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Surely God would not permit His children to suffer if it were not to work out for them the highest good. For God never does, nor suffers to be done, but that which we would do if we could see the end of all events as well as He. The little circumstance of death will make no difference with me; I shall have the same friends in that other world that I have here; the same loves and aspirations and occupations. If it were not so, I should not be myself, and surely I shall not lose my identity. God's love is so infinitely greater than mine that I cannot fear for His children, and when I long to help some poor, suffering, erring fellow-creature, I am consoled with the thought that His great heart of love is more moved than mine can be, and so I rest in peace.—John G. Whittier.

DAMAGED BY REPORTS.

The report of the little rainstorm which occurred in this city Sunday afternoon, as printed in the *Spokane-Review*, has damaged the city of Pendleton, with the reading public, which happens to see that paper, and which, unfortunately, is not acquainted with the actual facts, more than any retraction in that paper could compensate.

According to the exaggerated report printed in the *Review*, Pendleton is in the cloudburst belt, and has just suffered \$20,000 damages from a periodical storm, while the facts are that the rain which fell over this city Sunday was an actual benefit to the city and county by hundreds of thousands of dollars.

A few fences were carried away in this city, a cook shanty below town was washed down the hill for a few hundred feet, the Lindsay residence, situated in the mouth of the little canon on College street, suffered considerable damage by the concentration of water which rushed down the street, and several lawns were covered with rich silt which could not have been purchased for hundreds of dollars.

Not aside from these minor damages, Pendleton was benefited by the rain which visited the late grain of Umatilla county. What damage was done to streets and walks can be repaired at very little more cost than the work that was necessary upon them in many places, before the rain came. Pendleton should severely rebuke the *Spokane* paper for circulating such damaging reports concerning this little rainstorm, which in no way reduces the attractiveness of the climate to homeseekers.

Thousands of strangers are coming to Oregon and those who chance to read the exaggerated reports of the insignificant summer rainstorm, will naturally show a distrust of the kind of storms reported.

SNOBBISHNESS ASSAILED.

Colliers' Weekly, always sane and practical, deals a peculiarly timely blow to genealogical and would-be patriotic snobbishness in a recent issue.

Speaking of the mad craze among certain classes in American society to organize military and historical orders to perpetuate events and create a desire for badges, gaudy insignia of office and decorations, that estimable paper says:

"Patriotism is a noble emotion which lends itself easily to the ridiculous. A Boston woman has carried the fever for ancestry societies to its legitimate conclusion by heading a movement to consolidate the Grandchildren of the war veterans of 1861-5.

Her society should have at least the merit of voluminous enrollment. It has already led to suggestions for *Shants of the Heroes of San Juan Hill*, *Mothers-in-Law of Conscripts of the*

Sixties, and First Cousins once Removed of Filipino Exterminators.

Anything which is snobbish masquerading as historic interest or patriotism, deserves burlesque.

Patriotism, according to Dr. Johnson, is the last refuge of a scoundrel. Socially it is rather the last refuge of a fool. Perhaps we can get beyond the wars and organize all the relatives of the Carnegie heroes. A heroic race needs no hero fund. A race of patriots needs no patriotic gossip parties.

Historical societies should be composed of historians. Snobbishness, pedantry, and their kindred vices consist in putting an over-emphasis on some one possession or distinction, and the smaller traits celebrate the pettier vice.

Pedantry, which is the vanity of knowledge, is therefore a step above snobbishness, which is the vanity of the class.

The singular fertility shown by the genealogy societies in devices for making themselves ridiculous is to be explained by the absurdity of the motives on which they are founded. Lavinia I. Queen of the Holland Dames, and her theatrical career, were a natural outcome of the pseudo-patriotic movement. In organizations flimsily-founded flimsy people get to the top. The Boston woman and her new burlesque will be well employed if they hasten the end of queens, daughters and dames. Librarians are kept busy furnishing books to ladies who wish to dig up remote ancestry for social glamor.

A BLOW AT THE FAIR.

It seems impossible for the East to get out of the habit of underestimating the size and importance of the West and all its undertakings.

The spirit in which the government officials consider the magnitude of the fair will have much to do with the attendance and it seems that there should at least be no pronounced official partiality shown against Oregon. Speaking of the unwillingness so far exhibited by the postoffice department to issue Lewis and Clark souvenir postage stamps, the *Oregon Daily Journal* says:

"The Oregon country should resent the imputation of the postoffice department that the coming Lewis and Clark exposition is to be local in its character.

There has been entirely too much of this sort of spirit exhibited in and out of congress and if the point is yielded that on the score of economy or otherwise the department does not deem it advisable to issue Lewis and Clark stamps the impression will be further emphasized and the exposition itself dealt a severe blow.

The incident of the stamps is trivial in itself, but it involves a principle for which the city and section responsible for the exposition should not stand.

The exposition will not be local in character. It occupies a field and will exploit a country peculiarly its own and one with which the rest of the country is too little acquainted. While its exhibits will be general in character, rendered even more so than they could otherwise have been by the circumstances of their collection for the St. Louis exposition, it will be of peculiar and special interest because of the contiguity and relations of Portland to the Oriental countries, to the western side of South America and to the great Alaskan country which is unknown to the vast majority of the American people.

