

Thanksgiving Signals Zero Weather

POSSIBLY you've been able to get along very comfortable up to the present time without an overcoat. If so, you're fortunate, but remember that from Thanksgiving time forward King Winter rules with a frosty hand. Why wouldn't it be wise to prepare for Thanksgiving not only by securing a fine, fat turkey, but by purchasing an authentically styled

Bond Bros. Overcoat

We display these coats in a score of remarkably handsome patterns. Each model has that captivating "air" and every stitch is perfect.

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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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Telephone 1

AMERICA.

- Fused in her candid light
- To one strong race, all races here unite;
- Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
- Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan.
- 'Twas glory once to be a Roman;
- She makes it glory now to be a man!

—Bayard Taylor.

The East Oregonian is asked why it refuses to make a fight for the present commission.

The Work is charter yet upheld. Now Underway, the commission charter two years ago even though that charter would have abolished the water board had the charter been adopted.

The answer is that the situation with reference to the gravity water system is now very different from what it was two years ago. Two years ago the water bonds had not been sold. No contracts had been let and the Thorn Hollow project had not passed the investigation stage. New men could then have taken up the work with propriety. It was virtually new work.

But now the Thorn Hollow project has been accepted. The bonds were sold, the contracts for the work let and the water commission is itself

lousy with important work by force account. The actual building of the new water system is underway and there is no one who complains the work is not being done economically and well.

This being the case the logical and businesslike thing for the people to do is to keep the water board in power until its task is finished. There will then be no shifting of authority and responsibility. When the new water system is completed if it proves to be a good water system, the water commissioners will receive the credit; if it should prove inadequate in any way the blame will rest directly on the shoulders of the water commissioners. The logical thing and the fair thing is to let the water board finish the work it has underway. The commissioners should not be kicked out of office in disgrace unless there are substantial charges affecting their integrity and no such charges have been made save against Dr. Best.

Here is the way the New York World looks on the present plight of the Mexican dictator.

Huerta Close In striking once to His Doom, more the attitude of defiance, Huerta merely shows again how desperate is his position. In forcing the resignation of the latest member of his cabinet who has dared to advise moderation, he merely again informs a watching world of the rapidly contracting bounds of support among his own chosen followers.

In convening the illegal congress which it had suited his purpose to recognize, he secured obedience only from a chamber of deputies that had been packed with members of his own staff and office-holders of his personal creation. The senate failed to meet, as he had ordered. What it may do later makes little difference. The elections which Huerta declared invalid as regards the presidency, because too few precincts took part in the voting, cannot be made regular in respect to Huerta's congress by any grotesque logic of a dictator who knows the end of his power is near.

With the capture of Juarez by the Constitutionalists and their possession of the northern states, the richest part of Mexico, Huerta's boast that he will raise an army of 500,000 men and proceed with the pacification of the country is farcical. In a military way he has steadily been losing ground. He never had less reason to hope for moral or financial support from any quarter in Europe. He cannot borrow.

He cannot fight. Armies without money are impossible.

His original cabinet is now practically all gone. His closest advisers, against whose counsels he has maintained his pose of defiance of the United States and permitted Mr. Lind to withdraw again from the capital, are leaving him or becoming lukewarm. Over a limited section of the country he is nominally in control of a government incapable of governing and to which he can lend neither the appearance of power nor the color of expediency nor the title of public approval.

Huerta may delay his room. How can he avert it?

To any unprejudiced mind the arguments for a non-partisan judiciary are so conclusive as to doubt as to the desirability of a law providing for such a judiciary in Oregon.

In opposition to the appeal for non-partisan judges republican politicians assert it is a mere plea made in behalf of those who do not belong to the majority party. In reply democrats and progressive politicians assert that republican politicians oppose the change because it might keep some of them out of office in the future.

The partisan plea made either in behalf of the republican party or in behalf of the minority parties has nothing to do with the merits of the question. The only point to consider is whether people can best select good judges by a test wherein the candidate's personal fitness is made the issue or by a contest wherein the party test relates to the candidates' partisanship. It is a needless question.

However, it seems vain to expect a non-partisan judiciary law from the legislature. If the state bar association had been sincere in wanting a non-partisan judiciary, law it should have drafted such a law for submission under the initiative.

VOGUE OF THE NEWSPAPER.

(Leslie's Weekly.) More and more class and secretarial papers are shrinking in number and in influence. The work which they did is being done by the big secular papers, and, with their larger resources and their greater frequency of publication, they do the work in a more satisfactory way. Like the strictly religious press, the sporting papers, too, have given way under the competition.

FROM THE PEOPLE

DECLINES NOMINATION.

Pendleton, Ore., Nov. 21. Editor East Oregonian: In one of last evening's papers I notice that the firemen of Hose Co. No. 3 have placed me in nomination for fire chief, and if you will grant me use of a few lines of your valuable space I would like to thank them for the compliment and for the good will they have shown in even thinking of such a thing. And while I fully appreciate the honor they have bestowed on me, I must also decline to even allow my name to be placed on firemen's ballot. I do this for several reasons. The chief one is that I would make a very poor chief. My place of business is too far away from central headquarters; my residence almost a mile farther, and I have always contended that a chief should be one of the first at a fire.

Next reason and probably most important is that as a member of the city council I would not be eligible for the office of chief. And still another reason is that I think when the department is reorganized that the chief should be one of the paid firemen and not one of the volunteers. And of course it is out of question for me to ever become a paid fireman either in Pendleton or elsewhere as I would not be physically capable. So assuring the boys again that, regardless of anything that has happened, that they have my good will at present, same as in the past, and that there will always be a warm place in my heart for the Pendleton volunteer fire department. I beg to remain their friend.

