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- If any little word of mine
• May make a life the brighter;
• If any little song of mine
• May make a heart the lighter;
• God help me speak the little
• Word,
• And take my bit of singing,
• And drop it in some lonely vale
• To set the echoes ringing.
—Selected.

WHERE FARMERS DON'T FARM.

This morning five carloads of Nebraska hogs passed through Umatilla county on the way to the packing houses at Portland. Think of fat hogs being shipped 2000 miles to market through the best hog raising district in the United States!

Think of a country free from cholera, free from all the diseases to which animals are subject, buying its bacon and lard of a country where there is a constant struggle with devastating stock diseases!

It is a most unreasonable situation. If Nebraska farmers can raise hogs and ship them 2000 miles to Portland at a profit, cannot Umatilla county farmers ship them 250 miles at a still greater profit? Is it not really worthy serious consideration for the practical farmers of this rich section? The Kansas City Star says of a spectacle in keeping with this just mentioned, "It may sound a trifle strange."

says a Star reporter who has been giving his attention recently to a study of farm life, "but I saw farmers buying their butter and eggs, and in one instance a farmer buying chickens for his Sunday dinner."

It is doubtful whether that is in the line of progress, though the reason assigned for this innovation was that farm women should be relieved of the labor of looking after chickens and cows. But fresh eggs, and real milk and cream, and "fresh chickens" go to make up an essential part of the living in a farmer's family.

And none of these things as they are "bought in town" begin to compare with the eggs and chickens and milk and butter that are produced at home. There is no greater need for vegetables to be fresh from the yard.

There is enough in knowing where things that you eat come from, and in knowing that they are right and wholesome, to pay for all the pains that is required to produce them.

Living on a farm without raising chickens and keeping cows is too much like having "families" without children. To make exiles out of women living in the country would not be to improve conditions on the farm.

IN APPRECIATION.

Last spring when the matter of voting out the saloons was before the people of Umatilla county, numerous substantial but misguided citizens declared that if such a "catastrophe" should be visited upon the county, that all business would suspend, society would be demoralized and the towns of the county would vanish from the map.

So much for the prophecy. Now for the facts.

On September 7, 1908, two months after prohibition was voted on the county, the public schools of Pendleton opened with an increase of about 16 per cent in attendance over last year when there were about 30 saloons in Pendleton.

During the months of July and August every merchant in Pendleton did a larger cash business than in the preceding July and August when there were about 30 saloons in the city.

On Thursday, September 10, the city of Pendleton granted a street car franchise to a company of capitalists, something that had not been presented to the city in a tangible condition while its 30 saloons flourished.

That Pendleton is a better town

and has better prospects today than she ever had, is a fact borne out by a thousand testimonials that are beyond dispute and unanswerable. That bigger things are within reach of Pendleton today than ever before is also indisputable and absolutely certain.

In two years from now, it is confidently expected that the entire state of Oregon, Portland to the contrary notwithstanding, will be as dry as the Arizona desert, from a liquor standpoint, and Washington will not be nearly so juicy as at present, either. Things are doing over the line and soon the boast that Walla Walla is getting Umatilla county money in exchange for booze will be an empty taunt.

Hasten the day, good people.

THEY LIKE THE LAW.

Although complicated with first, second and third choice clauses, features unknown in the Oregon primary law, the primary law of the state of Washington has given first-class satisfaction in its first trial.

The politicians were opposed to the Washington primary law and fought it bitterly, but the people passed it. The same condition prevailed in Oregon. The same condition will prevail wherever there are professional politicians, wherever there are men engaged in the game of politics for money.

But what has been true in Oregon and true in Washington, will be true in every state which adopts the primary law—the people will be satisfied, because it restores to them their sovereign rights as citizens. The Spokesman-Review says of the law and its first trial in the state of Washington:

In view of the large number of candidates for many nominations to be filled by Tuesday's primary election and the variety and character of the issues presented, it was inevitable that there should be some dissatisfaction at the results of the vote.

Only one candidate could be nominated by each party for each office to be filled, and every contest which involves victory for the winner must involve defeat and disappointment for the men who lose.

But it is significant of the widespread satisfaction with the general workings of the law that there has been little bitterness in the contests which this first experiment with its workings involved.

The principle of majority or plurality rule is deeply implanted in the minds of the American people as a result of more than a century's experience with a representative form of government, and now that the majority, or the plurality, as the case may be, has spoken the results will be accepted as final, as they should be.

