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A WISER MIND THAN OURS.

"If at times commingled with life's wine, We taste the wormwood and rebel and shrink, Be sure, a wiser hand than yours or mine Pours out the potion for our lips to drink, And even as prudent parents disallow Too much of sweets to craving babyhood, So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good." -Anonymous.

WALL STREET BLUFF.

The financial situation in Wall street is well handled by the Philadelphia North American as follows:

Wall street has been a slow pupil. But at last it is learning its long-needed lesson that "You can't fool all the people all the time."

The happenings of the last week among the manipulators of chalk marks would have caused a panic and universal alarm, if not actual commercial distress, throughout the country a few years ago. Securities have been dumped overboard and the biggest moneyed interests have offered the market no support. The shrewdest observers think these men have led the "bear raid" by unloading their own holdings, as they did last March. In any case, they have approved the "break" by sullen acquiescence, if not by secret aid.

Standard Oil and Harriman still think they can stampede the American people in senseless fear. The game played and lost last March is being played and lost again. The attempt to frighten the business men of the country into opposition to further prosecution of perpetrators of crimes of cunning is being renewed without avail. That is the whole story of the present slump in stocks. There have been brighter boom days than these, when money was "easier," when public confidence in securities had not been shattered by exposures of Harrimanism, when the crops were bumper ones and investors felt no need for economy and conservatism. But the eyes of the commercial community have been opened too wide for them to be deceived into thinking that the period of natural contraction is due to past times or future prosecutions of law-breakers.

The shares of 60 different railroads are more than 20 per cent lower in the stock exchange quotations than they were on the corresponding date last year. And we are asked to believe that President Roosevelt and Judge Landis have caused the change. Consols in London are lower than they have been since 1848. Are we to have our credulity strained to the point of believing that our federal authorities have been ruining the English?

Both countries, in fact, are sobering down after an era of inflation that amounted to a speculative debauch. But American men of business cannot be blinded to the fact that safety lies in punishing and not in perpetuating past rottenness.

The story of March is being retold more impressively. Two "panics" and so far no failures make up a summary more absurd than terrifying.

Some men have been hurt by margin play. Many look ruefully at the shares they hold and count their losses without thinking that the dividend earning capacity—the real value of their stocks—is unchanged. More far-sighted men are looking at the activity in every line of trade and manufacture; at the assurance of better harvests than could have been hoped 60 days ago; at the general improvement in railroad earnings over the year's first quarter and the easing conditions in the banks which liquidation brings about and saves the necessity of calling loans.

The Rockefeller-Harriman band should cut a new pumpkin, buy a new candle and wait for times to grow dark. Up to this moment, the

American people simply refuse to be frightened by Wall street's present Jack-o'-lantern of disaster.

BE NEIGHBORLY—IT PAYS.

Many business men fail to appreciate the fact that an up-to-date acquaintance with the people of the smaller towns of the county and the people of the farming districts of the county who congregate at such gatherings as Strawberry day and Peach day and Watermelon day can be made one of their most valuable assets.

The business man who follows the system practiced by the politician who fully realizes the value of an up-to-date intimacy with his constituency, meeting them in their own gatherings and seeing for himself their prosperity or otherwise, and finding out where their hearts are, can lay it over the business man who "rares" back on his dignity and waits for the farmer and the village dweller to come to him. And quite likely the aforementioned business man depends upon a sign on his awning and another on a bridge, and perhaps a third on a fence up Hog Holler, to let the people from the country know that he exists at all.

Many a business man of fossilized dignity scolds about the handshaking "demagogical" politician who never fails to be seen and heard at the picnics, feast-days and other social gatherings such as Peach day, who could vastly increase his trade by exactly the same tactics. And there would be nothing demagogical about it. It is the plainest kind of common sense friendliness, and would pay the business man as much as it can possibly "pay" the politician.

