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Some day sad hearts will cease to yearn, And weary minds forget their care; And calloused hands will fold at rest, And pleading lips will end their prayer. And other hands and minds and hearts, Will bear the burdens these have borne; Appealing eyes will be upraised, And prayers ascend from them that mourn. And other feet will tread the path Which other feet before them trod. Where does this endless striving lead, But to forgetfulness—or God?—George T. Thompson in the Coast Magazine.

LAND HUNGRY "INDIANS."

Over 50,000 white people who claim to be descendants of the Five Civilized tribes are now seeking admission to the tribes by enrollment, in order to secure an allotment within the borders of Indian territory.

This number of white people represents those who have not yet been disposed of by the congressional allotment committee, almost as many as this having already been allotted upon the tribal lands.

Strange and alluring land hunger is this which impels this vast throng of whites to seek admission to the tribes as citizens. Many of the applicants for admission to the tribes are fair-haired, blue-eyed blondes, showing no more trace of Indian ancestry than the reddest necked Hi-bernian who ever crossed the Atlantic, yet every one of the applicants, by some devious and tortuous chain of ancestry is supposed to be descended from some family belonging to the Five tribes, before the westward immigration of the tribes in 1834.

It's the old story. White men, enamored of the beautiful maiden in Georgia, Alabama and the Carolinas, back in the early years of the nineteenth century, took wives from among the five great tribes, which in 1834 were removed by the government from the southern states to the Indian territory, where they have since lived.

The Indian wives were taken into every portion of the United States by their adventurous white husbands, became the mothers of large families, who in turn married and intermarried, until now after three generations the descendants of these Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Creek and Seminole maidens are tracing back their lineage, establishing their kinship to the old tribal families and although living the lives of civilized white people, proud of their American citizenship, and keenly sensitive to the least insinuation of inferiority in mental, moral or business capabilities, are willing to accept the color of their forefathers, however red, in order to secure a choice tract of rich land in the rapidly diminishing tribal holdings.

INCREASE IN DAIRYING.

The fact that the increase in the dairy business in the inland empire within the past year has been 24 per cent greater than that in any other section of the Pacific coast, is encouraging.

And yet it is but natural when the natural resources of the country are taken into consideration. No other section of the west is as perfectly adapted to the creamery and dairy business, in its highest degree, as Umatilla and adjoining counties.

Profits from little things are to be considered more in the future. Heretofore nothing short of a half section of wheat land would claim the atten-

tion of the eastern Oregon farmer. Now a dozen hens and a half dozen milk cows are reckoned as assets of considerable value. They will be considered more and more valuable as the markets improve and the facilities for handling such farm produce expand.

Within 20 miles of Pendleton, lying undeveloped as yet, is one of the richest sections of country in the state. Some day, if the prophecy may be tolerated, this section will be a solid collection of small, highly-cultivated farms, supporting their fullest quota of fine stock and criss-crossed with excellent country roads all leading to Pendleton, the county seat and metropolis.

The increase in dairying in this section is an index to the tendency of industrial development. Poultry raising and fruit growing have increased in perhaps a greater proportion than dairying, and are to increase still more.

Pendleton should encourage this tendency in farm development. It means an increase in population in tributary country. It means more families to produce and to buy. It means more people to trade in Pendleton, more people to build homes and seek schools here.

LARGER THEATER NEEDED.

It may not be quite proper to say that Pendleton NEEDS a larger theater, because a theater is a luxury and not a necessity.

But in order that the sense of estheticism, of artistic hunger, the longing for the intoxication of the drama be fully satisfied, something should be done to make it possible for a higher grade of theatrical performances to come to the city.

As it is now Pendleton gets only the ragtag and bobtailed edges of theatrical performances which are seen on the Pacific coast, while she is entitled to the cream of the feast.

She fills the theater to overflowing for every good show. She patronizes liberally every legitimate company which comes, and she is denied the best because her theater will not accommodate them.

She fares no better than North Powder, Haines or Milton in the way of theatrical performances, while she is entitled to first-class treatment and to receive first-class performances.

The attention of capital is called to this need. Somebody will respond in time, and it would be much better if a local company would invest in such an enterprise.