It is significant, also, now that the primary nominations have been made, that there is no talk of bolting the nominations of the respective parties. Under the old convention system almost every nominating convention involved contests for nominations which became so bitter before they were decided that the methods resorted to and the results accomplished engendered a spirit of party strife and dissension which continued in evidence through the campaign and manifested itself in the returns from the election which followed.

This first experiment with the new primary law for state purposes indicates that it will prove an effective cure for such party dissension.

VICE-PRESIDENT CAN'T WORK.

Mr. Bryan proposes, if elected, to make John W. Kern a member of his cabinet, says Success Magazine. His original idea is that the vice-president nominated in a great national convention should be something more than an ornamental office boy to the United States senate. If the Nebraska were running the household he would make Mary Ann stop playing the piano and help with the dishes.

To Mr. Bryan's proposition the only objection made thus far is that it is unconstitutional. Just what the makers of that venerable document had in mind when they created this office, history does not state; they do say that there were great jokers in those days.

We only know that every American boy today looks forward to the time when he shall grow up and be eligible to decline the nomination to the vice-presidency, and that the American people have become proficient athletes through long practice in running away from this honor.

Since we are such sticklers for constitutionality, why not at least bring that instrument down to date? Of what use is a worn-out constitution of the model of 1789?

We propose an amendment providing that the vice-presidential nominee be possessed of a fortune of not less than a half million dollars (forfeitable in case of escape); that he live

in a doubtful state; that he be nominated quietly so as not to wake the delegates; and that his salary be paid by the comic weeklies.

The only alternative is to make the position one of real importance, and to elect to it men fitted to perform the duties of the chief executive which they may at any time be called upon to assume.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

A pitiful piece of patches and shreds. But stay your passionate grieving—Is it late to pick up the broken threads? And change the pattern of weaving?

The warp was dyed, the wool was drawn To the loom without your willing; But the shuttle that flies at early dawn Carries the thread of your filling.

The fabric of life by which you're known Is not, perhaps, of your choosing; But the matter which gives it light and

Tone is the color you are using. Over the dingy ancestral dyes, Over and under, and over, The gold of your shuttle tints as it flies

The blemish it may not cover. Forward and onward you may not pause, In your own work disbelieving, For still by the force of its unseen laws The loom goes on with its weaving.

And your inmost thought is caught in The snare by a law no one knows; And your purpose, be it false or fair, Shows in the web as it grows.

Well for you and well for us, sweet friend When, at last, our shuttles falter, If the weavers beginning where we end Find naught in the pattern to alter.

—Selected.

BEFORE THE RAIN.

Clouds are dusky gray and still, Nature's waiting for the rain; Birds have ceased their songs until They can feel the sun again, Trees are waiting, patient too, Hushed and silent as they stand, Till the breeze comes sailing through, Freshening all the weary land.

Water's rippling like a song Where the willows bend above, Gently coaxing it along With a tender mother-love, The long grasses lift and sway To the music's mystic flow In a dance of elfish play Mirrored in the stream below.

Sentinel poplars, straight and tall, Upward turn their shining leaves And the tree-toads scrape and call In a tune that oddly grieves, There's a brooding tenderness That's so sweet it starts a pain Yearning through and through your breast.

Then—here comes the driving rain, —Grace C. Rostwick, in the September Everybody's.

AUTUMN.

Who is the melancholy seer That sees in Autumn's coming Sad smile for man to fear, His own extinction summing? Behold that warm and glowing hill, The red sky burning over; And wonder where the lake lies still See how the shadows hover, Down there beyond the hilltops' rim, Where few would care to trace it, A cottage stands, secluded, dim, With maple flames to grace it, And like the late sweet call of birds, A wing to find their nearest, Across the stream and past the herds, I haste to find my dearest, To him who holds one heart his own All seasons find him votive, But Autumn, rich in golden tone, Is love's divinest motive.

—Valerie De Mude Kelsey.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

It is reported that the present depot at Krupp was mistaken the other day for a chicken house. This is the way the story goes: A prominent farmer in the vicinity of Krupp, expecting a chicken coop to arrive, sent one of his hands, a newcomer, to fetch it.

On arriving in town the man saw the depot; loaded it on his wagon and started for the ranch. On his way back he met a man in uniform with the word "agent" on his cap.

"Hold on," cried the official. "What have you got on that wagon?" "My boss' chicken coop," was the reply. "Chicken coop be blowed," exclaimed the official. "That's the Great Northern depot."—Jim Goodwin, in "The Krupp Signal."

SOFTNESS OF SEALSKIN.

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Capt. Schwickardi Writes



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in the
Efficacy
of
Pe-ru-na."

