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THE CITY OF SLEEP.

Over the edge of the purple dawn,
Where the single lamplight gleams,
Know ye the road to the Merciful Town
That is hard by the Sea of Dreams—
Where the poor may lay their wrongs away,
And the sick may forget to weep?
But we—pitiful! Oh, pity us!
We wakeful; ah, pity us!
We must go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep!

Wearily they turn from the scroll and crown,
Fetter and prayer and plough,
They that go up to the Merciful Town,
For her gates are closing now,
It is their right in the Baths of Night
Body and soul to sleep,
But we—pitiful! ah, pity us!
We wakeful; oh, pity us!
We must go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep!

Over the edge of the purple dawn,
Ere the tender dreams begin,
Look—We may look—at the Merciful Town,
But we may not enter in!
Outcasts all, from her guarded wall,
Back to our watch we creep;
We—pitiful! ah, pity us!
We wakeful, oh, pity us!
We must go back with Policeman Day—
Back from the City of Sleep!

—Rudyard Kipling.

Is the legislature of Oregon to be a toy in the hands of private electrical interests and will the house as well as the senate join in throwing away the plain interests of the people in order to aid and foster the form of feudalism that prevails when private interests gather in great natural resources with the purpose, not of serving the public, but of exploiting them? This in a nutshell is the issue arising out of the water power legislation proposed at Salem and which seems to be slipping along to passage through both branches.

Stripped of all sophistry and buncombe the one and only object of those seeking this legislation is to allow the electric combine to grab further power resources on a freeboot-

ing basis, as of old. The desire is to forestall the Ferris bill, drafted by Secretary Lane, and which when it becomes a law will provide a way whereby electric power may be developed on a basis of public service. The Ferris bill is fair to the states in every respect because it gives the states all the income and gives them complete regulatory control when they want it. The objection on the score of interfering with states' rights is not sincere. The real objection to the plan is that if adopted it will keep the electric trust from taking the cream off our natural resources and selling the skimmed milk to the public at quadruple prices.

If the legislature of Oregon stands for the program being rushed through by the electric interests and their ever ready ally, the Portland Oregonian, the legislators will show themselves not servants of the people but of the interests.

If the governor of Oregon countenances this betrayal of the state's economic welfare he will show a poor conception of his duties and justify the warnings made against his election.

Have you stopped to consider what food prices are going to do for Umatilla county this year? It is not unreasonable to expect wheat to bring an average of 50 cents a bushel more than usual. That means that if this county produces a four million bushel crop our farmers will get \$2,000,000 above the ordinary price for the crop.

Nor are the wheat men alone in their glory. The woolgrowers are almost as fortunate. From present indications it seems assured that wool will sell for 50 per cent more than it did last year. The price may even be doubled. It is a safe estimate that the woolgrowers of eastern Oregon will net \$1,000,000 more for their wool than they did last year and Umatilla county growers will be in on the clean-up.

No matter what the general business conditions may be like there is no reason for pessimism here. We are face to face with an era of prosperity and good cheer and business should be good for everybody.

The arrangement to have the railroad commission composed of one member from western Oregon, one from eastern Oregon and one from the state at large will still leave the control of the board with Portland. But it will give eastern Oregon something we do not have now, a representative on the board. If a live member is secured from this section, as may be done, he will be in position to do much for the protection of the producers and merchants of eastern Oregon. The interests of this section do not necessarily coincide with the interests of western Oregon, as has been pointed out before. It is but fair we should have representation and that the members from eastern Oregon should be dependent for support upon the votes of this district.

On the witness stand before the Federal Industrial Relations committee Carnegie said he was going to January 1, 1915, to 657,399. The wonder is that he could give away so much money and still remain one of the world's richest men. The answer of course is found in the organization of

the United States steel corporation with a capitalization based not on genuine resources but on market control through monopoly. The trust formers wanted to buy Carnegie out because he was the most effective man in the steel business and the trust would not have been possible without him. So they gave him some four or five times what his plants were really worth. A part of the payment was for his steel plants; the most of it was a bribe to get him out of the steel business so the trust could rule and take such profits as it pleased.

It is hardly accurate for Carnegie to say he has been giving his money away. He is giving it back.

CURRENT THINKING

A NOVEL RECEIPT.

(The Indianapolis News.)
Take one ocean liner plying between San Francisco and the Philippines. Add a young man going to Hawaii on business, and an heiress and her aunt going nowhere in particular. Mix the two young folk gradually among the other passengers, with an occasional half hour alone away from the watchful eyes of the aunt. Turn the ship into the center of one tropical storm. Mix gradually until they come to a froth, the sea and the howling of the winds.

