

East Oregonian

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
 Published Daily and Semi-Weekly, at Pendleton, Oregon, by the EAST OREGONIAN PUB. CO.
 Entered at the post office at Pendleton, Oregon, as second class mail matter.
ON SALE IN OTHER CITIES:
 Imperial Hotel News Stand, Portland.
 ONE FILE AT
 Chicago Bureau, 809 Security Building, Washington, D. C., Bureau 561 Fourth Street, New York.
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 Daily, one year, by mail \$6.00
 Daily, six months, by mail 3.00
 Daily, three months, by mail 1.50
 Daily, one month by mail .50
 Daily, one year by carrier 7.50
 Daily, six months by carrier 3.75
 Daily, three months by carrier 1.95
 Daily, one month, by carrier .65
 Semi-Weekly, 1 year by mail 2.00
 Semi-Weekly, six months by mail 1.00
 Semi-Weekly, three months by mail .50

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Just Folks by Edgar A. Guest

MY BEST
 If I were loyal to my best I should not whimper at the test, From dawn to dusk I should be fair, And bravely stand my bit of care; I should be friendly, just and kind, And big of heart and broad of mind, And find in every circumstance I'd made the most of Time and Chance.
 The best of me, nor do I boast, Would keep me faithful to my post, 'Twould guard my tongue from bitter things, The speech of mallee and its stings, 'Twould spur me on in times of stress, And bring me safely to success; The best of me would never let Me stoop to things that I'd regret.

ARE WE TO BE "DISCOVERED" AT LAST?
 THE Pacific Northwest is a vast self contained empire destined for a brilliant future and deserving far greater notice from the rest of the world than it has yet obtained," says Theodore H. Price, publisher of "Commerce and Finance," who is now in Portland. Mr. Price further says: "You people have not yet succeeded in impressing knowledge of your potential wealth upon the East."

Those very facts have long been recognized by men of vision in the northwest. We know that the resources of the northwest constitute an unused gold mine and that it has not really been "discovered" by the rest of the world. The question is how to reach the public ear. We have expended 57 millions of dollars constructing wonderful highways that open the state to travel and bring the nation's finest scenery within reach of those who wish it. We have one-third of the nation's potential hydro electric power in this region and one of the greatest power rivers of the world. We have a climate that is just what the white man wants. It is a climate in which he can live in comfort, winter or summer, and enjoy good health and vigor. But we have not sold these things to the world. We have goods that are worth while but they remain upon our shelves while the California ice cream peddlers do a land office business and make their customers think they are having the time of their lives. We take off our hats to the Californians. They are a wonderful people and have done much with a wonderful state. But we are somewhat amazed at those who think they see the west when they visit Los Angeles. One reason for popular ignorance regarding the northwest is that our fiction writers have generally devoted their talents to the southwest. One hundred books or stories relating to California have been published for every one relating to Oregon or Washington. But it looks like we may change this condition. Hardy scouts of the literary world like George Palmer Putnam and Charles Wellington Furlong have at last taken up the trail of Lewis and Clarke. They have gone back and told the East that there are people out here, that the old fur trading and trapping days are over, that there are bath tubs here now and that the traveller may safely come this way without bringing his winter supplies along. To the East Oregonian the Putnam expedition of literary light is going to represent an event of more importance than many suppose. It is the herald of a new day and the Round-Up City may justly feel proud of the fact it is our show that brings these writers out this way. They are coming to see us play and that is a point worth remembering also. Perhaps in the past we have used the wrong bait.

WHO WON THE COAL STRIKE?
 THE question as to who won the coal strike may be answered, it seems, by the reply that the operators and miners won, while the public lost.
 That is the theory of the New York World, as set forth in the following editorial, which probably contains much more truth than poetry:
 There are no obstacles in the way of a settlement of the dispute between the Pennsylvania anthracite operators and miners, and no longer any occasion for inventing obstacles. There is no principle at stake, on either side. Nothing remains to be done except to resume mining coal in expectation of a big market for a long time.
 The miners have always held to the fiction that they were not on strike. They had merely suspended work last April. The operators were not greatly disturbed when the mines closed down. It was left to consumers absolutely dependent upon the Pennsylvania mines to worry about the future. They were bound to think about next winter and the prospect of facing cold weather with empty bins.
 Between them the operators and miners have managed so that the situation has worked out to the material advantage of both parties to the tie-up. If the public is worse off it is its own misfortune. When the opportunity arose last April to shut down the mines the operators had on hand an amply large surplus supply, accumulated after a mild winter, which they have been able to dispose of, together with state and other refuse, to good profit.
 Now everything is lovely. Because of the shortage of fuel that has been created the time has come again to dig coal in earnest. The operators have cause to know that they will sell on their own terms all the anthracite they produce. The miners are sure of a busy winter ahead and all the work they want to do at their old wages. The operators have escaped the danger of having to sell coal cheaper and the miners of having their wages cut. It could not have turned out better if it had expressly been planned that way.
 The public, of course, must get out of its difficulties as best it may and regardless of cost.
 There are facts about the coal industry that need investigating and the public is entitled to a genuine probe of affairs. The miners and operators think they are "it" and they should be taught differently. Their coal in itself is not worth picking up. It is the public demand that gives it value and the public is entitled to some protection.

