

East Oregonian

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Just Folks

by Edgar A. Guest

ASK YOUR MOTHER

Pa, may I go to the show tonight?
Ask your mother.

If I spend a dime will it be all right?
Ask your mother.

May we go to the woods on Saturday
And take our lunches? And all I say
Is the phrase of most fathers on earth
today:
Ask your mother.

Pa, may I go to the candy store?
Ask your mother.

That pie is great. May I have some
more?
Ask your mother.

Instead of a positive "yes" or "may,"
I answer him in a kindly way
With the simple phrase which all
fathers say:
Ask your mother.

But well I know she has said before:
Ask your father.

Playing parental battlesore,
Ask your mother.

So I take his hand and I hear his plea,
And then whatever the case may be,
I issue this verdict evenly:
Ask your mother.

What should I do if I couldn't say
Ask your mother.

Sparing myself in this artful way,
Ask your mother.

Better her judgment than mine, and
no
Whenever there's need for a "yes" or
"no,"
This is the readiest phrase I know:
Ask your mother.

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THE MIGRATION BY MOTOR

ON THE highway between Astoria and Pendleton a count was made yesterday of the number of cars from states outside of Oregon. No notice was taken of cars in Portland, only cars actually passed upon the highway being listed. Two hundred and forty one outside cars were counted, they being from 24 states of the union outside of Oregon and in addition were eight cars from Alberta, Canada, and one from the Hawaiian islands.

The following is the list of cars observed from outside states: Utah 6, Mississippi 1, Montana 7, Wyoming 7, Minnesota 3, Nevada 2, Colorado 1, Louisiana 2, Alabama 2, Texas 2, Indiana 1, Hawaiian Islands 1, Nebraska 4, Iowa 1, Idaho 17, Washington 94, California 64, Alberta 8, Missouri 3, Arizona 1, Kentucky 2, Illinois 5, North Dakota 2, South Dakota 2, Oklahoma 3, Massachusetts 1; total 241.

These figures were gathered on a day when travel was light, the traffic between The Dalles and Astoria being conspicuously low. Yet approximately 1000 people from without the boundaries of Oregon were traversing one highway in Oregon on that day. As most of the cars passed were Oregon cars, of which no count was made, it would be necessary to multiply the 1000 several times in order to arrive at the approximate total number of people on the road.

Compared to the travel by auto the passenger traffic by rail at this time of the year amounts to nothing. Few people have any fair conception of the scope motor travel has assumed. Nor do they realize the number of future settlers who are rolling into the northwest via the gasoline route. About every other car one passes contains not a tourist and his wife but a family of prospective colonists accompanied by the family cat and often by the chickens.

Looking at the subject from a development standpoint an unfortunate feature is that for the most part these people do not see Eastern Oregon at all. In Umatilla county they pass through good agricultural sections but west of Umatilla, save for the Boardman district, they travel through a sandy waste with nothing but the Columbia to relieve the monotony.

Eastern Oregon's need is for secondary roads and for new development projects that capitalize resources now going to waste. There should be roads leading inland so that people may see our country better. We need our Pendleton-John Day highway so that people may get into the remotely settled sections south of here. It is a crime to let outside people think they have seen Eastern Oregon as they pass along the one highway that is not suitable for travel.

It is also unfortunate that another season is passing without having the Oregon trail completed through the Blue mountains. Many travellers are coming over the mountains but Oregon men are chary of that mountain road. On the trip up from Astoria yesterday not a car was seen with a La Grande or Baker plate upon it. Nor were any cars noticed from Grant, Malheur or Harney counties. Those people are still held back by bad roads and necessarily outsiders are not reaching those counties as they should.

We are fast completing a tourist road system that places Oregon in the first class among western states. It will be a grave mistake however, not to build up our secondary roads so as to give access to the interior and thereby allow Oregon to reap the full benefits of the great migration by motor car.

NOT WORKING TOGETHER

THE biggest argument the railroad workers have in support of their determination to strike is the fact that wages are being cut at a time when living costs show signs of advancing. In fact the level of prices has already increased and the congress of the United States is deliberately at work on a tariff bill that has no other purpose than to further boost prices. The passage of the McCumber-Fordney bill is being anticipated and innumerable lines price lists are being revised already in expectation that advances are sure to come.

