

CAPACITY AUDIENCE GREET'S CHORAL SOCIETY PRODUCTION

"Hiawatha's Wedding Feast"

Directed by C. O. Breach
Delighted Music Lovers of
City.

Pendleton people who crowded the Presbyterian church last night were given a musical treat in the presentation of "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," and four choruses. In the first recital of the Pendleton Choral Society, sixty-five voices trained under the direction of Charles O. Breach, sang in unison the Soldiers' Chorus, from Faust; The King's Champion, by Michaels; The Clang of the Forge, by Rodney; and the Hymn to Music, by Buck. Each selection was excellently given.

The unusual music of "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," written by Samuel Coleridge Taylor to the words by Henry W. Longfellow, was especially beautiful when sung by the chorus "Onaway Beloved," tenor solo, was sung by Clyde Phillips.

The work of Mrs. Frank Hayden, as accompanist, was in itself worthy of praise.

The officers of the society are Mrs. S. H. Forshaw, president; Rev. R. E. Gornall, vice president; J. L. Whit-

man, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Esther South, Fred P. Austin, directors; Charles O. Breach, director, and Mrs. F. E. Hayden, accompanist.

Soprano—Misses Leek, Bowser, Decker, Grace Oliver, Lillian Cully; Mesdames Jessie Smith, Spencer, Clara Porter Smith, McCook, Forshaw, A. Thomas Conroy, Spalding, Koster, Dickson, Burroughs, Hager, Hill, Lucas, Stenboldt, Austin.

Alto—Misses South, Gilliam, Case, Jacobs; Mesdames Breach, Starla, Warren, Warner, Ruzg, Cranston and Thos. Robertson.

Tenors—Messrs. Frank Hays, H. P. Hooper, Clyde Phillips, R. E. Gornall, F. P. Austin, G. N. Mowry, Si Reetz, C. H. Bluhm, Fred Doherty.

Basses—Messrs. J. L. Whitman, J. W. Freeman, A. J. Owen, Geo. C. Sutton, Geo. Edmunds, D. S. Dunlap, F. Schmidt, W. E. Ringold, R. M. Mayberry.

Vast Damage Done in Munich.

MUNICH, May 12.—It is announced officially that the damage done in Munich incident to the communist regime and its overthrow amounts to 250,000 marks.

Frau Elmer, widow of the late premier, has been arrested by the government forces.

When a man knows he is a food he knows more than some people give him credit for.



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Pigeon Finds Way From Bend to Old Home in Portland

PORTLAND, Or., May 13.—Cats and bad money aren't the only things that come back. Demonstrating the efficiency of the carrier pigeon, Silver Hen, a pigeon recently sold to the United States forest service and sent to Bend, Ore., to raise young pigeons for use in the Deschutes national forest, came back a week ago to her former owner, H. C. Hamill of Levee.

The pigeon had been away from her original home for more than two months and had been well treated in her new home, where she was raising a family of squabs. She was let out of the cage by mistake, however, and turned up with a contented coo at her old home.

Mr. Hamill, who is a bird and animal fancier, has communicated with the forest service and will send the pigeon back to Bend.

CRAZY BARBER CUTS THROAT OF A PATRON WHILE SHAVING HIM

NAPA, May 12.—When James G. Maxwell got into a barber's chair and asked for a shave, Clarence Johns, the barber, began by cutting his throat. Maxwell fought his way out of the chair and ran to the police station, where medical aid was summoned and officers were sent after Johns.

Nine stitches were taken in Maxwell's throat.

Johns, it developed, was formerly an inmate of a state insane hospital. He told the officers his razor slipped.

"JIMMIE" CORNELISON ON HIS FIRST FURLOUGH SEES SPAIN

Peripignan, Pyrenees-Orientales, France, April 24, 1919.
April 24, 1919.

To the East Oregonian and Friends of Umatilla County:

At last I can speak of "Sunny France"—and speak the truth. In previous months and other places it has not only rained, but always looked like some one had turned on the hose and forgotten it. Together with my friend H. G. Talcott of Chicago, another motor-transport "Y" man, we came here last week for our leave, the first either of us have had while in France. This is southwestern France, near the Mediterranean sea, the Pyrenees mountains and the Spanish border. It is the driest part of France, so I am told. The rainfall being about equal to eastern Oregon and the moisture coming at about the same time. This though climate and plant growth is more like southern California in variety. There is sunshine, plus wind and dust (sand). Though the soil here is of a good heavy loam of yellow color, very different from the sandy soil in all the Le Mons and Bordeaux regions. We came here via Bordeaux, then direct across France from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean sea. It was a daylight trip and through a most beautiful and well cultivated country. In short it was through one continuous vineyard, as wine-grape raising is the dominating industry and the wealth of all this part of France. They haven't been satisfied to till the valleys, but have most laboriously terraced the hills and mountains clear to the very top, even where the terraces cannot be more than six or ten feet wide, and have that space and sunshine growing grapes, to make more wine. They use water over here only to run under bridges. Of course I have always found plenty of water to drink. They irrigate the vineyards in this section of Peripignan. I have also seen some very nice fields of alfalfa, as also some fruit orchards of diversified trees. All told this is a very prosperous, progressive and beautiful part of France, far removed from the scenes of war; but not unaffected by any means. Not a home but has paid the price. Evidences of war stares you in the face even here, as you hear men whose rifles hang from their waists in uniform, show that they have paid the price of free France. As also the numerous widows veils tell the same story. Over a million bear the marks of war in

