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or of the ability of women to vote but merely one of expediency.
In the view of this newspaper the women of Oregon will get the ballot this fall because they are taking steps to show that average womanhood favors the move. Such a showing will prove more effective than a resort to trickery or hatchets.

THE WAY IS EASY.

Since the recent power merger in Portland numerous suggestions have been made as to how the people may obtain relief. Some advise state regulation. Others want the city of Portland to condemn the property of the trust and take it over. Discussing the general subject of power development State Engineer Lewis comes out in favor of joint state and national water power development.
All of the suggestions made contain points of merit. But Pendleton does not need to bother with such round-about methods. The city has an opportunity to solve the question without resort to a state commission or waiting for federal and state control of power plants. Pendleton has an opportunity to secure a power site of its own and one that is reported to be superior to the site used by the trust. It is a splendid opportunity.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

In the beginning of our actual work in the campaign for woman suffrage it is of vital importance that we keep the issue ever before us.
This one thing, votes for women, is the object, the one object, now.
The women of Oregon do not have the vote; until they have that they should know no party, republican, democratic, prohibition, socialist, party names of all sorts stand together. It is not likely that any party will entirely ignore the issue and one vote for us is as good as another. Party politics are no part of today's work.
Oregon men are saying, "more of them than ever before." If women want to vote we are willing. Our first business is to show them unmistakably that we want the ballot.

FOR WOODROW WILSON.

The fact that 16 democratic United States senators, Senator Chamberlain among the number, favor the nomination by the democrats of Governor Woodrow Wilson should be influential with Oregon democrats when they express their choice for president on April 19.
The senators who are supporting Wilson know the type of man he is and they know his opponents. They know the forces that are at work not only to name a reactionary as the republican candidate for president but to throw the democratic nomination also to the standpatters. They do not want those forces to succeed in their move for they are working to thwart the true purposes of democracy—to turn the stream into unnatural channels.
If the democrats of this state want the democratic party to become a vital, moving force in the affairs of the country they should work to make it the progressive party by naming Governor Wilson as the party's candidate for president. If the democratic party cannot become the progressive party there is little excuse for its existence. Under the leadership of Taft and his followers the republican party answers all the purposes of a reactionary party.
In the early days of the American republic the democratic party was the party of the people. Whether it will be such a party during the coming presidential election or merely Wall street's Party No. 2 will be determined at Baltimore. Oregon democrats will have an opportunity to express their sentiments on April 19. They should vote for Woodrow Wilson and progressive democracy.

MAKING HEADWAY.

The suffrage street meeting held here Saturday was a spectacle that should make men think. There were things about that meeting that should dispel some old time notions about the suffrage movement and give people a true idea of the move as it is now being carried on.
The old time idea of the suffrage fight was that it was carried on by a few erratic women and that the average woman had no interest in the matter or was perhaps opposed to the move. In times gone by that conception may have been correct. But it holds good no longer.
The meeting Saturday gave evidence that the suffrage campaign is not in the hands of cranks or faddists but of representative women. The crowd was addressed by a woman who gave no rabid barnstorming talk but made instead an eloquent womanly appeal for votes for women. Such an appeal made under such conditions could not help being effective. It was a talk such as men like to hear who are thinking of voting for equal suffrage. Such men want to know that representative womanhood favors the move. The thing is not a question of the right

THE REALM FEMINE

SOME LENTEN DISHES.