Hollering your head off if the people do not come to the district fair when you are never seen at the people's neighborhood affairs is selfish, and from a business standpoint is exceedingly shortsighted as well. And the country people will be no more benefited by a visit to the county seat during gala week than you will be mentally and spiritually—by visiting the little towns' celebrations. There are not a few Pendleton business men who are provincial to the point of being "backwards" for no other reason than that they do not visit the small towns of Umatilla county often enough to know what is going on in the big world around them.

It is impossible to say that it is of more value to any Pendleton business man (aside from the business actually transacted on a given date) to have 500 people from some outlying township visit the district fair one day than for that same business man to visit the same 500 at a celebration held in their home.

A TIMELY WARNING.

While a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good breeze in the South Pacific three months ago a flock of small birds about the size, shape and color of paroquets, settled in the rigging and passed an hour or more resting. The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to trap a specimen, but the birds were too shy to be thus caught, and too spry to be seized by the quick hands of the sailor. At the end of about an hour the birds took the brig's course, and disappeared, but towards nightfall they came back and passed the night in the mainmast. The next morning the birds flew off again, and when they returned at noon the sailors scattered some food about the decks. By this time the birds had become so tame that they hopped about the decks picking up the crumbs.

That afternoon an astonishing thing happened. The flock came flying swiftly toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little invisible enemy on wings, and they at once huddled close down behind the deck house. The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig, who rubbed his

eyes and looked at the barometer. A glance showed that something was wrong with the elements, and the brig was put in shape to outride a storm. The storm came about 20 minutes after the birds had reached the vessel. For a few minutes the sky was like the waterless bottom of a lake—a vast arch of yellowish mud—and torrents of rain fell. Why it did not blow very hard, no one knows; but on reaching port, two days later, the captain learned that a great tornado had swept across that part of the sea. The birds left the vessel on the morning after the storm and were not seen again.—Maryland Bulletin.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S SONG.

In a very humble cot, In a rather quiet spot, In the suds and in the soap, Worked a woman full of hope; Working, singing, all alone, In a sort of undertone: "With the Savior for a friend, He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along, I heard the semi-song, And I often used to smile, More in sympathy than glee; But I never said a word In regard to what I heard, As she sang about her friend Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee Working all day long was she, As her children, three or four, Played around her on the floor, But in monotone the song She was humming all day long: "With the Savior for a friend, He will keep me to the end."

It's a song I do not sing, For I scarce believe a thing Of the stories that are told Of the miracles of old; But I know that her belief Is the anodyne of grief, And will always be a friend That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she, Just as poor as she could be; But her spirits always rose, Like the bubbles in the clothes, And, though widowed and alone, Cheered her with the monotone, Of a Savior and a friend Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub, On the washboard in the tub, While the baby, sopped in suds, Rolled and tumbled in the duds; Or was paddling in the pools, With old scissors stuck in spoons; She still humming of her friend Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds Have their root in human needs; And I should not wish to strip From that washerwoman's lip Any song that she can sing, Any hope that she can bring; For the woman has a friend Who will keep her to the end. —Rugene F. Ware (Ironquill).

"PHILOSOPHY."

Don't fret if things go wrong today, They'll all come right tomorrow; A time of joy, the wise men say, Will follow every sorrow. If you have failed, don't sit and mourn, Just go to work and hustle, Success is sure to come in time, To active brain and muscle.

The man who mopes and frets and pines, Will never be a winner, He's in great luck if every day He gets a decent dinner. The sought-for secret of success I'll tell you, on the level, Just hustle, hustle—that's the way To circumvent the devil. —Technical World.

THE MARVEL OF IDENTITY.

Seasons may come and go; Hope, like a bird, may fly away; Passion may break its wings against the iron bars of Fate; Illusions may crumble as the cloudy towers of sunset fame; Faith, as running water, may slip from beneath our feet; Solitude may stretch itself around us like the measureless desert sand; Old Age may creep as the gathering night over our bowed heads, grown hoary in their shame; but still, through all, we are the same, for this is the marvel of Identity.—Haggard.

