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"VINCENT QUI SE VINCENT."

It is not liberty to give loose
rein
To each and every idle hour's
desire;
To cause another endless world
of pain;
True liberty is born of some-
thing higher.
Our rights include the duty
that we bear
To all our fellows. When 'tis
fully known
And heeded nobly with most
thoughtful care,
Then liberty we call with
truth our own.
—Selected.

EASTERN OREGON MOSSBACKS.

In the past it has been the fond custom for those who live this side of the Cascade mountains to consider themselves as the hustling, up-to-date element of the state. On the other hand, they have regarded the people of the Willamette valley as a slow-going moss-covered race, too sleepy to keep the grass from growing up in the streets.

But returning home from the state fair yesterday, Dr. S. W. McClure declared that if there are now any "mossbacks" in Oregon they are in the eastern part of the state. This is a statement that sounds new and doubtless some will resent it. But would it not be well to consider it seriously before denouncing it. The best friends of a community, as well as of an individual, are those who are ready to aid in correcting a fault as well as to praise a virtue. If Dr. McClure has found that eastern Oregon is becoming backward compared with the rest of the state, he has done a friendly thing in telling us about it. Eastern Oregon people should find it out before anyone else does.

In a talk before the Commercial association several months ago, Dr. McClure, who is head of the bureau of animal industry in the northwest, sounded a different key from the rest of the speakers. He said that eastern Oregon in its conceit considers itself as a great stock country and he then showed that while the country may be great, yet the methods of the stockmen are such that there is now not enough stock in eastern Oregon to keep a packing plant going half the time. If such a plant were established in the northwest much of the raw material would have to be brought here from the middle states. Ohio, though much smaller in area, has more and better sheep than Oregon. Perhaps this is why the doctor regards eastern Oregon people as inclined towards mossbackism.

The East Oregonian is proud of this portion of the state and of the people who dwell therein. But it believes there is much truth in the statement made by the government man. If Umatilla county shepherds now raise 3,600,000 pounds of wool when by the right methods they could raise 5,000,000 pounds they are mossbacks. If the farmers now raise a crop of wheat only every other year when by proper methods they could raise annual crops they are slow. It matters not how much money they may be making now and how many autos they have.

The truth of the whole matter is that eastern Oregon is now beyond the pioneer, sod-breaking stage and new methods are in order. The question is whether the farmers and stockmen intend to wait until necessity and the process of evolution force them into these methods or will they adopt them at once?

INSURANCE IN GERMANY.

"The idea that the German associations for insuring workmen are managed by bureaucrats sitting in heavily upholstered and red-tape-embroidered offices in Berlin is com-

pletely wrong," says William Hard, in the October number of Everybody's. "All that the government does under the German system is this (and here is the gist of the whole compulsory insurance idea):

"The government takes each industry and each trade in the empire and says to the people who own it:

"You must form an accident insurance association which will include all the employees in your industry and in your trade. And you must pay compensation to all your injured workmen according to a fixed scale. We won't stop to try to divide the blame for accidents between you and your workmen. We will assume for practical purposes that you weren't trying to commit murder and that they weren't trying to commit suicide. We will assume that accidents are accidents. And we will make each trade bear the burden of its own accidents. We will make each trade add the cost of its burned-out eye-sockets to the cost of its burned-out coal mines in computing the market price of its product. So you must form your accident insurance association in your industry and in your trade, and you must pay your injured workmen the compensation fixed by law. But that's where we stop. Everything else rests with you. Go ahead and elect your own officers and fix your own details to suit yourselves. Invent your own safety devices. Adopt your own shop rules. Employ your own factory inspectors. Engage your own doctors. Build your own hospitals. Do all, or none, of these things, as you please. Profit by your own wisdom and your own humanity in preventing accidents and incurring their consequences. Lose money by your own inefficiency and your own cruelty in letting accidents happen and in neglecting injured workmen. All that we insist upon is that your trade shall carry its own load of the wounded and the slain. This is not bureaucracy. This is not paternalism. It is trade responsibility. It is trade self-government."

WHY NOT CHANGE IT?

Judge Bean declared yesterday in his charge to the grand jury that to allow a law to become a dead letter is to take the first step towards anarchy. But there is one law that has always been a dead letter in Oregon, and that is the Puritanical Sunday closing law. This law as it reads forbids practically everything excepting undertaking establishments and police stations from being open on the Sabbath. It is not enforced because it is too rigid and the people don't want it enforced.

But it is a bad thing to have a law of this kind on the statute books. It furnishes a pretext for those who would violate other laws. Every now and then an effort is made to have the law enforced, but always for an ulterior purpose. District Attorney Cameron of Portland, has just announced that the law must be obeyed to the letter and if his orders are carried out Portland people will be unable to buy cigars or ice cream on Sunday. Cameron is accused of playing politics and of having taken his action at the instance of the saloonmen who are required to stay closed under a different statute.

But if the legislature would change the Sunday closing law so as to make it what the people of Oregon really want, there would be no further trouble on this score. The coming legislature should draft a new law and include in its title a statement that it is a measure to prohibit anarchy.

Have you noticed the levee since it was extended down to the island opposite the ball park? The west end of town need fear the river no longer and when the flood gate is installed at the end of the Byers mill race, Pendleton people can sleep in peace when the river rises.

