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REWARD OF MODESTY.

He spent his life in doing good— No scandal smirched his name; He tried in every way he could To shun the haunts of shame; He kept from foolish habits free; His record, too, was clean; But other people thought that he Was close and small and mean. Not craving more than he might need, He turned from shameful schemes; Abhorring selfishness and greed He had untroubled dreams; Unwilling to attempt to press His neighbor to the wall, Men overlooked his worthiness And called him close and small. He had no time to flatter those Whose money made them great. Intending to be just, he chose To labor and to wait; He gave when others did not see, His virtues were untold; And those who boasted thought that he Was close and small and cold. —S. E. Kiser.

THE "SOAP BOX" PRIMARY.

President Taft is unduly afraid of the presidential preference primary law. With him as with other reactionaries it is the "soap box" primary and opens an avenue to fraud and violence.

It is a fearful thing—of course—that the voters of a party should have the right to select their presidential candidate. They show nerve in wanting such a privilege. They do not seem to realize any longer that the political bosses and the bosses are supposed to run politics and that the common voter should swallow whatever is handed to him. The presidential primary is an outrage—from the politicians standpoint. That is admitted.

But as to fraud and violence the president is mistaken. A primary election where all the members of a party vote is a peaceful proceeding compared with political conventions. For turbulency the present method of making nominations in Oregon is very tame compared with the good old convention days when disorder at certain times was part of the game. Nor is there any such fraud as was practiced in the olden days. There is no unseating of delegates just because they are of the wrong factional color. There is no longer any back room jobbery and bribery. The direct primary is too open to permit of much fraud.

The trouble with President Taft is that he is getting all his information as to the direct primary from politicians. Either that or else he is afraid to go out on the open track to race with the gentlemen who are opposing him for the republican nomination.

TOO MUCH RED TAPE.

A news story from Hermiton sets forth the complaint of the project settlers against being required to record a wholly new contract constituting a mortgage upon their lands in order to obtain graduated water payments. They say it is a needless and expensive bit of red tape and that it will prove even more obnoxious in the future because the new mortgage will have to appear in every abstract of title to land under the project.

Since the settlers on the project have already obligated themselves to meet the water payments whatever they may be it is farcical to require them to record new mortgages on their land. To be sure a new agreement is necessary in order to secure graduated payments. But there should be some simple, direct way of doing the thing. The plan adopted by the government seems to indicate the officials want to do the thing in the most roundabout and difficult way possible. To get over a little hill they are going around the moon. Department officials may not realize it but \$7.50 means considerable to many settlers on the project. It is a new project and much of the land is not yet productive. It takes money and time to get the land to bearing. Settlers should be allowed to devote their energy to making crops grow. But if the government continues its present course agriculture is likely to languish and abstracting become the chief industry on the Umatilla project.

JUVENILE CARE.

In a contribution to this paper yesterday J. G. Kilpack, representative of the Boys & Girls aid society set forth some very pertinent facts regarding the juvenile situation in Pendleton. It is his business to investigate juvenile conditions and he finds much to be censured. Boys and girls are not properly looked after either by parents or by the state upon which the duty of guardianship falls when parents become over negligent.

Of course parental supervision is the best protection for children and this fact can scarcely be emphasized too strongly. If parents would always do their full duty there would be little need of juvenile courts. But it is a lamentable fact that all parents do not do their duty by their children. In many cases they do not even realize their responsibilities. So it is up to the government to take a hand.

The government however, is even more neglectful of its part of the work. Neither local nor state regulations for the protection of children are enforced to any great extent. Except when a transient official like Mr. Kilpack comes round we seldom know that the state attempts to engage in looking after children. We have many paid officials who do corrective work but few who do preventative work. Policemen ordinarily devote their attention to watching adults but children need their care also. If every city in the land would maintain some policemen to prevent children from going astray there would soon be less adult criminals.

