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THE ONE RECOMPENSE.

I. Life is a hard row—oftentimes a riddle. But here comes Mister Happiness a-playin' of his fiddle! II. Don't you be a-sayin' that your chance is slim; Come in, believers, an' have a round with him! III. Life is the hard row, an' trouble is a-comin'. But joys are marchin' still to you—a regiment a-drummin'!

ECONOMY AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

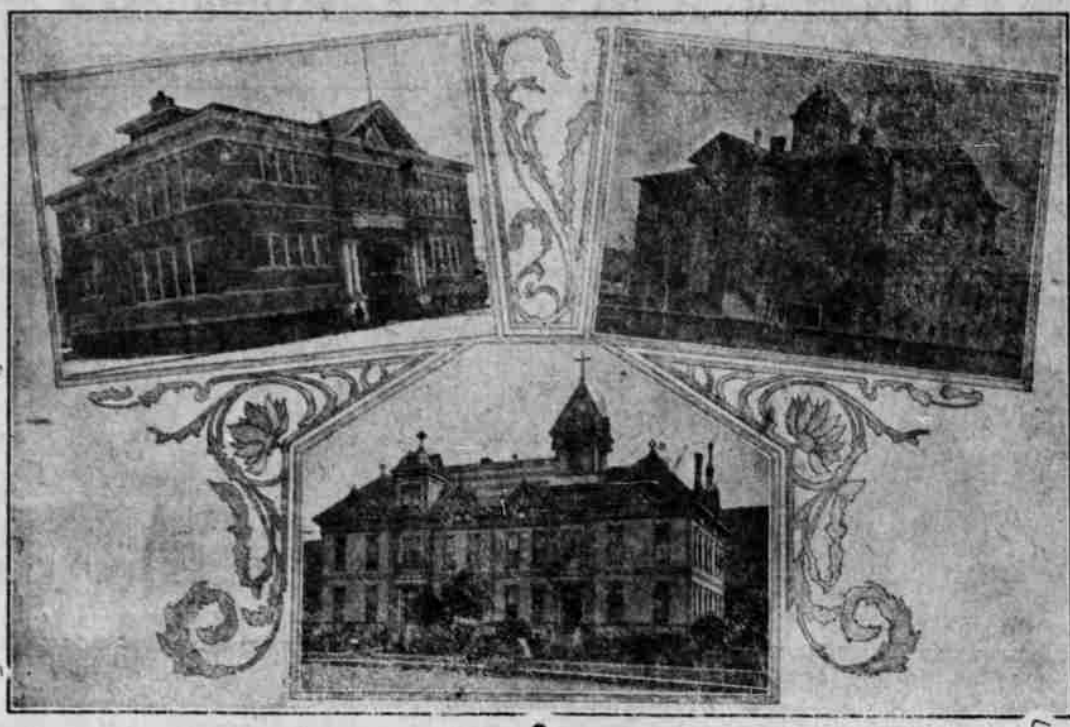
One may think that a feeling of deep depression must have assailed the congressman when it was announced that President Taft, shortly after the meeting of congress Jan. 2, would send in a message on economy and efficiency. But perhaps the general sentiment was expressed by those who delivered themselves of a solemn and portentous wink. Twenty years ago a political convulsion was created by the first "Billion dollar congress." Now each year congress gets rid of a billion dollars. But let us not jump to the conclusion that the congressmen are the only persons to blame for Uncle Sam's high cost of living. Gen. Wood, chief of staff of the army told the appropriations committee last spring, that a large share of our army posts are needless. If war broke out, he said, 20 per cent of the troops would have to stay behind to defend stations that have no military value. But imagine the howl from the people who sell supplies for men and horses, should one-third of our military posts be given up, as army officers say should be done! A congressman is not considered to be "thrown and branded," to use a plainman's phrase, until he has shown his willingness to help roll the barrel, in return for his own particular slice of river and harbor and other "pork."

