

# COMMISSION TO SAVE RESOURCES

That President Roosevelt has selected an able commission to confer with him on the conservation of the nation's resources is shown by the following Washington dispatch:

In accordance with the suggestion made by the governors at their conference at the White House in May the president has appointed a national conservation commission to consider and advise him on questions relating to the conservation of the natural resources of the country and to cooperate with such bodies as may be designated by the several states, says the dispatch.

The personnel of the commission is:

Water—Theodore E. Burton, Ohio, chairman; Senators W. B. Allison, Iowa, Francis Newlands, Nevada, William Warner, Missouri, and John H. Berkhardt, Alabama; W. J. McGee, bureau of soils, secretary; F. H. Newell, reclamation service; Gifford Pinchot, forestry service; Herbert Knox Smith, representative Joseph E. Swan, Institute of Technology, Massachusetts; the chief of engineers, United States army.

Forests—Senators Reed Smoot, Utah, chairman; Albert J. Beveridge, Indiana, and Charles A. Culberson, Texas; Representatives C. F. Foote, Kansas, and Champ Clark, Missouri; J. B. White, Missouri; Professor Henry S. Graves, William Irwons, ex-Governor Newton C. Blanchard, Louisiana; Charles Pack, New Jersey; Gustav Schwab, New York; Overton W. Price, forest service, secretary.

Lands—Senators Knute Nelson, Minnesota, chairman, and Francis E. Warren, Wyoming; Representatives John Sharp Williams, Mississippi, Swager Shirley, Kentucky, and Herbert Parsons, New York; ex-Governor N. B. Broward, Florida; Judge J. Hill, Minnesota; Charles McDonald, American Society of Civil Engineers, New York; Murdo McKenzie, Colorado; Frank C. Goudy, Colorado; George W. Woodruff, interior department, secretary.

Minerals—Representative John Dalzell, Pennsylvania, chairman; Senators Joseph M. Dixon, Montana, Frank P. Flint, California, and Lee S. Overman, North Carolina; Representatives Philo Hall, South Dakota, and James L. Slayden, Texas; Andrew Carnegie, New York; Professor Charles R. Vanhise, Wisconsin; John Hays Hammond, Massachusetts; Dr. Irving Fisher, Yale university, Connecticut; J. A. Holmes, geological survey, secretary.

Executive committee—Gifford Pinchot, chairman; Representative Theodore E. Burton; Senators Reed Smoot and Knute Nelson; John Dalzell, W. J. McGee, Overton W. Price, G. W. Woodruff and Joseph A. Holmes.

**Bucklen's Arnica Salve Wins.**  
Tom Moore, of Rural Route 1, Cochran, Ga., writes: "I had a bad sore come on the instep of my foot and could find nothing that would heal it until I tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Less than half of a 2 cent box won the day for me by affording a perfect cure." Sold under guarantee at Tallman & Co.'s drug store.

**Girls Work for Charity.**  
For the purpose of sewing rags with which to make rugs for the Sticksney Home of the M. E. church at Lynden, Wash., a party of little girls, daughters of members of the Woman's Home Missionary society of the Wilbur Memorial church, met at the home of Mrs. Hackett, 729 Whitman street, yesterday afternoon, says the Walla Walla Union. After the little ones had sewed over six pounds of material for the rugs, refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake, were served.

Following are those who were present: Mrs. Hackett, Mrs. E. A. Holloway, Mrs. Mary H. Willis, Frances Harris, Anna Harris, Mildred Smith, Mildred Sexton, Nora Rose, Iva Walker, Oceania Yeend, Ruth Wells, Helen Yeend, Laura Holloway, Florence Holloway, Florence Skyes, Irene Skyes.

**Liquors at Cost.**  
My entire line of wines, liquors and cigars must be disposed of by July 1. To do so, everything will be sold at actual cost, nothing reserved. Now is the time to secure absolutely pure goods cheap. The Mint, J. P. Medernach, prop.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are prompt and thorough and will in a very short time strengthen the weakened kidneys. Sold by Tallman & Co.

**Book of Oregon Poems Out.**  
"The Song of the Oregon Pine," a little book of original verse by Bert Huffman is now out and is on sale at the Frazier book store. Price, 50 cents. Printed on fine paper and highly illustrated.

**Attention, Saloonmen!**  
For Sale—Saloon in railroad town, 800 population, monthly payroll, \$1,600. Doing \$18,000 year business daily expenses \$12. Can give five year lease. Address, Box 5, Starbuck, Wash.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills, are sold by Tallman & Co.

