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East Oregonian

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published every afternoon (except Sunday) at Pendleton, Oregon, by the EAST OREGONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Telephone, Main 11.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Daily, one year by mail\$5.00
Daily, six months by mail2.50
Daily, three months by mail1.25
Daily, one month by mail50
Daily, per month by carrier45
Weekly, one year by mail3.00
Weekly, six months by mail1.50
Weekly, four months by mail1.00
Semi-Weekly, one year by mail2.00
Semi-Weekly, six months by mail1.00
Semi-Weekly, three months by mail50

The East Oregonian is on sale at H. B. Rich's News Stands, at Hotel Portland, and Hotel Perkins, Portland, Oregon.

Member Scripps-McLure News Association.

San Francisco Bureau, 405 Fourth St. Chicago Bureau, 909 Security Building Washington, D. C., Bureau, 501 14th St. N. W.

Entered at Pendleton postoffice as second class matter.



"When I go down to my grave, I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' Another day's work will begin again the next morning." — Victor Hugo.

Portland people are kicking at their milkmen for adulterating the milk supply. People who would complain of such a rare article as Bull Run water in their milk are hard to please. The milkman can't afford to buy nectar to mix with his product.

Something of the enormity of the burden of a great city's government may be guessed by knowing that in the borough of Manhattan, 11,000 cases of all kinds are filed for trial and the utmost capacity of the court is but 5,000 cases a year. Last year the new cases filed outnumbered the cases tried by 4,000. Dishonest men actually take refuge in this disastrous delay of justice to beat their way through business.

The Confederate Veterans of Mississippi have just passed a ringing resolution condemning the lynching and burning of negroes in the bitterest terms. In recent years some of the most revolting vengeance in the history of the country have been taken on negroes in Ohio and Indiana. The South has human feeling and sympathy, deeper and more easily aroused than that of the more stolid North, and this stand of the Mississippi veterans is refreshing and inspiring.

Oregon is waiting. Whistler; turn the water on. Let the desert blossom Whistler; hurry up the dawn! Sand dunes 'neath your touch will waken into smiling fields; desert wastes are throbbing. Whistler, with their unborn yields! See the idle mountain torrent, dancing to the main; wasted floods mean wasted harvests, ripe with golden grain! Yours the task to spread the verdure on the barren waste; yours, the magic word redeems it; Whistler, please make haste!

Congressman Williams, of Mississippi, yesterday introduced an amendment to the Dingley tariff bill, placing salt and hides on the free list. Being a democratic measure, it was promptly voted down. The tariff on salt is 12 cents per 100, which the Umatilla county sheepman pays, in addition to the exactions of the salt trust and railroads. Is it any wonder stockmen are kicking at \$15 a ton salt this spring? If salt were free, a saving of \$2.40 a ton would be made, which on 300 tons used in Umatilla county for sheep, alone, would mean a saving of \$720 a year.

Now that the Pendleton postoffice is to be remodeled and refitted with neat and convenient quarters for the postmaster and ample facilities

for handling the mail, it is highly proper that Pendleton ask for a night clerk for the office. Two principal mail trains pass this city in the night—one at midnight and one at 5 o'clock in the morning and there should be a clerk at night to make up the mail for those trains at the latest possible moment so all the mail business of this city may receive the attention it deserves. At this time no mail for nearby points is delivered to No. 6, the east-bound morning train and the mail for No. 5, that passes here at midnight, is closed at 9 p. m., so that a great amount of important mail lies in this office while a mail train passes here, going each way. Pendleton needs the night service. Baker City enjoys it. It will be furnished here on the proper representation.

It is a sad text but is worth talking about. It's very sad that some girl's salvation. If it is, the mention of it will be justified. A companion of perhaps one hundred Pendleton girls is cold in death tonight—and such a death! The mental anguish that preceded it and the physical agony that accompanied it, no tongue can tell. She was young and buoyant and easily influenced. She listened to her arch-enemy instead of her mother's pleading. She knew not what she was doing. She was only a girl. Think of it and turn back today. If you have been tempted to keep bad company, shun it. If you have been approached by some destroyer in the guise of a friend, spurn him, and think of the end of this young life. There are dozens of young girls in Pendleton too young to be in places of which their parents are ignorant, strolling the streets, flirting and carousing late at night, who are going wrong by degrees. Viciousness creeps over human life by inches. It grows over the soul like an eclipse slowly dimming the noonday sun. Ere you know it, the happy, buoyant girl is the dark-souled wretch, ready for any fate. Think of it. Turn back, while this memory is fresh.

There are several newspapers in the Inland Empire, the sole excuse for their existence being that they belong to one or the other faction of the republican party. They publish no live news. They tear down what the other side builds up for the good of the state and to this very element in Oregon politics is due the backward condition of the state. All the energy of the factions is expended in fighting each other and in fortifying official positions to defeat the other fellow. Congress has refused to give Oregon her just dues in the past because the faction opposed to the one in office has continually fought any improvement in order to make a bad showing for the side in power. The entire force of the organization has been expended in distributing the patronage in such a manner that the other side is left out. The coming state campaign promises to be a rehearsal of the old drama that has been listened to for 30 years. Oregon needs new blood. She has political senile decay.

