



Published every afternoon (except Sunday) at Pendleton, Oregon, by the EAST OREGONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Phone, Main 11. SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily, one year by mail \$5.00. Daily, six months by mail 2.50. Daily, three months by mail 1.25. Daily, one month by mail .50. Daily, per month by carrier .65. Weekly, one year by mail 1.50. Semi-Weekly, one year by mail 2.00.

The East Oregonian is on sale at B. B. Dick's News Stands at Hotel Portland and Hotel Perkins, Portland, Oregon.

Member Scripps-McLure News Association.

San Francisco Bureau, 408 Fourth St. Chicago Bureau, 909 Security Building. Washington, D. C. Bureau, 501 14th St. N. W.

Entered at Pendleton postoffice as second class matter.

See yonder rose bud, rich in dew— Among its native briars sae coy; How sure it sheds its scent and hue. When pu'd and worn, a common toy! Sic Fate, ere long, shall thee be-tide— Though thou may gaily bloom awhile,— Yet sure thou shalt be thrown aside Like any common weed and vile! —Robert Burns.

JOHN MITCHELL, OPTIMIST.

It is fortunate for the country, the people and the capitalists that John Mitchell is an optimist, a thinker, a reformer and a conscientious man. His power over American labor is greater than that of any other living man. His council is headed as an unwritten law in labor circles, everywhere. His calm, dignified demeanor through all the ordeal of the coal strike, his keen sense of right and justice and his willingness to discuss with capital every point in every issue has endeared him to the American people, as no other labor leader has ever been.

He uses his power for good on every occasion. He teaches hope for better conditions by every published utterance and by a hopeful and cheerful spirit is slowly bringing about an understanding between capital and labor that could be reached in no other way.

In the great strikes of the past week, and those now in progress in the East, his every utterance is for peaceful settlement, arbitration, better understanding, and final abandonment of the strike in industrial circles.

The happy, cheerful optimist who laughs under the frown of impending gloom, who lays the foundation for a temple of hope and peace among the ruins of his cherished ideals, is the man who pushes the world forward, despite its pulling back.

Mitchell is the great safety valve to American industrialism today. His hopeful words and his conservative, yet just council, holds in check the impulsive spirit of labor that is smarting under the capitalistic creed.

One moment of thoughtless speech, from John Mitchell would inflame labor circles from center to circumference.

One word from him would close the doors of ninety-nine per cent of the coal mines in the country, and this calamity would strike dumb the industrial nerves of the nation.

It is fortunate for the people that John Mitchell has the heart of the optimist and hopes for the best.

It is fortunate that he has the level head of the born leader to back up his power. Otherwise, the industrial situation would be more grave.

The danger of a weak man in such a responsible position is appalling to think of.

As he was during the dark hour of the coal strike, so is he now—the same strong, thoughtful, leader of men, realizing his power and having the sterling manhood to use it for the betterment of his fellows.

The Italian government has sent an agent to the Transvaal to investigate the prospects for Italian colonization there. The nations of Europe are overflowing their borders. The rising tide of population has flooded them, and is now pouring over the edge, like water trickling over the brim of the full reservoir, which has a mountain torrent pouring into it, and no outlet to relieve the pressure. Italy is not alone in her quest. All the European nations are hunting

places to plant the overflow. Africa, Siberia, Mexico, the two Americas and Australia are being ransacked for colonization grounds. The unsettled territory on the globe is comparatively small in area. Where will the nations stow away the surplus in the next half century? What economic system will come to check the increase of the human race and hold the birth rate down to the supporting capacity of the earth?

Walla Walla is expecting every man, woman and child in Pendleton who can leave business for a half day, to help her properly celebrate the visit of the president, and she should not be disappointed. It should be the special aim of Pendleton to go and greet the president and party, and help a neighbor city do honor to the nation's chief. Owing to the greatness of the American nation, and the limited time which the president set aside for this trip, it is impossible for him to visit one-tenth part of the interesting sections of the United States. It is unfortunate that he cannot see all the points of interest, but Pendleton is fortunate in being so near a point that he will visit that she can add her enthusiasm to the occasion.

A. E. Reames made a hit in his speech at Salem the other day when he called attention to the fact that his opponent, Mr. Hermann, has had 25 years of official record and a majority of 7,300 republicans back of him, yet finds it necessary to bring a trust congressman all the way from Minnesota to plead his cause before the people. Commenting on this point, Mr. Reames said: "Mr. Hermann is advertising dozens of speakers in different parts of the district, but I am going it alone. Why is it necessary for him to go to all this expense and trouble? There must be something wrong when a man with 25 years' record and 7,300 party majority finds it necessary to put forth all this effort in order to be elected. If I had 25 years' record and 7,300 majority I would be willing to stay at home and leave my campaign to the voters of the district."

Now that the president is out of Oregon, and the bills on which the referendum was sought have all become laws, the only live issue before Oregon is the congressional campaign in the wet district. The wires are slowly cooling off.

