

If the Alta says it is good you can depend on it's being a fact

The Musical Event of the Season

Secured at a big expense just to please lovers of good music

HALLOWELL CONCERT COMPANY, of Chicago

TEN REAL ARTISTS

AMONG THEM ARE

- F. D. VARALLO..... HARP SOLOIST
- CHAS. B. SHILLEY..... TROMBONE SOLOIST
- C. G. MYERS..... CELLO SOLOIST
- E. L. FROWN..... FLUTE SOLOIST
- M. K. MANNIK..... VIOLIN SOLOIST



JOHN WENTZEL
Baritone.

TO PENDLETON MUSIC LOVERS

Some of you will remember this company as being here two years ago. If so no words of praise are necessary. To those who do not, we wish to say that it comes to us highly recommended as an artistic organization.

Admission

75c

Children 25c



THE ALTA THEATRE

In presenting this organization to the public the manager wishes to announce the talent of the Hallowell Concert Company is composed of musicians who have been with such organizations as Arthur Pryor, R. Kryl Fands, Chicago and Minneapolis, Symphony Orchestras and are graduates of the best musical schools of America and foreign countries. They are all soloists as well as ensemble players. Mr. Hallowell has been in the music business on the road for twelve years and has studied the people and knows what it takes to please the public, and has always made good wherever the company plays. It takes quantity as well as quality, is the reason why the Hallowell Concert Company is what it is today.

NOTE—We are going to make it a policy to offer occasionally the best musical organizations we can afford or the people will allow us to afford so that the musical taste of our people may be satisfied.

Seats Reserved



F. D. VARALLO.
Harp Soloist.

Tomorrow! ONE NIGHT ONLY, WEDNESDAY, February 3rd!



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THE FIRING LINE.

Have you been on the firing line
Where life tests all of us—
common and fine—
To see if we sing or worry and
whine,
To see if we stand in our place
and fight
Where the bullets sing and the
bayonets bite,
And the world is against us,
and dark and drear
The wings of our destiny hover
near,
And down through the shadows
we dream of light?
—Boston Post.

The esteemed Journal says the Ritner bill to district the railroad commission is the first step towards breaking down confidence in the railroad commission.

Not so. The argument for electing commissioners at large and not by districts falls down from the fact the interests of all parts of the state are not in common. There are times when the interests of a great terminal like Portland differ from the interests of the small cities and towns of the state.

In the past all over the country there has been too much rate making to suit big terminals and not enough for the smaller places. There is a well grounded suspicion now that the Oregon railroad commission is controlled by Portland. Election of commissioners at large means Portland control and that Portland will get what it wants though the rest of the state may suffer. This cannot well be denied.

Yet the Ritner bill is not unfair or antagonistic to Portland. Portland would still have a member on the board. The city also has powerful commercial organizations with ability to get fair play and more for that city. The Portland press is the dominating political factor in the state. With the districting plan in effect Portland would be amply protected but in addition the other sections of

the state would have distinct representation on the board which they do not have now. The rural sections comprising eastern Oregon and southern Oregon need such direct representation because these sections are not organized as is the Portland district and are not in shape to protect their interests.

The Journal thinks the railroad commission now has the unbounded confidence and esteem of the state. It is mistaken. There are numerous fairly well informed people who honestly don't know whether the commission is regulating the railroads or the railroads are regulating the commission. From an eastern Oregon standpoint there is room for complaint and for questioning. The rate on wheat from Pendleton to Portland a distance of 225 miles, water grade, is the same as the Northern Pacific rate to Seattle a distance of 307 miles, over the Cascade mountains. The rate on cattle from here to Portland, 225 miles, is the same as the O.-W. R. & N. rate to Seattle via Portland, a distance of 411 miles. If those Seattle rates are profitable, as they must be, is not too much being charged for the water grade haul to Portland? Why is that permitted?

The producers and merchants of eastern Oregon need a representative on the railroad commission to whom they can look to present their case and demand a square deal. Give us such an arrangement and confidence in the railroad commission will be increased, not lowered.

