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What though on hamely fare we dine, Wear hoddin' grey an' a' that? Gle fools their silks and knaves their wine, A man's a man for a' that! For a' that an' a' that, Their tinsel show an' a' that— The honest man, though e'er so poor, Is king o' men for a' that! Then let us pray that come it may, (And come it will for a' that), That Sense and Worth o'er all the earth Shall bear the gree an' a' that; For a' that an' a' that, It's comin' yet for a' that— That man to man the world o'er Shall brithers be, for a' that! —Robert Burns.

ROBERT BURNS.

This is the birthday anniversary of Robert Burns. Half of the civilized world will pause for a moment today at his shrine and repeat some homely, yet sublime sentiment which he clothed in the eloquence of wit and common sense.

He was born on January 25, 1759, and died too soon, on July 21, 1796, at the age of 37.

He crowded into those brief years a deluge of song and poetry and wild revelry, and sounded a clarion call of rugged democracy, which reverberates through the world today, wherever men love independence and justice and chivalry.

Wherever is found a Scotchman or the son of a Scotchman or the farthest descendant of a Scotchman, today, there will be found a softened heart and moistened eye, as the fascinating story of his kinsman and patron saint steals tenderly across his life.

As long as the heart of the world is susceptible to sentiment and folklore and tender passion and pleading justice, so long will the memory and poetry of Robert Burns live.

REPEAL OF LAND LAWS.

Perhaps one good thing will come of the land frauds on the Pacific coast—congress will very likely be driven to repeal the laws by which the frauds were committed.

If such comes about, the frauds will have answered a good purpose.

The land laws which were intended for the use of settlers and for the upbuilding of the western wilderness have been converted by rascals into vehicles of bold and far-reaching criminal practices.

The sentiment of congress has been in the past that as long as one actual settler could be benefited by lenient land laws, that this justified their existence. If one sless man could be found in Sodom the city would be spared.

But the day of commiseration is passed.

The iron hand of congress should be laid upon these laws.

The temptation to steal should be removed from avaricious speculators. The settler may suffer, but the country will submit to a curtailment of privileges in order to cut off the thief and the rascal and stop the rape of the public domain.

THE PEOPLE'S PROPERTY.

How the common people have been flied of their possessions is graphically expressed by Norman Hapgood, editor of Collier's Weekly, in an editorial on the value of franchises given to private corporations.

In this editorial Hapgood says that if the owners of the great franchises held in New York city "were reasonably taxed" the income would meet

all municipal expenses and taxes on private property could be abolished.

Think of the enormous value of these franchises, which have been ruthlessly thrown away by the people's representatives! Think of the untold taxation now heaped upon the common people, while corporations are reaping golden rewards from these free gifts from legislatures, city councils and congress, in the way of franchises which escape nearly all forms of taxation, yet which are the most valuable assets in the world! The editorial from Collier's is as follows:

What rich men give back to the community, increasing as it does, bears no comparison to what the public gives away to corporations. Comptroller Myers said in 1890 that it would pay any man to run the New York city government without levying taxes, provided he could get possession of all the franchises which the city had in former times given away, together with those franchises which it still controlled.

"THESE FRANCHISES ARE NOW SO VALUABLE," HE SAID, "THAT IF THEIR PRESENT INCUMBENTS WERE REASONABLY TAXED, A SUFFICIENT REVENUE WOULD BE OBTAINED TO MEET THE EXPENSES OF CITY GOVERNMENT, THUS PERMITTING OF THE ABOLITION OF TAXES ON PROPERTY."

The rights which public service corporations get for nothing from the cities they would be compelled to pay millions for, if they had to buy such rights in the property owned by individuals. "No people," said Mr. Louis Brandeis, about a year ago, "would have submitted to such robbery if the facts had been kept before them."

Watering the stock is the device by which the public mind is blinded. Mr. Belmont and Mr. Ryan have recently given the subject a day or two of life by combining to end what trifling competition still existed, so that the historic game of soak the people will proceed without a jolt.

According to Mr. Brandeis' estimate the Metropolitan system had, on its 470 miles of surface track, been nominally earning four and four-tenths per cent, but actually considerably more than 15 per cent, the difference concealed by water.

The gift to the needy corporation by the city was over \$7,500,000, or the income of \$170,000,000. One-third of every fare we pay goes to make profit on the needless gift—on the fictitious valuation.

The Manhattan Elevated system story is the same, and when the Interborough system was formed, to take over the construction company which built the subway, the lease made provisions which meant taking about \$1,650,000 extra from the public to pay higher dividends—about 16 per cent on money actually used in constructing and equipping the road, so far as represented by stock. The system is generous, but for the common man it is not a little bit expensive?

The attention of the readers of the East Oregonian is called to the box ordinance passed by the city council last night. This is one of the most radical and emphatic steps ever taken for the regulation of this pernicious evil in Pendleton and if the ordinance is now rigidly enforced by the city marshal and police committee, a commendable advance step will have been made by this city toward eliminating one of the most detrimental and dangerous features of the liquor traffic. Mayor Fee is to be congratulated upon the passage of this ordinance, for to his determination to regulate the evil is due the accomplishment of this task. The matter was laid upon the table by the former council.

