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Official City and County Paper.

ernment is a natural inheritance, however much they may have resented the tyrannies of the governments they fled from. The initiative, the referendum, and all those other attractive implements of legislative machinery, are, in a most intricate way, importations from the Old World, the source of which, their advocates here, have never known, or have forgotten. Instead of giving larger powers to our state legislatures, the tendency is to withdraw power from the legislatures and place it in the hands of the people. And, the more rapidly we decrease the authority and responsibility of our state legislatures, the more rapidly are we dooming those legislatures to extinction, and paying the way for the New Nationalism and some form of centralized government. For, the lesson of evolution which science is watching so closely, has not yet entered into the philosophy of politics; and our statesmen have not commenced to ask of any projected form: "But, after this, what next?" We are all moving blindly, the plaything of our environment, and the streams of evolution carry us to the river, and the river sweeps us into the sea. It seems to be inexorable law.

SO IT GOES.

Storm and beauty day by day,
all the world along;
Dim December mixed with May
sunshine, rain and song.

That's the life-road—
So it goes,
Reapers of
The thorn and rose.

Yet we're in the living land—
hear the joy-bells ringing;
Take your sweetheart's trembling hand—
walk the way
a-singing.

'Tis the life-road—
So it goes,
Reapers of
The thorn and rose.

—Frank L. Stanton.

It may be in place to add here, what the Times neglected to say, that evolution will bring about a change in the national government as well as in state governments. In time we are going to have direct election of United States senators. We will also soon see the day when members of the various political parties will vote under the direct primary system for delegates to national conventions. The general tendency is to make our government a true democracy. The people must really rule or else the United States will become an oligarchy of wealth.

THE FAIR AND ROUND-UP.

In its last issue the Pilot Rock Record had some remarks regarding "signs of desuetude" at the annual fair and also a criticism of the Round-up. In some respects the references to the fair were timely. While the fair just closed was very successful it must be admitted that sufficient interest in the same was not taken by the horticulturists, the livestock raisers and the farmers of this county. The success of the fair demands that a greater interest be aroused on the part of such people. Surely that interest can be aroused if only the proper work is done.

The Record suggests that the Round-up and fair be held at different times. That suggestion the East Oregonian has also made. This paper would like to see the Round-up held in the spring. Yet there are well informed men who say it would be impracticable to hold the show in the spring. They say the fall is the logical time for the Round-up and point to the fact that when the fair and Round-up are held at the same time the Round-up visitors may attend the fair in the evening and thereby find proper entertainment.

The question as to whether the two events should be pulled off simultaneously or separately is one that must be worked out by the people who are in charge after a full and careful consideration of the subject. The welfare of the town demands, however, that the fair directors and the Round-up management work in harmony. If the two events are to be held simultaneously then programs should be arranged accordingly. The big afternoon programs for the fair could be scheduled for the days when the Round-up is not on.

The Record's criticism of the Round-up it would be a waste of time to answer. The splendid success of the Round-up and the general approval with which the show was regarded by all who saw it is vindication enough. The Pilot Rock paper objects because the show was rough and dangerous. But the Round-up was not unduly dangerous. Besides it is not a parlor show. It is the Carnival of the Strenuous Life.

ASSEMBLYISM THE ISSUE.

Bourne is not an issue in the gubernatorial fight. Senator Bourne's term does not expire for two years. Then if he wishes to stay in the senate he will have to go before the people and secure their endorsement as he did before. He is not directly concerned in this fight. He has felt so little concerned in that fight that he has gone east upon an extensive speaking tour while the Oregon campaign is underway.

The great and overshadowing issue in the campaign is assemblyism—shall our direct primary law be maintained as it is or shall corporation and boss controlled assemblies be substituted for the open primary. Jay Beverman is the champion of assemblyism; to elect him governor will mean to give encouragement to the reactionaries who would like to annul the direct primary law and all other reformatory measures.

Oswald West is the defender of the direct primary law and of other laws that tend to take power away from the machine bosses and give it directly to the people. He is the progressive candidate and the candidate who is entitled to the support of all men who believe in clean and progressive politics.

A PRAYER.

My dear and only wife, I pray,
That you will straighten
To purchase ties in colors gay,
That I performe must wear.

Your charming taste I'll not deny—
Denial were in vain—
But when you give to me a tie
You also give me pain.

You mean well, I am pleased to think,
But all the same it's true
Your choice is usually pink,
Unless it's baby blue.

Sometimes, of course, you'll get a check,
And sometimes it's a plaid,
But though I try to grin, by Heck!
They make me hopping mad.

I'll let you buy my daily bread,
I'll let you buy my steak,
But, Sweetest Angel, on the dead,
Your neckwear makes me ache.

TALKED ESPERANTO.

When Mr. Smith—your intimate friend Smith—awoke the other morning he was greeted by his wife with this:

"My sweet boy, do you know you came home last night and that you talked in your sleep?"

