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He serves his country best
Who joins the tide that lifts her
gently on;
For speech has myriad tongues
for every day,
And song but one; and law
within the breast
Is stronger than the graven law
on stone;
There is a better way.

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life and doth
righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, how-
ever others stray,
And leaves his sons, an utter-
most bequest,
A stainless record, which all men
may read;
There is a better way.
—Susan Coolidge.

PUBLICITY IS KING.

Publicity is the crowned king of the business world and the East Oregonian is delighted to see that Pendleton has at last engaged in the service of this king, in a practical way.

The adoption of the advertising plan of the Sunset magazine and the Harriman railroad system is perhaps the best possible means of advertising this city and county. The Harriman people have built up a vast publicity bureau ramifying every part of the world and can distribute literature and reach actual homeseekers perhaps easier and more thoroughly than any other agency on earth today. It is a part of the vigorous policy of that system.

It has been contended that the advertising fund should be spent for home-printed matter, but results are what is wanted and the publicity committee believes that better results can be secured by investing in literature and advertising matter furnished by the Harriman people and everybody should co-operate with the committee in its plans.

The East Oregonian believes in advertising of all kinds and the wider the field covered by the advertising medium, the better results from it, and since the Harriman people are in the advertising and publicity business, their field is limitless and the possibilities of their advertising inestimable. So Pendleton is in line to secure the best there is to be had. She has engaged the greatest advertising agent known, to scatter the fame and name of Pendleton throughout the world.

The home papers will continue, as of old, to boost the city and county. They will continue to give away their space, free and without price, for the welfare of the city and county and the business interests of the county. Their publicity campaign never ends. It never stops working. Every day papers are sent to inquiring friends in the east and nobody knows the results which follow newspaper boosting.

Pendleton and Umatilla county should now receive returns. Money has been subscribed to buy the best form of advertising known and with the free advertising which the city and county receives daily, weekly and continuously, something should follow.

LET US PROVE THE THEORIES.

Farmers of Umatilla county who have acquired large holdings and made fortunes in wheat land through persistent labor and economy, are naturally opposed to "new fangled theories" of farming. They have been eminently successful in their method and what more than success can any reasonable man desire?

So it will be absolutely necessary to do something more than preach to these farmers to induce them to change their methods. The East Oregonian has preached on diversified farming methods until it is black in the face, and there is no appreciable change in the methods. But it does

not blame the farmer for sticking to his old method if he is satisfied and contented.

But here is the fact that must be considered. Present methods of farming are successful for today, for this decade, but every thoughtful man admits that these methods will sooner or later ruin the land; that the wheat district will be absolutely impoverished in years to come; that the future generations, the sons and daughters of the present farmers will be forced to adopt some other method in order to secure a yield of marketable wheat from the land, if continuous wheat growing is practiced without interruption or change.

California is now learning the lesson. Her wheat land has been cropped until she is forced to import wheat from Dakota, Oregon and elsewhere to mix with her native wheat in order to make eatable and marketable flour. That is the result of continuous wheat growing on the same land for half a century.

It seems that the future welfare of the wheat land and its owners is a problem worth considering. No intelligent man builds for today alone. No industry is founded upon today's needs. Every permanent and prominent industry is rooted in the future needs of the country, the future needs of mankind and this, it seems, should induce wheat farmers and every other class of people to guard well their industrial substance and resources.

Let the O. R. & N. company secure a half section of wheat land near Pendleton and prove its diversified farming theories. That will do more to change farming methods than all the preaching that could be done in a decade. A first-class experimental farm, showing that the theories of the O. R. & N. officials and agricultural experts are correct and practicable, in eastern Oregon and multiply the agricultural products of every county.

Let us prove the theory. It is rooted deep in science and common sense. It has a foundation in fact. Let the railroad company back its theory with its cash and buy a wheat farm and make a practical demonstration. Such a farm, successfully conducted, would double the railroad traffic in the county inside of five years. That would be reward enough. Buy a farm.

SHALL NEWS BE SUPPRESSED?

The newspaper is frequently spoken of as a degrading influence, because of the publicity it gives to crime, immorality, sensations and the like. Some theorists claim that many persons who might otherwise be law-abiding citizens are prompted to crime through the suggestive influence of the press.

One should never read of crime or tragedy, say some, because of the alleged vitiating effect upon the mind. But what is the real truth about the effect of such reading?

Do human beings have a spark of reason or are they merely nervous, sensitive animals ready to have brainstorms whenever they think of other brainstorms?

