



Oregon, October.
O golden days of childhood's dawn,
When forests glowed with verdant green,
And a touch of wine gleamed in the air,
Fields are brown, and pastures bare;
Deep purple velvet the distant hills;
And shadowy gray fall on the hills;
Thou' rustling down the spiry spire
In golden gleams the sunbeams lie;
This is the season when lovers dream;
All Nature a fairy land doth seem;
These are the days of "Websters" glory,
In golden gleams the sunbeams lie;
—J. Wayne Baltimore in Pacific Monthly.

BIOGRAPHY OF PARKMAN

Life of the Great American Historian
Reviewed by Charles Haight
Farnham-Late Publications.

Intend of following the chronological method in his "Life of Francis Parkman," Charles Haight Farnham has simplified the reader's labor and gained vividness of portraiture by confining chronology chiefly to one chapter, thereonforth viewing facts and experiences as bearing mainly on achievement and development. Thus, many of the details of most biographies are brought into clear and more significant relations with the deeper interests of life. The book naturally divides itself into three parts: Parkman's preparation, the reflection of his personality in his works, and the story of his moral growth. Mr. Farnham knew Parkman and the biography was written with the sanction of the historian's nearest relatives, and with their assistance as far as information of a personal character is concerned. He has access to all the valuable material in the hands of Mr. Parkman's family and friends, including such letters as have been preserved, the diary of his vacation journals, and the autobiographical letters written by the historian to his friends, Dr. George H. Ellis and Martin Brimmer.

The history of literature can hardly show another writer who made his work so predominant an interest throughout his life, who overcame so many serious obstacles, or who worked with so much apparent independence of hindering physical conditions. Parkman needed all his money, ability and will power to face the difficulties of his career. His diseases gave him a much deeper trial than physical suffering. They continually threatened him with an intellectual life, and a denial of his innermost longings. No one can estimate the power he must have lost in the mere strain of enduring imperfect digestion, insomnia, rheumatism, arthritis and nervous troubles. These with poor sight and pains in the head were continually sapping his force. He never saw a perfectly well day during his entire literary career. In the face of all these difficulties he took up the task of his monumental work, and he estimated at the outset would require, with good health, about 25 years. The task took him 50 years instead of 25, and he died a thoroughgoing invalid, and under the conditions of his creation make his achievement certainly one of the wonders of literature.

Parkman's books bear a very close relation to his character. His love of travel was almost a religion; sincerity with him rose to imperativeness in all historical questions, despite the strongest prejudices in the air. His writing history was not a mere collection of facts, but a collection of the authorities, weighed the evidence with exceptional care, coolness and wisdom, and finally gave his opinion, entirely independent of feeling. He cared little for the underhand elements of history. The complexities of diplomacy, petty personal matters, meanness of motives and conduct received no attention, unless they were of great importance, and even then they were not given their place in his work.

Parkman's methods in portraiture were happily varied according to his materials, and in view of the literary contrasts and effects he wished to produce. His love of action made him fond of large dramatic history. He liked a character to portray himself by his acts. This method was his first choice whenever proportion and material permitted its employment. Parkman's portraits are further interesting in that they are not free from a certain hardness. Though living and effective, these portraits generally give only the outward form that made manifest a public career. They show keenness of perception but not sympathy. But suffering, friendships, years of hard work and success, and the quietude of his nature so capable of culture. In his later volumes Parkman shows more interest in the emotional and spiritual forces of character, he may be said to be describing the measure of breadth towards women, Montaigne's affectionate and domestic qualities, and the filial and poetic sentiment that graced the poetic figure of Wolfe.

Mr. Farnham reveals a humorous and imaginative side to Parkman's character that borders on the heroic. His summer home was on the southwestern shore of Jamaica Pond, a small body of water now incorporated in the parks of Boston. Parkman had here one more means of keeping up cheerfulness—the daily row of one hour, which he never omitted or shortened. Each frequent turn on a lake only a quarter of a mile across would have become insufferably tedious without some means of mental entertainment. He therefore engaged the pond, by the use of a few names, such as the Cape of Good Hope and Shining Sea, peopling each region with the lions and whales appropriate to its surroundings. He kept in his depths a terrible ichthyosaurus and a fearful sea serpent. To the very ends along the shore—seen in unbroken gay names, characters, and the

most astonishing experience. The family of muskrats were visited daily to watch their building and domestic duties.

