



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 1.95. Daily, one month, by carrier .85. Weekly, one year, by mail 1.50. Weekly, six months, by mail .75. Weekly, four months, by mail .50. Semi-Weekly, one year, by mail 1.50. Semi-Weekly, six months, by mail .75. Semi-Weekly, four months, by mail .50.

The Daily East Oregonian is kept on sale at the Oregon News Co., 147 6th street, Portland, Oregon. Northwest News Co., Portland, Oregon. Chicago Bureau, 309 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 matter.

Telephone Main 1.

Official City and County Paper.



THE DAY OFF.

Taking of a day off, where the hills climb to the blue. And the river is a-sayin': 'Here's a fishin'-place for you!'

In the pleasant valley. By the singin' stream. Where the cool winds rally— A day off, for a dream!

Takin' of a day off—another world in view. Where the skies and woodlands are sayin' things to you.

Happy hill or valley— By a singin' stream. Where the cool winds rally— A day off, for a dream!

WILL IT COME ABOUT?

Of much significance is the discussion now on in various sections of the country in reference to a new political alignment. The sentiment is growing that the two present political parties do not adequately represent modern political sentiment. Among conservatives it is urged that the conservative wing of the republican and democratic parties unite for the perpetuation of "standpatism," though of course that term is not used. Liberals on the other hand urge the union of the progressive elements of the principal parties.

In the August number of the Craftsman, Gustav Stickley, the editor, says:

"The birth in the near future of a new political party, formed by the blending of the progressive elements that have attained such prominence in both the old ones, is now almost a certainty. The majority of the people regard it as the next step in the reform movement; the old-time politicians, even while they affect to sneer at it as impossible, are afraid of it, and show their fear by wavering uncertainty between the policy which yields sufficiently to public opinion to pass some of the progressive legislation that is most urgently demanded, and the other extreme of uncompromising hostility to everything and everybody that threatens the supremacy of the old order.

"In spite of the political clamor, there is no dodging the fact that the American people, irrespective of party affiliations, are even now arrayed in two great factions, one of which stands doggedly by the old-time political methods and organizations, hoping that the storm will blow over as other storms have done, while the other is battling for honest government under the direct control of the people, and for the conservation of those natural resources upon which the wealth of the Nation depends.

"We are approaching an era when the issues upon which a presidential campaign is based will be entirely different. In fact, we have no more issues, save that of honest government upon a fair and sound business basis—a government representing the interests of all the people and carried on for the benefit of the whole. The demand for this is nation-wide, and it is the outgrowth of an awakened moral sense as irresistible as that which swept away slavery and prevented the disruption of the Republic.

"The minor questions that we have been accustomed to consider political issues are but details in this great movement, but until a change is effected in our political methods both parties will still use them as catchwords to delude the voter during the campaign, and will legislate or obstruct legislation at their own pleasure and for their own profit after election."

The editor of the Craftsman predicts that Theodore Roosevelt will lead the new party. He would be a fitting leader because he is the man who put the breath of life into the progressive movement throughout the country. Will he take up the task if the republican party does not act to

sult his wishes and the wishes of the other progressive leaders? Time must tell.

FIGHTING THE FLY.

How to be rid of the fly is a proposition that is of decided importance at this time of the year. A writer in the Technical World has the following suggestions:

"Kill the first fly." Considering that one female fly can bring into being several millions of the pest in one summer, it would seem a good job to kill that first one.

If the first and its immediate followers are let live and the house becomes overrun, here are several suggestions for ridding the rooms of them. One course, taken from the south where mosquitoes are a public menace, is to burn pyrethrum powder in a room. This benumbs the flies and they fall to the floor and can be swept out. The trouble with this is the pyrethrum powder is not sold at many drug stores in the north.

From the American Civic association at Washington comes this hint: Drop twenty drops of carbolic acid on a hot iron; the vapor kills the flies. Sticky fly paper has both good and bad qualities. It does trap some flies. But those that get their feet coated with the adhesive matter are likely to return to their filth heaps prepared to carry back to the house added quantities of disease-bearing matter sticking to their feet. Fly traps do their part but Dr. C. St. Clair Drake of the Chicago health department says the insects are cautious.

"The flies soon learn to be wary of traps," Dr. Drake says. "Those that have had any experience with them cannot be caught, and shortly a tribe of flies too shrewd to be trapped might be evolved. The insects also avoid the sticky fly paper after one experience. They are crafty little fellows and the instinct of life is as strong as in many superior beings."

Various poisons are suggested, the best of which, the doctor says, is formalin in water. Put a spoonful of the chemical into half a cup of water and leave it exposed in the room and the flies will do the rest.

In passing it is worthy of note that this insect, with its love for odors that offend the nostrils of man, has a strong aversion for scents which the human likes. This has given a hint for still another prevention, of minor worth. Aromatic plants in rooms and at windows act as repulsives. Such plants, then have a double value in sick rooms; they are pleasing to the sufferer and discourage the fly that, with evil purpose, looks through the open window.