Is the newspaper reader the slave of hysteria or a creature prompted by motive? Is he insane or sane? Whether the influence of newspapers is for good or evil depends upon how these questions are answered.

If people have not mental balance enough to read of crime without becoming criminals, they would be better off without newspapers—better off in sanitariums and asylums perhaps. But most of us have faith that we are comparatively sane, and are not afraid to read about crime when described in a realistic style for the press.

Newspapers do not make crime attractive, hence there is no temptation for the sane reader to imitate it. When we read of murder in the press, we read of police and detectives and bloodhounds and clues, and in the end usually, of a prison sentence or an execution; in short, we read of plenty of trouble for the murderer, for such is life.

When we read about an "affinity" case in the newspapers we read of dishonor and tears, of the contempt of threats of neighbors, of flight, of assumed names, of jealousy of revenge, perhaps, and sometimes even of murder; for such is life. We venture that an "affinity" is a less attractive proposition to an inveterate newspaper reader than to any other type of person.

What's more might call unsavory news is always on tap, for human folly never lets up.

NEWSPAPER CONTESTS.

Inside facts concerning a big newspaper contest which has just been conducted in a western Washington city disclose some interesting things. The most important fact disclosed is that the money and votes received do not represent names added to the subscription list, and therefore the al-

leged increased circulation is misleading to business men.

In this Washington contest several hundred dollars in cash for which no subscriptions were secured, were turned in the last night by chivalrous admirers of the contestants.

The large number of votes announced, therefore, did not represent an increased circulation, but simply meant that the man with the most money at his disposal bought the premiums and the public was slightly deceived, as it was led to believe that every cent of money turned in represented increasing circulation.

Thus business men, will look with many misgivings on the enormous sum of votes announced in these contests. It is simply a rivalry between the backers of the contestants and the long purse wins. Circulation is lost sight of in the vote-selling program.

Mark this down to the credit of Umatilla county: The first strawberry to ripen in the northwest this year, ripened in Umatilla county; the first box of home-grown berries marketed in Oregon this year, was marketed in Umatilla county. And it is safe to say that the last crate of Oregon grown berries to be marketed next fall will come from Weston mountain, Umatilla county.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

Do you want to succeed? Grow in solitude, work, develop in solitude, with books and thoughts and nature for friends. Constant craving for indiscriminate company is a sure sign of mental weakness.

If you enter a village or small town and want to find the man or youth of ability, do you look for him leaning over the village post table, sitting on the grocery store boxes, lounging in the smelly tavern with other vacant minds? Certainly not. You will find him at work and you will find him by himself.

Proofs of greatness due to solitude are endless. Milton's greatest work was done when blindness, old age and the death of the Puritan government forced him into complete seclusion. Beethoven did his best work in the solitude of his deafness. Bacon would never have been the great leader of scientific thought if he had not his trial and disgrace forced him from the company of the grand retinue and the stupid court to the solitude of his own brain.

Don't be a sheep or a deer. Don't devote your hours to the company and conversation of those who know as little as you do. Remember that you are an individual, not a grain of dust or a blade of grass. Don't be a sheep, be a man. It has taken nature a hundred million years to produce you. Don't make her sorry she took the time. Get out in the park and walk and think. Talk more to yourself and less to others.

There is not a man of average ability but could make a striking career if he could but do the best in him.—Chicago American.

AT THE COMEDY.

Last night, in snowy gown and glove, I saw you watch the play
Where each mock hero won his love
In the old unlikeliest way.

("And, oh, were life their little scene
Where love so smoothly ran,
How different, Dear, this world would
be")

Since this old world began!")
For you, who saw them gaily win
Both hand and heart away,
Knew well where dwelt the mockery
In
That foolish little play.

("If love were all—if love were all,"
The viola sobbed and cried,
"Then love were best what'er be-
fall!")

Low, low the flutes replied.)
And you, last night, did you forget,
So far from me, so near?
For watching there your eyes were
wet
With just an idle tear!

(And down the great dark curtain
fell
Upon their foolish play:
But you and I know—Oh, too well!—
Life went another way!)
—Arthur Stringer.

MYSTERY OF THE MAINE.

One of the mysteries of history was the destruction of the battleship Maine, in Havana harbor, 10 years ago. The wreck has never been raised. If it were we should know whether the vessel was blown up from the inside or from the outside.

