

ARE YOU HUNGRY FOR MUSIC?

Do you care for music? Ever find the days long and the evenings dull in your home? You have food enough for your stomach—have you any for your head and heart? When you pass a house where music and voices float out to your ear, don't you always feel that here may be a happier home than yours?

DO YOU WANT A PIANO? If we can put one into your home with hardly any increase whatever to your expenses and your worries—if we can make you happy with music and not make you unhappy with expense will you consider this?

You cannot get something for nothing; that goes without saying, but you can get the greatest value for your money. You can be a shrewd and careful buyer with the money you have to spend. The argument we give below is principally directed toward the women because the piano is for their home, and the home belongs to them.

But if you ladies would rather not trust to your own judgment, ask your husband, or brothers, or father, and if they can see any flaw in our plan, then take their word for it, not ours, and don't come.

Eilers Piano House Organizes Six Co-Operative Piano-Buying Clubs

WHAT ARE THESE PIANO CLUBS?

We will form six co-operative piano-buying clubs of altogether 1000 members (each absolutely limited to the number named). Each club will represent a certain grade of piano, and each grade will call for a certain deposit down and a certain payment per week or month. We will have practically every worthy make and grade of piano in the market in this club sale. Clubs will be designated Club "A," "B," "C," "D," "E" and Club "F."

Club "A" pianos sell regularly for from \$200 to \$300. Membership in this club is limited to 157, and those joining can secure their pianos for from \$117 to \$222. The deposit is \$5 down and \$1.25 per week.

Club "B" embraces the regular \$275 and \$375 styles. Initial payments \$7.50 cash and \$1.60 weekly. Prices to club members \$186 to \$278. There will be 232 members in this club.

Club "C" membership 208. Among the most costly pianos to be found at Eilers Piano House. They are regular \$350 to \$450 styles. Payments \$12.50 down and \$2 per week secures Club C pianos and prices range from \$247 to \$336.

Club "D" contains the very highest grade American upright pianos in choicest and rarest woods elaborately hand carved and superbly finished, ranging in prices from \$425 to \$550, retail. 154 members in this club secure them at prices ranging from \$312 up; initial payment of \$20 to \$25, and \$2.50 weekly.

Club "E" has the costliest grands and uprights in special styles, all of them regularly priced at over \$550. There will be 141 members only in Club E, who will effect an average saving of \$147 on each piano. Payments are \$25 to \$50 cash, and \$3 to \$5 weekly.

In Club "F" will be found numerous odd pianos, manufacturers' samples, discontinued catalogue styles of Chickering, Weber, also instruments of many different makes taken in exchange for new Chickering or Webers or Kimball and for Pianola Pianos. Not one of Club F pianos, however, shows any sign of usage. There will be 108 members only. Payments are \$10 down and \$1.75 weekly.

Members of any club may arrange payments by the month. Remember there are no extras, no red tape, no waiting and our absolute guarantee of money back if not satisfactory.

For the first five people in this city who join Monday morning, and the first three people in each county to join one of our clubs, we will put any piano they may choose free of deposit in their homes. We want samples of these club pianos placed everywhere immediately.



One of the Club C Pianos at a saving of \$67; payments \$12.50 cash and \$2 a week.



One of the Club B Pianos at a saving of \$67; payments only \$1.60 weekly or \$8.40 a month.

1000 PIANOS FROM FACTORIES TO FAMILIES

Do you know what you could do if you could order 1000 pianos at once direct from the factories? Do you know that there are very few dealers in the United States that sell that many in one year? We propose to handle these one thousand pianos in just a few days. If you will stop to think a minute you will see that this is not idle talk, but simply a practical business proposition, carefully figured out. Is it not the same for 1000 people to order a piano each at the same time, as for one person to order 1000 pianos at once? But it is also in the shipping and handling of these pianos that wonderful savings are possible by means of these Piano Clubs.

They Mean a Couple of Train-Loads of Pianos Direct From the Factories Into Your Homes.

Arrangements have been made with all of our Eastern factories for virtually two train-loads of pianos. If you are in no hurry for your piano, it will be sent, as we say, straight from the factory to your home. But if you want it immediately, we will allow you to pick it from our present stock and we will deliver it at once.

The point is that almost the entire retailer's selling expense and profit is eliminated, for we can hereby sell 1000 pianos for the same prices or even less than we could sell them to regular piano dealers.

