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DREAMING.

How fond the dream at evening's close. When twilight shadows creep. As if to drown the drowsy day In balm of sweetest sleep. This is the hint of life we hold. From other realm than earth. And, maybe, this the Eden dream That ushered in our birth. —O. D. Gorman. Atlanta, Ga.

CIVILIZING THE REDMEN.

General R. H. Pratt, first president of the Carlisle Indian school and who is now in Oregon, says the only way to civilize the redmen is to abolish reservations and keep educated Indians away from their own people.

But it is superficial reasoning. It is true that when an Indian is given schooling away from his own people he will take on more polish and perhaps may be a more zealous student. It is also a fact that when an educated Indian goes back among his tribesmen he is sorely tempted to retrograde.

But these facts are not sufficient to condemn the plan that is followed by the government. It is easy to point out why an educated young Indian may wish to go back to the tepee and the blanket. It is because so many of his tribesmen, probably a majority, live that way. An educated Indian is not showing signs of depravity because he wants to go back to the old ways. He is merely moved by that human impulse that makes all people, whether white men or red wish to make their actions confirm to the ways of the rest of the clan. They are afraid of being "queer chickens." White people are the same way.

But the time will come after while when, thanks to government education of the Indians, the majority of Indians will be of the educated sort, not of the blanket variety. Just as that element of Indians comes to predominate so will education and industry grow in favor among the redmen. As the old tribesmen upon a reservation pass away their places will be taken by the young men who have been trained by the government. That situation has almost come about upon the Umatilla reservation. If the day is not yet at hand it will soon come when it will be un-fashionable to wear the old time garb and to follow the old time customs. When that time comes it won't be hard to keep educated Indians from "going back." The reservation policy will then be vindicated.

To follow General Pratt's advice would bring only sorrow to the redmen. His plan does not take into consideration the gulf that exists between the Indian and his whiter brother and which gives the advantage to the latter. It is impossible to hastily bridge that gulf of centuries and tragic failures usually follow such attempts. The happiness of the Indians can best be served by an educational policy that looks to the elevation of the tribe, not of the individual.

SARCASTIC.

The Portland Journal waxes sarcastic over the ways of the Oregon reactionaries. Yesterday it had the following unkind words about the one-time assemblyites who now endorse the Oregon system:

How the reactionaries do throng about us. There's Judge Ellis of Pendleton, going, they say, to be a candidate for congress. There's Mr. Hawley, candidate to succeed himself. There's ex-Senator Fulton, whooped up for senator at the Lincoln banquet, and most likely to be a candidate. Finally, there's the state committee trying to administer knockout drops to the presidential primary so a convention can be held. Behold, in what garb do these militant standpatters approach us? Do

they come as raw recruits to Statement One, or as armed and cap-adapted cavaliers of assemblyism? Do they approach as meek and mourning probationers at the feet of the direct primary, or as pastmasters and high priests of reaction? If they come as humble petitioners for us to let the dead past bury its dead, where are their confessions of guilt, and their promises to lead a better life?

What a picture, to see Judge Ellis, bearing gifts and on the mourners' bench at an insurgent meeting? What a scene to behold Mr. Hawley seeking righteousness at the feet of the Oregon system? What a spectacle to see Mr. Fulton robed in the vestments of insurgency, with "Statement One" branded on his girdle, and a pledge to the direct primary in his hair? But yesterday, head tugleman and bugleman of assemblyism, how the trio would loom, tending the altar fires and leading the march of Oregon insurgency?

If, however, they come to us as simon pure Statement One men, why is the state committee trying to "put the knife" under the fifth rib of the presidential primaries?

AS TO IMPROVEMENTS.

The strictly business side of the subject of street improvements is worthy of attention and in looking at the matter from that point of view a property owner who lives on a good street is liable to see reasons for favoring a hard surface-paving over macadam. There are many who firmly believe that from a strictly business standpoint the best class of improvement is the most profitable in the long run because it wont wear out.

