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THE EARLY MESSAGE.
Mister Sun's a-risin' early an' I think I hear him say:
"I'm watchin' what you people are a-doin' with the day;
Longer time for tollin', I'll watch the workin' crowd;
Don't you make me shame-faced, so I'll hide behind a cloud."
An' we tell him: "Mister Sun, The race of light we'll run, An' we'll rest with easy conscience When the toll 'o' day is done."
"Not prayin' 'gainst the weather, but tollin' through it all;
Not waitin' for the blessings in baskets full to fall;
Our hearts'll keep the music of the ever-runnin' rills, We'll meet you in the mornin' with the freedom 'o' the hills!"
So we sing an' say
In the right, straightforward way,
An' the bright smiles for answer an' goes climbin' up the Day.
—F. L. Stanton.

As between Pendleton's two mayors the East Oregonian is ready to yell for the man who will
Our Choice see that the street sweeper is stowed away in the barn and the good, efficient street flusher is brought in to use more. It was doubtless necessary to forego street flushing during the cold weather but that period is past. The buttercups are ready to bloom and it will soon be the fourth of July. When the weather is as mild as at present surely the flusher is the machine for the job. If the streets cannot be flushed at night because of freezing, flush them during the day. It is alright to eat dust once in a while but as a steady diet week in and week out it becomes monotonous and people need a change.

Let it be hoped the administration senators will bring forth a cloture rule and stop the filibuster against the shipping bill. It will be a blessing to the whole country. The filibuster idea is vicious at any time. It is highwayman tactics by the minority to obstruct the will of the majority. It does not matter that both parties have indulged in filibustering in the past and that at times the filibusters have stood for good causes. The principle of the thing is bad and never

was there a more appropriate time to put an end to the practice. The shipping bill is a measure of relief for American commerce and industry. It affords the one and only way through which the American manufacturer and farmer can count upon getting their goods to market. It will be a same and timely step from a standpoint of national defense. At this time of world wide strife and turmoil the United States senate cannot afford to let a few men, through abuse of a silly and antiquated rule, block all legislation and penalize the country. The prosperity of this nation should count for more than senatorial etiquette.

As shown by a news story in the East Oregonian yesterday Pendleton's will once more have Pendleton's a creamery under New Creamery, strictly local ownership and management. It is an industry that will deserve patronage along with other local institutions. When the new plant gets into operation show a preference for Pendleton made butter. If the product is good ask for it all the time. When you do that you will not only patronize a local industry but you will be patronizing local farmers. The man with the cow will be the chief beneficiary from a local creamery and we can well afford to encourage the man with a dairy herd. There are not enough milk ranches in this country.

In Texas, Oklahoma and Nebraska, as in Missouri, public utility interests are quietly trying to "put Fortifying over" bills which would deprive cities of all control over their public services, and lodge control exclusively in state hands. The franchise holders want the indeterminate franchise, virtually perpetual during "good behavior," or so long as the companies can control the state board, substituted for term franchises. They want the best guaranty they can get against possible competition by city-owned plants. The measure with which they are thus trying to fortify their valuable special privileges in the several states differ in detail but are in purpose identical.

The idea in each instance is to get the state government to deliver the cities, bound hand and foot, into an "indeterminate" bondage to state boards which the franchiseholders evidently think they can control easier than they could control the city governments. In each state the pretense is made that the bill aims to enlarge the field for municipal ownership, to "protect" the people.

Really, the unity of aim and method in the several legislative campaigns makes it look like a concerted attack. Very likely it is under way in other states, where it has escaped our attention. This is a circumstance which if it be not a mere harmless coincidence, might possibly interest the state and federal attorneys-general—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The fact the present city schools have become so crowded the board is considering the subject of another building is testimonial to Pendleton's progress. Further evidence is provided in the number of new additions being laid out with a view to providing room for more homes and in the fact the building outlook is already so good that last year's good showing is already overshadowed.

Dr. Oser has gone to war at the age of 63. He accepted a position as assistant to the chief of one of the big hospitals and if he stays on the job very long will see there are other methods of preventing advanced age aside from his famous chloroform scheme.

If Lincoln were alive today he would be branded as a demagogue with no respect for vested rights.

