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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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If some stronger hero's sword
Had struck down my weaker blade
Not one coward's moan or word
Had the stinging wound betrayed.
But to see the battle won
By less daring heart than mine
Feelier feet to win the race—
Shallow brows the wreath to twine!
Up, and strive! The golden day
Is not lost, but still unwon!
Far beyond the weakling lie
Glorious deeds as yet undone!
Golden heights are yet to scale—
Far beyond the weakling's powers;
Strong of heart, and fleet of foot—
Soul, the day shall yet be ours.
—Selected.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL KNOCKER.

The kickers against the cost of the public school system in Pendleton can be numbered on the fingers of your two hands, but strange to say, that number comprises some of the most thoughtful business men in the city.

The first argument they advance when asked why they object to paying teachers good salaries, to building suitable school rooms, to making improvements necessary to the teaching teachers good salaries, to building this: "I didn't have all those luxuries, and my boy is no better than I am. What little I know I learned in a log schoolhouse, sitting on a slab bench."

That is the first and last burden of their objection to public school improvements.

By the same rules of logic these kickers should now be reading some old almanac by the light of a tallow dip, warming their shins in a smoky log cabin before a fireplace that won't "draw," sitting on a wooden bench without cushion or back; their motive power should be a yoke of oxen and their time limit in going from Pendleton to Portland should not be less than 40 days, and their accommodations on that trip should consist in a "corn husk" bed in a covered wagon, a frying pan, coffee pot, hatchet and rifle and if they didn't kill a jack rabbit during the day no supper should be forthcoming.

They are willing that every other feature of civilization shall grow away from the public school.

They are willing to furnish their homes with electric lights, (express) telephones, and improved hot-air plants. They are willing to have mail delivered at their doors, evening and morning papers brought to their desks, revolving chairs and dream-laden divans in cozy corners and all in other advancements in home and business life—but they want the public school system left where it was when they were boys, because "their boy is no better than they."

Laying aside all jokes, and in all seriousness, is it not about time for this little coterie of public school knockers to lay down their hammers and join the procession?

Is it not time to meet the natural increase of school population in a brave, honest, cordial manner, consistent with the spirit of the patriots who gave us the public school?

It is true the cost of maintaining the public schools of Pendleton is greater now than it was "eight years ago, when I was director," or "when

I was mayor," or "school clerk" or some other official.

But if you will look at the other side of the school reports you will see that the daily attendance has doubled in eight years; Pendleton has added an entire residence district north of the river since that time, and the birth rate has not declined in any portion of the city, outside of the bachelor ward.

If you take any pride in the growth of the city, in the extension of its trade and the unfolding of its institutions, quit knocking the public schools and all efforts to improve them.

If you don't want new settlers, if you don't want increased business in Pendleton, if you are rich enough without making any further effort to increase the value of property by the erection of elegant homes and the improvement of the city, just keep on kicking about legitimate school taxes and about paying wages to competent school teachers and for sanitary arrangements to protect the health of the scholars, and make the schools inviting to outside patrons.

The city should know where to look for assistance in its upward struggle and the knockers should not be identified with any forward movement.

Isn't it time to get in line for Pendleton?

The municipal water system owned by the city of Pendleton, returned the people profit of \$7,963.61 for the year 1903, an increase in profits of \$992.19 over 1902. This money is the fruits of municipal ownership of public utilities. No city in the land should ever sell, barter or give away a franchise that belongs to the people. If a well regulated municipal water system will pay, well conducted municipal electric light and telephone systems will pay in equal proportion to the amount invested. Public ownership is successful here. No scandal has been connected with the water system. The same success would attend the management of light and telephone systems and the aim in maintaining the municipal systems would be good service and comforts for the people, advancement to keep pace with the age and not altogether profit-getting. This is one of the coming issues in Pendleton. The people know where their interests lie and some morning not far distant, the city will wake up to find a set of officials in power ready to buy or construct every public convenience used by the people. Public ownership is not a dream.

