



COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER. AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. Published Daily, Weekly and Semi-Weekly, at Pendleton, Oregon, by the EAST OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily, one year, by mail, \$5.00; Daily, six months, by mail, 2.50; Daily, three months, by mail, 1.25; Daily, one month, by mail, .50; Daily, one year, by carrier, 7.50; Daily, six months, by carrier, 3.75; Daily, three months, by carrier, 1.85; Daily, one month, by carrier, .55; Weekly, one year, by mail, 1.50; Weekly, six months, by mail, .75; Weekly, three months, by mail, .35; Weekly, one month, by mail, .15; Semi-Weekly, one year, by mail, 1.50; Semi-Weekly, six months, by mail, .75; Semi-Weekly, three months, by mail, .35; Semi-Weekly, one month, by mail, .15.

The Daily East Oregonian is kept on sale at the Oregon News Co., 147 6th street, Portland, Oregon. Chicago Bureau, 909 Security Building, Washington, D. C. Bureau, 501 Fourth street, N. W.

Member United Press Association.

Telephone Main 1 Entered at the postoffice at Pendleton, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.



***** When'er contending princes fight For private pique or public right, Armies are raised, the fleets are manned, They combat both by sea and land. When, after many battles past, Both, tired with blows, make peace at last, What is it, after all, the people get? Why, taxes, widows, wooden legs and debt. —James Russell Lowell. *****

LET THE FOREIGNER FARM.

The editor of Colliers Weekly has been urging young men to buy up the abandoned farms of the east, giving as a reason that the public lands in the west are nearly all gone.

This statement is not exact, says an exchange. There are millions of unclaimed lands throughout the west, part to be homesteaded, if desired, and thousands of acres to be bought at reasonable prices.

The difficulty is not in finding the land, but in inducing the young men to take up farm life. So long as country life fails to attract and as long as city life holds out increased lure, how is the problem to be met?

"Collier's need not worry; there is plenty of opportunity, east, north, south and west, for the man who wants to take up farm life, but where are the young men with such intentions?"

The best solution of the problem is to turn the tide of immigration farmward as much as possible. In the west, in the arid districts, where farming is done under unfavorable conditions, it is the foreigners who are most successful. Weed the incoming immigrants out of the cities and encourage them to become farmers.

OPEN YOUR HEART AND PURSE.

Of course no one can deny that economy is one of the virtues, but we must be careful not to close ourselves to every appeal for help, says the Cheyenne Tribune. If we are not here on earth to assist our friends, to have sympathy for the unfortunate and to give a lift now and then, what is our mission?

Life sends us about in strange directions, and it often happens that those who are down now may be up later when fortune isn't quite so kind to us. Help your friend; the time will come, no doubt, when you will appeal to him for assistance, for none of us can really stand alone.

This is a selfish reason possibly for helping others, but it often influences people to do for others when unselfish reasons would have no influence.

The real reason for extending help and sympathy to those in need is this—if we walk unseeing and unmindful of those who are less strong, we walk alone and without happiness.

DEPENDS WOOL BUYERS.

The people of Umatilla county are not surprised to hear the Pendleton Tribune defending the transient wool buyer who comes to the county and state once a year for a few weeks as against the wool producers who have their entire capital invested here and who are permanently engaged in building up the wool growing industry of the state.

The Tribune is always wrong and the people expect nothing else from it.

The woolbuyers are "good fellows," to be sure, and the East Oregonian personally admires a number of them and has been guilty in the past of printing their bearish wool market reports.

But the woolbuyer cannot deceive the people this year on the wool situation. Oregon prices were hammered down in order to keep later sales

down and the ruse effectually worked and made at least half a million dollars profit for the woolbuyers and commission men this year, from the hard earned products of Oregon sheepmen.

There is no use disguising this fact. It is a part of the commercial game and has been well played, but it should not hide the truth.

There is a logical difference of two cents per pound between Oregon wool which shrinks 70 per cent in scouring and the Montana wool, which shrinks 66 per cent. But there is not a difference of from 5 to 7 cents. And the Oregon staple is better this year than the Montana wool.

And here is something which the alleged woolgrower writing to the Tribune in defense of the woolbuyer did not state, to-wit: The wool which brought the highest price in the recent sales at Miles City, Mont., was shorn from Oregon sheep, was filled with Oregon sand and was logically subject to all the conditions of Oregon wool sales, but it brought the top price in the Montana market. Why is this the case, if there was no combination of woolbuyers in the early Oregon markets?

The East Oregonian welcomes the woolbuyer to Pendleton and Umatilla county, but it cannot join with him in hammering down the prices of one of Umatilla county's chief commodities. The East Oregonian is on the side of the woolgrower every time.