Agnes M. Farnham writes:
The problem they had to meet was to relieve his brain by some lightening activity, avoiding both serious topics of conversation and gloomy silence. One of the chief elements of his domestic intercourse was humorous romancing. At breakfast, after replying briefly to inquiries as to his health, he would begin a tale and carry it on throughout the meal, and even continue it day by day. He would travel time in the same way while driving about the country. Frequently he chose subjects more or less thoroughly invented, and he would invent a character who was to be his minister in the congregation that he had to eat crocodile eggs, which turned him into an amphibious divine; and a Miss Singshew, who conducted a Sunday school for young demons; as her pupils were rather restless, she passed their tails through holes in the bench, and tied knots underneath.

It was in 1841 that Parkman began the researches and experiences that were to be his life's work. In the winter of 1846 he made a trip through Pennsylvania. This year is marked also by his most adventurous and important expedition, the trip of the Oregon Trail. Finding his health in a deplorable state at the close of the Oregon Trail journey, he devoted himself largely to medical treatment in 1847 and 1848. With the help of friendly eyes and hands he dictated "The Oregon Trail" in the fall of 1848, and it was published in the Knickerbocker Magazine in 1847. The order of publication of his historical works was: "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," 1847; "The Pioneers of France in the New World," 1849; "The Jesuits in North America, 1674-1763," 1849; "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," 1849; "The Old Regime," 1854; "Count Frontenac and New France Under Louis XIV.," 1857; "Montcalm and Wolfe," 1854; "A Half-Century of Conflict," 1882.

The close of Parkman's life was both happy and characteristic. He had always hoped to die before reaching the lingering weakness and decrepitude of old age, for such a soul could not but desire a condition that ever pointed toward a diminution of power. When a friend once spoke with pride of the work he had done, his energy flamed out with the promise to do still more. He should live. He died November 8, 1859, after an illness of three days, in his last year. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

In "Making a Life," Cortland Myers speaks vigorously and helpfully not only to young people who have the world before them, but to all who would consciously, by purposeful direction, make their lives well worth the living. This thought is epitomized in these words of Hazlitt: "No human being, and no society composed of human beings ever did, or can do, anything great or good, unless it is guided and governed by the love of some eternal ideal." Mr. Myers treats his theme under the ideal, purpose, progress, mystery, influence, waste, law, pain, sacrifice, memory, conquest, science and destiny of life. "Eternity," he says, "is the only reality. Christ alone has the power to change destiny by changing character. The gift of his character to an individual is the source of his glorious destiny." (Baker & Taylor Co., New York.)

The hero of John Buchanan's story, "The Half-Hearted," is a young Scotchman of excellent family who goes through Elton and Oxford and suffers from over-education. The title of the story is suggested, not by irony, but by irresolution and loss in love and in a Parliamentary election. But he is thoroughly sound at heart, and he enters the service of his government in India, where he retrieves his character, and by supreme sacrifice saves the empire. The contrast between culture and action is drawn in vivid lines by a well-learned hand, and the story is one of strong interest. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

A Georgian Bungalow. Miss Frances Courtney Taylor tells in "A Georgian Bungalow" the story of an English family on a plantation in Georgia. There are four young persons in the family, and they enjoy amusements peculiar to their neighborhood. They go to picnics, barbecues, county fairs and cakewalks, and the attractions of these are well described, as is the children's education by hand and by book. The four children and their mother and governess start for a visit in England. A storm wrecked their ship, but after many perils and adventures they were saved. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

A Child of Glee. Miss A. G. Plympton's new book, "A Child of Glee," should be as popular as her "Dear Daughter Dorothy." It deals with the adventures of a little girl from Biddeford, Me., who is traveling in Europe with her father and is about to witness the coronation of a child Queen in the Kingdom of Aveyr. Little Marjorie's father is made a prisoner of state, and the child becomes the playmate of the little Queen and has many remarkable adventures. A good deal of history is interwoven with the narrative. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Indian Boys at School. In "The Middle Five: Indian Boys at School," Francis La Flesche gives a true picture of the nature and character of the Indian boy. In the talk of the boys he reproduces the peculiar English speech by them, which was composite, having been gathered from the imperfect comprehension of the teachers, and the slang and humor picked up from uneducated white persons employed at the school or at the government agency. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

Mr. Bunney. "Mother Goose" paved the way for "Father Goose: His Book," and now we have "Mr. Bunney: His Book." The verse is by Adah L. Sutton, and the illustrations by W. H. Fry. It is a book that will delight the young. (The Salford Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio.)

Restraint of Trade. "Restraint of Trade," by William Hudson Harper, is an exhaustive treatment of the industrial question from the evolution of industry from the savage with the stone hammer, down to the trusts, taking in socialism, trade combinations

and municipal and private monopolies. "Public policy," the author holds, "requires that corporations, in the exercise of powers, must be confined strictly within their charter limits." (Ragan Printing House, Chicago.)

