

Use Your Credit

We Charge No Interest.

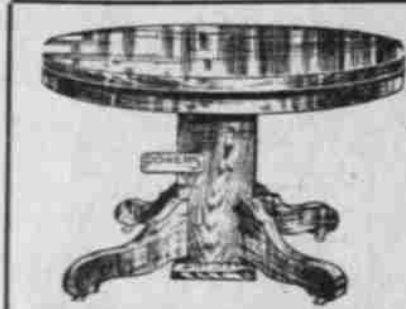
POWERS—the Store Where

One Dollar

Will Put More in Your Home Than It Ever Did Before

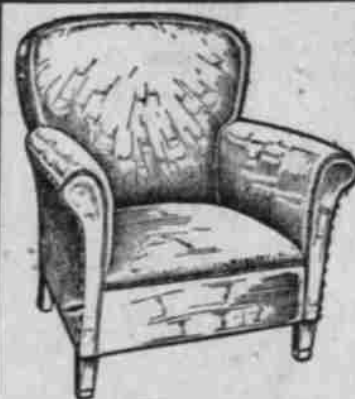
\$29.50 Two-Inch Post Flemish Metal Bed \$19.85
Handsome Flemish Lacquered Beds with ten one-inch filler rods and massive three-inch post mounts.
\$1.00 Cash—\$1.00 Week
Use Your Credit

50-Pound Combination Art Tick Mattresses \$7.85
Combination of felt and wood fiber—pretty art tick, roll edge. Built for service.
\$1.00 Cash—\$1.00 Week
Use Your Credit



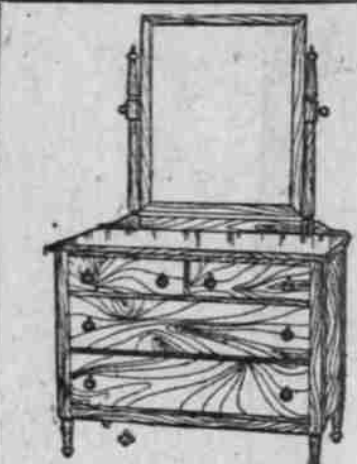
Plank-Top Pedestal Dining Table
\$23.90
\$1 Cash—\$1 Week
Use Your Credit

Just as pictured, with 45-inch quartered plank top, heavy square pedestal base and broad, flaring legs. It is many dollars underpriced, but still offered on these very special credit terms. Choice of turned or golden finishes.



Loose-Cushion Tapestry Chair or Rocker
\$35.85
\$1 Cash—\$1 Week
Use Your Credit

High back, form-fitting pieces, upholstered in excellent grade of tapestry; loose cushion seats, built for service and comfort.



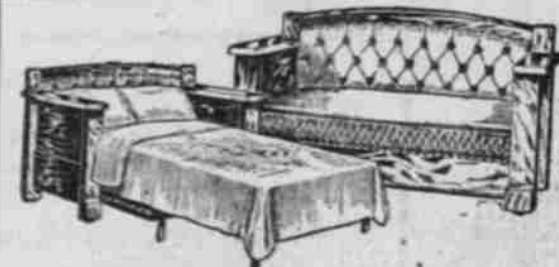
Ivory Enamel Dressers
Up From \$17.50
\$1 Cash—\$1 Week
Use Your Credit

Your choice of a number of both plain line and period Dressers in white or ivory enamel. They grade up from \$17.50 to \$45.75.



20 Styles Buffets
Up From \$23.25
\$1 Cash—\$1 Week
Use Your Credit

Make your selection from some 20 styles, consisting of colonial, southern to perfect an arm that would fire a succession of shots without reloading, thus intensifying the confusion and casualties of the foe. Though it was yet the day of matchlocks it seemed that the solution was at hand.



"Sterling" Bed Davenports
Up From \$22.50
\$1.00 Cash—\$1.00 Week
Use Your Credit

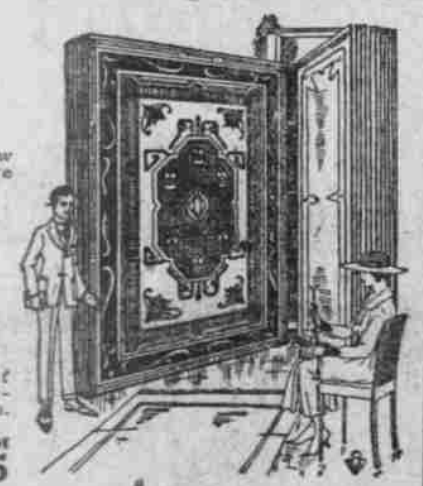
These davenports are shown in both genuine and imitation leather, and come in a variety of choice designs. They are the kind that make a comfortable bed at night and an attractive davenport during the day. Instantly convertible.

