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SUNDOWN.

So be my passing!
My task accomplished, and the
long day done.
My wages taken; and in my
heart
Some late lark singing:
Let me be gathered to the quiet
west.
The sundown splendid but serene;
Then death!

—W. E. Henley.

A TIP FROM MILTON.

The Milton Eagle says that the background for the Milton exhibit at the district fair will be a display of 15-foot corn raised by D. C. Masters in that vicinity. And the item goes on to say that the entire Milton exhibit will be in keeping with the tall corn.

Now will the other towns and localities of the county follow the example set by Milton? Will they make a creditable showing of their excellent products? Will there be a rousing good exhibit from every town in the county?

The people expect something from every town and every community in Umatilla county. This has been a dry year and yet exceedingly good crops for a dry year have been grown and now is the time to show the real merits of the county.

Any country will produce good crops in a favorable year, but it is not every country that will produce good crops in an unfavorable year and therefore it is especially timely for Umatilla and Morrow counties to have a fine display this season.

WHERE PENDLETON EXCELS.

Pendleton excels many of the larger cities of the northwest in many features, but there is one particular feature in which she is a shining and illustrious champion of the entire northwest and that is in the hotel business.

In no other town of twice her size are there to be found hotels equal to those of this city. In equipment, appointment, service, prices and all the features of a good hotel this city surpasses them all. Travelling men universally praise the hotel service of this city and make it an object to come here and spend Sunday or make their longest stops.

This is not so in a limited sense, but universally all over the northwest, the praise of Pendleton's hotels is heard and kindly expressions for the excellent service and moderate prices are common on trains and in hotel corridors everywhere.

So among her boasted institutions, Pendleton should be especially proud of the service which she offers travelers. This is one of the most valuable assets a city can have and Pendleton is especially blessed.

THE GREATER DEVELOPMENT.

Two electric line franchises, both of which promise to make Pendleton the headquarters for a network of lines stretching through Umatilla county, are now being considered by the city council of Pendleton.

The matter of developing this county by means of electric roads is now so far along that, like the workers in a tunnel, the pick strokes can be heard through the remaining wall and soon the last intervening barrier will have been removed and daylight will shine through.

The statement that two electric line franchises are being considered is far more important to Umatilla county than can be stated in a few words. It means everything, in fact, it is the acme of development, the crowning event in the industrial march of this rich section of Oregon.

With either or both of these lines reaching out from Pendleton into

the rich tributary territory, there will come such a radical change in the life and activity of the county, that it will simply be a revolution. Rural life will be entirely changed; land values will multiply; homes will be built all along the entire length of the lines and there will be no favored places—all sections will be blessed with equal development.

Traffic throughout the section touched by these lines will be increased, because transportation facilities will be improved and products can be marketed at less cost. Long hauls will be abolished; wheat farms will be brought into close touch with the warehouses; profits will be greater for the farmers; more diversified crops will be raised because it will be possible to ship them to market at any and all times when markets are favorable.

This new era promises so many things that it is impossible to enumerate them. It will simply mean the highest possible development for an already highly developed and rich country and the upbuilding of Pendleton, which is already the best city in the inland empire.

AMERICANIZING CANADA.

Perhaps no other country in the world was ever so swiftly changed by an invading citizenship as Canada has been Americanized by the Americans. Practically everything in western Canada is American, except the letter of the laws, and that is rapidly conforming to American ideas.

All through southern Alberta where thousands of American farmers and merchants are now prospering, the country is typically American. American money is current everywhere. All prices are marked in America terms. All measurements and sales are made on the American basis. The hotels are American in style and usages. The railroads use American equipment and have American rules and customs.

While Canadian money is not handled in any volume in the United States, yet over the line in Canada, American money passes current everywhere, in banks, stores, hotels, postoffices, on the farms, in railroad offices and every place where business is carried on. There is no limit or restriction in the use of American money. It is taken in any and all denominations, by everybody.

While the borders between the two countries are marked by monuments and blazed trees, yet there is no real line. The amalgamation of the Americans and Canadians is going on rapidly. Americans are buying and homesteading thousands of acres of land, establishing innumerable lines of industry and soon there will be a complete change in the Canadian industrial, commercial and social life.

While Canada has a prosperous and industrious class of farmers and business men, yet new vigor and vim has been added to the country by the introduction of the virile American and his habits and customs.