CURRENT THINKING

THE CITY OF NEDJEF

Mystic, buried in the exclusive sands of the desert, almost unknown by the white man, the Arab city of Nedjef, Mecca of the Shia Mohammedans, born of and for a religion contains within its walls of sun-dried brick a treasure house, rich beyond fable, the Shia St. Peter's, into which a stream of gold and jewels has poured for centuries, and over the looking of which many an empire-building soldier has sweetened his dreams while sleeping on the battlefields of India and elsewhere in Asia. Nedjef has become hostile land, and the wonderful mosque of gold and precious stones is exposed as a possible objective of invaders. Frederick Simplic, one of the few white men of any race to have made a visit to hidden Nedjef, has transmitted an account of this strangest of cities to the National Geographic Society. He writes: "It is five days by mule or camel caravan from Bagdad to Nedjef, and in the eventful centuries since the Shia founded Nedjef—on the spot where a nephew of the Prophet Mohammed was slain—it is estimated that over 25,000,000 Moslems have made the pilgrimage to this mysterious desert city of golden domes, fabulous treasures and weird rites. Thousands of devotees from the Shia hordes of India Persia and south Russia flock through Bagdad each year, bringing with them their mummified dead—salted and dried—for burial in the holy ground about the mystic city."
Each member of the Shia sect must make the pilgrimage to this holiest of his shrines, the city toward which throughout life he bows in worship, the unnatural city bound

up in the desert's spell into which treasurers of all his fellows in faith are flowing for their spiritual welfare. Each member of the Shia sect expects to be buried in the sacred earth without the city's walls, where millions upon millions of past Shias have turned the sands to clay. This enormous graveyard about the city is not the least part of its weird fascination. The desert trail to the sacred city is empty, barren and dead. It is an unattractive trail whose silence is only broken by fanatic pilgrims and by caravans transporting corpses to the Shia Mecca of the dead. Of the city Mr. Simplic says:
"Nedjef is a freak city. Not a green thing a plant, shrub or tree—lives within its dry, rot limits. It is built on a high plain of soft sandstone. The narrow, crooked streets, in many places mere passages 2 or 4 feet wide wind like jungle paths. One of the strange features of this strange city is its cellars. In summer the fierce heat drives the panting people deep down into the earth, like rats in a hole. Beneath every house is a cellar, burrowed mine-like to amazing depths, one I explored reached an astoundingly low level more than 100 feet below the street. Down into these damp dark holes the Shias flee when the scorching desert air sizzles above and imported German thermometers stand at 130 Fahrenheit. Some of the cellars are arranged in a tier of cells or rooms one below the other; the upper room is used in the first hot months, the family going lower as the heat increases. Many of these cellars are connected by underground corridors, and the criminals, who swarm in Nedjef easily evade capture by passing through these tunnels from house to house."
The mosque Mr. Simplic describes as covered with great gold tiles which run to its very base. For ages, he says the rich of Shia faith have made precious presents to this temple until its vaults are bursting with pent-up treasure. The city has no industry, no commerce—nothing that is apart from its religious purpose. It supports itself upon the money of the pilgrims, lodges them, feeds them, robs them, sells them prayer-bricks made from the graveyard clay, and even marries them for the period of their visit to perennial brides, brides kept in stock who legally have many husbands in their lives. As a war significance of this city the explorer tells:
"British Indian army officer told me that the looking of the Nedjef mosque was a favorite dream of the soldiers in the Middle East, who looked forward to the day when war may sweep an army of invasion into Nedjef."

The Knocker's Prayer

Down in Edinburg, Indiana, lives a gentleman of some ingenuity and resource; also, he is inclined to be outspoken in his statements. As the publisher of the Edinburg Courier he has many opportunities to place his opinions before the public in his section, and he takes advantage of them. One of his most recent contributions to the literature of the day is entitled "The Knocker's Prayer." It is well worth reading:
"Lord, please don't let this town grow. I've been here for thirty years and during that time I've fought every public improvement; I've knocked everything and everybody; no firm or individual has established a business here without my doing all I could to put them out of business. I've lied about them, and would have stolen from them if I had the courage. I've done all I could to keep the town from growing and never spoken a good word for it. I've knocked hard and often. I've put ashes on the children's slide and have made the marshal stop the boys playing ball on my vacant lot. Whenever I saw anyone prospering or enjoying themselves I've started a reform to kill the business or spoil the fun. I can't want the young folks to stay in this town, and I will do all I can by law, rule and ordinance to drive them away. It pains me, O Lord, to see that in spite of my knocking it is beginning to grow. Some day I fear I will be called upon to put down sidewalks in front of my property, and who knows but what I may have to keep up the streets that run by my premises? This, Lord, would be more than I could bear. It would cost me much more, though all I have was made right here in this town. Then, too, more people might come. If the town begins to grow, which would cause me to lose some of my pull. I ask, therefore, to keep this town at a standstill, that I may continue to be the chief. Amen."

