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Last night I heard one say how on the deep He called his brother, leagues of dark away. Roused - him from sleep and quick got his reply Of that far continent toward whose shores Himself was sailing, seeking some new world; And, hearing this known miracle, I prayed, Out of the new faith, our spirits might be tuned That each the other's cry might hear, and each The other's need might know, though it were night, Though mountains lay between, or seas, or days, Though dark or distance intervene—or death. —John Finley.

THE FEDERAL BUILDING.

There is a lot of activity in bidding for the federal building site in Pendleton and numerous excellent sites are on the market. The government should be able to secure a central location, convenient to all parts of the city for a reasonable price and it is hoped that every available piece of property is entered to give the widest scope to the choice.

The government is not going to stick to the exact dimensions of the tract advertised for. If a central location, which will always be in the business center of the city, can be secured, a few feet one way or the other will not matter and it is hoped that all the available lots and blocks are listed.

This is to be a permanent fixture in the city. It is not for a day or a year for all time and it should be located right and made a real public convenience, and not a public nuisance by being placed out of town or at an inaccessible point.

This is to be Pendleton's first government gift and it should be a matter of pride for all time to come. So let us locate it right.

HOP LAND FOR FRUIT.

A great howl has been sent up by Portland brewers that prohibition is killing the hop industry in Oregon. Why have Willamette valley and Yakima hopgrowers plowed up their hop fields before prohibition was voted? If it was such a profitable business and yielded such an income why did not hopgrowers continue to grow hops until prohibition actually killed their market?

Instead of growing hops in the midst of a saloon district, Yakima growers have plowed up their fields and planted them to fruit. On the hop crop they secured an income from a valuation of about \$100 per acre for their land. In fruit the same land yields an income on a valuation of from \$500 to \$1000 per acre.

Does this look as though prohibition had killed the hop industry? How many Willamette valley growers will keep land in hops with a value of from \$75 to \$125 per acre when the same land in berries and fruit can be increased in value four and five fold?

WATTERSON'S "CRANKY" DIET.

O. O. Stealey writes an interesting sketch for Success magazine on the "cranky" diet of Henry Watterson, the great Louisville editor.

Of all the public men of the many I have met, Henry Watterson is the most fastidious so far as his stomach is concerned, says Mr. Stealey. If he cannot supply it with the food he thinks it needs or craves, he will let it go empty until he can. I have known him to go for two days when in out of the way places, without eating, because he could not get what he wanted.

He is not so much a big eater as he is a choice eater, and in all of his

dishes uses a liberal supply of red pepper. Therefore, if Mr. Watterson has a "fad," it is that of an epicurean.

One summer afternoon he landed at the Battery in New York after a few days' stay on Coney Island. He remarked to a friend who accompanied him that they each needed a new straw hat.

"Now," said Mr. Watterson, "it is reckless extravagance to buy a straw hat up town on Broadway when we can get one down here on Sixth avenue, just as good, for half the money." His friend agreed and they purchased hats in a downtown store, after which Mr. Watterson said, "Now we will have dinner." His friend acquiesced in the suggestion, saying that they could also get dinner downtown for a great deal less than uptown. Mr. Watterson simply glared, and exclaimed, "No, sir. I can stand a downtown hat, but not a downtown dinner."

On another occasion Mr. Watterson gave a little dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. As is his usual custom, he interviewed the chef and particularly dictated the several dishes he desired, and made some suggestions as to their preparation. The chief triumph of the dinner was to be the soup, something new and rare in the way of potage, and most delicate in flavor. When the soup was served Mr. Watterson expatiated on its goodness and surely to tickle the palate. Just about this time, to his disgust and consternation, he observed one of his guests empty a spoonful of sauce in his soup. In telling a friend of it afterwards he said, "That chap will be mighty hungry before I give him another dinner."

HISTORY OF TEMPERANCE.

In 1808 there was organized in the town of Moreau, N. Y., the first temperance society of which there is any reliable history. It was called the Union Temperance society of Moreau and Northumberland of Saratoga county.