RUDOLPH B. SCHWICKARDI.

A War Veteran's Tribute to Pe-ru-na.

Rudolph B. Schwickardi, Capt. 30th N. Y. Vol. Inf., writes from 1818 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C., as follows:

"Having the fullest confidence in the efficacy of Peruna, both as a tonic and as a remedy for catarrhal trouble, I commend its use in the strongest possible terms. It should be in every household."

War Left Ailments.

Mr. William J. Lees, 3301 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo., member Frank P. Blair Post No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic, and ex-Commander of the U. S. S. Benton, 1st Squadron, writes:

"The war left me with a complication of stomach, liver and kidney troubles, and I decided to take Peruna for my ailment. I began to use it about five years ago at the earnest solicitation of some friends. At that time I was only able to be up about half of the time, and my health was simply miserable. I consider a bottle of Peruna is a preventive. I certainly do endorse your remedy, and am glad to do so."

Helped From Chronic Catarrh.

Capt. Lemuel M. Hutchinson, Montpelier, Vt., writes:

"It gives me pleasure to write you this letter at this time on account of the good your Peruna has done me when I was quite done up with a very bad cold. I could hardly perform my ordinary

duties, but from the use of Peruna I am almost restored to health. I am quite convinced that it has helped me from chronic catarrh, to which I am subject. It has also benefited my throat.

"I can truly recommend it as the best all-round medicine I have been my privilege to become acquainted with."

"Of this I am quite convinced from my own experience."

Mr. W. C. Rollins, Prairie View, Texas, Secretary of the State Normal and Industrial College of Texas, writes that for years he had chills and fever, and after taking Peruna his appetite returned, he became stronger, the fever left him, and he is now in excellent health and vigor.

Pe-ru-na Tablets.

Some people prefer to take tablets, rather than to take medicine in a fluid form. Such people can obtain Peruna tablets, which represent the medicinal ingredients of Peruna. Each tablet is equivalent to one average dose of Peruna.

FARMING BY THE SQUARE INCH.

This is the story of a remarkable solution of the secret of success in farming on a small scale, chiefly for the benefit of those who cannot afford to buy large tracts of land and would not be able to work them if they could. So writes H. D. Jones in the Technical World Magazine for July. To pluck the curiosity of the reader, let it be first explained, in all seriousness, that if a farm cultivated in this way is leased it should be understood that when the tenant moves he is at liberty to take the soil with him.

The soil used in this method of farming must be of unusual richness. The story begins with the efforts of two women to gain a livelihood from Mother Nature. They leased five acres of land in Berkshire, England. Later they found that five acres was too much land, and that they could find full work for themselves and for students who flocked to them to learn how it was done, with profit for all, on a piece of ground less than half the size of that first taken.

The teachers of the women were a French gardener and his family, who, with an acre of land in France, sold \$2500 worth of produce in a year. The scene at the farm is thus described by one who visited it and made the photographs that go with the article.

In a bare plowed field stands a square palisade of zinc plates enclosing about three-quarters of an acre. Behind it the French gardener and the women who lease the land have wrought what looks like a sheer miracle to anyone unacquainted with the system.

The ground is covered with inverted bell glasses of the kind known in Europe as cloches. Under each bell at the time this writer visited the farm were five lettuce plants. Lettuces were growing around the bells and

other vegetables sown broadcast were coming up everywhere. In each of a number of frames four feet square were 30 lettuce plants, a mass of carrots and cauliflower.

The entire secret of the growth of these products before the regular season is in the cropping and the soil. Every inch of the soil bears at least three crops a year, each of them anticipating the season and therefore producing fancy prices.

This remarkable method of making every inch of land count is described in detail by the writer and the article is illustrated with very interesting photographs.

REFORM IS NECESSARY.

I wish that we might find some way To guess at what the brakemen say When through the o-pen-ed door they bounce.

The coming stations to announce, I know that others have complained Of this before—and nothing gained;

But can't we raise a raging storm Of protest that will bring re-form?

Those men they ought to educate Their syllabics to sep-a-rate, Their vocal culture, you'll admit Would be a public-bene-fit.

It is not quite enough to hear E-mun-ci-pa-tion should be clear, Not in-dis-tin-guish-able notes Just gur-gled some-where down their throats.

The sound "Chi-ca-go" should not be The same as is "Sche-nec-ta-dee," Nor should "Wee-haw-ken" strongly smack To anxious ears of "Fond-du-Lac."

I really feel I must com-plain, It's such an aw-ful ner-vous strain, I wish that we could find some way To guess at what the brakemen say.

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