Expansion Under New Conditions. New conditions create new problems. New necessities, new duties, new opportunities. We are becoming the leading manufacturing people of the world. A few years since we were satisfied with the home market. Now we are competing for the markets of the world. Dr. Josiah Strong discusses the question in



FRANCIS PARKMAN—FROM "A LIFE OF FRANCIS PARKMAN, BY CHARLES HAIGHT FARNHAM.

the light of these and other new conditions, physical, industrial, social and political in "Expansion Under New World Conditions." After making the rather broad statement that the arable lands of the United States are practically exhausted, the author proceeds to show that the nation's energy has been chiefly concentrated on the industrial conquest of the continent, and the exhaustion of the well-worn resources of agriculture, the beginning of a new era in our industrial history. Hereafter our growing energy and our waning wealth found a limitless opportunity within our own land. Now a limit has been fixed, and our ever increasing energy and wealth will find an ever decreasing field for investment at home. This, of course, means that henceforth they will increasingly go abroad.

A world policy, the author maintains, is not only justified, but required by the new conditions, which the United States has entered. "True enough it is unprecedented," he says, "but so are the new world conditions which demand it. Conserve the resources of the present, progress, and to accept the responsibilities which it devolves upon us in behalf of Christian civilization." (Baker & Taylor Co., New York.)

The Salt-Box House. The scene of "The Salt-Box House," by Jane De Forest Shelton, is laid in that part of the old town of Stratford, Conn., which was formerly called Ripton, now Huntington, and the book shows the manner of life among persons of the better class in the country districts. The restricted life could not be free from privations, but it had, nevertheless, not only diversions, but many graces and attractions. The author has excluded the well-worn records of spinning, huskings, apple-parings, etc., but has shown many less-known phases and old customs, presenting a realistic picture of 18th century life. (Baker & Taylor Co., New York.)

Jefferson's Cyclopaedia. A work of prodigious research is "The Jeffersonian Cyclopaedia," compiled and edited by John P. Foley. It is a complete classified arrangement of the writings of Thomas Jefferson on government, education, agriculture, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, navigation, finance, morals, religious freedom, and many other topics of permanent human interest. It contains everything of importance that Jefferson ever wrote upon these subjects. There are 500 titles, in alphabetical order, all splendidly arranged for convenient consultation. A book that should be in every reference library. (Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.)

Houston and Jackson. "Sam Houston," by Sarah Barnwell Elliott, and "Stonewall Jackson," by Carl Hovey, are late additions to the "Beacon Biographies." Mrs. Elliott has written an entertaining sketch of the Texas pioneer. "Stonewall Jackson" has been written by a well-known military writer. He was called an expansionist, and the battle of Gettysburg was fought just as he was about to be elected to the Senate in 1863. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

Spencer and Spencerism. For nearly half a century Herbert Spencer has been a leading figure in the field of contemporary philosophical thought and work, yet his name and his theories are not generally known. Hector Macpherson, the author, has had the personal assistance of the famous philosopher in this work. The book is by no means a slavish reproduction of Mr. Spencer's

writings. Taking his stand upon the fundamental ideas of the "Synthetic Philosophy," Mr. Macpherson uses them in his own way to interpret and illustrate the great evolutionary process. (Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.)

Helpful Booklets. Four helpful booklets in ornamental white binding are: "The Hour of Opportunity," and "Good Manners and Success," by Orison Sweet Marden; "Books That Nourish Us," by Annie Russell Marble, and "Fate Mastered: Destiny, Fulfilled," by W. J. Colville. Mr. Marden recommends care of the person, and the habit of dressing well as an index of character. Mrs. Marble points out classes of literature which are worthy of attention. Mr. Colville takes the ground that all things that cross our path come as conditions that are to be met and mastered, and that out of difficulty, trying or even seemingly evil conditions, good must inevitably come. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.)

Expansion. "Duty, Opportunity, Destiny," is a discussion of the expansion problem, ethically and commercially. "No other course was open to the United States," says the author, "than to destroy Spain's sovereignty in the West Indies and the Philippine Islands. There was no thought of national aggrandizement, and no departure from the high purpose which animated our sympathy. To 10,000,000 of the human race there has been given a new birth of freedom, and to the American people a new and noble responsibility." The pamphlet is published anonymously. (Beattie & Hoffman, Portland.)

Short Story Writing. "Short Story Writing," by Charles Raymond Barrett, is a practical treatise on the art of short story, designed to pre-

pare the student for the requirements of the market. It is a practical treatise on the art of short story, designed to prepare the student for the requirements of the market. It is a practical treatise on the art of short story, designed to prepare the student for the requirements of the market.

