"ROBIN HOOD" WILL BE PRESENTED AT HEILIG WEEK OF APRIL 17

Celebrated Comic Opera Will Be Rendered by Company of Notable Singers, Including Ivy Scott, Australian Prima Donna—Chorus Is of Exceptionally High Order—Production Comes From New Amsterdam Theater.

Cora Tracy, as "Alan-a-dale," and Carolyn Andrews, as "Anabel" — Ivy Scott, as "Maid Marian."

"ROBIN HOOD," the celebrated comic opera by Messrs. De Koven and Smith, will be presented at the Heilig Theater for six days, beginning Monday, April 17. This opera will be presented by the De Koven Opera Company, an organization composed of grand opera singers. In this notable cast of vocal artists first mention should be given Ivy Scott, the charming young Australian prima donna, who made such a success as Madame Butterfly and as the girl in "The Girl of the Golden West."

Miss Scott possesses a remarkable lyric soprano voice of dramatic quality and sings the role of Maid Marian with an artistic beauty worthy of the highest praise. The title role will be sung by Ralph Brainard, whose fine tenor voice is admirably suited to the part. William Schuster will play the part of Friar Tuck. Mr. Schuster's performance of the lovable old monk is said to be a classic.

Cora Tracy will be the Alan-a-Dale and her rich contralto adds a new beauty to Mr. de Koven's best-known song, "O, Promise Me." Another recruit from grand opera is James Stevens, of the Chicago Opera Company, whose singing of "Brown October Ale" gives a pleasure only possible from such a splendid baritone voice.

Herbert Waterous, a fine basso, will sing the famous "Armourers' Song." Marie McConnell, Tillie Salinger, Phil Branson and Sol Solomon complete the cast, the excellence of which has never been surpassed, if equaled in comic opera. An exceptional singing chorus carried by the company is of the highest order. Special mention is made of the vocal merit of this company, in justice to the charm of Reginald de Koven's music.

This elaborate production, which is under the direction of Fred E. Walker, is the same as that given at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, during the long run of "Robin Hood" in that city last year.

READERS' VIEWS ON CURRENT EVENTS

REPUBLICAN DEFINES FEALTY

Hood River Man Would Vote for Roosevelt if Nominated.

HOOD RIVER, April 7.—(To the Editor.)—May I have space for a few thoughts that have suggested themselves to me as I read the letter of Mr. Tate?

Mr. Tate expresses the hope that Mr. McLeod's "prejudices may be overcome and he put loyalty to Republican principles above dislike for any individual"; yet he eulogizes Mr. Roosevelt for pursuing a course that prevented Republican success four years ago, because he, Roosevelt, could not "support for temporary chairman a man whom he regarded as the wrong man for the place," and he defends Mr. Roosevelt's refusal to do so on the claim of high moral principle.

It is characteristic of the "I am holier than thou" politicians to claim to be governed by high principle and that those who differ with them are governed by "prejudice." Mr. Roosevelt regarded as the wrong man for one place Mr. Root, who is almost universally regarded as one of the brainiest patriots of America, and he is lauded by Mr. Tate for wrecking the chance of Republican success, a success by which then, as emphatically as now, "the best interests of our Nation would be subserved," and his doing so is claimed as "purifying and strengthening the Republican party."

If, however, Mr. McLeod regards Mr. Roosevelt as the wrong man for another and more responsible place, this is "prejudice." I fully agree with Mr. Tate that "this is a time for putting aside anything and everything which would in any way prevent the triumphant success of the Republican party, but the same sentiment was as worthy and the same fact as true four years ago as it is today. I have been criticised by my friends and ridiculed by my enemies for "extreme fealty to the Republican party," but that fealty is based on a firm conviction that the policies adhered to by the party are best for the Nation and its people, best for my neighbors and myself; that those policies have drawn to the party the best brains of the country and what seems to me the best, though not the only brand, of patriotism; and that the party so manned is the most efficient one extant.

When, however, Mr. Roosevelt and his followers ask that we reward them for purifying and strengthening the party by leaving it to defeat, and teach a new version of the parable of the prodigal son, "Father thou hast sinned against heaven and in my sight, make me chiefest of thy hired servants with power over all," it is a little strain on my party fealty to say "Amen!"

