

DISCOVERS DUNKED CITY

Duke de Loubat Finds Oriental Pompeii in Greek Archipelago—Over Twenty Buildings Brought to Light by Searchers.

By the Marquis De Castellanos.
(United Press Staff Wire.)
Paris, April 12.—One of the greatest attractions of the winter season at Athens are the public meetings of the archaeological schools established there by all the great nations. The two last lectures at the French school were especially interesting. A Greek named Lambros pointed out that Greek was the official language of the nation, while Monsieur Houlou, the distinguished director of the French school, entertained his audience with an account of the researches now being made in Delos, thanks to the generosity of the Duke de Loubat. He referred to the Duke de Loubat, who, he believes, your only American duke.

It seems that the Duke de Loubat has discovered in the Greek archipelago a sort of oriental Pompeii of great richness and extraordinary interest. These researches were originally begun by the French school at Athens in 1878, and by 1888 over 30 buildings had been brought to the light of day. Many inscriptions and household goods, trade-mark bills dating back as far as the seventh century have been found. In the ancient temple many valuable articles were found and what is more curious still—records written on stone proving that the temple was virtually a pawn shop, where money was lent at 10 per cent on all articles of fixed value. This interest was not unproductive, it should be added that at the end of five years unrepaid pledges became the property of the temple.

Under the direction of Monsieur Houlou the researches have been continued, and the theatre, the Neopolis, the port of the buried city, have been completely reconstructed. And this good work is wholly due to the Duke de Loubat, who has given not only his money, but his well his personal supervision to it. This American duke is a veritable Mecenatus.

The French are often accused of immorality. Their books, especially their novels, their paintings and the photographs displayed in the kiosks, their plays and their music have all come in for unmerited and merited criticism. And so we may hope that the world will applaud the noble act of the Duke de Loubat, who has demanded that the ashes of his great ancestor, the Marshal Lamour, shall not be contaminated by those of the foulest sinner of filthy fiction—I refer to Zola. I am sorry to say that he will not succeed in preventing this contamination. Well, at least, the Duke de Loubat has gained the approval of all those who love moral cleanliness. He has proved to the world that France is not so gangrened as our enemies believe. Our government is rotten with gangrene, but not the nation. If popular opinion were consulted on this matter of installing in our pantheon of the illustrious dead the body of Zola, who repeat a lifetime purveying indecent literature, the answer, I am sure, would be an angry, "Put him where you please, but not where sleep the great men of France."

At the Italian embassy the other night I heard a touching anecdote, the unconscious heroine of which was the little Princess Yolande, of Italy. She is 8 years old, and for the first time she has made use of her royal position. There was a poor old woman, the widow of a non-commissioned officer who had been trying for many months to secure a pension. Finally she wrote a pathetic letter and addressed it to "Her Royal Highness, the Princess Yolande of Savoy, at the Quirinal, Rome." The letter was given to the king. He read it carefully and then said to his chamberlain: "But this letter is addressed to the Princess Royal—pray give it to her."

The chamberlain went to the nursery, and found the princess curled up in her little bed fast asleep. With a grave bow he placed the letter in her chubby hand and went back to the king. "Well, what did the princess say?" the king asked. "Nothing at all, sire."

"Very good," said the king. "Silence gives consent—see that the old woman has her pension."

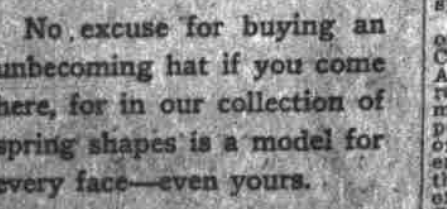
Building Permits.

J. L. Calkins, erect dwelling, Davidson, between O. R. & N. track and East Irving, \$1,800; J. T. Nelson, erect dwelling, Multnomah, between Shaw and Mason, \$1,200; R. A. Kuhns, erect dwelling, Webster, between Albina and Mississippi, \$1,500; E. S. Karpis, erect dwelling, East Gilliam, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth, \$2,000.

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In Lower California. If you are looking for a home land and independence, in the finest climate on earth, where \$2,000 an acre net is produced, attend the meeting of the La Prosperidad Cooperative Colony association in Alamy hall, Third and Morrison, every Tuesday night at 8 o'clock.

