



AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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The Old and the New

- ◆ In the rear a year is fading, with its follies and its sorrows.
- ◆ But before us is the future with its wealth of fair tomorrows.
- ◆ With its many splendid chances that have lasted through the ages.
- ◆ With its histories still waiting for our names to fill their pages.
- ◆ In the past a year is drifting with the years that have preceded.
- ◆ But the newer year is bringing joys for which we long have pleaded.
- ◆ In the future there are pathways leading to untasted pleasures.
- ◆ Out beyond us there are highlands rich with undiscovered treasures.
- ◆ In the past a year is sinking with its errors and its sadness.
- ◆ But the future spreads before us, bright with hope and full of gladness.
- ◆ Brooks and blossoms wait to cheer us, tender breezes to caress us.
- ◆ Fortune even now is planning to uplift us and to bless us.
- ◆ Who regrets the year that dwindles where the gray old past is lying?
- ◆ Who has foolish tears to squander on the yesterday that's dying?
- ◆ In the rear a year is fading with its failures and its sorrows.
- ◆ But before us is the future with its wealth of fair tomorrows.

—S. E. Kiser.

The Spirit of New Years Day

The spirit of this holiday is one of hope. It is the day on which the earth renews its youth and the sentiment of optimism is always present when the bells ring out the old year and usher in the new. It is natural and fitting that this should be.

There are those of course who look with amusement on such things as New Years resolutions. They may be pardoned for their feelings because there is an amusing side to such resolutions. It is interesting for instance to watch the man who thinks he can break up in one day a habit he has been years in forming. It is liable to be too much of a task for a single day and the fellow who tries it is somewhat like a man who tries to sever a cable with a pen knife. It generally takes considerable time and effort to break up a well fixed habit. Such a habit is not a thing that may be brushed away at will as though it were a speck of dust. It costs something to acquire a habit. It costs something to break one up and anyone who figures otherwise reckons without knowledge of the subject. But there is this consolation that one who is willing to pay the price and does generally finds due compensation for his trouble.

The man with the New Years resolution, whatever it may be, has the proper spirit of the day. This day is one on which we face the world with a clean slate before us. The follies and mistakes of the past have been buried with the dying year. The new year is ours to do with as we will.

It is natural that a person of normal health and intelligence should wish to do better than he has done. It is natural he should rejoice at the thought there is a new page before him upon which he may write what he will. It is thrilling to know that he is the master of his fate and that his future, to a large extent at least, is within his keeping. He may drift and loiter if he will and look upon the burning candle with a smile, or he may see that the life that is given him is for a purpose; that if he would do his part he has no time to spare and that if he would reap the true pleasures of the world he must work toward their attainment.

"The tissues of the life to be, we weave in colors all our own
And in the fields of destiny we reap as we have sown."

The Man Who Went Back

The voluntary return of William Mack, life term, to the walls of the penitentiary at Salem, shows there is something to the honor system that has been inaugurated by Governor West.

In prison for life for having killed a bartender at Grants Pass many would consider Mack a desperate man. But he is still a human being with human feelings and human virtues despite his crime. When given a chance he made good. He was given a few months freedom in which to work to lift a mortgage that his wife's aged parents had incurred in order to provide funds for his defence. He worked as a blacksmith until the mortgage was lifted and then returned to do his prison garb. While out he was free and he could have gotten away. But he was bound by a pledge of honor to return and he kept that pledge.

The return of William Mack shows that the thing called honor—at which critics of the governor's prison policy sneer and scoff—has a hold even on men who have been committed to prison for life. It is a hold that may keep them more in restraint than can walls of steel and stone. It is a striking vindication of the honor system and shows that much can be accomplished by judicious use of that system.

The Portland Oregonian and some lesser sheets throughout the state have been carping a lot about the governor's prison policy. Every time a prisoner of any sort has done anything wrong, whether he be an honor man or not, the facts have been exaggerated and heralded far and wide as showing the futility of the honor policy and the foolishness of the governor.

What have these sheets to say about this life termer who went back to his cell to fulfill his pledge of honor?

The Local Outlook is Not Bad

Pendleton has very good prospects for the year 1912—better prospects by far than many other small cities of the northwest.

There is in sight at this time nearly one million dollars worth of building and construction work. The branch asylum buildings have only been started. The new high school is to be built and the Lincoln school enlarged. The federal building is on the program for the near future. Contracts for \$40,000 worth of street paving have already been let and additional contracts will no doubt be let in the spring. A \$200,000 bond issue for a gravity water system has been authorized and the people have upheld the water commission in its efforts to get mountain water. The prospects for the \$4,000,000 West Extension are bright and if the long planned Coyote cutoff is made this year that work will involve the expenditure of about a half million dollars in this county.

