

# East Oregonian

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**WHEN THE WIND LOST HIS WAY.**  
(By Frank L. Stanton.)

I lie awake on a winter's night  
An' wish an' wish for day,  
When the snow is falling ghostly-white  
And the wind has lost his way,  
When he shakes the shutter, an' seems to say,  
"I've lost my way,  
"I've lost my way!"

That's why he's sighin' an' cryin' so  
As he wanders all about;  
How can he find the way to go  
When the stars are all blown out.  
He hasn't a place in the world to stay—  
He's lost his way,  
He's lost his way!

But then, when the beautiful mornin' breaks  
I see him there at play,  
A sip of dew from the rose he takes—  
Oh, then he has found his way!  
Oh, then it is, in the light I say,  
"He's found his way!"  
"He's found his way!"

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**THE KEY TO THE TAX PROBLEM**

**M. M. MOULTON**, a representative in the Washington legislature, addressing the hydro electric meeting at Walla Walla ably presented an idea that should be emphasized over and over again in Oregon and Washington. The advice is more applicable in Oregon than in our sister state.

Mr. Moulton's point is that the remedy for tax burdens in the northwest is to develop our resources, such as irrigation and hydro electric power, thereby enlarging the amount of assessable property.

Speaker Louis E. Bean of the Oregon house of representatives, made the same point at the meeting held in Pendleton on February 5. The East Oregonian has on many occasions made the same argument in slightly different words by urging that Old Man Oregon should get to work and reduce the tax rate by increasing the state's wealth. If we cannot reduce the divisor let us increase the dividend has been this newspaper's slogan and it brought from a Portland paper the charge of being a champion of high taxes, which charge is not true.

To solve any problem it is first necessary to properly analyze the fundamental conditions involved. This the ultra conservatives who devote their time to mere futile complaint about taxes fail to do. They assume that the state is extravagant and cities and counties likewise. They are in error. Government in Oregon is on a parsimonious basis and there is abundant evidence to prove it. We should frankly accept the fact and turn to the

one true remedy for high taxes which is more development and more production.

The Umatilla rapids project will illustrate the point. The estimated cost of developing power at the rapids is \$20,500,000, though the cost at this time would doubtless be greater. But it is estimated that land that may be watered through use of power for pumping purposes will produce \$30,000,000 in crops annually—a sum equal to more than half the total assessed wealth of Umatilla county. It is idle to predict what that irritable land would be worth when reclaimed but it would add colossal wealth to the tax rolls of Oregon and Washington. That is a certainty. On top of that would be the continuous hydro electric power that would be developed and which would be available for industrial purposes. It may be safely asserted that the continuous horse power, measured in terms of coal at less than present prices, would be worth from \$5,000,000 to \$25,000,000 annually. There is engineering authority for this statement.

To develop the Umatilla rapids project would mean to lower living costs, lower industrial costs, including the cost of farming; it would reduce railroad expenses and freight rates proportionately; it would lighten the taxpayers' burden not by reducing gross expenditures but by reducing millage taxation through increasing assessable wealth. This is the true and only remedy for the tax problem in an undeveloped region. This state, and in a lesser degree the state of Washington is in the same category, is situated much like a farmer who has but one-third of his land under cultivation. Finding himself hard pressed he must either cut expenses or increase his gross income. He cannot reduce operating expenses because those expenses are based on conditions beyond his control. Naturally his course is to bring the remaining two-thirds of his land under cultivation. He must look to development rather than to economy.

Oregon is in exactly the plight of such a farmer. We are making use of less than one-third the potential wealth of the state. We must draw on our unused resources and make them produce just as must the farmer just referred to. There would be no sympathy for a complaining farmer who failed to farm two-thirds of his land. Why should a slothful state be entitled to different consideration?

Development must be the slogan for the northwest. We should take the constructive, affirmative course, not a policy of negation. The remedy for the tax problem is at hand if we want to use it. We had clear counsel from Speaker Bean on February 5 and from Representative Moulton at Walla Walla last Saturday. If that idea can be pressed home throughout Oregon and Washington we will arouse a sentiment that will assure development not only of the Umatilla rapids project but of other enterprises that will bring this region into its own.