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No excuse for buying an obnoxious hat if you come here, for in our collection of spring shapes is a model for every face—even yours.

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AMERICAN ENTERPRISE DISCREDITED IN RUSSIA

Fear of Competition Moves Press to Publish Exaggerated Statements Concerning Boats Built in United States—Lewis Nixon's Contract.

By Malcolm Clark.
(United Press Staff Wire.)
Berlin, April 12.—The way in which the slightest rumor is magnified to discredit American enterprise and utilized to prevent Americans from selling in European markets is strikingly shown by the elaborate exaggeration of a statement as to the furnishing of boats by an American for Russia. The paper in question seeks always to discredit the Russian bureaucracy, and in this case tried to give the impression that some grand duke had bought useless boats from Lewis Nixon in order to cover the payment of a huge commission to himself.

But in this instance they have overreached themselves. Nixon was asked to build vessels when other bidders made the bid by cable, and while the difficulty, not to mention the danger of what he would do, would have brought dismay to the heart of ordinary men, he went ahead and built boats in less time and of greater efficiency than any torpedo-boats ever built.

When he said he could do better than was asked the admiralty said they feared he would have cut down the price to such an extent as to make the hulls weak.

His answer to this was characteristic. "I'll send one across the Atlantic."

Boat Over Ocean.

So while gathering the material for the fleet he built one and sent her across the Atlantic in mid-winter in 1906, one of the stormiest winters in many years. The United States navy department sent a fleet of destroyers of 12 times the displacement across the Atlantic they went over in the quickest of the year, shortening the runs by going across from the West Indies and taking a couller to convey them, sailing on route. This Gregory went 7,400 miles under her own power, and on arrival after lifting out some extra weights was put on an official trial and exceeded her requirements. Was there ever such a feat? The writer has been told that there was only a leaky seam or butt to be found after her remarkable run.

The time given for the arrival of material at Sevastopol was only six weeks for the first boat, the rest to follow at intervals of one week.

Angles twisted and distorted, plates bent, fittings injured, not a caulking fit, the hull, blocks to be arranged, men to be organized and 67,000 rivets to drive on each boat.

Yet in five weeks and five days the first boat was launched and in six weeks was out in the Black sea, fully armed, running her trials, and the rest of the fleet were finished on time. An English writer who called the history of this fleet an "industrial epic," used an apt description.

The boats had to make 20 knots, have 1,000 miles endurance, carry a torpedo tube, a 4-in rapid-fire gun, two automatic guns and 30-inch searchlight. They made an official trial well over 30 knots, showed 5,000 miles endurance and carried an extra automatic gun.

They were built in a Russian navy yard and every step in their construction was carefully watched by a large not of a dreamy idealist rather than as the declaration of the Son of God. The Christian must stand out vigorously against this. In the destruction of personality there is guaranteed that which is dangerous to national life. Each man must count for one. The dignity of the individual must be preserved at all hazards.

"As a Christian citizen I must be on the alert against the ravages of the rum traffic. It is the foe of good government. It is the greatest factor for corruption in American life. It is the octopus whose hideous tentacles reach and crush on every hand. The enemy of government, the foe of the church, the breeder of crime and debauchery, it is the anomalous horror of modern civilization. Its entrenchment in society is hard on optimistic rhetoric. The snap of its lash is heard over the press and above political assemblies. It is fat and flourishing, well organized, selfish and unscrupulous. Its corruptive legislative lobbies and is respectfully heard in all in the highest legislative councils of the nation its dictatorial voice is frequently heard."

commission of Russian naval officers. The boats, too, had to be able to stand transport by rail. All 10 were put on specially built cars and sent across the whole of Russia, from the Black sea to the gulf of Finland. There they were again put into the water and subjected to further inspection and trial by a commission of 12 officers, headed by Admiral Nevinsky.

The boats were the object of the greatest interest. A brief, the minister of marine, went on a trial trip, personally worked the engines and publicly expressed his satisfaction and congratulated Mr. Nixon on the results of his work. Admiral Avellan, who was minister of marine when the contract was signed, also went for a run on a vessel and said that the vessels far surpassed his expectations. They were laid up as a defense squadron for the gulf of Finland.

Lewis Nixon has evidently not hesitated to contest the foreign market—a product of his factory and shipyard are all over the world, and last year he sent over 3,000,000 worth of engines to Australia and New Zealand against English competition, aided by colonial favoritism in favor of the mother country.