There will be no boom here during the coming year. It is no time for a boom. It is a time rather for retrenchment for it is presidential year and a good time for people to "stay close to shore." Nevertheless the local outlook is not bad.

Portland Entries Not Barred

The Portland Oregonian is extremely sore because this paper recently commented on the degeneracy of the Oregonian since the death of Harvey W. Scott. Feeling the jab it hands us this delicate compliment:

"The officers of the Pendleton Round-Up ought to provide a special exhibit for prize asses at their next show. The East Oregonian has a world-winning entry that will distance all comers."

Very nice indeed, but the Oregonian is too modest. If braying counts

for anything it is evident there is a donk upon that paper who is in line for the sweepstakes prize. He should be sent here next fall. There is no ban on Portland entries at the Round-Up and there is the further possibility that a little bunch grass might be good for what ails the Portland morning paper.

A READJUSTMENT.

(Christian Science Herald.)
Seldom, if ever, in history has an onlooker, taking a world view, seen an equal area of the continents or a like number of persons involved in political and social readjustments that might rightly be called epoch-making. It is a time of universal ferment, of challenge of ancient creeds and of the autocratic and aristocratic form of government, of creation of state constitutions where previous none have existed, of revisions of the same where experience has shown them to be outworn, of expulsions of dynasties that have lost popular respect, and of disintegration of historic parties and church where united drift further apart. Christianity, in its ethic as well as in its theology, is under attack as never in its history. Into the literature and drama, as well as the practical politics, of western Europe and America the note of revolt by women is coming as never before; and discussion of the institution of marriage and of woman's true sphere is franker and more unconventional than at any time since the monogamic ideal gained the support of institutional Christianity.

There are more "open questions" today respecting the ultimate condition of races, nations, faiths, social institutions, forms of government and ecclesiastical bodies than there ever were before; and also fewer men speaking with authority sufficient to induce unquestioning acceptance of their views and social prescriptions.

Empires as ancient as China and as new as Germany face a rising tide of democracy. Republicans as old as the United States and France and as new as Portugal are confronted by economic issues that old political formulas cannot solve. Along with much that makes for internationalism and comity between nations there also goes a rising tide of nationalism, asserting itself now in Canada, now in Persia, now in France that withstands Germany, and last, but not least, in a China that probably never again will be a lost congeries of provinces paying tribute to an alien ruler in Peking, or submitting to the humiliations of the western powers, but that hereafter is to be a nation as mighty as she is massive.

Nor is all the ferment political and social. Practical materialism that has found it easy for the past generation to wax strong on huge increments of wealth especially when backed up theoretically by a naturalistic philosophy and literature, is now being challenged by new spiritual agencies, by an idealistic philosophy, and by seers to whom the intuitive and imaginative capacities of thought are authoritative.

To live in such a time is fascinating, if only as an onlooker. But to see the clue to the maze and follow it, and guide others in the way, calls for insight, courage and consecration.

NOT A BARGAIN.

I.
'Tis not upon a bargain counter
You will ever find
That golden little glob of love
Though he may be blind;
Remember well this ancient adage
Tried and true and old—
"True love was never, never bought,
And never can be sold."

II.
And so, black, it well behooves
Ye sordid souls beware
That "bargains" oftentimes but prove
Delusion and a snare—
For when alas, the glamour gone,
And life and heart are cold,
You'd give for one true beat of love
The wealth your coffers hold.
III.
For better 'tis to begging go
Out in the wide world's mart,
Than buy and sell for sordid gold
And miss love's golden heart;
So never, never, then forget
This simple adage tried and old—
"True love was never, never bought,
And never can be sold."
—Augusta Wall.

OUT OF THE DUST.

I.
They say that when a man is dead
Out of his dust will bloom
A flower like his hair, to spread
Its shadows o'er his tomb.
II.
And if his life was sweet and clean
The flower will be a rose;
But o'er the grouch and the mean
It is a weed that grows.
III.
Some mighty man whose wealth untold
Held all the world in scorn
May spring from out the churchyard's hold.
A burdock and a thorn.
IV.
Some humble life whose humble way
Was hemmed with doubt and care,
May blossom on a sunlit day,
A fragrance and a prayer.
V.
It is your daily thought and deed
That blossoms in the tomb;
You cannot live like a jimson weed
And turn to a lily bloom.
—Grady L. Ingram.

AID SCHOOL WORK.

