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steps to see that the county is not divided.

AN EDUCATED FOOL.

Idioty like Prof. Hamilton of the University of California are responsible for many race riots. He has declared the belief that the Jeffries-Johnson fight showed the equality of the black and white races. It did nothing of the sort and nobody but an imbecile could express the sentiments credited to this Hamilton. The fight simply showed that as a pugilist Johnson was superior to his "has been" opponent. It does not even show that the colored race is equal or superior to the white race in a physical sense. One German might whip an Irishman yet that would not show the physical superiority of the German people over the Irish.

Just after the civil war there were many fools like Prof. Hamilton. They were found among the carpet-baggers and sealawags who invested the south in the reconstruction days and made that period the blackest in American history. They tried to preach equality of the races, but the scheme was a tragic failure just as it will be every time the experiment is tried. Nor is this any reflection upon the black race. That race is handicapped in competing with the white man. The colored race was taken out of savagery but a few generations since. Caucasians on the other hand have been climbing the ladder of civilization for thousands of years. The black race cannot hope to catch up and this fact involves no disgrace to that race either.

It is true that the colored people are making progress as are all other races. For this progress colored people are entitled to credit and to encouragement. But the true friend of the colored man advises him to maintain his race entity and to work in that sphere for which nature has fitted him. The man who talks of race equality and especially of social equality is either a fool or a knave. Wherever his advice has been followed it has resulted in disaster and it always will.

FOR A "BUMPER" FAIR.

Within a very short time the opening date for the Third district fair will be at hand. If the fair commission lives up to its past record the coming fair will be the best that has been held. Thus far each fair has been just a little bit better than its predecessor.

Now Pendleton wants this reputation sustained. Pendleton wants the district fair to succeed and grow in size and in popularity. This hope may be gratified if only the proper work is done. Nor may all the labor be left upon the shoulders of the fair commissioners. It is true that the chief burden must fall upon those men. The success of the fair will depend primarily upon the amount of interest and energy devoted to the work by President C. E. Roosevelt and his colleagues upon the fair board. But the community at large can do much towards making the fair a success. Every local resident and every resident of Umatilla county or of Morrow should be a booster for the fair. Especially is this true with respects to local businessmen.

Now while we yet have the time let us all get busy and work for a greater and more popular Third District fair. It will be worth while to do so.

A JADED HORSE.

The argument is made that the assembly was devised to reunite the republican party within this state. It was not. The real forces back of the assembly scheme, though not the surface supporters, do not care whether the republican or the democratic party is in power. They use both parties and one party about as much as the other. What these "higher ups" want is to get hold of affairs again. They are afraid of the direct primary because under that system people elect men who serve the people and are indebted only to the public. The "higher ups" want a centralized authority in the person of a machine boss. They want to be able to go to such a man and say "we want this sort of a man for governor, or for senator or for judge." and be able to get what they want. The plea that the assembly was devised to promote the welfare of the republican party is purely hypocrisy. That plea is made because partisanship is a horse the "higher ups" have often ridden in the past and ridden with success. But he is now a jaded old skate and the people who rely upon him these days generally fail.

After the O. R. & N. gets moved into its new depot and completes the improvements around the station the place will look better. Especially if the grounds are parked.

Next upon the program will be the convention of the Spanish war veterans of this state. Pendleton is the "convention city."

Now is the time for all good citizens to subscribe to the anti-division fund.

The "good old summer time" is surely here.

POST PHILOSOPHY.

History's hall of fame will never be overcrowded.

Some people like outside title-tattle better than money from home.

Children get pleasure in original packages.

It's easier for a man on the down grade to switch for the worse than for the better.

*Some sermons create the suspicion that the preacher is afraid of waking an influential parishioner.

Blessings in disguise should have their disguise removed while ripe.

Many failures result from being educated beyond opportunity.

Many a man afraid to drive a horse in a walk will attempt a mile a minute in a strange automobile.

The hardest part of some flirting is in the getaway.

WHAT IS AN AMERICAN.

A spirited and timely article entitled "What is an American?" by Warren Barton Blake, is one of several novel features in the July Lippincott's.

"Part of the difficulty in discovering just what an American is, is due to the mixing process the poor fellow had been put through," says Mr. Blake. "It would be a simpler matter to decide, what isn't an American?"