But people should not look at this matter entirely from what is usually considered the business standpoint. The esthetic side is also worthy of consideration. It is a source of much satisfaction to live on a street that is clean, sanitary and neat all the year round even if one does not make any money out of it. It is nice for a home to have a nice lawn with trees, shrubbery and flowers even if the owner does not make any money off these things. Usually he does not want to make money in that way.

It is usually good business policy to make permanent improvements when improvements are to be made. But people are justified if they go to some expense for reasons of civic or personal pride.

AMERICAN WOMEN CULTURED?

"Is the American woman a person of culture?"

My wife frowned as though the inquiry was unwelcome, then with a tragic air, "I have realized perfectly all the while that you were leading up to this, and I have been trying to consider. Is the American woman cultivated? Every one knows that the American man as a rule is not. It was scarcely worth while arguing the question. But is she?" Josephine paused a moment absorbed in reflection, then added, but more mournfully than her words seemed to warrant, "We are supposed to be. We

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have the reputation of being; at least among ourselves."

I felt the occasion to be one when silence on my part would be golden and that the stern requirements of Josephine's conscience would not permit her to shirk the issue. Yet I could not refrain from egging her on, so to speak, by the basely specious words, "I have been brought up to believe that no foreign woman was to be mentioned in the same breath with her."

"Why not?" she retorted on the instant with the tenseness of protest. Then in a firm but plaintive voice she proceeded as follows: "Do we speak languages? In no city is there more than a sprinkling of American women able to converse fluently with the visiting foreigner. We have to scurry around to find them. What permanent contributions have we made to scholarship? Virtually none. Are we proficient musically? We take lessons from early youth and flock to fashionable concerts to hear prima donnas; but unlike the English or German girl, unless we are prodigies, we shrink from performing within earshot of any one but the family. Are we accomplished housewives? The young American woman of every class has never bothered her head about housekeeping until she had to. Now the educators are trying to bring her to her senses by schools of domestic science. Are we familiar with or adepts at politics? A fastidious few follow the ins and outs of European political parties, but as a sex we have always complained that our own politics are not interesting." From "The Convictions of a Grandfather," by Robert Grant, in the February Scribner.

Too had that only so few can be delegates to the national convention.

Not a forcible illustration.

"Do you know," asked the ab-stainer, "that the money which the American people spend for drink in a single year would be sufficient to build a stone tower forty feet in diameter and a mile high?"

"Would it" asked the man with the spongy nose, "but who wants a silly old stone tower like that?"

The Sympathetic Father.

"Do you expect to send your boy to college?"

"Yes. After the hard studying he is compelled to do in high school I think it is no more than right that he should have a few years of play before he goes to work."

Livery Stable for Sale—Owing to press of other business, I am forced to sell the Pioneer Livery and Sale Stable at Hermiston. W. W. Stelwer, Jr., Hermiston, Ore.

Is this country really afraid of any other nation, or a alliance of powers?

The Turning Point

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The best way to acquire acquaintance and mutual understanding is to carry an account here.

Strongest bank in Eastern Oregon.

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To Be Published This Week

Free to All Readers of the East Oregonian

"How Would You Like To Be My Pony"

AS SUNG BY

BESSIE McCOY

In ZIEGFELD FOLLIES of 1911

ATOP OF NEW YORK THEATRE,

Words by GEORGE V. HOBART Music by RAYMOND HUBBELL

By special arrangement with T. B. Harms & Francis, Day & Hunter, 1431 Broadway, New York

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Two Old Maids

Anna—What do you think Mr. Eklund charged me for sewing on a pair of soles on my shoes?

Clara—Don't know and don't care. Anna, he only charged me 65c and did fine work too—yes, but I don't like him.

Anna—Well, well, you evidently do or you wouldn't care.

Men's soles sewed on for 30c.

Full line of men's fine shoes.

A. EKLUND Main Street.

BRING IN YOUR PONY VOTES

In order to avoid confusion as to standing of contestants in our big Pony Contest, we would like to have all votes cast as soon as possible.

Standings of each boy and girl in the contest, are now displayed at our store.

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