The following recipes are from "Practical Cookery," a Creole cook book:
Boiled Crabs—Take the crabs alive and place in a pot with enough boiling water to more than cover them and add a little salt to the water. Let them boil for ten or twenty minutes, and when done take off the claws or upper shell and remove the deadmen's fingers. Arrange nicely on a dish and serve.
Stuffed Crabs—Twelve crabs, one tablespoon of butter, one-half onion, one spring of parsley, pepper and salt. Boil the crabs for a few moments, crack them and pick out carefully all the meat; if you have not meat enough add a little cracker crumbs. Put the butter in a frying pan and when melted fry the finely minced onion and parsley in it, and add the meat to this and season well with pepper and salt. Have the shells nicely cleaned and fill them with the ingredients from the pan. Sprinkle over them cracker dust and dot the tops with bits of butter and place in the oven to bake. They require twenty to thirty minutes to brown, and then serve in shells.
Soft-Shell Crabs—Remove the deadmen's fingers, sand bag, etc., and then wash well and dry very carefully. When thoroughly dry dip in beaten yolks of eggs and then in a cracker dust; season well with pepper and salt. Have the lard boiling hot, and put them in carefully and fry until a delicate brown. Place on a hot dish and pour a little melted butter over them, and also a little lemon juice (if you desire) and garnish the dish with parsley.
Deviled Crabs—Two cups of crab meat, one-half pint of milk, one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of flour, one-half teaspoon nutmeat, two tablespoons bread crumbs, one sprig of parsley, the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, pepper and salt. Boil about six crabs, crack them and pick out the meat carefully. Put the milk on to boil, and rub the butter and flour together and stir it into the milk as it comes to a boil. Let it cook a few minutes and then remove from the fire and add the nutmeat, bread crumbs, chopped parsley, yolks of the hard-boiled eggs mashed very fine, crab meat, pepper and salt, and mix all well together. Put this mixture in the nicely cleaned crab shells, brush them over with the beaten yolk of an egg mixed with a little water and then sprinkle lightly with bread crumbs and place in a hot oven to brown for twenty or thirty minutes. Serve immediately.

Fricassee of Crabs—Six crabs, one onion, flour, one sprig of parsley, one gill boiling water, pepper and salt. Scald the crabs and take off the claws and clean the body carefully and remove the outer shell. Place the butter in a frying pan and when melted stir in the flour and let brown, then add the chopped onion and parsley; when browned add the water and crabs. Season highly with pepper and salt, and let it simmer for one hour.
Boiled Shrimp—Wash the shrimp thoroughly and put into a pot with salty hot water and let them boil for ten or twenty minutes. Serve immediately, and with the shells on. A pod of red pepper, added to the water while boiling, improves them very much.

PITNEY A BASEBALL STAR.

There was no man better pleased over the appointment of Chancellor Mahlon Pitney to be a justice of the United States supreme court than Michael J. Ryan, a fireman of No. 4 engine company of this city. "They spoiled a big league ball player in making Pitney a lawyer; but he's made good at the law, as he would have in baseball," was Mike's comment.
In the early 80's the Dover had a baseball team that beat everything around the state. Dover needed a crack pitcher and Ryan was sent for and became a deputy marshal of the town and began to play ball. The first game he pitched he met Mahlon Pitney, then covering the first bag for Dover.
"I'd seen men cover first many times," says Ryan, "but that big fellow was something new. He was all there and had everything the much-touted stars have today, except a glove. Like all men of that day, he played with bare hands. I've seen all the stars play first and never yet have I seen a man who beat Pitney at it."—Philadelphia Record.

DISDAIN FOR DIGNITY.

A Scot whose name was MacIntosh, and who was proud of the fact that he was directly descended from the chief of the clan, was having a dispute over the fare he owed to a taxi driver who had transported him to his home in the East End.
The man with the meter talked loud and harshly and it angered the Highlander.
"Do you know who I am?" he demanded, proudly drawing himself up to his full height. "I'm MacIntosh. The taxi driver snorted.

CHICAGO CHIVALRY.

When the epic of Chicago is finally written let not the historian overlook the chivalry of her men, an instance of which is reported by a New York man lately returned from Europe.
"I met the Chicago Don Quixote," said the New Yorker, "at a little French hotel whose proprietor had seized as her only available luggage a pet dog belonging to an English woman who had refused to pay about half of her exorbitant hotel bill. Through the open door the angry host and the still angrier guest battled for the dog. When the contest raged fiercest the Chicago man intervened.
"Just you stay out here with the rest of your baggage," he said, "and I will soon get the dog for you."
"He stepped inside and shut the door." In less than three minutes he reappeared with the dog tucked under one arm.
"How on earth did you accomplish it?" asked the woman and her sympathizers.
"Oh, that's all right," he said. "It's easy enough to manage fellows of his stripe if you only know how."
"On our trip to the north of France every member of the party tried to extract the Chicago man's secret for subduing conscienceless landlords, but without avail. The Chicago man and I crossed the ocean together. When we got in sight of the Singer building I said:
"Now that our trip is ended, won't you kindly tell me what you did to bring that French landlord to terms?"
"Certainly," said he. "I paid the rest of the woman's bill."—New York Press.

