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Men have professed their love of God, of king, of church, of state, of friends, of family. A loftier strain than all of these I sing: I love Humanity!

Divide not and exclude not. Build no wall. No special tie shall bind me from the whole. Love's garment has no rent. It clothes them all. I love the cosmic soul!

—J. A. Edgerton.

The tiresome, sickening, unnatural Botkin murder trial has been closed for the second time. The two cases have cost the state of California \$100,000. The jury finds on the second trial that Mrs. Botkin sent the poisoned candy which killed Mrs. Donning and so the long tramp through the courts ends at last in the felon's cell for Mrs. Botkin, for life. It is the price of lust, whose ghastly hands have taken more lives than all the soldiers in Christendom.

The W. C. T. U. of New York and New Jersey has commenced a crusade against the mingling of the sexes at bathing resorts on the beach. If the W. C. T. U. will direct its attention to the low-necked gowns and high-heeled shoes of Newport's disgusting set, instead of worrying about the incompleteness of the bathing suit, it will serve humanity in a fuller sense. The wine sippers and debaucheries of Newport are a thousand times more demoralizing than the harmless commingling of crowds on the beaches.

For 28 years the towns of Union and La Grande have contended for the county seat of Union county. Citizens of both towns have been taxed by county seat committees for over a quarter of a century, and paid lobbies have spent weeks and weeks at the state capital talking up the time of legislators and annoying sessions with their local grievances. Enough money has been thrown away by both towns in this long fight to have made both of them good towns had it been judiciously invested. As it is, Union has given up everything else to hold the scanty patronage consequent on being the county seat, and La Grande has given up every progressive endeavor in hopes of becoming a good town through winning the county seat. If the progressive Mormons will now locate the county seat out at Alice, near the center of the county, it will save another tiresome county seat removal in the future.

No matter what the political conventions do with the direct primary nominations, the people will heartily endorse the amendment. The people are drifting farther from the government each year. Popular representation is narrowing and centralized political power is being strengthened by every succeeding campaign. By barring the masses from direct participation in the choice of public officials, through delegate conventions popular interest in the government is diminished and deadened. The people come to believe that the leaders alone are fitted to make the choice of officials. Keep the people in direct touch with the government if you would keep the government pure and perpetuate public interest in public questions. Make the people believe that they are not part of the government and they soon cease to take part. Corruption follows the caucus, the clique, the factions and the centralized power. The direct

primary law will lodge the choice of public servants with the masses of the voters, where it rightfully belongs.

The East Oregonian rejoices to see its sentiment on the high taxation of vacant lots and idle town property favorably commented on by the county press. This is one advance step that should be risked by the next assessor of Umatilla county. Every man who refuses to build up or sell valuable town property, in hopes that the enterprise of surrounding property holders will bring him unearned value, should be made to pay a tax proportionate to the man who improves his lots. Mr. Strain can safely make this innovation, as a crowning stroke for his triumphant term as county assessor. In certain communities large property owners hold back the progress of the town by refusing to sell or build upon valuable property. The community grows and thrives all about them; enterprising men who do build are taxed to desperation to pay for city government, while the drones bear no burden and reap rich rewards from the energy of others. Tax the vacant lots high and make it cheaper to build than to own idle property.

The disclosure of the gigantic railroad ring, which pays George H. Maxwell over \$50,000 per year to transact its business and locate its land scrip on choice timber tracts, explains the meaning of the hisses which greeted Maxwell at the Ogden Irrigation Congress, last September. The opposition to Maxwell was bitter and unrelenting. Although his arguments were seemingly honest, and his plans public-spirited, it now transpires that those who accused him of having hidden motives for agitating land law repeal, knew the truth at that time. Maxwell is accused of agitating the repeal of the timber and stone act, the desert land law and the commutation causes of the homestead law, in order to check the absorption of choice timber lands through the action of these laws, so the railroads may have more choice tracts left unsettled, on which to locate their millions in land scrip. A faction in the irrigation congress openly branded Maxwell as a grafter. On his first appearance on the platform of the congress, he was loudly hissed by the Kansas and Colorado delegations, and it now comes to light that they knew whereof they hissed. The railroads own millions of dollars worth of lie land scrip and if the settlement of the public domain through convenient laws, is checked, the companies can locate their scrip at leisure on the choicest tracts. The scrip curse should be abolished and the land laws regulated to preserve the public domain for the actual settler.

