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LOVE'S WAY.
Oh, I could sing of love, and sing again,
Fashion a wonder-word love's way to prove,
Attune my lyre to love's potential strain,
Who knew not love!
Now I would sing, would sing of love and fire,
It is the day of days. But I am dumb,
Yea, helpless I beseech a vacant lyre,
For love is come.
—Agnes Lee.

WHAT THE FAIR SHOWS.
For the third time the gates of the district fair were swung open this afternoon and a week of pleasant, profitable entertainment is now in store for the people of Umatilla and Morrow counties.

In every particular the fair is better this year than ever before and the management is to be congratulated upon the success of their work.
But the fair should be better than in the past because the district has advanced. When the third district was organized four years ago the Umatilla Central had scarcely been thought of and the east Umatilla reclamation project was but a dream. The Umatilla river and other streams of the county were being used for fishing purposes only and the idea of an interurban electric line would have been chimerical.

Now all is changed. The Pilot Rock country which was then only a stock region, has been aroused from its sleep by the whistle of the branch line locomotive, and as a result Pilot Rock now has a fruit exhibit that rivals that from Milton and Freewater.
In the Echo country four years ago the principal hope was in a jack rabbit cannery. The land of the west end was worthless. But the breath of life has entered the arid section through the irrigation ditches and the desert is being converted into alfalfa fields, orchards and vineyards.
These are but some of the changes that have taken place in this county during the past few years and they mark the beginning of a new period in the history of the county—the era of development. The fact that a transformation is now on may be plainly seen at the district fair pavilion, and to the East Oregonian this is the finest thing in connection with the fair.

THE CAUSE IS EVERYTHING.

War to be successful must be morally right and the nation that takes the field against a foe should first make sure that the hearts of its people will be in the struggle.
This is a fact that was known of old, but has been somewhat overlooked in this age of powerful armaments. Before the war with Japan the Russians believe the armies of the czar would be invincible because they were strong in numbers and equipment.
But General Kurapatkin, who commanded the Russian forces in Manchuria, now knows where his army was weak. In his expose of the Russian army, now appearing in McClure's magazine, he has the following to say of the moral element in the war:

The recent contest in Manchuria was a popular war for the Japanese, but not for us. The Korean question, and the question of naval supremacy on the waters of the Pacific, involved vital Japanese interests, and the immense importance of these interests was so clearly understood and so fully appreciated by the Japanese people that the war for their protection was a national war. Japanese soldiers, deeply conscious of the bearing that their exploits might have on the future of the country, fought with a self-sacrificing devotion and a sub-

berness that we had never seen in any war in which we had previously been engaged. Sometimes, in villages that we had taken by assault, a handful of Japanese soldiers would barricade themselves in native houses and die there rather than retreat or surrender. Japanese officers who fell in to our hands—even wounded officers—generally committed suicide.
Military history shows that, in all wars, the antagonist who is strongest morally wins the victory.

SAGEBRUSH FOR ROADS.

Ranchers of a practical turn of mind in the vicinity of Pasco have discovered a use for the generous growth of sagebrush in that vicinity, says the Spokesman-Review. They are using it to make roads of, and it is proving of great benefit during the season of wheat hauling.

Following a dry, hot summer, the roads were full of dust and the heavy, grain-loaded wagons cut deep into the highways and made hauling difficult. The usual remedy, straw, was too scarce to be wasted upon the roads. No other road material appeared at hand, until some bright farmer be-thought himself of the despised sagebrush.

The bushes are grubbed up, roots and all, and thrown into the highway—and the road building is complete. After that it is simply a question of time until the grain wagons grind the sagebrush and dust into a firm, though springy, mass, and the road will stay in good condition during the hauling season. Should a spot wear thin, repairs are easy. It is simply a case of pulling up a few bushes and throwing them into the road.

How the sagebrush would work under rainy conditions it is impossible to say, as the fall has been as dry as the summer. The success has been so marked this fall, however, that it is probable the use of straw, in that section of the grain belt at least, is a thing of the past.

LEGITIMATE RACING.

At the Pacific national show held in Portland last week was given another exemplification of the fact that races may be conducted successfully without pool selling.

During the week tens of thousands of people gathered at the Country club track and watched some of the best harness races ever seen in the west. Respectable people of all classes were there, but the touts and bookmakers who graced the old track in former days were not to be seen. The character of the crowd was improved 100 per cent.

Then the races were pulled off on program time. The people in the grand stand were not required to sit for hours while the pool-sellers did their work below. And there was little or no suspicion of jobbery whereas in former days the crowd never expected to see a race won upon its merits.

The American people love horses and they love good racing. It is a legitimate sport if conducted properly. But the only way to make it real sport is to cut out the pool selling and the natural crookedness that attends races where open gambling is allowed.