As a matter of fact, Nixon did not get several millions of rubles for the fleet as stated, but took them at a price for which they could not be duplicated at the present time. No Russian officer asked for a given commission.

At the completion of the trials he was received by the czar, with honor rarely accorded even ambassadors, being taken to Tsarskoe-Selo on a special train, met by an imperial coach, lunched at the palace and spent half an hour with the emperor absolutely alone in his private office.

We know that the boats can stand the severest service from the lesson of their registry, and the official report of their registry's crusade.

Under the queer enlistment regulations the crews of engine-rooms are apt to be peasants who never heard of a gasoline motor, but so far there have been no reports of disasters.

There are vague rumors that some of the engines of the fleet have been sold to private owners, and if this is so, some reason must be given to cover their sale, if ever officially reported.

Every owner of a standard engine, the kind Nixon foundry furnished for those boats, is an ever-ready advocate of their excellence. The first admiral of Austria has one in his barge, the Russian minister of marine has one in his launch and President Roosevelt's launches on the Syph have similar engines. The Austrian navy minister has ordered four large engines. Japan has them in her new submarines, and almost every nation is ordering them for yachts, working and war vessels.

A citizen of a European country who brings capital home from a foreign country is honored, as he should be, and even defended if necessary. The man, however, from America who does the same, and who wins by virtue of reputation of his product, is dangerous and must be attacked, and so masterly is their campaign that they even succeed in enticing the aid of American papers. But I am sure the American people have faith in the designer of the Oregon.

not of a dreamy idealist rather than as the declaration of the Son of God. The Christian must stand out vigorously against this. In the destruction of personality there is guaranteed that which is dangerous to national life. Each man must count for one. The dignity of the individual must be preserved at all hazards.

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CHINA MAKING PROGRESS.

Missionary Tells of War Against Opium Traffic.

Miss Kate Osborn, a missionary who recently returned from China where she has been working under the direction of the Women's Foreign Missionary society, was the principal speaker at the Grace Methodist church yesterday morning, telling of the great progress in the land the people of which Miss Osborn thinks will rule the world within a few years. Miss Osborn said in part:

"The war between Japan and China, and the boxer uprising, have done much to awaken the great nation. It was the young emperor, who though a boy, proposed radical changes in the empire to obey the edict of the Dowager Empress that all foreigners be exterminated. For he said that he would not permit the disruption of the empire. Perhaps he did not see that it would mean the greatest upheaval among the nations that the world has ever witnessed."

"It is now against the law to bind the feet of women or girls in China. The opium dens in the old part of the city of Shanghai have been closed. But it will be a bitter decade which will close these holes of vice, the Chinese were met with the answer: 'We want the revenue.' The only promise made was that in ten years they would be discontinued. Officials who continue the use of opium cannot hold their positions in the United States would be discontinued. What China becomes rests largely with us, and what China becomes will be a great force for good or evil in the world without our exerting upon all nations of the world a tremendous influence."

PERSONAL.

F. M. Swift, Portland, Oregon, is a recent arrival at the Hotel Astor. He is John Stiel, a stock dealer of North Bend, is at the Portland. He is at the N. P. Evans of Hood River is at the Imperial. E. W. McComas, a Pendleton wheat dealer is at the Imperial. L. H. Brigham of Eugene, state secretary of the Imperial, and family of North Bend, are at the Oregon.

Congressman W. B. Ellis—No. 14. Help Oregon by re-electing him.

A DENIAL

Mr. Ladd Contradicts False Rumor

THE rumor circulating to the effect that lots in Ladd's Addition were being sold only under a ninety-nine-year lease is entirely untrue. There is not and never has been the slightest foundation for the report.

We have never in the past entertained such a scheme, nor will we consider any proposition to lease lots in Ladd's Addition.


A full Warranty Deed, as well as a complete abstract, is given to the purchaser of every lot.

Lots can be purchased on the installment plan, with easy payments and interest at six per cent.

Every deed will convey an absolute title, with no restrictions or reservations, excepting only those Building Restrictions required to insure the best class of buildings.

ESTATE OF W. S. LADD

OWNERS OF LADD'S ADDITION



F. W. Torgler, Sales Agent, 106 Sherlock Bldg., Portland, Or.

THE PLAY

In spite of the fact that yesterday was the first perfect Sunday of the spring and that the highways and byways for miles around Portland were filled with holiday-makers, the city theatres all played to capacity houses.

