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Something I find in me that well might claim. The love of beings in a sphere above. This doubtful twilight world of right and wrong...

IS SHE MOVING BACKWARD?

When Oregon gathered in Portland last November to do honor to the vital and foremost question of irrigation, little did the enthusiastic delegates think the subject would die before a year's whiskers had grown upon its benign countenance.

But such is the fate of that delegation—and such is the wane of that oratory that a microscope of infinite fineness would not discover its presence now.

As a tribute to the warmth of Baker City's zeal and the tendency of her delegation to frequently and abundantly irrigate, the first semi-annual meeting of the state association was called to meet in that city during the month of June.

It was suggested that the meeting be held where the eyes of the tender-foot might behold the glory of irrigation in its own stronghold. Baker City was selected as the one spot in the arid domain of Oregon where the alchemy of water, intelligence, muscle and sweat had perfected the system of irrigation most appropriate to the character of the country.

That city was given precedence over other points equally as anxious for the meeting as she, on the ground that she had shown extraordinary zeal in sending an unusually large delegation, loaded to the muzzle with facts, figures, sites, badges, speeches, jokes, good-fellowship, conviviality, oratory and expert testimony.

It is the fate of Oregon to behold the bubble burst. It is the painful task of the delegation to bury the corpse of irrigation, even with the smile of his late life yet upon its lips.

Instead of holding the meeting and showing the world what "good can come out of Galilee," the Baker City people say that "interest has died," and let the convention go by default. Instead of whooping up the subject with some show of their olden zeal and some of that rejuvenating spirit which marked their presence in the state meeting last fall, they sit idly, and refuse to invite their friends to come and comfort them.

With 3,000,000 acres of arid land to irrigate and not an irrigator to be found, is the sad fate of Oregon. Idle land and homeless people, famishing deserts and mountain torrents rushing unbraked to the sea. Renters paying heavily for the use of other peo-

ple's land, and miles and miles of waiting wheat land thirsting for the touch of water and courting the homeless with promises of thrift, happiness, plenty and contentment.

The abandonment of this irrigation meeting is a step backward. Baker City should hold it if only one man is there to open the meeting. She should uphold her reputation at all hazards, no matter if she is deserted by the remainder of Oregon.

Just in proportion to her effort toward reclaiming the desert, will Oregon receive the help of the government. Just in proportion to her willingness to advance, will her interests be advanced by those having the fate of national irrigation in their hands.

After a month of fruitless struggle, the Portland painters return to work defeated. They now begin where they were when they struck, with the additional disadvantage of having lost their influence as a union, and the further humiliation of having to work for the old employees at the same old wages, and under the same old restrictions.

The Episcopalians are agitating a change of name for the church. The name by which they are now known, has done duty for 300 years, through all the stormy periods of reformation and revolution. It has been accepted by the world as a name especially significant of a fixed and well-founded faith and to surrender this honored and world-wide title for something new, means to make an experiment.

The Oregon convict will hereafter have the satisfaction of knowing that he will be confined in a new, clean death chamber and will be hung on a brand new gallows.

CLEVELAND FOR CHIEF JUSTICE.

It is said that Chief Justice Fuller wishes to retire from office, but retains his place in the hope that the democrats may elect a president in 1904, in which event his successor would be a member of his own party. In view of the strong probability that President Roosevelt will succeed himself in the White House in 1905, he could put the chief justice at ease, prove his own desire to preserve the non-partisan character of the supreme court, and pay a fitting compliment to his only living predecessor by inviting Grover Cleveland to accept the office of chief justice—assuming that Mr. Fuller really is eager to retire.

There is some talk of Mr. Cleveland obtaining a fourth nomination in the democratic national convention; but it would be the height of cruelty on the part of his friends to cause his nomination, granting that they could do it, since he could not possibly be elected. But, as a lawyer and an expert, he has an uncommonly useful equipment for the chief justice-ship.—From "Note and Comment," by Frank Putnam, in July National Magazine.

AN APOLOGY OF WAR TIME.

The story of the old brick church in Fairfield county, S. C., where in 1803, the Associate Reform Presbyterian Synod of the Carolinas was organized, has found its way into northern papers. The object of this paragraph is mainly to set forth the facts indicated in the first sentence and to refer to the lesson of the legend on the door-facing. This inscription, as

those familiar with the old church know, runs about as follows:

"Citizens of This Community: Please excuse us for detaching your house of worship so much. It was absolutely necessary to effect a crossing over the creek, as the rebels destroyed the bridge."

This legend was signed simply "A Yankee." The occasion for it was found in the fact that the pews, flooring and sleepers had been brought into requisition to construct a bridge by which the Federal troops might be enabled to cross Little river. The Confederates, as stated, having there destroyed what is known as Klunaid's bridge.

The legend and the delicate feeling which prompted its inscription have in them a lesson of particular and appropriate interest these days, since they reveal, as the New Times puts it, "the existence, even in the worst of the other days, of feelings that led naturally to reconciliation."—Gastonia, (N. C.) Gazette.

