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ON UMBER WARP.

He wrote, in golden words and sweet; Till men were thrall'd unto his side; His phrases swirled all fair and fleet, And on the air in fragrance died. Beneath his touch a verse up-grew And shimmered in his master play; So rare, so delicate, that few Dared seek the thought beneath its sway. But one, a rugged man and plain, Striving in his soul with sorrowing; And careless of reward or gain, Conceived a thought that bade him sing. A thought plucked from the life he knew, Of homely word and phrase amiss; Yet when his labored task was through Earth bore him her immortal kiss! —H. Bedford-Jones.

HE IS FOR WILSON.

At the time Woodrow Wilson's "cocked hat" letter was first made public W. J. Bryan was asked to comment upon the same and he replied by saying that the incident should afford solace to those who were fighting Wilson because of his progressive tendencies. The remark indicated Bryan's support of the New Jersey man.

Yesterday Bryan gave out a statement wherein he vigorously upholds Governor Wilson in the controversy he had with Col. Harvey, editor of Harper's Weekly. He says in substance that it was inevitable the two men should part and thinks the manner of the parting is entirely favorable to Wilson.

Mr. Bryan further says that those who say Col. Harvey had much to do with developing Governor Wilson's candidacy exaggerate the matter. He says in effect, what this paper has said, that Governor Wilson is his own best political asset. This is entirely true.

Governor Wilson is a remarkable public man. As president of Princeton he may not have been fully abreast of the times. Few college presidents are because they live and work in a world of idealism. But no one can deny that Governor Wilson is now in close touch with public affairs and with advanced political thought. His speeches show he has studied the problems deeply and that he is very clear as to what should be done. In a recent speech he said:

"The main object of what we are attempting, both in state and nation, is to establish a close connection, a very sensitive connection, between the people and their governments, both in the state and in the nation, in order that we may restore in such wise as will satisfy us again the liberty and the opportunity in whose interests our governments were conceived."

That is the progressive program expressed in a single sentence and it is as expressive as anything ever uttered by Jefferson or by Lincoln.

The fact that W. J. Bryan continues to support Wilson regardless of the "cocked hat" letter indicates that the Nebraskan has unbounded confidence in Governor Wilson's zeal as a progressive and also in his ability and integrity. Bryan's statement should quiet the nerves of reactionary republicans who have been shedding enormous tears over the possibility of a break between the two men.

HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

Nondescript writers, lawyers and hangers-on for Dr. Coe and others who are interested in fighting the

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West Extension have given people a wonderful amount of anonymous advice as to what should be done about the extension.

Will these fellows now please tell us why it was that when he sent a letter of protest to President Taft Mr. J. N. Burgess signed himself as president of the Umatilla River Waterusers' Association? Why did he make use of a corporate name to which he had no earthly right and thereby place that organization in a position directly contrary to the position it holds?

Was the thing inadvertently done? Then Mr. Burgess was careless to be sure. The next time he sends a letter to the president upon this important subject he should take care to sign his name properly. He should not affix the name of an organization with which he has no connection and which organization is endorsing the West Extension, not fighting it. It is called forgery when a man uses another's name in this manner.

Is the name Umatilla River Waterusers' Association such a short and common title that Burgess and his friends could find no other name for their association? Why did they not call themselves the "Anti-West Extension League?" Such a name would have been natural and appropriate and would have saved confusion.

It is very evident that when Burgess, Coe et al formed their organization they did not intend to play square. They wanted to "ball up" the situation and through bamboozling methods delay or defeat the extension. They were not squeamish at all. In his letter to the president Burgess meant to do one of two things. He meant to be as crooked as possible without actually getting over the line. Or else he deliberately forged the name of the Umatilla River Waterusers' Association in hopes the scheme would work and the thing go unnoticed. It was a disreputable kind of business at the best.

All people do not share President Taft's views as to the high and exalted position held by the judiciary. He places the judiciary upon a pedestal and would have all bow down and worship before them. But a great many practical minded people prefer to investigate the judges a little before they do much worshipping. Weak and corrupt judges are about as common as weak and corrupt officials in other lines of activity.

The Duke of Connaught and his party were cordially greeted by the members of the New York Stock Exchange. Was it because there is a fellow feeling between the Tories of America and England?

A LEAP YEAR AFFAIR.

Her name was Mary Jones and his was Jeremiah Brown; He was the richest bachelor, they said, in Morristown; She wasn't more than 24, but people called her plain And, as for him—"he never would see 55 again."

"I wouldn't marry Jerry Brown, in spite of what he's worth." Declared each woman, "if he was the last man on this earth!" "Poor Mary Jones," they often sighed, "she never has a beau; 'She'd make some man a splendid wife; nobody wants her, though."

It happened one prayer meeting night, when snow was falling fast,

That Mary left the church alone—almost the very last; With splendid faith and pious thoughts she hurried through the town.

And presently—'twas all by chance—caught up with Jerry Brown.

They journeyed onward, side by side, the wild wind roared away, They gasped for breath and neither of the two had much to say; At last they reached her door, and then she looked up with a smile And asked him if he wouldn't like to stop awhile.