Perfect Womanhood. The greatest menace to woman's permanent happiness in life is the suffering that comes from some derangement of the feminine organs. Many thousands of women have realized this too late to save their health, barely in time to save their lives. To be a successful wife, to retain the love and admiration of her husband, should be a woman's constant study. If a woman finds that her energies are flagging, that she gets easily tired, dark shadows appear under her eyes, she has backache, headache, bearing-down sensations, nervousness, irregularities or the "blues," she should start at once to build up her system by a tonic with specific powers, such as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great woman's remedy for woman's ills, made only of roots and herbs. It cures Female Complaints, such as Dragging Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation and Ulceration, and all Organic Diseases, and is invaluable in the Change of Life. It dissolves and Expels Tumors at an early stage. Subdues Faintness, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, and strengthens and tones the Stomach. Cures Headache, General Debility, Indigestion, and invigorates the whole female system. It is an excellent remedy for derangements of the Kidneys in either sex.

S.S.S. RIDES THE SYSTEM OF MALARIA

Malaria is an atmospheric poison which we unconsciously breathe into our system. The blood in its constant passage through the lungs absorbs the germs, and they destroy the rich, red corpuscles of this vital fluid and reduce it to such a weak, watery condition that it is unable to properly nourish the system, and disease gets a foothold. Then the symptoms of Malaria, such as pale, sallow complexions, weak vitality, poor appetite, deranged digestion, and perhaps chills and fever show that the trouble is affecting every part of the body. Malaria also affects the liver, producing a chronic state of biliousness, and often a long spell of fever follows when the blood becomes fully contaminated with the poison. Chronic Sores and Ulcers, boils, aches and pains, and skin affections of various kinds often result from this insidious disease if the poison is allowed to accumulate in the blood in sufficient quantities. Malaria must be removed from the system through the circulation, and for this purpose nothing equals S. S. S. This great remedy goes down into the blood and drives out all germs, microbes and poisons, and permanently cures Malaria. S. S. S. not only cleanses the blood of the cause, but furnishes it with the healthful properties it needs, so that instead of a weak, germ-infected stream, spreading disease throughout the system, it becomes a rich, red fluid, nourishing the body and enabling it to resist disease. S. S. S. is also the greatest of all tonics, and builds up and invigorates the entire system while ridding the blood of the germs of Malaria. Persons who are suffering from Malaria will be pleased with the prompt and pleasant results produced by the use of S. S. S., and can take it with confidence because it is an absolutely safe medicine, being free from harmful minerals of any kind. Book on the blood and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

IN OREGON, OF COURSE.

The story is told of a young Oregon girl, a favorite in society, but who was poor and had to take care not to get her evening gowns soiled, as her number was limited. At a dance not long ago a great, big, red-faced, perspiring man came in and asked her to dance. He wore no gloves. She looked at the well-meaning but moist hands despairingly, and thought of the immaculate back of her waist. She hesitated a bit, and then said, with a winning smile, "Of course I will dance with you, but if you don't mind, won't you please use your handkerchief?" The man looked at her blankly a

moment or two. Then a light broke over his face. "Why, certainly," he said. And he pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose.—Home Magazine.

HE WHO BLESSES.

Give men their gold and knaves their power; Let's fortune's bubbles rise and fall; Who plows a field, or trains a flower, Or plants a tree is more than all. For he who blesses most is blessed, And God and man will own his worth Who seeks to leave as his bequest An added beauty to the earth. —Technical World.

BECOMING A MOTHER. Is an ordeal which all women approach with indescribable fear, for nothing compares with the pain and horror of child-birth. The thought of the suffering and danger in store for her, robs the expectant mother of all pleasant anticipations of the coming event, and casts over her a shadow of gloom which cannot be shaken off. Thousands of women have found that the use of Mother's Friend during pregnancy robs confinement of all pain and danger, and insures safety to life of mother and child. This scientific liniment is a god-send to all women at the time of their most critical trial. Not only does Mother's Friend carry women safely through the perils of child-birth, but its use gently prepares the system for the coming event, prevents "morning sickness," and other discomforts of this period. Sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. Book containing valuable information free. MOTHER'S FRIEND. The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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