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THE RAINBOWS.

The sky of the world is sunny and blue,
 Yet often and often 'tis hidden by clouds,
 The gloom of the storm is dreary and dark,
 And the mists of the fog is formed into shrouds
 But the clouds and the storm—they never can last,
 Soon the sun will be shining, the darkness be past,
 And a bright arch gleams on the rainy slope.

The sky of our life is happy and clear,
 Yet often and often 'tis hidden by grief,
 And the pain and the sorrow resemble the storms
 And shadow our gladness and test our belief.
 But the clouds of sadness—they pass, and it clears,
 While Faith shines out and we see through our tears—
 Life's beautiful rainbow of Hope!

—Guy M. Staley.

The Weather Man is surely a good fellow.

Noticeable among the thousands at the Elks convention in Portland next summer will be a husky sized delegation from the city of the Round-up. It is well that Portland people are getting ready.

Taft's managers assert that he has 80 delegates already lined up and that the nomination is his. That may be true at this time but will the same situation continue to exist if the colonel decides to "rough house" his successor.

POOR ADJUSTMENT.

According to testimony given before the Stanley investigating committee 65 per cent of the steel trust's employees get only \$10.50 per week. How can families hope to live in decency upon such incomes as that? The \$160,000,000 in clear profit that Andrew Carnegie made when the trust was formed should have gone to the workmen in the form of increased wages. There is something wrong somewhere.

DID THEY OVERLOOK IT?

Two of the four gentlemen who have announced themselves as candidates for legislative positions from this county, to-wit: Messrs Mann and Hinkle, endorse statement No. 1, but they do not subscribe to that pledge. The thing may be an oversight. Again it may not be. So attention is called to the matter at this time. The pledge is the vital thing about statement No. 1 and the only way to take it is to take it.

COURTESY.

A Philadelphia corporation is accused of having directed employees and patrons to drop "please" when using the telephone. It figures that this fine courtesy costs the loss of

SYRUP OF FIGS AND ELIXIR OF SENNA

Cleanses the System effectually; Dispels colds and Headaches, due to constipation. Best for men, women and children; young and old.

To get its Beneficial effects, always note the name of the Company. CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. plainly printed on the front of every package of the Genuine

five days annually from the hours of labor.

Where is this foolishness to stop? says the Spokesman-Review. It is folly, because it encourages bad manners and tends to drive away the spirit of courtesy. It is folly again because there are things that are worth more than time and money, and courtesy and fine manners belong to that class of invaluable social utilities.

Howells, the novelist, hoped that the Italian immigrant would infuse Americans with the sweetness and polish inherent in the instinctive courtesy of Italy. But the hope has been frustrated. The American makes the Italian lose his native manners. The Japanese, too, who comes to us bowing low, after a few years goes out with the high hand shake and the backward bend.

Are the social charming amenities to be pared to the bone and cut down to the anatomy of politeness? All Americans ought to pray and work that this may not be. We are the kindest folk in the world. We ought also to show that democracy breeds the noblest and most gracious manners.

WHY NOT BE FAIR?

A number of newspapers hereabouts, of which the Pilot Rock Record is one of the most distinguished, show signs of wanting to be friendly. They seem to have grown tired of slinging mud at the East Oregonian. Or else their readers have grown tired of it.

But if the noted Journal of Pilot Rock really wants to be fair it will beg the pardon of its readers for one mistake it has made on numerous occasions and which appeared again in its last issue. It is an insinuation that Dr. C. J. Smith in some way has some control over the policies of the East Oregonian.

Insinuations to that effect are unfair. They are unfair to this paper, to Dr. Smith and to the public. Dr. Smith has not the slightest financial interest, direct or indirect in this publication. He owns no stocks or bonds and never has. He is not giving financial backing to anyone concerned with the paper, and the report that effect spread about for political purposes only is a gross distortion of facts.

It often occurs that the East Oregonian and Dr. Smith work along the same lines. That is because Dr. Smith is a very public spirited citizen and finds delight as do many other good men and as does this paper in upholding the public welfare. That should not be an unpardonable offense. But such support as the doctor receives from this paper does not come from the use of money. Money is not necessary and besides the influence of this family newspaper cannot be had upon such a basis as that—a fact to which many men can testify if they but care to do so.

If there is anyone who does not know who own the East Oregonian they should enquire at the office and find out. There is no secret about it. This paper is owned and published by men who are under no obligations, financial or otherwise, that impair the usefulness or independence of the paper. The attitude of the paper upon various questions should furnish thorough proof to this effect.

WHAT ABOUT BEN SELLING?

(Elgin Recorder.)

