

We are Going to Celebrate; Are you?

The Fourth of July will soon be here, and if you have not yet purchased your holiday attire it will be to your advantage to do so at once. Remember, delays are dangerous, and the prettiest goods are being sold now. Get your dress while you have an assortment to select from.

THE MAGNET CASH STORE

Clemens & Wilson. Court and Cottonwood



MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1901.

DAILY, WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY
BY THE
East Oregonian Publishing Company,

PENDLETON, OREGON.

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Three copies per day, \$2.00 per month.

Single numbers, \$1.00.

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One copy per week, \$1.00 per month.

Two copies per week, \$1.50 per month.

Over three months, \$1.00 per month.

Over six months, \$1.50 per month.

Over twelve months, \$2.00 per month.

Single copy, \$1.00.

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Over thirty-six inches, in Tuesday's front of Semi-Weekly.

Single copy, \$1.00.

Small newspaper advertisements in Semi-Weekly.

Daily, one insertion, per inch, \$1.00, each subsequent issue.

Local notices, ten cents per line, each insertion.

The South African war is not over by any means even if a London paper has announced again that General Botha has surrendered.

Those pardoned Russian students are probably congratulating themselves that still another girl arrived in the czar's household.

The New York Sun proposes Fire Alarm Foraker for president. For goodness sake, have Ohio men a moratorium for all time to come on this office?

Andrew Carnegie now proposes to build a monument to James G. Blaine. Here is a commendable project that is not likely to fall for want of subscriptions.

A Chicago university man has become a Mormon. Another professor in the same institution claims he never kissed a woman in his life. Could men go to greater extremes?

From the appearance of things political the republican party is preparing to steal and make way with democratic tariff reform thunder. Some of them are really proposing to repeat duties on iron and steel.

Let it be said to President McKinley's credit that he properly punctured the third term bubble that Grosvenor of Ohio and Depew of New York so industriously blew into existence with their small shrill voices.

We are told by cable that King Edward pays his income tax the same as any other Englishman. Probably, but King Ed does not make the money with which he pays the tax, the same as any other Englishman, and there is the rub.

And now comes Matthew Stanley Quay and says that he will not be a candidate for re-election to the United States senate when his term expires. It is a case of sour grapes. It is just beginning to dawn on his mind that he is more fitted to serve a term in the penitentiary than in the senate. Mr. Quay is a political highwayman and ruffian and the people of Pennsylvania should be ashamed of having him represent them in one of the highest offices in the land.

Tom Johnson, whose name is a familiar household word in the east and one which has a democratic ring to it out west, has just proposed to the common council of Philadelphia a three-cent fare, with free transfers in all directions on street car lines, in exchange for a trolley franchise over as many streets as it shall designate. Tom Johnson believes that in time it will be possible to run street cars without charging any fare to those who care to ride, the same as elevators are run in buildings at the present time. Mr. Johnson believes this can be done when the people recognize the justice of taking that value created in every community by the presence of the people the needs of government for the people of that community.

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the following relentless until he arrived at the door of the mosquito. Then the murderer was out and the doom of the little insect was sealed.

The amphibious origin of the past was already known, so that there was no difficulty in tracking him to his lair. All that remained was to find a weapon to destroy him, and accident happened in to show this to be kerosene. So kerosene was spread on some Jersey ponds where the mosquito broods were incubating, and the crop was short by just that many ponds full. It was floated on the surface of a reservoir near Fort McHenry, and the soldiers stationed there wasted no more time slapping their bronzed countenances. Wherever the pungent odor of coal oil filled the breeze, the mosquito folded his wings and joins the silent majority, and it only remains for the people of these United States to spread coal oil on the swamps and ponds in order to live in a mosquitoless and consequently peaceful and happy world. A year or two ago the problem of where to get the kerosene might have made the day of victory over the dread persecutor seem distant, but with every farm in Oregon owing crude petroleum, with every hillside sweating oily drops, and with every spring iridescent with seepage from the sluggish depths of earth, it can be but a little while when the splash of the water on the lawn at eventide will not be accompanied by the shrill hum we all have learned to know so well and fear so mighty.—Portland Oregonian.

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CHILDREN'S BRAINS.

How much happier the lives of the thousands of children entering school this fall would be, if only women-mothers and teachers—better understood the nature and limitation of their brain cells, says the Philadelphia inquirer.

Such knowledge is to be had, as very important experiments and deductions have recently been made by scientific investigators, but the attempt to communicate this information to such knowledge to become general.

After 25,000 tests by the best educators in America, it has been absolutely demonstrated, for instance, that the length of time that a child six years of age can concentrate its mind does not exceed seven minutes; and that all efforts to confine its attention upon one subject beyond this limit are worse than useless. This power of concentration increases slowly; at the age of eight a child's attention may be easily held ten minutes. At the age of twelve his mind should not be riveted upon one subject longer than seventeen minutes.

It is, therefore, a great mistake to keep a child of this age—say at a piano—more than fifteen minutes; after a change of occupation, another quarter of an hour's practice will be of infinitely more benefit than the attempt to continue work after brain and nerves have become fatigued.

Indeed, most of the inattention and restlessness of children may be explained upon the physical basis. A boy's brain, for example, undergoes a certain shrinkage at the age of fourteen or fifteen. It actually weighs less than at the age of twelve and thirteen.

This fact explains the carelessness, laziness and general unreasonableness of boys of this age. Statistics show that a large proportion of boys leave school at about this time.

It is altogether probable that if parents and teachers realized that the proverbial lawlessness of boys of fourteen merely evidenced a temporary condition of brain cells, more of them would be patiently guided through the period to take up their studies a year or two later with renewed interest.

The same tests have conclusively proved that the brain of a child is always most active between 8:30 and 11:30 in the morning. All lessons therefore, requiring the exercise of their reasoning power—such as arithmetic and grammar—should be at this hour.

Scientists have also discovered that if the brain centers governing the motor nerves remain undeveloped until the age of sixteen there is no chance whatever of any later development; which fact is a powerful argument in favor of manual training in the public schools.

The majority of children are so active that they develop their own brains and nerves to a certain extent along these lines. Where they fail to do so we get the tramp and sloven.

It is a physical impossibility to acquire skill and dexterity in any art unless the foundation has been laid in the formation of brain cells and the training of the motor nerves before the age of sixteen.

DEATH TO THE MOSQUITO.

The case of our old enemy, the mosquito, is becoming desperate. For years without number he fed fat the ancient grudge he bore the human race, and incidentally acquired a fair round belly, the while he remained, as a race, immune from extermination.

Now and then, it is true, over-greedy members of his tribe were torn long at banquet and were hurried into eternity by a vicious snap from the hand of the infuriated provider thereof, but such mosquitoes as were usually escaped with their loot, having left in exchange an allopathic dose of irritant, and went forth to lay eggs innumerable and replenish the nail barrels with wigglers, which in turn again became mosquitoes, and so perpetuated their kind while the centurions rolled on.

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when the linen that has been done up at the Domestic laundry is put in contrast with that laundered anywhere in Eastern Oregon. The beauty of our laundry work makes us justly proud, and we feel like crowing every time we see the difference in our superb color and finish on the shirts, collars and cuffs done up by our methods with the linen worn by anyone in the city.

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