The return of Frank Rack from the "frozen north" furnishes fresh proof that all who went into Alberta on the wild stampede a few years ago did not find life up there as fine as they expected. There is probably a reason why more have not returned.

Arizona will now adopt the recall of judges just to show Taft who is running that state.

The Massachusetts textile mills seem able to pay higher wages when they want to do so.

The baseball men are having a squabble early in the season.

Just put yourself in your enemy's place and you will stop abusing him.

THE COWBELL IN THE LANE.

I've been thinking of my childhood, The early happy days, The glory of the summer the sunshine and the rain, I wander through the woodland and through half-forgotten ways, And I hear once more the tinkling of the cowbell in the lane.

The pines are on the mountain and the meadow dressed in green, The hills are decorated with waving yellow grain, Quite enraptured with the vision I feast upon the scene, And I hear again the tinkling of the cowbell in the lane.

Oh! I would I were an artist with time and skill to paint The mountain and the streamlet, the foothills and the plain, To interpret every bird song, joyful and the plaint, While I hear once more the tinkling of the cowbell in the lane.

The world is full of music when the heart is tuned aright; Yes, there is a hallelujah chorus and refrain When I listen to all nature preparing for the night, And enjoy again the tinkling of the cowbell in the lane.

Now the sun is slowly sinking behind the mountain crest, The golden shafts of glory fast follow in his train, No hand can ever picture the bright beauty of the West, As I hear again the tinkling of the cowbell in the lane.

The vision's growing dimmer 'mid the shadows of the night, Fading are the mountain, the vale and golden grain, The birds have ceased their warbling with the waning of the light, Yet I hear the tinkling of the cowbell in the lane.

Ah! Now the day is over, the milkmaid's at the gate, The mantle of the night-time has covered hill and plain, The stars have decked the sky again, the evening hour is late, And sleep will still the tinkling of the cowbell in the lane. —J. Will Calhoun.

POOR GIRL.

Her dancing is simply divine, she sings like a bird on a bough; She has neat little feet and the hair hangs gracefully over her brow She is dainty and slender and bright; her letters are pleasingly penned; She skips with the grace of a sprite —but her nose is turned up at the end.

She's a girl who would not loiter around while her mother was toiling away; Her tastes are artistic and sound; she always knows just what to say; She can point to ancestors from whom anyone might be proud to descend; Her cheeks have the peach's soft bloom—

Her laugh's like the music one hears where a stream ripples gladly along; Her eyes have a softness and depth that go with a soul that is that is strong; Her father has money in stacks; it is good to be classed as her friend; There is only one charm that she lacks—her nose is turned up at the end.

THE RETORT CALM AND QUICK.

To illustrate the ever-ready wit of the Irish the following story was told at a banquet held recently in the Commercial club.

An Irishman on his way home at night was in the habit of cutting through a cemetery in order to shorten the distance. A group of friends evolved a scheme to have some fun at his expense. Accordingly they found a sunken grave across which his path lay, dug it out and covered it with boards in such a manner that he must fall into the yawning cavity.

The Irishman came along and everything happened as per schedule. While he was still squirming about in the bottom of the hole, striving to extricate himself, three or four of his friends, attired in white sheets and other ghostly accoutrements, suddenly made their appearance. Pat was frightened out of his wits and almost fainted when one of them said: "What are you doing in my grave?"

The tone was sepulchral. It made the Irishman's hair stand almost on end, but he could not forego a witty retort. "Faith, and what are you doing out of it?" he asked.—Portland Oregonian.

HE COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT.

Bert Pebleman, manager of Cohan & Harris' theatrical productions, used to live in Indiana, and at the Hotel Astor, Manhattan, he told the Daughters of Indiana in New York, who were banqueting there, a story about the Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley.