The La Grande land office fight is waxing warmer. If the weak points of the two candidates, as exposed by each other, receive any further publicity, the people will wonder how either of them came to be recommended.

Just before adjournment the Pennsylvania legislature passed a bill raising the salary of chaplains from \$3 to \$6 a day, and the newspapers say the raise is none too much, considering what a tough job it is to pray for such men as make up the legislature.

On a recent school bond issue in Lewiston, 26 votes were cast. They have the same opinion of public schools there as at some points in Eastern Oregon.

PRISON MAGAZINE.

There are over 70,000,000 people in the United States—mostly writers. Even Sing Sing prison issues a bi-weekly magazine, the Star of Hope, a well-printed, luxurious folio, brimming with human interest. Roland B. Mollinoux, who spent his days in the death house transcribing what he saw and felt in his gawsome quarters, was not the only scribbler within the prison walls. There are potential journalists in Sing Sing. No. 1500 is editor-in-chief, and prisoners write, make up, and print the whole publication, which has a circulation inside and outside the prison of more than 5000. Women, too, are contributors. No. 196 Auburn is local editor.

The periodical is a serious attempt at a prison organ, and in this guise is naturally welcome to what a Star of Hope note would probably call "the residents of our community." Outsiders find in its humor its recommendation to a moment's study. Recently, for example, it contained this paragraph: "The former gentleman who walked or ran out into the free world some weeks ago without the proper permission is again our guest." Its verse also is far from the mere doggerel one might expect. Not long ago it published the following: But where the Hudson with majestic sweep Rolls on its course to mingle with the deep. There stands a frowning pile of brick and stone Whose massive walls were built for strength alone. Whose grim watch towers and portals strongly barred Make freedom's way to many long and

hard! Yet in that tomb of buried hopes forlorn Three blessed years ago our Star of Hope was born.

THAT COWBOY BREAKFAST.

The splendid presidential train pulled up Monday morning, May 4, at the depot of Little Hugo, Col. At the same juncture a lot of cowboys in full regalia of chaps and bandanas surrounded the rear car, drawing up their bronchoses with a stiff jerk.

Over at the roadside a prairie schooner was backed up, its rear gate let down showing the battered tinware of a cowboy cupboard. The regulation scrap of dirty canvass made an awning to keep the butter from melting in the bright Colorado sun. In the rear was the camp fire with all the lars and penates of a half hundred campaigns. The bouncing lid of the coffee pot hanging to an improvised crane told that "steam was up."

It was the camp of the great "round up" of Eastern Colorado.

President Roosevelt, wearing a frock coat and a silk hat, stepped upon the rear platform of the observation car. Greeted by the "yip" and "rah" of the rough riders of the range the full broad Rooseveltian smile appeared.

As the president's nostrils caught a fragrant whiff of good coffee and succulent bread he said, "Really gentlemen, I'd like to take breakfast with you, but there is no time."

"The chuck wagon is waiting, Mr. President, and breakfast is all ready." Swinging himself down from the car the president strode forward, advancing straight to John Keppel, the cowboy cook, and shook hands with him across a frying pan full of nicely browned potatoes. "It seems like old times," said the president, dropping the lid of a pine box from which he took a tin plate and iron fork. He knew the cowboy custom. Each man waited upon himself.

Helping himself to a biscuit from the Dutch oven, he reached for a piece of steak while Keppel poured out for him a tinfoil of rich brown coffee. And the president ate and drank like the huskiest cow puncher of the lot. Using his handkerchief in lieu of a napkin for a finish, he remarked that it was the best grub he had eaten in a long time.

Meantime the governor of the state and his staff in full regalia of gold and lace and importance stood about uneasily. No one paid any attention to any one but Roosevelt, who joked as he ate.

Secret service men dodged uneasily about the crowd. Porters and brakemen shifted positions on the car platforms, wondering at the long delay.

The stop at Hugo was scheduled for three minutes. It was full 15 minutes before the president, grasping the hands of the cowboys, made his way amid cheers back to his train. He had devoured two biscuits, two large pieces of juicy steak and two big cups of coffee.

The president had paid the men of the range the highest compliment possible and they were delighted because it is one of their unwritten laws that a guest should "have some chuck" before gaining full fellowship.

The pleasant tang of the cooking and the forceful reminder of his life on the plains had made the president forget about schedules, about Washington and mergers and politicians.

It was a merciful 15 minutes for a tired man.

Europeans will never be able to understand the significance of this incident as told by various special correspondents of the Denver newspapers.

It could only happen where men have iron in their blood.

It could only happen in Western America.

And it could only happen in a country where a cowboy is the peer of a president.—Spokane Press.

DENOUNCES SMART SET.

Andrew Carnegie spent last week in London and before starting for Skibo castle in Scotland, he was asked about the "Smart Set" in America, by an enthusiast.

Nothing seemed to rouse him so much as the hint that he was a part of this colony of cranks.