An illuminating incident happened one day when a particularly indefensible appropriation was being sharply attacked. It seemed to be surely beaten, when an excited congressman was seen rushing down the aisle. "Hold on, that's my river," he yelled. He is still in congress, saving his river. A well known congressman opened his letter file for the information of the World's Work magazine in 1910. Here is one letter from a prominent attorney:—"My dear Congressman: I understand you have turned down my request that you try to get him a pension. I know that he is a thoroughly worthless whelp and that he deserted from the army during the war. That is not the point. He has worked on the sympathies of some influential people here. And it is good politics to get busy. Uncle Sam will not miss the money." The congressman thus addressed says he has hundreds of letters like the above.

All parties are responsible for the conditions which such incidents suggest. But evidently to reform the extravagance of congress, we must reform the power that makes congress.

Terrible Suffering

Eczema All Over Baby's Body. "When my baby was four months old his face broke out with eczema, and at sixteen months of age, his face, hands and arms were in a dreadful state. The eczema spread all over his body. We had to put a mask or cloth over his face and tie up his hands. Finally we gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a few months he was entirely cured. Today he is a healthy boy." Mrs. Inez Lewis Baring, Maine. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures blood diseases and builds up the system. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.



Where Young Pendleton is Educated

LADIES' CHOICE.

The fateful year has now arrived when women may take the initiative in love. It is a privilege won, so tradition says, when St. Bridget pleaded with St. Patrick for the girls of her charge. Patrick thought one year in seven enough for women to have the choosing. But he could not withstand her cajoleries.

"Biddy' acushla, squeeze me that way again, and I'll give you leap year, the longest of the lot" were his words, as the story books say. And so from St. Bridget down, the women have been able to look out for themselves. Their traditionally passive attitude on the marriage question is likely to be as misleading as that of the spider about the time the fly enters the widespread web.

These however be secrets of dark parlors and cloistral park benches, concerning which we know not. But at the Leap-year dances, now in vogue, we are glad to note that woman comes publicly to her own. She should make the most of her privilege.

The unmannerly selfishness so often seen on the dance floor is very unfair in its distribution of favors at other times. Frilly, fluffy, flower faced debutantes are surrounded with suitors knee deep. Meanwhile sager damsels guilty of more years and discretion, often very rhythmic and graceful dancers, remain mere wall-flowers.

Although the ball-room is supposed to display the culmination of the finer graces of etiquette, yet beneath the veneer of low bows and wide smiles, mankind shows up as a pretty selfish beast. He rarely looks about him to see which of his friends is begging for a few crumbs of notice, but instead hies him to his favorites of fashion who fare sumptuously on their superfluity of invitations.

It is often asked why married people drop out so quickly from the dancing crowd. One reason is that many dignified girls find the necessary campaign of coquetteeries absorbing themselves to win invitations from men they don't care for, to be too much of a bore. As heavy penalties are visited on women for the sin of being "fair and forty," the privilege of "Ladies' choice" will have to be extended beyond the Leap-year if people are to keep dancing until the rheumatism retires them.

There was a tilt in a Seattle court the other day over the disposal of one woman juror when night came and no verdict had been reached. The law states that the jurors must not

be separated while they are arriving at a verdict and the district attorney held for a strict enforcement of the letter of the law. The court, however finally permitted a screen to be placed around the woman's bed. This is only one of the embarrassments which a woman encounters when she leaves her home to meddle in man's business.

Rev. David John Henry Allen Zambo Swackhammer, alleged ex-cannibal, is finding an unappreciative public in Pendleton. No doubt he would like to return to the good old days just long enough to eat a few school authorities and newspaper men hereabouts.

Teddy is furnishing plenty of copy for the newspapers these days. One day he is all but a presidential candidate and the next he is as far removed as Hooker T. Washington.

HOME.

There's a dark little flat in a poor little street Where never a sunbeam falls And never the patter of children's feet.

Is heard in the dingy halls; And never a fairy has entered there And never a playful gnome; The rooms are cold and the walls are bare.

And silence broods in the dampened air, But somebody calls it Home.

There's a poor little hut where the smoke is thick And never a blossom blows, Where a high that feeds on a greasy wick.

In the evening feebly glow, And never an eye is gladdened there By picture or worthy tome; The stove is cold and the floors are bare.