HILL SEES THE SUNSHINE.

"General business is improving and with the prospects of good crops people will have more money to spend in the immediate future than they did last year."

Listen to that, says the Spokane Chronicle.

Who said it—some boomer, some wild-eyed optimist, some joyous dreamer?

No—not exactly. It's the statement made in St. Paul last Saturday by a man well known in Spokane for his ability to smash rainbows and say unpleasant things when he feels like it—one James J. Hill. Listen to him again:

"Business is slowly but certainly improving. It is lighter this year than it was during the corresponding period last year, before the stringency, but it is steadily improving."

"With a reasonably good crop the purchasing power of the people of the northwest will this year be greater than in several years past. Information which I have received shows that the yield of grain in the northwest will be at least 10,000,000 bushels in excess of last year, and the general average price of grain is higher than it was a year ago."

Willamette valley is not going to have the only rapid development through the building of electric lines. The inland empire will also be covered by lines and cross lines and inland empire cities will be centers of activity. The Oregon country is now entering its best period.

Of course, the fellows who were beaten in the Washington primaries this week don't like the primary law. But the other fellows like it and it will be a fixture on the statute books hereafter. It gives the people "a

FATE.

Across the sea, a hundred years ago, A poor man's son was born. Fore-
doomed to know
Few joys, he toiled and late in life
became

The father of a child who bore his
name.
This boy at Castle Garden stood one
day

And, later, to the ore mines found his
way.
Deep in the mines he digs the heavy
ore.

Which, being loaded, is transported
four
Hundred and twenty-seven miles by
rail

And twice that far by boat. Through
many a gale

It safely passes to the fiery blast.
And, going through a hundred hands,
at last

Becomes the framework of an auto
car.
A hundred years ago it chanced that,
far

Across the sea, not forty rods from
where

The miner's sire first beheld his heir
And heard his screech, another child
was born.

He braved the ocean's storms and
stood one morn

At Castle Garden, full of grit and
hope.

And in good time upon a pleasant
slope,

He built a cabin and his loved ones
there,

Eke in good time, presented him an
heir.

This child becomes a man in spite of
mumps

And chickenpox and all the various
bumps

A boy is heir to. In the market place
He buys and sells, joins in eager chase

For dollars, and gets millions of
them, too.

And unto him a son is given, who
Has nothing in the world to do but
try

To spend his income, to make money
fly.

He drives an autocar whose heavy
frame

Is made of steel that in due process
came

From what the miner dug down in
the mine,

He tears through crowded street, he
seeks to shine

By breaking all the records and runs
down

That miner's child—he having moved
to town—

She hears the angry toot, but, ah, too
late!

She loses a big toe—and that is Fate!
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE COWBOY'S PRAYER.

O Lord, I've never lived where
churches grow;

I love creation better as it stood
That day You finished it so long ago

And looked upon Your work and
called it good.

I know that others find you in the
light;

That's sifted down through tinted
window panes.

And yet, I seem to feel You near to-
night

In this dim, quiet starlight on the
plains.

I thank you, Lord, that I am placed
so well;

That You have made my freedom
so complete;

That I'm no slave of whistle, clock
and bell.

Or weak-eyed prisoner of wall and
street.

Just let me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to
the sky;

Make me a partner of the wind and
sun

And I won't ask a life that's soft
or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's
down

And make me square and generous
with all;

I'm careless, sometimes, Lord, when
I'm in town,

But never let them say I'm mean
or small.

Make me as big and open as the
plains,

As honest as the horse between my
knees.

Clean as the wind that blows behind
the rains.

Free as the hawk that circles down
the breeze.

Forgive me, Lord, when sometimes I
forget;

You understand the reasons that
the hid,

You know about the things that gail
and fret.

You know me better than my
mother did.

Just keep an eye on all that's done
and said.

Just right me sometimes when I
turn aside,

And guide me on the long, dim trail
ahead

That stretches upward toward the
Great Divide,

—Charles B. Clark, Jr.

THE GREAT RIVALRY.

Candidate, he come along,
Talkin' night an' noon.

Glee club sing a party song:
We jines in de tune.

Has a mos' convincin' way;
Specks dey mus' speak true.

"Mistah Candidate," I say,
"I gwinter vote for you!"

