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The old world is tired of the kicker— She's weary of tongues that complain; Your wailing will win Triumph quicker, If you don't sing the growler's refrain. There's room in the rank for the war-horse— For the man who no Duty will shirk— There's a crown for that prancing old hero— The man who don't quarrel with his work. —Bert Huffman.

A FABLE OF THE FOURTH.

A Pendleton barber died the morning after the celebration and went up—down to his reward.

When he arrived at the pearly gates the Devil was busy preparing 16 other sinners for initiation and pointing to a white-hot stool near by, said jocularly, "Sit down and smoke awhile. 'You're next.'"

The barber looked around for an asbestos protector to place on top of the stool, but they were all in use, a Pendleton bootblack who had just preceded him having two protectors on top of his stool.

One by one the applicants for admission were disposed of, and the barber's turn came. While he wasn't in a hurry, he thought it a mean trick for Satan to say he was "next," when there were 16 ahead of him.

As he arose to be branded and dressed for entrance, Satan yelled to an attendant inside:

"Go and pile up a thousand carcasses of Mad Mullah's soldiers under that premium furnace. If they won't burn, I don't know what will." He remarked to the barber that it always rained on the Fourth and his fuel was all wet.

Then Satan stopped with his hand resting on the door, to explain.

"You see we have a contest here for the next two days. Two newspaper men have offered to conduct the contest and decide on the winner if I would prepare the prize, so we are heating up a box stall for the man who wins the contest. No one will know how hot the stall is, for the man who wins it will be selected for his special sins and the thermometers will all be removed."

"What is the contest to decide," timidly asked the barber.

"We are voting to select the man who perpetrated the greatest wrong on his fellowmen on earth, on the Fourth of July," replied Satan.

Just then the door was opened from within and an imp said softly to Satan:

"You'll have to come and quiet these fellows. The villain who fired a bomb under the hospital window was 290 ahead when a lawyer slipped in a thousand votes for the man who advertised spring chicken, and then bought up all the old hens in the country. The newspaper men are raising an awful howl."

"This will stop their jangling," said Satan, as he opened the door and pushed the barber in.

Another vote was taken immediately and the barber who charged his patrons double price for a shave on the Fourth of July, won the prize. The thermometers being gone, he couldn't say just what the temperature was.

The printer who took advantage of the celebration to steal two pounds of purple ink from the other side, lost the prize by one vote.

RESURRECTION OF THE RANGE.

A number of years ago, the Montana legislature enacted a law compelling owners of all abandoned mining shafts to fence these pits, as a means of preventing stock from falling into them. Some of the owners obeyed the law, and some of them—proud Americans that they were—disregarded it.

Among those obeying this humane law were some large English mining companies, who not only fenced the abandoned shafts, but built a tight fence around a lot several rods in extent.

Soon the trampled-out bunchgrass, famishing for a rest, began to grow luxuriantly in these protected lots, and the result of this law is, that many acres of despoiled range has been reseeded, resurrected and restored to something near its olden value, by the chance stroke of this law.

The worst feature about the exhausted ranges of the West, is that no seed is allowed to ripen to replenish the destroyed stock growing on the hills. Year in, year out, the constant trampling process and gnawing process goes on without rest. No seed is matured to be scattered, by the kindly winds to propagate the grass. Nature struggles hard to perpetuate the specie, but the destroying ravages of cutting hoofs and nibbling teeth outdo all her efforts at rebuilding.

There is a lesson for Oregon stockmen in this Montana experiment. The rebuilding of the range is the most important subject now before him. The little expense of fencing off tracts of bunchgrass land for seeding purposes should not stand in the way of the final reclamation of the entire range districts of the state. Seed from these small lots on the Montana ranges has matured and scattered over a large adjacent territory, until many parts of the destroyed range has been restored.

A lesson of equal practical value is before Oregon, in the closely fenced right of way of the railroads. Where stock is kept off the grass for one or two seasons, it ripens, and scatters seed over the ground in such quantities that the range appears even better than in its pristine condition. Here is the key to the situation. It is the most practical and inexpensive method yet suggested for the restoration of Western ranges.

Let every stockman of the range districts fence off lots of bunchgrass land in 10 to 20 acre tracts, just as the farmer would summer fallow his worn-out wheat land. This rest will renew the old stock of grass and nature seed for a new crop on the land adjacent.