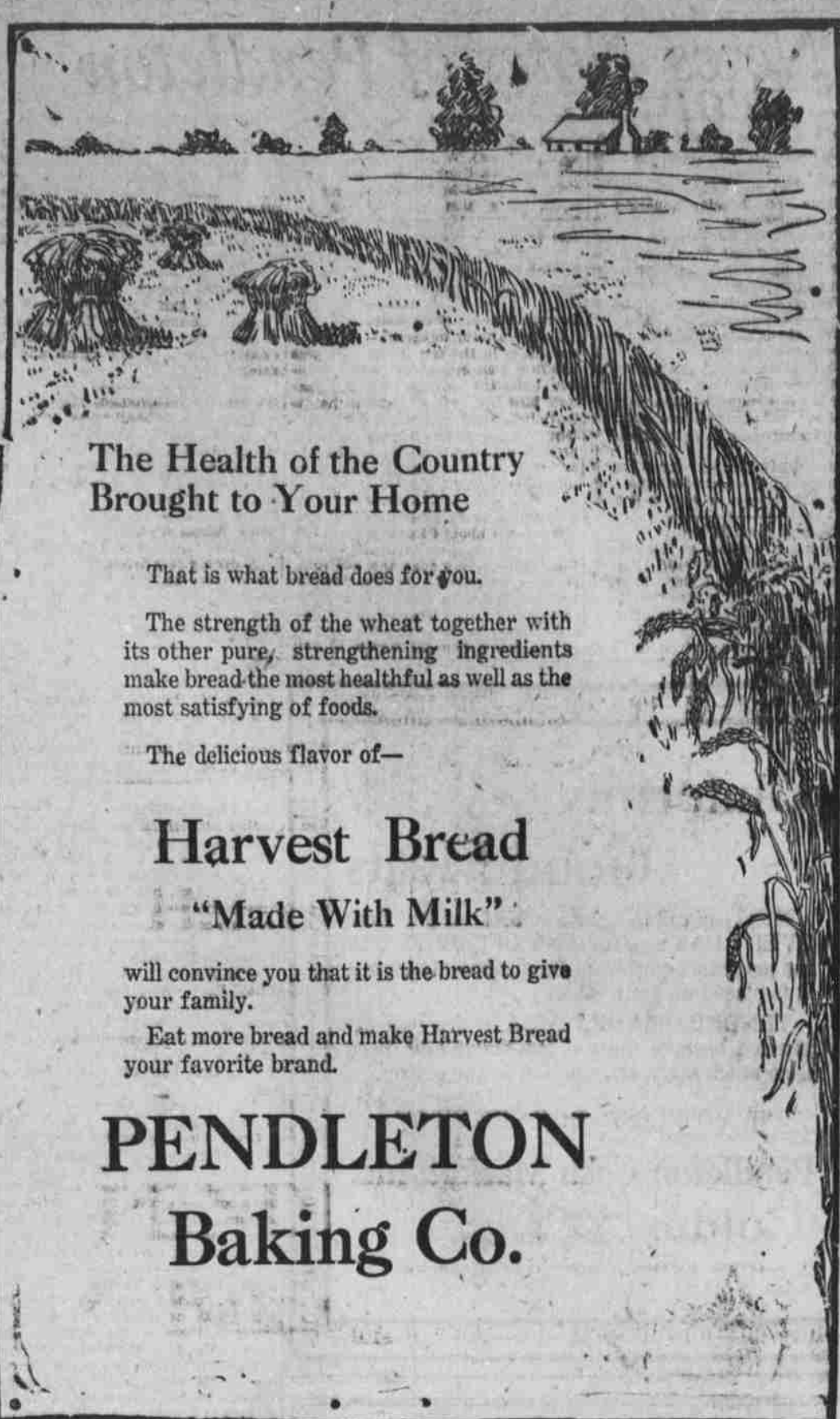
**THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE**

THE announcement of the appointment of Charles E. Hughes is reassuring and cannot be other than commended by well informed people regardless of political affiliations. It is a good appointment and does credit to the judgment of the president-elect.

Judge Hughes is an able man—one of the ablest if not the most able in the republican party. He is a man who thinks and thinks with his own mind. He is nobody's "Man Friday" and if as Mr. Harding has said the secretary of state will speak for the state department then the state department will have an able spokesman.

It is also timely to mention that Judge Hughes wanted the peace treaty ratified with the League of Nations covenant. He was a reservationist but not an irreconcilable. On the subject of article 10 he offered an amendment that was declared at the time to be almost identical in thought with the position assumed by President Wilson.

It will be wise if under the Harding administration Mr. Hughes runs the state department and the senate holds to its constitutional duty of backing up the executive department instead of trying to run that department. The senate is not organized for executive work. The executive department is.



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## For the YOUNG PEOPLE

**The Cherry Tree and the Hatchet**

WHAT are you going to do tomorrow?" asked Mildred of her friend, Eleanor. "It's a holiday, you know."

"I'm going to celebrate," answered Eleanor. "It's somebody else's birthday besides Washington's."

"Whose, may I ask?" demanded Mildred.

Eleanor swelled out her chest and hid herself on it three times, and then said in a comical way, "Mine!"

"Well, I'll say 'many happy returns!'" exclaimed Mildred. "I hope you will follow in the footsteps of—"

"—rump—the noble footsteps of—"

—your departed countryman."

