

East Oregonian

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published Daily and Semi-Weekly, at Pendleton, Oregon, by the EAST OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO. Entered at the post office at Pendleton, Oregon, as second class mail matter.

ON SALE IN OTHER CITIES
Imperial Hotel News Stand, Portland.
ON FILE AT
Chicago Bureau, 399 Security Building, Washington, D. C. Bureau 501 Fourteenth Street, N. W.
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Daily, one year, by mail \$6.00
Daily, six months, by mail 3.00
Daily, three months, by mail 1.50
Daily, one month, by mail .50
Daily, one year by carrier 6.00
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Daily, three months by carrier 1.50
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Semi-Weekly, 1 year by mail 2.00
Semi-Weekly, six months by mail 1.00
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Telephone

Just Folks by Edgar A. Guest

JONATHAN JONES AND REPORM

Jonathan Jones was a serious man, and his intention on a far-reaching plan to better the world, and to make it a better place.

Fit to serve every nation and race, he'd sit up at night reading ponderous books.

And talk all the day, with the gravest of looks.

On his visage regarding the duties of man.

And the laws we should write, and he'd say to us then.

That if only the world would adopt his great plan.

There'd be nothing but peace and contentment for man.

To better the world, that was Jonathan's dream.

And seldom a day but he had a new scheme.

Yet Jonathan's garden was running to weeds.

And never at Springtime he planted his new seeds.

And Jonathan's house was a tumble-down thing.

But Jonathan never bought paint in the Spring.

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YOU MUST MARCH OR YOU FALL BEHIND

FORTY-FOUR graduates finished the Pendleton high school Friday evening after completing four years of work in a well equipped and well conducted school. Those young people have received a training that is superior to what Harvard University gave its graduates 75 years ago. Incidentally the Pendleton school system, the advantages of which were open without cost to these graduates and their fellow students and pupils, is better financed than was Harvard at the time mentioned. Our young people in America have comforts and advantages of education such as could not be had by kings and princes and princesses in the days of old. All this because the world is going forward. Through development man has improved his physical and social position. But without schools this development would not have occurred. Incidentally we would still be in the stone age had we no schools and the mind of man would be shackled as it still is shackled in the backward regions of the earth. Let no one scoff or sneer or say that we devote too much time and money upon our schools. The school system of the United States is at the base of our material prosperity and of the republic's advancement as a world power. The nation that does not educate its people neglects its greatest resource and pays terribly for its neglect. Were it not for our schools the American farmer would still be driving an ox or a

horse in front of a wooden walking plow as is still done in many regions today. Without our educational system the American businessman would not be a merchant but a barterer as he was in the days gone by. The housewife would still be running a spinning loom and doing the family washing at a nearby brook. There may be mistakes in our school system and there may be room for improvement but the money expended on schools is wisely invested and brings wonderful returns. Proof of this is on every hand and may be recognized by anyone who seeks the facts.

Nor should any boy or girl form the belief that it is unnecessary for one to utilize the educational advantages of today because our grandfathers and grandmothers did not have such opportunities, yet succeeded. The boy and girl of today will in later years compete with men and women who have a training superior to what can be obtained at present. If you neglect your chances you will pay the price. The wheel of time moves remorselessly; it asks no questions and accepts no excuses from those who fail.

THE ANTIDOTE FOR FLOODS

LOOK to the cause of terrible floods like that which has devastated Pueblo and you will find deforestation as the chief factor. When the trees are taken from the watershed a great protective agency is removed. The forests with the shaded undergrowth make the snow melt slowly and hold the moisture in the mountains so that it may be liberated by degrees as the summer sun shines down upon the hills. When the forests are gone the low lying country is endangered and floods will result as surely as the law of gravity operates.

If we are to be safeguarded against disaster, the forests must be protected and there must be steps taken towards reforestation where land has been logged off. This situation holds good in the northwest as well as in Colorado and the middle west. In fact the case is the more pressing in the northwest because our streams are shorter and have a heavier fall than the streams of the middle west.

THE PATIENT OX

ACCORDING to a bulletin just issued by the U. S. public health service, a French investigator has discovered that the malaria mosquito prefers cattle to human beings and will feed on them whenever she can, thus materially reducing the human malaria rate in several parts of France. He suggests fitting up stables as gigantic mosquito traps with cattle for bait. Here's a chance for the anti-vivisectionists and anti-vaccinationists to start a movement under the slogan: "Spare the ox; let the mosquito bite your child."

