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WHEN SOMEONE CARES.

When you meet some disappointment, an' yer feelin' kind o' blue;
When yer plans have all got sidetracked, or some friend has proved untrue;
When yer feelin' prayin', strugglin' at the bottom o' the stairs;
It is like a panacea—just to know that someone cares.
Someone who can appreciate one's efforts when he tries;
Someone who seems to understand—an' so can sympathize;
Someone who, when he's far away, still wonders how he fares;
Someone who never can forget—someone who really cares.
It will send a thrill of rapture through the framework o' the heart;
It will stir the inner being till the tear-drops want to start;
For this life is worth the livin' when someone yer sorrows shares—
For this life is worth the livin' when you know that someone cares.
Oh, this world is not all sunshine—many days dark clouds disclose;
There's a cross for ev'ry joy, an' a thorn for ev'ry rose;
But the cross is not so grievous, near the thorn the rosebud wears—
An' the clouds have silver linin'—when someone really cares.
—James E. Hilkey.

Today the head of the president of the United States is bowed in grief and a whole nation mourns with him the death of the first lady of the land. Party lines and political differences are not so firmly rooted that they will not retreat in the presence of the great sorrow that has visited the chief executive of the country. The ways of the mighty are sometimes beyond the understanding of the common citizen but the grief of a husband robbed of a loving wife touches the sympathy of all.

Woodrow Wilson, sitting today in the White House, is a pitiful figure. How melancholy must be his reflections! Though the head of the greatest nation in the world he is powerless to defeat the common foe of life. The possessor of a master intellect, he can not yet outgeneral death. At the zenith of a triumphant career, with honor, fame and power his by right of attainment, he is yet merely a man and heir to all the sorrows of humanity.

What is hope when the helpmeet in the struggle to win it is snatched away? What is fame when its light cannot keep back the shadow of death? What is power when it cannot preserve the dearest ties of life? All of these must seem empty indeed to the bereaved president in the realization that the love and comradeship of the wife of his youth, of the woman who was his friend, his comfort, his adviser, the sharer of his secret thoughts and ambitions, the mother of his children and the light of his home have been suddenly taken from him.

Mrs. Wilson was a good woman. Her mental endowments, her ideals of womanhood and her generous heart fitted her to be the wife of the president of the United States. Devoted to husband and home, refined and gentle, at once intelligent and sensible and with sympathies that reached farther than could her hands, she was a grace to the White House, and her short life as the first lady in the land was a standard that any mother might well hold up to her daughter. The heavy responsibilities of her social leadership did not prevent her from

using her position to alleviate human suffering wherever she could. She had a conception of her duties as high as that with which her husband accepted his office and the efforts she made to discharge these duties undoubtedly shortened her life. Her sorrowing husband knows this and the knowledge cannot but make his grief the harder to bear.

The death of the president's wife comes at an unfortunate time. Already Woodrow Wilson has passed through much that has been a drain on his nervous vitality. The assuming of the great responsibilities of government as the first democratic president in sixteen years, the strenuous labors to secure the passage of legislation in fulfillment of his platform pledges, the delicate task of averting war with Mexico and yet maintaining the nation's honor and dignity have drawn heavily upon his bodily and mental vigor. And now comes a blow at his heart at a moment when almost all the outside world is locked in a war that threatens to disturb economic conditions in his own country if not draw it into the bloody maelstrom. His wise statesmanship has never been needed more and the demands of the situation will not respect his sorrow. With leaden heart he must turn from the grave of his wife back to the inextinguishable problems of state. As president he must forget he was a husband. During the next few weeks he will undergo the supreme test and who could blame him if he fails?

Is Emperor William of Germany in his right mind or have the dreams of power which have been fermenting in his brain for these many years upset the balance wheel of sanity? Or has he become such a master of military tactics that he fears not opposition? Has he developed some incredibly effective instrument of war that he so boldly defies the world?