"Riley used to tour the country with Bill Nye in lecture courses. One night, while the two were behind the scenes in the theater of some eastern town, Riley got tired of waiting while Nye tried to make himself beautiful, and tiptoeing to the drop curtain, peered out into the auditorium. He came back to Nye's dressing room in consternation. "Great Scott!" he whispered, "this is awful! There ain't a pesky handful of people out there, Bill!" "I don't know why there isn't, Jim," replied Nye, dreamingly, continuing to "wrastle" with his tie, "we've never been here before."—Brooklyn Eagle.

HE IS NOT THAT KIND.

"It would save a lot of trouble," said a newspaper man the other day

to Representative Slayden of Texas, after the democratic caucus on the Henry resolution to investigate the "money trust," "if you would allow us to attend the caucus." "On the contrary," replied Mr. Slayden, with a twinkle in his eye, "I think it would make a lot of trouble."

"Well, can't you give me an interview on it, now that the fight is over?" "No," answered Mr. Slayden, "it would be against my principles. I never kiss and tell!"—Philadelphia

DOCTOR DEFINED HIS DIET.

Sir Richard Jebb, the eminent physician, was a man of irritable temper, and when bored by the querulous complaints of some of his patients could not always force himself to return a civil answer. A troublesome patient, whose illness was purely imaginary, pestered him one day with questions as to what he should eat. "My directions on that point," said Sir Richard, "will be few and simple. You must not eat the shovel, poker, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, for they are windy; but anything else you please!"—London Tit-Bits.

THEY ALL WEAR 'EM.

"Our eyes enable us to see," remarked the teacher wan. "And what are noses for?" said she. Replied the Boston child, aged three, "To keep our glasses on."

HER DECISION.

Her Father—Whatever my daughter decides upon, sir, I will abide by. Her Suitor—Good! She has decided that she will marry me if you will supply the means.—Boston Transcript.

A Bertillon Expert.

"Ah, I see you have a new cook, my dear." "How do you know it?" "I noticed the imprint of a strange thumb on my soup plate."—Browning's Magazine.

BOY 17, WEDS GIRL OF 11.

Some men are like postage stamps, Moberly, Mo.—Mr. and Mrs. A. Spicer, who live near Moberly, probably are the youngest married couple in the state. The bride, who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Grabbit, is but 11 years old, and the bridegroom is six years her senior. The couple were married at Hager's chapel, west of Moberly, by a minister who has been conducting a series of revival meetings in that vicinity. The parents of both consented to the marriage when the couple declared their love for each other.

TOWN PAYS \$72 A PUPIL.

Mace, Idaho—Few towns in the United States pay more for the education of their children than does Mace, a mining town in the center of the Coeur d'Alene district. Though not a community of rich men or well-to-do men, this little town pays each year more than \$72 for each pupil.

Your 'Phone Is Worthless if you don't use it, but why use so much time in ordering "Everything to Eat" call main 101 and order your entire meal. We guarantee to please you. Pendleton Cash Market Corner Court and Johnson Sts. Phone Main 101

The cost is due in a large way to the excessive expense that goes with every undertaking in a mountain country where salaries are high and the cost of living above the average. Mace has undertaken to conduct a school of a high class and this, with the size of the attendance, which is not large, has made their expenses higher than other Coeur d'Alene towns. In Burke, near Mace, the average cost is \$57. In Wardner the cost is \$45 and in Mullan \$47. "Why can't I bring my dog in this car, I know dogs are allowed on cars." "It's the law against expectation, sir. You see your's is a Spitz dog."—Baltimore American.

GOING OUT OF BUSINESS Having decided to retire from the Implement Business in Pendleton we offer our entire line of Wagons, Hacks, Buggies, Plows, Harrows, Drills, Engines and Pumps AT COST Now is the time to get the bargains. Come while the stock is complete. Nissen Implement Co. Main Street. Pendleton, Oregon.

Save \$250 How long will it take to do it? Think it over. How much can you lay aside every pay day? Why not be a capitalist, and have an income from your money as well as from your labor. YOU CAN DO IT. All it needs is a beginning and a little determination. This bank will help you. Strongest Bank in Eastern Oregon American National Bank Pendleton, Oregon