But her friend advised her to "Blow a hall" and went cheerily on her way. Eleanor was always chummy and everybody liked her. She had almost reached home when she met another friend and neighbor, Bob McCann.

"Say, Bob, what makes you look so sassy today?"

"It's my birthday tomorrow," said Eleanor, "and all the banks and things are to close. Didn't you know that?"

"Honest!" cried Bob. "Were you really born on Washington's birthday?"

"Whose?" asked the girl, surprised at the way he looked.

"Promise you won't tell anybody!" demanded Bob.

"Cross my heart!" promised Eleanor. Bob looked over his shoulder as if expecting to find someone standing behind him, then he moved close and whispered in Eleanor's ear: "Benedict Arnold!"

"Fracious!" exclaimed Eleanor. "He never mind that was ages ago. Besides you aren't a bit like him. Anybody could trust you any time and everybody knows it too."

Bob said, "Oh sh—s!" but he was pleased and went off whistling. Eleanor reached home and found things rather quiet.

"Nobody home," she thought, and then she heard voices coming from the kitchen. She went softly in that direction and peeped in. There was her small sister, Kitty, and the cook, a large honest woman called Cora.

"That, Kitty was piping, 'you stir in two cups of sugar first. See! Here's the way you make it all white out. Eleanor learned how at cooking school, and she wrote it out for me. See?"

"Making me a birthday cake, the dearest!" thought Eleanor.

"I guess I know how to bake a cake!" Cora said. "Put your paper away. Ain't no use showing it to me! This Eleanor is a peevish-tempered gal."

But I ain't taking her word for nothing when I'm baking a cake. She ain't careful enough 'bout the truth."

The eavesdropper turned pale and drew back, but not before she heard her sister say:

"Well, maybe you'd better make it the way you're used to. But don't say anything about Eleanor 'cause Muddy says she doesn't mean to fib she just 'zaggerates."

"She ain't careful—" the cook's reply was lost because Eleanor hastened away with a quick-beating heart.

"It's true too," she told herself. "And George Washington couldn't tell a lie!"

Kitty couldn't imagine what had

**The Junior Cook**

**WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY SANDWICHES**

Slice one loaf of bread into thin slices. (Bread should be at least 24 hours old.)

Trim off crusts and cut each square in two making triangles.

Put 1/2 cupful cream cheese (a white chooped) into a mixing bowl.

Add 2 tablespoonful olive or vegetable oil.

1/2 cupful chopped nuts.

2 tablespoonful vinegar or lemon juice.

Beat till smooth and ready to spread.

Spread the cheese dressing on the bread, making neat looking and pretty well covered slices.

In the center of each sandwich put half a candied cherry, the round side up.

By the side of the cherry, like a stem, put a tiny, inch long strip of sweet pepper.

Note that these sandwiches are on one slice of bread only and are uncovered.

These are very pretty and dainty to serve with cocoa or lemonade at a Washington Birthday Party.

handa.

A solemn person, whom Eleanor saw was Bob handed her a small artificial cherry tree and a little hatchet.

"Many happy returns of the day from all your friends," he said in a muffled voice.

Eleanor was quite flustered with surprise and could only make a lot of silly bows.

"I think Mother must have been in on this," she thought.

"Speech! Speech!" cried Mildred. Then Eleanor suddenly straightened up and made her first speech.

"Friends, and countrymen," she began, "thank you very much for coming and giving me this surprise. I'm glad to see you all. But George Washington is much more important than I—"

"Here she was interrupted by laughter."

"Besides," went on Eleanor bravely, "he never told a lie and I do exag—"

"Eleanor might have added, "but I'll try not to any more," but Kitty threw her arms around her and wouldn't let her say another word.

"Even George Washington wouldn't have had nerve to say that about himself!" Bob said. "We know you do, but we love you in spite of your faults," put in Mildred.

"I'll keep this cherry tree and hatchet, where I can see them and maybe I'll be able to follow in the footsteps—" and Eleanor looked at Mildred. And even while she laughed she made a great resolve which I am sure she will always keep.

Bob handed her a small cherry tree and a little hatchet

come over her sister that evening at supper. She was so quiet and gloomy, quite unlike her usual self.

"I'm having serious thoughts, child," she told Kitty. "Don't bother me!"

