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Seen from Mount Olympus, how small and pitiable must seem the antics of Earth—all these churches and little sects, our laws, our elections, our wars! Viewed across the years, the abolition movement seems a small thing! We hear a Virginian praise John Brown, Henry Watterson says, "The South never had a better friend than Lincoln," and brave General Gordon says, "We know now that slavery was a gigantic mistake, and we know that Emerson was right when he said that one end of a slave's chain was always riveted to the master's wrist! — Elbert Hubbard in Little Journeys.

The symphony played by Pendleton factory whistles will not be perfect until the tones of the best sugar plant whistle join the chorus.

There are three saloons to each church in Pendleton. There are 19 Sunday school teachers and 110 gamblers and eight ministers and 37 bartenders in the city.

Every public school in the land should pass resolutions of condolence for the 37 dead teachers of Chicago, just to show that human sympathy is not limited by distance or climate.

Already Umatilla county feels an inevitable throb that comes from the misfortunes of war. Invigorated by the sanguinary prospects on the Asiatic horizon, beef, wheat and flour are advancing in price.

If there are any friends of Japan present let them come forward and look upon the little nation admiringly, once more. When Russia sits down upon her, it is doubtful if the proverbial "grease spot" is left.

A five or six mill special school tax will raise sufficient funds for the coming year. The resources of the districts of the state have been increased by the \$6 per capita tax which, on 1,521 scholars in Pendleton will amount to \$9,126.

In the Umatilla county nursery yesterday, it was decided that Echo must wear her baby clothes for a few months more. The county court rallied to make jobs for anxious mayors, marshals and poundmasters in the thriving cannery town. More rabbit "jumps" is prescribed.

The sheriff of Shoshone county, Idaho, made a bonfire of gambling paraphernalia yesterday. There are several towns in Eastern Oregon that could furnish a bonfire of this kind that would equal a populist ratification meeting. All that is lacking is some one to collect the combustibles and touch the match to them.

A creamery in Pendleton means the distribution of at least \$10,000 per year of outside money in Umatilla county. It means a permanent investment in the city, permanent income to the farmers from cows not now producing a dollar a year, aside from a calf raised; it means an increased pay roll for the city, increased business for different lines of trade and a certain supply of fresh, new Pendleton-made butter for every table in the city.

With two more steamers added permanently to the Portland-Orient line, the Oregon metropolis forges ahead of all other Pacific Coast ports in swift ocean vessels of the latest type. Seven fast, new steamers now ply between Portland and the Orient, giving her an outgoing vessel every two weeks. This stimulated service between Portland and the far east will invite more and more traffic to that port and every development of commercial interests on the coast, recently, indicates that Portland is to be the chief port of the entire Pacific Coast in the future.

land is to be the chief port of the entire Pacific Coast in the future. Located at the terminus of the greatest railroad system on the American continent, on the direct route from the busy centers of production in the East to the inviting markets of the Orient and being the logical gateway to Alaska, Portland's future commercial supremacy seems to be above question.

While other cities are investigating their theaters, Pendleton should inquire into the condition, conveniences and safety of aer play houses. They are small, it is true, and have always been fortunate. But if something should happen, are they in condition to permit of quick exit; are all the doors always unfastened during performances, are there sufficient exits to permit even the small audiences they hold to escape in time to save their lives, in case of a furious fire starting in the scenery on the stage? There is no arrangement by which the flames could be deflected from the auditorium, but rather, the draught in the building would suck the fire into the main auditorium from the stage, and the main exit instead of being farthest from the stage, is very close to it, which would make it extremely difficult for an audience to escape, in case of a bad fire starting on the stage. While the city is small and the theater buildings are small in keeping with size of the city, all these matters should be considered.

