a little more than the injurious alum or phosphate of lime powders, but with Royal you are sure of pure, healthful food.'

perintendent in charge of the state asylum for the insane, who has purchased enough cuttings of the much-advertised spineless cactus to plant 10 acres of sand hills on the asylum farm.

If this wonderful plant, which has been given to the world by Wizard Burbank, does half it is claimed to do it will solve suddenly the problem of dry land farming. There are hundreds of thousands of acres of arid land in Idaho so located as to be impossible of irrigation. This land is largely used now as a range.

If it can be converted into fields of the Burbank cactus it will be able to support a hundred times more sheep and cattle than it does now. Therefore, the experiment to be made by Dr. Hoover at the asylum farm will be of utmost interest to the state.—Pocatello Tribune.

THE HALL OF FAME.

Representative Kahn, of California, Bartholdt, of Missouri, and Kustermann, of Wisconsin, were born in Germany.

John S. Mosby, the famous Confederate guerrilla captain, is in the employ of the department of justice in Washington.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, is one of President Roosevelt's close friends and advisers.

Senator William Alden Smith, of Michigan, owns a newspaper in Grand Rapids. It is the same as he sold on the streets when he was a boy.

William T. Vernon, register of the treasury, whose name appears on all United States paper money, is a negro, and so were his predecessors for many years.

Judge Richard A. Ballinger, of Seattle, who resigned as commissioner of the general land office at Washington, after a year of hard work, was hailed as a recruit to the Tennis Cabinet, but he never qualified. He couldn't learn the game.—Saturday Evening Post.

"PANTS" AND "TROUSERS."

Everybody talks well when he talks in the way he likes, the way he can't help the way he never thinks of; the rest is effort and pretense. The man who says "trousers" because he likes to say it and the man who says "pants" because he likes to say it are both good fellows with whom a frank soul could fraternize, but the man who says "trousers" when he wants to say "pants" is a craven and a truckler, equally hateful to honest culture and wholesome ignorance.—Atlantic Monthly.

Andrew Carnegie has sent a gift of gratitude to Mrs. Henry Sanger Snow, whose husband deserted her, taking her fortune. Her father assisted Carnegie many years ago. The gift was a check for \$25,000.

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Advertisement for Rexall Cold Breaker and Grippe Cure. Text includes: 'Rexall Cold Breaker and Grippe Cure', 'Do it in four hours', 'Guaranteed by The Pendleton Drug Co.', 'REXALL STORE'.



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