Any official purpose to belittle the enterprise should be promptly resented and what has been cheerfully done for other and smaller expositions should surely be done for the Lewis and Clark exposition which will commemorate an event among the most significant in the whole range of our national history."

A Chicago landlord has just completed a big apartment house, to which he has given the suggestive name "Stork's Nest." Instead of "no children allowed," his demand of prospective tenants is that they must be married and in possession of at least three certificates that they are opposed to race suicide. In the new building are 40 apartments, all of which were rented within three days. There's a man with an eye for business and a genius for getting advertising.

The treasury always has a "Watch-Dog," but some of them sleep most of the time. The present administration cost the people a thousand million dollars more than the last democratic term.

Directions for using the new postage stamp: Place the letter under the stamp evenly as possible, turn the envelope over and write the address on the flap side.

CANADA AND WE.

Our neighbor at the north, which forms a mighty independent portion of the British empire, enjoys very friendly relations with this country.

The bureau of commerce and labor has just prepared a statement of trade between the United States and Canada for the last 30 years, which shows a continuous increase of exports and imports across the border line.

In 1874 we shipped to Canada merchandise to the value of \$41,827,304, and received from the Dominion goods worth \$34,173,586, while in 1903 exports and imports were \$123,266,781, and \$54,781,418, and in ten months of 1904 \$104,164,521 and \$41,312,214 respectively.

Canada is not accorded as much attention as some of our more distant foreign trade fields, but she certainly does take the goods.—West Coast Trade.

THE TRAINED NURSE.

When I was sick I had a trained nurse. She came in the still watches of one evening, and laid her soft, cool, twenty-five-dollar-a-week hand on my burning forehead, and thenceforth her salary and my fever ran on together, not even stopping for meals—that is to say, the nurse herself stopped for meals, but not her salary.

About noon each day, when the kind outside world was carolling to the sky, when the merry school boy was skipping homeward, and the flowers were dancing in the sunlight, she would part from me with tears in her eyes and a choking sensation in her throat and a look of keen agony, and slope gently down stairs, while the cook threatened to leave, and the hot water bottle on my jaded stomach became frapped.

She came to me with a complete set of books, a clinical thermometer, and the story of her past life. When she had taken away my temperature, and gone off with it to some far corner of the room, and examined it critically by the light of a tallow dip, and set it down in Ledger B, where I couldn't see it, she picked up her rusty pad, and began to write a historical novel, of which I was the unhappy hero. From that moment, I felt that about me there was nothing sacred.

The second day after she came, when all the towels had been used up, and all my ingenious children were paying the back yard with remnants of dry toast, and the doctor had told her all about me that she hadn't been able to find out herself, she began to relate me the story of her past. Two weeks later, the crisis in her story and my fever were both passed. We both survived; but, at this late day, I have an idea that her story is even now the more robust of the two.

The trained nurse is now a necessity in every modern home. As an antidote to medical science, she has no equal. Dressed in rich, but not too gaudy, bed-ticking, and armed with medals won in the Crimean war for reading Punch aloud to the sick soldiers, she stands over one's bedside like a guardian angel, and no germ can pass the lines without giving the countersign.—Tom Masson.

A unique tree on the Island of Goa, near Bombay, is the "sorrowful tree." That name is given to it because the tree has a drooping, sad appearance during the day time, but its aspect changes as the sun goes down; then its leaves open and no longer droop, and fragrant blossoms come into bloom upon it.

The United States is now the greatest coal-producing country in the world, the output of last year reaching 300,000,000 tons. This is four tons of coal for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Some men say they do not join a church because churches have too many hypocrites, forgetful of the fact that there are more hypocrites outside of a church than inside.



Women who work, whether in the house, store, office or factory, very rarely have the ability to stand the strain. The case of Miss Frankie Orser, of Boston, Mass., is interesting to all women, and adds further proof that woman's great friend in need is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered misery for several years. My back ached and I had bearing down pains, and frequent headaches. I would often wake from a restless sleep in such pain and misery that it would be hours before I could close my eyes again. I dreaded the long nights and weary days. I could do no work. I consulted different physicians hoping to get relief, but, finding that their medicines did not cure me, I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it was highly recommended to me. I am glad that I did so, for I soon found that it was the medicine for my case. Very soon I was rid of every ache and pain and restored to perfect health. I feel splendid, have a fine appetite, and have gained in weight a lot."—Miss FRANKIE ORSER, 14 Warrenton St., Boston, Mass.

Surely you cannot wish to remain weak, sick and discouraged, and exhausted with each day's work. Some derangement of the feminine organs is responsible for this exhaustion, following any kind of work or effort. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you just as it has thousands of other women.

The case of Mrs. Lennox, which follows, proves this.



I had for years. I gratefully acknowledge its merits. Very sincerely yours, Mrs. BERT E. LENNOX, 120 East 4th St., Dixon, Ill.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

The East Oregonian is Eastern Oregon's representative paper. It leads and the people appreciate it and show it by their liberal patronage. It is the advertising medium of this section.

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