A New Jersey medico says "tobacco forms a sialagogue around the teeth, thus preventing bacteria from getting a foothold"; if the average tobacco chewer finds out that the habit may help him in some way he will quit.

The Cabbage hill road will soon be famous for the wonderful view and it deserves a better name. Sunset Hill has a flavor the tourist will like.

Dont forget that little matter of casting your ballot at the polls tomorrow.

SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO VOTE AT SPECIAL ELECTION TOMORROW

The following suggestions regarding the measures to be voted upon tomorrow are offered by the East Oregonian to those seeking advice upon the subject:

LEGISLATIVE REGULATION AND COMPENSATION AMENDMENT.
This measure gives promises of serving the welfare of the state.
Vote 308 YES.

WORLD WAR VETERANS STATE AID FUND, CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.
A sane measure of justice to service men.
Vote 292 YES.

EMERGENCY CLAUSE VETO, CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.
A measure which if adopted will enable the governor to prevent abuse of the emergency clause.
Vote 204 YES.

HYGIENIC MARRIAGE EXAMINATION AND LICENSE LAW.
There is grave question as to the workability of the plan.
No recommendation.

WOMEN JURORS AND REVISED JURY LAW.
A perfectly logical and desirable measure.
Vote 208 YES.

RELATING TO SALARIES OF COUNTY OFFICIALS OF UMATILLA COUNTY.
The salaries to be increased by this measure are grossly inadequate for the

Beautiful Hand Made Philippino Voil Waists

for the large woman. An article you will like because of its generous size and fine quality. Sizes 46 1/2 to 52 1/2. Each \$5.65



RUFFLED SILK BLOOMERS
- Colors of blue, American beauty, red, gray and navy, take the place of petticoats. Each \$10.49

CAMISOLES
in dark colors to wear under colored waists, tops are trimmed with floral ribbon, an exceptional value at \$1.85

FOR OUTING WEAR OUR KHAKI GARMENTS
are ideal, jackets, riding skirts, breeches, walking skirts, middies, shirts and hats, and the prices are so reasonable. Just step in and see them.

Breeches \$3.39
Coats \$4.89
Shirts \$2.65
Middies \$2.25
Skirts \$3.98 and \$4.95

Coveralls \$2.39
Leggings \$1.10
Hats \$1.23

SPECIAL IN ORGANDY
Colors of blue, yellow and pink, 40 inches wide, the yard 55c

LACE LISLE HOSE
Black and brown, pretty allover patterns, the pair \$1.75

COLORED ORGANDIES
are immensely popular, a full range of colors in a foreign cloth, 45 inches wide, the yard 98c and \$1.10

SILK TRICOULETTES
Copen, orange, navy and brown, the yard \$1.98
CREPE SILK NOVELTY HDKFS.
were sold in a regular way at 29c. Special 19c, 3 for 50c

We Buy for Cash and Sell for Cash



Better Merchandise at Lowest Prices

28 YEARS AGO

(From the Daily East Oregonian, June 6, 1921.)
Will Lane and John Peters fished in the Umatilla near Willbur. In an hour they caught about 200 trout and did to death a bull snake more than six feet long.
The board of regents of the Weston State Normal met Saturday to consider proposals and plans for the building. The contract was let to A. M. Gillis of Athena for \$9,936.
The Athena and Milton baseball

teams will cross bats at Milton next Sunday.
Mrs. T. C. Eddy, of Manchester, England, is a guest at the home of her son, A. F. Eddy.

DRAINED CANAL GIVES UP BODY OF YOUTH

PROSSER, Wash., June 6.—After draining the Sunnyvale canal, the body of the 9-year-old son of Henry Carter was found near Grandview late this afternoon only a few feet from where his hat was discovered, near the

Carter ranch. The mother is said to be grief-stricken, having but one child left of six, the others having recently met untimely deaths, two of them from influenza.

