

A HOME VIEW OF MUSSOLINI'S PRESS HARMONY



Mussolini: "I consider Italy's Fascist press as an orchestra—made up of various instruments, but all tuned in harmony." —Il 420, Florence.

SELVIG BROS.

MEAT MARKET

3rd Avenue Phone 765

MEAT, FISH AND VEGETABLES Specialty

"OLD COUNTRY SAUSAGES"

Our make—Fresh every day. Superior Quality.

HYDE TRANSFER

AND COAL CO. Phone 580

DRY BIRCH JACKPINE AND CEDAR

Single load	\$3.50
Double load	\$6.50
Large sack	50c
Box Wood Cuttings, Large Load	\$3.50

COAL PRICES DOWN

Pembina Peerless Egg	\$12.00
Pembina Washed Nuts	\$11.25
Alberta Sootless Large Egg	\$12.50
Alberta Sootless Egg	\$12.00
Alberta Lump	\$13.00

Also all other classes of coal.

Piano and Furniture Moving, Express and Baggage Day and Night Service 139 Second Avenue

VALENTINE DAY

FEBRUARY 14

IS A GREAT DAY FOR A PARTY

Dan Cupid has given us so many attractive symbols—hearts, flowers, arrows, valentines—cut-out paper, etc., etc.—which make decorating easy.

Dennison party favors, place cards, crepe paper, gummed seals, hearts, hats. Whatever you require for Valentine Day we have it. Special table favors and place cards made to order.

Mail Orders Despatched the Same Day

McRae Bros. Ltd

Canadian National Steamships

Prince Rupert DRYDOCK AND SHIPYARD

Operating G.T.P. 20,000 Ton Floating Dry Dock

Engineers, Machinists, Boilermakers, Blacksmiths, Pattern makers, Founders, Woodworkers, Etc.

ELECTRIC AND ACETYLENE WELDING.

Our plant is equipped to handle all kinds of MARINE AND COMMERCIAL WORK.

PHONES 43 and 385

Telephone the office if your paper does not arrive

WROTE FAMOUS DARKY SONGS

Mrs. Richard Moore Tells Music Club About Life and Work of Stephen Foster

At the regular meeting of the Ladies' Music Club yesterday afternoon Mrs. Richard Moore read a short paper on the life and work of the man who wrote "Swanee River" and other songs of the south, Stephen Foster. She said:

"Melodies of the Southland echoing the joys and the sorrows of a lowly people are much in the air just now. Negro spirituals and negro poetry are heard in growing volume. The black race, it would seem, is finding voices of its own after many years. It no longer needs a Stephen Collins Foster to tell of its pathos and to sound the depths of its feeling. Yet Foster is not forgotten. Two years ago a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives proposing to honor his memory in an issue of memorial half dollars to be put in circulation on July 4, the hundredth anniversary of his birth. The whole world is to be reminded of his haunting classics—'The Old Folks at Home,' 'Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground' and 'My Old Kentucky Home.'"

Stephen Foster, about the middle of the last century put down on paper tremendous and enduring sentiments, and dramatized the poignant aspects of a plantation life that is now a thing of the past. His statue stands today in his native city of Pittsburgh.

Strangely, the man who wrote the greatest songs of the Southland was not a Southerner. He stood afar off and caught the spirit of the cane field and the cabin, the porticoed mansion and the white seas of cotton. In granite and bronze his statue is reared, showing the composer with pencil and paper in hand, while a little below him and to one side sits the faithful figure of his immortal "Uncle Ned" with his banjo.

Foster wrote the words and composed the music of some 160 songs. He was a born musician and an indefatigable artist. The words of "My Old Kentucky Home" illustrate well the quality of his genius. This classic, according to tradition, was composed at Federal Hill, the old manor-house of the Rowan family near Barastown, Ky., on one of Foster's infrequent visits though it animates his other southern songs. There is hardly an effort at dialect to express the thoughts of the negro. Foster wrote always with unaffected simplicity.