their bodies. I write this because my companion, sitting here also writing, burst out in a string of "cuss" words not fit to print for he had stumbled in his memory onto some atrocity of the huns, of which we have seen so much. About here there are many places of interest, also historic which we have visited. The old city here is a walled citadel three or four hundred years old. It was formidable in its day, but my friend Talcott said: "Jimmie, one modern bomb would have blown this thing all to hell." The view from the old cathedral tower in the citadel was sure great, and reminded me of a view from some elevation of the Umatilla valley of Walla Walla valley. Here it was squares terraces of vineyards. There it would be wheatfields and orchards as far as the eyes aided by our Hun field glasses could carry. Sure we have German field glasses as well as many other things "made in Germany". They didn't need them any more, after we got them on a run over the old Hindenburg line. Those Germans left lots of ballast, so as to speed up and keep out of sight of any thing American. Then you know why, just why this war was fought? It runs like this "The French fought for their country, the English fought for their king, the Americans and Australians fought for souvenirs," and take it from me those Australians were the greatest fighters this war produced. Then we visited the sea beach a time or two at Carret. We took a trip to Bourg-Madame far up into the Pyrenees mountains and hiked out to a hot sulphur-water medicinal bath resort, and took a plunge for our health. Both of us recovered our health at once. I have been to Spain. Up there a little stream separates France and Spain. At the international bridges sentries of each nation are stationed on either side. The French guards gave us permission to stroll across into Spain and we greeted the Spanish guards, who were very cordial with a hearty hand shake. This was a very brief visit into Spain though, and we could do nothing more than pick up a souvenir here and there. With his customary streak of humor my companion used some of his tobacco, saying that he could say that he spit while in Spain. Today we are heading back for our place of work by way of Paris up through central France. We are still stationed at Couerre in the Le Mons area where are 200,000 or more of the A. E. F. preparatory to embarkation.

J. M. CORNELISON.

Syrian Princess to Give Dramatization of "Naaman, the Leper"

A large and attentive audience greeted Princess Rahme Halder Sunday morning at the First Presbyterian church, when she spoke in the manners and ideals and aspirations of her native home. The Princess has a glowing personality, a most fluent command of the English language and a memory well filled with historical facts.

Again this evening at the Presbyterian church, Princess Rahme will speak her own dramatization of "Naaman, the Leper." Clad as a Syrian woman of the time of Naaman and knowing every inch of the land over which the story was first enacted, she is able to give a perfect delineation of all characters and scenes. The first and last scenes will be staged between the princess and her companion, Miss Burgess.

CONFIDENCE MAN REAPS MILLIONS

CHICAGO, May 12.—The American confidence man reaped a harvest of more than \$10,000,000 last year, according to figures compiled by Chicago authorities. This is the approximate amount actually collected from the credulous public by professional confidence operators, and does not include the millions gathered in annually by the various stock-jobbing schemes.

The crude devices of the old-time confidence man, with his shell game, three-card monte, gold brick, green goods, money changing and lemon games, have given way to modern methods, more complex, and more

profitable.

Prosperity Haunted.

The really successful confidence men of today usually have summer and winter homes, ride in limousines and are aided by richly gowned women, authorities say. They are educated and far more clever than their brothers of old days, whose favorite trick in Chicago was to sell the Masonic temple to a "rube" for a small sum, or agree to make the building "turn around."

Land selling schemes, peddling of worthless mine and oil well stock, wire tapping and "fake" sporting events are now the handmaidens of the modern confidence man, who matches wits with the banker, capitalist and lawyer instead of dealing with the ignorant ruralite. Nearly all the victims of a Chicago gang recently sent to the penitentiary were bankers and business men. The gang's loot aggregated more than a half million dollars a year.

Fear of publicity keeps most victims quiet, thus giving the high-class confidence man a certain degree of immunity, authorities say. They add that federal prosecution for using the mails to defraud has been a big factor in breaking up gangs and recently brought about conviction of half a dozen leading confidence workers.

Victims Not Honest.

"Victims are not really honest at heart, for they often enter into a scheme to cheat another fellow. The small-town banker and business man has proved a shining mark for swindlers. They cannot risk their reputations by complaining. It is surprising how many shrewd business men fall into the net."

It is estimated that \$2,000,000 of the \$10,000,000 total was obtained in Florida, where hundreds of confidence workers are said to operate, particularly among winter tourists.

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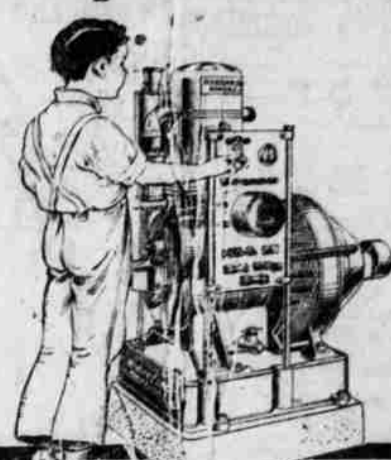
To drive out of the system the accumulated impurities of the winter is good advice, and people who want better blood and keener enjoyment of life should not neglect taking at least a two-weeks' treatment of gentle health-building K. & B. Tea.

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