From Switzerland Helene Bronislas, a great lady of Poland, appeals to America in behalf of her unhappy land. It is, she says, "a pot of clay that is being ground to powder between two mighty pots of iron." Twelve millions of her countrymen, she declares, are facing starvation while the huge armies of Russia and Germany, locked in gigantic conflict, sway back and forth across the prostrate Polish motherland.

"In the agony of my heart," she cries, "I think it impossible that Americans, who help so many, who extend their protection to all beautiful causes, who recite in their schools a poem about Kosciuszko, will not hear me! They will organize a commission to inquire and wipe away the tears of the poor."

"There is no question of sides here. It is not a question of belligerents. Let Americans of all sympathies take interest."

"I ask an American commission for them in two sacred names for both our peoples—Kosciuszko at West Point, Pulaski at Savannah."

There are 4,000,000 Americans of Polish birth or ancestry. Will they lead in organizing a Polish-American relief commission? Leadership is the first essential. That supplied and the appeal of Poland spread broadcast over the land, there will be given proof that American sympathies are

not limited by racial lines, and that Americans have not forgotten the days when Polish patriots fought on American battlefields to establish this nation's freedom.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Those who advocate a state law taxing auto trucks or auto buses as a regulatory step lack a proper conception of the principle on which regulation is based. Railroads are regulated because by the nature of things they have a monopoly and were it not for regulation they could oppress their patrons. When autos are used for carrying passengers or freight the business is on a highly competitive basis. There is no monopoly because any man with a small capital can get into the business. Therefore competition may be relied upon to guarantee just rates by these carriers and it would be fundamentally wrong to empower any commission to regulate their rates while this real competition exists. However, it would be proper to exercise reasonable regulation over their service so as to protect the interests of patrons. Regulation is intended for the public protection but people need to beware or the principle will be perverted so as to hurt them instead of helping them.

It begins to look gloomy for the ship purchase bill and incidentally for the country. If next harvest there is no adequate supply of ships to handle the grain and local farmers get \$1 for wheat that sells in Liverpool for \$1.50 they will then have cause to remember the republican filibuster against the ship bill and the treachery of those nine democratic senators who were seduced into joining hands with Lodge, Root, et al.

Fine rains and more of the same weather is predicted by the forecaster; thus is the drought being drowned. Put the bootleggers to work.

CURRENT THINKING

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CANADA?

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)
Canada's status as a belligerent remote from the theater of the fighting might be expected to give her a maximum of the benefits of war resulting from its artificial stimulus and a minimum of its disadvantages. But curiously enough the state of affairs in the Dominion is strikingly similar to that in this country. Industrial depression prevails except in centers devoted to the making of war materials. Cities are struggling with a problem of the unemployed. The earnings of railroads are falling off. Reduction in the wages of workers is said to be imminent.

But Canada has had no new freedom legislation. It has not revised the graft out of its protective tariff. The standpat conservative party which defeated the liberals on the reciprocity issue still controls the federal government. What's the matter with Canada? Why isn't it enjoying

standpat prosperity and standpat good times??

G. O. P. spellbinders on this side of the line, while attributing all the encouraging things in our own situation to the war, assert that every indication of lessened activity is an unquestionable result of the tariff. Can it be possible that they are wrong?

MIZPAH.

(By Clement Scott.)

And Laban said, This heap is a witness between me and thee this day. Therefore was the name of it called Galed and Mizpah; for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.—Gen. xxxi: 48, 49.

When we are parted—pray! but do not weep;
My spirit in the air is wandering;
Love is an hour of life; with death comes sleep;

The night's a dream; the day a waking.
The Lord watch over us where'er we stray.

One from another, be it night or day,
Be this our covenant apart, alone,
Carve thou our sign upon Love's altar stone,
Mizpah!

Whilst we are waiting—hope, but do not grieve;
There is some sunshine on the darkest day;
Around Love's monument fresh garlands weave;
Despair not thou, my heart—but only pray!

The Lord watch over us, 'twixt me and thee,
When we are absent, if we parted be,
Be this our covenant, by faith alone,
Carve thou this sign upon Love's altar-stone,
Mizpah!