Price boosting and wage cuts do not go together. With prices falling it is perfectly reasonable that wages should follow but when living costs are striking the up-grade the worker has reason for complaint at wage slashes.

As this newspaper sees the subject the blunder in connection with the rail strike rests with congress rather than with the railroad operators or employees. It is also significant that on the very eve of the strike the chairman of the senate finance committee, handling the tariff bill, has been defeated for renomination.

MORE ALIENS THIS YEAR THAN LAST ADMISSIBLE

WASHINGTON, July 1.—(Capital News Service.)—The Labor Department announces that the number of aliens admissible during the coming fiscal year exceeds last year's quota. The present immigration law permits only 2 per cent of the number of foreigners now in the United States to immigrate to this land in any one year. The new alien quota is 357,982, which is some 2,986 greater than last year.

The increase, it is explained, is due to adding the foreign born population of Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico to

be base for calculation and the morning of the Smyrna, Turkish and Armenian territories.

Russia's quota has been transferred to Poland, which reduces the number of possible German immigrants slightly from 48,023 to 47,607.

The number of aliens admissible from the principal countries include Austria, 7,451; Belgium, 1,583; Czechoslovakia, 14,357; Germany, 67,607; Italy, 42,957; Norway, 12,292; Poland, 21,078; Roumania, 7,419; Russian (European and Asiatic), 21,618; Sweden, 20,842; United Kingdom, 77,542; Turkey (European and Asiatic), including Smyrna region and Turkish Armenian region, 2,383; Greece, 2,294; Hungary, 5,628; Denmark, 5,619.

"The Flaming Arrow"

Chapter nine of "White Eagle," adapted by Herbert Crooker from the Pathe photoplay serial starring Ruth Roland. Original story by Val Cleveland.

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Phil Stanton was successful in downing his last attacker, and, having accomplished that, he took to his heels in the direction Ruth had disappeared. Coming to the cave, he entered, and cautiously felt his way down the dark passageway. In another moment he had reached the incline and beheld the girl clinging to the slippery pole. Bracing his feet against a rock, he leaned toward the pole and caught hold of it with one hand, while he extended the other hand down to Ruth.

The lions, feeling that their appetites had been cheated, leaped upward and clawed in vain at the girl. With difficulty she managed to climb up and seize Phil's hand. Then, using Phil's body as a sort of bridge, she swung herself to safety. There was no time for explanations. The young people made their way back to the passageway and hurried through the woods to the beach.

When they arrived, they found Loomis and his party, with the sailors from the *Dragon*, waiting off the track of the Siburo Indians. Being gradually driven back, they sought refuge in a large straw hut, surrounded by a wall of straw. From the peak of their retreat, a pole extended skyward, on the top of which was a sort of crow's nest or lookout. Here the white people made ready to defend themselves from any further attack.

Phil was addressing the defenders. "I think it would be a good plan," he suggested, "to wait until tonight. Then I will take a few sailors and cross the island to the White Rider's yacht. He ought to be able to help us out of this mess." His words were greeted with enthusiasm.

When darkness came, Phil tenderly kissed Ruth goodbye and started from the hut with his sailors. They had gone about a hundred paces when a swarm of Indians came out of their ambush and descended upon them. It was useless to fight, as the whites were greatly outnumbered. Phil and his little band were forced to retreat to the hut.

Stanton was extremely dejected, and it was all Ruth could do to console him. Finally Julia Wells hit upon a plan.

"I will go out under a flag of truce and try to reason with Brown Panther," she said. Phil protested, saying it would be dangerous and futile, but the woman was determined. She finally set forth with a white cloth attached to a stick.

Brown Panther stepped forward to meet the truce offering. As Julia drew up to him, she said, "I can arrange for the white Chieftainess to remain in the hut at your mercy, providing you let the rest of us go free."

Brown Panther was amazed at the woman's treachery. "Very well," he answered. "I promise you and your friends the freedom you request. The Chieftainess must answer for the death of Lame Elk."