**Notice to Ice Users.**  
All parties wanting ice delivered to their homes please hang out cards by 7 o'clock each morning where they can be seen by driver of wagon. Henry Koplitke.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is especially good for piles. Be sure to get DeWitt's. Sold by Tallman & Co.

Read the East Oregonian.

## The Efficacy of Prayer.

Among my esteemed neighbors there is a family known for the piety of its members and their implicit confidence in the efficacy of prayer. One of the daughters, Miss Kate B., has almost reached the age when she could be referred to ungallantly as an old maid. She is the target for many a good natured quip pertaining to her alleged hopes and endeavors in the direction of matrimony.

Not long ago a certain society of young men which had interested itself in a campaign for higher saloon license sent a committee to visit the homes of the district and obtain signatures to a high license petition. When this committee, numbering half a dozen members, ascended the front steps at the B. home my friend's wife was the first to see it through the front window.

"Laws, John!" she exclaimed to her husband. "See all those young men coming to visit us."

Mr. B. glanced out of the window, noted the number of the invading force and remarked, with an air of conviction:

"Humph! Kate's been praying again."—San Francisco Call.

## An Anecdote of Ellsworth.

There was a characteristic incident in the early life of Colonel Ellsworth, the brilliant young lawyer who was one of the first notable victims of the civil war. His struggles to gain a foothold in his profession were attended by many hardships and humiliating privations. Once, finding the man he was looking for on a matter of business in a restaurant, he was invited to partake of the luncheon to which his acquaintance was just sitting down. Ellsworth was ravenously hungry, almost starving, in fact, but he declined courteously, but firmly, asking permission to talk over the business that had brought him thither while the other went on with the meal.

The brave young fellow in telling the story in after years confessed that he suffered positive agony at the sight and smell of the tempting food.

"I could not in honor accept hospitality I could not reciprocate," was his simple explanation of his refusal. "I might starve, but I could not sponger!"—Marion Harland's "Complete Etiquette."

## Starting Early.

Wangles was married recently, and there was a regular hall of rice, confetti and old shoes for good luck as he got into the cab. Moreover, on turning round he was struck above the eye by a friendly shoe with rather a heavy heel.

As the cab immediately drove away no notice was taken of the accident, and, despite the large handkerchief tied by his sobbing bride over his injured optic, the blood still flowed down Wangles' face.

When they arrived at their destination the newly created Benedict went out to a doctor to get the bleeding stopped.

"How did you come by this, my man?"

"Well, you see, doctor—aw—I got married this morning, and—commenced Wangles, when the doctor broke in:

"What! Has she started already?"—London Answers.

## Circumstantial Evidence.

"You say you met the defendant on a street car and that he had been drinking and gambling," said the attorney for the defense during the cross examination.

"Yes," replied the witness.

"Did you see him take a drink?"

"No."

"Did you see him gambling?"

"No."

"Then how do you know," demanded the attorney, "that the defendant had been drinking and gambling?"

"Well," explained the witness, "he gave the conductor a blue chip for his car fare and told him to keep the change."—Lippincott's Magazine.

## A Lucky Horseshoe.

The Australians when they find a horseshoe throw it over their shoulder. A lady in Sydney found one and threw it gracefully over her shoulder. It went through a hatter's window and hit a customer who was trying on a new hat. This gentleman, under the impression that one of the shopmen in a fit of temporary insanity had played the trick, promptly struck him and sent him through the plate glass window. A general melee ensued, although on consideration nobody knew what it was all about.

**The Old, Old Story.**  
Old Lady (reading a letter from her son in college)—Lor' sakes alive, Josiah, if John hain't gone an done it! An' he warn't no hand fer the gals nuther!

Her Worse Half—Wut's the trouble, Samantha?  
Old Lady—Why, he says he's fallen in love with Belle—er—Belle Lettres.—Brooklyn Life.

## His Thanks.

"I notice," said the young man's employer, "that you are always about the first in the office in the mornings."

"Thank you, sir."

"Why do you thank me?"

"For noticing it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Needed Practice.

"Little girls should be seen and not heard, Ethel."

"I know, mamma. But if I'm going to be a lady when I grow up I've got to begin practicing talking some time, you know."—Yonkers Statesman.

## A Contradiction.

Although a woman's age is undeniably her own, she does not always own it.—Exchange.