No man that believes in just treatment of labor and decent hours of work should support Ben Selling, and in proof of this we present a complete history, so far as the record shows, of his actions regarding Senate Bill No. 69. It is not a question of unionism or non-unionism, but whether Americans shall be worked ten, fourteen and twenty hours daily. Senate Bill No. 69 was a bill for instituting a day's work. The mills at Oregon City run twenty four hours the men working ten and fourteen hour shifts. In order to change shifts one gang is compelled to work twenty-four hours. Senator Dimick of Clackamas county, having full knowledge of the facts, introduced this measure to free the men from something worse than African slavery. It provided that mills running twenty-four hours must work three shifts. The following is the history of the bill and Senator Selling's connection with it, taken from the senate journal: First referred to committee on Industries January 26. Reported favorably with amendments.

Returned from Engrossing committee same day.

On January 30 it was made the special order for January 31, when it passed by a vote of 21 to 6. President Selling voted for the bill.

On February 1st Senator Nottingham of Portland moved that the bill be recalled from the house, and this motion prevailed, President Selling voting for the recall, and on the same day a motion to reconsider was adopted by the narrow margin of two votes, President Selling voting in the affirmative.

By rights the bill should have been re-referred to the committee on industries and was in reality so re-referred in open session, but after the close of the session President Selling ordered the clerks to change the reference to the committee on commerce—thus taking it away from the committee which had previously rendered a favorable report and on February 8th that committee reported the bill back without recommendations.

On February 5th the bill again came up for final passage and was passed by a vote of 16 to 13. President Selling voting against the bill.

So determined were the opponents of the bill that, after its passing the senate twice, Senator Abraham moved that the vote whereby Senate Bill No. 69 passed the senate be reconsidered and President Selling voted for the reconsideration, which, however, was defeated by two votes.

The bill went to the house and was put to sleep there, though the speaker, John P. Rusk, made an earnest speech in its favor.

OPPOSED DIRECT ELECTION.

(Oregon Journal.)

Henry Waldo Coe wants to be a delegate to the national republican convention. How would he stand on national reclamation? He is now fighting extension by the federal government of the west Umatilla reclamation project.

Dr. Coe was in the last national republican convention. In that body, along with the other members of the Oregon delegation, he opposed and helped defeat a plank in the platform for electing United States senators by direct vote. Would he again, if elected, use his powers to prevent the convention from going on record for direct election?

The rank and file of Oregon republicanism is overwhelmingly for people's election of senators. When Dr. Coe had a great opportunity to strike a heavy blow for people's election, he struck the other way.

A NEW GATE KEEPER.

Charles M. Cross of Indianapolis thinks variety adds spice to life, so he went to a spiritualistic service.

It was a lively affair with sepulchral voices sounding through trumpets, tambourines playing mysteriously in mid-air, and cold, clammy hands of partially materialized men and women making free in the dusky room with those who were in the flesh. In the midst of it something dealt Mr. Cross a vicious whack on the nose and he called for lights in a tone not to be disobeyed. With the light the circle as disclosed was all natural and human again. The most human member of it was Mr. Cross, with a bloody nose spilling for a fight and all the "madder" because he did not know whom to fight.

"Who did that?" he demanded of the medium.

The medium said the gay spirit was that of St. Peter.

But even this explanation did not satisfy Mr. Cross.

"Well, all I ask of St. Peter," he said, "is to materialize for just one minute and if I don't make a vacancy for a new gatekeeper I won't ask to get in."—Indianapolis News.

AGREES WITH PLATO.

"The author of genius," said William Dean Howells, socialist and author, at a dinner, "expresses the thoughts of his time. He speaks out those things that his generation has all along been thinking—but thinking silently, and perhaps, a little mistily.

"An author of transcendental genius speaks the thought of all time. For example, one summer at Sunapee I showed a volume of Plato to a lean, shrewd farmer. When the volume was returned, I said:

"'Fast rate,' the farmer answered. 'I see he's got some of my ideas.'"—Observer Minneapolis Journal.

ALLEN'S UPS AND DOWNS.

Governor Emmett O'Neal of Alabama met Private John Allen in New Orleans.

"John," said the governor, "this cotton market looks right—good to me. I think I'll buy a little this morning and make some money.

"Emmett," cautioned Allen "don't do it; it's hazardous. Whenever I buy cotton I always feel as I did when I was in the army. We were chasing the Yankees and I thought we surely should land in New York or Philadelphia; but when they were chasing us, I was sure they would run us into the Gulf of Mexico."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SOLVING A SCOTCH CONSCIENCE.

A couple of tourists staying at a village which is in close proximity to a well known Scottish loch had a fancy one fine Sunday to go for a row on the loch. They accordingly sallied forth in search of the boatman whom they met just leaving his house dressed in his Sunday best and carrying a Bible under his arm.