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OUR MUSICAL FRIENDS. News of People in Boston and Chicago in Whom Portlanders Are Interested. Since Portland is only an outpost, far away from the great centers of struggle and artistic endeavor, it is not an easy matter to keep in touch with the great movements of the day. Under these circumstances we must consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate in the musical friendships we have established with people of winning personality and sterling abilities, who are recognized factors in the great world of art. Any news from these is always eagerly welcomed, for we are in a chronic state of musical hunger for tidings of the important events that are going on about us. Miss Emily Trevelick has just returned from a sojourn of several months in Chicago and Boston, where she enjoyed the opportunity of studying at close range the most recent phases of musical development, and also of renewing acquaintance with a number of musicians in whom Portland people take a personal interest, and of whom they will be glad to hear from so direct a source. At the request of The Oregonian, she kindly consented to relate such fragments of her experience as she could recall at the moment.

While in Chicago she visited Hull House and was greatly impressed with the excellent work that was being done by Miss Eleanor Smith, who is now regarded as one of the most successful voice-trainers of the day for children. She is a very well-known and charming woman of children's songs. These are not out-of-date affairs, composed at the desk, but are the natural and spontaneous outgrowth of her experience in the classroom.

An Evening at Hull House. "Her pupils are little temperamental children from the crowded districts about Hull House, factory girls of almost every nationality under the sun," said Miss Trevelick. "I was present during an evening of National songs and dances, in which these children from forlorn and wretched homes came out in their old-country costumes—gorgeous affairs, the Russian particularly—for, poor as they are, they had carefully preserved their finery. It was a hot night, I remember, and their kerchiefs and head-dresses and tightly laced bodies must have been warm and uncomfortable. I inquired about an exhibition did not cultivate vanity, but was told that, on the contrary, it was of the greatest value, since it taught them to respect their own language and nationality, of which they were disposed to be ashamed, until they more closely to their parents in consequence. One Russian girl of 19 was particularly interesting, both because of her remarkable beauty and her unusual voice—a rich mezzo-soprano. Miss Smith has been wondering whether her talents are sufficient to insure her a career. She is a millhand, and works 10 hours a day. She has a dark, Oriental face, strong but not unbecomingly plump figure and a heavy, impressive temperament.

"There was a little German girl of about 12 years old who had a voice like an angel's, so sweet and spiritual that it lifted the hearts of all who heard it. It is impossible to listen to it without the tears coming to one's eyes. Nor could one understand how a face and voice of such exquisite purity, so free from every taint, could be the property of a child of her age. There was nothing in it to suggest the intonation of speech, which was unusual, for most children when they sing are tempted to use the speaking voice. But she sang with a pure, clear, ringing quality of tone that had no earthliness in it.

A Gifted Child. "Miss Villa Whitney White, with her Boston pupils from Beacon street and Commonwealth avenue, obtains much the same fine-like tone as does Miss Smith of Hull House. Her voice is clear and the most gifted of all Miss White's pupils is a poor girl whom she found singing popular street songs at home in a tremendously big music-hall voice, she generally regarded as a phenomenon by her family and neighbors. She was 10 years old. Of course, the first thing Miss White did was to tone it down, and now it is a wonderfully beautiful voice, fine and clear, with a quality of tone that is even in the registers. Miss White has charge of the singing in a music school at Hartford, Conn., but all her other pupils are in Boston. Every Sunday she sings in the choir of an Episcopal church, and she does concert work around Boston, but she gives most of her energies to teaching. As she herself puts it, 'I consider it more satisfactory to teach one person to learn the multiplication table than to tell a thousand people there is a multiplication table.'

There is quite a little coterie of Portland people in Boston, with Mrs. Lee Hoffman at the head of the list. She is at her center. Mrs. Hoffman has just returned from her six months' trip abroad, which she substituted for her usual Sunday visit to Portland. She spent much of her time in Constantinople, but was most vividly impressed with St. Petersburg and Moscow. She says that after seeing them all the rest of the world seems tame and colorless. At her home I met Miss Virginia White, the violinist, who is well known in Portland as the niece of Mrs. George Taylor. She is doing wonderfully good work in music under Loefler, and he, I hear, has given her his violin. He himself has just acquired a valuable Stradivarius.

"Miss Alice Cole, whose contralto used to be heard in Trinity Church of this city a few years ago, is now living in Boston with her mother. She is well situated on a very successful career. After leaving Portland she went over to London and studied with Henschel, becoming one of their family circle. She is an intimate friend of Helen Hornum, who is so warmly gifted in poetry, music and art. Through the Henschels Miss Cole had many unusual opportunities. I know that on one occasion she sang at Alma Tadema's beautiful home—a perfect treasure-house for art. Mr. Henschel, you know, is one of the best all-around musicians of the day. In Europe he unlearned ever so many charming little French peasant songs several hundred years old.