If Mr. Roosevelt is nominated by the next Republican convention it will be because he has elements of character and stands for policies that are favored by the party now, as those elements of character have repeatedly been honored in the past, and not because he has punished and purified the party by making possible the humiliating spectacles and experiences of the past three years, so crowded with noteworthy incidents.

It is a slur on Mr. Roosevelt for his supporters to say the 4,000,000 votes cast for him in 1912 were so cast as a protest against the last Chicago convention, and not because Mr. Roosevelt was their choice for President because of what he is, and what he stands for.

However, if the American people like what a minority of them were able to get because the majority was needlessly split, they will deserve about what they will get, and will get about what they deserve. We have nothing to bank on but the common sense of the American people, and it appears "a part of them can be fooled all the time." What I don't like now is for those who deserted the ship four years ago to come back and urge the old guard to stand by what they always have stood by and never deserted.

If Republicans are willing to forgive, though they cannot forget, what was done four years ago, those who Bull Moosed then should forget where they have nothing to forgive, and be a little, just a little, modest in their claim for having purified and strengthened the party; and they should not say things that make it harder instead of easier for us to vote for Mr. Roosevelt if nominated.

I hope some other good man will be the nominee at Chicago, but it's the policy, not the personality, of the next administration that is important to all of us, and I shall vote for Republican policies by voting for the man that stands for them.

We want and need most of the things Mr. Roosevelt stands for, but he is not the only great American patriot who stands for those things, and he does not stand for as strong a loyalty to the party as we might wish.

I would like to have a chance of voting for someone who has not made the mistake he made four years ago, which has brought about the writing of some pages of history which we regret and which our children may not be proud to read, but I am for him with a capital "F" if he becomes the choice of our convention at Chicago, because of the policies he stands for; because he is one of many men we have who can and will do the things we want done. R. C. GLANVILLE.

BLUE BUCKET MINE EXPLAINED

Grave Found Not Thought One Working Early Gold Find.

PORTLAND, April 8.—(To the Editor.)—By your special correspondent at Baker, we are told of the relocation of the Blue Bucket mine, known of in Oregon "legend" as containing fabulous riches, and, as your correspondent says, "discovered by a party of immigrants in 1849."

Now it is true that that was rather an early date in Oregon, but some things happened out here, even before that time. Fifty or 60 years ago, I heard told, by many different persons, the story of the finding of this supposed mine. I heard it from different members of the immigrant company, who believed they had made such a find. But the date of this discovery as set down by your correspondent is three years too late. Here is what I was told, in substance, from time to time, with minor differences in detail, but to the same effect as to the more important facts:

In 1846 the overland immigration to Oregon was overtaken by a mountain man named Steve Meek, who was also on his way to Oregon. He was a brother to Joe Meek, then well and favorably known throughout Oregon.

Steve Meek told of a route many miles shorter than the trail down Snake River, through Baker and Grand Ronde valleys, and finally down the Columbia to the Willamette Valley, as had been done by all the preceding immigrants. Meek's route branched off to the south at the mouth of the Malheur River about where Ontario lies, on the Oregon Short Line. It was supposed to follow up Malheur Valley, cross the John Day and perhaps Crooked rivers, thence across the Deschutes, up the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains and down the west side to the Willamette Valley.

Meek offered to become their Moses and lead them out of this real wilderness. The immigrants were mostly Missourians and were willing to "be shown." So they hired him as guide.

Later this was called "Meek's Cutoff." But as Meek had never actually traveled the road and was really acting on second-hand information, he could not give his followers such points as they were looking for. Then they began to suspect him of being an impostor, who was trying to lure them to their destruction. So they began to talk of "hanging" and other disagreeable things. Hearing of this, Meek skipped out, in company with his wife, on the first dark night, and was never seen again by any of the party until they overhauled him many weeks afterwards on the Tualatin Plains, where lived his brother Joe.

I do not remember what route he took, but had the immigrants followed him it would have brought them out as it did Meek.

The path Meek had marked out, although rough and very difficult in places, afterwards proved practicable and is now used for a number of routes of travel across the Cascades. It would have proved more favorable than the one they found for themselves after Meek had been virtually driven out of camp. This took them into the Crooked River country, thence northerly down the Deschutes, and finally back to their old "immigrant trail" at The Dalles.

They had endured great suffering, hardship and hunger and had lost about everything they had started with. After Meek's departure the company seems to have traveled at different times to all points of the compass. I have never met one of the survivors who could make me know that he had any well-defined idea as to any particular place where they had been, although many of them in after years put in much time trying to retrace their steps, and if possible, relocate their mine.