Here is a word in confidence to the school girl. It is not meant for you little snifty chits down in the sixth grade, nor for you old maids who graduated, bloomed and faded years and years ago. It is for that rosy rank of cherubs, ranging in age from 13 to 16, each one a jolly armful, the glowing petals of whose cheeks are tinted with the supremest glory of girlhood. This is for you, alone. Last night as you went home from school, God bless you, you made goo-goo eyes at a school boy on Main street. You thought no one but he saw it. You were deceived. Twenty watching hoodlums saw it and tittered and marked your face down in their memories. Tonight and tomorrow night as you pass, these waiting hoodlums will be there to start a flirtation. It may be innocent and harmless to flirt with a school boy, four and a half feet tall. But that is a starter. Tomorrow it will be with some fellow not a school boy and five feet tall, and next week it will be with a man six feet tall, with a curled mustache and an eye that sets your head in a whirl. All the sweet pleadings that ever fell from a mother's lips can't undo this fellow's glances, if you invite them by beginning a flirtation on the street. Don't begin it. It isn't funny nor smart. It isn't the place, time nor manner for making acquaintances, and you need not get mad about it. It is no worse for boys to swear in your presence on the street, than for you to flirt in public, as you go down the street. Life is ahead of you. It is for you to make it or mar it. Which will you do?

NUMBER OF MILLIONAIRES.

Recently Senator Depew, addressing the Rockefeller-Bible class, said that there are 100,000 millionaires in the United States. The New York Press says that if Senator Depew is correct in this statement, then an official of a great commercial agency and the president of one of New York's richest banks are decidedly in error. The Press adds:

"Both place the number of millionaires in the entire world at 10,000. There are 1,000 in the United States and 1,000 of these live in New York city, whether they pay taxes here or no. The financial red book, a most carefully compiled publication, gives the names of practically all the persons in the United States who are supposed to be worth more than \$300,000. And there are only 15,000 names on the list. No claim is made that the name of every person worth that amount or more is given, but the proportion of those left out is extremely small, for a most exhaustive investigation has been made.

"There may be a few more than 7,000 millionaires in the United States," said the official of the mercantile agency. "I doubt it, however. I also doubt if there are more than 1,000 millionaires in New York. It is absolutely impossible to tell accurately."

"It may seem strange that we should not be able to tell, especially when we are engaged in finding out how much a man is worth and giving such information to our subscribers. So, while it is impossible for us to tell exactly how many millionaires there are, we would not take the number of those who are known to possess a thousand thousands at least and then multiply the number by 10. For that is what Senator Depew seems to have done in his anxiety to urge Mr. Rockefeller's young men to get rich."

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP PAYS.

Advocates of municipal ownership of public utilities may now point to the city of Duluth as a striking illustration of the practicability and benefits of their ideas.

On January 1st the price of gas for all purposes was reduced to 90 cents per thousand feet, which makes a total reduction of \$1 since the gas lighting plant was taken over by the municipality.

Contributing to this remarkable drop in price have been better management under municipal ownership and a larger consumption; but this drop in price have been better management and continued reductions. Under present contracts and at the rate of growth now made, citizens of Duluth believe a year hence will see the price of gas further reduced to 75 cents per thousand feet.—Boise Capital News.

DEBTS OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

At last one of the Newport grocers has carried out his threat to sue, and it is the name of J. Edward Addicks, says the New Yorker, that has been made public, with a bill of \$260 that has run for more than a year. A sorry time, indeed, do these Newport tradespeople have. They claim that the millionaires order royally, and that their orders to leave the house are quite as royal when the collector calls. It is impossible to get beyond the maids and butlers, and nothing more overbearing than the average Newport butler or maid can be found. It is said that were the names of all the people printed who owe for their breakfast food, it would be a list closely resembling the boxholders of the Metropolitan opera house.

AT THE DOOR.

I thought myself, indeed, secure, So fast the door, so firm the lock; But lo! he treading comes to lure— My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand The sweetness of my baby's plea— That timorous, baby knocking and— "Please let me in—it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book, Regardless of its tempting charms, And opening wide the door, I took My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in Eternity, I like a truant child, shall wait The glories of a life to be, Beyond the heavenly father's gate?

And will that heavenly father heed The truant's supplicating cry, As at the outer door I plead, "Tis I, O father! only I!" —Eugene Field.