Every housewife and every dyspeptic husband in the state hopes that the creamery business will advance fast enough in Oregon to drive the oleo and "process" butter out of the markets. It is a burning disgrace to know that some of the stuff shipped into Oregon as butter should find place in the markets of a state containing such creamery possibilities as this state contains. The establishment of a 10,000-pound daily capacity creamery in Portland will be a long step toward the elimination of bogus butter from the markets. What is wanted is full-weight, fresh, clean home production, with the coat of arms of Oregon printed on it, as a guarantee that it does not contain a million disease germs to the square inch. Pendleton eats 250,000 to 300,000 pounds of butter each year and imports this entire amount.

SOMETHING FOR SMOKERS.

Two or three mouthfuls of tobacco smoke from a cigarette were shaken up with a few drops of blood diluted with water in a bottle. Almost immediately the blood assumed the pink color characteristic of blood containing monoxide gas, and further observations with the spectroscope confirmed the presence in the blood of carbon monoxide. Similarly, a few mouthfuls of smoke from a pipe and a cigar were tried and the results were even more marked. In this experiment we have some explanation in particular of the evil effects of cigarette smoking for it is chiefly cigarette smoke that is inhaled—an indulgence by which the poisonous carbon monoxide is introduced directly into the blood. This effect of tobacco smoke upon the blood appears to us to be of considerable significance. — London Lambert.

A BOY WHO WAS THAWED OUT.

Once upon a time there was a man who had gone the limit. He had seen all the sights and had visited every clime. Nothing was new to him, nothing could quicken his pulse or disturb his calm. He was a cold, learned, indifferent, trackless cosmopolitan named Milton.

He had made a name for himself in the world of letters, had been complimented by the bright, courted by the belles, decorated by the monarchs, doted by the mammas and was willing to let it go at that.

Time after time he had reclined at half-length in a cozy-corner and listened to the mellow cooling of mate-hunting maidens without uttering a single come-back or feeling the slightest thrill. He had been up against the best in every class and all that any one of them got was a draw. Even when they sandwiched him in between midsummer moonlight and hold-fast music, they could not tease him. He simply would not respond.

By-and-by mothers began to whisper to their daughters that he was immune and a perfect waste of time. It did not seem possible that he could be thawed out sufficiently for matrimonial purposes.

One day Milton met a dark-eyed, fluffy-haired little thing called Mazie. She was neither overly beautiful, bright nor shapely. But she touched the spot in a jiffy. The very moment he laid eyes on her he became goose-pimpled, stare-eyed and dizzy. He knew the trick had been turned. He could feel it in his bones. He was a changed man. The frigid mass of muscle was now a bunch of fine-spun nerves.

Every evening he would plant himself at Mazie's side, gaze into her midnight eyes and pass into a trance. If her parting word was the least bit tender he would go home and sleep like a top. If she was a shade nifty at the breakaway he would drop into a drug store on his way home and take a hooker of bromide. If he failed to get a note from her in the first delivery he would phone to find out what was the matter. If she was cross he would go off his feed and take to the case goods. If she looked at another he would grow faint and rug into a lamp post.

To keep the poor fellow from going bug-house Mazie had to marry him.

Moral: It is only a question of time.—(Copyright, 1904, by Oliver Victor Limerick.)

CRUELTY TO THE HORSE.

The horse, the most useful of all animals, is the one marked for the most of men's ill-treatment. For the most part housed in ill-lighted, ill-ventilated and ill-smelling quarters, worked to its full capacity, cared for only to the degree that selfish interest prompts, the animal is delivered over as the unprotected object of the unrestrained passions of man.

The average man fails apparently to understand that animals have a nervous system, among them in a marked degree the horse, and that were he to govern his own temper he could with a little patience get control of the horse's nervous system and make out of it a servant vastly more efficient than it is under the system in which he beats and jerks and drives it to distraction.