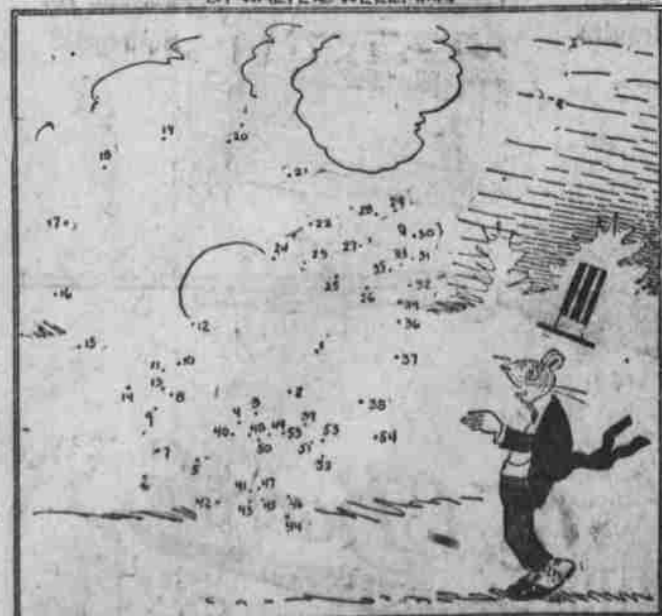
It was over the protest of many farmers whose crops were jeopardized and in the face of crop damage from lack of water that may amount to many thousands of dollars that the government officials in charge of the Sunnyvale project consented to drainage of the canal. The water was turned off this morning, and the depth at Grandview had been reduced from six to two feet when the body was found.
Hundreds of farmers had helped drag the canal for a distance of 30 miles below the scene of the drowning and search had been particularly thorough at the very spot where the body was found.

"Oh, how glad I am, Mother dear, and if you will only forgive me, I shall be quite happy."
"In spite of the sprained ankle, said Mother with a smile. "Well dear, I think that is punishment enough, and I shall have lots of time to sew that elastic on before you are ready to again wear your hat."

Fuzzle Corner

BATTLEFIELDS
A letter from each word will reveal in each sentence a battlefield of the recent great war.
1. Anna's car brought Anna home.
2. Great heroes develop in military service.
3. Mail Ruth's wedding announcement Monday next, please.
4. Every evening Mother telephoned Uncle Andrew.
5. Cousin Charlie mailed that letter early Tuesday; it should arrive there very early Thursday.
ENIGMA
I am composed of 10 letters.
My 4-2-10 is fed to horses.
My 1-2-3 is not thin.
My 6-5-8 is a color.
My 7 is a consonant.
ANSWERS
BATTLEFIELDS
1. Marna. 2. Rhema. 3. Argonne. 4. Verdun. 5. Chateau-Thierry.
ENIGMA—Boy, Fat, Red, B—Father's Day.
On The Farm—A Turkey

ON THE FARM



No wonder Mr. Ratt is frightened. Start with Dot No. 1. Draw a straight line to No. 2; then to No. 3, etc., until all dots have been connected. What have you?

A Fish That Makes a Good Mother

EVERYBODY knows that birds build wonderful nests for their eggs and babies, but everybody doesn't know that there is a certain little fish that does the very same thing. They are little bits of fellows, hardly ever more than two or three inches long. They are called sticklebacks, because they have a row of stickers on their backs as sharp as needles, and these are the weapons they fight with; and a fish that has felt them once, is going to be mighty careful to keep out of their way the second time.
As little as sticklebacks are, they are chock full of fight, and are afraid of nothing that swims. No matter if a fish is fifty or a hundred times as big as they are, they don't hesitate to sail in and drive it away. They dart under a big fish, jab it with its needles, and are gone before the fish can turn around.
So the big fish that would like the best in the world to eat them for breakfast, seldom try, as they have learned from experience, that there are some things it doesn't pay to eat, and that a stickleback is one of them.

Now most kinds of fish are not very good mothers. They just lay their eggs, and go on about their business, and never think of them again. If the eggs are robbed by other fish, all well and good, they have done their duty, and that's the end of it. Now fish lay in great many more eggs than birds would know what to do with, the codfish for instance, that is so good when made up into haddock, is said to lay about ten million eggs. Now that is probably more than all the birds in a State lay in a year, but the mother cod knows that thousands and thousands of the eggs are going to be eaten before they have a chance to hatch, and that other thousands of the young fish will be devoured while they are babies, and that comparatively few will live to be grown, so she allows for all this when she lays eggs by the million. Now the motherly little stickleback doesn't just lay her eggs anywhere, and leave them to their fate, but she and her little mate, who by the way, is a very good father too, pull up the grass and weeds, that grow in the water, and work them into a kind of ball with a hole through

Who Was To Blame?

