



George Washington
Born February 22, 1732

Abraham Lincoln
Born February 12, 1809

They had Faith

THESE two Immortals had faith in America during the darkest days of her history.

The echo of their faith in our country and its institutions strikes a responsive chord today.

The National City Company through its affiliation with The National City Bank of New York derives its traditions and its faith from generations that built with Washington and fought with Lincoln.

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LO, THE POOR INDIAN

RESENTMENT is finding expression because of the discovery that the Federal Power Act permits hydraulic developments in our National Parks. Only about one in a thousand of us visits these parks in the course of a year or longer, and the fortunate one goes only for pleasure or recreation. For all that the resentment is justifiable, for surely these parks should be kept inviolate, though only the favored few enjoy them. The unfortunate of to-day may be the fortunate of to-morrow. These are our parks. But in giving expression to that resentment only we should not feel ourselves to be a particularly righteous people. Who has heard any outcry against our seizing of Indian reservations for hydraulic developments? Yet the same Congress of ours which enacted the Federal Power Law inserted a provision that Indian reservations might be so invaded. When it was proposed by Senator Nugent that a tribe should have a veto in the matter, the amendment was handsomely adopted in the Senate. Later in conference on final passage that amendment was handsomely stricken out. Now, these reservations are quite as much the lands of these tribes as the parks are ours, but there is an important difference to be noted. These reservations are not mere pleasure-grounds for wandering Indians, but home-lands where Indians must live, work, and die. With justifiable selfishness, we would preserve our pleasure parks for our children to come. All who feel that way should feel bound to insist that Congress, when amending the Power Act for better protection of our parks, as Secretary Payne has advised, should amend it also to extend decent respect for these sacred home-lands of defenseless Indian tribes. **GEORGE P. DECKER.**

Rochester, January 14, 1921.

A GIFTED MUSICIAN UNNOTICED

THE OUTLOOK has been so appreciative of the talent of the blind musician Edwin Grasse that I thought you might like to see this copy of a letter I have received from him, discussing the psychology of American audiences. I fear that his comment is only too true. Perhaps you would be willing to print this letter. Here is the case of a serious artist who might be a second MacDowell, or perhaps even a Mendelssohn, if given his chance, practically unrecognized in his native city just because he is blind and poor. No one disputes his genius. Kreisler, Heifetz, Maude Powell, have played his compositions. He is a fine violinist, a wonderful concert organist, a composer of great talent. But he cannot afford to pay managers' salaries or to advertise—and he is blind. So he lives unnoticed in the great art center of New York. **E. L. TURNBULL.**

Baltimore, Maryland.

Dear Edwin Turnbull: My mother received your last letter inclosing your

letter to Mrs. Stevans, of Portland. You must not be afraid to write to me direct regarding the matter of using glasses, etc. I am not at all a sensitive man and I understand my position perfectly. The taste for everything affecting the eye is nowhere so refined as in England and America. In Germany and Belgium my art was very much appreciated even by non-musicians, because in both countries mentioned there is so much natural love for music that my blindness was quickly forgotten there; the taste for the exterior part of art is not so refined there, as I said before. In Germany, France, or Belgium the question is, How does he play or sing? In England and America it is, How does he look while playing or singing? Managers of England told my father openly, "Don't bring your son to England; the British public wishes to be entertained, but not moved. The English public does not wish to see a blind man on the stage." My father had me play in London, and I had great artistic success, but no practical success, as in this country. The critics appreciated me as well as they do in America, but I could get no engagements.

It is so easy for me to understand, as the Anglo-Saxon is always thinking of looks, action, deportment, first. Music in England, as in America, is a matter of culture pure and simple. In Germany, for instance, an organist never gives a recital without having somebody next to him to draw the stops. The musical effect is considered first. In Brussels it is the same. But in England and America it would seem ridiculous to an audience if the organist would not do all the registering himself, which means that it is better to hold on to a chord if necessary while changing the stops, even if it spoils the musical effect, than not to be able to say, "I do it all alone." I was told frequently that in order to please the Portland, Maine, public, it is necessary to handle the stops as much as possible, even if no change is made; one must be working around the tablets all the time, so that 'the audience can say, "Why! How easily he handles the stops on that great organ!" I thought that this was an exaggeration when I was told this; but I understood a year ago that it was the truth when a friend of mine, not a musician, but a highly educated lady who is moderately fond of music, happened to be in Portland and heard McFarlane's afternoon recital. McFarlane is a great organist and a splendid musician, yet this lady forgot everything, as she could only think of "how gracefully McFarlane handles the stops! How quickly!" etc.

To give another instance of the same thing in England. I lived in London in a boarding-house at which only very refined, well-read, and educated people were staying. Patti gave one of her many "Farewell recitals" at Queen's Hall. Ysaye played, there was the Queen's Hall Orchestra also. I was unable to attend. The next morning all spoke of Patti's gown, how well she looked, etc. Only when I began to ques-

20% Saved on Manufacturing Cost—in Seattle

By C. T. CONOVER

Shortly after America entered the war the writer met the general manager of a Seattle manufacturing concern in a Washington hotel. This man had just concluded a contract with the Government for apparatus up in the millions.

"How can you do it and compete with the East?" he was asked. "We can not only compete but we can ship our raw material west and our product east in carload lots by express and compete," was the answer. "We have at least a 20 per cent. margin and it's all due to climate. This is no guesswork. We have demonstrated it absolutely."

The writer has lived in Seattle for 36 years. He knew it was the healthiest city in the world and that no climate permitted work and play indoors or out the year around as does that of Puget Sound. But he had never heard it figured in dollars and cents before. Later he saw built in Seattle more than 20 per cent. of all the ships that bridged the Atlantic and so tremendously helped to win the war and he knows that that was due to the climate and to the Seattle Spirit.

Twenty per cent. saved is something worthy of any manufacturer's consideration, but it is only one item in Seattle's unparalleled appeal for new industries.

Seattle has tributary to it one-sixth of all the water power in the nation. She is the center of practically the only coal in the Pacific States—an unending supply for all purposes. Her back country has no equal in basic resources—timber, agriculture, horticulture, dairying, fisheries, lime and minerals.

Seattle is the market place for Alaska, our frontier wonderland, which in the lifetime of people now living, will under reasonable laws be supporting a population of 10,000,000 prosperous people.

By the immutable law of distance she is the dominating American port in the trade with Siberia, the world's greatest undeveloped treasure-land, and the teeming millions of China, Japan and the South Seas—she is in consequence the chief American port in the importation of crude rubber, raw silk, vegetable oils, tea, hemp, Siberian hides and all Oriental products.

Seattle is the chief Pacific port in the volume of water-borne commerce and the leading railway center on the coast. Her harbor of 194 miles of frontage is unequalled on the Western hemisphere and includes a great inner fresh water harbor. The world is her market.

Seattle has an abundant supply of labor of the best sort and stands for the American plan, the open shop, and for a constructive give-and-take labor policy. No American city has a better labor condition.

Little or big, we want you if there is an opening for your particular line. Your problem will have the most painstaking consideration. You will receive an absolutely frank opinion. In any event, if you are a red-blooded American you will want to read Seattle's story. Send for the booklet "Seattle, the Seaport of Success."

"If you have never been west of the Cascades, you lack important qualifications for imagining what the climate of heaven may be like."

—DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON

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