The people of Pendleton can assist in no more worthy task than that of raising funds for the Sacajawea monument. Pendleton women's clubs have undertaken to help this patriotic movement by giving an entertainment at the Frazer on next Friday evening. It should be liberally patronized, not only because Pendleton women are back of it, but because the use to which the fund will be put is especially deserving of the spontaneous support of every lover of the Western land. The opera house should be filled on this occasion to show the fullest appreciation of the women's work.

DRIFTWOOD.

The late Queen Victoria seems to have exercised a suzerainty over the pocket money of her grandchildren, says Jod Coates in Success. "She held them to a strict accounting in the matter of expenditure, and if they did not make their allowances last over a specified time, she sternly called them to account. "One week when the present Prince of Wales was at Eton, candy tarts and other school boy delights proved his financial undoing. He had spent a month's allowance in one week. With impecuniosity and indignation came repentance. "Accordingly he wrote a long Mea Culpa to his grandmother, confessing his fault, and asking for an advance on account of the next installment of pocket money. In reply he

received a long letter of admonition from the queen, refusing his request. "The letter closed with a sentence in which the writer expressed the pain that it gave her in having to write to him.

"A few days later her majesty received another letter from the future heir to the British throne. It ran much like this: 'Dear Grandmother: Yours received. Please don't bother any more about me. I'm all right now. I sold your letter for 30 shillings to one of our fellows here, who is collecting the letters of notable people.'"

Signor Zanetti, the magician had been displaying his dexterity to an interested crowd of spectators in a Kentucky town. Stepping forward he said: "For my next trick I will require a small flask of whisky. Will some gentleman in the audience accommodate me with the loan of a pint flask?" No one stirred; the magician was plainly nonplussed and with an appealing gesture he said:

"I had received a different impression than this, as to Kentucky customs. Perhaps you did not understand me. Will some gentleman kindly loan me a pint flask of whisky?"

Again there was no response, and briefly apologizing, the magician said he would be compelled to omit this from his repertory for that night.

He was turning again to his table when a tall, lank man in the rear of the hall arose. "Mistah," said he, "would a quart flask do as well?" "producing a bottle of that capacity. "Just as well, sir," replied Zanetti. And every gentleman in the house arose with that size flask extended.

The Buffalo News thus sizes up the Far Eastern mix-up: Russia was a grabber, Russia was a thief; Russia went to Manchuria and stole beyond belief.

Russia to Korea went. Jappy wasn't home; Russia got her greedy mitts On miles of fertile loam. Jappy got his dander up— Jappy's free from dread— Wants to meet the Russian bear And beat him on the head. Tutuilla, April 5.

PERFECTLY SANE WIT.

At Stellacoom as a state institution where the state of Washington cares for those bereft of reason. Often the patients exhibit a cunning and a genius that shows wisdom and sanity to be closely allied. It has its pathetic side as well as its humorous vein.

A state official, while visiting at Stellacoom recently observed a patient with an inverted wheelbarrow parading the spacious grounds and evincing much pleasure. "Why don't you turn that wheelbarrow right side up?" inquired the visitor. "Because," replied the wheelbarrower, "I am crazy; and besides, if I turn it right side up they will put bricks in it."

The midnight of insanity might be dense and dark and like sweet bells jangled out of tune, but the scintillations of intelligence there are often bright as flashes from the master wits.

On the following day the visitor saw a large number of patients piling up boxes against the high board fence that surrounds the rear of the institution. The fence was literally lined with the curious wares of the state. Beyond the fence were a lot of Japanese coolies and common laborers excavating for an electric railway. The many questions asked by the patients would puzzle a philosopher. One of the fence-climbers asked a workman if he got paid for doing that work. "Certainly," said the laborer. "I get \$1.10 a day." The insane man paused and studied for a time, and then he said solemnly: Well, sir, I think you are on the wrong side of the fence."

An Immense Giant.

The bones of a giant discovered in an excavation near Rouen in the year 1850 were of extraordinary proportions. The shin bone was as long as the whole leg of an average man, and the skull was made to hold a bushel of wheat without spilling a grain. One of the jaw teeth weighed 11-16ths of an ounce.

African Burials.

In certain parts of Africa it is considered a mark of disrespect to bury the dead out of doors. Only slaves are treated in so unceremonious a fashion. The honored dead are buried beneath the floors of the houses.

Russian Maidens.

A woman in Russia, until the day of her death, if she remain unmarried, is under the absolute sway of her parents.

THIN PEOPLE

want to get fat and fat people want to get thin—human nature. If you are fat don't take Scott's Emulsion. It will make you gain flesh. If you are thin Scott's Emulsion is just what you need. It is one of the greatest flesh producers known. Not temporary gains but healthy, solid flesh that will fill out the body where it is needed.

