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East Oregonian

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To be—aside from pain and care, A millionaire of the bright New Year! A millionaire of Love that lives, That, being wounded, still forgives. To be—where heaven would hold us dear, With the riches of Love in a bright New Year. II. One may have riches, but what are they? To the heart of Love, that beats for a day? Let the gold of the stars upon us fall, Love is greater than all—than all! So have the poets sung of old; We know Love's poverty reaps Love's gold! —Frank L. Stanton.

WHY SO SLOTHFUL?

John McCourt, United States district attorney, takes a peculiar attitude indeed regarding the establishment of water rights upon the Umatilla reservation. He says he is going to establish those rights via the state water board route. If he does this it will take many years to get the matter settled. The case cannot be tried out before the water board for months to come. Then the action of the board will have to run the gauntlet of the circuit court and of the state supreme court.

But when all that has been done the real trial of the case will only have commenced. For a definite solution the litigants will have to go to the United States supreme court because the point involved is distinctly a federal question, the rights of the Indians being based on the terms of the treaty made with the government when the reservation was established.

Should the issue be tried out in the federal court as William Caldwell has tried to have done the Indian rights would be adjudicated very quickly. The United States supreme court has already passed upon a similar case and ruled in behalf of the Indians. If Mr. McCourt really cared to serve the Indians it would be very natural for him to take the case directly before the federal courts.

The fact that he refuses to take the matter before the federal court and prefers to shamble along by first taking the case before the state water board looks bad for the United States attorney. His action can be open to but one interpretation and it is that instead of wanting to serve the welfare of the Indians he is trying to avoid such service.

What a spectacle! The United States government is the professed guardian of the Indians and should be watchful of their welfare. Yet here is the government's legal repre-

sentative for Oregon—a former attorney for the milling company that opposes the rights of the Indians—taking a course that means long delay and possibly the loss of the reservation water rights.

Is it any wonder that people high and low are coming to look with disgust and reproach upon the workings of the law in America?

Is it any wonder there are people who have lost confidence in lawyers and who declare that should justice be done four-fifths of the legal profession would be sent to jail?

NEW DUTIES FOR THE HEN.

Poultrymen have long been working to produce hens that will lay eggs and lay them when they are wanted. Almost every up-to-date county in the country now boasts a poultry show as an annual event and Umatilla county is not backward along this line.

But the latest thing out is a contrivance through the use of which each hen may become a book-keeper and make a record of each egg that is laid. The "system" is now being demonstrated at a poultry show underway in New York and the results will no doubt be awaited with interest by poultry fanciers.

The new recording device by which the egg-laying activities of any hen can be determined consists of a small steel spur affair which is attached to one of her legs, on the end of which is fastened a piece of colored crayon. When she enters the specially built nest she locks herself in, at the same time lowering a bar that later on makes an accountant of her. After the egg is safely deposited, to regain her freedom she must stoop to get under the bar, and in doing so makes a mark with the crayon attached to her leg on a piece of paper that is placed on the floor of the entrance to the nest, thus registering the fact that the hen with the red, blue or green crayon, as the case may be, has laid the egg. While the device is not likely to reduce the cost of the morning meal, it will undoubtedly work a hardship to those fowls which do not live up to their responsibilities as egg producers.

A TRAGEDY OF THE STORM.

The death of John Narkaus in a snow slide in Bohled canyon makes the story of the storm a tragedy. Striving to save a cow and a calf from the clutches of the Storm King the plucky young stockman became caught himself and gave up his life in the attempt. The life of the mountain stockman is not one of ease and pleasure. The rancher must at times face hardships and dangers if he would do his duty by his stock. Especially is this true when storms come suddenly and the snow becomes deep upon the grazing ground. John Narkaus strove to do his duty and died in the attempt. It is too bad that such things should happen yet accidents like this seem unavoidable at times. In the present case people can only sympathize and hope that the death of the young mountaineer will not fall too heavily upon the fireside circle of which he was a member.