Eugene people are proud of their new depot and they have a right to be. Though they have but one railroad they were able to secure a new station, while Pendleton has been unable to do so with four lines running into the city. But every town has its day.

A Umatilla wheat ranch has just been sold for \$15 an acre. This is a big county and it has all kinds of land for all kinds of investors.

The fair will be open every afternoon and every evening.

"ARISTOCRATIC" ANIMALS.

Speaking of names and titles as long as fish poles and twice as hard to spell, there are none of the titled and pedigreed noblemen who come over here after our hand painted chor-uch girls and beauties with papas so rich they don't know what to do with it, who are more than duce high alongside some of the pedigrees now assembling in South St. Joseph, says the St. Joseph Gazette. The richest

baby boy or girl in the land does not get more solicited care than do the calves and young stock taken out on these show circuits. They get their baths and have their toilets made as regularly as morning comes around. Their food is as carefully prepared as that for patients in hospitals and night finds them tucked away in a clean bed with an attendant always within call. They live better than half the human family.

WALLS OF CORN.

Smiling and beautiful, heaven's dome
Bends softly over our prairie home.

But the wide, wide lands that stretch-
ed away
Before my eyes in the days of May;

The rolling prairie's billowy swell,
Breezy uplands and timbered dell;

Stately mansion and but forlorn—
All are hidden by walls of corn.

All the wide world is narrowed down
To walls of corn, now sere and brown.

What do they hold—these walls of
corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of
morn.

No sentinels guard these walls of corn
Never is sounded the warder's horn;

Yet the pillars are hung with gleam-
ing gold,
Left all unbarred, though thieves are
bold.

Clothes and food for the toiling poor;
Wealth to keep at the rich man's door.

Meat for the healthy, and balm for
him
Who moans and tosses in chamber
dim;

Shoes for the barefooted, pearls to
twine
In the scented tresses of ladies fine;

Things of use for the lowly cot,
Where (bless the corn!) want cometh
not;

Luxuries rare for the mansion grand,
Gifts of a rich and fertile land.

All these things, and so many more,
It would fill a book but to name them
o'er.

Are hid and held in these walls of
corn,
Whose banners toss in the breeze of
morn.

Open the atlas, conned by rule,
In the olden days of the district
school.

Point to this rich and bounteous land,
That yields such fruits to the toiler's
hand.

"Treeless desert" they called it then,
Haunted by beasts and forsaken by
men.

Little they knew what wealth untold
Lay hid where the desolate prairie
rolled.

Who would have dared, with brush
or pen,
As this land is now, to paint it then?

And how would the wise ones have
laughed in scorn,
Had prophet foretold these walls of
corn.

Whose banners toss in the breeze of
morn!
—Ellen P. Allerton.

THE MAN WHO DARES.

On page 111 of the current issue of The Era you may find a most resonant cadenza by Richard Wightman which, as it may make you feel better and cannot make you any worse off, we here reproduce with such approval as may be so expressed.

To snap the chip from off Fate's
shoulder, fifty-like,
Just with your thumb and long center
finger, so;

To dare the little devils, all of them,
to do their worst

And then sit by and watch them
break their bloomin' necks

A-foin' it, while down your own
flows the good, glad wine of
victory;

To skip a silver dollar on the waves
as if it were a mere flat stone.

And see it sink at last to God knows
where

And care not only so long's you
skipped it;

To see the other fellow pitch ker-
plunk into the nice black mud
he's stirred up for you;

To send a good loud haw-haw ring-
ing down the nave

Of some old worship place, where
pale, punky piety

Sits shivering upon a marble saint;
To turn the blessed proverb upside
down

And prove that only thus may they
they be lived by truly;

All this and more besides, may not
be just exactly

What I'd call my symphony, but all
the same it's an awful lot of
Real, resounding satisfaction.

BECOMING A MOTHER

Thousands of women have found the use of Mother's Friend robs confinement of much pain and insures safety to life of mother and child. This liniment is a God-send to women at the critical time. Not only does Mother's Friend carry women safely through the perils of child-birth, but it prepares the system for the coming event, relieves "morning sickness," and other discomforts. Sold by druggists at \$1.00. Book of valuable information mailed free.

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The American National Bank Pendleton, Oregon

Report made to the Comptroller of Currency of condition at close of business,
September, 23, 1908.

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etc	
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Other real estate	
Furniture and fixtures	
Cash in vault	
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\$1,297,563.85	\$1,297,563.85

I, J. W. Maloney, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Signed: J. W. MALONEY, Cashier.
Attest: E. L. SMITH,
H. C. STEPHENS,
Directors.

State of Oregon, County of Umatilla, ss.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1908.
(SEAL.) A. E. LAMBERT, Notary Public.

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