



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 \$1.50. Daily, one year, by carrier \$7.50. Daily, six months, by carrier \$3.75. Daily, three months, by carrier \$1.95. Daily, one month, by carrier \$1.50. Weekly, one year, by mail \$1.50. Weekly, six months, by mail \$1.50. Weekly, four months, by mail \$1.50. Semi-Weekly, one year, by mail \$1.50. Semi-Weekly, six months, by mail \$1.50. Semi-Weekly, four months, by mail \$1.50.

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 Fourteenth street, N. W.

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



IMMORTALITY.

Immortal life is something to be earned. By slow self-conquest, comradeship with pain. And patient seeking after higher truths. We cannot follow our own wayward will. And feed our baser appetites and give. Loose reins to foolish tempers year on year. And then cry "Lord, forgive me, I believe." And straightway bathe in glory. Men must learn. God's system is too great a thing for that. The spark divine dwells in each soul, and we. Can fan it to a steady flame of light. Whose lustre glides the pathway of the tomb. And shines on through Eternity, or else. Neglect it till it simmers down to death. And leaves us but the darkness of the grave. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A BIG "SHAKE-UP."

At last the long deferred has come about. Speaker Cannon has been shorn of his power. He is still speaker it is true, but he is barred from the committee on rules and his autocratic reign is at an end. The events attending his virtual dethronement were so exciting that they are classed as the most interesting the house has witnessed since the civil war.

Doubtless many things combined to bring about the overthrow of Cannon. It is history that there is always a certain antagonism to the speaker. By the opposition he is assailed as a matter of course and some of his own party always oppose him. Therefore it is necessary for the speaker to command the respect and support of the great majority of his own partisans. Otherwise the disfavored element of his party will combine with the opposition and overthrow him just as they have done with Cannon.

Ordinarily the speaker is saved from such humiliation by party loyalty and unity. But at the present time the republican party is not united. There are two wings of the party. They are the "regulars" or conservatives and the "insurgents" or the liberals. At this time a great struggle is on between these two elements for the mastery of the party. Cannon is a "regular" and along with others has sought to browbeat the insurgents and make them keep step or quit the party. But so powerful has the insurgent sentiment become within congress and out that the insurgents of the house have been able through combination with the democrats to upset the power of the regulars.

The future course of the quarrel between the two elements within the party is going to be a subject of intense interest. The fight is not over. It will probably be carried into the next national republican convention. Which element will triumph or will either element become dominant? Perhaps a compromise will be effected. Again it may be utterly impossible to unite the warring elements and as a result there may be a complete realignment of the political forces of the country. This much is certain at this time. A great "shake-up" is underway.

"GO TO IT."

Pendleton will not complain if the Washington-Oregon traction company builds an electric line southward into Grant county. There are two great sections with which this city needs electric line connections—the irrigated section of the west end and the country to the southward. As to which direction offers the best inducements to roadbuilders at this time that is a matter that concerns the builders rather than the people of this city. Regarding a line southward certainly there are many things favoring

such a route. Such a line would provide an entrance into Grant county and an outlet for the products of that interior region. At this time Grant county is "bottled up." Its only connection with the outside world consists in the little line to Baker City. That line furnishes very roundabout service for Grant county. A much more direct connection with the outside world could be supplied through a line to Pendleton.

Then a line southward would result in the development and settlement of the great area in the southern part of Umatilla county. It would also open a way to the timber of that region which could then be brought to this city for manufacture. If a line of any sort is built to the southward Pendleton must take steps to see that saw mills are established here.

If the Washington-Oregon company wants to build a line southward the company may rest assured they will have the support of the people of Pendleton and likewise of the territory to be traversed. Go ahead and build the line. Then when that line is built construct a line from Pendleton to the Columbia via the Umatilla project.

EVOLUTION.

In the early days the frontier stockman scoffed at the wheat-raiser. When a few "newcomers" undertook to fence up some of the range in this county and to attempt farming they were laughed at with scorn. The old timers did not think wheat-raising would pay and they said the range would be ruined. Now the wheat barons, feudal successors of the old cattle kings, laugh at the irrigationists and at the man who attempts diversified farming. Their arguments are in a class with those used by the stockmen against the pioneer wheat-raiser. Irrigation won't do. Neither will intensified farming pay in the dry land section. The wheat baron does not want to see the big grain ranches broken up. But nature will take its course in spite of opposition. It always does. Some day in the greater part of Umatilla county there will be a higher state of agriculture than prevails at this time.

WHY NOT?

Proper crosswalks add much to the appearance of a city and they likewise tend mightily to serve the convenience of people during stormy weather. But the crosswalks in Pendleton don't do this. They fall of this for several reasons. To begin with crosswalks are entirely lacking in many places. Where walks exist they are of wood and are usually so delapidated as to be of little value. Pendleton needs more crosswalks and it is the belief of this paper that they should be constructed of material more durable than wood. Bitulithic walks are highly recommended and they should be very serviceable. The East Oregonian would like to see some of the main traveled streets provided with crosswalks of bitulithic or some other hard surface material. Why not build a few this spring or summer?