"In realizing our present day cosmopolitanism, we forget how near this cosmopolitanism comes to being our tradition. Too often we think only of the British colonies when our colonial period is spoken of. Last summer's Champlain celebration escaped futility in reminding us how mixed our stock has been from the beginning—how nearly fortuitous the English supremacy. Why be bullied into exaggerating our debt to the island home? It was Captain Basil Hall who told our grandfathers that 'England taught the Americans all they have of thought, hitherto. What thoughts they have not learned from England are foolish thoughts; what words they have not learned, are seemingly words.' It is good to be reminded—either by an international fete or by re-reading Crevecoeur's 'Letters from the American Farmer'—how much we do not owe to old England. And it is reassuring, as we contemplate the vast experiment that goes on today, to know how well our primitive experiments in race-mixings succeeded. I like to be reminded what good citizens of Philadelphia were Benezet and Stephen Girard; and how justly New York honors her Dutch heritage, 'Ubi pans, ubi patria,' quotes good St. John de Crevecoeur, who had married a Yonkers girl named Orange Tippet, and tilled a farm in Orange county, near the Jersey line. This Franco-American paints so idyllic a picture that we positively envy the settler his hardships. 'The rich and the poor,' he says, 'are not so far removed from each other as they are in Europe; cultivators boasted in those days a pleasing uniformity of decent habitations. The farmer wrote before the age of Tennessee commissions.

"Yet in describing the American's complex materials, Crevecoeur was modern enough; as modern as his style. 'I could point out to you,' he writes, 'a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations. He is an American who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the eastern pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor and industry which began long since in the east; they will finish the great circle.

There is room for everybody in America.

"We cannot improve upon Crevecoeur today. If he generalizes pretty boldly, so do we. We're worried; when we stop to think; but, on the whole, we're proud. Aldrich, to be sure, sang of 'Un-guarded Gates'—and the motley throng that passes them:

"Men from the Voiga and the Tartar steppes, Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho, Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Keit or Slav, Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn,

but we still like to think we can digest the lump. And no one has phrased better than Crevecoeur the idealism of the true American. They say his book sent five hundred Norman families to Ohio—to perish there. At least, the American Farmer never represented his adopted country as that 'French Pays de Cocagne,' where, by Franklin's account, the streets are paved with half-baked loaves, the houses tiled with pancakes, and fowls fly ready-roasted, crying, 'Come eat me!' Whatever the American may be, his is the chosen land of labor; the land where hard work en-

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ANOTHER "LOST" ART.

The late Wendell Phillips did not include conversation as among the "lost" arts he discussed in his popular lecture. Since his time, however, many writers have been keen to note how we have fallen off in powers of speech. A Mr. Horatio S. Kraus has embodied all that is really memorable on the subject in a volume which he frankly entitles "The Lost Art of Conversation."

It would seem, upon a moment's consideration, as being very extraordinary. Indeed, that an age so wise as ours, with so many persons of increasing intelligence, with a vocabulary enlarged to an extent beyond the dreams of the great lexicographers who created Russells, should yet be unable to talk with skill. We do not believe this is so. What has happened in the evolution of social converse is quite clear and all for the good of a patient race.

Who would tolerate the Socratic dialogues today? Who would care to listen to the dogmatic utterances of De Quincy or Coleridge, or Dr. Johnson? These men never advanced or even illustrated the art of conversation. However great they may have been, and however weighty the things they said, they, yet, did not converse. It was dictatorial monologue with one and all of them, and as opposed to that—the monotonous lisp of a Macaulay—there is much to be said in favor of plain and simple chit-chat or gossip. That art is not lost. It is the froth of speech, perhaps, but it has its value—at least, it doesn't bore you.—Philadelphia Press.

A GENUINE SURPRISE.

"We have the surprise beautifully planned," said young Mrs. Westerleigh to the guests, "and Frank does not suspect a thing. I think he has forgotten that today's his birthday. He will get home from the office at about 7 o'clock. Then he always goes upstairs to take off his smoking jacket for the evening. When he is upstairs I will call out suddenly, 'Oh, Frank come down quick! The gas is escaping!' Then he will rush down

here, unsuspecting, to find the crowd of friends waiting for him."