His prompt support of Austria in her war against Serbia, his insolent ultimatums to Russia and France, his boldness in ignoring the neutrality of Belgium, his open invitation to England to enter the fray against him and his arrogant challenge to Italy either to fight with him or against him suggest that the war lord is either suffering from a brainstorm or has cards up his sleeve. In his ambition to emulate Alexander and Napoleon, it would seem that his hopes and desires have clouded his vision and his reason. But maybe he knows what he is doing.

BY THE SCISSORS

An Indictment of Civilization.
In Vienna a doddering old man, the offspring of a tainted house, sits on the throne of the dual empire. In St. Petersburg a weak, well-meaning neurotic by the accident of birth happens to be the czar of all the Russias.
In Berlin a brilliant, talented ambitious manipulator of politics is the German emperor by grace of the genius of Bismarck, Moltke and Rooin.
Only the one in Berlin has more than mediocre abilities; yet the three play with the lives of millions, with property worth thousands of millions, with the commerce, industry, prosperity, laws and institutions of continents. It is left to them to determine whether the world is to witness the most deadly and devastating war of all history.

The thing would be laughable, ridiculous, if it were not so ghastly. War of itself may be wise or unwise, just or unjust; but that the issue of a world-wide war should rest in the hands of millions who will bear the burden and be affected in every relation of life by the outcome of such a war should leave the decision to these three is an indictment of civilization itself.

Human progress is slow indeed when a whole continent is still ready to fight for anything except the right to life, liberty and self-government. —New York World.

Woman as Wasteful as Man.
Man, poor man, is constantly charged with extravagance because he uses tobacco in various forms. Woman, lovely woman, thinks he should spend that tobacco money on her and she will never admit that she wastes on useless luxuries of a somewhat similar character more money than he does. The American Society for Thrift has compiled some statistics and it charges man with spending on cigars and tobacco about \$350,000,000 per year. Women are the chief consumers of candy, soda water and chewing gum and the national waste on these articles exceeds the total expenditure for tobacco products by \$27,000,000. Men use some of these articles but not to the extent to which women consume them, so this may be considered a "standoff" between the sexes. The society estimates that \$400,000,000 is spent a year for theater and moving pictures, etc., and \$400,000,000 for tango teas and other amusements of that class. The use of automobiles calls for \$50,000,000 and intoxicating drinks cost the country \$1,700,000,000. The sum total of these items of extravagance is \$4,957,000,000. Neither sex has a monopoly of wastefulness. We must be the richest people in the world when we are able to spend \$40 a head or

ASQUITH ANNOUNCED ENGLAND'S WAR DECLARATION



\$200 a family for things we can do without. Half the old world has to live on less than that—New York Commercial.

IN A MIRTHFUL VEIN

There was to be a wedding of great importance in colored circles. Preparations were made for weeks and a big week and a big crowd turned out on the auspicious evening.
Next day the wife of a judge chanced to meet the happy bride, who had formerly been her maid.
"Well, Martha," said Mrs. J., "did you have a big wedding?"
"Deed Ah did, missus, 'deed Ah did, de most splendid occasion of de season."
"Receive many handsome presents?"
"Yes'm, yes'm, de hull house was just crowded wiv de gifts."
"Did you have your house nicely decorated?"
"Yes'm, yes'm. Everybody done wear der very best, look jes' like a white folks' dress affair, yes'm."
"And you yourself, Martha, how did you look?"
"Ah was suitably some scumptious, yes'm. Ah done wore mah white bridal dress, an' orange blossoms, yes'm. Ah was some kid."
"And the bridegroom, how did he appear?"
"De bridegroom? Aw, dat triflin', low down houn' dawg, he didn't show up at all, but we har a magnificent occasion wivout him jes' de same." —National Food Magazine.

Trained seals are not the kind of animals that bear the valuable fur for commerce, but Marjorie doesn't know that.
While inspecting some of the curious creatures in a city zoo, the little girl's attention was attracted by one animal whose fur seemed to be rubbed off in spots.
Patting her own shiny coat with one plump hand and pointing at the skin of the seal with the other, Marjorie observed disdainfully, "Huh! The cheapest kind of an imitation." —Judge.

Missed It.
"What did you think of the automobile race, Pat?"
"I didn't see it."
"You didn't see it? Why, I saw you at the track."
"Yes, I was at the thrack; but I had to wink just at the wrong time and when I got through, the race was over." —Judge.