It is reported that the motorcycle that Ernest Todhunter was riding was going 80 miles an hour when it left the road at a curve and struck a house with the result that one man is dead, another injured and two occupants of the house had a narrow escape. Anyone wanting to go 80 miles an hour should get an airplane. The highways are provided with many turns that make furious speed impractical unless one wishes to meet with the angels.
 In Europe nowadays a slacker is a statesman who doesn't want to go to a peace conference.—New York Tribune.


SAP AND SALT

BY Bert Moses

Most of the big men come from small towns.
 One of the troubles that can't be laughed away is toothache.

The telephone is useful in calling people up so you can call them down.
 Kin folks that we are ashamed of are just as apt to be ashamed of us.
 The world is full of men who know how to run the business of others, but fall down in running their own.

Hez Heck Says:
 "If you don't know when you're licked, you never are."



TOM SIMS SAYS
 The real yellow peril is being hidden with rouge.
 Women's fall dresses have less latitude and more longitude.
 Money may not go further, but you do if you get any.
 From the shortage of soft coal it looks like a hard winter.
 "Russia Wants Credit"—headline. Credit for what?
 When people marry they waive their freedom, but these days it is seldom a permanent waive.
 We shall all get a change of climate soon.
 Too many chaperones are out of work.
 You may think business is bad, but suppose you owned a barber shop in Russia?
 American tourists spent \$75,000,000 in Canada last year. How many quarts is that?
 Wives of great men often remind them.
 A bachelor is often a man who didn't brush his teeth when he was young.
 Don't give advice unless you use the same brand.
 "Girls, never smack your lips" says etiquette hints. No, what is the escort for?
 The one who said "I could do dancing" has a daughter who could go to sleep dancing.
 Times are not hard. It is the people who are.

GROANS OF ANCIENT BELL SCARE RINGERS
 PARIS, Aug. 22.—"Jacqueline," the great brass bell of Notre Dame, is silent. The other day while she was being rung she gave forth such groans and grumbings that the bell-ringers were frightened from the loft. There is nothing very serious—her malady is old age, for she now numbers more than six centuries. The pivots and supports are worn out, and now engineers are busy building a huge steel platform around Jacqueline. The bell will then be lifted about a foot from her supports and replaced to begin tolling once more.

Seattle Grain Market.
 SEATTLE, Aug. 22.—Wheat: Hard white, soft white, western white, hard red winter, soft red winter, northern spring, \$1.05; western red, \$1.02; Big Bend bluestem, \$1.20.

U. S. TEACHERS TO GET FRENCH TIPS
 PARIS, Aug. 22.—Most French teachers in American schools know outrageously little about French life and customs and speak French with an accent that couldn't be understood in Paris, according to Professor Albert A. Meras, department of modern languages, Columbia University. Wherefore Prof. Meras is making arrangements with the Sorbonne so that a certain number of students from Teachers' College, Columbia who are specializing in the teaching of French may take a part of their course at the French university. Next Summer, Prof. Meras has announced, the first group of students will be sent over as a trial of the method. A Columbia professor will accompany the group, who will be candidates for a master's degree.

RUSSIANS WILL SPEND \$4,000,000 ON HORSES
 MOSCOW, Aug. 22.—An appropriation of \$4,000,000 for the purchase of horses to be used in the famine areas has been recommended by the Soviet State Planning Commission. It is recommended that one-third of this sum shall be taken from the sale of church treasures and the remainder from the state treasury.

STANDINGS

Pacific Coast League Standings	
	W. L. Pct.
San Francisco	59 52 .527
Vernon	52 56 .484
Los Angeles	50 67 .428
Salt Lake	47 73 .393
Oakland	45 75 .375
Seattle	42 75 .354
Portland	37 81 .313
Sacramento	24 84 .286
Yesterday's Results.	
At Los Angeles: Oakland 1.	

28 YEARS AGO
 (From the Daily East Oregonian, August 22, 1894.)
 Frank Duprat has returned from the mines.
 Mrs. Frank Frazier is home from Meacham, where she has been camping.
 Robert Potwine is home from North Powder where he has his sheep.
 La Grande Chronicle: Miss Freda Roesch of Pendleton, has returned home after a visit here with her uncle, Julius Roesch.
 G. W. Rhea and William Hughes of Heppner, drove to Pendleton yesterday. Mr. Hughes is on wool business and Mr. Rhea visits his daughter, Mrs. Mark P. John.
 Mrs. Dan Taylor is home from her visit to Iowa.
 Fred Johnson is home from the mountains.
 The family of Burr Johnson is home from Lerma Springs.
 G. L. Judson is confined to his home on account of having touched poison oak.
 Dick Morrison, Adams ranches, is in town today.
 A call was made at the mills of the Pendleton Wool Scouring and Packing Co. yesterday afternoon. Inquiries at the office elicited the information that the total receipts for the season aggregate 3,500,000 pounds including 200,000 pounds now at Echo and ready to be shipped to Pendleton by rail.
 Every man from President Judd and Manager Fell to small boys employed at the lighter tasks were heard over bees in work. No busier scene can be found in Eastern Oregon than that presented by the scouring mill force. They are running day and night and will continue this rushing operations two months longer, handling 75,000 pounds of wool daily.
 J. D. Durkheimer of Burns, is visiting Mose Baruh.
 Mr. and Mrs. Fred Seeley have returned from a visit to Portland.
 An operation was performed yesterday on Mrs. J. W. Shearer with

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