



AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER
Published Daily and Semi-Weekly at Pendleton, Oregon, by the EAST OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

Official County Paper.
Member United Press Association.
Entered at the postoffice at Pendleton, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

ON SALE IN OTHER CITIES
Imperial Hotel News Stand, Portland.
Seaman News Co., Portland, Oregon.
ON FILE AT
Chicago Bureau, 909 Security Building, Washington, D. C. Bureau, 501 First Street, N. W.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(IN ADVANCE)
Daily, one year, by mail, \$5.00
Daily, six months, by mail, 2.50



WHEN LIFE'S LOOKING BRIGHT.
Fine times, my honey,
When life's lookin' bright
And the lilies out yonder
Are laughing in light;

THE ISSUES:
UPON the issues in this campaign honest men cannot differ.
They are based upon positive performance against "Loose Talk."

WHY do Mr. Hughes and the republican party REFUSE to answer?
You, Mr. Voter, are entitled to KNOW where Mr. Hughes stands—are entitled to know what part of the Constructive Legislation enacted during the past four years Mr. Hughes would DESTROY.

CHILD WELFARE
EVERY parent in Pendleton should make an effort today or tomorrow to call for a short time at the auditorium of the public library to see the exhibit presented there by the Oregon Child Welfare Commission under the auspices of the parent-teacher association of this city.

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WILSON AND SOUTH AMERICA

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—That President Wilson's handling of the Mexican situation has placed the United States higher in the regard of the Latin-American Republics than this country has ever stood, is the declaration of Exequiel Ramos Mexia, for eighteen years Minister of Public Works and Agriculture in the Argentine Republic.

"This respect and confidence has been made possible by the manner in which the president has met the problems that have arisen south of the Rio Grande," says Senor Mexia, who is making a tour of this country. "Mr. Wilson's refusal to be influenced by the sort of appeals that have been made to him to bring about intervention has satisfied the A. B. C. republics that the traditional pseudonym, 'Octopus of the North,' is not to be applied to the United States."

"It is with regret that I learn that the policy of President Wilson with regard to Mexico has been sharply criticized," Senor Mexia continued, referring to the attack on the administration made recently by Elihu Root. "Surely the critics do not wish South America to believe that any of the leaders in the United States favor aggression at the behest of capitalistic interests."

"I have also read with regret the criticisms made by Mr. Roosevelt. I know him personally and follow his public utterances closely. South America did not care for the sharp practices which preceded intervention in the case of Panama. "Had President Wilson recognized Huerta, it would have been a very grave mistake,"

childhood, to ascertain the best way to remedy existing evils, and to endeavor, through legislation and education, to throw necessary and proper safeguards about the children of the state.

It is a noble purpose and one that should be supported by every right citizen. Too much attention cannot be paid to the boys and girls of today. They will be the men and women of tomorrow and the responsibility of making them into virile, wholesome and productive citizens rests upon us.

AN EX-PRESIDENT'S CRITICISM

"HURRAH for Wilson! Hurrah for the babies murdered on the Lusitania! Hurrah for Wilson and Villa and Carranza! Hurrah for the Americans murdered on the border!"

The above is a sample of the highly dignified criticism of President Wilson which the only real patriot, ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, is making. In news dispatches he is credited with having shouted these words at a contingent of Wilson followers at Albuquerque yesterday.

It recalls the public humiliation of Gen. Nelson A. Miles by President Roosevelt because of the general's criticism of a naval board's findings in the Schley-Sampson controversy. If Gen. Miles was guilty of lese majesty in his sincere and deliberate criticism, what is to be said of Roosevelt, a retired officer of the United States army when he makes such low-browed remarks as at Albuquerque of the commander-in-chief of the army and navy.

28 Years Ago Today

(From the Daily East Oregonian, Oct. 24, 1888.)

Portland is in a furor of expectancy over the coming of Emma Abbott, the great songstress, whose career with her company since her last visit to the Pacific coast, over the east and south has been one of triumphal musical progress.