The story, as told me, was that while "wandering and lost" in the wilderness" like the Children of Israel, one morning while their teams had strayed away, someone saw a bright yellow substance in the dry gulch at camp and called attention to it. Some of the pieces were gathered up, and carried about and finally thrown away or lost. Members of the party who, three years afterwards, visited the California gold mines, said it was very rich quartz, streaked with gold.

The grave mentioned in your dispatch as having been discovered by the parties from Baker and as having a rude headstone marked "Mary E——1849," is indeed interesting, but when taken with other known facts proves that this is not the resting place of that poor, tired wayfaring member of that company who fell by the wayside in 1848.

A part of this "legend" is to the effect that when this woman of the company died they dug her grave, put the body in and after filling the grave partly full they took the tire from a wagon that they were going to leave and set it up on the grave go about one-half of it would show above ground. The location of this grave was on a high ridge that is still called "Wagon Tire Mountain." This was the most noticeable and enduring monument they could have left.

Again, this immigrant woman had lain three years in her grave on "Wagon Tire Mountain" before the date carved on the headstone that marks the burial place of "Mary E——1849."

The dispatch infers that this location was mined for a short time in 1849, and that it had been worked by immigrants and that they were driven out by the Indians.

I was here at that time and venture to say that not one penny's worth of gold had ever been mined in Oregon at that time.

The first gold taken out in Oregon was in Southern Oregon. As for the "linchpin wagon, miners' pick, frying pan and sluice boxes" found by the Baker party, as long ago as the early '40s, John G. Fremont was in that country and at that time and for 20 years thereafter all Government wagons had "linchpins," and since that time most of the freighting through that country had been done in condemned Government wagons, that had passed into private ownership. It is highly probable that many of these wagons carried just such "picks" and "frying pans" as are mentioned in this dispatch from Baker. As for the "sluice boxes" mentioned, if they were made in "1849" they certainly would begin to show their age by this time.

The find that these immigrants made was little thought about for years, and was never called the "Blue Bucket" mine until a party of miners returned from California stopped for a night at the Oregon home of a member of the Meek party. This family had never seen gold. When the miners had shown some of it to these immigrants they said "Why that is just what we found when we were lost." After they had told what they had seen, upon being asked how much they had found, the woman of the house said, pointing to a blue water bucket, "We could have filled that blue bucket."

I have no doubt but that some rich nuggets and quartz float was discovered there.

The route they traveled started on the Malheur and ended on the Lower Deschutes and must have crossed the John Day country between these two streams.

This country has been mined for more than half a century, has yielded tons of gold, and is still producing. I do not think the indications point to the discovery of the "Blue Bucket" mine. The gravestone tablet left over the grave that seems to have been made in 1849 does not correspond with the marks left at the lonely place of sepulture of 1846, over which bends the arch of an iron wagon tire.

Well, Meek seems to have made fairly good time, and a good record generally, for the "wilderness" he had gone into and led himself out of was larger than that other "wilderness" from which Moses led his followers, and had occupied only about three months of time as against the 40 years taken by the other great leader.

EDWARD C. ROSS.

T. R. NOT BELIEVED POSSIBLE

Charles B. Moores Says Someone Who Will Not Stir Factions Needed.

PORTLAND, April 5.—(To the Editor.)—Will you permit a "plain Republican" who does not wish to engage in any personal controversy, but to treat the question in the abstract, to suggest a few reasons why the nomination of Roosevelt would not be good politics?

The most of your correspondents seem to be shooting wide of the mark. It is doing no good to abuse Republicans who say that Roosevelt taught them how to bolt, and that they will bolt his nomination, or to argue that Roosevelt was all right in 1912 and Taft was all wrong, or vice versa.

It will get us nowhere. Taft men are just as sincere, just as honest and just as determined as are the Roosevelt men. They believe that the record will show that Taft was, in spite of all that has been said, one of our greatest and most really progressive Presidents, and abuse and ridicule and charges of incapacity will not affect their belief. Friends of Roosevelt have constantly declared that they will scratch and fight and bolt if any man prominent as a Taft supporter is nominated; that they will not submit to a slap in the face, or permit anybody to crowd such a candidate down their throats, and then they abuse supporters of Taft who show the same disposition.