"Great Scott! No; did I?" said Smith, badly agitated. "What did I say? Tell me."

"I just couldn't make it all out, but it sounded like ante-up jack-pot stake."

"Oh, yes, yes, my dear. I was reciting a little Esperanto that a friend was teaching me. I intended to tell it to you when I came home. It means 'How is my darling girl tonight?'—Philadelphia Times.

BEWARE OF THE DOG.

A family moved from the city to a suburban locality and were told that they should get a watchdog to guard the premises at night. So they bought the largest dog that was for sale in the kennels of a neighboring dog fancier, who was a German. Shortly afterward the house was entered by burglars, who made a good haul, while the big dog slept. The man went to the dog fancier and told him about it.

"Well, vat you need now," said the dog merchant, "is a leedle dog to vake up the big dog."—Everybody's Magazine.

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In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,
In the suds amid the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope;
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone:
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep you to the end."

Sometimes happening along,
I had heard the semisong,
And I often used to smile,
More in sympathy than gulle;
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow, nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotonous song
She was humming all day long:
"With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief,
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as she could be;
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in her clothes,
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone,
Of a Savior and a friend
Who would keep me to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub,
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the suds,
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spoons;
She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I should not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that song can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.
—Eugene Ware.

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THE "WILD WEST" REVIVED.

(Weston Leader.)

The romance and glamor of the "Wild West" have not departed with the advance of civilization. The mind loves to linger upon traditions of the days when countless buffalo roamed the plains; when the savage warrior rode forth upon the trail in the full panoply of his tribe; when the brave frontiersman battled with the wilderness, and the early cowboy reached the zenith of his glory.

We are fortunate now. We have lost the hardship of the past, while retaining much that is bizarre and picturesque. We may sit comfortably in a grand stand and watch the new west turn back the pages of its history and present to us such phases as may well quicken the heart and thrill the blood. We are in no danger of losing our scalps when a band of painted and bearded Indians dash out upon the arena. We will not be burned at the stake when they celebrate their war dance. We will not be dared to a duel to the death when the hardy cowboys ride yelling forth. They have come to "bust broncos" for the edification of us, the tenderfeet, and have left their shooting-irons at home. Each looks fully capable of bagging two men for breakfast before his appetite is assuaged but this merely adds to the realism of the spectacle. Nobody is in any danger except the performers themselves—and occasionally one of them is carried off on a stretcher, for accidents will happen at the best regulated round-ups.

It all beats a circus, or a fair, or a race meet, or a drama, and will hold a crowd for four solid hours as presented at Pendleton, where event followed event in bewildering novelty. There was nothing tiresome, nothing tame. The feat of Buffalo Vernon, who threw a wildly running steer with his arms, and held it with his teeth, was daring and unusual—yet it was merely one feature of a festival of thrills. Never was such a remarkable and noteworthy entertainment presented before in all the history of the inland empire.

Pendleton feels proud of its achievement—and well it may. It rose superior to every obstacle, chief of which was the lack of proper grounds and gave its visitors all it advertised and more. No less an authority than the great Buffalo Vernon himself says that Pendleton had Cheyenne beaten. No visitor who attended Pendleton's Roundup came away dissatisfied. This in itself is a distinction, for there never was a celebration or fair within the writer's ken which escaped some criticism. The usual system of getting as big a crowd as possible, extracting as many dollars as possible, and giving it as little entertainment as possible in return, was pleasantly missing here. It is true that Pendleton got the crowd—the largest that ever gathered between the Umatilla hills—and it's also true that the Round-up was a financial success. But the crowd received much more than it paid for and will come again—with "its sisters and its cousins, and its aunts."

Next year Pendleton will have much bigger grounds for its Roundup and promises a better show—but will have to "go some" to surpass its initial success. Next year people will come from across the continent, perhaps from across the pond, to see this spectacular event. It will likely make Pendleton famous as the Passion Play made Oberammergau famous. And it has done something locally of value. It has revived the old-time "Pendleton spirit" which has shown signs of dissolution.

"Let 'er buck" again in 1911.

MISSED THEM WELL.

There are always two ways of telling the truth. The man who told the king that he would outlive all his subjects was a true courtier and understood human nature far more than the man who was put to death for declaring to the same monarch that all his subjects would die before him. The gamekeeper in Francis Pigeon's "Odds and Ends" also had the gift of presenting the pleasanter side of a fact.

A certain noble lord was a very bad shot. One day after a particularly discouraging exhibition of his bungling he said to the keeper:

"Now, my man, tell me the truth. Did you ever see any one who shot as badly as I do?"

"Oh, yes, my lord," returned the keeper. "I've seen worse shots than your lordship. Your lordship misses the birds so clean."—Youth's Companion.

Cousin Bob—So Arthur proposed last night?

Maud—Yes.

Cousin Bob—And did you accept him?

Maud—I was so awfully excited I don't know whether I accepted him or not. If he comes tonight I did, and if he doesn't I didn't.—Quincy Patriot.

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