It is becoming apparent that moving pictures are destined to be of great importance as educational features. They have been tried in New York, and there is a strong demand that they shall become a regular part of the public school exercises in that city. In California the pictures are no longer regarded as curiosities or experiments in the schools, but have been accepted as a permanent supplement to the text books.

Since there is no longer any question concerning the usefulness of moving pictures in the schools it is not time for their adoption by the public school authorities in Chicago? There are very many things that children can learn much more quickly and easily from moving pictures than from books or through other methods of instruction.

It is interesting in this connection to note the fact that at least one country has utilized moving pictures for the purpose of advertising itself. Carlos F. Saguler, consul general of Argentina at Amsterdam, Holland, has been delivering lectures there upon the resources of his country, illustrating his talks with moving pictures. His success in creating interest in his country and spreading information concerning it has been so marked that the Argentine government is considering the advisability of requiring its representatives elsewhere to adopt Mr. Saguler's method.

The Grand Trunk Railway has for two or three years been sending a lecturer through this country to show by means of moving pictures the development and resources of Canada, and it is believed that not a little of the emigration from the United States into the Dominion has been due to the interest aroused by the pictures.

In view of these facts the value of moving pictures in the schools is hardly open to doubt.

FISHING WITH A STEAM PUMP.

One of the most singular fishing devices imaginable was discovered by accident in France. Though extremely simple, the system is revolutionary.

A pond on the farm of La Marquette, bordered by rocky shores, was drained one year by the old of a steam pump. Each stroke of the piston drew up twenty-five gallons of water and the pond was emptied in a few hours; and not only was the water drawn off, but all the fishes also were transferred to a new element.

This was a revolution. The owners of ponds in the neighborhood followed suit and the proprietor of the pump made a specialty of this sort of work. He "let one of his pumps, modified for the purpose. The peasants of the region called it "the fish pump." Each stroke of the piston brought up torrents of water, in which were fish and crawfish, together with mud and debris.

One pond of several acres was cleared of fish at an expense of 35 francs or \$7.20. The process was ingenious, but as one cannot have his fish and eat it, too, and as such rapid consumption would have led to equally rapid extermination, the local authorities were obliged to take measures to stop the practice.

REASONABLE ENOUGH.

It was at the dentist's and Potz was the object in the chair—a miserable, dejected, forlorn object to wit. The operation was ended and the dentist was ostentatiously cleaning his forceps and smiling at the result of his muscular efforts.

"I must charge you five dollars," he said at length to the suffering patient, whom he had treated with more force than skill.

The unlucky victim turned upon his persecutor:

"What! Five dollars! Why you promised to charge me only one!"

"Yes," answered the tooth-tugger cheerfully, "that, in truth, was my contract price for the performance."

"Well?" queried the tormented one.

"But you yelled so loudly that you've scared away four other dollar patients."

SEEING THE SIGHTS.

"I spent Christmas in Cuyahoga Falls," says a valued friend, "and I put on my best Sunday clothes before I started. My new fuzzy hat I thought was pretty katish and I had some other recent wrinkles. Cuyahoga Falls not being a lively place on Sundays I spoke thus to a native:

"Do you ever go to the city?"

"Nope," says he, "why should I?"

"Why to see the sights?"

"What's the use?" he asked, looking me over. "The sights come down and see us if we wait long enough."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SUSPICIOUS.

When the four-and-twenty blackbirds which had been baked in the pie began, immediately the latter was opened, to sing, the king grew suspicious.

"How," demanded his majesty, "were you so remarkably preserved?"

The blackbirds, visibly disconcerted, offered no reply.

"Was it by the use of benzoate of soda?" thundered the king, thoroughly aroused.—Puck.

WHY HE LIKED IT.

A young lady who had returned from a tour through Italy with her father informed a friend that he liked all the Italian cities, but most of all he loved Venice. "Ah, Venice, to be sure!" said the friend. "I can readily understand that your father would like Venice, with its gondolas, and St. Mark's, and Michelangelo's."

"Oh no," the young lady interrupted, "it wasn't that. He liked it because he could sit in the hotel and fish from the window."—Catholic News.

CALIFORNIA FORBIDS APPEAL.

One of the sensible constitutional amendments adopted by the voters of California at the November election, says Munsey's editorially, "provided that hereafter no judgment shall be set aside or a new trial granted because of misdirection of the jury, error in admitting or rejecting evidence and so forth, unless it shall be shown on examination of the entire cause, that the particular error resulted in prejudice and substantial damage to the accused. In other words, a technical error, unless it had actually influenced the issue of the case, must not be the justification of a new trial."