Perhaps the fact that W. F. Matlock, a Pendleton man, is president of the state fair board, has something to do with the success of the state fair this year. All the glory should not go to the webfooters.

Zia Bey, the Turkish secret service monster who has been forced to flee from the sultan's domain, says he is coming to Oregon. If wise, he will wait until after the grand jury adjourns.

New electrical power plants are now projected for every corner of Umatilla county. When the juice is turned on from all of these even the rimrock hills will come to life.

Pilot Rock citizens are to come to the district fair by a special train. They are wide awake people out there on Birch creek.

CUTE SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

A little girl's mother attended a number of card parties, leaving the child at home with the nurse. On one such occasion the child's attention was attracted by the plaintive cries of

a young calf. Running to the window she exclaimed, "Poor little calf; has your mamma gone to the card party and left you, too?"

Henry, aged 3, was left alone with his 3-months-old brother. His mother, hearing the baby cry, returned to find out what had happened. "Oh," said Henry, "I choked him a little, but I asked him to 'scuse me."

Through a certain town electric cars had begun operation, using the third rail system instead of a trolley. The teacher of a primary class in a Sabbath school of this town tried to impress the little ones of the power of Jesus, and was astonished to hear one little fellow say, "Jesus can do anything. He could walk on the third rail and it would not hurt him."

Laura was playing on the porch with her dolls, but was greatly distressed by the song of a locust in a tree near by. Running to the tree she called, impatiently, "Ring off, bird."

Rachel, who was 4 years old, was admiring her baby brother, who was 3 months old before his father returned from a trip abroad. Looking up at her mother, she said, "Mamma, won't papa be sorry he isn't any relation to this baby?"—The Delineator.

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S PROGRESS.

Pinero Jones he wrote a play—
"Twas called, I think, "The Stellar Way."

Here horrors multiplied by threes
And held the Classic Unities.
The scene was laid in ancient Tyre;
'Twas filled with togas, idols, ire,
Where Jove and Jones contrived their worst—
('Twas shown to Julia Marlowe first.)

Pinero Jones had small success
In pleasing Marlowe's pensive face,
And so he changed "The Stellar Way"
Into a modern parlor play.
He added English tweeds, divorce,
A dash of romance, tea, remorse,
Put in a scene that mildly gripped—
And showed John Drew the manuscript.

When this came back Jones wasn't
sad,
He changed the name to "Ulster's Lad,"
And English landlord, mortgaged
farm.

Dudeens, colleens, and "local charm,"
Love, romance, knockdowns, county
fairs,
Some sentimental Irish airs—
And soon the drama seemed so fit
That Chauncey Olcott smiled on it.

The thing came back, of course, and
then
Up took P. Jones his ready pen.
The blarney was revised to guff
Or horsey flavor, rather tough;
A Chorus Girl of self-respect
With a little Sister to protect
So Jones pranged a new locale
And took the script to Rosa Stahl.

What need in detail to relate
The flight of Jones with fickle fate?
At last, in brief, a music play
Came out in name "The Milk White Way!"

Sans wit, sans lines, sans plot, sans
sense;
The billboards had it, "Hit Immense!"
And Jones today, beyond the seas,
Lives like a king—on royalties.

Immortal Moral that I teach!
The Mortal who the Stars could reach
Should daily less with Sophocles
Than modern bards who write with
ease.
The kind of Art that cannot fail
Is art upon a sliding scale,
Which, though it miss the gods aloof,
May please the Gardens on the Roof.
—Wallace Irvin in Collier's.

THE SCHOOL BELL.

There's the school bell! Listen—Gee!
How I wish I was a man,
Big as teacher, only she—
Huh! I guess she never can!
But, if I was grown up, My!
You just bet I'd not be struck
'Round a schoolhouse. No, sir, I—
There's the school bell. Shoot the
luck!

No stree! When I get old,
I will have an office force.
And I'll earn just lots of gold,
And be married, too, of course.
Every day I'll go to work
Like my Dad, and some day, well—
You'll just see, I'll never shrink—
Shoot the luck. There goes the bell!

Once Dad said: "Young man, if I
Could trade places for a day—"
And it ended in a sigh;
Now, what did he mean to say?
Would he like to change with me—
Was it that he meant to tell?
I don't see how that can be,
He's a—Cracky! There's the bell!

Behn! a man—Gee! Maybe it
Isn't easy like it seems,
Maybe things would not just fit
Like they do in what boys dream.
So, I guess I'll hurry down
And (now don't you ever tell)
Get that seat near Mary Brown
If it—there! I hear the bell!
—New York World.

THE PORTER.

He's a blackish yellow fellow
With a kinky, woolly head,
Who can size you up, and does it,
Ere he fixes up your bed—
The porter.

If you look like ready money,
He will "Yes, sah!" you to death.
And he'll ko-tow, ko-tow, ko-tow
Till he's almost out of breath—
The porter.

If he thinks you're wise and traveled,
He will treat you like a king,
Though the meek and heavy laden
They are made to feel his sting—
The porter.

But the greatest fun that's going
Is to see his face expand
As he jumps to do the bidding
Of a voice from Suwanee land!
The porter.

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age. It is the advertising medium of this section.