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**THE TWO BROTHERS**

There were twin brothers, we are told,  
Whose mother at their hour of birth  
To satisfy some curious whim,  
Gave them the oddest names  
on earth.  
She named one Can, the other Can't,  
And lest confusion might be made,  
She stamped their names upon their breasts,  
In letters that would never fade.  
Time passed; Can was a wondrous man,  
God-like in every thought and deed,  
And somehow everything he touched  
Straightway would prosper and succeed.  
Can't was the victim of bad luck,  
And failed at everything he tried;  
Till finally, the story goes,  
Bad luck assailed him and he died.  
O mothers of the sons of men,  
O mothers of the race to be,  
Stamp only Can upon their breasts;  
Stamp deep that all the world may see!

—Lucien M. Lewis.

**THE ABLEST OF THEM ALL**

Those who oppose Governor Wilson for the democratic presidential nomination profess to think he is too radical which he is not. He is a man of advanced ideas and is the most pronounced progressive in the presidential race. But he is also a man of wonderfully sound sense. During an address delivered in Detroit in January Governor Wilson discussed economics and politics and the following extracts from his speech shows his opinion of the situation:

"Because within less than a generation all the economic conditions of life and business in this country have changed almost beyond recognition, while our politics have all but stood still. There has been much controversy. There has been loud shouting as if upon a field of battle. Hosts have contended with each other, with the wild beating of arms, one against the other, but few definite adjustments of policy to changed conditions have been accomplished. Some measures of reform there have been, but there has been no steady, consistent force to give them their full effect, to guide them, to adapt them to conditions all along the line. It is as if the rising waters of progressive sentiment had gathered deeper and deeper, higher and higher behind the stand-pat dam. Because no one knew how to release them was to invite destruction. The sum of the matter is that our life has changed

**YOUNG MOTHERS**

No young woman, in the joy of coming motherhood, should neglect to prepare her system for the physical ordeal she is to undergo. The health of both herself and the coming child depends largely upon the care she bestows upon herself during the waiting months. Mother's Friend prepares the expectant mother's system for the coming event, and its use makes her comfortable during all the term. It works with and for nature, and by gradually expanding all tissues, muscles and tendons, invigorates, and keeping the breasts in good condition, brings the woman to the crisis in splendid physical condition. The baby, too, is more apt to be perfect and strong where the mother has thus prepared herself for nature's supreme function. No better advice could be given a young expectant mother than that she use Mother's Friend; it is a medicine that has proven its value in thousands of cases. Mother's Friend is sold at drug stores. Write for free book for expectant mothers which contains much valuable information, and many suggestions of a helpful nature.

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and that our policies are belated. Our laws lag almost a generation behind our business conditions and our political exigencies.

Those who insist upon undertaking the adjustment, those who argue that our laws should be brought up to date—to the date marked upon the calendar of our economic advance and change—are called radicals, not because they would change the facts, but because they would adjust the law to the facts. The maladjustment which they point out is so great that men are startled at the picture and think that only extreme and hasty and violent measures may be thought adequate to meet the extraordinary circumstances which "radical" reformers pitilessly point out.

There is going to be no Johnstown flood; the dam is made of good, stubborn masonry, is not going to give suddenly away. It is, on the contrary going to be gradually replaced by well-considered conservative engineering with new, well-ordered channels, into which the released waters may pass and in which as they run they may be used to turn the machinery of a still greater industrial organization than that which we have so far built up—an organization more justly put together, an organization whose parts shall be assembled and operated in a way more suitable to free opportunity and untrammelled achievement."

Those are not the words of an ultra radical but of a clear thinking, patriotic statesman who sees the faults in our political life and would go about in an intelligent, sincere effective way to correct them. Woodrow Wilson is the ablest candidate either party has brought forth for the presidency, because he has a better head than any other man in the race and because along with his wonderful intellect he has great personal vigor and courage as has been shown by the reformation he brought about in New Jersey.

**THE SORT NEEDED.**

Parties who seem to be familiar with the situation say that in the Milton-Freewater country Principal I. E. Young of the Milton schools, who is running for the republican nomination for county superintendent, will get four out of every five votes cast for superintendent at the primary election. Perhaps it is an overestimate, yet the fact that Mr. Young has strong support in the east end of the county is very apparent and it speaks well for his candidacy. It indicates that during the four years he has been at the head of the Milton public schools he has acquired a good reputation as an efficient school man. That is the type of man needed in the county superintendent's office.

**IT SERVES THE PUBLIC.**

The tenth anniversary edition of the Oregon Journal, owned and published by C. S. Jackson, former Pendletonian, is a splendid edition and shows in a striking way the advancement that has taken place in the newspaper publishing business in Portland during the life of the Journal. The anniversary number is a very artistic edition, the arrangement of the various features and the color work being exceptionally good. No Portland paper has heretofore published an edition so bright and modern in get up and with effect as pleasing to the eye. The anniversary number is a fit observance of the Journal's ten years' growth and success. The Journal's real triumph, however, is not found so much in its rapidly growing circulation, its modern equipment or its new building as in its great record for good service to the people of Oregon in connection with the political, social and economic advancement that has taken place in this state during the past ten years and which the Journal has been so influential in bringing about.