A NEW USE FOR SUBWAYS.

Paris may soon have its "Metro-letter," in addition to its petit bleu. Somebody with an imagination has suggested that the extensive system of the Metropolitan Subway be used in combination with pneumatic postal tubes. If that idea is carried out, your Parisian will simply drop his letter into a box at a subway station, have it transmitted by the Metropolitan to the subway station nearest its destination, and then forwarded by pneumatic tube. To be sure, all this means the employment of more men, both at the subway station to handle the mail and on the trains to sort the letters.
If that system is ever carried into effect, Paris will have an additional postal service, somewhat slower than the petit bleu of the pneumatic tube, and somewhat faster than the ordinary letter distribution. At present, the average Parisian tube letter is delivered in one and one-quarter hour after it is posed, and from four to five hours in the ordinary way. The Metro-letter could be sent in two hours at a cost less than that of a pneumatic letter and somewhat more than that of a regular letter.
Here we have a suggestion which might be well worth carrying out in American cities provided with subways. To be sure, no American city has a pneumatic tube system comparable with that of Paris or Berlin, but on the other hand a vast amount of time could be saved if the subways were used as an aid to the post-office department.—Scientific American.

MIGHT HAVE GOT MORE.

"I always have had luck."
"What's the matter now?"
"I borrowed a dollar from my wife yesterday and she had to break a \$5 bill to let me have it."—Detroit Free Press.

"I don't care if you're an umbrella," he said "I'll have my rights."—Cleveland Press.

SPENDTHRIFT.

Uncle Ezra—Do you think the money young Eph Hoskins made down in New York will last him long?
Uncle Eben—You bet it won't. He's going at an awful pace. I was down in the general store last night, and young Eph was writing hundred-dollar checks and lighting his cigars with them.—Puck.

SUITABLE GRIEF.

"When he came home he found himself in hot water."
"What did he do?"
"Shed scalding tears."—Baltimore American.

IN AN OLD DIARY.

A well-known Bostonian recently found in his trunk an old diary with this entry: "August 19, 1887. Went to the railroad station to see my sister off, and my some chance Harry Blank was there to see his sister off, and in the rush and noise and confusion we got mixed and I hugged his sister and he hugged mine."—Boston Transcript.

DOG SENTENCED TO DIE AND WOMEN LOUDLY CRY.

Following Judge's Order, Animal's Owner and Friends Break Into Sobbing Appeals.
Atlantic City, N. J.—When Recorder Peffer sentenced a dog to death under the terms of a local ordinance, Mrs. Harriet Evans, the owner of the dog, and woman friends suddenly began wailing loudly.
"Oh, Judge, for God's sake, don't kill my dog!" cried Mrs. Evans. But the court answered that it was the law and he had no other recourse.
John W. Perry, a grocer, was delivering an order of coal at the Evans home and went around to the back door with Mrs. Evans. As he opened the door the dog slipped out from under the kitchen table and sank its teeth in his leg, drawing blood.

STOPS BULLET WITH TEETH AND SPITS IT OUT.

*Chicago, Ill.—John Rossal, 19 years old, 2852 North Central Park avenue, surpassed the famous feats of "Deadwood Dick" when he stopped a stray bullet with his teeth and nonchalantly spat out both the stricken molar and the offending leaden pellet.
The bullet came from a pistol fired accidentally by John Pendinski, 16 years old, 3121 North Central Park avenue, whom Rossal was visiting at the time.
According to the police of the Shakespeare avenue station, the bul-



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let struck Rossal in the mouth, knocking out a wisdom tooth, but otherwise falling to harm him. Rossal did not become frightened by the shot, but remarked calmly to Pendinski that he should be more careful in handling firearms.
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