"We want to go for a row," said one of the tourists.

"Dae ye no' ken it's the Sawbath?" answered Sandy; "ye'll no' get a boat frae me the day, forbye I'll hae ye the ken that I am an elder o' the kirk."

"Yes, yes," expostulated the tourists, "that's all very well for, but we don't require you with us. You can go to church; we can row ourselves."

"Ay, ay," said the elder, "but jist think what the meenister'll say."

"Never mind the meenister," was the reply; "he will know nothing about it. We will pay you well."

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, "I'll no' let ye the boat, but I'll tell ye whill I'll dse Dae ye see yon wee boatie down among the rushes? Weel, she's ready wi' the oars inside. Jist ye gang down there an' row out tae the middle of the loch, an' I'll come doon tae the bank an' swear at ye; bit never ye mind, ye jist row on an' I'll call for the money Monday."—Ideas.

MACKEREL COULDN'T SURVIVE

One of the porters on the train out of Salt Lake City was an impressive looking negro who had a ready, if inaccurate answer to almost any question put to him by the passengers. It was hard to tell whether he believed all that he said or whether he was having fun with his questioners.

One man on first catching sight of the lake asked him is there were any fish in it.

"No, sah," said the porter, "dere ain't no fishes in dat lake, sah. Dey done tried ter see of dey couldn't

have fishes in dere but they wouldn't stay alive. De fishes dat stayed alive de longest was salt mack'r'l, sah, but they wa't very prosp'r'ous, sah."—Youth's Companion.

LAWYER VERSUS DOCTOR.

Dr. Cyrus L. Cutler, the well known Springfield surgeon, is a member of the Colonial club, an institution that fines its members for talking shop.

Dr. Cutler, getting out of his motor car, entered the Colonial club the other day for luncheon and advancing into the restaurant, said to a lawyer as he took off his goggles:

"Well, old man, how are you?"

The lawyer got Dr. Cutler fined then and there for talking shop.

The next day when he arrived at the club again for luncheon, the surgeon, angered at what had happened, cut the lawyer. The latter then had him fined once more.—New York Tribune.

SHE KNEW WHAT SHE MEANT.

Professor Harry Thurston Peck is a foe to the hidebound and pedantic grammarian, the type that declares "Tomorrow is Monday" is wrong, the right being "Tomorrow will be Monday."

Professor Peck rebuked the hidebound grammarian at a studio tea in New York with a story.

"A lady," he said, "had a rather dissipated husband and one evening she said to a friend:

"I wish I knew where George was!"

"The friend, a professor's wife, said primly:

"I presume, dear, you mean you wish you knew where he is?"

"No, I don't," said the lady. "I know where he is. He is upstairs in bed with bloodshot eyes and a terrible headache. I want to know where he was!"—New York Tribune.

THE LITTLE HIGH CHAIR.

She lives where the marble walls are high
 And the rugs are rich and the halls are wide
 Where rarest tapestries please the eye
 And every luxury is supplied,
 And often she listens to words of praise
 From men who are proud and from ladies fair,
 But she doesn't forget to sometimes gaze
 Through a mist of tears at a little high chair.

The way is far to the cottage which
 Was gladdened once by a laughing child,
 Where she learned to envy the happy rich,
 In the distant seasons, ere Fortune smiled;
 The humble cottage is crumbling fast,
 And the things on which she bestowed her care
 Are gone or scattered, their service past—
 All save a poor, cheap, little high chair.

She lives where servants obey her calls,
 Where the wine is rare and the laughter light;
 But often still, after all the years
 That have come and gone since she put it there,
 In a sacred nook, through a mist of tears,
 She looks at a poor, cheap, little high chair.

THE DOG NEXT DOOR.

I find so many pleasant things
 About a city flat
 That I can pity cars and kings
 Who lack my habit.
 I like the haliboy's haughty gait,
 The purse-proud janitor,
 The rent man, too—but most of all
 The Little Dog Next Door.

Of comforts we have such a swarm
 As never could be told;
 Steam heat (whenever the weather's warm),
 Hot baths (when they're not cold);
 A new maid every week succeeds
 The one we had before;
 And then—for our aesthetic needs—
 The Little Dog Next Door.

We could give up our telephone,
 Our marble entrance hall;
 Even our neighbor's graphophone
 We might not miss at all,
 The Dutch Band in the court, no doubt,
 We don't need any more,
 But we could NEVER do without
 The Little Dog Next Door.