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"Mrs. Schumann-Hank heard twice, once in Chicago and again at the Worcester Music Festival, after I had gone to Boston. Both on the scores and as a singer, she fascinates me. She is so very big, and yet she moves about with such fairy lightness. After singing the great serious recitative and aria from 'Faust,' she sang a beautiful little song, 'The Song of the Lark,' which was followed by 'Tannhauser' and 'Mignon.' Following are some of the criticisms taken from the Boston journals: 'Hilary Ball, New York Press, says: 'In English has gone through its first week successfully. Certain of the critics received it patronizingly. If not contemptuously. The Tribune, Times, Post and Sun are all in the same way. It was ended these supercilious judges confessed that the scheme was feasible. Possible? It is practical. It is also astonishing. Nobody has explained how so much could be done in so little time. It is true that the performances have not been up to the plane of the Metropolitan's reputation. But no one expected them to be, except the forecasters of doom. New York Times: 'Mr. Savage's newly launched effort is laboring severely under the disadvantage of being manned by a new company of singers.' New York Herald: 'Faust,' as given last night, had no ragged edges and hung well together. It was the work of well-trained artists at home in their roles and secondarily in the English language, which was especially conspicuous in the ensembles. Under such circumstances it is hardly surprising that the audience declined to regard grand opera in English as a mere experiment, but accepted it as a fact. The enterprise has certainly started under most favorable auspices.

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First. The orchestra was the Marguerite in the 'Faust' performance. Her portrayal had dramatic consistency and personal charm, but she sang the 'Thule' ballad badly and the 'Lullaby' heavily. In dramatic execution, however, she was far more effective. She should sing Elizabeth better than Marguerite I would think from this first review. Flaubert was almost hopeless. Naturally, all the crudities in the orchestra pit revealed themselves in this score, and Conductor Eckhold's reading of it was not very successful. Save the opera company that warrant a sanguine attitude towards its future are the orchestra and the chorus. The singers who appeared in the casts of the three previous weeks must record that about two-thirds of them failed to give evidence of talent sufficient to justify their presence on the Metropolitan stage. In 'Faust,' Clarence Whitehill, as Mephistopheles, achieved a comparatively complete success. It was his first public appearance in the role. Flaubert was almost hopeless. Naturally, all the crudities in the orchestra pit revealed themselves in this score, and Conductor Eckhold's reading of it was not very successful. Save the opera company that warrant a sanguine attitude towards its future are the orchestra and the chorus. The singers who appeared in the casts of the three previous weeks must record that about two-thirds of them failed to give evidence of talent sufficient to justify their presence on the Metropolitan stage. In 'Faust,' Clarence Whitehill, as Mephistopheles, achieved a comparatively complete success. It was his first public appearance in the role.

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WHAT THE CRITICS SAY

ENGLISH OPERA DISCUSSED BY NEW YORK JOURNALS.

Best Chorus Ever Heard in the Metropolitan—Poor Principals—A Financial Success.

The close of the first week of grand opera in English at the Metropolitan, New York, has brought forth a storm of divergent opinion from the music critics. On certain important points, however, they agree: As an opposition movement to the pernicious "star system," it deserves encouragement. Artistically the ensembles are highly satisfactory, the chorus in the best the Metropolitan has seen, but the work of the principals is full of defects, as was of course expected. Financially, the venture is a success. The season opened with "Faust," which was followed by "Tannhauser" and "Mignon." Following are some of the criticisms taken from the New York journals: 'Hilary Ball, New York Press, says: 'In English has gone through its first week successfully. Certain of the critics received it patronizingly. If not contemptuously. The Tribune, Times, Post and Sun are all in the same way. It was ended these supercilious judges confessed that the scheme was feasible. Possible? It is practical. It is also astonishing. Nobody has explained how so much could be done in so little time. It is true that the performances have not been up to the plane of the Metropolitan's reputation. But no one expected them to be, except the forecasters of doom. New York Times: 'Mr. Savage's newly launched effort is laboring severely under the disadvantage of being manned by a new company of singers.' New York Herald: 'Faust,' as given last night, had no ragged edges and hung well together. It was the work of well-trained artists at home in their roles and secondarily in the English language, which was especially conspicuous in the ensembles. Under such circumstances it is hardly surprising that the audience declined to regard grand opera in English as a mere experiment, but accepted it as a fact. The enterprise has certainly started under most favorable auspices.

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