LESSONS IN RIGHT LIVING

Fresh Air, Night and Day.
"Breathe all the fresh air you can get, night and day. That's what fresh air is for. The fadsome legend about the baleful influences of "night air" is only another of the carefully nursed insidious bequests from our ancestors, according to Senior Surgeon Banks, of the United States Public Health service.
Whence this superstition arose may only be surmised. Perhaps it is a survival of the primeval cult of Sun worship, which led the ancients to classify anything outside the sphere of solar influence. Our forbears were wont to caution their offspring to "be careful about the night air" or children were ordered to "come in out of the night air." It is perhaps fortunate for the children living in the arctic circle, where the nights are six months long, that the Eskimau mothers do not entertain this crude notion about night air, else their progeny would spend half the year indoors.
This idea is generally prevalent and even one of our well-known flowers is loaded down with the horrible name of "Deadly Nightshade" as a sort of verbal relic of this old notion. The low-lying mist or fog that sometimes gathers about the surface of the earth under certain atmospheric conditions, after sunset, was held, is held, to be "miasmatic" and pregnant with lethal possibilities. This is worthy of all the respect that should be put to any hoary superstition, but its place is in the specimen jars of an archaeological museum, not in the show room of modern intelligent life.
The night air, minus the sun, is no different from the atmosphere of a sunless day. The atmosphere envelope of the earth does not change from benign to malign in the twinkling of an eye after sundown. It is still composed of oxygen, nitrogen, argon and carbon dioxide in the normal proportions for the given locality. The open air treatment of tuberculosis and its kindred allies had first to combat this venerable jargon about the deadliness of night air, and the remarkable results of this hygienic aid to its cure brought the superstitions to a realization of the silliness of their ingrained noctophobia.
This generation has witnessed the emancipation of human beings in respect to the value of fresh air, whether in bulk or in smaller "drafts." From being a people immersed in hermetically sealed rooms at night, breathing our own bodily exhalations over and over again, a constantly increasing number of persons are sleeping in the open, or at least with open windows, summer and winter, to their great benefit. In the morning they are refreshed with the pure oxygen of the air breather during sleep, not "stewed" nor "needy" after eight hours spent in respiring and re-respiring second-hand and shop-worn air in a closed bedroom.
A story from the trenches in France is that a soldier wrote home to his wife to open her windows at night as he had found that the night air "didn't hurt one bit." That is the experience of all the advocates of this sensible custom—once tried the old custom of sealing one's self in an airtight bedroom is never renewed. Diseases which involve the lungs can usually be traced to their beginning in poorly ventilated sleeping apartments inside rooms that do not have a share of the atmosphere. Nothing can live well or long without oxygen in the air, and it was given to us for breathing, night and day, not to be taken in sparingly, as if it were a dangerous potion. Some people are actually afraid of ordinary, common air.
Those emancipated persons who open their windows at night will tell you, unanimously, that they cannot breathe in a chamber unless the window is raised. Their sense of comfort and vigor demands the life giving qualities of fresh air. No greater prophetic advice can be promulgated than to breathe all the fresh atmospheric air you can get, night and day. (Issued by the United States Public Health Service.)

"Back for More"

The best testimonial we can offer that our bargains are the best in the city, is the fact that our first buyers are coming back for more
Bring in Your Dimes and we will make them look like Dollars, at