The moving spirit in the organization was Dr. Billy J. Clark. In his work of ministering to the sick he had exceptional opportunities for observing and studying the effects upon the people of the drink habit, and became greatly roused upon the subject. The increase and marked disastrous effect of the habit pressed heavily upon his heart.

During the winter of 1808, at a court of common pleas, he attempted to organize a central county temperance society, but without success. All the members of both bar and bench pronounced the proposed project visionary and impracticable.

But Dr. Clark was not discouraged. On a stormy night in the spring of 1808, after a day of toil and anxiety among his patients, dripping with rain and covered with mud, he unceremoniously entered the parsonage of his pastor, abruptly accosting the pastor with the words: "Sir! We shall become a community of drunkards unless something is speedily done to arrest the progress of intemperance."

As a result of his agitation, a meeting was called to form a temperance society. At the public house of Captain Peter Mawney, of Clark's Corners, resolutions were adopted, the chief of which was that, "In the opinion of this meeting it is proper, practical and necessary to form a temperance society in this place; the chief object of this society is wholly to abstain from ardent spirits."

Dr. Billy Clark was elected secretary, Hon. Sidney Berys was president.

To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the founding of this "first society" a World's Temperance Centennial congress will be held at Saratoga, near Moreau, this week. All temperance societies throughout the entire world will participate in this unique celebration, also all churches and many other organizations.

SMILE AND WAIT.

One of the hardest, and yet one of the most useful lessons we can ever learn, is to smile and wait after we have done our level best.

It is a finely trained mind that can struggle with energy and cheerfulness toward the goal which he cannot see. But he is not a great philosopher who has not learned the secret of smiling and waiting.

A great many people can smile at difficulties who cannot wait, who lack patience; but the man who can both smile and wait, if he has that tenacity of purpose which never turns back with surely win.

The fact is, large things can only be done by optimists. Little successes are left to pessimistic people who cannot set their teeth, clench their fists, and smile at hardships or misfortunes and patiently wait.

Smile and wait—there are whole volumes in this sentence. It is so much easier for most people to work than to wait.

Enough power is going to waste in the Umatilla river every day to operate from 200 to 400 miles of electric lines in Umatilla county. Enough capital can be brought together in the county to start the lines and traffic in abundance is awaiting them, so why are they not in operation? Is there any good reason why they are not?

Walla Walla is raising \$200,000 in the city and county as her part of Whitman's \$2,000,000 endowment. Umatilla county should yield at least \$50,000 for an endowment fund for Pendleton academy. This institution is to Umatilla what Whitman is to Walla Walla. Home pride is as strong here as it is in Walla Walla.

Three or four of the sheep kings of Umatilla county were sheep herders 15 years ago. The same pathway to a fortune is open today. There is no need for any man leaving the county to seek a livelihood elsewhere.

REINCARNATION.

In lonely ways of dim forgotten lands, Ah, do you not recall how, once we went? Did we not gaze, and hold each other's hands, In utter ecstasy of sheer content? As for what we said—we said but nothing; The naked truth was ours, that needs no clothing.

Strange flowers were near us—nameless to me now— And strange old cities—were they quick or dead?— We met—we two—the when or why or how Matters no more. That golden hour is fled, But ineffaceable its glory lingers, As melodies survive the primal singers.

And you? The moment eyes encountered eyes, Yours were alight with memories and with dreams. You are mine, all mine; you know it. O be wise, Ere over all our Past and Present streams, And snags our secret chains of joy and wonder, And whelms, and whirls us, impotent, asunder.

Listen. In visions I will come tonight, And seek with you those old mysterious lands. And we shall see, in the gray uncertain light, Do you remember?—where the temple stands, The desolate temple of some faith unknown, The sunset fading on its solemn stone, And we will never leave those lands again. But all that should have been for us, shall be: Reality foregoes, dreams shall remain, And sweet oblivion cover you and me. Dear all, renounce all—come! I do not doubt you—I who have waited centuries without you. —Pall Mall Gazette.

HEAR ME DEAR EARTH!

Hear me, dear Earth! I long to feel thy warm sweet breath Caress my feverish, aching brow And draw me back from death.

Hear me, dear Earth! And let thy inward, pulsing fire Inspire my soul with strength and love, To tune my earthly lyre.