LESSONS IN ADVERSITY.

The rise of Napoleon Bonaparte in European history seems so meteoric that one seldom stops to remember the hardships that inevitably beset his way. From an untitled Corsican to the emperor of half of Europe is the most dazzling climb ever accomplished in history. But there were setbacks in the career of Bonaparte that at times seemed almost insurmountable.

At the time of the overthrow of Robespierre, Bonaparte was an officer of artillery, already of some note. He had been in a position for advancement because of his close friendship with the younger brother of the Terrorist chief.

But the turn of events cast a suspicion on him in the general scrutiny that followed the upheaval. Bonaparte was cast into prison. All that saved his life was the pressing need of artillery officers. He was ordered to take an infantry command in the war of the Vendee.

On the plea of ill health he delayed taking this for two months. During this time he endured grinding poverty and the most harassing doubt concerning the future. But at the same time he studied hard and gained that knowledge of the art of war and of history that aided him so well.

At last he steeled himself to overcome his distrust and despair and sprang into action, beginning the course that was to startle the world. —San Francisco Call.

DESCENT OF MAN.

A creature of the simian race was dying in Algiers. There really was no Algiers then, but do not mind, my dears— And another creature Pliocene was kneeling by his side To hear what he might murmur ere he launched upon the tide. The dying simian fluttered as he took his wife's paw, And he said: "This derved progression Is the slowest thing I've saw. And you bet it makes me weary of this dattered earthly scrape. When I think it took a million years to make of me an ape."

"I remember, I remember," the dying simian said, "When I was just a polpy on the sea's tumultuous bed, An oozy, woogy polpy, made of oozy woogy slime, And you, my love, were swashing in the breakers at the time. There we lived and loved each other in our oozy-woogy way, And I was then a polpy king and you my consort gay. We died and lived and died and lived a thousand times or so; And then we were starfishes in the world of long ago."

"Ah, those were happy times, my pet, as you perchance recall, When we two floated where we pleased, with none to heed at all. But still we died, and still we lived, and died and lived, I mind, Until we were two lobsters of a most ferocious kind; But yet our love was e'er the same, although it oft was spoiled. When man, the prehistoric man, would eat our partner boiled; And yet we evolved on from shape grotesque to shape, Until I loved you best of all as a primordial ape."

"Now hear, my love— His accents broke, A gulp and he resumed: "Now hear, my love, and contemplate the fate to which we're doomed, A million years evolved a tall"—the simian paused to cough—"Another million years or so will evolve it off. You see, we made a sad mistake that ought to make us groan; We did not need a tail at all, if only we had known, For we are going to be, my love—oh, shudder if you can, And shed great tears—we're going to be a woman and a man! —A. J. Waterhouse in San Francisco Call.

CANT' BUNCO CHINA.

The day has passed when unscrupulous agents can sell the Chinese government defective rifles and cannon of one caliber and ammunition of another caliber for them; when worn out machinery can be unloaded upon the Chinese as the latest and best, and when dwarf locomotives discarded by the New York elevated railroad can be used to equip a Chinese trunk line. This is all finished.

The China of today has no more use for such things than has the United States. The European or American with a bunco game on a big scale might as well stay at home. His chance of working it will be fully as good there as it is in China; perhaps a little better. But to the young westerner who knows how to do some thing useful and is willing to do it, to the business concern which has something valuable to offer upon reasonable terms, this wonderful country beckons and will reward. —From "The New China," by Thomas F. Millard, in the February Scribner's.

USEFULNESS OF THE MOOSE.

What the buffalo was to the plains, the white-tail deer to the southern woods, and the caribou to the barrens, the moose is to this great northern belt of swamps and timberland.

It is the creature that enables the natives to live at all. Assisted in warm weather by various fish, it bears practically the burden of their support. Its delicious steaks are their staple food, but its nose or muzzle is a delicacy. Its hide furnishes the best clothing and moccasin leather, or provides snowshoes that enable the hunter to kill more moose.

Its back snow is the sewing thread of the country; its horns and bones make tools, its hoof can be converted into rattles, and its coarse, bristly mane, six inches long, and white except the tips, furnishes raw material for embroidery. When dyed with native dyes and skillfully worked into leather and birch bark these bristles are as effective as porcupine quills, and are, indeed, often mistaken for them by the unskilled.—From "The Moose and His Antlers," by Ernest Thompson Seton, in the February Scribner's.

PEANUT INDUSTRY GROWS.

At the word we smell not only that good food of man and child and beast, but the sawdust of the circus. The lions roar. The clown pours out his pleasantries. The tender crackling of shells is heard all around. Peanuts! Peanuts in the south, the west, the north. In the United States a nut contemporary tells us, are 350,000 acres of peanut land and 170,000 peanutters. Three hundred million pounds of peanuts, worth \$11,000,000, are produced here every year; and yet people talk of "peanut" politicians contemptuously. There are whole epic poems in the peanut. It is accomplished, the Admirable Crichton of nuts. Every part of it is useful. It beats peas and corn as a fattener of stock and poultry. It enriches the soil as well as the farmer. Praise, honor and eat the peanut! "With the Procession." In Everybody's Magazine for February.