**TOO BIG.**

The Father of Waters is a muddy stream, especially below the point where the Missouri empties into the big river and its channel bed has been so elevated that it is pretty difficult to keep the water from inundating the surrounding country, even when levees are used. Furthermore, when the Mississippi overflows it demands a lordly area for its own and takes it regardless of the wishes or the welfare of the people, as is shown by the reports from Cairo, Memphis and other points in the valley.

Just at present there is more or less interest in the coast league games. But wait until the Tri-State league is formed. There will then be news from nearer home.

Only a few days more in which to register.  
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**VOTES FOR WOMEN**

**WHY WAGE-EARNING WOMEN SHOULD VOTE.**

More than seven million women in the United States daily leave their homes to go out in the world and fight besides men for their living. They work under greater disadvantages and temptations than men, they work longer hours and lower wages, they bear the greater burdens of our industrial system, yet they have not the protection which men have of the ballot.

Good laws are even more necessary to the woman, for she is the mother of the next generation, and upon the conditions under which she works depends largely the health of herself and of her children. The stunted growth and impaired vitality of the English working people today are the direct results of lack of legislation in their behalf when the introduction of machinery made possible the great exploitation of labor.

It is of the utmost importance that there should be good factory laws, that a woman should work under sanitary conditions with protection for life and limb, that she should not work long hours, nor late at night, etc. Yet she has no representatives to make or enact the laws so necessary to her and her community.

Working women need good laws to protect them at home as well as at work. And they need good laws far more than the rich. If food is impure, trust prices exorbitant, dwelling houses unsanitary, public schools bad, public hospitals poor, street cars abominable, police protection inadequate, the rich can pay for private service. The poor have no choice.

All these things directly concern women. Her home, her children, are her especial province, yet she cannot demand the laws necessary for their protection.

There are two ways to secure laws—by vote and by "influence." Wage-earners cannot afford "influence." They must elect men who will pass and enforce the laws they need. Legislation in the interest of the working class does not come unless they demand it. An appeal to the courtesy of legislators is never so effective as a demand backed up by votes.

Formerly women did not have separate interests. Everything now made in the factory was then made in the home. There materials were woven, clothes, rugs, candles, soap, matches, butter, cheese, etc., etc., were made. There women did the work. They did not come in contact with the outside world nor share its responsibilities. That was left to the men, and men made the laws to protect their own interests. Women had none. They were not even tax-payers. Everything they had belonged to their husbands. A man could even will away his unborn child. But when the introduction of machinery removed work to the factories, women were forced to follow. They no longer made at home the things they needed; they had to go out into the world and earn the money with which to buy them. The status of women was entirely changed.

The form of any government and society depends upon economic conditions. A change in industrial life brings a change in laws and customs. Conditions under which women work and live are constantly changing and laws must be changed to meet them. Women are now in daily contact with the world; they do their work in the world and share its responsibilities with men. It is not their choice. It has been forced upon them. The proportion of self-supporting women is rapidly increasing. Self-protection requires that they should vote. Progress demands it.

The grounds on which men have obtained an extension of the franchise are: 1. Government must rest on the consent of the governed; 2. Taxation without representation is tyranny. These arguments apply equally to women. There can be no democracy where half the population is governed without its consent.

It is said that all the women will not vote. Well, neither do all men. But it would be unjust to disfranchise all men because a portion of them do not use the ballot.

It is said that "women's sphere is in the home," but this does not apply to the 7 million women in America who must leave their homes in order to live. Besides, no woman can keep her home pure in evil surroundings.

**THE REALM FEMINE**

A paper-bag dinner—every dish cooked and served in a paper bag—was given by the editorial department of this magazine at Delmonico's, New York, a short time ago, says "Goodhousekeeping." It was the first paper-bag dinner ever given in this country, perhaps in the world. That it was a complete, an astonishing success, was the verdict of the guests and of the newspapers which reported it. Furthermore, it was the occasion of a rollicking good time.

There were fifty-odd men and women of us gathered around a long T-shaped table on that eventful evening, in one of the private dining rooms at Delmonico's. Everybody was on the qui vive, and the majority of guests were too polite to voice their skepticism, concerning the quality of the viands which awaited them. Meanwhile the ambitious and enthusiastic chef, in the regions below, was putting the finishing touches upon one of the most conspicuous triumphs of his career. He had been experimenting for weeks, and if he did not embroider a few crimps, so to say, in the paper miracles of M. Soyer of London (modern promoter of paper-bag cookery), he, and we, would welcome evidence to that fact.