Natural Curiosity.
Polly—He actually begged me to kiss him!
Dolly—What did you say?
Polly—I told him that I might be sorry for it afterward.
Dolly—And were you?—Judge.

Time's Changes.
The woman who only the other day was shunned for being fast is worshipped now in book and play because she has a past. —Judge.

FINAL ROUND IN DAVIS CUP PRELIM. DOUBLES TOMORROW

BOSTON, Aug. 7.—The final round of the preliminary matches for the Davis cup trophy were staged here today on the Longwood courts. England was expected to win from the Australians. The third and fourth singles sets will be played tomorrow.

MANY CONVENTIONS WILL BE HELD AT WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG, Aug. 7.—With the schedule of many conventions for August and September and the closing of the national convention of the supreme lodge of the Knights of Pythias, in session here from July 31 to August 11, Winnipeg today is looked upon as a convention city of the Northwest. On August 11 to 13 the national convention of the bread and cake manufacturers of Canada meets in Winnipeg. H. E. Trout secretary at Ontario, says that the indications given by the number of special trains and large delegations expected from the East and Ontario, would suggest a big crowd.

The Canadian Pharmaceutical convention will open in this city August 20, to last for seven days. Through C. W. Campbell, local secretary of the convention 7,500 booklets of the sights of Winnipeg along with special invitations to many have been forwarded. September will be started with the big convention of the Maintenance of the way employees of America, from September 2 to 12. More than 500 delegates are expected and these with their families and friends will bring 1,500 here. The Lumbermen's Hoo Hoo Convention is expected to be one of the largest of the season. Elaborate arrangements are being made for the entertainment of 1,500 delegates with their friends and families. From September 24 to 27, the annual convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrews will be held here.

Rescue 20 at Bathing Beach.
CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—Twenty rescues were made by the four life guards stationed at the Wilson avenue bathing beach, while several thousand persons were in the water there. Four of the twenty were serious cases in which strenuous efforts at resuscitation were used. The life guards are James Wrenshaw, Leon Reeves, A. M. Yeager and "Pinkie" Walsh.
Hilda Stude, 22 years old, 2832 Wellington avenue, swam beyond the life line and was brought back to consciousness by means of an oxygen machine.
Alice Pires, 707 Christiana avenue, 17 years old, and her aunt, Miss B. Sweeney, 3632 Milwaukee avenue, were rescued beyond the life line.

Belle Gordon, 18 years old, 1006 South Paulina street, also was rescued beyond the life line.

ROSES—

I have 10,000 roses ready for immediate delivery, all grown in the open ground, and grown in Heppner. All are on own roots comprising 170 varieties of the best ever blooming sorts; positively guaranteed true to label. Many prefer that I make their selection giving their preference of colors I will always give any rose of equal value in exchange for those that do not entirely please you I will also donate, as a forfeit, ten choice ever blooming roses for every error I make in filling your order. I refer you to J. L. Vaughan, the electrician, as to the merits of my roses, Mr. Vaughan having over 50 of my roses growing in his yard.
Address, HARRY CUMMINGS Heppner, Oregon.

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It's only two hours ride.

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FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Program changes
Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

See Program in Today's Paper.

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"The Home of Good Pictures"

ALWAYS THE LATEST in Photoplays :: Steady, Flickerless Pictures :: Absolutely No Eye Strain.

A Refined and Entertaining Show for the Entire Family.

Next to French Restaurant

Changes Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Adults 10c. Children under 10 years 5c.

PENDLETON'S POPULAR PICTURE SHOW

THE COSY

Where the entire family can enjoy a high-class motion picture show with comfort.

Fun, Pathos Scenic Thrilling All Properly Mixed

Open Afternoon and Evening. Changes Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Next Door to St. George Hotel. Admission 5c and 10c.

ALTA THEATER

Pendleton's Real Show House

Devoted to the perfect screening of

High-Class Photoplays

Regular program consists of 4 reels of motion pictures and a singer.

Admission 10c and 5c.

See program in today's paper