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There is always a demand for a better article, a better effort in any art, or a better service of any kind, than those before produced. When you are sure yours is the better effort, push it. Get it before the people. Talent in art or invention is one thing. Talent for pushing that art or invention is quite another. You must, to be successful, have both. The world rewards the man who makes himself known. Hundreds of able inventors and artists fall because they do not understand the art of pushing themselves before the world.—Prentice Mulford.

CO-OPERATION THE WATCH-WORD.

One good is certainly going to result from Portland's labor trouble. The unions are going to enter the field with co-operative industries—the individuals will become shareholders instead of being servants, and the profits that have been going to contractors will go to those who learn them by hard knocks.

Already the painters and laundry workers have organized co-operative institutions and are now doing business on the socialist plan.

These co-operative enterprises are flooded with work. Under wise management they will gradually drive every competitor out of the field, for men have a joy in doing work for themselves that is not known to them in the wage slavery system.

From the insignificant position of a wage worker, the laundry girl suddenly becomes an owner and director in the enterprise. From the small pittance of \$1 per day or less, she enjoys an equal division of the profits of the enterprise and has a vote in its management.

She feels a conscious pride in her work, because her individual skill and effort will invite trade to the industry and increased trade means increased profit to her.

It is a new life for the wage worker, a larger life, a broader life, a life of greater possibility, of greater opportunity.

The laborer hesitates upon the verge of co-operative industry because he doubts his own ability. He has been so long accustomed to a boss that he questions his own power of discernment and ability to manage.

The acute labor trouble in Portland is forcing the tradesmen to enter the field of co-operation, and once in the business, well established, and no wage system could persuade them to forsake it.

Looking at the subject from the practical point of view, what is the need of the man who stands between the painter and the man with a house to paint?

Can't these two men come to terms on prices and conditions, without the intervention of a third man? The profits of the job might as well go to the man who does the work as to be divided up with a man who does not touch the job?

Slowly the people of the large cities are learning to think. If they won't think voluntarily, trouble will force them to think. Necessity will force them to seek new avenues for their energy.

Portland's strikes, lockouts and stagnation will develop into a perpetual blessing to the workmen if they recognize the opportunity and firmly grasp it.

Conservative management, wise and just dealing with the public, good service and businesslike principles will win the day for the new co-operative enterprises there.

In smaller towns the principle is not yet applicable. Trades are not so well defined, where many men are

forced to change their occupation at auferent seasons of the year. But the idea is growing.

If co-operation is good in railroad mergers, street car lines, packing plants and tobacco factories, it is good in washing dirty shirts and spreading paint and the same principle which makes union profitable in large enterprises will make it so in small ones. All that is lacking is the nerve to make the test.

One of the great dailies of St. Petersburg prints a long wall about the enmity exhibited by the American people toward Russia, and recites several instances of friendly aid given to the people of the United States by Russia. The article complains that the American school histories contain nothing referring to the friendship shown by Russia to the United States at the foundation of and defense of the Union, and concludes as follows: "The Russian foreign office should publish in English a sketch of the relations between the Russian and American governments, beginning with the time of Catherine and ending with the Spanish-American war, from both diplomatic archives and American published records, and send the same to 3,000 American papers. If a third of this number notice the book a sympathetic movement would be inaugurated in the cause. With its tremendous importance, it is a great error to despise the American press in conducting our foreign affairs." If Russia expects to receive this hoped-for support of the American press, she will have to become civilized in her manner toward those who disagree with her on religious matters. She must deserve favorable comment before she gets it from the American. He has the habit of condemning wrong wherever he sees it, and the Russian idea of "lese majeste" does not unnerve the hand of the editorial writer here.

The proposed merger of Northwestern woolen mills marks an epoch in that great industry on the Pacific Coast. The new combine will include nine mills, and will capitalize at \$3,500,000. The object of the merger is to do away with the cost of salesmen and the sharp competition of trade. Each mill will be specialized and will turn out but one article and the output of this article will be gauged by the demand. At present each mill is manufacturing all the various articles produced by a modern woollen mill. Each mill has its salesmen fighting for trade in territory necessarily covered by competitors. Each mill divides its effort in producing stuff that is not wanted and in order to reduce expenses, reduce the output to the actual demand and to simplify management, the merger is resorted to. It is the universal tendency in all the great industries and will ripen into co-operation in time.

In three-fourths of the wheat area of the Inland Empire, a failure is absolutely unknown. A shortage in the remaining one-fourth cannot reduce the total to any alarming extent.

Smith, the negro murderer who killed his white wife, in Portland, paid the highest penalty yesterday. Her acts crazed him with jealousy and one minute of folly cost two lives.

GULF STREAM'S SOURCE.

W. S. Howard, until recently attached to the steamer Blake, of the United States coast survey, is quoted by the Philadelphia Inquirer as saying that observations made by Blake's crew covering a period of three months, determined beyond a possibility of a doubt that the moon affects the Gulf stream, and that its current is controlled absolutely and arbitrarily by that body. Two years were spent by the Blake in tracing up the Gulf stream and studying its peculiarities.

It has been the firm belief that the Gulf stream was the continuation of the Mississippi river, while some hold the stream was controlled by trade winds. At a point between Fowey Rocks, Florida, and Gun Key, on the coast of the Bahamas, is said by Mr. Howard to be the source or starting of the Gulf stream. He says the current there varies twice daily in velocity, and the difference in its flow at times reaches two and a half knots an hour, and the greatest velocity noticed was nine hours previous to the upper transit of the moon.

Lighthouse. The heaviest surface current there was found to be five and a quarter knots an hour, and the least, one and three-quarter knots. The average was three and six-tenths knots. The observations showed the wind had no effect upon the velocity of the current.