THE HUB

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| PANTS
Men's Pants of good quality, worth up to \$2.25; all sizes \$1.00 | MEN'S SHOES
Good Work Shoes for Men, all solid leather and we can give you any size. Our loss is your gain. Get a pair at \$1.60 |
| MEN'S SUITS
Our entire line of Men's Clothing—every suit in the house to be sold at \$7.50 | Every pair of Men's Shoes in our entire store, including all our sample Shoes, will be sold at a low figure. |
| MEN'S UNDERWEAR
Odd lot Men's Wool Underwear, per gar. 49c
Odd lot Men's Under Shirts 25c
Our most standard line of Men's Wool Underwear in all sizes, garment 75c
Our very best quality of Men's All Wool Underwear reduced \$1.00 per suit. | BOYS' SHOES
Button and lace Shoes for boys', tan and black for \$1.00 |
| SWEATERS
A big line of Drummers Sample Sweaters. Men's, ladies' and children's.
\$4.00 and \$5.00 Values \$1.95
\$3.00 and \$3.50 Values \$1.45
\$2.00 Sweaters 98c
Children's Sweaters 49c, 65c and 85c | MEN'S SHOES
Big lot of Men's Shoes in heavy and dress, worth up to \$4.50 \$1.95 |
| BOYS' HIGH CUT SHOES
High Cut Tan and Black Shoes, in sizes 8 1-2 to 13 1-2 \$1.25 | LADIES' SHOES
Button and lace, tan, black, gray suede, brown suede, gun metal button in good styles. Shoes that are worth up to \$4.00—they are samples, —also a lot of stock shoes, so we can give you sizes up to 7 1-2. We are going to sell several hundred pair at this price \$1.35 |
| MEN'S SHIRTS
Golf and Negligee Shirts, of the best quality; regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 65c | LADIES' HOSE
Ladies' Mercerized Black Hose, these are imperfect but are regular 25c values, to be sold at 10c |
| SUSPENDERS
Our entire stock of Men's Suspenders to be sold at, the pair 15c | CHILDREN'S HOSE
Children's Cotton Ribbed Hose 5c |
| HATS
Men's Hats of fine quality and up-to-date shapes. We have 300 to be sold at \$1.00 | LADIES' JULIETS
Fur trimmed Juliets with good leather soles and heels, also leather Juliets with rubber heels. Don't miss this opportunity 65c |
| CHILDREN'S UNION SUITS
Cotton Ribbed Union Suits 10c | MEN'S ODD COATS
We have a few Men's Odd Dress Coats, regular \$3.00 and \$4.50 to close out at \$1.85 and \$2.85. |

ADDITIONAL NEWS NOTES.

Will Build Garage.
W. E. Brock has taken out a permit to build a garage at his residence property on North Main street. It will cost about \$250.

No Fire This A. M.
The two taps on the fire bell this morning was not an alarm, being made simply for demonstration purposes to acquaint the new chief with the working of the electric system.

Lawyer Gets Judgment.
W. M. Peterson, local attorney who recently sued "Bill" Ridings, well known cowboy, on a promissory note was yesterday given judgment for \$164.50.

Natorium Committee Busy.
The natatorium committee was out again this morning with its subscription list and brought the number of \$10 subscribers up past the 20 mark. The committee will next start out for smaller sums and hopes, by prosecuting its campaign vigorously, to secure sufficient money to warrant the commencement of construction immediately.

Majority Case Up.
This afternoon the arguments in the Dyer vs. Kitpatrick mayoralty fight are being made before Circuit Judge Phelps by the opposing attorneys, C. H. Carter and J. A. Fee. The judge will render a formal opinion and then the matter will be carried to the supreme court for final determination of the question as to which is legally entitled to the office.

Author Related to Oliver.
C. E. Fisher, the author of "The Riders," the story in the last issue of Collier's Weekly which was inspired by the Round-up, is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Roland Oliver of this city, having married Mrs. Oliver's sister. He formerly worked on the Pacific Monthly and is now living in S. N. Francisco. He has attended the Round-up and got the idea of his story from it.

New Project Owners Banqueted.
Messrs. Storey, Peterson, Millican and Jackson, representing the new ownership of the Furnish project in this county, were guests of honor last evening at a dinner given by the members of the Wenaha Club. The four men had been at Hermiston and Stunfield during the day, looking over the project, and returned in the evening. Mr. Storey is the principal owner of the lands, Mr. Jackson is a local banker and Messrs. Peterson and Millican are attorneys. The dinner was also attended by W. J. Furbush, president of the company which formerly owned the project. It proved a very enjoyable affair.