The government wants to know whether Pendleton prefers to have a small federal building erected with the money that has been appropriated or would rather wait for an increased appropriation.

When a man kills 275 rattlers in one den the recital of the facts makes some snake story.

Andrew Carnegie is a good witness upon the subject of how easy it is for trust magnates to steal.

The chinook undertook a big job this time.

THE KITCHENOLA LIFE.

If there had been a kitchenette in the Garden of Eden, it is quite likely that Eve would have insisted on staying. Lovely woman adores the sketchy existence that goes on under the wax palms in the solid onyx apartment-house—many of them named with grim, unconscious humor in honor of the saints.

They are twentieth-century obelisks that stand to tell the story of that time when space was so scarce that folks lived in layers twenty and thirty stories high and called it home, sweet home!

There is some talk about going back to the farm. But not while science and art continue to build these sandwiched nests where wives can do their marketing over the telephone, have bellboys in livery in the hall, and manage with one "maid" to maintain a way of living that is largely make-believe.

Of course there is a glamour, not to say a humor, about flat life; the chutes and lifts, the slot meter on the hearth stone by which you can set the gas log burning, while if you touch a button to the right, a phonographic horn will give you Caruso or Garden.

Thrill used to be one of the crowning glories of femininity. Now for it is substituted the Bluff Beautiful. Give her a flat with four bath, under the patronage of one of the smarter saints and she is happy. A dog leashed to a maid completes the picture. It is the house of mirth.

Life becomes like a comic opera in Saint George's-by-the-Terrace. A druggist's boy with a cake of soap to deliver must take it through a tunnel that is called the tradesman's entrance and hoist it nineteen stories in a dumb lift that he doesn't pronounce dumb if you listen to his mutterings the they come from below.

The kitchenette is a hole in the wall. It's so cute. Of course no one uses it. There are a dining-room and a Hungarian band and a head waiter down-stairs, where one eats as it were to a flourishing of French horns.

You order eggs—three minutes. Your man returns trippingly as though from the henocep, with an air of repulsive cheerfulness. He has a glittering silver machine on a tray—an egg boiler with a minute indicator. You can see the eggs behind the glass bubbling. He opens them, and they are both stale. After all, there is no way of attaching an indicator to a hen.

Everyone about you eats stale eggs and cold storage foods and bad coffee and tea and butter, but it's the easiest way for her. It is the only way. It gives her time for manicuring and massaging and hair treatments and New Thought.

Her husband struggles into a dinner-coat, and feels like a picture in a plush frame. Now and then he wonders if this machine-made life is worth while. Does it ring the bell when he was a boy he used to have visions of a country home, where trees shading an entrance road, and a gate with roses growing over it, where she might wait to meet him. And it has all turned out this other way—this kitchenola life in the palace of Beautiful Bluff, above the arched doorway of which there has been carved the name of some simple fisherman who little recked, as he cast his lines in the Jordan, that his monument would be such as this.—Kate Masterson in January Lippincott's.

A COMMERCIALIZED ROUND-UP. (Oregon Journal.)

It is proposed to stage a show on the lines of the Pendleton Round-Up and put it on the road. Persons well skilled in the Pendleton event have been retained to design the appointments.

Pendletonians need not fear that the copy will supplant the original. Copies never approximate the perfection of the model. The spurious in anything never approaches the genuine.

It was the enthusiasm of the amateur participants that gave life, action and vividness to the work of the Pendleton performers. It was a realism that can never be duplicated in a commercialized show. It embodied a zest and sincerity that flowed from heart action as contrasted with mere hand action.

There were 800 mounted persons in the Pendleton parade. It was a small army that in itself arouse to proportions that were impressive, and that cannot be duplicated in a traveling aggregation.