He comes to visit us some days
 (Oh, days of utter bliss!);
 His mistress shows his pretty ways
 And tells how sweet he is.
 He grabs our lacework tablecloth
 And turns the teacups o'er;
 A charming little pet, in truth—
 The Little Dog Next Door!

But still, I think we love him best
 When he is left alone,
 Locked in, and from his soul-distressed
 Emits his tuneful moan.
 All day or night, with wondrous will,
 He squeals, and squeals some more.
 If he were ours we'd LOVE (to kill)
 The Little Dog Next Door.
 —Chester Firkins.

Drew the Line.

"Madam," began the man respectfully, "I am very hungry. Could you give me a bit of something?"

"I will call the dog," the woman replied.

"I am hungry enough to eat the dog," the man said, "but I'd rather have something else."

And woman-like, she went inside and banged the door.—Buffalo Express.

Needed More Water.

"And the name is to be—" asked the suave minister, as he approached the font with the precocious armful of fat and flounces.

"Augustus Philip Ferdinand Codrington Chesterfield Livingston Snooks."

"Dear me"—turning to the sexton—"a little more water, Mr. Hawkins, if you please."—Tit-Bits.

KEEP THE SKIN CLEAR



With **CUTICURA** Soap and Ointment

No other emollients do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough and oily skin, itching, scaly scalps, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and shapeless nails. They do even more for skintortured and disfigured infants.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal sample of each, with six-page booklet on the care and treatment of skin and hair, will be sent, post-free, on application to "Cuticura," Dept. A, Boston.

HORRIBLE.

"I had an awful dream last night," said the New York manager who made a specialty of musical comedies.

"Probably it was caused by something you had eaten," replied the musical comedy comedian.

"I don't know whether it was caused by that or not, but it was awful. I shudder whenever I think of it now. I dreamed that Harry B. Smith was dead, and that you and I and all the rest of us had therefore, been compelled to quit the profession and go to work as common laborers."

SWINDLED AGAIN.

"By gosh, there ain't no chance to sit ahead of these swindlers," complained Silas Hoebarnes.

"What's the matter now?" his wife asked.

"I sent a dollar to one of 'em for a receipt to keep hair from falling out and what do you s'pose he writes?"

"I can't guess."

"Quarrel with your wife and get it pulled out!"

True.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, after she had explained the meaning of the word, "I wish you would write a sentence containing defeat."

After a struggle which lasted for about twenty minutes Johnny announced that he was ready to be heard.

"Please read your composition," the teacher directed.

"When you git shoes too tite," Johnny read, "it's hard on de feet."

They Jolted Him.

The Girl—I'm shocked at the way father treated you. I've almost worshipped papa, but it seems my idol has feet of clay.

The Suitor—Clay! Concrete more likely!—Boston Transcript.

Wa's Chance.

Perhaps Wu Ping Fang will be satisfied, since Dr. Sun Yet Sen seems to have been accepted as the George Washington of China, to become the Thomas Jefferson of China.

Nevertheless.

Occasionally a man makes a mistake which proves to be fortunate and profitable. Nevertheless, it is not a good plan to go about making mistakes.

"No, I don't feel the cold as much as I used to."

"How do you account for that?"

"I have one cork leg now."



WE DON'T HIT THE PIPE

to force it into position—this naturally causes a strain that will eventually break it at the joints. We cut it and shape it so it fits in naturally.

THAT'S THE KIND OF PLUMBING

that's worth appreciation. But it's only a sample of all our work. We do every job right if we do it at all. We know this sounds strange for plumbers to say, but we mean it. We are also willing to prove it to your satisfaction if you will give us your next order.

Beddow & Miller

Pendleton's Exclusive Plumbers
 Court and Garden Sts.
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3 CREAMS A SPECIAL FOR Chappy Skin Weather

Cucumber, Almond, Edelweiss

25c a Bottle

Koeppen's

The drug store that serves you best.

The Pendleton Drug Co.

is in business for

"Your Good Health"

REMEMBER THIS WHEN YOU HAVE PRESCRIPTIONS, OR WANT PURE MEDICINES

Two Old Maids

Anna—What do you think Mr. Eklund charged me for sewing on a pair o' 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 eved nty do or you wouldn't care.

Men's soles sewed on for 90c.

Full line of men's fine shoes.

A. EKLUND

Main Street.

BRING IN YOUR PONY VOTES

In order to avoid confusion as to standing of contestants in our big Pony Contest, we would like to have all votes cast as soon as possible.

Standings of each boy and girl in the contest, are now displayed at our store.

Tallman & Co.

You'll get the best meal in Pendleton at the

QUELLE

Particular cooks Attentive Service.

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Ranch Eggs
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 Good coffee
 Every day

We invite your patronage and aim to please you.

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