"At midnight we will come here on our way to the other shore," explained the woman. "and Miss Randolph will not be with us. You will find her in the hut." The Indian assented, and Julia returned to the white people.

"Brown Panther says that if we do not surrender we will be left here to starve," she told them.

And Phil unwittingly fell into the trap. "Our shore is black as night and not watched by the Indians," he said. "I will swim part way along the coast, then cross to land on the opposite shore and get help from the White Rider's yacht." The entire party protested against the daring scheme, but Phil insisted that it was the only thing to do.

Stanton was not aware of the fact that an exchange of messages had caused the White Rider to draw up anchor and leave the harbor. An uprising of the tribes in the Golden Canyon was the cause for his sudden departure. But the man of mystery only intended to steam out to the lane where ships passed, get aboard a steamer bound for San Francisco, and send the *Dragon* back to Siburo to await Ruth.

After Phil had departed, Ruth lay upon the straw matting, tired and weary. The many exciting events and loss of sleep had completely exhausted her. Julia awakened her and helped her into a room cut off from the rest where she would not be disturbed. In

a moment she was in a sound sleep. Julia Wells stole from the room and told Gray Wolf of what she had done. In a moment, the Indian had gathered together the party, ready to set out. Before they departed, Julia re-entered Ruth's sleeping quarters, bent over the girl, who was enjoying the first real sleep in many days, took the Wampum Belt and placed it about her own waist. Leaving the hut, they were met by Brown Panther at the edge of the woods. Julia reported that the White Chieftainess had been left behind, and the Indian, satisfied, permitted them to pass unharmed.

As soon as they were out of sight, Brown Panther ordered a fire started. Then, taking an arrow with a thick ring of pitch near the head, he held it over the fire. Other arrows were prepared in the same way. As soon as the head began to flame, the Chieftain sent the arrow flying toward the straw hut. In a few moments small flames were seen to arise from the girl's re-entrance. Brown Panther smiled grimly to himself and then led his warriors into the woods.

At the other end of the island, Phil had succeeded in reaching the spot where the *Dragon* had been anchored. He was amazed to find the yacht had disappeared. Phil paced the beach in despair. It seemed as though everything was against him. He was about to start back to the hut when he imagined he saw a tiny light in the harbor. The light became a reality—it was such a light as is carried at the masthead of vessels. It was undoubtedly the *Dragon* returning.

The flames were now gaining headway on the hut. Already one side of the wall surrounding it had fallen, and the other three walls were gradually becoming ablaze. The flames were creeping stealthily up the sides of the hut itself and streams of smoke were beginning to curl into the place where Ruth was sleeping. Occasionally, a hot flame, like a dragon's tongue, darted in and started a new blaze. Suddenly the girl awakened and sprang from her straw bed. She rushed to the door of the tiny room, and threw it open, but quickly closed it again as she saw the thick volumes of smoke and flames without.

Ruth looked about her for a means of escape. There seemed to be no outlet. Suddenly her eyes fell upon an old cloak lying on the dirt floor. Hastily picking it up and throwing it over her head, she threw open the door and plunged through the smoke and flames into the outer chamber. Groping her way through the thick smoke, she was unable to find a way out. She was surrounded by four walls of fire.

Suddenly she bumped against something in the middle of the room. Rubbing the smoke from her eyes, the girl endeavored to examine her discovery. It was a mast-like pole, with boards nailed upon it for steps, leading upward through the top of the hut. Without further thought, Ruth grasped the pole and started climbing.

High above the hut, on the top of the pole, was the crow's nest lookout. Revived by the fresh breezes from the sea, Ruth was able to reach the top. As she climbed into the small lookout, she sank down for a moment, completely exhausted. Then, after a few moments, she began to look about her. The smoke had spread through the immediate vicinity and it was impossible to get a clear vision. She could see none of the party who had been in the hut with her.