T. B. REED'S ECCENTRICITY.

The friends of the late Thomas B. Reed in Washington were astonished to read a dispatch in the morning papers stating that according to the official report of his administrator he left a personal estate valued at \$421,000 net, after the payment of all debts and obligations and all fees of administration. This fortune was found invested in gilt-edge stocks and bonds.

Mr. Reed always pretended to be very poor, but some of his intimate friends were convinced long ago that his poverty was an affectation because they knew of large fees received by him from time to time for legal services and literary work.

He never wrote a line or made a speech for nothing. Each of the many articles which from time to time appeared in the magazines from his pen brought him \$500, and I know of one instance at least in which he received \$100 from a New York newspaper for an interview he prepared with him self upon a current topic.

His lectures brought him \$500 a night, and occasionally in large cities like New York and Boston he received a check for \$2,500.

He estimated his legal services at a very high value, and unless his clients made a bargain with him in advance they were sure to be surprised when they received his bills. There is a story that, while in London some years ago, he charged John V. and B. Farwell of Chicago, \$5000 for giving some information to their English solicitor about the laws of the United States bearing on the sale of Texas lands, and I know where he made a life enemy of one of his closest friends by sending him a bill for advice given on a legal question in what was supposed to be a friendly conversation.

In discussing that instance and the Farwell affair Mr. Reed took the ground that if he had been a tailor and a friend asked him for a suit of clothes he would certainly have expected pay for the material and work and his legal knowledge, having been acquired by hard labor and study could not be given away, as he expressed it, "like salvation."

He was the subject of a great deal of criticism in this respect. He was called avaricious and penurious, but never dishonest, and in 1896 when he was making a campaign for the presidential nomination, there was some unfavorable comment about his acceptance of financial assistance from his friends when there was really no excuse for him to incur any expenses or spend any money.

Mr. Reed explained, however, that he had no source of income except his salary, which as speaker was \$8,000 a year, and he lived in such a quiet way that it was said that he never spent more than half of it.—W. E. Curtis in Record-Herald.

An Essential. Sunday School Teacher (to small pupil)—Yes, Faith and Hope are correct. But what else is necessary to our happiness? Small Pupil (promptly)—Usbands, miss.—Modern Society.

CATARRH A COMMON COMPLAINT.

Catarrh begins with a stubborn cold in the head, inflammation or soreness of the membrane or lining of the nose, discharge of mucus matter, headaches, neuralgia and difficult breathing, and even in this early stage is almost intolerable. But when the filthy secretions begin to drop back into the throat and stomach, and the blood becomes polluted and the system contaminated by the catarrhal poison, then the sufferer begins to realize what a disgusting and sickening disease Catarrh is.



I had a continual headache, my cheeks had grown purple, my nose was always stopped up, my breath had a sickening and disgusting odor, and I coughed incessantly. I heard of S. S. S. and commenced to use it and after taking several bottles I was cured and have never since had the slightest symptom of the disease. Miss MARY L. STORM, Northwest Cor 7th and Folix Sts., St. Joseph, Mo.

S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and a reliable remedy for Catarrh in all stages. Write if in need of medical advice; this will cost you nothing. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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In order to get some lines at the prices we bought, we were compelled to stock heavier than our room will justify, and we now find ourselves overstocked. Therefore, in order to reduce stock, and get the cash we need so badly, we have decided that for one week,

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On Its Merit Has the large demand for Byers' Best Flour Been built up. Only the choicest wheat that grows enters into Byers Best Flour. It's perfection in Flour. Made by the PENDLETON ROLLER MILLS W. S. Byers, Proprietor.

Schlitz beer advertisement featuring a logo with a key and text: 'There is no beverage more healthful than the right kind of beer. Barley malt and hops—a food and a tonic. Only 3 1/2 per cent of alcohol—just enough to aid digestion.' Includes address: Phone 51 Main, H. Kopittke, 507 Main St., Pendleton

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LOOK AT THIS Pendleton Real Estate 6-room dwelling, stable, central and 2 lots—\$1,000. 6-room dwelling and two fully shaded lawn, front \$2,500. 14-room boarding house centrally located—\$2,500. 5-room dwelling with two side—\$1,250. A number of lots somewhat \$125 to \$150 each. 1 lot on flat, five blocks street, \$500. Other lots each.

Much other very desirable property for sale. All sold at right price, see E. D. BOYD, Ill Cor. TRANSFER TRUCKING STORAGE CROWNER BROS Telephone Main

A Cool Place Is Robison's Amusement parlors, under the W. & E. Just the place to spend a way leisure time. class bowling alley, did pool and billiards, up-to-date show gallery. Temperance refreshments and

Free Musical Entertainment Every Evening International Standard Poultry Food at C. F. Colesworth 127-129 East Main Agent for Lee's Laundry