They seem to forget that the great army of Taft supporters have just as much human nature as they have and that the flaunting of a red rag in their faces will mean another fight. Is it not about time for both factions to realize that the nomination of any man offensively identified with either faction in the fight of 1912 means a repition of bitterness and recrimination and defeat? Does any one doubt that the Democratic party is hoping for the nomination of Roosevelt? Is not every suggestion of such a step even now, at this early stage, the signal for a heated discussion on the streets, or in the public press? Is it not time to cease the discussing of this question as Taft men or as Roosevelt men, and to discuss it as plain Republicans?

There are a dozen men of Presidential size on whom we can all unite. It is time for all of us to take counsel of our cool judgment instead of our enthusiasm. Now that the Roosevelt candidacy is a leading topic let us deal with it as a cold, matter of fact proposition, without getting excited about it. Vehement support does not mean effective support. It takes votes rather than enthusiasm to win success. The voter with an excess of enthusiasm counts for no more on election day than does the man who goes into the booth with his jaws set and says nothing.

Roosevelt is always spectacular. Candidates naturally attract men of their own type and the Roosevelt methods attract the emotional and mercurial and enthusiastic. A campaign of enthusiasm generally promises more than is developed in the final count. It is also true that vehement support always generates vehement opposition. No presidential candidate ever had a greater or more enthusiastic following than James G. Blaine, but a mere handful of enemies in New York blasted all his presidential hopes.

The career of Roosevelt does not indicate that he was ever a phenomenal vote-getter, even when he was regarded as the party idol. When he returned as the hero of San Juan and ran for Governor of New York his majority was only 18,000. If Parker, against whom he ran for President in 1904, had polled the Bryan vote of four years before, Roosevelt's majority over him would have been less than was McKinley's majority in 1900. Parker polled 1,280,220 votes less than Bryan did four years before, and 1,331,153 less than Bryan did in 1908, but in spite of this enormous Democratic slump Roosevelt did not get any more than the normal Republican increase, and polled fewer votes than Taft did in 1908.

In 1912 Roosevelt and Taft together did not get as many votes as Taft alone did in 1908, although Wilson polled a smaller percentage of the total vote than any Democrat, except Parker, ever did before. The vote of Roosevelt in 1912 was largely due to various causes not personal to him. The Canadian reciprocity treaty caused tremendous opposition to Taft in all the grain-growing border states. Taft, during his four years' administration, brought 89 suits against leading trusts, a greater number than had been brought before in the whole history of the Sherman law, and more than twice as many as were brought in the whole seven and one-half years of the Roosevelt administration. George W. Perkins, who was a defendant stockholder in the steel and harvester trusts, and others involved, denounced the prosecutions as drastic and unjust, and hundreds of thousands of dollars were contributed by them to defeat Taft.

Besides being fought by the greatest newspapers of the country, nearly all the great magazines of the country opposed Taft, because, as his friends claimed, his administration had raised magazine postage rates to equal the cost of transportation. In Illinois the burning issue was the expulsion of Lorimer from the Senate, and Roosevelt, in stumping that state, declared that support of Taft meant the triumph of Lorimerism, although it developed after the campaign that Taft had written Roosevelt urging him to use his influence in favor of Lorimer's expulsion from the Senate.

In Pennsylvania the battle was largely a battle between the two bosses, Flinn and Penrose, and a fight on the part of Pinchot, who had been removed from the Forestry Service by Taft. The Canadian reciprocity treaty, the trust prosecutions, Lorimerism in Illinois, and factional warfare in Pensylvania lost Taft hundreds of thousands of votes, that were largely cast for Roosevelt simply because he was Taft's opponent, and there was no other Republican in the running. We hear frequently that Taft received only eight electoral votes. It is small politics to state the case in that way. The facts are that Taft beat Roosevelt in 20 states and 13 of these are now really Republican. He beat Roosevelt by many thousands in Ohio, and in Roosevelt's own state of New York. In Wisconsin, La Follette's state, he beat Roosevelt by a vote of more than 2 to 1. Outside of Pennsylvania, Illinois, California and South Dakota Roosevelt had fewer votes than Taft. Half of Roosevelt's majority over Taft came from the states of California and South Dakota, in both of which states Taft was refused a place on the ballot and Republicans were disfranchised. The other half of the Roosevelt majority, not to mention various other localities, resulted from the Flinn-Pinchot-Penrose factional war in Pennsylvania and the irrevelant Lorimer issue in Illinois.