At the head table, flanking the editor of the magazine, were Marion Harland, the veteran culinary expert; Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, the author of "Pleasures and Palaces"; Dorothy Dix; Arthur Guiterman, the poet; Miss Helen Kinne, of Teachers College; Virginia Terhune Van de Water, writer; Burgs Johnson, Irvin S. Cobb, Wallace Irwin and Thomas L. Mason, humorists. We were, therefore, prepared to put a merry face upon whatever results might arise from the mysterious goings-on in the kitchens below.

Down the table, further reinforcing the cohorts of good cheer, were Gelett Burgess, who invented the "Goop" (whose shocking table manners are proverbial); Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, humorist and poet; Ellis Parker Butler, whose eas never will outrun—the squealing of those immortal "Pigs"; Robert Edward, illustrator, who lent the glamar of Italian song to the strumming of a lute, to the occasion; and other notable men and women.

The bill of fare, nine courses long, went through without a hitch; there were no waits and no disappointments. It was expeditious and on time throughout, demonstrating the certainty of results in paper-bag cookery properly carried out.

**THE CIGAR THAT FAILED.**

"Billy," said Horatio Hardrocks, addressing his son in law, who had just finished his wedding journey, "do you know that you had a mighty narrow escape before you married my daughter?"

The cool, calculating business man had a cigar that he liked and he was therefore, in a good humor. Billy Munson looked at him rather curiously for a moment and then replied:

"Oh, I've had a number of narrow escapes in my time."

"But this one," said Mrs. Hardrocks, was perhaps the narrowest of them all."

He blew out a few rings of smoke and contemplated them with pleasure as they floated toward the ceiling.

"Yes," he continued, "I had made up my mind to discharge you. Your work wasn't satisfactory and I had even gone so far as to notify my secretary to inform you that your services were to be dispensed with."

Billy Munson was silent but he did not seem to be at all disturbed.

"Well," the older man said, "you don't appear to be astonished."

"No. The fact is I knew it at the time. Your secretary told me."

"He told you, did he? And you had the presumption, knowing how I felt toward you, to ask my daughter to be your wife. I am surprised to hear you say so."

"I can't see why you should be surprised, sir. You see, I realized that it was time for me to do something to make my position secure."

For a moment Horatio Hardrocks gazed steadily at his son-in-law. Then he tossed his cigar into the grate. It had ceased to be comforting.

**WHAT MARITANS LOOK LIKE.**

It seems incredible that a scientist connected with the French Museum of Natural History should seriously concern himself with the problem of what the extremely hypothetical inhabitants of Mars must look like. Yet, according to Le Martin, Edmond Perrier has wasted much time and thought on that problem. As might be imagined, M. Perrier's creation is fearful and wonderful, fully as amazing, indeed, as any Maritan that ever stalked in the pages of fiction.

There is not much air to breathe on Mars. Hence Perrier's Maritan is endowed with a pulmonary apparatus that may be likened to a blacksmith's bellows. The attraction of gravitation of Mars is less than that of the earth; wherefore Maritans are tall. Daylight is less intense on Mars; consequently, Maritans must be blonde.

Nor has M. Perrier ignored the ethnological characteristics of his Maritans. They are Scandinavian in type, he assures us, with blue eyes, strong noses and large ears. With gray matter too, Maritans are richly blessed, for they "know the most noble intellectual satisfactions and the suavest emotions."

If all this be true, life in Mars must indeed be "grand, intense, formidable," as Perrier says.—Scientific American.

**ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD.**

The poles have been found, Napoleon's dead;  
The groundhog from the ground  
Has put out his head;  
The Manchus have fled,  
The first robin dares  
To appear on the bough;  
He perspires who wears  
A fur collar now;  
To the north the wild geese  
Will soon wing their flight;  
Though prices increase  
And the poles are snow-white,  
Let the grumbling cease,  
The world is all right.

**THE REALM FEMINE**

A cheer for the dandelion; a cheer for each blade of grass;  
A cheer for the boy who whistles, and one for the laughing lass;  
A cheer for the sunny morning; a cheer for the bright blue sky,  
And a cheer for the fragrant blossoms that are coming by and by.

**A SONG OF CHEER.**

A cheer for the pleasing valley, where the full stream winds along;  
A cheer for the hopeful robin, beginning the day with song;  
A cheer for the hillside pasture, where where the wild rose waits to blow,  
And a cheer for the golden willow, with its reassuring glow.

A cheer for the green things peeping from under the dead, brown leaves;  
A cheer for the doves that proudly are cooling upon the eaves;  
A cheer for the warm sun shining away for all it is worth;  
A cheer for the cheerful sunset and a cheer for the good old earth.

**THE REALM FEMINE**

If you want to know how old a married woman is, ask her husband's sister.

**\$100 REWARD. \$100.**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, taken internally, acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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