The new Christian church dedicated yesterday, adds much to the appearance of the river front on the north side. That section will appear to better advantage still after a boulevard has been built down the mill race to the academy and after the old cemetery tract has been improved.

Human ingenuity has not yet reached the point where such accidents as train wrecks can be entirely guarded against. Therefore people can only offer words of sympathy for the unfortunate men who were killed in the wreck near Cayuse yesterday.

Towns are built by men of enthusiasm; not by croakers.

Prepare for the big teachers convention.

The cannon has been spiked.

GEO. ADE ON ADVERTISING.

In an address before the Cleveland Ad Club, Mr. Ade said: "The chief thing in preparing an advertisement, if I may judge from my own brief experience in that line, is to make your ad convincing. If your copy does not carry the conviction that you yourself believe in the article you are exploiting then you have not prepared a strong advertisement. For instance, I used to write the ads for a patent medicine concern that was pushing a cure for the tobacco habit. It was my task to write about the curse of being addicted to the use of deadly nicotine and how easily the habit could be overcome by using the remedy we were placing on the market. And the stuff had a large sale because, when I wrote the ads, I was sitting smoking contentedly at a cigarette or pipe, in a room thick with tobacco smoke, and I knew what I was writing about."

Miss Gusher—It was very good of you, Mr. Highroller, to name your yacht after me. What is she like? Highroller—Well, she's not much to look at, don'tcherknow, but she's very fast."

WHEN IT ALL STARTED.

When Adam met Eve he was bashful and shy. Till at last he grew bold and began to pay court (You may put all your trust in this faithful report.) And he stammered and blushed every time she came nigh. "You're the prettiest girl that I ever have seen"— And that's how it started.

When Eve, with a beautiful blush on her face. Yielded shyly and sweetly to Adam's embrace. And put up her red lips for the true lover's pact (You may set all this down as an absolute fact.) She inquired, while he breathed the fond names on his list; "Have you said that to all of the girls you have kissed?"— And that's how that started.

When Adam asked Eve if she would be his bride, She looked up and looked down, and she sighed, And she let him take hold of her blithe white hand (This is history, now, as you must understand.) Then she said in a voice that was dulcely low: "I must take time to think; 'tis too sudden, you know."— And that's how that started.

When they had been married a few years or so, Then Adam told Eve: "We're invited to a dinner and dance with some friends down in Nod." (This is truly authentic, although it sounds odd.) Eve replied with a sad and sorrowful air: "I can't go. Don't you see I have nothing to wear?"— And that's how that started. —Wilber D. Nesbit in Life.

THE TRAVELER.

We thought he never went from home! He questioned us where each would roam: "Now, when thou thy steps do bend Where east and west their limits blend— Say whither, now, wouldst thou be gone?"

"To that old land of spirit dawn Where sits the Sphinx her timeless seat. While burning sandstorms 'round her beat."

"And thou?" "The candor I would track, That knows where sleeps Manco Capac. And all his treasures hid in ead."

"And whither would thy way be held?" "The winter Palace—gala night— Frost fire—and smiles—and danger bright!"

"And thou?" "For me, the coral strand, Sheen islets in the south sea band."

"Thus would we travel, were we free," We said, "but hardly shall it be." "But," smiled our friend, "this very while, I see that thou has been by Nile; And thou has heard the rushing wings That guard old Andes' sleeping kings; And thou hast had thy glittering night, Unbidden by the Muscovite! And thou didst reach thine islands sheer; Where thought hath been, there ye have been!"

"But thine own self?" we asked our friend, "Where was thy journey's goal and end?" "Oh, I?—The realm where I have been, 'Tis not on any chart, I ween; Or if afar or near, without, Or if within, I still must doubt; 'Tis a good land, where'er it be, Whither the swift Thought carries me; And I return therefrom so glad— A better journey no one had!" —N. Y. Sun.

A WOMANLY WOMAN.

She stayed at home. You don't hear of her. She was too busy to talk. She was too well bred to brag. She didn't say she disliked hotels. She murmured not when Mrs. Rich drove off. She didn't declare resort life too rapid. She was making school dresses for wear later. She was taking her children for day excursions into the open places. She had explained all she can of the flowers, trees and insect life. She studies some good nature books ailing with the children before their excursions.

She has superintended her children's-games and their gardening efforts in addition to her own work. And she's the "salt of the earth," this woman who is above aping those with more money, and who rejoices in a fine mind and body, which she puts to the best possible use.—Philadelphia Record.

The best conversationalist is the one who knows what not to say.