ETHEL always declared it was the wind's fault, but Mother said there was no one to blame but herself. However, I will leave you to decide for yourselves, and go ahead with my tale.
Ethel was certainly very proud of her new hat, with its long streamers of blue ribbon, and thought it very smart when Mother said she must never wear it to school. Now what in the world was the use of wearing a brand new hat, unless one could wear it and show it off to the other girls particularly that horrid stickup Julia Green. But Mother had forbidden it, especially she said as she had not yet had time to sew on a bit of elastic, so there it was hidden away in her box.

But this morning Julia had appeared at school in a new white shabby hat, a pretty white daisy wreath around it, with her head higher than ever. This was too much for Ethel and in spite of the fact that Mother was not at home to be coaxed into consent, she decided to take matters in her own hands and wear the new hat that afternoon to school.

So taking it from the box she put it on, and stood in front of the mirror admiring it. She felt a sudden tweak at the ribbon, and saw reflected in the mirror the mocking face of her young brother Jack. "How grand we waste any more time looking in the looking glass, or you'll be fins and late for school, Ethel, I'm out."
She was not long in following him, but he was quite out of sight, as she ran along the road to the hill, on the

other side of which was the school. It was rather windy, but she held on tightly to the hat. Hearing a cat she turned around, and saw her chum Jenny Fox hurrying after her. She waved her hand in answer, and at that very moment came a gust of wind that whirled off her hat. She made it clutch after it, but it was out of reach.



A Gust Of Wind Whirled Off Her Hat

The Monthly Birthday Book

- JUNE**
- 1, 1757. Pleyel, the composer.
 - 2, 1816. John G. Saxe, the poet.
 - 3, 1808. Jefferson Davis.
 - 4, 1752. John Gordon, artist.
 - 5, 1668. J. C. Socrates, priest.
 - 6, 1755. Nathan Hale.
 - 7, 1791. John Bennett, engineer.
 - 8, 1829. John Munsie, the painter.
 - 9, 1781. John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home."
 - 10, 1831. Sir Isaac Arnold.
 - 11, 1830. George Whittier, poet.
 - 12, 1819. Charles Kingsley, the novelist.
 - 13, 1752. Madame de Arbay, novelist.
 - 14, 1882. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
 - 15, 1844. Edward Grieg.
 - 16, 1239. Edward I. of England.
 - 17, 1818. Charles Gounod.
 - 18, 1775. Karl von Hertzka, historian.
 - 19, 1844. Rev. Charles Spurgeon.
 - 20, 1722. Dr. Adam Ferguson, historian.
 - 21, 1819. Offenbach, the composer.
 - 22, 1856. H. Edgar Hazard.
 - 23, 1648. Elbert, historian.
 - 24, 1813. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.
 - 25, 1728. John Horne Tooke, politician.
- JUNE**
- 1, 1763. George Morland, artist.
 - 2, 1482. Louis XII. of France.
 - 3, 1571. Rubens, the painter.
 - 4, 1566. Sir Henry Yelverton, judge.
- Oh, June the month of roses
How sweet your soft warm breezes
That follow spring time's rain.
How beautiful the flowers
That make the fields so bright;
How gently shines the silver moon
To fill our nights with light.
A velvet carpet in the grass
The golden buttercup
Will send its splendor o'er the fields
And light the whole earth up.
The daisy grows with kerchief white
About her tiny face—
Oh in sweet June the world's in tune
And earth's a pleasant place.

Garden Gossip

NEATNESS

Now tell us, don't you think that we are quite as handsome as can be? Our gardener's very prim and neat And makes us mind our bands and feet.
No end of people come to view What proper care and work will do.
We're glad indeed our gardener's so Unlike some lazy folks we know.



Mr. and Mrs. Stickleback and Their Nest

parents stay right with them, and drive away any fish that dares to come near. And whenever danger threatens, the little ones seek safety in the nest. After a while, when they get a little bigger, the stickers grow out on their backs, and they can take care of themselves. There is another kind of fish that lives in small streams, and very likely you have seen them, called "horny heads," with a patch of small sharp bumps on their heads, that make a nest. They use the "horny-head" for rolling up a pile of pebbles, and the eggs draw down above the pebbles, so that when the fish run, the pebbles, and the tiny little stickleback is the best mother of them all.