This process followed closely for 10 years, will restore the foothill ranges to something near their olden value and the cost will be so trifling that it would not stand in the way. This is a subject for discussion at the coming convention of the wool-growers in Baker City. It is a subject for discussion wherever the stockmen of the Inland Empire congregate to talk over plans for the perpetuation of their business. It stands ahead of the introduction of new species of grass, or any other plan for the rejuvenation of Western ranges yet proposed.

The farmers of the Willamette valley have already made a kick to State Commissioner of the Lewis and Clark Fair about the large amount of space and advertising to be given the mining industry at the St. Louis Exposition, and the very small amount of space, money and advertising given

the farm products of the state. Attention of the board is called to the fact that farm values pay five times as much tax as mining values in the state, and the inference is drawn from the tenor of the kick that five times as much space should be devoted to farm exhibits as to mine exhibits. In this connection it might be pertinent to ask the complainants if they are exerting five times the energy exerted by the mining men of the state, in collecting data, specimens, products, information on their occupation and other valuable exhibits. The board of commissioners, like the Lord, will probably help those most, who show the greatest interest, and vim in their work.

DRIFTWOOD.

A place hunter in Prussia once asked Frederick the Great for the grant of some rich Protestant bishopric. The king expressed his regret that it was already given away, but broadly hinted that there was a Catholic abbacy at his disposal. The applicant managed to be converted and to be received into the bosom of the true church, after which he hastened to his friend, the king, and told him how he had been enlightened. "Ah," exclaimed Frederick, "how terribly unfortunate. I have given away the abbacy. But the chief rabbi is just dead and the synagogue is at my disposal. Suppose you were to turn Jew?"

A somewhat pompous individual was once talking to a friend about his family, the genealogy of which he traced back several generations, but was told by his friend that he was a mere mushroom. "Aye," said he, "how, pray?" "Why," said the other, "when I was in Wales a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me. It filled about five large skins of parchment, and about the middle of it was a note in the margin. About this time the world was created."

Bishop Potter once made a trip to England, and while there was frequently addressed as "My Lord." He says when one has lived for years in America without any special title in ordinary conversation, it is not easy to become accustomed to being hailed as "My Lord," whenever any service is rendered. But from the recurrence of the title, which was still offered me at frequent intervals during the voyage home, I was cheerfully delivered by the first American I met on my way ashore. He was an old vestryman of mine, and I met him on the gangway as he was rushing up to welcome his wife and daughters. He grabbed my hand an instant, and exclaimed: "Hello, Bish; how are you?"

Queen Elizabeth, once admiring the elegance of a Spanish nobleman, complimented him on it, begging at the same time to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier. "Madam," said he, "a lover risks too much on such an occasion; but your majesty's will is law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request your majesty's acceptance of her portrait." He sent her a looking-glass.

Cardinal Mazarin, during his reign of power, was told that two ladies of the court had had a bitter quarrel, in the course of which they accused each other of crimes and sins such as no lady's character could bear without dishonor and disgrace. The cardinal listened attentively, and then quietly asked: "Have they cailed each other ugly?" "No, Monsignor," was the reply. "I have not heard that either of the ladies made this reproach." "In that case," rejoined the cardinal, "I dare say I can reconcile them."

At a dinner party once the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a long discussion, in which Mark Twain, who was present, took no part. A lady near him turned suddenly toward him, and exclaimed: "Why do you not say anything? I want your opinion." Twain replied gravely: "Madam you must excuse me. I am silent of necessity. I have friends in both places." Tutuilla, July 6.

\$50.00 Given Away

To the first one handing us the nearest correct solution of the two following rebuses, we will give \$25.00 worth of furniture or other goods of your choice from our immense stock; \$15.00 worth to the second, and \$10.00 worth to the third.

The question is, how many different ways can the word "Furniture," and how many the word "Rader" be spelled in the following squares by spelling to the right, or downward, or any combination of down and right, or right and down, but always using contiguous letters but no two times, using exactly the same numerical letters, yet all spell the words "Rader" and "Furniture" correctly. For illustration, the word "Rader" may be spelled by using letters numbered 1, 2,

Grid of letters for word puzzles. 9x9 grid with letters R, A, D, E, R, A, D, E, R in the first row and so on.