"Do you think we belong to the 'smart set'?" he exclaimed. "Do you think I would belong to it? No man of real influence in America takes those people seriously. All that Raw Pork, Jr., and the 'smart set' achieve is to make themselves ridiculous by playing at caste and by aping the European aristocracy. We merely laugh at them. They count for absolutely nothing in the life of our na-

HOPELESS CASES.

When the doctor leaves and says the case is hopeless, what remains to be done? Nothing, if the doctor's word is final. Much, if you will listen to the statements of men and women who were once "hopeless cases" given up by doctors, and who were perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.



Nothing is more sure than that thousands of men and women with diseased lungs, obstinate coughs, hemorrhage, emaciation and night-sweats, have been restored to perfect health by the use of the "Discovery." Will it cure you? It has cured in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred where it was given a fair and faithful trial. By that record you have only two chances in a hundred of failure and ninety-eight chances of being restored to perfect health. It is worth trying.

Abraham Freer, Esq., of Rockbridge, Greene Co., Ill., writes: "My wife had a severe attack of pleurisy and lung trouble; the doctors gave her up to die. She commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and she began to improve from the first dose. By the time she had taken eight or ten bottles she was cured, and it was the cause of a large amount being sold here. I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is the best medicine in the world for lung trouble."

FREE. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser containing over a thousand large pages is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHURCH DISCIPLINE RELAXING.

Father Ignatius, a Protestant High church clergyman, who dresses like a mediaeval monk, has started London by a vigorous attack on society and the church. Among other hard things he said:

"The English ladies have forgotten how to blush. Many hardly know their own children.

"The Welsh Methodists are giving permission to their ministers to smoke. They want to see them with pipes in their mouths and military mustaches.

"Another church is allowing its priests to go to theaters and mix with half-naked ballet dancers. I have known a case where a dancer kicked up her legs on a vicarage lawn to pay church expenses."—Exchange.

Want what? Want a new style hat? Want a straw hat? Want the right kind of a hat at the right price? Go to the Peoples Warehouse.

A Card to the Public. We, the undersigned, desire to enter a protest through the columns of the East Oregonian, against the proposed desecration of the Lord's day by holding a horse racing meet next Sunday at the race track under the auspices of the Pendleton Driving Association. When we paid our membership fee in that organization, we were led to believe the object of the association was to sprinkle and keep in order the road from Pendleton to the race track, and we want it distinctly understood we are in no way connected with any institution that disregards God's law and outrages the feelings of a Christian community.

Respectfully, R. M. O'BRIEN, LEVI JOHNSON.

"Doctor, I walk in my sleep every night. What shall I do for it?" "I wouldn't do anything; I'd get a position on the police force."—Judge.

TRANSFER TRUCKING STORAGE CROWNER BROS Telephone Main 4

STOCK FARM FOR SALE

I am sole agent for the Lee farm of 1000 acres, six miles from Pendleton, on Birch creek. Good Water, Buildings, fine Orchard, A lalfa Bottom. Terms, half cash. Will sell with or without stock.

N. T. CONKLIN.

FOR SALE We have the Best Real Estate in Real Estate. Some nice homes that be sold. Choice Buil Lots. Alfalfa Land from acre to 160. Wheat tracts from 160 ac 12,000. Rihorn & Swag Room 10 over Taylor Hardware Store.

THE RACYLE The genuine, the bicycle which is the undisputed leader, is handled in Pendleton only by us. Come in and see the Racyle.

Withee, 311 Court Street

MUTUAL OF F.R.A. INSURANCE FOR THE PEOPLE OF MINN. ORE. H. M. RICE, Freewater Agent for Umatilla County J. P. Walker, City Agent for Pendleton

WIESCKE MARKET PHONE RED 211 316 E. COURT

Lee's Lice Killer Insect powder and Poultry Supplies, also Hay, Grain and Feed. C. F. Colesworthy 127 129 East Alta St.

Conrad Platzoeder All kinds of Fresh Meats always on hand. Fine Bacon, Hams and Sausage. Prices as low as the lowest

TRANSFER TRUCKING STORAGE CROWNER BROS Telephone Main 4

Bowman, the Photographer Special rate for the next 60 days One cabinet photo of the baby free

FOR SALE Human Harnes J. A. Smith Sole Agent for Umatilla County 218 Court Street

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT THE OLD DUTCH HENRY FEED Y Cor W. Alta and Lillith L. Neff, formerly of the Alta, has charge of the Old Henry Feed Yard, and is pleased to care for your Plenty of stalls, large corr loose horses and catch. E grain for sale. Chp mill in nection.

Engine, Boiler and Machinery REPAIRING Of all kinds is our specialty work guaranteed. Extra Parts Furnished for all of Harvesting Machinery. Manufacturer of RIGBY-CLOVE HARVESTERS 709 East Alta Street Balteore & Howe's Old

NEAGLE B... IT'S A COMMON OCCURRENCE for some folks to think that their carriage may need very extensive repairs as expensive as a new vehicle, but it is not worth the outlay, and it is a grave mistake, as our extensive repair work of all kinds enables us to do things at comparative low cost. Our estimate before deciding.