## BANISHED THE BORE.

### A Remedy That Dampened His Ardor For Sitting.

The head of a bureau in an important government department has long been afflicted with a friend who calls upon him regularly and sits down and sits and sits and goes on sitting till assault and battery becomes a virtue. The other day this sedentary bore was in the full exercise of his functions when suddenly the official, who had been scrutinizing him closely, cried: "I knew it! I was sure of it! Confound those office boys, with their tricks on strangers! They've been putting glue on your chair again. Hi, Jimmie, bring a sponge and a pail of water!"

And, pressing with all his weight on the shoulders of his victim to keep him down, he continued: "Don't stir; you'd tear the cloth sure. Nothing is half so adhesive as glue on a cane seat chair. Here, Jimmie, moisten this gentleman so that we can get him loose. Don't spare the water; the cloth won't shrink or fade." The faithful messenger obeys, and when the operation is concluded the official conducts the visitor to the door and bids him farewell, with the remark: "Perhaps you want to hurry home and change your clothing, so I won't keep you. Goodby, bless you! If your trousers are spoiled, let me know, and I'll stop the price of them out of the pay of the infernal scoundrel if I can find out who he was, and to that task I will devote all the energies of my lifetime and the whole machinery of the government. Goodby! The scoundrel! I thought for several days past that there was something wrong." His friend goes like the visions of youth, never to return.—Argonaut.

## COIN SWEATING.

### An Illegal Practice Which Has Fallen Into Disuse.

Closely allied to the making of counterfeit coins and usually combined with that nefarious trade is what is known as "sweating," which requires considerable skill to accomplish successfully. A rubber mold is used, into which a gold coin to be sweated is introduced and held with a clip. Copper wires having been adjusted, the coin is immersed in a bath of cyanide of potassium and an electric battery set going. The action of the electricity upon the coin in the acid uniformly sweats the metal—that is to say, causes so much of it to become detached. This process is gone through with a large number of coins, and the gold deposit thus obtained is extracted from the acid.

It is for the purpose of detecting the existence of such reduced coins that bankers weigh gold coins in a balance, and if one is in the scale it will immediately be shown by the indicator. The light coin is then taken out, and whatever the shortage represents that amount the customer will have to make up or be fined.

But, all things considered, sweating is but a poor business, says H. L. Adam in his interesting book, "The Story of Crime," and evidently it is thought so by the criminal fraternity, for it has dwindled to a mere nothing. A sovereign weighs 123.27447 grains, and the limit of error in the weight is 2 of a grain, from which it may readily be gathered that sweating cannot now be a very lucrative business.—London Tit-Bits.

## The Waist Came Back.

"The other day I hung my prettiest waist out on the line at the kitchen window," said the flat dweller, "after I washed it. Then I forgot all about it, and when I went to look for it two days later it was gone. I rushed frantically down to the janitress, and we climbed together over the coal into the area to look for the waist. I lamented deeply. It was a beautiful waist. We couldn't find it. The janitor came from the next house and helped us look, but there was nothing doing. I came sadly in at the window back over the coal and ascended to my sixth story flat.

"The next day I looked in the drawer of my chiffonier and found the waist there. Say anything to the janitress? Well, I reckon not."—New York Press.

## Curbing the Suffragette.

"It's all right, Mary," he said patiently. "Go in for politics and stand for the London county council if you want to. But remember one thing—the cartoonists will be after you as soon as you're a candidate."

"I don't care."

"And they'll put your picture in the paper with your hair out of curl and your hat on crooked."

"Do you think they would do that?" apprehensively.

"Of course. And they'll make your Paris gowns look like calico and say that your sealskin cloak is imitation."

"William," she said, "I think I'll just stay here and make the home happy."—London Tatler.

## Too Hazardous.

"Yessir," admitted a waiter, "I shall be compelled to throw up my situation here."

"Indeed! What is the matter?"

"More than I can put up with. The governor insists on my eating mushrooms in the presence of customers to prove they are edible fungi."—London Tit-Bits.

## No End of Trees.

"Did your ancestors have a family tree, Mr. Maguire?"

"Family tree, is it, ma'am? One of me ancestors controlled th' entire timber privilege of the garden of Eden."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## An Irish Philosopher Says It's a Great Blessing That Night Comes on Late in the Day When One Is Too Tired to Work Longer.

All the news all the time in the East Oregonian.

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All that is left of our new Spring Tailored Suits continue at **HALF PRICE**

A great variety of suits to choose from. All the coats are silk or satin lined. All the skirts are full gored or pleated; some have one fold and some have two folds on the bottom. The greatest variety of individual suits we have ever offered.

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