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THE BEAUTIFUL.

The beautiful is everywhere
For those who wish to see;
The lover finds his loved one fair,
However plain she be.

THEY ARE AFRAID OF T. R.

It is interesting to note that though they have come to the mourners' bench professing their faith in the Oregon system the erstwhile assemblymen are not doing much to uphold the latest addition to the system, to wit, the presidential preference primary law.

At the instance of the republican central committee a "friendly" suit has been brought to annul the law. The gentlemen who are doing the work assert the utmost friendship for the presidential primary law but they say it is all wrong because it permits a voter to vote for but one candidate for elector and but one delegate to the national convention. So they favor killing it if they can.

It may be true that the preference primary law is faulty in this particular. Possibly it should allow each voter to vote for four candidates for elector and ten delegates to the national convention. Again a full consideration of the subject might show the law to be well drafted.

But regardless of this point there is one thing very plain. The presidential preference primary law, just as it stands, is far superior to the old convention system of selecting delegates to the national conventions. Under the old system the people did not select their delegates at all and they had no way to express their preference for president. The whole matter was in the hands of the politicians. The boss and the bosses could pick out the delegation, tie them up and deliver them when the time arrived for the candidate they saw fit to support. That is a very convenient method for the politicians, but such a system does not breed good government.

Those who are trying to defeat the law are not opposing it for the reasons they set forth. They are Taftites and they are afraid to have the people of the state express their choice for president. They are afraid they may vote for the Rough Rider.

FICTION FOR THE YOUNG.

A plea for better guidance of boys and girls in the choice of fiction is made by Herbert Bates of the Brooklyn Manual Training high school in the current number of the English Journal, says the Chicago Record-Herald. It relates directly to the reading done by high school pupils, but what Mr. Bates says applies to all direction of the young in this respect, and the advice given is of value to parents as well as teachers.

The ordinary boy loves stories of action, and his taste for Diamond Dick and Nick Carter may be improved, Mr. Bates says, by giving him tales full of stirring life by such authors as Doyle, Dumas, Kipling, Mor-

gan, Robertson, Marryat, Clark, Russell, Lover, Lever, Eillen, Connolly, Stevenson, Beach, Jules Verne, Sienkiewicz and Jack London and "all who tell their stories well, no matter if there are dozens of teachers of English who have never heard of them." The girl's taste for Laura Jean Libbey and similar purveyors he would direct to novels of the highest type through similar guidance.

It is commonplace for teachers to prescribe "the best books," of course, but Mr. Bates insists that they should do more than this, and he is of the opinion that "it is of no use to forbid a book." Sympathetic direction of reading, he holds, requires reading of the books in question, comment on them so as to point out merits and demerits, and guidance upward and onward through knowledge thus acquired. That is not a light task, but its fulfillment should bring satisfaction to the conscientious teacher or parent.

FINISH THE DEAL.

The East Oregonian does not wish to be boastful nor to pat itself upon the back unduly but this paper is proud of a suggestion which it made to upper river farmers some weeks ago. It was a suggestion to the effect that those who wanted to get water that the government had corralled for the West Extension should proceed to file on such water as they desired. Many of the farmers on Birch and McKay creeks proceeded to do so after a further investigation had been made in their behalf.

If this paper understands the situation aright these men should be in line to secure water in the event the government does not use it all for the extension. Evidently the government is not going to use all the water. So there should be considerable for the upper river men—if they will only keep busy long enough to get it.

But in order to perfect his title to water a farmer must put the water to beneficial use. A filling on water is little more than an option upon a portion of the stream and that option must lapse unless the water is utilized.

A FRANK CANDIDATE.

There are many things about the candidacy of Jerry Rusk to commend him to the voters. In his race for the republican nomination for congress Mr. Rusk is not relying upon the support of politicians. They are largely against him because he is a staunch Roosevelt man and a supporter of the Oregon system. Few politicians like Roosevelt and few of them care for the Oregon system regardless of pretenses upon this score. So they do not favor Jerry Rusk. In the campaign now on Rusk is going directly to the people with a frank and open fight. He tells them plainly where he stands and what he thinks. He is making an aggressive effort to win and his very aggressiveness should commend him to those who want to see eastern Oregon well represented in congress.

From appearances the camel that desired to get through the needles' eye had an easy job compared with the task of bringing the various good roads advocates together in Oregon.

How fortunate the eastern Oregon branch asylum is located where there is such bright weather in the early spring time.

It is possible the Lawrence children may find some sympathizers in congress, especially in the lower house.

REMEMBERED BY A FLOWER.

It was really a chance remark which led to the founding of the Primrose League—that remarkable political organization which today has over 1,500,000 members. When on April 19, 1883—the second anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death—his statue was unveiled in Parliament Square, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, arriving at the commons late in the afternoon, was given a primrose by Mr. Cove, superintendent of the members' cloakroom. When Sir Henry entered the chamber he found the whole conservative party similarly decorated with Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower. The fact impressed him so much that as he walked home with Lord Randolph Churchill he remarked: "What a show of primroses! This should be turned to account. Why not start a Primrose League?"

Lord Randolph was instantly interested. "Draw up a plan," he said, "to carry out your idea and we will see what can be done." Ultimately Lord Randolph and Sir Henry were joined by Sir John Gorst and Sir Alfred Slade, and in due course these four gentlemen founded the league and constituted themselves the ruling council. It was originally intended to admit men only, banded in companies of about 100 to act as missionaries of the league. Ultimately, however, it was decided to admit ladies, with the result that the membership rose from 957 in 1884 to 237,283 in 1886. Not long ago it was reported that the total membership had touched 1,700,000.