It went off exactly as planned. Westerleigh came home at the regular hour and went directly upstairs. The guests held their breath while Mrs. Westerleigh called out excitedly, "Oh, Frank, come down quick. The gas is escaping in the parlor." Every light had been turned out, and the parlor was in perfect darkness. There was a rapid rush of feet down the stairway, then a voice said, "I don't smell any gas."

"Better light the jet," Mrs. Westerleigh suggested tremulously. "Here's a match."

There was a sputter and suddenly the room was filled with light. Everybody screamed. The hostess fainted. For there in the center of the room stood Westerleigh, attired only in a natty union suit, with a fresh pair of trousers carried over his arm.

Birthday parties still form a forbidden subject of conversation at the Westerleighs.—July Lippincott's.

SINCEREST FLATTERY.

At the dinner of a literary club in Chicago, two minor poets were heard in conversation.

"Harold," said the one, "I've just seen your triquet in the Spread Eagle Magazine."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other, a pleased expression coming into his face, and with the air of a man preparing himself against a burst of praise.

"Yes," continued the second poet, "and, do you know, I heard rather a neat little compliment passed on it by a young lady of my acquaintance."

Harold seemed ill more pleased. "May I ask what she said?" he queried.

Whereupon the first minor poet gurgled. "Why," he said, "she wanted to know whether I had written it."—July Lippincott's.

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BANKING HOUSE	60,000.00
OTHER REAL ESTATE	22,527.50
UNITED STATES BONDS (at par)	101,000.00
CASH ON HAND	220,987.05
	\$1,513,833.64

Liabilities

CAPITAL STOCK	\$ 100,000.00
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UNDIVIDED PROFITS (net)	77,834.95
CIRCULATION	100,000.00
RE-DISCOUNTS	74,340.89
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I hereby certify that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
T. G. MONTGOMERY, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1910.
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The fields are ploughed, the seed is sown
And summer nurtures it, of her grace
Soon will the food of the world be grown,
And the harvest time come on apace;
But nowhere do I see or hear
The reaper of the yesteryear.

A house is building across the way,
From sill to roof it is rising fair;
The sound of hammers begins the day,
At night the workmen still are there;
But nowhere do I see or hear
The master builder of yesteryear.

The work of the world goes bravely on,
Though the tolling hands may pause and fall;
Another comes when one is gone,
There are men, and labor, whatever befall;
Soon one may look, nor see nor hear
The song or singer of yesteryear.

FIGHT IT DOWN.

At this time there is not the slightest excuse for any county division agitation in this county. Pendleton, the county seat of Umatilla county, is located in the geographical center of the county and it is easily accessible from every direction. Twenty two passenger trains run in and out of this city every day. Six of these trains run daily between Pendleton and the east end of the county. On those trains one may enter or leave Pendleton in the morning, in the evening or in the middle of the night. So the service is very convenient.

Nor has the east end any just complaint upon any other score. Most of the present county officials are from that section. This has been true for a number of years. The east end has always been well recognized. The east end has also been well treated in the matter of road and bridge improvements. Steel bridges are now in use throughout that entire section. The east end has been well cared for.

But in return for this fair and liberal treatment the people of Milton, or some of them at least, have sprung a proposition that is absolutely unfair and inexpedient. By a "gerrymandering" process they have drawn the lines of "Orchard" county so as to include Athens and Weston and most of the farm country near Helix and Adams. None of that country, and it is greater in area than the Milton-Freewater country, wants to be in a new county. It is far more convenient for the people of that section to come to Pendleton than to Milton. Then those people know that if the new county is created taxation will be increased, perhaps doubled. Instead of being in a big county, free from debt and with an assessed valuation of \$42,000,000 they will be left in a "one horse" county that will have no profuse and will have no money for roads, bridges or any other sort of work.

The "Orchard" county move was not started because a new county is needed or because the east end section has any just complaint against Umatilla county. It was started in a spirit of narrow selfishness. Some Milton people believe it would benefit them personally to have their town made a county seat. In order to gratify their selfishness they are willing to work an inconvenience and injustice upon others. They are willing to be unfair to Weston, Athens, Helix, Adams and to Pendleton. They don't care if taxation is increased. The money will be expended in their town, in building a court house, in paying the salaries of new officials and in meeting other expenses.

The question at this time is as to whether or not the people of Umatilla county residing outside of Milton are going to stand for this sort of division. That they don't want division is already known. Then they should take