There's nothing better than Scott's Emulsion for weakness and wasting.

We'll send you a sample free upon request. SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York.

IF EDITORS TOLD THE TRUTH.

(The country editor is probably the most expert man in the world at pouring oil on troubled waters. He is sometimes attacked by a subscriber—perhaps a reader would be the more accurate term—for not telling the exact truth on all occasions. A story has been going round the papers concerning the fate of a girl whose wedding was written up in the truthful style she had so much desired on other occasions. Here is what might happen if the truth were told about the death of a "prominent citizen.")

Bill Jones croaked yesterday in the back room of the Mug saloon. Dr. Bones says he died of heart failure, but everybody knows that's just a stall. Too much booze was what ended Jones. Bill was fond of telling how he crossed the plains in the early days, but he always forgot to mention that he was chased the first 47 miles by two sheriffs.

He also used to talk about his long service to the public, when everybody knew he made more than his salary as sheriff out of his graft on feeding the prisoners, to say nothing of unjustifiable side lines. Mrs. Jones shows at the window of the house now and then with a handkerchief to her eyes, but she might as well quit, for George Dinkel told us last week in confidence that she had promised to marry him as soon as Bill shuffled out.

George knows his own business best, but we would hate to marry a woman so deceitful as Mrs. Jones. Bill will be planted tomorrow. Rev. Schnitzel being the preacher chosen to lie about his virtues in the funeral sermon. Taking things all round, it's a pretty good thing for Bugtown that old man Jones passed into the great beyond.

JUSTICE HOLMES' DISSENT.

The dissent of Justice Holmes from the conclusions of his republican associates in the merger case is said to have excited the ire of the president. Mr. Roosevelt seems to have regarded it as an act of party treason and personal disloyalty for a judge appointed by himself to fail to take the "administration view" of a suit brought on the president's initiative and so closely related to its political fortunes.

The people are not likely to sympathize with this view. They are disposed rather to admire Justice Holmes' action and courage in our judiciary which has ever been its chief glory, and the continued possession and exercise of which constitute the surest safeguard of fearlessness and even-handed justice. It will be a sorry day for the republic when our courts become either the slaves of party or the subservient instruments of the executive.—New York World.

CONGRESSMAN WILBER SAYS

(To The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., of Columbus, O.)

"Pe-ru-na is All You Claim For It"

Congressman D. F. Wilber, of Oneonta, N. Y., writes:

The Peru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio: Gentlemen—Persuaded by a friend I have tried your remedy and I am almost fully recovered after the use of a few bottles. I am fully convinced that Peru-na is all you claim for it, and I cheerfully recommend your medicine to all who are afflicted with catarrhal trouble.—David F. Wilber.

Peru-na a Preventive and Cure for Colds.

Mr. C. F. Given, Sussex, N. B., Vice President of "The Past-time Boating Club," writes:

"Whenever the cold weather sets in I have for years past been very sure to catch a severe cold which was hard to throw off, and which would leave after-effects on my constitution the most of the winter.

"Last winter I was advised to try Peru-na, and within five days the cold was broken up and in five days more I was a well man. I recommended it to several of my friends and all speak the highest praise for it. There is nothing like Peru-na for catarrhal affections. It is—It nigh infallible as a cure, and I gladly endorse it."—C. F. Given.

A Prominent Singer Saved From Loss of Voice.

Mr. Julian Weissitz, 175 Seneca street, Buffalo, N. Y., is corresponding secretary of The Sangerlust, of New York; is the leading second bass of the Sangerlust, the largest German singing society of New York and also the oldest.

Too Big to Ride.

The giant Perregus, mentioned in more or less reliable histories as having been slain by Orlando, nephew

of 1809 The Sangerlust celebrated fiftieth anniversary with a large celebration in New York City. The following is his testimony:

"About two years ago I caught a severe cold while traveling and was settled into catarrh of the bronchial tubes, and so affected my voice that I was obliged to cancel my engagements. In distress I was advised to try Peru-na and although I had never used a patent medicine before, I sent for a bottle. "Words but illly describe my surprise to find that within a few days I was greatly relieved, and within three weeks I was entirely recovered. I am now without it now, and take an occasional dose when I feel run down."—Julian Weissitz.

If you do not derive prompt relief from the use of Peru-na, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus,

of Charlemagne, was 28 feet in height. While in the army he was forced to walk, there being no horse strong enough to bear him.

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EVERYTHING AS REPRESENTED OR MONEY BACK. COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

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