Crop failure in the British Isles forces the people to depend this winter on American grain importations, the prices of which have advanced greatly on account of the threatened Russian-Japanese war.

MOVING ONWARD.

The following New Year's poem by Alfred Austin, poet laureate of England, appeared in the London Times on January 1, and was sent to the San Francisco Examiner by special leased wire, appearing in that paper on the same date. It is entitled "Moving Onward."

Years moving onward, onward, Whence, and whither, and why? Age after age the self-same world, with the self-same stars in the sky; The self-same glory of light in heaven and light that is still on the way; Outlooking gaze of the daisied dawn and droop of declining day; All things always the same—unchanged unchangeable, all save we, Who come like clouds, like clouds disappear, form and fall like waves of the sea; Message and meeting of severed friends, Yule Carol, New Year Chime

And eternally moving on and on, on the passionless wheels of time, Peace but a hungry duel for life darkening to menace of war, And Muscovite legions tramping on, doing the will of the Tsar. Now philosophies, policies, new, new, but like to the old— Eminent in faith at the birth, then questioned, railed at, obsolete, cold.

Mailed mastodons, ploughing the main, their backs bulging over the foam, Watching to vomit forth lethal fire and drive desolation home; Fearful heart of some dreading boy in the crimsoning covert of a spring.

Moving, mellowing slowly on to become a poet and sing; Or destined by heaven to wake and shake the world with mighty voice.

And make the knees of the tyrant quail and the heart of the slave rejoice, To gather the tumult of every tide, and the fury of every blast, And pile fresh thunders of thought upon the freshening storms of the past.

British sentinels standing mute at the at the fortress gates of the world, And the British flag on every sea with its splendid symbol unfurled.

Carrying liberty, reverence, law, wherever wave pulses reach To bale-laden quay to highway, stream and palm-wattled island leach;

Lovers, husbands, like you, like me, torn from their homes afar, Marching, marching, onward and on, doing the will of the Tsar.

Has sinking and snarling, white-

fangled sloth, through limitless leagues of snow, Moon after moon of monotonous months till the blue-eyed acilla's below. And the cold sleeping rivers yawn and wake and mightily flush and flow. Peasant mother and maiden left at their desolate doors afar, While their sons and lovers march warward, deathward, doing the will of the Tsar. But still the glory of light in heaven and light that is still on its way; Faint hearts that despond of tomorrow, look up, and be done with despair or dismay. For British sentinels stand erect at the fortress gates of the world, And the British flag is on every sea with its splendid symbol unfurled. And the Lord of Right still sits on his throne, still wields His sceptre and rod. And the winds and the waves and the years move on, doing the will of God.

The man who does not make hay while the sun shines is sometimes obliged to steal it while the moon shines.

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Working Shirts: 50c kind, 40c. 75c kind, 60c. \$1.00 kind, \$75. \$1.25 kind, \$1.00. \$1.50 kind, \$1.15. Winter Caps: 25c kind, 20c. 50c kind, 40c. 75c kind, 60c. \$1.00 kind, 80c. \$1.25 kind, \$1.00. \$1.50 kind, \$1.15. Corduroy Pants: The kind sold by others for \$3.00, and sold regularly by us for \$2.00—this sale \$1.50, one half what others will ask you for them. Neckwear: Midget string ties, regular 25c, now two for 25c. 50c Four-in-hand or Tecks, 25c. 75c Ties, 40c. \$1.00 Ties, 60c.

20 per cent Off: On every article in this store includes Hats, Bath Robes, Work Shirts, Dress Gowns, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Suspender, Fancy Vests, Night Robes, large line of Barkeepers' Coats and Aprons, Painters' Special inducements in store order. Twenty per cent reduction the regular price during this sale. regular prices of suits made ranges from \$12.50 to \$40.00. great bargains at the regular price. propose to go one better and offer a cent discount. We want you to come in and see great bargains we are offering. pleasure in showing goods. buy or not.

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