The greatest remedy for the fly though is absolute cleanliness. Do away with dirt and filth and the fly problem will be easily solved.

A "farmhand" union at Walla Walla did not last long. The members did not want to work and the farmers did not want that sort of men to work for them. So there was no issue to keep the move alive.

Although local politics is quiet in Umatilla county it appears that there will be sufficient candidates for all the offices. Then in case any of the offices should be left vacant of course the deputies could continue the work.

Americans are wise. They are letting the Germans and the French try out those new airships and get killed. After sky traveling has been made safe our people will invest.

Have the Russian bear and the Japanese bulldog gone into partnership?

The German Emperor seems to have been misquoted. How like Roosevelt he talks.

THE MARKETS OF PARIS.

Mrs. John Van Vorst, who has proven her ability to write entertainingly on sociological subjects, contributes a delightful paper on "The Markets of Paris" to the July Lippincott's. The picturesque side of these famous halles begins to show itself about midnight, says Mrs. Van Vorst. "As one drives homeward from the opera, up the Champs Elysees, one meets an intermittent procession of two wheeled carts drawn by strong, healthy horses walking at a slow pace and without direction, for the driver has fallen asleep on his high-piled load of vegetables—sometimes a mass of snowy onions, sometimes a wall of orange carrots, sometimes a soft bank of green lettuce leaves. These wagons arrive toward two o'clock at the Halles where their contents are unloaded and sold off at auction to the market women. On the sidewalk from six until eight o'clock there is a retail sale carried on of the 'green goods,' which on the stroke of eight must all have vanished from sight."

"The Paris Halles, or Central Markets, cover a surface of fifty-nine thousand yards," a hundred million pounds of meat are sold there in a year, forty-four million pounds of chicken, and a number equally appalling of bushels of potatoes and vegetables, of pounds of fish and butter, of dozens of eggs. Aside from

the people who come to buy at the Halles Centrale, and the vast number of hotels and institutions which provide themselves with food at this source, there are twenty-five smaller markets held in the different quarters of Paris every day, which have no other supply than the Halles. The reason for serving themselves thus through an intermediary instead of applying directly to the suburban trucksters and the coastwise fishermen is that thereby are avoided the complications involved by the laws of hygiene, which are very strict in Paris. Every particle of food admitted to the counters of the Halles must first have been inspected and judged fit for the human palate by a commission who hold their sittings between midnight and three in the morning, performing test experiments upon hungry guinea-pigs! The effects no doubt prove fatal rather often upon these poor "tasters," for there are four hundred and forty thousand pounds of meat seized every year and destroyed with quick-lime, while an equal amount of sea fish is cast to destruction, together with fifteen thousand pounds of fresh water fish, thousands of lobsters and, last as always in the procession, one hundred and ninety thousand snails!

The men who accomplish the difficult task of unloading the wagons of food as they arrive from the railroad are appointed to their positions by the Prefet de Police. He makes no further tax upon them that they shall be honest, and able to carry from one end to the other of the market a load weighing two hundred and forty pounds! For this formidable hand "job" the remuneration is never less than six hundred dollars, and attains to as much as a thousand dollars a year."

AN AUTO HINT.

I sat in my auto. One day in the shade. To rest for a while. When a sweet rustic maid In a pretty red bonnet Came walking my way. With a smile in her eyes Like the sunshine in May. "Ah, Little Red Riding-hood. Greeting!" quoth I— A very bold knight. "To a maiden so shy. 'Teg pardon, I'm not." She shook her small head: "I'm little red walking-hood. Sir," she said. —W. J. LAMPTON.

TWO WRONGS.

"Well, two wrongs don't make a right, do they?" "That depends, sometimes they do." "What?" "Yes. Suppose that without any provocation you knock my hat off. That would be wrong, wouldn't it?" "Certainly." "Then suppose you pull my nose. That would be wrong, too, would it not?" "Well, what of it?" "Well, those two wrongs would make it right for me to knock you down, see?" "Y-yes, but—" "Again, suppose you fancy that somebody has wronged you, and you find that you're wrong. Then you have imagined a wrong where no wrong existed. That is to say, you have taken offense at the wrong wrong. Isn't that right? Don't you see now that these two wrongs—" "I wish you'd quit. You're making me dizzy!"—Chicago Tribune.

ITALIANS BRING PELLAGRA.

Pellagra carried by an insect! It is one of the most important of recent scientific discoveries that is announced by Dr. L. W. Sambon, lecturer at the London School of Tropical Diseases, and member of the "field committee" which is now engaged in making a study of pellagra in Italy.

Dr. Sambon, it will be remembered, is the man who helped so importantly to prove the case against the malaria mosquito by his classical experiments in the Roman Campagna, where he, with one companion, spent several weeks in a screened hut on the marshes, merely taking the precaution not to go out at night. Inasmuch as the malaria-carrying mosquitoes fly only at night, they suffered not at all, though dwelling in one of the worst known breeding places of the abominable insects.