"That is a sensible, reasonable and fair rule. It ought to have prevailed in this country for the last century, as it has prevailed in others."

Newspaper readers may have observed that the cross examination of a witness is invariably "grilling."

CALLS TIPS A MENACE.

State's Attorney Wayman Says Country Is a Coward Before Foreign-Born Waiters.
Chicago, Ill.—In the foreign-born waiter of the restaurant State Attorney John E. W. Wayman says he sees a specter of returning European tyranny and oppression more menacing than all of the fleets and armies of the warlike transatlantic nations.

"Tips," not muskets or bayonets, are the weapons Mr. Wayman fears. As long as the average patron of a restaurant cares more for what the waiter thinks of him than for his own personal liberty and pocketbook Mr. Wayman sees little hope for the abolition of the tipping evil.

These views were brought forth when Mr. Wayman was asked about the possibility of criminal proceedings being brought against the alleged "tip trust" of Chicago, disclosed recently as the result of a civil case between the two partners in Judge Pettit's court.

The state's attorney said he saw no legal remedy, although the proposition is serious.

"The average American," said Mr. Wayman, "will occupy a seat in a street car when there are a number of women standing, and walk on the toes of everyone in his way, and never bother over what people think of him, but the awful thought that a foreign-born waiter, whom he may never see again, will tell his little son that the tip he received from the American was a small one is too much for him, and he becomes an abject coward."

"If we did pass a law against tipping I doubt if it could be enforced."

People Without Citizenship.

New York — The people of Porto Rico are still people without a country. They are citizens of Porto Rico, but the island does not exist as an entity in the family of nations. They are not citizens of the United States, but their country has been made a part of the United States.

Under American rule and free trade with the United States those people are prospering materially. The exterior trade has more than quadrupled. Their two leading industries of sugar and tobacco production have expanded largely, even within the last year and the production of fruit for export has increased one-third. But something is still lacking for the contentment of the Porto Ricans. They are people of soul and sentiment. They want to be somebody as world citizens, and the yare nobody now—citizens of no recognized nation.

WHICH DREW.

In one of Philadelphia's theaters John and Sydney Drew were booked to appear with different companies, the former coming in the fall and the latter later in the season. The manager of the theater visited New York one day and was accosted by a colleague as follows:

"I see you have played both the Drews in your theater. Which was the better attraction?"

"Well," replied the manager, "that is pretty easy. John Drew but Sydney did not."—December Lippincott's.

A GREAT READER.

A literary person in England was talking literature to an American visitor.

"Do you read much?" he inquired.

"Oh, a great deal," was the confident and prompt reply.

"What, for example?"

"A Sunday newspaper, regularly."

"No more than that?" in a disappointed tone.

"No more than that!" exclaimed the visitor. "Gee man, I guess you never saw one of our Sunday newspapers, did you?"—December Lippincott's.

A MAN'S IDEA.

"Is it a good show?"

"Fine."

"One you would wish your daughter to see?"

"Well—er—not exactly; but why should a girl of 18 go to a theater, anyhow?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A VEILED ALLUSION.

When Salome danced before the king 'Tis said she never wore a thing That could cause her royal swain to rail.

So she didn't dance without avail.
—December Lippincott's.

Saves Two Lives.

"Neither my sister nor myself might be living today, if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery," writes A. D. McDonald of Fayetteville, N. C. R. F. D. No. 8. "For we both had frightful coughs that no other remedy could help. We were told my sister had consumption. She was very weak and had night sweats but your wonderful medicine completely cured us both. It's the best I ever used or heard of." For sore lungs, coughs, colds, hemorrhage, lagrippe, asthma, hay fever, croup, whooping cough, all bronchial troubles,—its supreme. Trial bottle free. 50c and \$1.00 Guaranteed by Koeppen's.

Too Rich.

"The Mountbourns be'long, I suppose, to what you call the 'idle rich' class."

"Gracious, no! They're too rich for that."—Chicago Tribune.

Old Soldier Tortured.

"For years I suffered unspeakable torture from indigestion, constipation and liver trouble," wrote A. K. Smith, a war veteran at Erie, Pa., "but Dr. King's New Life Pills fixed me all right. They're simply great." Try them for any stomach, liver or kidney trouble. Only 25c at Koeppen's.

Modern Improvements.

Mrs. Bloodgood—I want to get a divorce.

Lawyer—Will you take it with you or shall I send it home?—Life.

Can You Do It?

Bill—Do you know anything a man can do to live 100 years?

Jill—Sure! Keep breathing.—Yonkers Statesman.

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