MEMBER?

'Member, awful long ago—'most a million weeks or so— How we tried to run away, An' was gone for 'most a day? Your pa found us bofe—an' nen Asked if we'd be bad again— An' we promised, by-um-by. Do you 'member? So d' I.

'Member when I tried to crawl Frough vat hole beneaf your wall, An' I stuck, becuz my head Was too big? Your muvver said When she came to pull me frough, S'prised you didn't try it too, An' you aid it, by-um-by. 'Member? Do yuh? So d' I.

'Member when your muvver said 'At she wisht I'd run an' do All ve mischief in my head All at once an' get it frough? S'pose we did, why, maybe ven We could do it all again! Guess we could if we should try— Will y' sometime? So'll I. —Burgess Johnson in Harper's Magazine for June.

PROGRESS.

When man has lost his freedom In the quest for hidden gold, When the wily arts of Satan Have secured their lustful hold; Where is liberty and justness In the slavery of time? Does foul greed usurp his manhood, Drifting far from truth sublime?

In the child-minds of his offspring He instills no seed of truth; But the craftiness of commerce Mars the beauty of their youth:

Does he think this awful grinding Paves the way to Christian light? When he breaks the laws of union That are made of Christian right?

Is there time for honest progress In this falsity and strife, When progression's ways are tainted With the trading lusts of life?

"Nay!" the soul of love respondeth, "Tis by charity we're bound In the union-love of brother— Meek and lowly as the ground." —William Reid.

LIVE WELL.

Weep not! For weeping only wears The courage of the heart, Bring lightest laughter to the cares That only seem to smart. Live well today, tomorrow knows None of our rosy dreams, Find in your hedge the fairest rose— As fragrant as it seems.

Live well! Live all, love all you can, Your day is short, at best, Live honestly whatever plan Your heart may come to test, No palsied purpose will succeed— Oh, let your passion give To life the fire it may need To nobly love and live.

Be brave! To love or live your part None other can fulfill, Keep truly tuned your ready heart To find each sweetest thrill, And if you pray, oh, let it be A living prayer you give That leads you always to be free To bravely love and live. —George E. Bowen in the Public.

12 Minutes for Lunch.

That is the average time spent in a large city restaurant by three thousand lunchers. It takes three hours to digest a fresh egg soft boiled; three hours to digest a boiled apple dumpling; three hours to digest fresh roast beef. In fact, three hours is about the time required to digest the average twelve minute lunch. The object of the hasty lunch is to let the busy man get back to his office work. But when the brain is active, the stomach is inactive for lack of necessary blood. The natural consequence is indigestion, and indigestion opens the door to many diseases.

Indigestion is cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, and enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food.

"It is with heartfelt gratitude that I send this testimonial which I wish you to publish with my name and address," writes Mr. Willis Seaman, of Washingtonville, Orange Co., N. Y. "I had stomach trouble from childhood and suffered with it more or less as I grew up. At the age of 26 I was broken down with dyspepsia. My suffering was terrible. Could not eat without distress. Could only eat a few certain things and was not able to work half the time. Every thing I tried only gave me temporary relief. My wife finally persuaded me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets. I took six bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. I then felt so well that I stopped taking medicine. Several months have passed and I can do the hardest kind of work, can eat anything that is set before me and enjoy it. I am 27 years old and this is the first time I have ever been well."

Free. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser in paper covers is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only; or 31 stamps for cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

STATUE AND POET.

Emma Lazarus, poet, translator of Heine, and one of the most remarkable gifts of the Hebrew race to this country, has been honored in an exceptional way by the placing of a bronze memorial tablet inside the pedestal of the statue on Bedloe's Island of "Liberty Lighting the World," bearing her name and her sonnet, "The New Colossus," written 20 years ago, and dedicated to this statue. It now becomes the dedication poem of the statue, and the noblest poem, perhaps, of all that were written for it, and Stedman, O'Reilly and other excellent writers were moved by the great theme.

Emma Lazarus died in 1887, but she had left behind in the "Songs of a Semite" and other books of verse a worthy contribution to both literature and the freedom of humanity; like Heine, she could have said, "Lay a sword upon my coffin, for I was a valiant soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity." Her high appeal to her race and to the world at the time of the expulsion of Jews from Russia in 1880-81 was not of a nature to be soon forgotten. Had she lived until this day, her voice would have been heard to large purpose in the chorus of singers against the imperialistic policy which has degraded the significance of "Liberty Lighting the World." It is most fitting that among the inscriptions within the chamber of the pedestal her noble sonnet should be placed as a consecration. It is as follows:

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame, With conquering limbs astride from land to land; Here at our sea-washed sunset gates shall stand A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name Mother of Exiles. From her beacon-hand Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame. "Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, The wretched refuse of your teeming shore— Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me; I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

THE NEW WOMAN.



Mrs. EMMA MITCHELL.

Mrs. Emma Mitchell, 520 Louisiana street, Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "For the past five years I have rarely been without pain, but Peruna has changed all this, and in a very short time. I think I had taken only two bottles before I began to recuperate very quickly, and seven bottles made me well. I do not have headache or backache any more, and have some interest in life." —Emma Mitchell.

The coming of what is known as the "new woman" in our country is not greeted by everyone as if she were a great blessing. But there is another new woman whom everybody is glad to see. Every day some invalid woman is exclaiming, "I have been made a new woman by Dr. Hartman's home treatment." It is only necessary to send name, address, symptoms, duration of sickness and treatment already received to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, and directions for one month's treatment will be promptly forwarded.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.



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