If Roosevelt was not a phenomenal vote-getter when he was the acknowledged party idol, how can he poll a winning vote under present conditions? The most popular slogan of the Wilson Administration is, "He has kept us out of the war." It is pure bunk, but it is a vote-getting slogan. The horrors of the European war have made it so. Against any "war lord" candidate it would be disastrous. The vote of Henry Ford in Michigan is a straw.

In the Middle West it is an unfortunate fact that the sentiment for preparedness is not as strong as it should be. An extremist candidate would imperil rather than promote the cause of preparedness, and it is well to note that neither on this, nor any other issue, is there any dissension in the Democratic party that indicates Wilson will not get practically every Democratic vote, especially against Roosevelt.

We have made political capital out of Wilson's repudiation of his single-term pledge. We must drop that if we nominate a man who declared he would never, "under any circumstances," become a candidate for a third term. We have been making political capital over the enormously increased number of business failures in the last three years and the fact that nothing but the Republican Aldrich-Vreeland law saved us from a disastrous panic. What becomes of that if we nominate the man who was President at the time of the 1907 panic, the only panic we have ever had that could not be traced directly to the Democratic party? Finally we come to the question of German disaffection. The man who undertakes to minimize this is utterly blind to existing conditions. There is no man in the country for whom the average German voter entertains a greater dislike than Roosevelt, not even Wilson, for while Wilson has been diplomatically objectionable Roosevelt has bluntly denounced the Germans as pirates and murderers, and declared that the United States is bound by international treaty to drive the German invaders from Belgian soil.

Our German citizens are not all hyphenated Americans. The great majority are thoroughly loyal American citizens, but they bitterly resent what they regard as unjust criticism of the fatherland. Let us assume that they are utterly wrong. Right or wrong they hold about 2,000,000 votes and it is estimated that about 80 per cent of them are Republicans. We have about 9,000,000 people of German descent. We have 2,500,000 who were born in Germany. Of our German-born population there are 450,000 in New York, 300,000 in Illinois, 225,000 in Wisconsin, over 200,000 in Pennsylvania and 200,000 in Ohio. Including all those of German descent there are probably 6,000,000 Germans in these five great states that have 149 electoral votes. If Roosevelt were nominated what would happen in New York, which he lost in 1912, or in Illinois with a large German defection and a large defection of regular Republicans? What would happen in Taft's state of Ohio, where the normal Republican majority is only about 50,000 and where a defection of 30,000 would swing the state against us? What would happen in Indiana?

What would happen in Wisconsin, the home of La Follette, who bitterly charges Roosevelt with betraying him in 1912, and where Taft beat Roosevelt by a vote of more than 2 to 1? Would the Democratic press constantly flaunt in our faces all the bitter things that were said in 1912 on both sides, or would it not? Would it constantly remind the German voters of all the bitter things that Roosevelt has said of them, or would it not? Would hundreds of thousands of Taft's friends show their resentment by bolting him, or would they not? It is not a question of what they ought to do.

What would they do? What kind of an olive branch are you ofering when you slap them squarely in the face? Is that the kind of an olive branch that the friends of Roosevelt would accept? Shall we meet half way, make mutual concessions, have a reunited party and select any one of a dozen men upon whom we can all agree, or shall we deliberately reopen the breach and enact the tragedy of 1912?

CHARLES B. MOORES.

LURE OF OREGON IS DESCRIBED

Pictures Drawn of Beauty Spots That Attract Tourists.

NEWPORT, Or., April 6.—(To the Editor.)—Permit me to address the citizen of Oregon was has been too busy to become acquainted with the beauties and resources of his own state.

If you have a few moments to free your mind from the burdens of life and the many problems that confrot you in the everyday scramble for bread, wealth, health and fame, and will go for a few minutes to see the movies, showing some of Oregon's scenic beauties and her wonderful resources, it may cure you of the blues and make you satisfied and thankful to the Almighty that you are permitted to live in one of the most beautiful, healthful and richest countries in natural resources under God's shining sun.