To stage the Pendleton Round-Up commercially is in effect an attempt to play Hamlet without a Hamlet. It is one of the things that cannot be done. Buffalo Bill with his Wild

West show is the nearest approach that can ever be made, and Buffalo Bill has already over-worked the field. The Pendletonians have pre-empted the Round-Up game perfectly and they are not menaced by the project of commercially staging their show.

BALLAD OF THE BRAKE BEAMS

Do you know what a freight train says to a guy When he's ditched, and it goes rumbly by?

Rumbly along it sings a song, and this is the song it sings so high:

"Ham-gazzam-gazzam-gazzam!"

Do you know what it means to a travellin' gent When he's 'run from a train, and broken and bent

He lies there hurt in the dust and dirt while the train sings back from the way it went?

"Ham-gazzam-gazzam-gazzam!"

Do you know what it is to suffer from cold, From thirst and hunger, and then be rolled

Often a deck on the back o' your neck while the song comes back where the miles unfold?

"Ham-gazzam-gazzam-gazzam!"

Do you know when a freight train hits a switch

Wit a roar and a slam and a snaky twitch—

The hymn so grim it sings to him as he lays watchin' it from the ditch?

"Ham-gazzam-gazzam-gazzam!"

That's what a freight train says to a guy When he's ditched wit' a boot from a brakeman spy—

Cussin' his luck he lays there stuck 'till another train come a rumbly by—

"Ham-gazzam-gazzam-gazzam!" — Damon Runyon.

OH, WHAT'S THE USE?

He was telling her about a book he had just read.

"The absolute sincerity and directness of the author," he said, "are above all praise. I don't know when I've read a book that seems so helpful, so uplifting, so purely inspiring."

She had been regarding him with a rapt countenance. Now she spoke.

"George," she said, "I have just thought of a way to trim my winter hat!"—St. Louis Republic.

IN WINTER.

Winter irks me, blustering 'out. With his roaring roystering rout, So, to keep their racket out,

I have shut the door; Now I feel again at ease, Here is warmth, content and peace, I can do just as I please,

What could one want more?

Yonder hearthfire is and looks Bright and cheerful, and my books, Ranged on shelves and thrust in nooks,

Make a brave array; All for use are none for show, They are books I read and know, Therefore 'tis I love them so, Best of friends are they.

Novellists philosophers, Dramatists and travelers, Writers of immortal verse, All are near at hand,

As some favorite I pick out, Turn each whitening page about, Let old Boreas rail and shout— I'm in fairyland.

—Charles W. Hubner.

SOME GEMS OF ORATORY.

(From the Chicago News.) Vienna, Austria.—Here are some gems of oratory from the late session of the Austrian Parliament.

"I have already said all I wish to say and therefore willingly withdraw all I might still say."

"I cannot longer keep silent without saying some words."

"Locomotive engineers stand with one foot in crime and with the other gnaw the rags of hunger."

"A funeral procession always has something mournful about it, especially when the decedent was a human being."

"If I am parliamentary deputy I am still human."

The Tenant.

"Do you expect to give up anything at the beginning of the year?" "Yes. I am going to give up a month's rent, for one thing."

KANSAS.

"Willie," said the teacher, who was examining the class in geography, "You may name the boundaries of Kansas."

"Kansas is bounded on the north by William Allen White, on the east by Senator Bristow, on the south by Walt Mason and on the west by the cyclones that ain't been used yet."

TRUE NOBILITY.

"What have you ever done to place the world in your debt?"

"I ain't done that I place the world in debt to me; but I want you to understand that I am able to look the whole world in the face and tell it that I have never put a plugged coin into a Christmas box."

A GREAT CHANGE.

"Don't you think my husband looks distinguished since he has begun to wear glasses?"

"Yes, rather?"

"Rather? Why, every time I look at him since he put them on I can't help almost thinking of him with respect."

SURE OF HIM.

"She is evidently certain that he is going to propose to her."

"What makes you think so?"