9x12 BRUSSELS RUGS \$27.50
\$1.00 Cash—\$1.00 Week
Use Your Credit

Suitable for bedrooms, the library or den. Splendid new colorings and designs that are of the newest that we have offered. A most unusual line to choose from.

9x12 AXMINSTER RUGS \$32.85
\$1.00 Cash—\$1.00 Week
Use Your Credit

These splendid Rugs are offered in a long range of colorings and designs that are of the newest that we have offered. A most unusual line to choose from.



Four-Piece Living-Room Suite
\$39.75
\$1.00 Cash—\$1.00 Week
Use Your Credit

Suite consists of Settee, Arm Chair, Arm Rocker and Table, all in solid oak. Imitation leather slip seats are used on the three pieces. A real bargain.



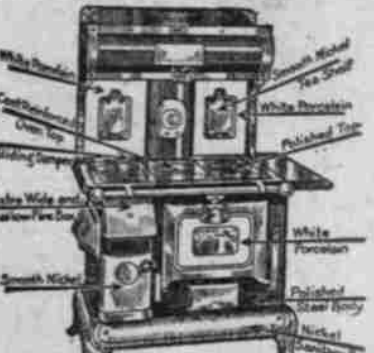
Victrola IV Outfit
\$29.50
\$1.00 Cash—\$1.00 Week
Use Your Credit

This Victrola IV is mounted on a full quartered oak record cabinet with double doors and sliding shelves, giving the appearance of a much higher-priced model. All Victrola numbers always in stock; also a full line of records.



Hoosier KITCHEN CABINETS
\$1 Cash, \$1 Week
Use Your Credit

The highest grade Kitchen Cabinet produced today. Sold only at the Powers Store. Four models, up from \$28.55.



Garant'd Steel Range
Up From \$41.50
\$1 Cash—\$1 Week
Use Your Credit

Superior to any other range we know of at its price. Both low and sanitary base styles.



Sewing Machines
Up From \$25.00
\$1 Cash—\$1 Week
Use Your Credit

The celebrated Standard make, combining all the new improvements and the latest things in sewing-machine construction.

January Sale Bargains in Our Drapery Store

60c French Nets
French Lasse and Fillet Nets in white, cream and ecru—40 to 48 inches in width, special, the yard. **39c**

100 Patterns 35c Cretonne
Beautiful floral, foliage and dresden designs. Our regular 35c quality at the yard. **29c**
Sample Lengths Imported Cretonnes for Handbags at Reduced Prices.