The residence of Rev. T. M. Boyd, and Dr. C. J. Whitaker on Paradise hill, south of town, are nearing completion.

Semi-occasionally in the dead hour of night the slumberer is awakened by a pistol shot and naturally imagines that a tragedy of some kind is taking place. This shooting by night is getting rather frequent but it is next to impossible to catch the offenders, who doubtless like to try their marksmanship on dogs and cats in the light of the moon.

The general promiscuousness of your hoodlums on the street is getting to be absolutely appalling. Last night in order to give the youngsters yourself," they say, "with all your arms and legs shamefully remaining where they were meant to be, and think how gloriously you might be trimmed of them members if it hadn't been for Woodrow. Maybe now," they say, "you'll go down to a ripe old age and never know the blessedness of living the greater part of your life as blind as a mole, with part of your jaw decaying somewhere in the trench where the shell exploded."

"Look at my house," they say, "and then vote for Woodrow if you dare. It stands like it did yesterday and year before last, when—if it hadn't been for the way Woodrow did—it might be one of the finest piles of bricks and ashes ever deserted by the last starved rat. We'll never be full of picturesque ruins and graves of babies that started to go so grand, whilst Woodrow is permitted to settle things in the way brainy men would settle them!"

"If you want to know how we feel about Woodrow Wilson," they say, "take a look at Maggie, my wife, and Dora, and Edward, and little John, the baby. Since my wages went up and there's no lay-offs they are as shamefully fat as partridges and as disgracefully happy as larks. It is an awful condition for civilized women and children to be in! But for this outrageous man, Woodrow Wilson, they might all now be happily starving to death on the thin charity supplied by the kind-hearted Mexicans, or delightfully dead from a bomb dropped by an airship. Poor little John! When I think that, if it hadn't been for the way Woodrow handled things, the saucy, fat baby might now be a sweetly reminiscent red spatter on the sidewalk, I can hardly contain myself. I can never forgive Woodrow for not making the United States a sweet scene of murder and rapine and ruined homes!"

NEWS AND PERSONAL NOTES FROM GIBBON
(East Oregonian Special.)
GIBBON, Oct. 24.—Mrs. Albert Baker and children have gone to Troy, Wallowa county, to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. Richond.

The large dance hall at Bingham Springs has been repaired. The floor is in excellent condition and a big dance is announced for Saturday night, October 25, with a big oyster supper. A large crowd is expected as there is now plenty of room for a large crowd.

George O'Daniel of Pendleton is here for a week on a visit to his brother-in-law R. C. Hager. Albert Baker went over to Duncan yesterday.

Mrs. Add Griggs was on the river yesterday and today. W. W. Hoch and Herman Rosenberg were in Pendleton yesterday on business.

Seth Hyatt returned to his home at Weston today.

Will Brace of Pendleton spent last Sunday here at the home of his brother, Geo. Brace.

John Thompson and sons, and George Brace today disposed of 75 head of beef cattle to the Pendleton Meat Company.

Jim Lissault and Ralph Tucker of Weston are on the river looking after their cattle.

Guendolyn and Genevieve Bonifer returned to their school work in Pendleton after spending the weekend at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Kidder went to their home in Athena today after spending a week here on the river.

Mr. and Mrs. George Brace went to Pendleton today. Mrs. Brace will spend the week with Mrs. Will Humphrey there while Mr. Brace and Mr. Humphrey go in the hills on a hunting trip.

Mrs. Dave Bonifer went to Pendleton today on business.

Though shooting one's pana is not so very different from shooting one's husband, neither of these things is being done in our more ladylike circles.

TALMAN DRUG CO.