You Save at Least 25 Per Cent, or \$75, on a \$300 Piano, and Correspondingly More on Costlier Ones

We have numerous samples of every piano we are going to sell right here in stock, so do not wait, but call now and see what a truly wonderful offer this is. If you do not wish a piano right now, you can join a club by paying a small deposit and take your piano whenever you get ready for it. Only we cannot sell them at these prices when the clubs are closed. If you live in the country, write for our catalogue immediately and get our lists of makes and prices. If you are here in Multnomah County let us ask you to come in tomorrow, for we want Monday to be the biggest and busiest piano day that Portland has ever seen.

Cut This Out and Mail or Bring to Us. It Costs You Nothing.

EILERS PIANO HOUSE,
351 Washington St., Portland, Or.
Please reserve me one Piano Club membership; I prefer a Club piano; said membership to guarantee me at least a \$75 reduction on any piano I may choose, and to cost me nothing until said piano be selected by me.
Name.....
Address.....

NOTE—Membership without deposit will be held two weeks.

Some of the Famous Makes That Will Be Offered on This Sale Will Be

The peerless Chickering of Boston and its two sister celebrities, the Weber of New York and the Kimball of Chicago.
The famous Hobart M. Cable, the elegant Hazelton, and the Lester, the pride of Philadelphia.
The wonderful Crown Orchestral, the piano of many tones.
The lovely Haddorff.
The high-grade and now so popular Story & Clark.
The widely-known and sweet-toned Schumann.
The Weser, Marshall & Wendell, Foster & Co., Clarendon, Bailey, Baus, also Starr, Ludwig, Kingsbury, Smith & Barnes, Steinway, etc., etc.

Cut This Out and Mail to Us. It Costs You Nothing.

EILERS PIANO HOUSE,
351 Washington St., Portland, Or.
Please send catalogues and all information about the new piano clubs.
Name.....
Address.....

EILERS PIANO HOUSE, 351 WASHINGTON STREET, CORNER PARK, PORTLAND, OR.

Peck's Bad Boy in Foreign Lands

Dad Plays He Is an Anarchist in Geneva. In Venice They Give Alms.

(By Hon. George W. Peck, ex-Governor of Wisconsin, formerly publisher of Peck's Sun, author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc. Copyright, 1908, by Joseph B. Bowles.)
VENICE, Italy.—My Dear Old Chum:—Dad couldn't get out of Switzerland quick enough after he got thawed out the day after we climbed the glaciers. We found that almost all the tourists in Geneva were there because they did not want to go home and say they had not visited Switzerland, so they just jumped from one place to another. The people who stay there any length of time are like the foreign residents of Mexico, who are wanted for something they have done at home that is against the law. There are more anarchists in Geneva than anywhere else, and they look hairy and wild-eyed, and they plot to kill Kings and drink beer out of two-quart jars.

When we found that more attention was paid to men suspected of crime in their own countries, and men who were believed to be plotting to assassinate Kings, Dad said it would be a good joke if a story should get out that he was suspected of being connected with a syndicate that wanted to assassinate some one, so I told a fellow that I got acquainted with that the funny old man that tried to ride a glacier without any saddle or stirrup was wanted for attempting to blow up the President of the United States by selling him baited hay soaked in a solution of dynamite and nitro-glycerine.

Say, they will believe anything in Switzerland. It was two hours before long-haired people were invited down to dinner, and the same night he was taken to a den where a lot of anarchists were revelling, and Dad revealed the almost morning. When he came back to the hotel he said his hosts got all the money he had with him, through some game he didn't understand, but he understood it was to go into a fund to support deserting anarchists and dynamiters. He said when they found out he was a suspected assassin, nothing was too good for him. He said they wanted to know how he expected to kill a President by soaking baited hay in explosives, and Dad said it came to him suddenly to tell them that the President had never studied geography, so he didn't know how Venice was situated, so he told me to go out and order

a hack the first morning we were here, and we would go and see the town. When I told Dad there were no hacks, no horses and no roads in Venice, he said I was crazy in my head, and wanted me to take some medicine and stay in bed for a few days, but I convinced him, when we got outdoors, that everything was run by water, and we hired him the canal and the gondolas, he remembered all about Venice, and picked out a gondolier that looked like one Dad saw at the World's Fair, and we hired him because he talked English. All the English the gondolier could use were the words, "you bet your life," and "you're damn right," but Dad took him because it seemed so homelike, and we have been riding in gondolas every day.