LITTLE BOBBIE'S PA.

I had a fite with a kid at skool yesterday & after we had fought for a little while I likked him. The name of the kid was Bricktop Moran. & after we catm in from recess the teacher said that I wud have to apologize to Bricktop & I said I wuddent bekausa he started the fite. & then the teacher sent me home & I said that I mussent cum back until I made up with Bricktop Moran, but I won't make up with him and that is what I toald Pa & Ma wen I calm home. I think you are making a mistalk.

Bobbie & ger, sed Ma, you shud go back to skool in the morning & tell yure little skoolmate you are sorry you likked him & shake hands with him like a littel man.

Nothing of the kind, Bobbie, sed Pa, doant you apolozize to him a bit. I used to lick on an average of one kid a day wen I was at skool, sed Pa, & it was always one of them that calm to me & did the apolozizing, Pa sed. To the vick-ter belong the spoils & doant you apolozize to Bricktop. Make him cum & see you, sed Pa, that is the way to be a chip of the old block that never took off his hat to anybody.

That's no way to instruck our little son, sed Ma, it is the gentel and nosible part of a man that prompts him to feel sorry after he has won a victory. You ought to tell him that the surest way to lern to be a true man is to tell yure enemy wen you have hurt him that you are sorry.

That is molly-coddle stuff, sed Pa. I dident do anything like that. I used to maul up thare faces something fierce wen they crossed my path and I never went around & took back anything I sed or did, Pa toald Ma.

I know, sed Ma, but you remember that butifal oald poem which beegins:

Speek gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
The good we may do here.

Speek gently, let no harsh word mar
Speek gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft & mild,
It may not long see-main.

That is the way I want littel Bobbie to speak to his littel friend Bricktop Moran, sed Ma.

I wuddent back water for anybody, sed Pa. Jest then the doorbell rang & a big tall red headed man calm in. My naim is Moran, he sed. Red Moran they call me down to the docks. My littel son tells me that yure boy won a fair fite with him today & I want to shake hands with the yungster that can lick my Denny. I taught him to fite myself, & then he shook my hand.

Now you see, sed Pa, grit is always admired. I knew it.

One minnit, sed Mister Moran, I understand that yure son toald my son after he had likked him that his father cud do the same thing to me. That is why I dropped around.

How ridiculus, sed Pa, the vary

IF HEADACHY, DIZZY, BILIOUS, 'CASCARETS'

TONIGHT! CLEAN YOUR BOWELS AND STOP HEADACHE, COLDS, SOUR STOMACH.

Get a 10-cent box now.
You're bilious! You have a throbbing sensation in your head, a bad taste in your mouth, your eyes burn, your skin is yellow, with dark rings under your eyes; your lips are parched. No wonder you feel ugly, mean and ill-tempered. Your system is full of bile not properly passed off, and what you need is a cleaning up inside. Don't continue being a bilious nuisance to yourself and those who love you, and don't resort to harsh physics that irritate and injure. Remember that most disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels are cured by morning with gentle, thorough Cascarets—they work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver and bowels clean; stomach sweet and your head clear for months. Children love to take Cascarets because they taste good and never grip or sicken.

Idea of my whipping you. If my son sed that, I will apolo-gize for him. & then Mister Moran sed Goodnite. WILLIAM F. KIRK.

THE BLISS WORTH WHIRL.

This picture, by the Bentstown Bard, has its every-day heart-appeal:

"There is a little child
Kissing its mother in a still room.
Where the soft shadows flicker,
And silence pervades the gloom
Except for their chatter
And the cosy speech
Of the twilight moment together
They utter each to each.
They await a familiar figure
Coming along the street,
And arms are ready to clasp him,
And lips are ready to greet.
And I say that the whole world over,
If there were nothing in life but this,
It would be worth while ten thousand times
To toil for such a little child.

Grievances and babies grow with nursing.

The COSY

TODAY

The Duplicate Husband

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The Strange Story of Jean Brunt Who Assumed the Appearance, and Took up the Life of a Man who was dead and buried.

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