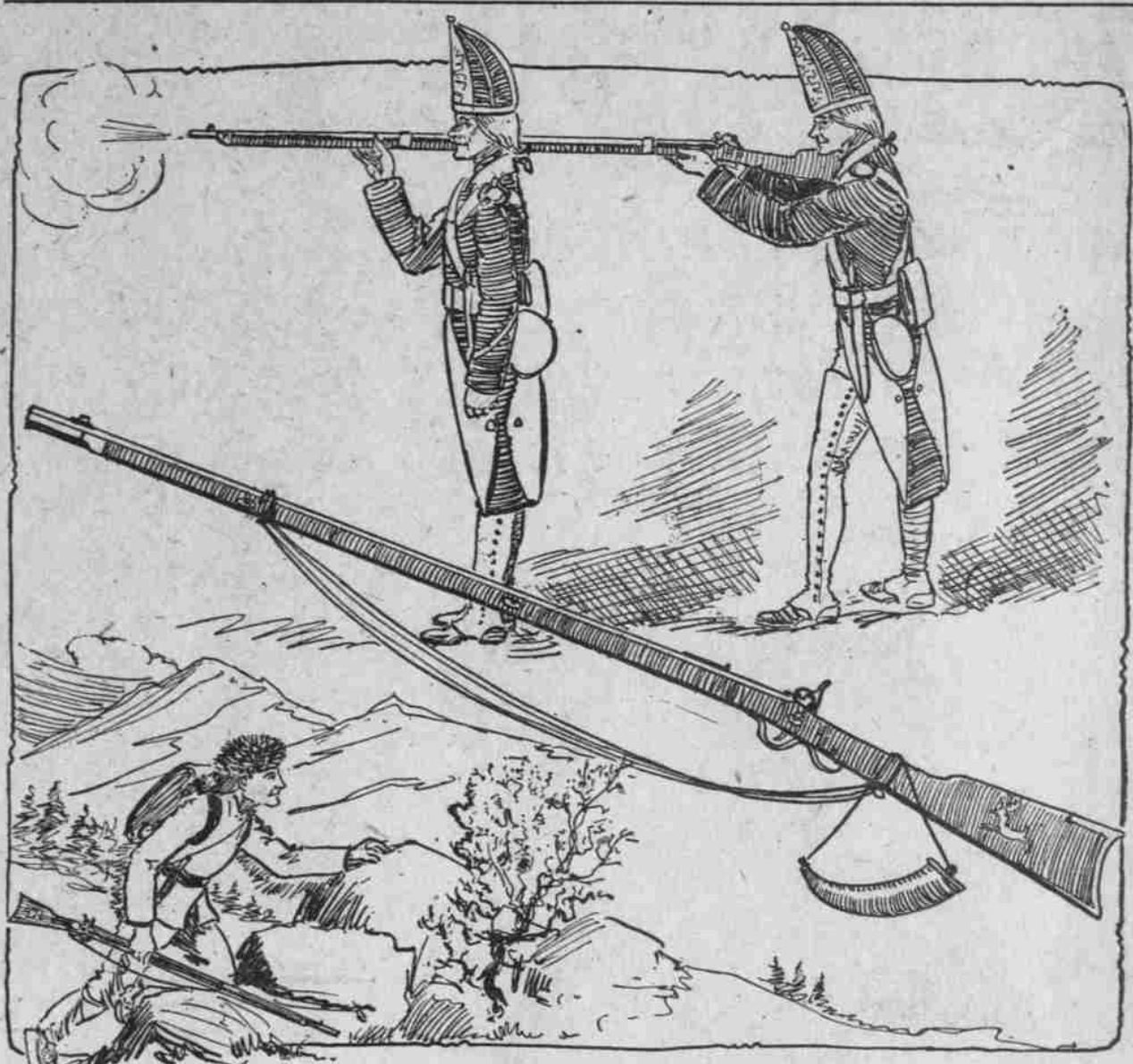
POWERS

USE YOUR CREDIT

THIRD & YAMHILL

ANTIQUATED FIREARMS OF VARIOUS TYPES
TELL INTERESTING TALES OF EARLY OREGON

Racks of Historic Weapons Form Valued Exhibit of Historical Society — Flintlock Used by Famous Joe Meek Is Highly Prized.



BY BEN HUR LAMPMAN.

His Majesty agreed that the idea was a humbugger, and then some. He had the royal gunsmith fashion the piece according to the blueprints, and equip each musketeer and gaudy guardsman without delay. So far as cinches are mortal, it appeared that his design to extend the kingdom would flourish when his armies took the field with the new firearm.

This historical glimpse, more or less accurate, attends the birth of the repeating firearm. Since bullets were first blown by powder from an iron tube, it had been the dream of gunsmiths to perfect an arm that would fire a succession of shots without reloading, thus intensifying the confusion and casualties of the foe. Though it was yet the day of matchlocks it seemed that the solution was at hand.

The smoothbore that issued from the royal armory was longer than a Kentucky rifle. It was spaced for a dozen loads, measured and rammed and wadded, one upon the other. At the right, parallel to the piece, ran a carriage, on which the lighted matchlock slid from charge to charge.

Smoothbores Have Their Day.

Two musketeers, with a radical revision of the manual of arms, were assigned to each gun. It was the duty of the first to bear the barrel over his stalwart shoulder, while his comrade aimed the arm and slid the smouldering match.

Twelve shots in sequence!

History relates that the first few drills were promising, but that the top sergeant, flustered by responsibility or his potations at the Board's Head, absently touched the match to the rear load before discharging his first eleven, and so ended the Spring maneuvers. The pot-metal smoothbore resolved itself to fragments and the regimental chieftains mused the luckless musketeer for a week before they were pensioned by the Crown and retired from service.

The first repeating firearm blew up at birth, as one might say, and for decades men were content with the muzzle-loading rifle or musket, passing from matchlock to flint, and from flint to percussion. It was with such guns that the history of early days in America was punctuated, and with such "rifles" that the pioneers of the West pushed back the borders and the red warriors of the wilderness. The personal equation counted, then, for the range was short and the shot single, and the immediate future fraught with consequences if the shot went wild.

Guns Recall History.

There were gunsmiths in those days whose craft was a matter of pride. Into each rifle, as into a master violin, was welded and toiled the essence of care and art; of personal supervision the long labor of left hands. The guns that remain as flotsam of Oregon's earlier days are treasured to quicken any collector's heart.