A short walk in any city will discover many blind horses. Why? There are no blind cows, comparatively. And yet the sight of one naturally is as good as that of the other. The difference is simply that the horse from the beginning has been abused, ill-housed, overworked and worked under conditions that have driven him blind.

His eyes are shut in by blinders at each side, for which there is no use but to satisfy the caprice of fashion of man. So his vision interfered with and deprived of air, the wonder is that with the other treatment he gets he is not blind oftener. Besides this in other cases his neck is almost pulled out of joint by over-head check reins that raise his face to the glare of the sun unprotected. Or, on the other hand, deprived of check rein, he is bitten with a curb that pulls his jaws to his breast and tortures him in this fashion.—Salem Journal.

HOAR CAUGHT NAPPING.

Senator Hoar of Massachusetts knows his Bible very well from cover to cover, and draws on it for philosophy and illustration with great facility. Only once in a great while he is caught tripping in this field. One such occasion was while the senate was discussing the Chinese treaty of 1881. He quoted against the exclusion policy St. Paul's declaration: "For God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth." Senator Miller of California exclaimed: "Go on—quote the remainder of the sentence." "There is no more of it," said Mr. Hoar. "Oh, yes, there is," rejoined Miller; "for the apostle added to the words which the senator has just quoted, and hath determined the bounds of their habitation."—Chicago News.

LUCK OF A GERMAN EDITOR.

German papers must not deal with army affairs in a spirit of irony. A lieutenant in Hale was sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment for thrashing his orderly. A socialist paper commented on the fact in a facetious manner. What was to become of the army and its officers if a lieutenant had to suffer disgrace because he beat his orderly. The editor got six weeks.

Secretary Root asks for a supplemental appropriation of \$3,445,000 for the purchase of guns for coast batteries and fortifications.

This is the form of receipt which will be issued in the East Oregonian guessing contest, wherein some one of the subscribers of the East Oregonian will receive a \$100 buggy absolutely free:
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No.....
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.....Dollars, subscription to the.....
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EAST OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO.
By.....

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Prices .25, .50, .75 and \$1.00

"He that bloweth not his own horn the same shall not be blown"
When Dinner's Ready
THE FARMER'S WIFE BLOWS THE HORN TO SUMMON HER HUSBAND TO THE MIDDAY MEAL.
...IT BRINGS HIM.
WHEN THE MERCHANT HAS PREPARED A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS FOR WHICH PLENTY OF PEOPLE ARE HUNGRY, HE, TOO SHOULD TOOT A HORN TO CALL THEM TO HIS BANQUET OF BARGAINS.
BUT THE HORN MUST BE BLOWN WHERE THE MULTITUDE WILL HEAR IT OR NOBODY WILL COME TO THE FEAST,
BECAUSE NOBODY WILL KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT, EVEN THOUGH IT MAY BE THE MOST TEMPTING REPAST EVER SPREAD.
THE ADVERTISING HORN VIGOROUSLY BLOWN IN THE COLUMNS OF A LIVE, WIDE AWAKE, UP TO DATE NEWSY NEWSPAPER THAT GOES AMONG THE CLASS OF PEOPLE HE WANTS FOR PATRONS, WILL BRING HIM A VOLUME OF TRADE FAR BEYOND HIS MOST SANGUINE EXPECTATIONS.
THE VERY BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM FOR PENDLETON MERCHANTS IS THE EAST OREGONIAN BECAUSE THROUGH IT THEY CAN SEND THEIR MESSAGE DIRECT EVERY EVENING TO THE MAJORITY OF THE PROSPEROUS HOMES OF PENDLETON MOST OF WHOM WANT TO BUY SOMETHING
LET THE BUSINESS MAN SHOW THESE PEOPLE THE ADVANTAGE OF BUYING HIS GOODS, AND HE WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE IN SECURING THEIR PATRONAGE.
A LITTLE JUDICIOUS BLOWING OF THE HORN WILL DO THE BUSINESS.

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