But a mother teaches her child a prayer, And somebody calls it Home.

There's a splendid palace upon a hill Where the walls are wide and long, Where registers gather at night to fill.

The spaces with ribald song, And all is brilliant and gorgeous there From cellar to lofty dome; For never a child has dared a prayer Within those walls, with their treasures rare— Yet somebody calls it Home.

—S. E. Kiser.

A GIRL OF SPIRIT.

Representative Henry of Texas, in an eloquent and trusty speech in the house last session, condemned the American hero who marries for the sake of his little the nabobman ruined in health and prospects by disintegration.

Discussing his speech with a reporter, Mr. Henry said: "I want to see our hale young girls

marry hale young men. I want to see them all showing the spirit of a girl I knew in Waco. She was proposed to by a rich bachelor of fifty. And she refused him. Afterward talking over the turnout with a mutual friend, she said:

"Yes, I refused him. He has, you know, a past. He has a dreadful past."

"Oh, but," said the mutual friend, "a man can always blot out his past."

"Yes, that may be," replied this splendid Waco girl, "but he shan't use me for a blotter."—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

TOO MUCH IMAGINATION.

H. K. Adair, the well-known western detective, was talking in Chicago about one of the famous sleuths of fiction, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"He's too imaginative that chap," said Mr. Adair with a smile. "He's like the Tribune compositor."

"Horace Greely, you know, left a big sheet of copy paper on his desk one summer day, and a fly after a swim in the Inkwell, took a stroll over it."

"An editor noticed the paper, lined and smudged and crisscrossed by the fly and he sent it upstairs. They put it in a veteran compositor's hands and the veteran, without any difficulty whatever, got a half column editorial out of it."

OFFERS HIMSELF FOR SALE.

London.—The volunteer slave is a modern possibility in paradox. The latest combines the unusual attributes of a commercial instinct and the spirit of adventure.

It's own description as it appeared in a London paper, is as follows: "An Englishman, public school boy, perfect physique, thirty-two years old, unmarried, reckless, penniless, without over-weening scruples, will sell his life or services to the highest bidder; a dangerous or desperate mission preferred; remuneration to be proportionate to the risk and the success of the undertaking. Address 'Unconventional.'"

WILLING TO KEEP HER.

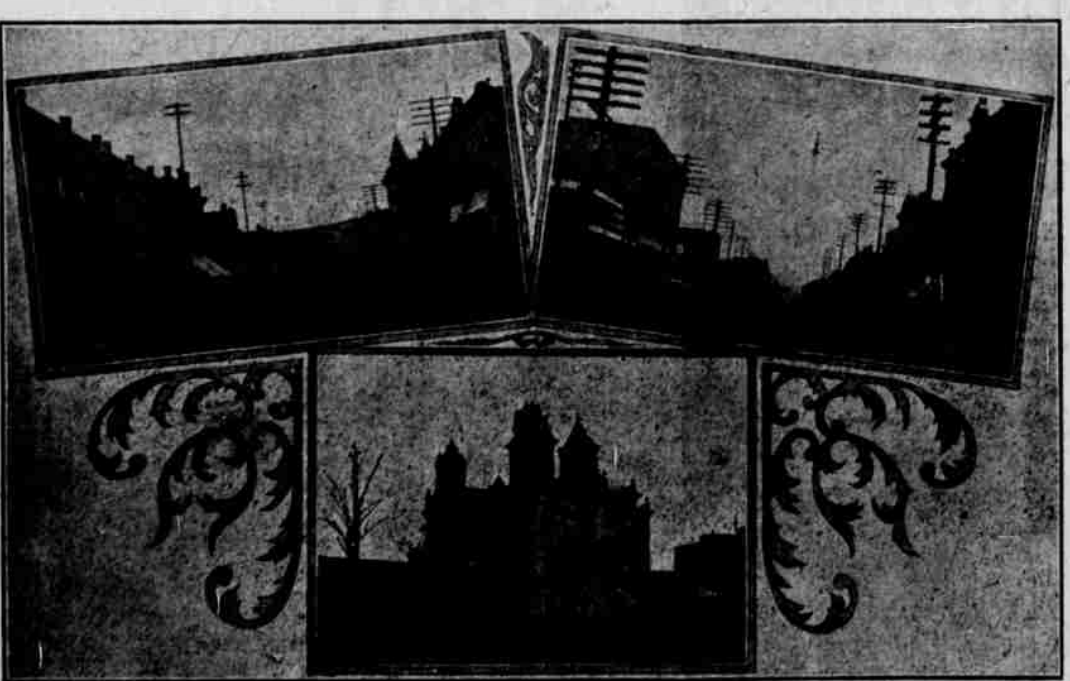
Edgar, who had in his prisons been making nightly appeals for a little brother, was sent a few evenings ago to visit his grandparents. When he returned home on the following morning he was informed that the stork had brought him a sister. Edgar was sadly disappointed and disposed to hastily conclude that prayer was futile. After some delay, however, he consented to permit the nurse to lead him to the basket in which his little sister lay. He looked at her long and earnestly, and then, as if a great weight had been lifted from his mind, said:

"Well, she looks intelligent, anyhow."

HE GOT IT.

"Well, the days will soon be growing longer," he said just before the clock began to strike 12.

"Yes," she replied, after trying with indifferent success to smother



Birdseye View of Pendleton Business Section

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

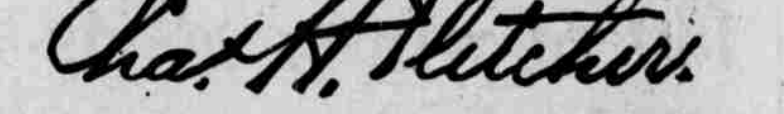
The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, Cures Constipation and Flatulence. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of



The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

a yawn; "but the nights will probably continue to seem awfully long, just the same."

He looked at her curiously for a moment and then decided that he would go.

LOGICAL ENOUGH.

The teacher in the primary department of a Philadelphia school had been holding forth at some length with reference to the three grand divisions of nature—the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral. When she had finished she put the question:

"Who can tell me what the highest form of animal life is?"

Whereupon the pupil nearest her hastened to supply the answer as follows:

GAS IN STOMACH AND BOWELS

Produces all sorts of annoying symptoms, which very often become alarming. Excessive nervousness and heart pressure, difficult and oppressed breathing, sighing, seems as if patient cannot take a deep breath. Lump in the throat and chest, with pressure, pain and anxious feeling around the heart region. Empty, growling and gurgling feeling at the pit of your stomach, relieved by eructa. Small quantity of food makes you feel as if a heavy meal had been eaten. Excessive rumbling in abdomen and stomach with belching. Sleepy feeling after eating. Startling during sleep with a sort of a fear and apprehension. Fingers, hands or limbs feel numb and go to sleep, especially on right side. Pain in back and top of head and constipation.

That's all from a nervous stomach full of Gas, and all permanently done away with by BISMANN'S GAS-TABLETS. These peculiar tablets are sold for 50c by every druggist, or sent direct to Hahnebaum Pharmacy, 336 Sutter St., San Francisco.

Two Old Maids

Anna—What do you think Mr. Eklund charged me for sewing on a pair of soles on my shoes?

Clara—Don't know and don't care Anna, he only charged me 65c and did fine work too—yes, but I don't like him.

Anna—Well, well, you evidently do or you wouldn't care.

Men's soles sewed on for 90c. Full line of men's fine shoes.

A. EKLUND

Main Street.

Where Anticipation and Realization Meet-- Our Meat!

It's an event to look forward to, when the busy man knows that one of our choice steaks awaits him for a contented supper. Phone Main 33.

CENTRAL MEAT MARKET

Oregon Theatre

Tuesday, January 16

Auspices of St. Mary's Church of Pendleton

THE FAMOUS SHUBERT

Symphony Club and Lady Quartette

Mr. Thomas Purcell, Violinist

Anna Pearl Weatherington, Monologist

Music for the Musician, Mirth for the Mirthful, and the highest enjoyment for all.

TICKETS: Lower Floor \$1.00, Gallery 75c

Seats on sale Monday at Pendleton Drug Co.