Beat the vessel slowly against jagged rocks until it is well pounded up. Throw in looks of despair to suit the taste. Add one blinding flash of lightning "that rent the heavens" to a "conclusive heave of the stout old hull that had braved the southern seas for years."

Pour a wave, mountain high, on the ship, mixing the passengers briskly together; then turn the entire mass suddenly into the sea. Put the young man's arm providentially against a floating spar, chicken coop or a door torn off a stateroom. Have another convenient wave sweep the maid in his direction. Put in a "strong young man." Add "then all grew black."

Drop in a sandy beach unexpectedly. Put the hero on the beach. Have him "come to" with the sun shining bright or brightly. Close by put the maid, a la daughter of the skipper of the schooner Hesperus, minus the salt sea being frozen on her breast.

Inject into the situation at this point one handy cave, with another ditto nearby. Add signals daily to passing ships. After basking thoroughly for six months on the island, put in a rescue after hope had been abandoned, a trip to the good old U. S. A. and one church close to the corner. Mix in a sufficient detail to suit place in an attractive corner and serve to the public at \$1.35 per serve.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

(Written for the United Press.)
NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—First nighters will weigh and judge the new Winter Garden production Monday night. It is "Maid in America" with quite the largest cast of prominent principals ever assembled at the Winter Garden, including Nora Bayes, Mile Dazie Minerva Cloverdale, Blossom Seeley and nearly two hundred others. "Maid in America" was tried on Buffalo theatergoers this week and comes to the Garden polished and edged down.

Shakespeare's characters are again stalking through New York. Gothamites will have two more weeks of Robert Mantell, at the Forty-Second street theater. Mantell, say the critics, is head and shoulders above those in this supporting company, but his productions have won favor with the most rapid of the Avon bard's admirers. Schoolteachers are journeying in from Jersey and upstate and the audiences are mostly out of town patrons.

Someone has dipped Charles Dillingham to a new stunt. "Chin Chin" which, by long odds, has drawn more coin than any other attraction in New York this winter, is going to Australia rolled and canned. Australian rights in the production have been requested. Instead of sending paintings of the scenery and a mass of other junk, Dillingham has the production filmed and phonographic records made of all the musical selections. These are going to the antipodes.

The play "Polygamy," at the Park theater, now in its third month in New York, is to be made the subject of sermons in many New York churches next Sunday, February 21, which has been christened "Polygamy Sunday" by a number of pastors. Harve O'Higgins and Miss Ford, authors of the play, have been invited to speak on that day.

Among the attractions which New York will see next month is "The Adventure of Lady Urrula," in which Phyllis Nelson-Terry is to appear at the Maxine Elliott theater on March 1st.

Your Health

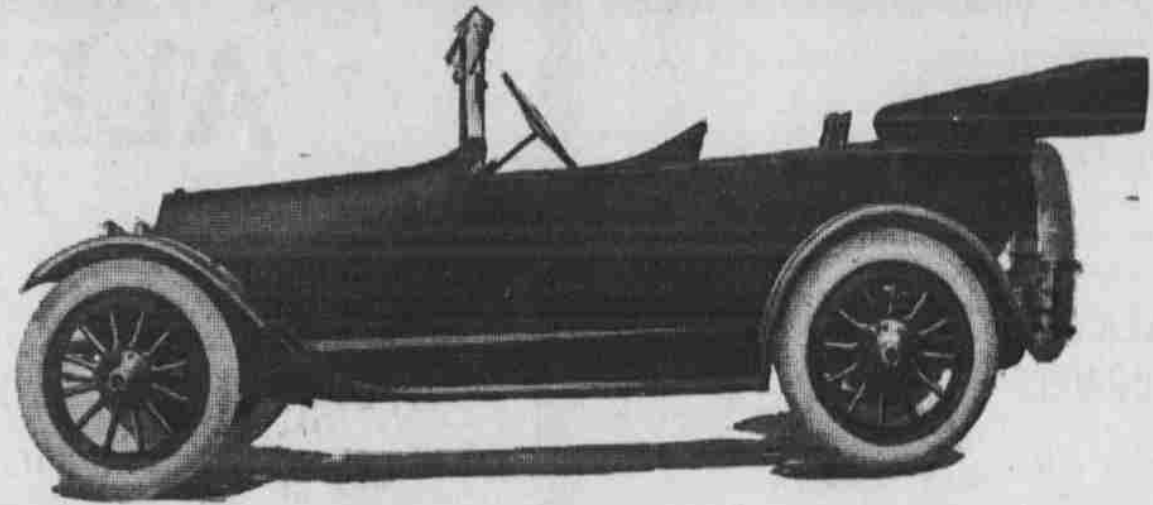
is at stake when you neglect ailments of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. You think you can work them off, but don't be deceived. Assist Nature by trying a bottle of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