Hear me, dear Earth! Around this frail and mortal clay Enclose thy tender, loving arms And rest me for today.

Hear me, dear Earth! Upon thy welcome breast I lie Content, while beauteous stellar worlds Speed on and, hurrying die.

Tell me, dear Earth! When sweet toned bells their vespers chime Upon the silent evening air With melody sublime.

The end of Life; Why soars the bird against the sky, Deluged in light, with bursting song Of joyous minstrelsy?

Hear me, dear Earth! Thy heart sings far beyond the night And laughs at time and boundless space Teach me to read aright. —Perry Reigelman in Salem Statesman.

OLDEST MAN LIVING.

The oldest man living is probably the negro Stauman, who was recently exhibited in London. He is said to be 146 years old. It has been proved that when, 75 years ago he entered into the service of the Cape Colony he was already a very old man. His daughter died in 1894 at the age of 90. Stauman was born in 1760, nine years before Napoleon. He is still in full possession of his physical and mental faculties.

ONE CITY WITH NO TAXES.

Orson, in Sweden, has no taxes. During the last 30 years the authorities of this place have sold over one million pounds worth of trees, and by means of judicious replanting have provided for a similar income every 30 or 40 years. In consequence of this source of commercial wealth there are no taxes, and local railways and telephones are free, as are education and many other things.

Have You a Summer Stove? The stifling air of a close kitchen is changed to comfortable coolness by installing a New Perfection Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove to do the family cooking. No kitchen furnishing is so convenient as this stove. Gives a working heat at once, and maintains it until turned out—that too, without overheating the room. If you examine the NEW PERFECTION Wick Blue Flame Oil Cook-Stove you will see why this is so. The heat from the chimney of the "New Perfection" is concentrated under the kettle and not dissipated through the room by radiation. Thus it does the work of the coal range without its discomfort. Ask your dealer about this stove—if not with him, write our nearest agency. The Rayo Lamp is a very handsome piece of housefurnishing and gives a clear, powerful light more agreeable than gas or electricity. Safe everywhere and always. Made of brass finely nickel plated—just the thing for the living-room. If not with your dealer, write our nearest agency. Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

THE JACKASS AND DEBS. Eugene V. Debs, the socialist leader, tells the following story on himself: "I was to address a public meeting and there was intense prejudice against me, so the young man who had to introduce me thought he would try to disarm it. "Debs is hated by some people," he said, 'because he has been in strikes. This is not right. It is the law of nature to defend yourself. Why, even a dog will growl if you try to deprive him of the bone he is gnawing, a goat will butt if you get in his way and you all know what a jackass will do if you monkey with him. Ladies and gentlemen, this is Debs, who will now address you.' Success Magazine.

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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 enterprise. Capital and Surplus \$250,000.00 STOCKHOLDERS: W. J. Furnish, R. T. Cox, Joseph Basler, E. Boettcher, L. Dusenberry, E. W. McComas, A. C. Koeppen, J. N. Teal, T. J. Morris, Bert Boylen, A. Devlin, J. W. Maloney, A. E. Lambert, J. H. Raley, R. Alexander, T. G. Montgomery, Frank S. Curl, Estate of D. P. Thompson, Montie B. Gwinn, F. W. Vincent, E. L. Smith, C. E. Roosevelt, R. N. Stanfield, Clementine F. Lewis, Marion Jack, Al Page

Byers' Best Flour Is made from the choicest wheat that grows. Good bread is assured when BYERS' BEST FLOUR is used. Bran, Shorts, Steam Rolled Barley always on hand. PENDLETON ROLLER MILLS W. S. BYERS, Proprietor.

Garden Hose and Refrigerators Are something that everybody needs now that dry and warm weather is coming on and it behooves everybody to get the best for their money. If that's what you're looking for, call around and examine my line of refrigerators and garden hose. V. STROBLE 220 E. Court Street Phone Block 2171

Hotel St. George GEORGE DARVEAU, Proprietor. European plan. Everything first-class. All modern conveniences. Steam heat throughout. Rooms on 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. Phone Main 18.

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