In the armory of the Oregon Historical Society, now housed within the Public Auditorium, are racks of history almost may trace the ancestry of "over there," from the first time in his career, all out the rhythm and brightness of the music of other days.

French Opera Well Received.

On Wednesday evening the first novelty of the season was given. "Marouf," a delightful opera in four acts, by Henri Rabaud, had its American premiere. It was first produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, in 1914, and is one of the few French operas written, as Camille Bellaigue, the great French critic said, "in the last mile of French music before the war."

The story of "Marouf" is taken from "The Arabian Nights" tales, and is a delightful fairy tale well adapted for operatic treatment in a lighter vein, full of humor and joy, combined with refinement. The second and the fourth acts are, musically, undoubtedly the strongest of the opera, and although it retains the Oriental mood, the music of these two acts is the most favorable to the new French school.

At no time in the history of grand opera has a more brilliant and artistic performance been given to the discriminating audience of New York. The performance was remarkable from the standpoint of stagecraft, costumes and music—scene, and left nothing to be desired. There was no attempt made to copy in any respect the production at the Opera Comique, as was the performance was handicapped by reason of the small stage. On the other hand the size of the house here might account for the fact that much of the fine detail and the great variety of color in the orchestral part were not brought out clearly, which might have been responsible for a lack of charm and monotony of the work in many cases.

Mme. Alda in Brilliant Role.

Mr. Rabaud was eager that his work should be presented to the American public under the most favorable conditions. This is evident from the fact that of his own volition he wrote an entirely new scene and aria for the role of the Princess, and her wonderful singing was especially artistic. There is no doubt that this will remain her most brilliant creation, as not only were the eye and the ear pleased, but the youthful charm, the vivacious mood and the compelling art astonished even her most ardent admirers.

While sighing for a new opera role

"DAUGHTER OF REGIMENT," WITH HEMPEL
IN ROLE OF VIVANDIERE, SCORES SUCCESS

Stirring Climax Reached When Artist Appears Leading Soldiers to Beat of Her Drum—"Marouf" Has Its American Premiere.

BY EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—(Special.)—The programme at the Metropolitan Opera House last week was so varied and brilliant that, contrary to the usual custom, the week before Christmas drew several capacity houses and all the performances had big audiences.

The week began with a delightful revival of Donizetti's opera, "The Daughter of the Regiment," which had not been done at that house in 14 years. At that time Madame Sembrich sang the part of the drum-beating vivandiere and Mr. Gilbert, who did it again in the season of 1909-10 at the Manhattan Opera House, sang the role of Sulpizio. Upon this occasion Madame Frieda Hempel and Mr. Scotti were the important figures.

Madame Hempel received one ovation after another, she was in excellent voice and spirits and the score gives ample opportunity for a display of the artist's brilliant technique and probably the heights were reached in the interpolated song, the Proch variations, in which Miss Hempel outvalued herself.

Hempel Receives Ovation.

She was a dashing vivandiere in her smart uniform, and she played the role with sprightly comedy and charm. It was a stirring moment when she appeared leading her soldiers to the beat of her drum, and her drum solo was worthy of the insistent encore. And when Miss Hempel knelt to kiss the tri-color there was a demonstration from the audience.

The role of Sergeant Sulpizio fell to Scotti, for the first time in his career, it is said. The swaggering, blustering, lovable old sergeant was as fine a bit of characterization as one may wish to see, and the baritone may add another role to those he has made famous.

Fernando Carpi was the Tonio—the unhappy lover it was so difficult to Scotti, for the first time in his career, Marie Matfield played the role of the Marchioness admirably, and added much to the comedy of the singing lesson scene in which Marie falls into a temper and destroys her score, with the silent approval of Sulpizio.

The Donizetti score is sprightly and vivacious, and so insistently melodious that every one, sooner or later, falls under the spell of it. The quaint, whimsical prelude of Act III is irresistible, and in repetitive phrases one

post. Opposite the lock and powder pan trails a bronze dragon.

To the pioneer woodsman the flintlock possessed manifest advantages over other arms, say the new-fangled percussion gun. With flint and powder there was no need to fret about percussion caps or to take the long trail back to the trading post while the powder lasted. It was a good gun, though it stuttered when it spoke.

Trappers Have Struggles.

In the Peace River country, before the railroad entered, a handful of years ago, Hudson Bay factors still traded these arms to their Indian hunters. At the foot of Lesser Slave Lake dwelt an Indian trapper, who went out to combat with the grizzly, bearing such an arm. The factor was wont to exhibit him to such pilgrims as ventured into the North. Stripped of the waist, the shoulders and chest of the hunter were mapped with great scars and ridged scars—mementoes of tussles with the surly old men of the mountains.