In 10 years the number of students in certain great colleges of the country has increased from 35,000 to 62,500—45 per cent. The 10 universities that have the largest attendance include four institutions in eastern states and six in western and middle western states. A competent authority points out that attendance is growing faster than the population, that western institutions are growing faster than eastern, that science and engineering courses are forging ahead of the old courses in arts, that the number of women students is increasing faster than men. The same authority predicts that in five years some one of the western universities, with state pride behind it, will take the lead in point of numbers over Harvard, which is and has been the largest.

HOW TO KEEP ALIVE.

Keep the faculty of effort alive in you by a little gratuitous exercise every day. That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points, do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerfed and untried to stand the test.

Asceticism of this sort is like the insurance which a man pays on his house and goods. The tax does him no good at the time, and possibly may never bring him a return. But if the fire does come, his having paid it will be his salvation from ruin. So with the man who has daily insured himself to habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, and self-denial in unnecessary things. He will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.—Prof. James, of Harvard college.

DANTE'S HOUSE ROBBED.

To the already voluminous catalogue of thefts of antiquities lately perpetrated at Florence, must now be added the audacious burglary of the famous house of Dante. Taking advantage of the custodian's absence during the Christmas holidays, thieves effected an entrance, boring a hole through the wall on the first floor from an adjoining house, in process of demolition. The loot comprises a silver urn, wherein Dante's initials are traced, with his own ashes; a large silver medallion portrait of the bard, presented to Florence by the Republic of San Marino; also a virgin and child, painted by Cimabue, and various objects of less importance. The thieves penciled in sprawling characters over the breach in the wall: "You Florentines are all thick-headed, and don't know the value of what you possess."—The Argonaut.

HANDFUL OF STORIES ABOUT PUBLIC MEN.

David B. Hill Looking Old. Bundled deep in fur robes and with his neck protected by a muffler, David B. Hill rode from Wolfert's Roost to the capitol Monday to attend the Patrick hearing, says the New York American. He had not been out before for months. The lines of Mr. Hill's face are heavy. His cheeks and chin sag, his mustache is white and his eyes are weak. He coughs frequently. His breath is short. After the hearing Mr. Hill lost no time in getting to his carriage. His attendant watched him as a nurse does a child. "I am not well," said Mr. Hill to those who spoke with him in the corridor. "For some reason I do not seem to be able to throw off this cold. It has clung to me for months and now seriously interferes with my comfort. I am having great difficulty with my eyes. Reading is painful. I am going away and I shall not return until I am greatly improved, even if it be necessary to remain all winter."

Joseph C. Sibley Summed Up. If Joseph C. Sibley quits public life a year from next March—and he says he's going to—the house will be "out" an interesting character. The representative from the 28th district of Pennsylvania modestly describes himself in his official autobiography as a manufacturer and farmer. He manufactures lubricating oils among other things; his stock farm is famous and his bank account portentous. He sat in two congresses as a democrat, was talked of for William J. Bryan's running mate in 1896; then he became a republican. The Pittsburg Times says he has been a populist and prohibitionist also. His Venango county neighbors call him "Joe," and think a lot of him.—New York Press.

Young Bonaparte an American. Young Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, who is credited with having won the hand of Miss Mathilde Townsend, is like his uncle, the secretary of the navy, in the fact that he is prouder of being an American citizen than of any other qualification. His only sister, Miss Louise Bonaparte, was married to Count Von Moltke, a scion of the famous German house, and Jerome has spent much time in the courts of Berlin and Brussels. He might have joined the ranks of Bonapartist pretenders and have sought a wife among European titled houses, for he has a handsome fortune and has no need to marry a fortune. But he has scorned the idea. In Washington he has identified himself thoroughly with resident rather than diplomatic society. Bonaparte's father was Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, elder brother of Charles J. Bonaparte. His mother inherited two fortunes, one from her father, who was one of the New York Appletons, and the other from her first husband, of the Newport Edgars.—Washington Post.

A Famous Passenger Agent. Nearly everybody who has crossed the Atlantic on a Cunarder, knows that the passenger manager of the line for the last 40 years was John Keppie. He has just been retired on a handsome pension, and a committee of influential Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen has been appointed to organize a suitable testimonial of regard. This is sure to be on a large and representative scale. George H. Daniels, who has retired from the passenger department of the New York Central, is better known, probably, than Keppie, yet I have heard of no testimonial or pension for him. If every man in America who has received a favor from Mr. Daniels would chip in \$1 for a memorial piece of plate, it would be nearly as big as the Washington monument.—New York Post.