The government will not raise the wreck, and it lies where it sank, a peril to all the ships that enter the harbor. Spain insists the explosion occurred within the ship. Our ex-say the disaster was due to the springing of a floating mine. The event was either a miraculously timely untimely accident, or the most futile crime in the records of the world.

There is reason in the ever recurring demand that the wreck be raised to prove the truth that it be taken out of the harbor for the safety of the ships entering there, that it be given sepulture in the deeper sea, that its guns be dispersed over this country as relics. But some occult force compels departmental unresponsiveness to those demands. What is the reason the Maine has not been raised?—The Mirror.

A short time ago the flume of the Gibbs Ditch company, near Pemasn, Chelan county, Wash., was blown up with dynamite and S. P. Beecher, a well known rancher in that vicinity, has been arrested, charged with the crime.

A STORY OF RATS AND BANKERS.

The following excellent little story which seems worthy of being reproduced in the East Oregonian appears in the May number of the Black Cat magazine. It is by Don Mark Lemon and is as follows:

I don't know who wrote the story. It was a newspaper yarn, taken from an exchange that probably had got it of a syndicate—but it certainly was a clever little sketch.

I read it on the train one afternoon while going home from the bank, and, when I had finished it, I slapped my knee and exclaimed, "By George! that's neat." Then I got to wondering if anybody had ever tried the scheme, or had the writer thought it up himself, just for a story plot.

When I got home I read it to my wife, and she laughed and said there was a rat in the cage down cellar, and if it were gone in the morning she would know that I had taken it with me to the bank. Of course she was only jesting, but it went to show how easily one could carry out the idea in the story, and I must have looked thoughtful, for my wife suddenly came over and threw her arms about me and exclaimed: "Why, Will, you wouldn't do such a dreadful thing!"

Just to tease her, I looked sly and asked her if it were a fair sized rat in the trap, or only a mouse. Well, she doesn't know yet how to take me when I'm joking, and pretty soon she went down cellar and when I strolled down a little later, the trap and rat were both gone.

You see, the newspaper story was something like this: One day at a bank a bundle of twenty-one thousand dollar bills was found missing from the cashier's booth, and things were getting to look bad for the cashier, when the teller saw the tail of a rat sticking out from under a desk that set against the grating inclosing the cashier's booth.

Well, they moved the desk, and by George! if that rat hadn't got himself caught between the bars and desk and strangled to death, with a bunch of five-dollar bills in its mouth. I think it was about twenty bills.

They all congratulated the cashier. Of course the rat had stolen the missing twenty thousand, and afterwards came back for more bills, and had been caught and strangled in the grating. They hunted hours for his hole, but couldn't find it. However, the rear door of the bank opened on a short, blind alley, and it was plain as Texas on the map that the rat had stolen in that way, and gone out the same way with the twenty thousand, and the bills were somewhere outside in the alley. But they never found where.

It was just here that the writer of the story got down to the nearest little stroke. I don't remember just his words, but they were something in this order: Why couldn't the cashier have brought a strangled rat in his pocket to the bank, stolen the twenty thousand, placed a package of five-dollar bills in the rat's mouth, and slipped him under the desk?

That would have turned all suspicion from the cashier, and when you consider how simple a thing it was to do, and how few men in the world are strictly honest, you finished reading the story with the conviction that the cashier had stolen the money and done the trick himself.

Well, that's the newspaper sketch. Now here's my story, and mine is where the fun comes in. About 11 o'clock next day, down at the bank where I worked—I mean the day after the sketch appeared in the newspaper—we discovered that a bunch of bills had been mislaid, then another bunch, then another and another; and altogether two thousand dollars in bills was found missing from different drawers and baskets!

Suddenly I smelt a mouse, as the saying goes, and began hunting for a rat. I found him! Then the cashier found another rat, about the same time the teller found another. Then the president saw a tail sticking from under a desk, and poked out the fattest rat you ever saw.

I was laughing by this time till I could hardly stoop to hunt for rats. You should have been around the bank yourself that morning—it was better than having money there.

Well, altogether, we found seven rats, every one of them strangled and dead and each with a bunch of bills in its mouth. The bills we recovered came to seven hundred dollars, but thirteen hundred was still missing. So you see that little newspaper story cost our bank just one thousand three hundred dollars, and we had to hush it up or lose our reputation, for seven dishonest men in one bank was a bit too much.

But those seven dead rodents, hidden all about the office! I think I would have laughed had I lost the thirteen hundred myself.