WHEN the stomach is weak, the bowels constipated and the liver inactive, you need the Bitters badly. Delay only causes countless days of misery. Insist on



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AN ILLUSTRIOUS WOMAN.

Illustrious among the names of women is that of Harriet Martineau, journalist, politician, economist and translator of the "Positive Philosophy." Few men have ever surpassed her in intellectual power, and among women it would be difficult to find her mental superior.

Harriet Martineau was born at Norwich, England, June 12, 1802. Her parents were of Huguenot stock, and at the time of Harriet's birth were well-to-do woolen manufacturers. Mr. Martineau was ever busy with his work at the mills, and Mrs. Martineau was equally busy with keeping her house in order, so that, while they were most excellent people they did not seem to be able to find the time to love their children as much as they ought.

At a very early age Harriet became introspective—a very unnatural and unfortunate condition for a little girl to be in—and, having no world of affection and romance to romp in, she turned to the world of books and thinking.

In this way her intellect was developed at the expense of her heart, and the divine sentiment of the soul was forced to wait upon logic and philosophy. It was a case of Apollo in the service of Admetus, or of Prospero in bondage to Caliban.

But Harriet Martineau's heart was hard to kill. She was by nature a person of large sentimentality and profound sympathy, and in her twentieth year she found herself in love.

She spoke several languages; she was deeply read in history, art, science and philosophy; the force of her intellect was acknowledged by all but in her heart was the voice that these things failed to fill. She loved—and loved in vain—her parents refusing to permit the attentions of the one upon whom she had set her affection. By and by the young man died, and Harriet never loved again.

Then it was that the brilliant young woman, since she was not permitted to love, resolved that she would make it up in thinking—in thinking more steadily and deeply than ever before. Since the world of her heart had been blasted, she would turn, more resolutely than ever, to the world of the intellect.

The result came in the shape of the writings which were powerful in their time, and are still influencing the thoughts of men. For the London Daily News Miss Martineau wrote hundreds of editorials which made the denizens of the great capital think as they had never been made to think before.

In her stories of political economy she told the truths which set all the kings of Europe and their henchmen a-swearing. The great "White Czar" got so mad that he issued an order for the "destruction of all the books of Harriet Martineau found in Russia."

These stories of political economy, circulating by hundreds of thousands did a great deal toward preparing Europe for the advance that is coming to it in these days, and the cause of humanity was at the same time mightily assisted by the many able and inspiring articles that Miss Martineau wrote for the various magazines.

But Harriet Martineau's greatest work was her translation of Auguste Comte's "Positive Philosophy." By that she is best known, and by that she established her surest guarantee to fame. The translator—we may almost say the recreator—of the "Positive Philosophy" is sure of a literary immortality. While the history of philosophy lives, along with it will live the fair name of Harriet Martineau.—Rev. T. B. Gregory in the San Francisco Examiner.

GUIDE TO PROFESSIONS.

Bullfighter—This profession is not

one in which money can be made in America. It is necessary to go to a Spanish country for that; but the preliminary work can be done in your home district, unless, of course, you are living in a flat, where the introduction of a bull would be difficult and probably disastrous to the installation furniture. If you are living on a farm, get into the field with a large bull of pugnacious disposition. Wave a red cloth at him, and do not move until he is within two feet of you. Then step easily and gracefully to one side while the animal charges past you. If you are not far enough to the side you will be somewhat incommoded by the rush of the bull, and when you come out of hospital should make up your mind to take up some other profession—say, librarian. When you learn to dodge neatly and surely, begin to practice stabbing the animal with a match, and after you have worn out eight or nine bulls in this way you will be ready for Madrid.

Office Boy—To become a good office boy it is necessary for a youngster to spend all his early years in diligent preparation for the position. Never except when eating, must the boy stop whistling in the most piercing tone he can command. When he has perfected this and acquired the necessary endurance to whistle without stop for eight hours, he is ready to go to work.

Peach—Perhaps no more popular profession exists than this. It is taken up by an increasing number of girls every year, and those that do not go in for it frequently become pippins, which is a vocation of much the same character. It is almost impossible to give directions for the successful study of this and perhaps the best way to become a peach is to forget all about it and not eat too many ice-cream sodas.

Pedestrian—To be a successful pedestrian it is advisable not to make too much of a hobby of winning, as then it will be difficult to get matches. In order to acquire the necessary endurance to compete in marathons and so obtain the "cash," practice running after a taxicab—when the taxi is going to pick up a fare, not when the fare is already corralled.

Telephone Girl—Among the qualifications demanded by some of the companies are: Height, health, even temper, rosy complexion, good nature, cool head. Frankly, anyone possessing these qualifications should not trouble to enter this profession, but would be more usefully employed in making happy some lucky husband—Wex Jones in San Francisco Examiner.

If the government is going to build \$15,000,000 battleships, it should not complain about the increased cost of government living.



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