11, 12, 21, or 13, 22, 23, 24, 33, etc. The solution to be handed in sealed, giving only the number of combinations that can be made of each word, with no name attached, in order that the committee awarding the prizes will not

know who is in the contest. But if requested, each winner must be able to write, numerically, each of the various ways the number of times they claim. In order to identify all solutions we simply number each envelope containing an answer and keep a memorandum of each. No one will be allowed more than one answer. Prizes awarded July 25, 1903. There is no sure thing that the first solutions will be correct. So if you decide you want to change your solution after handing it in you can do so by placing your second in the numerical order we receive the latter. No one connected with the establishment will be allowed to contest.

M. A. RADER Main and Webb Streets

Grid of letters for word puzzles. 10x10 grid with letters F, U, R, N, I, T, U, R, E, F, U in the first row and so on.

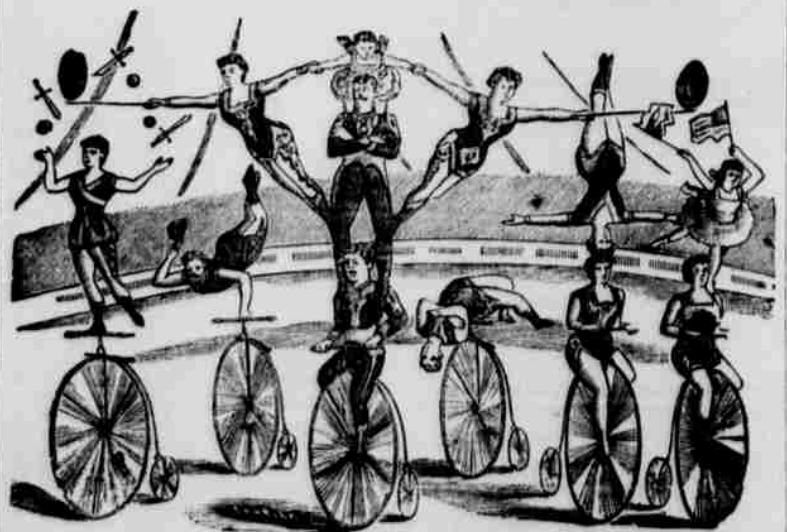
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Olympian Hippodrome--Costly Zoology Annex Sensational Cycle Whirl--Bicycle Experts--Royal Matruda Troupe of Japanese Performers. Marvelous Acrobats, Aerialists, Tumblers and Contortionists. 20 Kicking, Romping, Mirth Provoking Clowns. See the Baby Camel--The only one ever born in America

100 - NEW SENSATIONAL FEATURES - 100 Prices: Adults 50c. Children 25.

SSS THE BEST TONIC

In S. S. S. Nature has provided a tonic suited to every requirement of the system when in a debilitated, run down condition. It contains no strong minerals or drugs, but is a pleasant vegetable preparation. You can find no better remedy for toning up the nerves and bringing refreshing, restful sleep when in a low state of health, or sick and worn out with work or worry.

S. S. S. improves the appetite, aids the digestion and reinforces the system, and its good effects are seen almost from the first dose. It acts promptly in cases of chronic dyspepsia, indigestion and all stomach troubles, and does away with the uncomfortable fullness, nausea, shortness of breath, drowsiness and dizziness that so often come after eating.

S. S. S. is not only the best tonic but possesses alterative or purifying properties, and if there is any taint, humor or poison in the blood it searches it out, and removes it. Many times a low state of health is due to a bad condition of the blood and can only be remedied by a blood purifier and tonic combined, or such a remedy as S. S. S.

If you suffer from debility, insomnia, nervousness, loss of appetite, bad digestion, or any of the symptoms of a disordered blood, nothing will so soon put your blood in good condition, invigorate and tone up the system as S. S. S.

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NEAGLE BROS. We have the Stover Gasoline

Report of the Condition

Pendleton Savings

At the Close of Business June 30, 1903. RESOURCES: Loans and discounts Warrants Bank Bldg & furniture Other real estate Due from banks Cash

LIABILITIES

Capital Surplus Undivided profits Due to banks Deposits