Again we rest on beds of moss and ferns in the odor of the fir and the hemlock, when the shadows of evening are casting dark spots o'er the evergreen pines, and the purple rays of the Summer sun are painting myriads of colors on the rugged shores of old Cape Foulweather. A flame of gold shines over Otter Rock. The sad sea waves moan and seethe on a full-moon tide. Their white, creamy foam bathes the red walls of the "Devil's Punch Bowl." The white-winged gulls and the black plumed shags are winging their flight to Rock Island to seek their young and cover them from the dewy night.

The sea lions' roar is heard as they swim and dive and sport outside the white surf line, after they have made their evening meal on the silverside and chinook.

Then the reel begins to move and we get a glimpse of some of the beauty spots of Oregon's 300 miles of coast line that the Almighty has fashioned and indented with numerous rivers and bays. See how he has framed the hills and alluvial valleys and fenced them in with millions of acres of green forests backed with high mountains, snow-crowned and rock-ribbed and underlaid with precious minerals, richer than King Solomon's Temple.

The reel moves, another picture is on the curtain. Portland, the beautiful rose city, the sweet perfume from a billion blooming roses, mingled with the odor from the distant "primeval forest, the murmuring pine and the hemlock." Six hundred billion feet of timber waving and green, basking in God's pure sunlight, untouched by the woodman's ax, reminding us that Oregon has the largest body of woodland in America.

Just a glimpse is given of a few of the hundreds of enchanting beauty spots that mark the course of the mighty old Columbia, whose scenic beauty is not rivaled in all the known world. The ruins of the great Bridge of the Gods, that in the dim and misty past for ages formed the rocky chain that bound Columbia's shores together to let the dusky savage pass; then fell with a mighty crash and quake that shook the adjoining mountains and sent a great tidal wave rolling down the Columbia, forming the beautiful Cascades, that man's ingenuity and Uncle Sam's money have fashioned and hewn a channel through, that the commerce of a mighty empire may float down to the sea.

The reel next shows mountains. Some tall, ghostly and white, rising nearly to the dome of heaven, silent sentinels guarding the gateway of the rich inland empire, where waving fields of golden grain ready for the harvest thrill the heart of the toiling farmer; where the shepherd's flocks and the cowboy's cattle roam the bunchgrass hills that stretch away to the pineclad slopes of the Blue Mountains.

The reel moves on and we see Mount Hood snow-crowned, sun-kissed, gleaming cold and gray in the distance, keeping guard over the entrance of the mighty Columbia and covering vast bodies of minerals that are richer than all the lands and possessions that the warring nations of the earth are fighting over.

The scene changes and we peep into Crater Lake, and as we stand on the mighty precipice and look down 6000 feet into its crystal water it seems no larger than a pocket mirror encased in its towering walls, which have been carved and chiseled by the hands of time. Looking down into the seemingly fathomless depths of Crater Lake one is reminded of the orthodox description of hell, for it is easy to imagine that this great crater was once a seething molten mass of hellfire and that it burned for countless ages, its sulphur fumes poisoning the air until, like all things, it came to an end and hell burned out, leaving its ruins a mile deep and six miles long. These fires scarred, seamed and maimed its perpendicular walls into a thousand fantastic forms, but finally the pit became a beautiful lake, dotted with rocky islands; while around its shores great forests have grown and beautiful ferns and wild flowers and mosses have covered and healed many of the scars and seams that once marred its beauty. B. F. JONES.

"RUSSIA OUR ONLY FRIEND"

All Other Europeans Aided Confederacy, Says C. E. Cline.

PORTLAND, April 8.—(To the Editor.)—It is well that we have a clear understanding of a few facts at the present time noted by those involved in them as they transpired.

When this country was in the throes of civil war and at vast cost had shut the Southern Confederacy from the sea and the belligerent had no resources within its territory by which it could put a ship on the ocean, England allowed confederate officers to camp on her soil, organize her labor, employ her machinery, use her ports, occupy her colonial stations and that continuously, systematically, defiantly.

British ports, domestic and colonial, were open to the coming and going of piratical ships, where they were not only furnished coal, provisions and repairs, but prisoners were received and held—patriotic men taken from United States vessels and held in dungeons while their captors patrolled the sea for more.

England's whole procedure in our days of anguish was in utter disregard of international obligation, the outgrowth of a malignant neutrality.

Nor was that of Germany much better. Before a single battle was fought Germany hurried to recognize the belligerency of the Confederate states and clapped her hands over every reverse of the Northern Armies. When Great Britian made on Mr. Lincoln her demand for Mason and Slidell in the "Trent" affair, Germany said openly to England, "sic 'em, chew 'em up and spit 'em out."