Pendleton can afford to select the best site in the city and present it to the order of the Women of Woodcraft if they will bring their permanent headquarters here and erect a magnificent office building. This is a central point with regard to reaching all portions of the Pacific jurisdiction quickly and conveniently. The mail facilities are not to be equaled on the Pacific coast, and the city offers the best possible educational home and moral surroundings. A building will be erected somewhere this season and all the head offices will be located permanently at some point on the Pacific coast. The citizens of Pendleton and the Commercial Association can bring these offices here by the right kind of an effort. It means one-tenth of the patronage of the Pendleton postoffice; it means at least 20 additional homes here and that many permanent high-salaried officials and employees who will become fixtures in Pendleton social and business circles. It is worth going after.

A physical culture class has been organized in Pendleton and a large number of business men have taken active and strenuous lessons. The exercises have almost revolutionized social customs in Pendleton, and it is not uncommon to hear such salutations on the street as these: "Good morning! What is your chest expansion?" "Why, I am delighted to see you, Mrs. Limber Jim! Can you touch the floor with your fingers without bending your knees?" "Good morning, Mr. Portly! What did you weigh this morning?" "Delighted to see you, Mrs. Sprightly! Did you find any new muscles in your anatomy, at the last exercise?" "Bless me! You alive yea, Mr. Stiffjoints! Are you wearing a poultice today?" "Well, well, sister! How is Rev. Sedentary today?" "O, just lovely! Gained four pounds in four lessons and found a cell in his left lung last lesson he had forgotten all about since his football days." "Good morning, brother Short; can you stand on your head yet?" "O, with ease, sister! Are you taking the jaw development movement?"

DRIFTWOOD WISDOM.

He never knew what sorrow meant. When he had tears to shed; The tears that washed out bitterness And left content instead.

He knows at last, what sorrow is. Who has no tears to fall; But only for life's tragedies A laughter cynical.

—Theodosia Garrison.

The merits of the open confession of the other fellow's shortcomings have been quite fully illustrated by the newspaper fraternity of North Tutuilla of late. The profession seems to be in a deplorable condition in that burg, and the field for some aggressive missionary work among the brethren very inviting.

Dr. Lindsay Parker tells the following story: An old Irish Protestant preacher had announced the major and minor prophets as the subject of his discourse for a certain Sunday. For an hour and a half he talked of the major prophets, assigning each to his proper place. Then taking up the second division of his sermon, he said: And now we come to the minor prophets; what place shall we give to Hosea. A tall man rose from one of the back seats, and, with a reverential bow, politely said: "If you please, sir, he can have my place; I'm going out."

M. A. P. tells of a distinguished author, who for the sake of quiet took up his abode in bachelor quarters in town for the more zealous pursuit of his work, and from these quarters wrote to his wife telling her about being alone with solitude. And when the anxious lady hurried to console her lonely spouse, she found that solitude was dressed in white muslin and was sitting on her husband's knee—the minx.

The Octopus Was Made for Love. The Octopus was made for love. As his construction strange will prove; In fact, he lays it over us, The smooth, seductive Octopus.

Suppose, for instance, he should ride With her he hopes to make his bride. And, her embracing, should let fall The reins, 'twould matter not at all.

While holding her with utmost grace, Close in a long and fond embrace, He could a dozen arms detach The loosened buggy reins to catch.

And if a man with just two arms Enjoys embracing female charms, A hundred times the pleasure thus Enjoys the lucky Octopus.

And when the parting hour doth chime, Releasing one arm at a time, He need not leave the maiden meek, Until the middle of next week.

Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, was once on a hunting expedition near Louisville, and happened to fall in with a local nimrod whose unceasing admiration of the city man's marksmanship paved the way for further conversation. "What's your name?" the countryman finally inquired. "Dudley" was the reply. After some exchange of incident and experience the bishop's interlocutor hazarded: "Say, Dudley, what business do you follow?" "I'm a preacher." "Oh, get out. What are you giving me?" "But, I am, I preach every Sunday." "Where?" "In Louisville." "Well, well; I never would have thought it. You ain't a bit stuck up like most of the preachers down this way." An invitation to hear this new-made acquaintance preach was accompanied by a scribbled card, and the next Sunday saw the rustic ushered into the bishop's own pew, where he listened intently to both service and sermon. He was

manifestly amazed afterward, to have the orator of the morning come down to greet him as cordially and familiarly as in the woods. He managed to stammer his thanks, and added: "I ain't much of a judge of anything, parson, but I rise with you and set with you, and saw the thing through the best I knew how, but all the same, if my opinion's wuth anything to you, the Lord never meant you for a shooter." Tutuilla, March 25.

DINKENSPIEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

A good actor is known by der audience he keeps. Peoples dot borrow trouble always want to pass it along. Der man dot was driven to drink would haf walked dare anyway. Der man dot steals time to study vill some day be arrested by Fame. An ounce of apology is vorth a pound of beefsteak for der black eye. You can fool some of der peoples sometimes, but you can fool yourself all der time. Ve all haf to contribution a leedle money to keep der school of egg-perience going.

No Dessert More Attractive

Why use gelatine and spend hours soaking, sweetening, flavoring and coloring when



Jell-O produces better results in two minutes! Everything in the package. Simply add hot water and set to cool. It's perfection. A surprise to the housewife. No trouble, less expense. Try it today. In Four Fruit Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Strawberry, Raspberry. At grocers, 10c.



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HOLT BROS. Side Hill Combined Harvester

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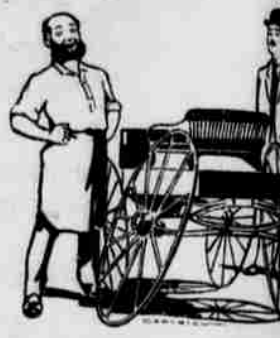
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