Finally the wind changed, and instead of an ocean breeze, a land breeze came up, sending the smoke out to sea. Ruth looked below and saw the flames hungrily licking the straw-thatched hut. Already the base of the pole was beginning to crackle. She wondered how long her position would be safe. The minutes seemed like hours as the girl waited in vain for aid to come. A strong land breeze caused the pole to sway slightly. A new horror struck her. The lookout would be safe for only a few more moments. She shouted wildly, hoping for help of some kind. Another gust of wind caused the mast to sway. Suddenly it broke at the base and crashed toward the angry waters of the sea with Ruth clinging to the lookout.

(To Be Continued)

"Why Should I Buy a Jantzen"

Swimming suit instead of an old style Bathing Suit" SEVEN REASONS WHY JANTZEN'S ARE WORN FROM THE SHORES OF MAINE TO THE BEACH OF WAIKIKI AT HONOLULU:

1—The JANTZEN stitch swimming suit does not bag or sag on the body, because of its elasticity.

2—The JANTZEN stitch gives the suit the elasticity of rubber and causes it to retain its shape permanently under all conditions.

3—Because these suits fit snugly without binding there is no chance for air or water to get between the body and the suit, thus assuring additional warmth for the wearer and making the JANTZEN stitch swimming suit slip through the water with less resistance than any other suit.

This snug-fitting feature also prevents cramps, due to the additional warmth the suit gives and to its perfect fitting features which do not bind, but give the body swimming freedom at all times.



Copyright 1922, Jantzen Knitting Mills

4—The JANTZEN stitch swimming suits wear longer because of their elasticity which takes up the strain and because they dry out quicker on coming out of the water. The quick-drying feature is due to the tiny ribs of which the suits are made and through which the water cascades.

Jantzen Knit Caps
39c and 65c

The Crescent
DRY GOODS CO.

Swimming Caps
25c to 65c

Two Sides of Turnover

The alert business man dealing with present day conditions knows that the big word today is "Turnover." Whether he be a merchant, manufacturer, jobber, or banker, he sees that one thing with a clear vision unbiased by the limits of his own business. It is in the air, and on the tip of every tongue.

And yet many of them—entirely too many—are thinking on only one side of Turnover. They think of it as meaning rapid selling—putting money in and getting it out quickly and at a profit. They realize that they must put greatly increased efforts back of all their plans for selling and distribution.

The other half of Turnover is the consumer. All selling plans and efforts fail if the consumer doesn't want to buy. His desire for the product must be created. He must meet the seller half way. He must be in a mood to buy before the salesman meets him across the counter.

That is the function of Advertis-

ing—to create consumer demand and consumer preference. With this demand as a fact all selling plans have a chance to succeed. Without it they fail. The only chance for salesmanship to succeed without an existing demand is for salesmanship to assume the task that belongs to advertising—the task of creating demand.

If the present efforts that are being put into selling were amply supported by a corresponding effort to create consumer demand through Advertising, the business conditions of this country would be rapidly changed into an era of great prosperity—in spite of Old World conditions and everything else.

The proof of this is in the fact that right now, under these very conditions, the manufacturers who are putting proper emphasis on creating a demand for their product, as well as selling it, are doing a big business and are actually getting the high turnover that others are trying so strenuously to get through intensive selling.

Nominated



Miss Helen Grimes, Knoxville, Pa., hopes to be the first woman in the legislature of Pennsylvania, anti-suffrage bulwark. She received the G. O. P. nomination in a strong Republican district.



You don't have to go in swimming to have a shark pull your leg.

A man can be happy without a home if he is staying away.

Health hint: Flies that are not stopped often live five years.

Most saxophone players have an ill wind that blows no good.

Young millionaire who says his leeches a dog's life may mean lap dog.

Mixy a wife wonders if hubby is at a summer resort catching speckled beauties or freckled beauties.

Some dull people wear smart clothes.

"Book Salesman Robs Collar"—headline. A real dry agent.

These Mr. Everest climbers ought to try some Glycer glands.

We should hate to be Babe Ruth and have people laugh at us because we didn't keep on being famous.

A porch swing is a great money saver. It will go 49,999 miles on one can of grease.

Wonder what the man who names race horses thinks about them after he gets sober?

There is so much killing we are getting to be shock absorbers.

If money is a curse, there is a coming shortage.

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