The Tribune does not dare to name the alleged "woolgrower" who gave it the interview in defense of the woolbuyers. To be sure, there should always be the best of feeling between the woolgrower and the woolbuyer, but this good feeling should not run to the extreme of the Oregon woolgrower giving up half a million of his hard earned profits each year that woolbuyers may be "good fellows," spenders of money and wearers of diamonds.

Let the Tribune name its alleged woolgrower who thus defends the woolbuyer. His fellows would like to "see the color of his hair." No need to fear that Umatilla county wool will remain a drug on the market because the buyers cannot manipulate the market to suit themselves. Wool is as good as the gold, especially Oregon wool.

IF THE NEWSPAPER TOLD ALL.

The following truthful and striking statement concerning a newspaper's secrets hits the nails so forcibly on the head that it is worthy of reproduction in the East Oregonian. The clipping is from the Joseph Herald, but that paper failed to give the name of the author, unfortunately. Here is the clipping and it contains more truth than many of you had thought:

The average newspaper man generally finds out all the naughty doings, no matter how secretly they are planned and kept.

If the papers should publish half of the stuff they hear, there would be 10 divorces where there is now one. There would be social ostracism of many who now shine in upperdom. There would be shotgun matinees, lynching bees, hatchet parties, gore, imprisonment, desolation and misery.

The editor learns nearly all hypocrisy of life and it's a wonder he believes in man, woman, witch or the devil, in heaven or hell.

Many people continually find fault with newspapers, when as a matter of fact they owe their very standing in the community to the editorial waste basket.

NOT SO TAME AFTER ALL.

Water, although looked upon as the tamest of liquids, is as great an explosive as dynamite, under certain favorable conditions, says a scientific journal.

It is said that in one day water breaks up more earth and rock than all the gunpowder, gun cotton and dynamite in the world do in a year.

These explosives can be controlled by human agency, but water does not hold itself accountable to man. It splits the soil into pieces. Finding a crack in a huge rock, it repeats the same process, forcing it asunder. If frozen in the pores of a tree, it often explodes with a report like a gunshot and the force of a dynamite bomb.

So you see, water is not so tame as it looks.

AN EXPERT OPERATOR.

One of the fastest linotype operators in the country, if not the fastest, for steady work, is Frederick A. Koelle, Jr., of the Philadelphia (Pa.) Inquirer. On May 5 last, working from the hook, his string measured 161,000 ems for 11 hours of work, or an average of 14,630 ems an hour. Mr. Koelle averages \$50 weekly at 11 cents per 1000 ems. His machine is a model 1 (one-letter), No. 1730, which is 14 years old. Like old wine, a linotype seems to improve with age.—Linotype Bulletin.

The religion of the average man is spasmodic.

THE TWINKLEY, BRINKLEY GIRL

The Gibson Girl has had her day, likewise the Fluffy Ruff; Of Wenzel-Christy-Fisher Girls we've surely had enough; The sheath-gown maiden, so petite, although of recent date, Must step aside along the avenue, content to wait.

The smartest, tartest, artiest Girl has surely come to pass, Give us the stunning, funning, punning, pretty Brinkley Lass.

She peeps from out the morning Pape, demure yet all in smiles, Two rosebud lips inviting you to all their full-blown wiles; And whether where the billows roll, or on the mountain height, She claims her proud superiority and place, all right.

The sweetest, neatest, fleetest maid—the leader in her class— Give me the stylish, smilish, willish, dashing Brinkley Lass.

The seashore knows her graceful tread, likewise the heated town; When she picks out a swell cafe the chappies all come down.

Her fingers ruffle up the rose that riots in the dell, And yet she's just as much at home at some tip-top hotel.

The dashing, mashing, splashing Girl—her vogue shall never pass— Give us the smiling, time-beguiling, twinkly, Brinkley Lass.

—W. L. Larned.

AUGUST.

The high gods took the rose's flame of fire; They took the drowsy poppy's breath of sleep; And shaped her woman's soul of mad desire, And lovely languor deep.

They gave her for a voice the raptured lark, And set it singing in the quiet hush; They gave the dove to mourn at dawn and dark, And tender hermit-thrush.

Rich Cleopatra of the months! a queen She rules the world with sun that southward swings, And see! like asp upon her bosom green, The tiger-lily clings!

—Edward Wilbur Mason in the September Everybody's.

WERE YOU BORN IN LEO?

People born between the 21st of July and the 22d of August will recognize some of the traits given below as their own, although they may be modified by the sign rising at birth. Those born with the sun in Leo are ambitious, aspiring, fond of and capable of exercising authority. They are generous, magnanimous, affectionate, sympathetic, sociable and susceptible to affairs of the heart.