Music claimed him almost from his birth. As early as the age of two his brother and biographer recalls the infant Stephen used to creep to his sister's guitar and pick harmonies from its strings. Once, when he was seven his mother took him shopping with her. A flageolet—an instrument that he had never seen before—lay handy on a counter. In another moment the boy had taken it up and the astonished customers found themselves listening to the strains of "Hail, Columbia."

The youngest of seven children, he grew up sensitive, shy and absent-minded. At the height of his fame he remained abstracted, indifferent to praise and to money. He would walk along the street with his eyes on the ground, composing. In the top floor of the white cottage, the home that his father, Colonel Wm. Barclay Foster, once Mayor of Pittsburgh, built, just outside the city, Stephen established a room for study and work. The halls were heavily carpeted, to insure silence. The furniture was a chair, a sofa, a table, a music rack and a piano.

By the time he was 9, Foster was the star artist of a boys' troupe that staged performances of its own plays in a carriage house. At 19 he was devising songs for a group of youthful friends who met twice a week for social diversion. Into this circle were introduced the manuscripts of "Louisiana Belle" and "Uncle Ned" and the career of Stephen Foster as a song writer launched. Throughout Pittsburgh the tune of "Uncle Ned" was heard. "Oh Susanna" came next and with others, found

its way to a Cincinnati publisher. "Imagine my delight in receiving \$100 for 'Oh Susanna,'" he wrote. "Though this song was not successful it had the effect of starting me on my vocation of song writer."

Then came the "Old Folks at Home," perhaps the best known of all his compositions, which he wrote for Christy, the minstrel. Within the short time of five years no less than 400,000 copies had been printed and it on its way to girdle the globe. It has been translated into every language on the continent and even into native tongues of Asia and Africa. Its first line "Way down upon de Swanee ribber," is history. Regarding that line a story is told. The author in 1851, entered the office of his brother, Morrison and said anxiously, "Tell me a good two-syllable name for a southern river. I need it for the song I'm writing." "Yazoo" suggested Morrison. "That won't do," cried Stephen. "Reach me down the Atlas." The Atlas came down and with searching forefingers the two brothers hunted for two-syllable rivers in the south. "Here's one called the Swanee. It's a little stream in Florida," said Morrison. "That's it exactly," flashed Stephen, and left in haste. In that moment musical history had been made.

Stephen Foster learned the art of music almost by instinct, for he had few teachers. At the piano he played well and gracefully, but with the flute he rose to the heights of a master. His melodies were the result of long hours of toil. There were, fortunately, few distractions to keep him from his work. For a while he acted as bookkeeper in the office of a brother of his in Cincinnati, but the field of business failed to attract him and he returned home to devote himself to his beloved music. His melodies caught at the heart of the public as much as did the words he wrote for them.

Many other songs of his besides his Southern pieces redounded to his credit. "Come where thy love lies dreaming" is still heard. "I see thee still in my dreams" was written as a tribute to the memory of his mother. The stanzas and melodies that tell of the south however, will remain always the closest to the heart of the public. "The Old Folks at Home" is a jewel whose luster cannot dim.

"Way Down South," "Old Black Joe," "Don't Bet Your Money on the Shanghai" and "Camptown Races" are included among the southern pieces upon which Foster's fame rests. At the height of his popularity he received letters from admirers in all parts of the world. Washington Irving and other literary giants of the period wrote enthusiastic praise of his work. A few trips to the south on steam boats, a casual visit or so—that was the frail foundation upon which Foster built himself a lasting monument as an interpreter of the plantation.

More than once Foster abode in New York where his publishers had their offices. Here it was, he died under tragic circumstances. In 1850 he married Jane McDowell of Pittsburgh, but the match seems not to have been an ideal one, inasmuch as his wife regarded him as a dreamer and visionary.

He was at the old American Hotel in that city when he fell victim to an attack of fever. Rising to cross the room, he fell against a wash basin, cutting his knee and neck as it broke. When help came he asked to be taken to Bellevu Hospital where some days later he died.

In 1900 a statue was raised to his memory by public subscription in Pittsburgh. The work, by Moretti stands inside the main gate of Highland Park and the "White Cottage" is preserved by city ordinance. The Governor of Kentucky, in the movement there to preserve the Rowan homestead in 1921, broadcast an appeal to all sons and daughters of the state to rally to the support of the original manor-house of "My Old Kentucky Home."