JOHN W. DYER.

BY THE SCISSORS

THE WORLD-SONG. Not a place for quiet now—the Progress bells are ringing; In every old-time wilderness the blithesome song they're singing: The stars look peaceful up on high a-shining there so dizzy, But an excursion 'round the sky would find the last one busy.

It's "Forward! March!" forever— Life in life in every clod; Ceaseless, wild endeavor; One world scarce waits for God!

Sometimes the toiler—weary of the all-demanding race, Would seek some hidden haven—some blissful breathing-place; But the rush and crush of peoples roar 'round him evermore, As the billows of wild ocean break on the helpless shore.

"On—and on—forever!" Bells in stormy chime, With echoes from the Future Where God is marking time.

For the strife of life is in us and we stay not here for rest. Till earth herself, grown weary, calls her children to her breast; And there, like children sleeping where never discord mars, To reach the record of His earth God may light never stars. "On—and on—forever!" So the world-song runs; And the worlds that watch our progress Will sing it to the suns. —F. L. Stanton.

LOURDES PILGRIMS.

Three thousand five hundred Irish pilgrims recently journeyed to the famous grotto at Lourdes in the hope that their ailments would be cured by divine agency. Three pilgrims from Belfast, after praying at the shrine, declared themselves miraculously cured. One of these was an 8-year-old boy named Downey, who threw away his crutches in ecstasy, exclaiming: "Look! I can do without them!" Another was a man named Michael Downey, also from Belfast, who threw aside his crutches, claiming to be cured of paralysis, and, the third, his nephew, James MacAlister, 9 years old, who had been suffering from hip disease, was also able to throw away his crutches. These cures, only three in 2,500, form a pitifully small percent of the great number who made the long journey, hoping for relief from their sufferings.

The London Daily Mirror tells of 247 crippled Irish pilgrims who met at Cannon street station on their way home.

"It was," said the Mirror, "a scene of the deepest pathos. Not a few had to be supported by parents, or friends, and the sad feature of the procession from the train to the hotel, where dinner was served, was the large number of girl and boy cripples. "I took these crutches with me," said one little fellow, a son of a Kill-also farmer, "hoping I should leave them at the shrine of the Lady of Lourdes. But I could not do so." "Of course, we do not take any notice of the partial cures," said the priest, "for it is often the case after the person has returned home that a relapse occurs." One young woman cried bitterly during the whole of the dinner, and said tearfully: "I am in greater pain than when I left for Lourdes." This young woman had both legs paralyzed.—Indianapolis News.

BONDS AT POPULAR SALE.

(From the Milwaukee Journal.) Chicago offered an issue of \$1,800,000 of 4 per cent bonds directly to the public, but sold only \$22,000 worth the first day. The Chicago authorities bungled the whole plan by fixing the denomination of the bonds at the high figure of \$1000.

St. Paul's experience threw some strong light on just how such an issue can be moved easily. The demand from those who wanted \$10 to \$200 worth of city issues was very heavy and extensive. The sales at St. Paul

were only \$4000 or \$5000 a day, but in the aggregate hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of bonds were sold. Chicago sold \$22,000 worth of the cumbersome \$1000 issues in a single day.

If Chicago will give the people half a chance, they will buy bonds, even if they earn only 4 per cent, which is lower than the regular interest rate, but higher than the interest paid by savings banks.

Bonds that are to be sold to the people should be in small denominations. It would have taken no prophet to predict in advance the failure of the Chicago issue.

GIVING NICKELS FOR PENNIES.

(From the New York Times.) An ingenious—some will fear too ingenious—parson down in St. Louis has devised, as a means of increasing the size of his Sunday school, the plan of giving to each boy and girl who goes to it a bright new buffalo nickel in exchange for any old penny.

In the days of old these pretty lines were taught to a good many little boys and by them recited with touching eloquence: O how we love the Sunday school, Sister and I, sister and I, And, be the weather foul or fair, Each Sunday morning we'll be there In time to hear the opening prayer— Sister and I, sister and I. Nothing in that about telling 'em in by giving nickels for pennies. It was love that brought them, according to confidently trusted theory, at least, and love is justly celebrated as a fine motive—perhaps the best of all. While claiming no authority as experts, we yet venture the assertion that the ingenious St. Louis parson is making a mistake.

IF I COULD WRITE.

If I could write a poem it would be All made of joy, Of laughing, sunny days, and then, you see, Beyond a doubt, You'd read it and you'd know what 'twas about.

Modern Dentists

Dr. Thos. C. Ohmart, Manager. TAYLOR HARDWARE BLDG. Pendleton, Ore.

If I could write a story it would be A pretty thing, About plain people just like you and me And that's a bit Above a million things that have been writ.

If I could write a play it would not be Of hideous things That scare the world and trouble you and me; That make us good By telling us how bad we're said to be.

If I could write a poem or a play Or anything, I'd try to write it in the grandest way, But what's the use? No one would print it if it did no one abuse.

First Tramp—Did you know, Bill, that I had noble blood in my veins? Second Tramp—Well, I knew it was either that or the hookworm that ailed you.

An agricultural paper declares that an icehouse has become indispensable on most farms.

ALTA

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House open 7:00 p. m.
Start Pictures 7:45 p. m.
Opera 8:15 p. m.
Pictures repeat at close of opera.

Admission 25¢ and 35¢.