"She intends to spend \$15 on his Christmas gift."—Detroit Free Press.

Hard Work.

Sends (proudly pointing to his new palatial mansion): "There it is. And you must remember I got it all by hard work."

Shadde: "Hard work?"

Sends: "Very hard."

Shadde: "Who did it?"—January Lippincott's.

Salesmanship.

To be regarded as a successful salesman you must be able to sell things that the purchaser does not wish to buy.

Convenient.

"I don't know of a greater convenience than having a drug store next to your home."

"Neither do I. It's mighty handy when you need a pair of apothecary scales to check up the weight of your coal."

A Bad Boy's Confession. "Johnny, what did you get for Christmas that you liked best?"

"I hate to tell you."

"Oh, come on, what was it? I won't tell anybody."

"A whipping."

"Why should a whipping from your father make you so happy?"

"Cause, while he was whipping me a piece of switch flew off and hit him in the eye and he suffered nearly all day."

Not Natural. "Are you feeling perfectly well now, Mrs. Perkins?"

"Yes, I'm well enough."

"I thought Dr. Bright would be able to cure you. You must feel awfully happy."

"I really can't say that I do. Somehow I can't make it seem just right not to have any medicine in the house to take."

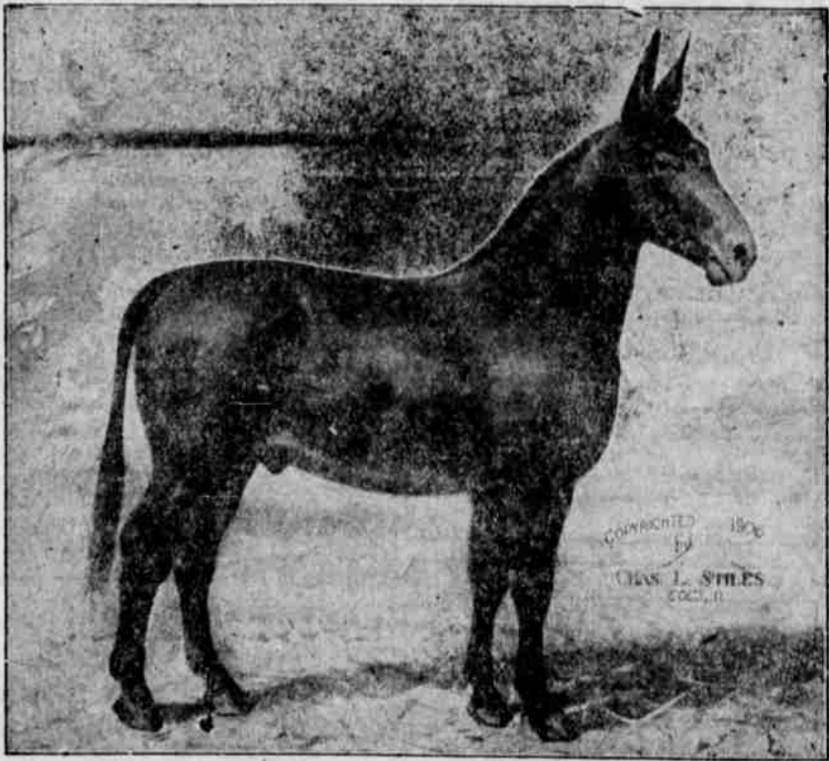
Look Cheerful, Girls! The girl who looks disappointed today is likely to cause others to suspect that nobody caught her under the mistletoe.

A Preference. I've often seen a millionaire; It's not so much to be one, And yet, I'll tell you on the square, I'd rather be than see one.

Why? Miss Billie Burke is going to write beauty hints for a syndicate of newspapers. Why is it that John Drew has not been impressed into service of this kind?

Pessimism. A pessimist is one who receives a pair of gloves as a Christmas present, and worries because they will soon wear out.

You can generally find a crowd where anything foolish is being done.



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