On the water you can get away from the beggars. This is an ideal existence. You just get in the gondola, under a canopy, and the gondolier does the work, and you glide along between buildings and wonder who lives there, and when they wake up, as all day long the blinds are closed, and everybody seems to be dead. But at night, when the canals are lighted, and the moon shines, the people put on their dress clothes and sit on verandas, or eat and drink, and talk Eytalian, and ride in gondolas, and play guitars, and smoke cigarettes, and talk love. It is so warm you can wear your Summer pants, and the water smells of clams that died long ago. It is just as though Chicago were flooded by the people of Chicago taking gondolas, and going to ground State street, and all the cross-streets, and Michigan avenue, in fishing boats, with three feet of water on top of the pavements. Imagine the people of Chicago taking gondolas, and riding along the streets, landing at the stores and hotels just as they do now from carriages.

We had been riding in gondolas for two days, getting around in the mud when the tide was out, and going to sleep and waiting for the tide to come in, when it seemed to me that Dad needed some excitement, and last night I gave it to him.

We were out in our gondolas, and the moon was shining, and the electric lights made the canal near the Rialto bridge as light as day. The Rialto bridge crosses the Grand canal, and has been the meeting place for lovers for thousands of years. It is a grand structure, of carved marble, but it wouldn't hold up a threshing machine engine half as well

as an iron bridge. Well, the canal was filled with thousands of gondolas, loaded with the flower of Venetian society, and the music just made you want to fall in love. Dad said if he didn't fall in love, or something, before morning, he would quit the place. I made up my mind he should fall into something, so I began by telling Dad it seemed strange to me that nobody but Eytalians could run a gondola. Dad said he could run a gondola as well as any foreigner, and I told him he couldn't run a gondola for shucks, and he said he would show me, so he got out of the henhouse where we were seated, and went back on to the pointed end of the gondola, and grabbed the pole or paddle from the gondolier, and said: "Now, Garibaldi, you go inside the punt with me, and let me punt this ark around awhile."

Garibaldi thought Dad was crazy, but he gave up the pole, and just then, when they were both on the extreme point of the gondola, and she was wabbling some, I peeked out through the curtains and thought the fruit was about ripe enough to pick, so I threw myself over in one side of the gondola, and, by gosh, if Dad and Garibaldi didn't both go overboard with a splash, and one yell in the English language, and one in Eytalian, and I rushed out of the cabin and such a sight you never saw.

Dad retained the paddle, and had his head out of water, but nothing showed above the water where Garibaldi was, except a red patch on his black pants. Dad was yelling for help, and finally the gondolier got his head out of the water, and said something the sound of like grinding a butcher knife on a grindstone, and I yelled, too, and the gondolas began to gather around us, and the two men were rescued. The gondolier had been gondolier all his life and he had never been in the water before, and they thought it would strike him and kill him, so they wrapped him up in blankets and put him aboard his canoe, and he looked at me as though I was to blame. They got a boat hook fastened in Dad's pants and landed him in the gondola, and he dripped all the way to our hotel, and he smelled like a fish market.

I asked Garibaldi, on the way to the hotel, if he was counting his beads when he was down under the water with nothing but his pants out of the water, and he said: "You're dam right," but I don't think he knew the meaning of the words. He said he lost the assistance of the presence of death. Dad just sat and shivered all the way to the hotel, but when we got to our room I asked him what his idea was in jumping overboard right there before folks, with his best clothes on, and he said it was all Gar-

ibaldi's fault, that just as Dad was getting a good grip on the paddle, the gondolier heaved a long sigh, and the onlookers in his breath paralyzed Dad so he fell overboard.
"Then you don't blame your little boy, do you?" says I, and Dad looked at me as he was hanging his wet shirt on a chair. "Course not; you were asleep in the cabin. But say, if I ever hear that you did tip that gondola, it will go hard with you," but I just looked innocent, and Dad went on drying his shirt by charcoal brazier and never suspected me. But I am getting the worst of it, for Dad and his clothes smell so much like it, I can't stand it any more.

Well, old friend, you ought to close up your grocery and come over here and go to Vesuvius and Pompeii with us, where we can dry our clothes by the volcano, and dig in the city that was buried in hot ashes 2000 years ago. They say you can dig up mummies there that are dead ringers for our old man.

Oh, come on, and have fun with us.

Your friend,

HENHERRY.

HELL.

The Useful Old One as Distinguished From the New.

A Methodist Preacher in the Christian City.