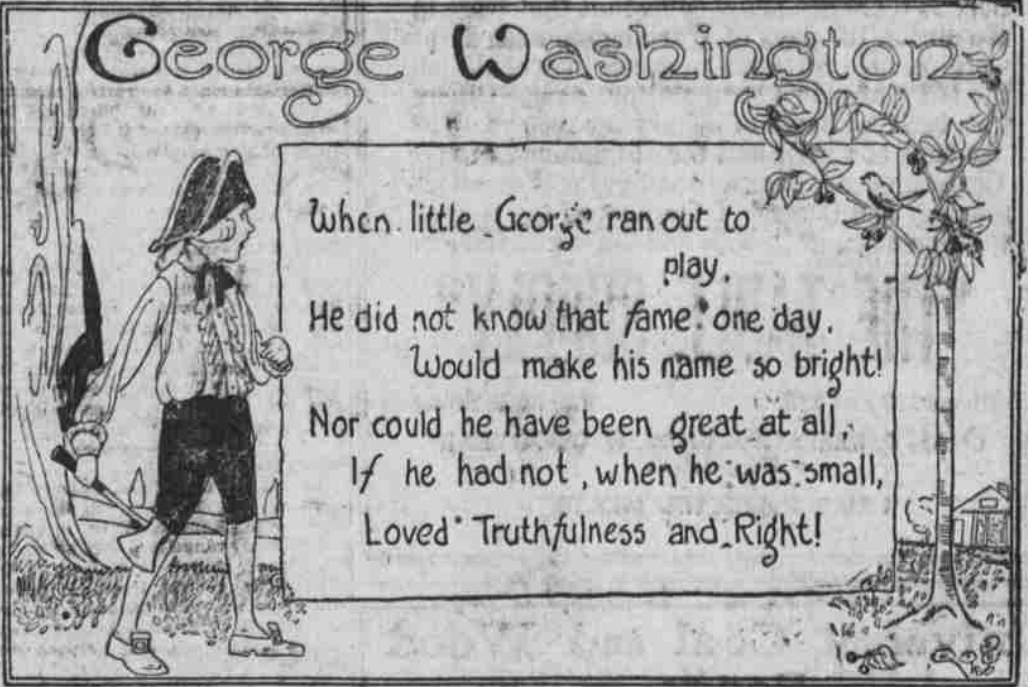
"Is your cream-colored crepe de chine dress in good condition, dear?" asked their mother.

Eleanor thought it was a rather silly question since nobody was talking about dresses just then but she answered that the collar was a little soiled.

"Well, I want you to put in a fresh pattern," said Kitty, clapping her

**George Washington**

When little George ran out to play,  
He did not know that fame one day,  
Would make his name so bright!  
Nor could he have been great at all,  
If he had not, when he was small,  
Loved Truthfulness and Right!



**A Heroine of General Washington's Day**

LYDIA DARRAH was a plain little Quaker lady. She and her husband lived in a little house on Second street in the city of Philadelphia, directly opposite the house in which General Howe had his headquarters when the British Army held possession of the city. One of the officers on Howe's staff decided that he would like to have one of the rooms in the Darrah house for his private conferences, and so he arranged with the Quaker lady to have possession of the back room of her home for his own business.

One evening the enemy officer made a strange request. "I shall come in at seven o'clock tomorrow evening," he said, "and I do not wish to be disturbed. See to it that you, and your family go to bed early. Tell no one of our visit, and remain within your own room until I go out, at which time I will call you to open the door for me, and then you can extinguish the fire."

The next evening when the officer and his colleagues had locked themselves in her back room, she took off her shoes and crept to the door. Noisily she placed her ear to the key hole. What she heard caused the color to leave her face, and her breath to come short. The British officer was reading an order for the combined British Army to march out and attack General Washington unexpectedly, two days later. All in a tremble of excitement Lydia Darrah returned to her own room and when a few minutes later the British officer knocked at her door demanding that he be let out of the house, she pretended to be asleep and answered only at the third

summons. But sleep was not for Lydia Darrah that night. She lay awake in the dark trying to work out a way that she might warn Washington of this surprise attack; and thus save the lives of thousands of her countrymen. What could she do? She was afraid to confide in her husband; she was afraid to breathe the news of what she had heard aloud, for fear the British would discover that she had listened to their plans. Finally she hit upon a scheme. The next morning she told her family that she was in need of flour and informed her husband that she was going to the storeroom for some. Her first visit was to the headquarters of General Howe. She told him that she was in need of flour for her family and he readily gave her a pass through the British lines. With this precious paper tucked away in her bosom she hurried through the lines to the flour mill. There she left her bag and hastened on towards the American lines.

On the way she encountered an American officer with his men—all on the lookout for news. He knew her and asked where she was going. "I am looking for my son," she said. "He is an officer in the American Army. Will you not walk a way with me?" This he agreed to do and ordered his troops to keep behind them, but in full sight. Then to him Lydia Darrah disclosed her secret first, making him solemnly promise never to betray her individually as her life might be at stake at the hands of the British. That night Lydia returned home carrying her bag of flour and nobody thought to ask her any questions of her day's adventures.

Lydia Darrah listened in silence, and in silence she offered up a prayer of thanksgiving that she had succeeded in her mission and that through her countrymen had been prepared to meet the enemy and thus hold the



Bob handed her a small cherry tree and a little hatchet