Accordingly authorities of the highest kind attaches to Dr. Sambon's announcement that pellagra in Italy owes its distribution to a midge, or black fly, nearly related to our own "buffalo gnat." Just as malaria could not exist without the Anopheles mosquito, so likewise does pellagra—a much more terrible disease, resembling leprosy—depend upon this black fly for its transmission and dissemination among mankind.

Such being the case, it will be asked, how does it happen that this dreadful malady, unknown until recently in the United States, has suddenly broken out in many parts of our country, spreading with alarming rapidity, and threatening to become a plague? The reason why—it is supposed—is that the Italians, who have been swarming into this country in such multitudes within the last ten years, have brought the disease with them.

Keeping Well

is an easy task with the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, because it is compounded from ingredients best known for making and preserving health. If sickly, rundown or over-worked get a bottle of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS today and see for yourself what a wonderful medicine it is in cases of Poor Appetite, Gas on Stomach, Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Gravel, Diarrhoea, Malaria, Fever and Ague. Its results are certain.

Silence!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indecent. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which rarely progresses from bad to worse.

It has been the doctor's privilege to cure a great many women who have made a refuge for modesty in the offer of FREE CONSULTATION by letter. All correspondence is held as sacredly confidential. Address Dr. P. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of KNOWN COMPOSITION.



from Italy, where it has long been rife. They have infested our buffalo gnats, which thereupon biting healthy persons, have communicated the malarial to them. It is just like the case of the mosquito, which, having sucked the blood of a malarial sufferer, attacks somebody else and introduces the malarial germ into the latter's blood.—From "Pellagra Caused by Gnat," in August Technical World Magazine.

There Are Others.

A big hearted Irish politician in a western city had just left a theater one night when he was approached by a beggar who said: "Heaven bless your bright, benevolent face! A little charity, sir, for a poor cripple."

The politician gave the man some coins, saying: "And how are you crippled, old man?"

"Financially, sir," answered the beggar as he made off. b

A Little Hero.

He rides most daintily to hounds Upon the rocking chair. Or calls the cat a tiger fierce. And stalks her to her lair. The rug becomes a battlefield. Where spears and banners toss. The hall a river wide and deep. That he must swim across.

Behind each curtain-fold he sees An Indian chieftain grim. And bends through the kitchen stairs And seek to capture him. And when the stars begin to shine In night's eternal arc. He toddles up to bed alone. Quite fearless of the dark. —Minna Irving in Leslie's.

KAISER AND BROTHER FUSS OVER ZEPPELIN

Berlin.—A serious difference of opinion has arisen between the Kaiser and his brother, Prince Henry, in regard to the Zeppelin airship expedition to the North Pole. Count Zeppelin has interested the Kaiser in the project, and now that an American has reached the pole by the ordinary route the Kaiser would like to see Germany

achieve a marvelous feat by air. The Kaiser has ordered Prince Henry, as an officer of the German navy, to accompany Count Zeppelin to Spitzbergen and through the Deutschland smasher has occurred, the North German Lloyd steamship, Main, has left Kiel with Prince Henry and Count Zeppelin and a corps of scientists aboard.

It now appears that Prince Henry favored abandoning the trip. He argued that public confidence has been shattered in the Zeppelin system and he would be exposing himself to ridicule if the airship failed. But William was firm and finally told Henry to obey orders. So Henry has gone to Spitzbergen under protest. He has foretold disaster and thinks the enterprise will end in a burst of merriment from the civilized world, unless it ends tragically.

Advice from Norwegian ports state that the eminent members of the expedition have been made to feel extremely uncomfortable, owing to Prince Henry's dislike to the scheme, which he does not conceal, and which has cast a gloom over the whole party. Even the irrepressible Count Zeppelin is depressed.

Lash for Wife Beaters. Everett, Wash., July 14.—At the summer meeting of the Washington State Sheriffs' association, opening here today, several new laws will probably be recommended as desirable in increasing the efficiency of sheriffs in dealing with criminals.

A resolution favoring the establishment of whipping posts for wife beaters and assaulters of women passed upon favorably at the last session, will likely again meet the approval of the sheriffs. The sheriffs also favor the rigid enforcement of a state curfew law.

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The First National Bank. PENDLETON, OREGON. Report of the Condition, June 30, 1910 to the Comptroller of the Currency. Condensed Resources: Loans and Discounts \$1,655,082.16. Overdrafts 48,149.54. U. S. Bonds (at par) 250,000.00. Other Bonds and Warrants 11,875.25. Banking Building 10,000.00. Cash and Exchange 311,014.13. Total \$2,286,121.08. Liabilities: Capital Stock \$250,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits 201,174.21. Circulation 240,000.00. Due to Banks 186,824.74. Deposits 1,408,122.13. Total \$2,286,121.08. I, G. M. Rice Cashier of the above named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. G. M. RICE, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 1st day of July, 1910. C. K. CRANSTON, Notary Public for Oregon.

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