Hell has lost its powers as a deterrent from evil. When men were born in fear, lived in dread and looked on death in horror, hell was a philosophical, rational and useful basis of restraint. Do not misunderstand me as suggesting that hell has died out. The place of its burning has moved. It was made the terminus of sin, and of it men were afraid. That was rational and right. We must teach men to dread the fires in lights within. That is more rational and awful than any fires that can burn without. Sin puts hell into men, not men into hell.

The hell of medieval days and more modern times, as far as any practical helping toward righteousness is concerned, has gone out. But a more fearful hell is burning. Only few have eyes to see it. The speculative hell is subject for jokes of comic papers. Thank God, the hell of fact is not yet a joke with men. He who knows anything of sin knows that sin and hell are synonyms. The church has lost the assistance of the strong right arm of moral law, because she pushed into the speculative realm a question that belongs to present fact.

Hell is a present fact to those who know the kind of flame that burns in every moral world.

NO DEPUTY FOR MANNING

DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND LAW-MAKERS CANNOT AGREE.

Both He and Multnomah Legislators Demand the Naming of the New Man.

Unless John Manning comes down off the perch he will probably not get another deputy at the state's expense. Mr. Manning insists that he name the deputy himself, but the Multnomah legislators, who have the power to grant or refuse the extra office, are not willing that he should have that privilege.

They wish to name the deputy in the legislative bill creating the office, but Manning holds over them the veto club of the Governor, saying that he will choose the deputy himself. They respond by telling him he can then keep on paying the third deputy out of his own pocket.

Consequently, nothing may come of all the tugging and pulling and things are likely to be left just as they are.

Manning convinced the delegation that he ought to be awarded a third deputy by the state, but not that he should make the appointment. When the legislators said they did not want any more Democrats in the District Attorney's office, he pointed to Gus Moser, whom he regarded as a good Republican, who is already in his office. But Moser trained with the Simon faction in the last primaries, and with Manning's Democratic element in the election; therefore, he did not "look good" to the legislators.

Manning is ambulating badly among the lawmakers and telling them Moser is a good Republican, but they refuse to be convinced.

Rattler in Captivity.

Fearon's.

Of all the snakes, the rattler is by far the most intelligent, wherever he suffers most in captivity. At a zoological exhibit he is housed in a large glass-fronted cage where day and night he lies on the artificially warmed sand, so cruelly different from the sun-bathed desert with its thickets of Spanish bayonet and groves of dwarf palm-trees. As different as are the wild and the captive surroundings of the snake, as different is the splendid rea-

lity himself when seen at large or when viewed in a cage. The very spirit of the creature seems broken. He coils, he sounds his rattle and he strikes at whatever intrudes, but the vim and fire is extinguished with the artificial home.

No longer can he capture his food, the insignificant rat. Once every few days a dead rat is thrown to him, for, were the rodent given but half a chance he would pounce on the neck of the enemy and bite his spine in two before the viper had time even to maneuver in his narrow confines.

Two, rarely more than three years, a rattlesnake survives captivity. In his own grim way he actually pines away for his freedom. And a rattlesnake dies as he has lived, alone, without sign of weakness, without even a struggle. To the farthest corner of a cage he draws himself, coils his mighty body, turns his wicked head to the wall and rests his chin on his back. Once, toward the very last, he raises his tail and, quivering it, sends a last prolonged farewell. Then the tail sinks and the rattlesnake is dead—a brave and honest snake and a little-understood and much misunderstood creature.

Almost Faultless Climate.

Century.

For the climate of the Everglades is almost faultless. It is singularly equable, showing no extremes of heat and cold, and not subject to sudden changes. Even a "winter" coming out of the region of ice and snow, is soon softened to milder temperatures; and the heat of the Summer is made genial, though the mercury may be well up in the 80s, by the cooled air which is everywhere in the Glades. The year is divided into the dry and rainy seasons. The latter may be roughly spoken of as including June and September, although, well in the Glades, sudden light showers in limited areas are likely at any season, and in the Autumn a high degree of humidity is constant. A lifetime might be spent in the region and no sign of malaria ever be discovered. Pure air, that moves in gentle breezes over vast expanses of pure water, is the perfect atmosphere of health, as evinced in the fine physique, splendid coloring and athletic vigor of the Seminole, who has a monopoly of as fine a climate as there is on earth.

Gilmer Not Guilty of Wrong.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—Second Lieutenant David G. Gilmer, of the Philippine Scouts, has been acquitted by court martial at Manila, of the charges of embezzlement and wrongful disposition of Government property.