MAP IS ACCEPTED BY THE CITY COUNCIL AS OFFICIAL

EVERY LOT AND PARCEL OF LAND WITHIN LIMITS CORRECTLY MARKED.
For the first time in her history Pendleton now has an official map which shows the exact and correct location of each lot, part of a lot and parcel of land within the limits. The city council last evening formally approved and accepted the map as made by Guy O'Melvin, civil engineer, after the street committee had spent a week in examining it. The map is a large one and very neatly done in colors. Mr. O'Melvin plans to place this map on the market and already has many orders to fill. One will be framed and hung in the council chamber.
The meeting of the council last evening was a short one and not marked by any notable action. The application of H. M. Sloan for permission to put a fireproof roof upon his blacksmith shop was granted but the application of Jay & Jensen and Beck and Wall to reshingle their wooden buildings were denied.
A petition from L. Collins and many others for an arc light at the corner of Aura and Tustin was referred to the light committee. The application of the Elks lodge to build a corrugated iron washbasin was referred to the fire committee.
The petition of the Oregon Advertising system to put billboards in the lot leased by the city for hitching purposes was denied last evening.
The plat of River View Addition to Pendleton, as presented by R. T. Brown, was confirmed and accepted last evening.
An application from a man named Wilkes to build a temporary bridge over the levee for the purpose of taking gravel from the river was referred to the levee committee with power to act.

INDIAN SUES FOR DIVORCE ON GROUNDS OF DESERTION

ANDREW BARNHART WANTS LEGAL SEPARATION FROM HIS WIFE ELSIE.
As a sequel to the conviction last spring of Andrew Barnhart, well known local Indian, on a charge of bigamy, a suit was filed today in the circuit court by Barnhart against his wife, Elsie, asking for a divorce upon the grounds of desertion. This action is pursuant to the advice handed down from the bench by Federal Judge R. S. Bean at the time he sentenced Barnhart.
Barnhart was one of a number of Indians on the reservation with a plurality of wives. Viewed by the customs of the tribes, there was nothing wrong in the practice, but Supt. Swartzlander looked upon the practice as one detrimental to the moral uplift of the red people. He therefore, and Barnhart taken into custody on a charge of bigamy.
That Indian, who had been married at White Swan, Washington, in December, 1912, claimed that his legal wife had run away; with another man and had, therefore, consorted himself by taking into himself another wife from among the maidens of his own tribe. His defense was inadequate, however, and he was sentenced to a few months in the federal jail, a sentence which he finished some little time ago. In order to have a woman in his tepee to replace the faithless Elsie, he is now trying the white man's way. J. B. Perry is his attorney.

for selling liquor to Indians and was convicted in police court. The grand jury next took the case up and indicted him. Then along comes the federal authorities and state that they want him for selling liquor to a Nez Perce. Now Jim has a number of bootlegging associates in the county jail, under indictment in the state court but whom the federal officers do not want. Jim couldn't understand this and it was explained that a man selling to a Nez Perce is amenable to prosecution by the government, while if he sells only to Umattias, Cayuses and Walla Wallas, Uncle Sam takes no cognizance of the matter.
For several days he pondered over the matter. Finally he expressed himself thusly: "I dunno much about this Nez Perce game but I been thinking about it. I had a little deal with half a dozen Indians and one of them was a Nez Perce, you tell me. I finally figured out what a Nez Perce is. It's them top knotted blanketies and nary another top knot will get boose from me."
Deputy U. S. Marshal Fuller is here to take Dearborn and one or two other bootleggers to Portland to stand trial in the federal court.

DIFFERENCE IN INDIANS NOW PLAIN TO DEARBORN

A NEZ PERCE IS ONE WITH A BLANKETY BLANK TOP KNOT HE SAYS.
Indians with a thirst which they would assuage by long pulls from a "kick bottle" had best not wear their hair in "top knot" style. At least if they want Bootlegger Jim Dearborn to help them out, the planer their hair the better, for Jim has at last figured out the essential difference between a Nez Perce Indian and other Indians. It is the "blankety blank top knot," he says, and never again will he pass a bottle to a redskin who wears his hair like a Houdan chicken.
Jim was arrested some time since attorney.

The COSY
TODAY
"A Recent Confederate Victory"
A fine two part Lubin drama with a strong cast of actors
"A Mother's Way"
Biograph Drama in one reel
"Which Ham is Schnapps-mier's" and "Love's Acid Test"
A laughable split reel Selig Comedy
Adults 10c Children 5c