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SOMEWHERE THERE'S A SONG. (By Frank L. Stanton.) Never mind, dearie, When life's goin' wrong; Don't you get weary— Somewhere there's a song! Out of the sorrow Comes Faith that is strong; Dream of Tomorrow: Somewhere there's a song! Copyrighted for the East Oregonian Pub. Co.

OLD MAN OREGON IS A LOAFER THE Oregonian objects to the claim that in Oregon we haggle too much over taxes and in the way of development polish pebbles while the diamonds remain undug. The situation as it appears to the Portland paper is summarized as follows:

To resume, we protect, regulate or encourage forestry, fishing, agriculture, horticulture, livestock growing, irrigation, dairying, mining, manufacturing, labor, health and education. We have a paternal eye on every fundamental industry, occupation and profession and on numerous minor professions and occupations. And we do support an association to attract tourists to the state to see its wonders and enjoy its climate. It is asking for \$100,000.

Perhaps here is nothing more that could be done. We doubt it. We expect to hear again, as we have in preceding years, of some new activities, some glorious new enterprises which ought to be paid for out of the public treasury or by imposing some new form of fee or license. Forty-five millions in two years for state fundamentals, improvements, inspection and regulation ought to be enough.

But the Oregonian presents no evidence to justify the belief expenditures may be cut. Nor does it offer any concrete suggestions to that end. Shall we fail to protect our forests, our fishing, agriculture, and other lines of industry whereby the state subsists? Would any one abolish education, refuse to care for the indigent or insane, or for wayward girls or incorrigible boys? Shall we cut out road improvements?

Of course not. There is not much room for economy for the reason that in many respects the state is already on a parsimonious basis. Our officials are underpaid and state institutions are generally not improved as they should be.

No one will question the need of closely scrutinizing public expenditures and of avoiding waste and punishing graft. But we can do all that, if it is not already done, and you will find the tax bill no smaller, except as reductions may occur because of falling prices.

The way to reduce the tax levy in Oregon is to increase the wealth, the business and the population of the state. Convert desert acres into taxpaying farms. Harness some of our great water power and get it to producing. Make Oregon a tourist paradise, which it really should be, and let some of the tourist money help bear our expenses.

The Oregonian is long on economy talk but short on development talk. Not two weeks ago it assayed to say it was not worrying over the hotel shortcomings at Crater lake, that the responsibility was not on Portland more than on other Oregon towns or upon California. Here is one place where a diamond is being overlooked. After a visit to our great scenic wonder Irvin S. Cobb wrote in the Saturday Evening Post:

One of these days hundreds of thousands of Americans will visit Crater lake every summer.

For its size, I am quite sure that Crater lake is the most wonderful thing in this world. I dare affirm that it is the most gorgeously beautiful lake on this planet. About its shore, in places where the rock shelves come close to the surface, is the greenest green that ever was, on land or sea, but where the bottom drops away with incredible abruptness to incredible depths it becomes a marvel of indescribable blue—a purer, richer, more radiant blue than any other blue ever was. One has the feeling that a cup of it dipped up would reveal these tints, blue or green, depending on one's dipping. And from personal observation I am willing to state that on being splashed with a canoe paddle its spraying drops are not like water, but like jewels—like flawless emeralds and perfect sapphires.

Having such a natural wonder with such tourist possibilities, what about the mind that entertains the view our one big city is under no pressing responsibility on the score of accommodations? It is up to Portland to lead in this move and Portland should jump at the chance. There is vastly more money to be made by building up Oregon's tourist business than can ever be made by crying down taxes.

Oregon feels pinched because we have failed to make use of our natural chances. We let California and Washington have the tourists. We leave about half of the state to the jackrabbits and allow millions of good electric horse power go to waste while we import coal and oil from outside the state. Our empire builders are loafing on the job and are trying to make Mother Oregon save the day by wearing old clothes and doing the family wash by hand. Old Man Oregon should go to work.

Next to having a local man named for the vacancy on the highway commission the best solution for Umatilla county was the appointment of a man living in Wallowa Baker or Union counties. In Mr. Dobbin the governor has made a highly creditable choice.

High water is fashionable just now and the old Umatilla has the correct season's color.

Those March wheat prices are not so bad.

THE FUNNYBONE

No Such Motor Car. The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance."

"What is it?" she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hill and down through the jungles of doubt and through the swamps of despair?"

There was a silence, and then Johnny, whose father was a motor car dealer, spoke up.

"Please, ma'am," he said, "there ain't no such car."—Kerolite News.

An Opinion. "I think this trial marriage idea is just horrid."

"Oh, they have been working out so-so for a long while."

"Nothing of the sort! It is a new idea."

"Old as the hills. Do you mean to say that every marriage isn't a trial to one of 'em anyway?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

economy, "when I was your age I carried water for a gang of brick layers."

28 YEARS AGO

(From the East Oregonian, January 5, 1892. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Hagen enjoyed a visit New Year's day with Mr. and Mrs. Hagen's parents at Adams.

The East Oregonian is conducting a missing word contest, for which the prizes will be made up of the entrance fees. The complete article with the word supplied, is in the hands of S. P. Sturgis and will be opened January 31, 1892.

Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Whitaker are visiting friends at Dixie, Washington. Mark Sturdivant is here from Pilot Rock.

T. D. Page has returned from a trip to Portland, Tacoma and Spokane. In honor of his inauguration as mayor of Pendleton, R. Alexander was extended a serenade by the Pendleton band.

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