"Nuther candidate draws nigh;
Has a band dat's great.

Say dat opposition try
To swamp de ship o' state!

An' how de question dat I note
A risin' thoo de land.

Is dis: "Which wins de people's
vote;

De glee club, or de band?"

Band wagons are more popular
this year than water wagons or air-

ships.

NO. 9228

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"LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG."

They didn't wear no uniforms nor
epulets nor trappin's
And their instruments were sorter
on the bum;

The crowd around the band-stand
didn't smell of talcum powder,
But more of cigarettes and plizen
rum.

A little saved-off feller, with careless
sort of hair

Got up and bowed and waved a
stick around,

And when the music started you could
hear the spurs a-clakin'

As the cowboys stomped their boots
upon the ground.

Well, them band fellers meandered
over most their repertoire

And played a heap of tunes I didn't
know,

Till they hit upon that old 'un about
"Just a song at twilight"

And "when the flickerin' shadders
come and go."

Now, I somehow seemed transplanted
from that sizzlin' mountain
town

And I fetched up in the days of
"auld lang syne."

I was back amongst the home folks,
a rompin' in life's mornin'—

Oh, the reveries I had was some-
thing fine.

"Though the heart be weary, sad the
day and long,"

Now that was rather hittin' home
I guess;

And they kept on through the whole
piece till I reckon my emotions

Had mellowed to a pretty sloppy
moss.

I somehow got to thinkin' that the
present and the future

Are sometimes defamations on the
past—

That them hand-painted Dellahs and
delirium tremens artists

And maybe the julep mixer, with the
sugar beet proboscis,

Who for lucre shoves the high-life
dope along,

Felt a swellin' neath his shirt front
and a jump come in his guggle

When he heard the brass band play
"Love's Old Sweet Song."

—Robert C. Elling.

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Just stand aside and watch yourself
go by:

Think of yourself as "he" instead of
"I."

Note, closely as in other men you
note.

The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy
coat,

Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man
is you.

And strive to make your estimate ring
true;

Confront yourself and look you in the
eye—

Just stand aside and watch yourself
go by.

Interpret all your motives just as
though

You looked on one whose sins you
did not know.

Let undisguised contempt surge
through you when

You see you shrink, O commonest of
men!

Deepse your cowardice; condemn
whate'er

You note of falseness in you any-
where.

Defend not one defect that shames
your eye—

Just stand aside and watch yourself
go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what
you loathe—

Back t' your self-walled tenement
you'll go

With tolerance for all who dwell be-
low.

The faults of others then will dwarf
and shrink.

Love's claim grow stronger by one
mighty link—
When you, with "he" as substitute for
"I,"
Have stood aside and watched your-
self go by.
—Strickland W. Gillian in Success.

A MASON'S FIRST PIN.

They were talking about Masonry
when a woman of the group, whose
husband is a 33d degree man, asked:
"Did you ever see the first pin of
a Mason?"

"No," said one of the girls, "do
they have different pins for the dif-
ferent degrees? None of the men of
our family were Masons, and I don't
know anything about the order."

"I have one with me, I'll show it
to you," replied the Mason's wife.

The interested girls gathered around
her as she opened her purse and dis-
played to their view the first badge
of every mother's son of us—the sac-
red safety pin.—Coast Magazine.

Feminine finery has ruined more
men than strong drink.



This woman says that sick
women should not fail to try
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound as she did.

Mrs. A. Gregory, of 2355 Lawrence
St., Denver, Col., writes to Mrs.
Pinkham:

"I was practically an invalid for six
years, on account of female troubles.
I underwent an operation by the
doctor's advice, but in a few months I
was worse than before. A friend ad-
vised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound and it restored me to perfect
health, such as I have not enjoyed in
many years. Any woman suffering as
I did with backache, bearing-down
pains, and periodic pains, should not fail
to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable Compound, made
from roots and herbs, has been the
standard remedy for female ills,
and has positively cured thousands of
women who have been troubled with
displacements, inflammation, ulceration,
fibroid tumors, irregularities,
periodic pains, backache, that bear-
ing-down feeling, flatulency, indiges-
tion, dizziness or nervous prostration.
Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick
women to write her for advice.
She has guided thousands to
health. Address, Lynn, Mass.



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