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LOVE DIVINE.

O love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On these we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while thou art near!

Pendleton will welcome this evening a public official whose visit is fraught with much importance to Umatilla county.

The Secretary of Interior. The state of Oregon is vitally interested in the administration of the new secretary of interior and to no county is his program of more concern than it is to the one which includes within its boundaries the Hermiston project, the West Umatilla extension and the Umatilla Indian reservation.

Secretary Lane's purpose in making his western trip is to secure first hand information regarding matters which come within his jurisdiction. It is a part of the general policy of the administration to acquire an accurate knowledge of conditions before proceeding with the problems which confront it.

Secretary Lane comes as an avowed friend of the home seeker and as an avowed enemy of the speculator. He has already given his approval of the west extension of the Umatilla project but before proceeding with the development of that project, he wishes information which will better enable him to safeguard the home seeker and eliminate the speculator.

On his arrival here in Pendleton, he will be taken to the reservation which has its own problem for him. The legality of the Indian water rights has never been finally established and the matter doubtless will be brought to his attention while he has charge of the interior department.

Secretary Lane will be the guest of the city and all of the citizens are invited to participate in the reception. A representative committee has charge of his entertainment while here and has arranged for a meeting where all may have an opportunity of greeting the man to whom the entire west is looking for assistance in the development of its natural resources.

List that little bed for the Round-up.

YOU can tone and invigorate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels and thus keep yourself in perfect condition by the use of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

Cardinal Gibbons is only partly right in characterizing eugenics as "a fad which will pass with the rest of A Passing Fad. The fads," says the New York World. The follies and absurdities now committed in its name will undoubtedly pass, such as attempts to make marriage perfect by act of legislature and intrust its regulation to doctors of any degree of responsibility.

But eugenics is something more than a matter of medical certificates and ministerial prohibition. It is a serious social movement inspired by ideals of racial improvement, and its progress is not measured by saturday restrictions but by the extent of the awakened popular recognition of the obligations of marriage which it has already effected.

Eugenics is not destined to pass like "the rest of the fads." It will continue to exercise an increasingly beneficial influence on marriage, but chiefly through education and the inculcation of a higher popular intelligence on the subject.

With the Diggs-Caminetti trial furnishing the greatest scandal since he and his pretty wife washed their dirty linen in court, Harry Thaw seems to have grown jealous and is making another bid for front page notoriety.

Uncle Joe Cannon will try to "come back." History affords no more pitiful spectacle than the erstwhile leader, shorn of his power, making a futile effort to mount again.

Eternal vigilance may be the price of freedom sometimes but there are a few prisoners in the county jail who will testify that but for this same vigilance they might now be enjoying a little of the aforesaid freedom.

BY THE SCISSORS

ABOUT THE MISSOURI.

Some day, when St. Louis tires of having her harbor sullied by the Missouri river, that muddy stream will be turned into the Mississippi through an artificial channel back of the city and made to come out where it will not do so much harm.

The Mississippi river above the Missouri is a very big and beautiful river. That it should be robbed of its charm just before it flows past the largest city on its banks is a pity. Maybe Colonel Goethals will come up some time and tell us what can be done. It is likely that the undertaking would not be as great as we may imagine.

We shall not say much about it now. There are too many chanks in city. When these have died, and their several political leagues shall have been dissipated by the kind winds of time, we can talk of it seriously. The Missouri is not so stable in any channel but it could be switched. Old-timers recall when its mouth was up near Maple Island within some three miles of Alton.

FADED INK.

A London cable to The Sun reported the sale on Monday of an old inkstand. The price paid was \$7010. A good deal of money for an inkstand, yet it would be worth a sum not to be estimated in figures but in fancies could the owner know whose quills have been dipped into it and what thoughts have come out of it, as imps came out of an oven in an old fairy tale.

When the sand was fresh and clean in that little box Henry VIII was a boy playing tennis. We know how he lost his temper over one game and broke his racket.

With fresh ink and new quills and as other hands dipped toward that well these must have come a time when words like these came out: "I saw a new play this afternoon, called 'Hamlet.' I forget the playwright's name." And how the quill must have shaken and the sand blurred the page when the head of Charles fell off the block.

name." And how the quill must have shaken and the sand blurred the page when the head of Charles fell off the block. What an awful news story that would be today, but letter-writers were the only reporters then. What strange, stray rumors they penned each other about a land across the Atlantic! The sand on the paper turned to rubies and diamonds wasted on Indians. A sweep of history, scandal, love, parental duty, lies and truth they have all come out of that old inkwell.

Once a man lost his health and went to Colorado to regain it. When he returned to New York friends asked if he had been mining. "Yes," said he, "in an inkwell." Who knows what gold still lies in the inkwell that has stood long at the side of Marcus Aurelius?

WOMEN OFFICEHOLDERS.

(The Philadelphia Ledger.)

Since women began to take part in politics and hold office they have shown ability in campaigning and administration. Especially marked has been the aggressive honesty of the woman in office; she has fought graft of all kinds and put the services on a higher plane.

But in woman's merits in politics is found her most serious defect. She cannot stand the hardships of the role. She gives way under attack. She flies from abuse. She goes to pieces amid the plots and counterplots.

There are scores of recent instances in which women retired from offices because they could not endure the contentions and criticisms. Such an unusual woman as Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, who received \$10,000 a year as superintendent of public schools in Chicago, has resigned because of a lack of harmony with the board of education.

Fancy a Chicago man giving up a \$10,000 place because it was not as harmonious as he wished! The mayor of a California city appointed an advisory board of five women. One by one all have withdrawn and the reason for the withdrawals seems to have been that they were tired of being criticised for doing nothing.

IN NEW YORK.

Howard—Here's a man who says that happiness depends on the cook. Coward—In more cases it depends on the delicatessen shop.—Judge.

Paper and Slate.

"My profits are largely on paper," remarked the broker. "Mine are on the slate," chimed in the foxy coal dealer, with a wink.

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