It was the seaside variety show that called many out of the city to the hills and woods brought out others to the point of venturing to the playhouses. It was the seaside variety show that called many out of the city to the hills and woods brought out others to the point of venturing to the playhouses.

At the Marquain two large houses heard the pretty strains of "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" and "In the Shade of the Sheltering Palm," still fresh after the first performance.

E. W. McComas, a Pendleton wheat dealer is at the Imperial. L. H. Brigham of Eugene, state secretary of the Imperial, and family of North Bend, are at the Oregon.

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seeing his two big audiences leave the Marquain smiling and happy. There is enough dainty music in "Florodora" to delight the heart of anyone and it was sung very well yesterday. Mr. Webb, as funny as ever, was most entertaining as Anthony Tweedledeech, and Frank Brownlow sang acceptably all the good old songs that fall to the lot of Frank Abercromb of the opera. Grace Walker, whose voice, if not strong, is sweet and fresh, was acceptable as Dolores.

Daphne Pellard and Gene Ormonde, both entertaining in their way, were cast as Angela and Valleda, respectively. Mr. Bertrand was good as Cyrus Gilpin, and Mr. Wheeler, as Captain Donegal. All in all, "Florodora" will be well seen again this week if for nothing more than to see the sextet and compare it with the one you saw when Nan Patterson or some other national celebrity was singing in it. "Florodora" is of considerable intrinsic value as a producer of reminiscences.

For those who preferred action, with the accent on the act, there was that unholo combination of Hall Caine and Pietro Mascagni, two past masters in the art of melodrama, "The Eternal City." It was the mind of geniuses that conceived covering Caine's melodramatic gold with Mascagni's melodramatic gliding of music. When one fails to locate the proper point of enthusiasm the other can confidently be relied upon to do so.

But laying aside the question of all that, the fact remains that "The Eternal City" was well given by the Baker company. The people were well cast and the play was given a most elaborate mounting. It is a rather stupendous thing for a stock company to undertake, but Mr. Dilla has shown himself equal to pretty nearly anything in the line of stage settings and large and reasonably well-trained companies. Miss Louise Kent played Donna Roma Volonpa—there's a typical Hall Caine name for you—and played it well. Mr. Allison was in his usual good form as David Ross, the agitator and the mouthing hero. Mr. Homans played Baron Donnell well, and the other members of the company were very well cast in the foolishly extravagant way that Caine demands.

In lieu of the real blossoms which made out of doors a delight, many prettier flowers were given in the French stock company gave in a pleasing manner at the Star. It tells about the Daisy who is a "cheery" of the poorhouse, and whose father, unjustly accused of murder in the first degree when it really should only have been manslaughter, adopts the unique and thoroughly delightful expedient of turning tramp. Strange to say, he returns at just the right moment to save the "cheery" Daisy from being plucked by ruthless hands.

Those favorites of the Star company, Kathleen Taylor, Leah Le Force, Charles Comers and Charles Burnson, all did their best and pleased mightily. Miss Davis played the "cheery" and D. M. Henderson the villainous village proprietor. The play was pronounced a success by the Star audience and will probably be a money-maker all week.

A special meeting of the Brooklyn Republican club will be held tomorrow night at 87 1/2 Milwaukee street. All of the candidates for the various offices to be filled at the June election have been invited to attend and will be given an opportunity to speak.

OLD LOVERS CAN'T WED; GUARDIAN OBDUATE

Lancaster, Pa., April 8.—With her trousseau all ready, Mrs. Sarah St. Claire, 60 years old, finds in the law a bar to her marriage with her girlhood lover. A few days ago she went to Kokomo, Indiana, to wed Dr. Alexander C. Freeman, 77 years old. Mrs. St. Claire hoped that the wedding would occur immediately, but she found the prospective bridegroom in charge of a guardian, who refused to allow him to marry. Thereupon, wedding clothes and all, Mrs. St. Claire appealed to the court for help.


Mrs. St. Claire is at Kokomo, declaring that she will wait days, even months, until the obstacles are removed.

Years ago they were engaged, says Mrs. St. Claire. Then, after a quarrel, Freeman disappeared. It was years before they met again, and widow and widower, they still loved.

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