It was this hunter's habit, the factor indignantly would explain, to follow the trail until the grizzly, never over-patient, came within range to bay. To the fall of the flint the long smooth-bore coughed its load of ounce ball and miscellany into his vital parts. The grizzly was killed, for flight meant almost certain obsequies for the hunter. Hence the attendant scars.

In the armory of the Oregon Historical Society one may trace the evolution of the flintlock to the modern high-power repeating rifle. There are guns with locks so ingenious and intricate that their duplicates are not to be found—sole survivors of types that did not answer the test. Rifles with hammers at the sides, with shotguns and rifled barrels set one above the other, with revolving cylinders, equipped with percussion cap nipples; guns that marked the striving for an arm that would shoot again and again without reloading.

Each Gun Has Tale to Tell.

One came from Death Valley, picked up on the dusty alkaline floor of the desert, its owner gone in quest of the mirage; another came to light when a grading plow cleft an Indian burial mound; a third was given as the prize for 20 fine bales of cotton at Appalachicola, and was first targeted at alligators.

Each has its history, and the cards they bear carry fragments of chronicle from the days when the Indians "were up," and a rifle was the answering argument. Their stocks are gouged by hostile bullets and polished by petting. Strong hands have worn the scrolls, and one would have to rub them and repair their locks, feed them powder and ball again and set them free for service over the range of "No-Man's Land," it is to be feared that they would not score.

But in their day they won and held the West, and their speech was man-talk, straight from the shoulder and true to the target. And no sporting goods window of high-powers will ever know such pride of service.

Joe Meek's Flintlock Valued.

One such as this was carried by Joe Meek, whose niche in Oregon annals is similar to that of Daniel Boone, in the lore of Kentucky. Among its fellows of the retired list it stands in the rack, with naught about it to compel a second glance, save the tongs of silver. Lift it down—if the custodian will grant leave.

"J. Meek, Rocky Mountains."

The letters scrawl, half capitals, half lower-case, along the stock. The pressure of a cheek has worn them smooth, until the close of that singular address is all but obliterated. A large order for the postman, that to carry mail to a habitat that encompasses a giant range. On the opposite side of the walnut stock, dark and shiny, is a silver trigger guard. They are not named in the chronicles. Perhaps Mr. Meek filled them for grizzlies, or maybe for warier, more desperate game.

Gain some conception of the tale that rifle might tell, could it translate powder to articulation, by recalling that Joe Meek is storied as the first of those who opened the road to the West, and took the Rockies for his province in 1829. The rifle is of later make. It was presented to the trapper-scout by a "schutzen" club, "in Texas," some time in 1840. Doubtless in tribute to his skill with the arm that Cooper's red-men called "la longe carabine."

Hudson Bay Trip Described.

Meek's rifle is a remodeled flintlock. With a dozen companion pieces in the collection it shows the march of progress, by the segment of powder pan that remained when the owners attached a percussion lock and screwed a nipple where the flint once sent flame to the charge. But there are flintlocks as well in the armory of forgotten arms.

One of these is of the Hudson Bay model, smooth-bored and lanky of barrel, with a stock of locust wood that runs the full length of that five-foot tube. It is such as the crafty Scotch factors traded for its height in piled beaver skins, when the Indians brought their furs to the wilderness foris and

in which she might be preparing to "live happily ever after" at the final curtain. Mrs. Francis Alda accidentally rubbed the magic ring, and the Princess in "Marouf" sprang forth. Garbed in Oriental splendor, unhampered by skirts, veiled in filmy folds to her royal heels, and crowned with a gorgeous jeweled headpiece, she caught the fancy of the soprano. She was a happy, healthy Princess, too, who really fell in love and stayed in love. To be sure, her lover was a cobbler, but love never was particular about professions, and once the Princess ran away with him and came into possession of a straight out of cobbling and into a caravan. She lived to shed no tears and to have no regrets. But she lived. The light from the shoulder found her as happy as a lark, with excellent prospects of a long life and a merry one.

Mme. Alda's delight will be appreciated if one stops to reflect. For ten years the Australian soprano has sung leading roles at Metropolitan Opera House. She has gone from one success to another, portraying a long line of heroines to whom the fates have been unkind. The end of each of these heroines has been certain death. It was merely a question whether she would die of consumption or be stabbed in the back.

And now Mme. Alda has created a

(Concluded on Page 9, Column 5.)