

### Hotel St. George

GEORGE DARVEAU, Proprietor.



European plan. Everything first-class. All modern conveniences. Steam heat throughout. Rooms en suite with bath. Large, new sample room. The Hotel St. George is pronounced one of the most up-to-date hotels of the northwest. Telephone and fire alarm connections to office, and hot and cold running water in all rooms.

FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION WITH HOTEL.  
ROOMS: \$1.00 and \$1.50

Block and a Half from Depot. See the big electric sign.

### Golden Rule Hotel

Corner Court and Johnson Streets, Pendleton, Oregon.

J. POPEJOY, Proprietor



Heated by Steam  
Lighted by Electricity  
Courteous treatment; reasonable rates  
Free bus meets all trains.  
Fine restaurant in connection.  
Special attention given country trade.  
An ideal family hotel—No bar in connection.

### New Hotel Sagamore

BAKER CITY, OREGON

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT  
(50) ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS.  
Newly furnished and refitted throughout. Electric lights. Hot and cold baths free to guests.  
SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION  
Free Auto Bus to and from all trains.  
RATES, \$1.50 AND \$2 PER DAY AMERICAN PLAN.  
TOY L. YOUNG, Prop.

### GROUND BONE

FOR CHICKENS.  
3c pound  
Also fine fresh meats delivered promptly at reasonable prices.  
EMPIRE MEAT CO.  
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Feed Store 127--129 E. Alta

### PENDLETON-UKIAH STAGE

Daily trips between Pendleton and Ukiah, except Sunday. Stage leaves Pendleton at 7 a. m., arrives at Ukiah at 6 p. m. Return stage leaves Ukiah at 6 p. m., arrives at Pendleton at 5 p. m.  
Pendleton to Ukiah, \$1.00; Pendleton to Alba, \$2.75; Pendleton to Ridge, \$2; Pendleton to Nye, \$1.50; Pendleton to Pilot Rock, \$1.

## SOME REPUBLICAN PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES---THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Washington, June 11.—Theodore Roosevelt, youngest president of the United States, will be only a few days over 50 years of age on election day. Probably no man living or dead has done a greater variety of big things than he in half a century—or has broken more precedents. His every act, official and private, has been a contradiction of established usage, yet every time he has knocked some moss-grown precedent into the proverbial cocked hat, the world has declared, as soon as it has regained its breath, that the Roosevelt way was best and has wondered why no one else thought of doing it that way years before.

Roosevelt was scarce out of college before he claimed the center of the stage, and the spot-light of publicity has been following him around ever since. In the legislature of New York state, as civil service commissioner, as police commissioner of the metropolis, as assistant secretary of the navy, he plunged into the midst of events—or, if there were no events to reach worth mentioning, he made them.

When the police force of New York, inefficient from dry rot and cancerous with vice, came under his control, he shook it up until its old bones rattled and gave the grafters a scare that they remember to this day. He didn't quite convert the force into a band of evangelists, but he made the Tammany Tiger shiver in its lair and caused the name of T. Roosevelt to be known throughout the land.

Made Dewey a Hero.  
Once upon a time, when he was second in command to that dear, good, peaceable secretary of the navy, John D. Long, his chief happened to be away from Washington for a few days. Buz! Bing! Before the sedate bureau chiefs in the department knew the day of the month, he had issued orders that dispatched shiploads of ammunition to the Asiatic squadron and prepared George Dewey for the day that made him famous and sent the Spanish hulks to the floor of Manila bay.

He was the something-different politician. He told his political enemies, as well as his political friends, the truth. He wore his heart on his sleeve. It was unheard of. Before his day, to be a politician was to be a liar. He became the greatest politician of the age by telling the truth. He was the something-different soldier as well as the something-different politician. When he went to Cuba, if there wasn't any fighting to be done, his men found that there was work to do. They dug kitchen sinks, they drilled, they got ready, and they stayed ready; so, when the time for action came, the charge up San Juan hill was a mere picnic to those bronco-busters and grizzly-eaters.

Roosevelt loves a fight better than nine Irishmen out of 10, and the strain of Dutch in his blood makes him "stick" when once he mixes in. Like the Irish, he doesn't know when he is licked, and many's the time he has won out after he had apparently been beaten to a finish.

Sticks to Friends and Foe.  
He sticks to his friends as grimly as he sticks to his foes, and the same dogged determination that makes him fight to the last ditch for what he believes is right, places him at the back of the man he claims as a friend, no matter if there be a stack of affidavits as high as the Washington monument to prove the man unworthy. Just to show his friendship and his faith in human nature, Roosevelt has appointed more than one man to office whose record reached back to the door of the penitentiary. But it should be said in the same breath that he has shown his uncompromising fairness by turning upon men found unworthy of his trust and has overwhelmed them with his wrath.

There's nothing half-way about Theodore Roosevelt. He likes a man with all his heart and soul and vigor. If he doesn't like him he hates the ground he walks on, hates his family, his relatives, his ancestors, and his birthplace. What is more, he is not at all slow to let the fact be known.

Much as he loves a fight, he loves peace better. But he makes no bones of saying that he's ready and willing to fight for peace. He wants the United States to build the biggest navy in the world so that peace shall be universal. He wants the gun pointers of our navy to be dead shots at five miles. If they are so known, what nation would war with us? If they are so recognized, what power would go to battle with another if Uncle Sam should say, "Let there be peace?"