TRY BREAKFAST AT The Kopper Kettle Open 6:30 a. m. Cooked and Prepared Cereals Fruits in Season Eggs and Omelets any style Steaks, Chops, Ham and Bacon Wheat and Buckwheat Cakes Waffles, Toasts and The Best Cup of Coffee in Pendleton. Noon Lunch a la Carte To suit the appetite and purse. Soups, Salads, Sandwiches Hot Meats, Steaks and Chops, Pies Ice Creams and Sherbets. OYSTERS—Any Style, Any Time EAT AT The Kopper Kettle AND GROW FAT

Sacred Sentiment Private Economy Public Health Civic Pride Enduring, dignified, beautiful—born of the royal union of kingly Science and queenly Sentiment—the Sanitary Community Mausoleum is the logical product of the years of scientific and legislative agitation, with supplemental constructive thought and experiment by practical conservators of public health, heart desire, private economy. Every man knowing the greusomeness of the grave, the kindness of the Sanitary Mausoleum has cause for unrest until providing affectionately for dear ones, if not for himself; and those who love him likewise desire his protection. "Self-preservation is nature's first law." Are we true to nature? Comforting is the thought that into the snow-white rest-rooms enter not the torrid summer, the frigid winter, the corrosive dampness. Like hallowed shrines the marble flower ledges breathe no repulsive suggestion of destructive grave mold. By sanitary science harmless and unharmed rest side by side, father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife. The highest grade of respect protects both form and casket in marble lined halls in the sanitary, endowed, reinforced concrete Community Mausoleum. The Taj Mahal at Agra, India, the most beautiful of all palace mausoleums, costing twenty million dollars, stands today the magnificent tribute to Shah Jahan to the memory of his wife. It was begun A. D. 1634 requiring twenty thousand men seventeen years for completion. It is 186 feet square and 220 feet high. Pendleton Mausoleum to be erected in Olney Cemetery will be a beautiful monument, as lasting as the hills, safe, sane, and sanitary. Do not delay making reservations. Portland Mausoleum Co. WRITE, CALL OR PHONE CHAS. J. SCHUMANN, SELLING AGENT, PENDLETON HOTEL

The Big Cop Talks Politics

By Ellis Parker Butler, Author of "Pigs is Pigs"

Terry, the Big Cop on the Main street beat, halted his number twelve trot alongside Banana Joe's fruit stand and took a nice red apple from the top of the pile.

"How you goin' to vote this fall, Joe?" he asked. "I no gotta da v. te," said Joe with a grin. "I no gotta my second papers for a long time yet. I no gotta my first papers until this beeg war bust out. Then I gotta them mighty queek, you bet!"

"I bet you did!" said Terry, peeling his apple carefully. "There's nothing blood thirsty about you, Joe. The corner of Main and Second looks better to you than them treaches, don't it?"

"Sure, Mike!" grinned Joe. "That's because you're nothing but a ignorant foreigner," said the Big Cop. "You don't appreciate the meaning of being shot through the ft lung by a thirteen-inch shell. You can't see the admirability of having the leg ends of what was once your legs cut off short below your belt by a Red Cross surgeon."

"You talk like a da crazy man!" said Joe scornfully. "Whata man wants that?" "Plenty of them," said the Big Cop. "You'll hear them any day now—Republicans on the tails of the carts and on the rostrum—roastin' Woodrow Wilson for leavin' the nation in a condition of peace and plenty. It is awful, what that Wilson has done to the nation! If he had but heeded the advice of the sturdy Republican talkers the cork leg industry might now be in a condition of prosperity never before known. I might be walking my beat in a wheel chair."

"Yes, Joe, peace and prosperity in an awful condition for any nation to be in and the Republicans blame Woodrow Wilson for it. Look at what he has done!" they say. "Every factory in the country running overtime and more work than there is men, and wives living with their husbands, and husbands supporting their children, when if it hadn't been for Woodrow we might even now be in a delightful condition of war and starvation and the monotony of the streets beautified by eight hundred thousand or thereabouts handsomely mangled cripples. "Vote against Woodrow," they say. "It's a shame we can't have Theodore Roosevelt, but if we can't, let's have the man he's for. Look at