WELL-CONNECTED

"Arry (to his better half)— And I ses to 'Is Lordship, I ses, 'If you are a country family, I'm as good as wot you are,' and 'e ses, 'Yus, you're a branch of the Rodent family, ain't yer?' 'e ses—and I let 'im think so.— London Opinion.

WELSH SPEAKER ROTARY CLUB

Rev. T. Ivon Jones Speaks On Service and Religion in Interesting Address

"The things that make a man are not what he gets, but what he gives out," declared Rev. T. Ivon Jones, who is supplying the pulpit at the Presbyterian Church, in an address to the Rotary Club yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Jones, who is a quietly impressive speaker, stated that he was a Welshman, coming to Canada from a little known country. Wales was known for its statesmen, its mountains, its coal, its strikes and its music. The religious traditions of the country were similar to those of Scotland. Some of the finest pulpit orators had been developed there.

Telling of his arrival at Prince Rupert, the speaker said he had been pleasantly surprised to see such a bright place. In the south there seemed to be a conspiracy

against the city. He had been told that it always rained, that it was built on stilts and a newspaper could be secured only once in three weeks. On the contrary, he had a very pleasant time here. It was a city in the making. The east, he found, was similar to the Old Country, with its class spirit and snobbishness. In the west one felt himself to be in a country in the making. It was a challenge to creative energy which was latent in everyone. There were also temptations to be "on the make."

Mr. Jones said he thought perhaps the chief temptation was "to be on the make" as the main object in life. However, this condition was also a challenge to the generous side of one's nature. Man should feel a responsibility for the future that those coming after might not rise up and call him cursed.

"The thing that makes a man is not acquisitiveness," declared the speaker. "It is what he gives. It separates man from the other creatures." No man could contribute anything better than to improve the life of his fellows. That was why he was in the min-

istry. In a talk with R. Macdonald in his former constituency of Aberavon, who too lived, he had spoken of labor going into politics and a labor leader had advised him to stick to his job, a job that took the springs of life.

Mr. Jones reminded Rotarians of the objects of their order, namely that of service. The was a high one and had as its basis an assumption of the value of religion. As Toc H service was the rent paid for the house we use.

Speaking of religion, Mr. mentioned that this was not a controversial subject. Only those was controversial. Religion, something of which men had need in their lives. Intellectual problems had interfered but there was more humility and dogma on the part of both sides and theologian, something which a more vital religion should be born. In order to right thought was necessary. He urged a continuation of thinking on right things.

A Daily News want-ad bring results.

DAILY NEWS' SHOPPING SERVICE for Out-of-Town Subscribers

To serve its women readers, and particularly those who live at a distance from a retail centre, The Daily News has instituted a Shopping Service. The Daily News is read by hundreds of women living far from any urban facilities for shopping and it is for these that this shopping service is primarily intended. Of course, The Daily News Shopper will attend to the man also, although he can buy a pair of braces anywhere. But not everywhere can a woman get a bit of lace matched—or a piece of embroidery thread—or the thousand and one things that make up the difference between a woman's wants and a man's.

The Prince Rupert Merchants Carry between them Stocks running up to \$2,000,000

and while it is not possible to purchase everything in this world in Prince Rupert, most things are available by return mail.

None of the Prince Rupert merchants can possibly advertise everything they carry in stock, but if the thing wanted is to be got in this city, our out-of-town readers may be sure that The Daily News Shopper will get it when asked for.

If any of our women readers cannot get what they want in their nearest store, all there is to do is to write to The Daily News Shopper, stating what is required with whatever details there may be, enclosing the cost, and if it is in Prince Rupert, The Daily News Shopper makes your purchase.

This Service Free

to our women readers and is the outcome of many individual requests made to our staff on their travels through the district in seasons past. This service has been appreciated in these individual cases and is now extended to all with the hope of the same appreciation.

So Do Not Hesitate

Do not think you are imposing upon The Daily News. Our shopper is awaiting your requests.

THE DAILY NEWS PRINCE RUPERT B. C.

If your News does not arrive Phone 98 before 6 o'clock