Money, the Montana half-breed outlaw who has given the officers a merry chase for several months, is now said to be cornered in his cave retreat with no possible chance of escape. Sheriff Martin of Rutte and his men are guarding the cave and expect to bring in the outlaw dead or alive.

The Chicago Railway company will spend a million dollars for new car equipment. The General Electric company has the contract.

Any distress after eating can be avoided by taking the digestive organs with the Bitters! Try it to-day. It is excellent in cases of Poor Appetite, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Indigestion and Malaria.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

SKIN DISEASES CAUSED BY HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

The skin is provided with countless pores and glands, through which an evaporation is going on continually, day and night. This is nature's method of regulating the temperature of our bodies, and preserving the natural appearance of the skin. These pores and glands are connected with tiny veins and arteries through which they receive, from the blood, the necessary nourishment and strength to preserve their healthy condition, and enable them to perform this duty.

So long as the blood is pure and rich the skin will be free from eruption or disease, but when the circulation becomes infected with acids and humors its nourishing and healthful properties are lost, and its acid, humor-laden condition causes irritation and inflammation of the delicate tissues and fibres of the pores and glands, and the effect is shown in Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Salt Rheum, or some other distressing, disfiguring skin disease.

These humors get into the blood through a deranged or inactive condition of the system. Those members whose duty it is to collect and expel the refuse matter of the body fail to properly do their work, and this surplus or waste matter is left in the system to sour and ferment and be absorbed into the blood. There are also certain other humors which get into the blood from without. The juice or milk from poisonous plants, such as poison oak, poison ivy, nettle rash, etc., enters through the open pores of the skin and takes root in the blood. This causes a breaking out which remains for a time and then disappears, but returns at certain seasons of each year.

The cause of all skin troubles can be traced to some kind of humor in the blood. Smooth, healthy skins are only possible where the circulation is pure; and therefore the cure of any skin affection can only come through a thorough cleansing of this vital fluid. Salves, washes, lotions, etc., are valuable only for their ability to keep the skin clean, allay the itching, and tend to reduce inflammation; they cannot correct the trouble because they do not reach the blood.

S. S. S. cures skin diseases of every character and kind, because it purifies the blood. It goes down into the circulation and removes the humors that are causing the trouble, builds up the weak, acid blood, and completely cures

S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE

and completely cures Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Poison Oak, Poison Ivy, and all eruptions and diseases of the skin. When S. S. S. has driven the humor from the blood, and cooled and cleansed the acid-heated circulation, every symptom passes away, the skin is again nourished with rich, healthful blood, and comfort is given to disease-tortured skins.

Special book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice free. S. S. S. is for sale at all drug stores.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

THE BIGGEST DISH OF ICE CREAM.

We serve you not be found too large for enjoyment. It is so palatable, refreshing and wholesome. You cannot have too much of the best of good things. Stop in and try it the next time you pass this way. It will banish fatigue, quench your thirst and be a treat whose delicious flavor will linger long in your memory.

The Delta Candy Factory
J. E. HAWKINS, Prop.

Are You Troubled?

Those who suffer with distress after eating, loss of appetite, biliousness, nausea, flatulence, and other derangements of the digestive organs, should use the best means to get the stomach well and strong. Probably no other remedy will restore you to health so surely and so naturally as

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Beecham's Pills immediately relieve acute dyspepsia, and are equally beneficial in chronic cases of indigestion and stomach weakness. They gently stimulate the digestive organs and have a wholesome effect upon the liver and bowels, cleansing and toning the entire digestive tract. Beecham's Pills relieve the weakened organs, establish healthy conditions, improve the general health, create appetite and

Strengthen the Digestion

In boxes with full directions, 10c. and 25c.

What Makes a Bank Strong?

In judging a bank, always remember that it is the personnel of the stockholders, directors and officers that are behind the institution which give confidence to the depositor that his funds are safe.

The Pendleton Savings Bank

Is essentially a "Home" Institution. Its stockholders are well known Umatilla county and Oregon citizens. Its constant growth is the result of careful and conservative management, with the most liberal treatment for all deserving enterprises.

Capital and Surplus \$250,000.00

STOCKHOLDERS.		
W. J. Furnish	T. J. Morris	Montie B. Gwinn
R. T. Cox	H. Bert Boylen	F. W. Vincent
Joseph Basler	A. A. Devlin	E. L. Smith
E. Boettcher	J. W. Maloney	C. E. Roosevelt
L. Dusenberry	A. E. Lambert	R. N. Stanfield
E. W. McComas	J. H. Raley	Clementine F. Lewis
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