

Progressive Influence of Song

CHORAL SOCIETIES SWING INTO LINE WITH AMERICAN MOVEMENT.

SUGGESTION TO FORM UNION MALE CHORUS FOR STATE AND PATRIOTIC OCCASIONS.

MUSIC speaks all tongues as one, and that it hath power to sooth the savage breast, to soften rocks and bend the knotted oak, is one of the oldest of sayings. It sweeps the dust of the daily grind from the soul and makes men better. That it also broadens the view and cultivates a spirit of progressiveness is evidenced by the action of Scandinavian choral organizations throughout the country dropping right into line with the Americanization movement, discarding the nationality names and adopting titles distinctively American. Both the Swedish and Norwegian singing societies of Portland have taken this step, the Swedish society changing its name to the Columbia Male Chorus, and the Norwegian society to the Multnomah Male Chorus.

The prompt action of these and other societies shows that music develops not only progressive ideas and a readiness to move forward, but also a spirit of devotion to country, a consideration for their fellow citizens, and a clearer understanding of the right thing to do as members of the community in which they live and form a part.

The men forming the membership in these choral organizations, not only in Portland, but throughout the country, are representative of a type, and the best type, of foreigners coming to America. There is heart and sympathy and understanding in the music loving which is the foundation of our best citizenship. The vicious have no music in their souls. The Swiss, the Cornish and others which might be named as well as the Scandinavians, are all music lovers and have their choral organizations, and they are to be encouraged, for they have a splendid influence for good citizenship.

From the scenes of shimmering aurora the sons of the Northlands have brought their minstrel lays and songs of the skalds; from the fjords and fjelds they have brought their folk songs to contribute to the musical treasures of this country. They have also brought a wealth of legendary literature of music reaching back far into the midst of the early centuries; legends of how Odin sang so tenderly and so melodiously that the rocks expanded with delight while the spirits of the sorrowful land of Hela were attracted by the sweetness of his strains and gathered about him to drink in the sounds which stirred the emotions in their tortured breasts; how the inspired bard fashioned himself a musical instrument from the jaw-bone of a great fish, taking for strings hairs from the mane of a horse of the dark spirit Hiisi, which gave it a mysterious and bewitching sound, and whose accompaniment to his mighty soul-stirring melodies awakened the sympathy of all beings, charming even the powers of nature so that the sun, moon and stars drew near in the heavens to drink in the melody; legends of how Brage sang at Asgaard on the return of Idun

with the apples of immortality; legends of minstrel lays of mighty deeds on land and sea and songs of the Crusades to the rescue of the Holy Grail. All this has been blended with the music of this country with most gratifying results, by the choral societies. The good has been recognized and is evidenced by the growing popularity of community singing. A stimulus has been given to the production of choral compositions which is daily adding to the richness of American music, particularly since the war.

Another evidence of the progressiveness of the choral organizations is exemplified here in Portland. Last season the Multnomah Male Chorus and the Columbia Male Chorus each brought two of America's greatest artists to Portland for concerts and recitals. In this they not only took the initiative but assumed the responsibility. Effort of this kind is not always appreciated, and seldom profitable from a material point of view, but they are of great value from a cultural viewpoint, and such efforts should receive greater encouragement, and will no doubt receive greater encouragement through the closer and better understanding that will come to this, and other communities through the Americanization movement, and the coming season be more successful than any of the past.

The Multnomah Male Chorus has been in existence as a musical organization for something like thirty-five years. The origin of the Columbia Chorus runs back to about the same time, so that they may rightfully be called permanent institutions and we believe they will make themselves felt more strongly in the future than in the past. Prof. Chas. Swenson is director of both organizations and to his constructive force and fine interpretation is due much of the success in developing and impressing upon them the fine things to be found in song.

There are other male chorus organizations in the city—the Orpheus and the Apollo Club, which have no nationality distinction, other than American, and others including the Swiss. Would it not be a fine thing if all could come together in a grand union male chorus for patriotic and state occasions?

Why not the Portland Union Male Chorus?

SILK STOCKINGS AND WOODEN SHOES

THE DISTANCE between the wooden shoe to the silk stocking has for centuries marked the gulf between the plebeian and the aristocrat. The sabot, or wooden shoe, of France, as well as the "træ sko" of the Northlands—in fact, the wooden shoe everywhere, is a representative of the peasantry and the silk stocking has symbolized the ruling class of wealth and power for ages. As an example of industrial progress, the toiler may now actually convert his wooden clumps into silk socks and wear them with all the pride of the patrician.

A statement of exports compiled by a New York bank shows that 6,000,000 pairs of stockings made from silk classed as artificial, but which in fact is quite as genu-

ine so far as quality is concerned as the fabric actually spun by the silk worm, were exported during the fiscal year.

The process of turning trees into silk stockings through the transformation of wood pulp into cellulose to produce the artificial silk threads is a simple one, making a substitute almost identical with that carried in the body of the silk worm from which he spins his cocoon which man spins into silk threads. The artificial cellulose is pressed through minute openings in metal plates, falling into a liquid which solidifies the threads. Silk goods made from the artificial fiber are remarkable for their brilliancy, being more lustrous than natural silk, but lacking the degree of softness of the natural product. The early shortcomings of the product are being overcome, however, and it is quite possible that the old silk worm may be outdone. Anyhow he is too slow and finicky for the present age.

These silks are now used in fabrics for both warp and filling threads for dress trimmings, upholsteries and rugs, taking the place of real silk to insulate electric wires and for making mantles for incandescent lights and cloth for general clothing purposes. They will no doubt be manufactured in the near future at prices which will make it possible for even the poorest of our people to wear their silks. While a silk purse may not be made from a sow's ear, a slab of wood may be converted into a pair of silk socks through the agency of the saw mill and the silk-making process. In fact a pair of wooden shoes may actually be turned into silk stockings.

Many of the peasants of Europe coming to this country do not realize the fact that they virtually turn their wooden shoes into silk stockings when they come to this country if they acquit themselves in a manner befitting the advanced and improved station. Here every man is his own master in many things and the position carries with it a master's responsibilities. These cannot be shirked or evaded without loss to the country as well as the individual. Diligence is the mother of good fortune, and the diligent man is rarely found in the ranks of discontent.

THE REAL FOLKS.

Folks that likes you—their's the kind
Worth a journey long to find,
'Cause it's something purty fine
To be standin' up in line,
Where the chosen congregate
In the counsels of the great.
Yet fame, somehow, doesn't seem
To bring mutual esteem.

I'll admit it must be good
For to have it understood
That you're one o' the select,
Few considered quite correct.
Havin' people near an' fur
Bowin' low an' sayin' "sir"
Must be mighty soothin', still
'Druther hear jes' "Howdy Bill!"

Folks that whispers in your ear
Compliments that aint' sincere;
Folks that use ye fur a day
Then jes' laugh an' turn away—
How we strive their praise to win,
Only to return agin
To the fellers that stan' true—
Folks that likes you, 'cause they do.

Every act, every impulse of virtue and vice, affects in any creature, face, voice, nervous power, and vigor and harmony of invention.
Ruskin.

The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses nor fine furniture.
Franklin.