Lover of Work.  
Roosevelt loves work, and the harder the work the better he likes it. He also loves play after work and he plays just as hard as he works. That is where the great big boy crops out in his disposition. He'd rather take a 15-mile walk in the rain or a 70-mile gallop over the prairies, than sit in a box at the opera. He isn't partial to grand opera, by the way, and will tell you that his favorite melodies are "Garry Owen" and "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Walking, horseback riding, tennis, boxing, and single-stick play are his favorite recreations, and he'd rather meet and hobnob with an old backwoods guide than a politician in a plug hat. He hates plug hats. "I feel like a stuffed club in one of them," he observed one day, "and if I were not holding a job where I'm supposed to look like a stuffed club on certain occasions, I'm blessed if I'd wear one."

Roosevelt does not use tobacco in any form, and although no teetotaler, he has very little use for a drunk-

ard. On one of his recent trips when he refused to take either a drink or a cigar at a banquet, one of the ladies present asked him if he had no vices?

"I can swear like a blue streak," replied the president, with a grin, "would you like to hear me?"

Roosevelt likes to preach little sermons on personal conduct, but as the world knows that he practices in private life what he preaches in public, it forgives him for this trait. His fellow citizens have come to know that he is very human, indeed, and they like him all the better for it. They know that he is impulsive, that he often leaps before he looks, and changes his mind with the ease of a summer wind. But what matters that, when they also know him to be honest and sincere, that he detests fraud, that he places the mother on a higher hero plane than the soldier, and that he is working with all his might and main to right the wrongs that oppress the people?

The world knows, too, that Wall street has been scared stiff ever since he has been in office; that he settled the coal strike; that he stopped the wholesale slaughter of Russians and Japanese. It knows also that he tried to reform our spelling, that he attempted to erase "In God We Trust" from the coins of the realm, and if he has his way the great corporations of the country would be controlled by the departments at Washington.

For all these things, in spite of all these things, the vote at the last election proved him to be the most popular man that ever ran for office in this or any other country, in this or any other period of written history.

A Grand Family Medicine.  
"It gives me pleasure to speak a good word for Electric Bitters," writes Mr. Frank Conlan of No. 436 Houston street, New York. "It's a grand family medicine for dyspepsia and liver complications; while for lame back and weak kidneys it cannot be recommended too highly." Electric Bitters regulate the digestive functions, purify the blood, and impart renewed vigor and vitality to the weak and debilitated of both sexes. Sold under guarantee at Tallman & Co.'s drug store, 50c.

Hotel St. George.  
J. A. Allison, Portland; Geo. McGilvery, Spokane; J. C. Jordan, Hermiston; A. T. Jordan, Hermiston; S. R. Oldaker, Hermiston; G. W. Cherry, San Francisco; T. J. Golden, New York; Fred Beagles, Portland; W. F. Mills, New York; N. Elmsted, Salt Lake; Harry P. Hemoch, Chicago; L. B. Bevans, Los Angeles; Mrs. R. S. Bragaw, Boise; Mrs. M. G. Benast, St. Louis, Mo.; Miss Douglas, Spokane; W. J. Swart, New York; J. E. O'Connell and wife, Tacoma, Wash.; E. J. Brown, Portland; A. W. Sifton, Spokane; A. R. Coppock, Astoria; J. R. Stayman, New York; A. M. Moore, Echo; M. Gilbert, San Francisco; Wm. Swan, San Francisco; F. Swenson, Spokane; T. E. Clendenning, San Francisco; C. A. Black, Portland; T. Y. Ranson, Spokane; H. C. Vaughan, Spokane; W. H. Raymond, Portland; R. R. Wallace, Astoria; T. M. Leabo, Portland; C. L. Morgan and wife, R. R. Johnson, Hermiston; F. D. Nelderhamer, Spokane; R. A. Schmidt, John Clancy, Portland.

You Should Know This.  
Foley's Kidney Remedy will cure any case of kidney and bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more. Pendleton Drug Co.

Kenneth Palmer, a five-year old boy, was killed in Portland yesterday by being struck by a runaway team. Several other persons had narrow escapes.

Making Good.  
There is no way of making *lacking* friends like "Making Good"; and Doctor Pierce's medicines well exemplify this, and their friends, after more than two decades of popularity, are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. They have "made good" and they have not made drunkards.

A good, honest, square-deal medicine of known composition is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It still enjoys an immense sale, while most of the preparations that have come into prominence in the earlier period of its popularity have "gone by the board" and are never more heard of. There must be some reason for this long-time popularity and that is to be found in its superior merits. When once given a fair trial for weak stomach, or for liver and blood affections, its superior curative qualities are soon manifest; hence it has survived and grown in popular favor, while scores of less meritorious articles have suddenly flashed into favor for a brief period and then been as soon forgotten.

For a torpid liver with its attendant indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, perhaps dizziness, foul breath, nasty coated tongue, with bitter taste, loss of appetite, with distress after eating, nervousness and debility, nothing is so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's an honest, square-deal medicine with all its ingredients printed on bottle-wrapper—no secret, no hoens-pocus humbug, therefore don't accept a substitute that the dealer may possibly make a little bigger profit. Insist on your right to have what you call for.

Don't buy Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription expecting it to prove a "cure-all." It is only advised for woman's special ailments. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Less advertised than some preparations sold for like purposes, its sterling curative virtues still maintain its position in the front ranks, where it stood over two decades ago. As an invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve it is unequalled. It won't satisfy those who want "booze," for there is not a drop of alcohol in it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the original Little Liver Pills, although the first pill of their kind in the market, still lead, and when once tried are ever afterwards in favor. Easy to take as candy—one to three a dose. Much imitated but never equaled.

## Best of All SUIT SALE

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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