Whatever their position in life it is difficult for them to act in subordinate capacities, unless the indications of serving are strong in the natal figure. The sun in Leo at birth is favorable for health and longevity for the father—it favors the birth of a son and contributes to the manifestations of genius. If other positions support it, the native is inclined to be a deep thinker, and prefers to go to the bottom of any subject in which he may be interested.

While the sun is still in Leo the moon passes through the 12 signs of the zodiac, and it may interest the reader to note the variations that are played upon the principle tones of the Leo character by the different positions of the moon. On the 21st of July, the day the sun enters the sign of Leo, the moon is in the sign of Taurus and inclines the native to a study of nature, both mental and physical, gives good business intuition and strong vitality. For the three days following until the 25th, the moon is in Gemini, which inclines to a love of odor and is both artistic and mechanical, with strong educational tendencies. On the 25th and 26th the moon is in Cancer, which denotes a domestic, sympathetic and sensitive nature liable to the extremes of the Leo nature.

On the 27th, 28th and 29th, the moon is in Leo. This polarity counteracts the nature of Leo when taken separately. The 30th and 31st the moon passes into Virgo, giving love of purity and harmony, a tendency to criticism, impetuosity, and inclines to musical talent. So on through the month are the influences varied by the position of the moon (with the sun still in the sign of Leo), and an observant mind will note these differences in the characteristics of their friends and acquaintances and be able to judge for themselves of the accuracy of stellar science.—Stellar Ray.

THE SUNBEAM.

All along down to the trouble and the strife I could hear the music of the harp of happy life Birds were in the branches and the blossoms were hanging sweet Above the dusty city and along the roaring street; All along down to the traffic and the pain, I had brought a sunbeam from a cottage in a lane! —Baltimore Sun.

"It's hard to lose one's relatives," said the seedy looking individual insinuatingly. "Hard?" growled the millionaire. "Why, it's almost impossible."

At Davenport, Wash., Monday, a son of C. W. Hutsell was out hunting when, in crossing a creek he fell and his gun was discharged and the ball passed through his thigh, missing the bone. Some time ago he was shot in the same way.

S.S.S. CURES MALARIA

Malaria is due to impurities in the blood which destroy the rich, healthful qualities of the circulation, and reduce it to a weak, watery fluid. The body is then deprived of its necessary nourishment and strength, and is unable to resist the countless disorders that assail it, and the general system suffers in consequence. The appetite fails, digestion is weakened, chills and slight fever are frequent, while the sufferer loses energy and ambition. Boils, skin eruptions, and some times sores and ulcers follow when the blood becomes deeply polluted with the malarial germs. Both a tonic and blood purifier are needed to cure Malaria, and S. S. S. is best fitted for this work. It is the most perfect of all blood purifiers and at the same time an invigorating, healthful tonic. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation, and removes every trace of impurity or poison, and gives to the blood the health-sustaining qualities it needs. It cures Malaria thoroughly and permanently because it removes from the blood the germs and poisons which produce the disease, and while doing this tones up and strengthens every part of the system. Book with information about Malaria and any medical advice furnished free to all who write.

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VALUE OF PERSPIRATION.

Few people understand the necessity of sweat, says the New York Press. It has been calculated that there are 30,000,000 pores in the glands of the skin which cover the body of a middle-sized man! Through these more than one-half of what we eat and drink passes off by insensible perspiration.

Sweating is a most wonderful part of the animal economy, and is absolutely necessary to our health, and even to our very existence. If we consume eight pounds of food in a day, five pounds of it are insensibly discharged by perspiration. During a night of seven hours' sleep we perspire about two and a half pounds.

At an average, we may estimate the discharge from the surface of the body, by sensible and insensible perspiration, at from one-half an ounce to four ounces an hour. Our sweat glands are situated in greatest numbers in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, and with a magnifying glass the pores may be seen in rows like atomic volcanoes occupying the summit of each ridge in the skin. Perspiration is most abundant in these regions. Different animals perspire in different regions. Rabbits and rats do not sweat at all, oxen very little, pigs mostly on the snout, dogs and cats chiefly on the pads of the feet.

WOMAN'S NATURE

Is to love children, and no home can be happy without them, yet the ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass usually is so full of suffering and dread that she looks forward to the hour with apprehension. Mother's Friend, by its penetrating and soothing properties, allays nausea, nervousness, unpleasant feelings, and so prepares the system for the ordeal that she passes through the event with but little suffering, as numbers have testified and said, "it is worth its weight in gold."

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