The parlor light was burning low, but it was pleasant there, And Jeremiah Brown forgot, somehow, to have a care; Her hand slipped into his, and when she kissed him at the door, Their hearts were filled with gladness which they ne'er had known before.

"The poor old fool," the women say, to let her rope him in! He's more than twice as old as her— it's shameful and a sin! She's went and sold herself to him!" So Jeremiah Brown and Mary Jones, the derelicts, have scandalized the town.

MISSOURI'S STATE SONG.

Missouri is having a state song thrust upon her. Some time ago a committee headed by Governor Hadley offered a prize of \$500 for a state song. The prize winner was, we believe, a St. Louis lady and the words she furnished were highly laudatory of the grand old State of Missouri, but it appears that they lacked the fire and earnestness of "Maryland, My Maryland," for instance. Meanwhile there has emanated from the Ozark country a song which threatens to spread all over Missouri and make itself the state song in spite of the committee and the \$500 prize. Here are the words of the Ozark hymn: "The boys keep kickin' my dog around; Every time I come to town,

Makes no difference if he is a hound. They got a quit kickin' my dog around.

To an outsider these lines do not seem to be thrilling or inspiring, yet there is about them an unmistakable indication of earnestness and sincerity. In addition to this the tune is, according to reliable reports, in thorough accord with the spirit of the words. It suggests the howling and yelping of a dog in distress, and appeals at once to the heart of the Missourian. Referring to the words of the song, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says:

Therein is the spirit of Missouri. They "gotta quit" doing what? Nothing they should keep on doin', but something wrong in essence, and wrong in particular when done to a friend in Missouri, a real friend, a true friend, a friend in deed and a friend in need. They "gotta quit." That's all there is about it. This is clear enough; but why has Missouri adopted the hound as the object of her affection? Why is the Missouri mule ignored? Possibly it is because the mule is supposed to have the ability and temper to kick back. That must be it. In any event the brevity of the Missouri hymn should commend itself to the writers of other state songs. Whenever we are compelled to listen to people singing a state song we are impressed by the brevity.

SHOW GIRL LASTS JUST SEVEN DAYS

Pittsburg Business Man's Bride Heeds the Call of New York and Elts Back to the Stage.

Pittsburg.—The married life of H. A. Norwick, a prominent Pittsburg business man was ended just as suddenly as it began when, after seven days of matrimonial experience his bride, Mrs. Elsie M. Norwick, rejoined the "Girl from Kay's" company. Her husband says she left because he was not a Beau Brummel like John Drew and as gallant in manner as Sam Bernard. The master recommends a divorce on the grounds of desertion.

Without telling his friends of his intentions, Norwick slipped off to New York in May, 1905, and returned with a pretty, slender blonde girl, whom he introduced as Mrs. Norwick.

The friends then learned that at a dinner at Sherry's some months before, Norwick has been introduced to Elsie Maurice, a show girl, and had married her soon after at the "Little Church Around the Corner."

DISOWNS CHILDREN TO WED

Eastern Widow Ships Four Little Girls to Idaho Home.

Boise, Idaho.—Rather than miss a chance to remarry, a widow somewhere in the east put a shipping tag on her four little girls and consigned them to the children's home founding institution in this city.

The name of the mother is withheld by Superintendent Christian of the home, but he learned after an investigation that she had spent \$1800 life insurance and \$1600 left to the children by their father and wished to be relieved of their care that she might get another husband.

"To the Children's home—Please care for these children," she wrote, and pinned the note on the dress of the oldest girl, aged 11, as she bundled them onto the train. The youngest was 4 years old.

With the little ones in charge, Superintendent Christian left for Minneapolis, where an aunt had promised to give them a home.

HANDED BABY IN STORE; AWAITS MOTHER IN VAIN

Lady Holds Two-Weeks-Old Child to Oblige Young Woman, Who Fails to Return Up to Closing Hour.

Chicago.—Mrs. Mary Angel of 230 West Division street was the surprised recipient of a chubby, chuckling baby.

Mrs. Angel was shopping in the Boston Store. She had completed a purchase, and was about to leave a counter, when a well-dressed young woman stepped to her side and said:

"Will you hold my baby a moment, please. I'm going into the wash-room."

Mrs. Angel consented and took the 2-weeks-old infant in her arms. The moments lengthened into a half hour and the mother did not appear. Mrs. Angel remained at the store until the closing hour, and then went to the East Chicago avenue police station where she left the baby, with explanations, in the care of Lieutenant John Dammann.

The lieutenant has four presidential possibilities of his own and promptly turned the child over to the St. Vincent's orphan asylum.

WORST PICTURE OF WOE.

It's a Dejected Cow and Flowers in Barn Give Cheer and Milk.

Albany.—"There's nothing worse than a dejected cow" said Albert Manning, a scientific farmer of Otisville, N. Y., to the New York Agricultural society.

"When a cow isn't in the right frame of mind, so to speak," continued Manning, "it doesn't give nearly the quantity of milk that it ordinarily would."

Manning paused, evidently surprised to see several rural delegates smiling incredulously.

"It's a fact," he resumed. "I've known of farmers up in Orange county who find it profitable to put flowers in their cow stables. Such pleasant surroundings cheer the cows up and cause them to give more milk."

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