Home of Stevenson to Be Sold. The ne wowner of the far-famed Villa Vallina, once the home of the great novelist, Robert Louis Stevenson, near Apta, Samoa, is Julius Baetcke, a wealthy young German merchant of Hamburg, who is now a guest at the Palace Hotel. When Stevenson died his widow sold the place to Gustav Kunst, a merchant prince, with stores in Hamburg, Honolulu, Apta, Vladivostok and elsewhere. Through Kunst's death his nephew and heir, the Palace guest, has just come into possession of the bulk of his estate, including the Stevenson villa and several plantations near Apta. Mr. Baetcke says he is settling up the

Kunst estate, valued at about \$1,000,000, and hopes to sell the Stevenson villa either to a tourist hotel syndicate headed by St. Louisians, or else to the German government for a residence for its Samoan governor.—San Francisco Examiner.

INSANE ASYLUM REFORM.

The Journal believes that one of the most important matters that should be taken up by the next legislature is insane asylum reform, says the Salem Journal.

The usual white-washing report that costs the state about \$1000 should be cut out and real investigation should be undertaken.

The law for committing persons to the insane asylum should be revised so that the state and individual should be protected against improper commitments.

The institution should be overhauled and persons not properly chargeable to the state or really insane should be taken out. The attendance is ridiculously large for the population of this state and many are not properly persons belonging in an asylum.

The law requiring persons and estates able to defray the expense of keeping insane persons there should be either enforced, repealed or made effective.

We are not prepared to say that this law is not now enforced, but we shall look up the law and publish its provisions, and the commitment law, and let the matter be discussed and let the abuses be reformed.

There are many people who believe that this state is carrying too big a burden at the insane asylum and it should be reduced.

THE LURE OF OLD SONGS.

You were playing sweet and low, The old songs of long ago; And the high lamp's crimson shade Poured a softened light that made Mystic shadows in your hair— Shadows which were laughing there As the shadows of the dawn Leaped and laughed in days ago.

So you played—and so I dreamed While the pranking firelight gleamed In its race along the wall; And I heard the boy days call In the songs that thrilled my heart With their subtly simple art— As when practiced hands are swept O'er a harp that long has slept.

Winding paths through meadowlands, Brooks that sang on silver sands, Bending branches of the trees, Noontime chants of honeybees, Drifting Indian summer haze, Pelted snows of wintry days, Wondrous stars that blazed above— All this you knew nothing of.

Yet you played—and playing, wrought All the glories unforgot; And the high lamp's ruddy glow Where the glints swayed to and fro Seemed some way to blend and blur Into those fair days that were— Led me backward, mile on mile, To each golden olden while. —W. D. Nesbit in Chicago Tribune.

THE COMING UTOPIA.

But the wild dreams of poets and utopians are to be realized! The experience of the race has at last nearly taught that race that there is nothing in profits, in business, for it. Humanity, pushed to the last resort, is deciding to drop competition and try co-operation, and to have in the place of wealth, plenty. The arts, the sciences, the humanities are coming back to the common people even now. A day and all may be "better than well."

Poor business men, with your money-making ways; it is your fate to go on a little longer, seeking "what there is in it"; till the evolution of business is complete, and the bonds of economic slavery grow over-tight. Then the gospel of prophets and poets will supplant your gospel; and while those whom you despise are welcomed in the land you will be dismissed—oh irony!—as the veriest of dreamers!—Tomorrow Magazine.

A reasonable amount of food thoroughly digested and properly assimilated will always increase the strength. If your stomach is a "little off" Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat and enable the digestive organs to assimilate and transform all foods into tissue-building blood. Kodol relieves sour stomach, belching, heartburn and all forms of indigestion. Palatable and strengthening. Sold by Tallman & Co.

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THE POPULAR PLACE TO EAT IS THE The French Restaurant. Everything served first-class. Best regular meals in Pendleton for 25 cents. SHORT ORDERS A SPECIALTY. Polydore Moens, Prop.