Another Carload Has Arrived

—OF COURSE THEY ARE

"BUICKS"



The Fastest Selling Cars in the Northwest

EXPLODING AN OLD FALLACY.

Sometimes you hear the remark: "All standard automobiles are good; one company can buy as good machinery and hire as good workmen as another, therefore it is safe to buy any standard car."

That is false reasoning. While it is true that some companies make good automobiles, it is equally true that in the Buick this "goodness" is carried far beyond the point attained by other automobiles, even some of those that are much higher in price.

One of the reasons for this lies in the fact that in the Buick automobile more drop forged parts are used than in any other car selling at anywhere near its price.

Any engineer will tell you that of all known metals, steel drop forgings are far and away the best for building automobiles. In all the centuries of metal working nothing has been developed equal to steel drop forgings for toughness and strength.

Can't other companies buy drop forgings? you ask. To buy one drop forging, or even the least possible number necessary to put into an automobile to make it run, is no more difficult than buying a yard of cloth. But to buy the number and variety of drop forgings used in Buick Automobiles is a vastly different matter. To do this three vital conditions must be met.

First—there must be great financial resources.

Second—there must be tremendous factory organization.

Third—there must be very large sales.

To get the quantity and variety of drop forgings used in Buick cars the company purchased and now maintains 50 drop forges costing all the way from one thousand to eighteen thousand dollars each. This means that the Buick drop forge plant alone represents a greater outlay than some companies, selling cars at Buick prices, have invested in their entire establishments. So much for financing.

To make this huge drop forge plant profitable the Buick company has to maintain organization on a large scale—the kind that can be maintained only by companies doing a huge business.

Manifestly, all companies cannot meet these vital requirements, hence they must resort to substitutes where the Buick Company uses drop forged steel. Therefore it is not true that any car is as good as the Buick.

50 BUICKS have been received by Oregon Motor Garage of this city since last August 1st—more cars than all other makes \$ **67,100** in the County combined and representing an out lay of

These BUICKS have been purchased by parties successful in business—their judgement has been the cause of their success.

Every man to whom we have sold a BUICK, in reordering has bought a BUICK

You can't dodge the fact that BUICK is the best car made for anything near its price—it is the best made, greatest satisfaction giver, longest lived, most economical and most reliable.

Don't experiment, buy a car that IS made good and HAS made good

BUICK PRICES F. O. B. PENDLETON

Buick C-25, Standard Equipment \$1085	Buick C-37, Fully Equipped \$1450
Buick C-24, Standard Equipment \$1035	Buick C-36, Fully Equipped \$1400
Buick Six C-55, Fully Equipped \$1850	

Oregon Motor Garage

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An Apostrophe to Irrigation

(By Fred Lockley, in The Oregon Journal.)

The midsummer sun beats mercilessly down upon the eastern Oregon desert. The whole plain is like the top of a vast superheated range. There is no escape from the grilling sun above nor the reflected heat from the shimmering sands under foot. The whole landscape is a quiver with the rising heat waves.

The wheels creak as they sink into the yielding sand while the perspiring horses plod onward slowly. From the scant shelter of the dust-covered sagebrush a jackrabbit lopes awkwardly away, pausing a few yards distant, its mule-like ears pointing forward with curiosity. The horned toads, like miniature gargoyles, squat inert by the roadside, or, alarmed, scurry to shelter beneath the twisted roots and contorted limbs of the sagebrush.

Here the whitening bones of an Indian cayuse are scattered promiscuously, a grim reminder of some long-past banquet of prowling coyotes. The bare, weather-beaten skull with its broad expanse of teeth seems to wear a perpetual smile, but the gaiety of the teeth is belied by the sombre and cavernous eye-sockets, eloquent of desolation. A mottled yellow-brown snake moves with sinuous grace among the bleaching bones. At your approach it pauses, throws its body into coils, raises its triangular shaped head, and you hear the weird, nerve-racking warning of its vibrating rattles.