France recognized the belligerency of the Southern Confederacy, making an emphatic demonstration in the invasion of Mexico, for the purpose of converting that republic into an empire, the success of which would have been fatal to all that is cherished by the United States and all we hope to achieve.

The very moment this Republic was hampered and embarrassed by internal dissension, all Europe acquiesced in an aggression as wanton and hellish as imperial hatred could devise.

Only Russia was our friend—God bless her! Off New York harbor in our darkest days one morning appeared a number of black Russian warships, unasked and unheralded, but there nevertheless, saying by their very presence to all Europe hating us, "Hands off!"

In the war now raging there is neither providence, necessity nor, as some men whose heads are softer than their hearts, say: The fulfillment of scripture prophecy. It's the jealousy of greed. During our Civil War there was in the foreign policy of all that whole European bunch towards the United States, intense and outspoken hostility. Nor can they be, any of them, trusted. Now nor in time to come. Our only safety is in being able to take care of ourselves in any emergency, and particularly so as some of them will have another rod or two in pickle for the United States when their troubles are over and, if occasion arises, every European now taking shelter and getting his bread under the American flag should be made to fish, cut bait or speedily leave the creek.

C. E. CLINE.

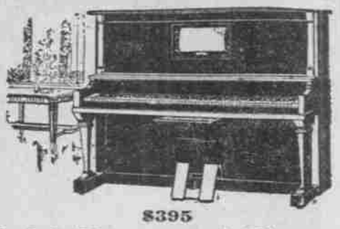
Large Returns.

Birmingham Age Herald.

"Dobbleworth is a facetious fellow."

"In what respect?"

"Announcing the arrival of twins at his house, he said love had declared a dividend on both common and preferred stock."



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CASH REBATES to Club Members who desire to pay faster: 10% on each extra weekly payment. On $1.25, 13c; on $1.50, 15c; on $2.00, 20c; on $2.50, 25c; on $3.00, 30c, credited to each payment.

EXCLUSIVE CLUB FEATURES: **Cash Factory Prices—Club Payments**—Every other piano store charges interest on time payments. In this Club you secure the Factory Cash Price and 2½ years without interest. This alone saves you from $50.35 to $115.00, because of the 8% charged elsewhere, when observing our range of prices.

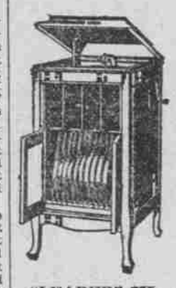
CLUB PAYMENTS—As a special inducement, we have reduced our regular payment terms. The usual payment, for instance, on a "Natural Player," style X, is $25 cash and $12 monthly. Club terms are $10 fee and $2 weekly on Player Piano, $5 cash, $1.25 weekly on Pianos. Thus actually giving you the use of the piano free for 2½ years.

GUARANTEE—Every instrument offered in this club carries the manufacturers' guarantee for 5 to 10 years. Also the instrument may be exchanged for another any time within one year, allowing full amount paid. Free delivery in city and country.

HOW TO JOIN THE CLUB—Call at the store and we will supply you with a Membership Blank, return it to us signed together with the $5 or $10 fee, which entitles you to all the membership privileges and the immediate delivery of the instrument.

$1.00 to $5.00 Sends One of These Talking Machines Home

Club Terms—Weekly, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.75 and $2.00

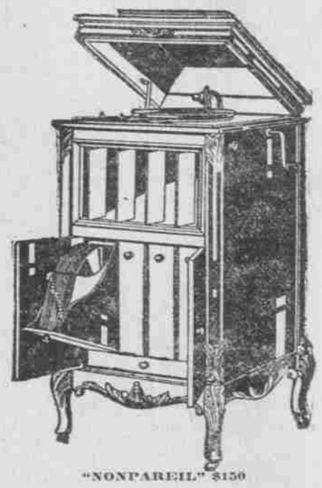


"LEADER" $75

"JEWEL" $35

"MARVEL" $10
Quartered Golden Oak

"Favorite" $50
Quartered Golden Oak



"NONPAREIL" $150

Manufacturers' Coast Distributors, 111 Fourth Street, Near Washington.

Schwan Piano Co.

Warrantee Backed by $12,000,000