When a widower is having a love affair, he must wonder what idiot wrote, "The whole world loves a lover."

CHNGING CONDITIONS OF LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

Changes of revolutionary significance are being made in the conditions of life in New York. Skyscrapers are filling the narrow confines of Manhattan Island—sky-scrapers of offices, skyscraper apartment houses, skyscraper colleges, skyscraper churches—soon the city will be a vast workshop with an overwhelming demand for numberless trains to take the human workers to their homes in the suburbs in lightning-quick time.

To handle the local traffic from points near the city, transportation lines are constantly multiplying their facilities by additional trackage, new stations, and under-river tunnels.

The New York Central's huge new station is rendered necessary mainly by the crowding thousands who must be brought to and carried away from the city morning and evening. The Pennsylvania's station, the foundation for which now looks like the swath of a whirl-wind through the densely built up section of the west side, will provide for only a tithe of the army that invades the New York shore from Jersey every morning only to swarm back again at night.

When transportation plans now under way are carried out, a map of Manhattan Island will look like a centipede, from every side of which will stream the lines indicating tunnels, ferries and bridges, to Jersey, to Brooklyn, to Long Island City, and additional lines of rails to the northward, spreading fan-like from the Hudson to the Connecticut line and beyond.

The steam railways, rapidly as they increase their facilities, cannot keep up with the suburban traffic. This has shown the opportunity for the high speed electric railway. From the terminus of the subway at 177th street, a new road, the New York Westchester & Boston, is being built to consist of four tracks over private right of way, and with no grade crossings.

This line will mark an epoch in suburban transportation. It will be of as perfect construction as modern engineering can make it. Penetrating the heart of beautiful Westchester county, the road will run to Portchester on the New York-Connecticut boundary line, and to White Plains, on the foothills of the Berkshires. The line is built for electric express traffic, at a mile a minute; locals will run as fast as 45 miles an hour. The whole line and branches cover only 26 miles, but its roadbed and equipment are the same or better than the steam railroads maintain. With such roads as this the city can be emptied of its out-of-town workers comfortably and quickly. The old-style, one-car trolley in suburban traffic is giving way to the high-speed electric train. If the city of the future is to be only a workshop, the new Westchester road shows how the workers will get to and from their labor. This is the type of railway that will solve the problem of over-population in cities.

SOLOMON'S GREAT WEALTH.

Solomon was not only the wisest but the richest man the world has ever seen, says the Tattler, though like the czar, who alone can be compared to him in wealth today, he had to keep all his relatives. He is said to have owned a fortune of \$800,000,000, and David, his father, left half as much for the building of the temple. Croesus, whose name is even now a synonym for vast wealth, possessed \$400,000,000, and Lucullus, famous for his dinners and his manuscripts, \$120,000,000. Alexander the Great made his wars pay, for he brought back \$160,000,000 from Persia. As a general rule it was unsafe to be very rich in classical times.

Contracting 1906 Hops.

The first hop contract for this year was filed Monday with County Auditor Newcomb. It is dated December 14, 1905, and calls for 20,000 pounds of the 1906 hops at 10 cents per pound. The contracting parties are E. B. McCracken to Louis Lachmund & Co.—Yakima Daily Republic.

Treating Wrong Disease.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he, assuming them to be such, prescribes pills and potions. In reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages this practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse, by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery. It has been well said, that "a disease known is half cured."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific medicine, carefully devised by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate system. It is made of native medicinal roots and is perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

As a powerful invigorating tonic "Favorite Prescription" imparts strength to the whole system and to the organs distinctly feminine in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop girls," house-keepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being inequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve-line "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, chorea, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorates the stomach, liver and bowels. One to three a dose. Easy to take as candy.

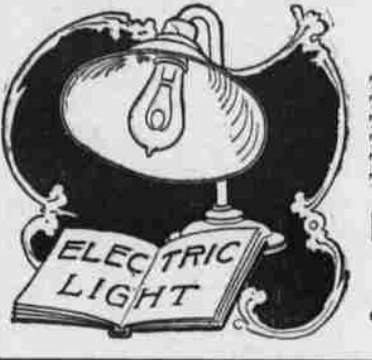


Wedding Stationery

This is Cupid's headquarters for many things before and after the nuptials have been celebrated—engagement announcements, wedding invitations, "At Home" cards, etc., etc. You may get these here on fine, latest style paper, engraved or printed. Also engraved cards, or embossed monograms. "GOOD FORM" controls our purchasing, honest profit pricing our selling. Let's have your order as much in advance as possible to insure "on time" delivery.

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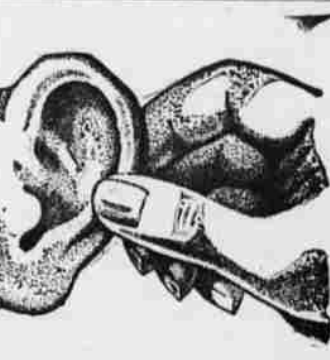
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