With sinister, unblinking eyes, it watches you while its forked tongue plays angrily back and forth. A shadow moves slowly across the road

in front of your horses. From the shadow you look upward to where a buzzard floats in ever-widening circles, a black silhouette against the cloudless turquoise of the sky.

The witened bones, the cactus with its blotched and spine-covered lobes, the circling buzzard, the cowardly coyote slinking up the draw—the scene is typical of death and desolation.

When you pass that way again, you will see here and there khaki-clad figures with their staves and chains and instruments. A great gash has been cut across the sagebrush waste; scores of men and teams are extending and widening the gray scar across the face of the desolate plain. The clank of chains on scrapers, the creak of sweat-covered harness as the straining horses drag the finely pulverized, flour-like volcanic ash up the banks of the cut, comes to the ear. Eventually, a yellow-brown flood is led from the Umatilla river into the reservoir and drawn through miles of radiating ditches.

Come back again. Lo! a miracle has taken place. Here, in the land of little rain, where sand and sagebrush reigned supreme, you will see an ever-extending carpet of velvety green. Where the rattlesnake crawled over the bleaching bones stands the Hermiton school house with a score or so of bronze-faced young Americans playing in the yard.

Here in the desert, water is king and the desert is the bride of the king. For centuries, the great gray waste has lain passive, dormant, asleep. The desert has been waiting; she has not known for what. At the

coming of the king she feels a thrill of life, throws off her trance-like sleep, and, as though by magic, adorns herself in wondrous green, as befits a desert bride. When the desert and the water meet, things do not seem merely to grow—they almost leap from the fertile earth, so rapid is their development through nature's wondrous alchemy. Here in the onetime desert you may now see miles upon miles of waving alfalfa.

Stand by the side of a vividly green field of alfalfa, on a day in early summer, and watch it swaying and bending beneath the caress of the west wind until the whole surface ripples with tiny waves, like the surface of some inland lake; the blossoms form a purple haze over the surface of the field, and as the delicate tints of green and purple blend and merge in the vernal breeze it is as though you were looking at a field of changeable silk shimmering in the sunlight. The swaying stalks, the nodding leaves and blossoms keep up a gentle murmur as though they were whispering age-old secrets learned from the Arabs who gave alfalfa its musical name, and who grew it when Mecca and Ispahan, Bagdad and Damascus were but villages.

We are apt to think of alfalfa as a newcomer among the forage crops, yet it is as old as history. Long before the Christian era the shepherds by the shores of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf knew its worth. The flocks and herds of the ancient Greeks were fed on alfalfa and the world-conquering Romans carried the seeds of alfalfa to the countries they conquered.

When the Spaniards came from Aragon and Castile to the new world on their mission of exploration and conquest, they brought in the holds of their vessels alfalfa hay for their horses, and with a thought for the

future they brought along and planted some alfalfa seed. From Mexico it was carried to the west coast of South America. It did not come to our own coast until the discovery of gold in California. The first we know of in the west was planted in California in 1854. It has turned the barren sagebrush waste of eastern Oregon into a farmer's paradise and has built railroads and cities throughout the semi-arid region.

Wilson Boom Launched.
TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 13.—Although President Wilson may not have meant to "start anything" with respect to a second term when he said in his Indianapolis speech that the people might later on have an opportunity to render a decision on his accomplishments, the democracy of New Jersey certainly has started out with the single purpose of accomplishing that which the president disavowed. The state committee prior to the fall election took quarters here in a building on west State not far from the capitol and past which all the politicians must go on their way to the seat of state government.

THE WHOLE BODY NEEDS PURE BLOOD

The bones, the muscles, and all the organs of the body depend for their strength and tone and healthy action on pure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. It is positively unequalled in the treatment of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, that tired feeling. There is no other medicine like it. Be sure to get Hood's and get it today. It is sold by all druggists.

The COSY

TODAY

"The Best Man"

A Powerful Edison Drama in two parts with Marc MacDermott in the lead.

HEARST-SELIG WEEKLY

The World's Most Interesting Events.

SHAKESPEARE'S BLIND PIG.

What happened when the women made Snakeville a dry town.

SUNDAY

CONVICT, COSTUMES AND CONFUSION

A Vitaphone two-part comedy with Billy Quirk.

THE LION HUNTER.

A Selig Animal Picture.

THE SHERIFF OF WILLOW GULCH

A Western drama that is different.

Adults 10c

Children 5c