It has, of course, been said that the primrose was not Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower and that when Queen Victoria sent a wreath of

primrose to Lord Beaconsfield's funeral and wrote on it, "His favorite flower," the allusion was to the prince consort—not to the dead statesman Reginald Lucas, however. In "Lord Glenesk and the Morning Post," says that one who knew Lord Beaconsfield well declares that he habitually wore a single primrose in his buttonhole when he was at Hughenden in the early spring, while another more intimate friend can speak of having seen an abundance of primroses in Beaconsfield's house in Curzon street that had been gathered on the slopes of Windsor Castle.—London Tit-Bits.

PLEASURES OF A "PROXY."

It may have been observed lately that college presidents are not exempt from the annoyances of this earthly existence, says a New York letter to the Cincinnati Times-Star. Recent occurrences have led a good many people here to re-read with especial interest the speech delivered by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of the Columbian university, on the occasion of the installation of Chancellor Brown of New York university. He told Dr. Browne that the post of college president is really a pleasant one.

"You will live on a diet of professors," said he. "You will likely eat a professor of sociology for breakfast and if your wife is wise she will have a man in literature for dinner. It is really admirable and nutritious diet. It is a really admirable and nutritious diet. Also, within a year you will meet or hear from one-half of the wise men and all the lunatics of the community. Then, if you are as well equipped for this post as I believe you are, you will speedily become a liar. All college presidents are liars ex-officio.

"I remember that some years ago, when my dear friend Dr. Canfield, became chancellor of the University of Nebraska, he was called a liar by a local newspaper within 30 days. Canfield and President Eliot of Harvard and I were walking together on the campus one Sunday afternoon. 'Well, Canfield,' said Eliot, 'I see that you are a liar.' 'Yes,' said Canfield, 'I am.' And he added, 'I hope Dr. Eliot, that they have often called you a liar.' 'Oh, yes,' said Dr. Eliot, 'worse than that—much worse; they have often proved it.'"

TAFT TELLS THIS ONE.

At a dinner party at the White House one evening the conversation turned on the giving of presents and the art of making a gift appropriate.

"That reminds me," said President Taft, "of the marvelous astuteness of a young man I knew when I was a newspaper reporter in Cincinnati. This fellow was very much in love with a girl who worked in a candy store eight hours every day. They quarreled and in the hope of making peace, he decided to send her a present."

"I sent it to her," he informed me one morning, with an air of pride.

"What was it?" I inquired.

"Two pounds of candy," he said, brightly.—Louisville Times.

THE OTHER MAN'S OPINION.

"Who is that beautiful woman across the room?"

"Do you mean the stately looking blonde?"

"No, no. The pretty little plump one with the splendid teeth and the glorious eyes."

"You don't mean the lady near the piano?"

"Certainly not. I mean the fascinating little beauty who has just turned to speak to Sproggley. By George, she's a peach!"

"Oh, that one? Say, what's the joke?"

"Joke? There isn't any joke. She's the prettiest woman I've seen for a long time."

"Quit your kiddin'. That's my wife."

THE SPURNED DRUGGIST.

South Trimble, clerk of the house of representatives, was talking to a Washington correspondent about diplomacy.

"In a public post," he said, "great diplomacy is needed. The man in a public post must be diplomatic all the time. Otherwise he will be treated like the druggist."

"A druggist, late one cold winter night, was awakened by the tinkle of his emergency bell. It was a boy. The druggist slipped on a dressing gown, went shivering downstairs and found the boy wanting two cents worth of chewing gum."

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"It's like your cheek," the druggist growled, "to make me up at this time of night for a paltry two cents worth."

"At this the boy scowled, threw down the gum and pocketed his 2 cents again."

"Like my cheek, is it?" said he. "Then I'll take my custom somewhere else. You can keep your chewing gum. I won't have it now, after your sauce."

"And he stalked out wrathfully, and the poor druggist went shivering back to bed."—Washington Star.

CARTER'S CURE FOR DEAFNESS

General Carter, who went to Texas in command of the regulars sent south for the maneuvers along the Mexican border, tells this story of an old Irish soldier:

The march had been a long and tiresome one and as the bivouac was being made for the night the captain noticed that Pat was looking very much fatigued. Thinking that a small drop of whiskey might do him good, the captain said:

"Pat will you have a wee sip of whiskey?"

Pat made no answer, but folded his arms in a reverential manner and gazed upward.

The captain repeated the question several times but no answer from Pat, who stood silent and motionless, gazing devoutly into the sky. Finally the captain, taking him by the arm and giving him a vigorous shake, said:

"Pat, why don't you answer? I said, 'Pat will you have a drink of whiskey?'"

After looking around in considerable astonishment, Pat replied: "And is it yez, captain? Begorra!"



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THE LADY IN WAITING.

"Mother."

"Yes, dear."

"In this article about the Duke and Duchess of Connaught visiting Ambassador Reid it speaks of a lady in waiting. What does a lady in waiting do?"

"I can't tell you exactly, but I think she is called a lady in waiting because she has to wait till the royal highnesses get in before she gets aboard when they go automobiling."

THE GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

He has a wild and hunted look; At every noise he turns back; His moments of repose are few, Because his wife has threatened to Employ Detective Burns.

Expensive Food.

Patience—They say he was taken sick on the train. Patrice—Indeed! What was the matter?

Patience—Oh, he ate too much in a dining car. Patrice—Oh, is he as rich as that?—Yonkers Statesman.

Parboiled?

Wife (complainingly)—You're not like Mr. Knagg. They've been married twenty years, and Mrs. Knagg says her husband is so tender. Husband—Tender! Well, he ought to be after being in hot water that long.—Zion's Herald.

The only climatic trouble with February in Oregon is that it maybe it's been too warm.

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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.

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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 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.

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