

# HER WAY WINS RENOWN CREATING HOMERIC HEROES OF OREGON PIONEERS

### Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, of Oregon City, Has Worked Her Way to Literary Fame, Caring for Her Babies and Household Duties With One Hand and Delving Into the Rich Heroism of Oregon's Early Days

IN A TALL, old-fashioned frame residence occupying a prominent corner on Jefferson street in Oregon City, hedged in on one side by lawn and shrubbery and on the other by flowers, there lives a woman named Mrs. Eva Emery Dye. Perhaps you know her and perhaps you do not. Perhaps you have heard of her and perhaps you have not. Thousands have and thousands have not.

In this quaint old residence there has been a remarkable struggle in progress for the greater part of 24 years—the struggle of a brilliant and gifted woman to contribute to the world in a beautiful way the heroisms, the chivalry and the rich adventures which marked Oregon's early history, and at the same time to bring up to manhood and womanhood a large family of children.

Her struggles in both lines have been traced with success. She has gained enviable renown in the literary world with her series of books, now famed for their richness of narration, their historic accuracy and their picturesque romance, and she has raised her family to be college graduates.

She is the woman who made living, breathing, heroic entities of the great Lewis and Clark and of Sacajawea, the Indian maid who led the famed expedition in Oregon and the Northwest. She brought before the world in beautiful and impressive way the marvellous old Dr. McLoughlin of pioneer fame, and Ronald McDonald, the Oregon boy who after marvellous adventures preceded the earliest adventurers into Japan. Mrs. Dye stirred up these wonderful characters from the dry bones of the scattered history of the early days and built them into Homeric heroes, living and throbbing in the hearts and memories of thousands today.

Few in Oregon knew much of the life of Eva Emery Dye because it has been a very unusual life. Thousands here and throughout the United States, however, know of her writings. There is hardly a student who who has not pursued her little book of Oregon history which for years was used as a textbook in the schools. There is hardly a lover of rich historic romance who has not read her books, "The Conquest" or "McLoughlin and Old Oregon" or "McDonald of Oregon."

"McLoughlin and Old Oregon," the oldest of her writings, is now in the eighth edition, "The Conquest" in the sixth edition and "McDonald of Oregon" in the second edition. In 1912 46,000 of her books had been issued and some many thousands have been sold since then.

Mrs. Dye says her life in Oregon has been one of social exile, as must be the life of any writer who desires to accomplish great things, she says. She says it has been a life of loneliness, that she has not loved society and good times that she had turned from them, but because she has been unable to do both and has considered the writing the most important. Writing, she says, must have the soul behind it. The soul cannot be behind it when there are social affairs to think of.

In 1890, when Mrs. Dye came to Oregon, she was a young woman not so very long out of college. She was married to her present husband, who at that time was a young attorney, and they had two children. In college, Mrs. Dye says, Greek was her master study and she delighted in reading the old classics. "The things that impressed me most," she says, "were Homer's old heroes. As I read over the enchanted lines of Homer's writings I seemed to live in Greece and when I came to Oregon and heard of the wonderful pioneer days I seemed to see the pioneers of Oregon as Homeric heroes. With these views in mind I wrote 'McLoughlin and Old Oregon'."

"Old Dr. McLoughlin was one of the first pioneers I heard of when I came to Oregon and his life seemed so interesting to me that I began a study. There were old ladies in Oregon City who had known him and I talked with them. I got all the books I could find with anything about him. I did not hurry, but kept up my work, tracing down every new fact I could hear about him.

After I had gathered all my material I wove romance into the stirring events of the early days. I selected my hero and my heroine and then set about writing the book. It was my first experience. I cared for my two children and attended to my household duties, snatching time as often as possible to write a little on my book. Month by month I wrote, rewrote, revised, corrected and thought. I was a social exile. I finally completed the book and sent it to Harper's.

"Harper's wrote me a very kind letter and said they would publish the book in their magazine if I would cut it up for publication in serial form. Well, I worried and fumed over that for weeks. I just couldn't cut it up. It seemed to me like my whole life was wrapped in those pages. To cut it seemed to me like cutting up one of my children. I couldn't do it.

"Finally I took the manuscript and threw it into a bureau drawer and forgot about it. I said 'what's the use writing anyway? It isn't appreciated.' I was completely discouraged. For six years my book remained in that bureau drawer. It happened at the end of six years that an old classmate of mine came out from the East to visit with me and my husband and almost the first thing he said to me was, 'I thought you were going to write books?' I told him I had written a book and had cast it away in the bureau drawer. He asked to see it and I dug it out for him.

"He read it over and said he could get a publisher for me, so I told him to take it along. He left here in January and in June my book was out. You can imagine my gratitude and happiness.

"My thoughts were then turned to that memorable Lewis and Clark expedition and I was persuaded by my publishers to weave a story about that I mixed straining research with family cares in collecting material and getting it ready. During the few years prior to the publication of my first book my two youngest children were born and were now mere babies, demanding care, attention and worry.

"I struggled along as best I could with the information I could get, trying to find a heroine. The publishers wanted the story hurried. I had the dry old 'Biddle edition,' with their skeletons of dry facts concerning the expedition, and worked and worked trying to secure the things necessary for my story. I traced down every old book and scrap of paper, but still was without a real heroine. Finally I came upon the name of Sacajawea and I screamed 'I have found my heroine.'

"I then hunted up every fact I could find about Sacajawea. Out of a few dry lines I found in the old tales of the trip I created Sacajawea and made her a real living entity. For months I dug and scraped for accurate information about this wonderful Indian maid.

"Then I had Judith, the girl Clark left behind him when he went on the expedition. This gave me my heroes and my heroine and after much work and four trips across the continent in search of facts and information in many of the principal libraries, I set to work.

"My two younger children were then mere toddling babies and I had them to care for. I would give them their bottles and they would lie on the floor and kick and coo while I wrote a chapter of my book. They played and I worked. They were the best little babies in the world. I knew it then and I know it now.

"When I got my manuscript all written I sent it to the publishers and it appeared in an attractive cover. The world snatched at my heroine, Sacajawea. Judith apparently was overlooked. The beauty of that faithful Indian woman with her baby on her back, leading those stalwart mountaineers and explorers through the strange land, appealed to the world.

"After my book came out a monument to my heroes and heroine was erected at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis. Then the women of the Northwest, filled with interest and enthusiasm, fixed up the statues of Lewis and Clark and Sacajawea. Then Dakota took it up and erected a monument and now Montana is planning a statue to the memorable expedition at the three forks of the Missouri River.

"When I was writing my book I told my publishers it was to be called 'The Conquest.' They wrote back and said that name would never do. They said the name of Lewis and Clark should appear in the title. But I insisted on the name 'The Conquest' and sent the manuscript on. One day I got a letter from the publishers saying that after giving it much thought they had decided there was no other name for it. 'The Conquest' was published in 1902.

"Then I turned my attention to another interesting feature of early Oregon. When I was writing on my other books I had occasion often to talk to the old Hudson Bay men and they would often say 'you ought to see McDonald about that. They said he was at old Fort Colville on the Columbia River. I became interested in this man and I wrote him, telling him that I planned calling one of my books 'The King of the Columbia.' He wrote back and indignantly informed me that he was the King of the Columbia. And when I heard his story I admitted that he was right.

"In one of many letters I received from him he informed me that he had written a journal of his life and experiences and sent it to a friend in Canada who had intended writing a book on it, but apparently had done nothing with it. McDonald said he was coming down to Portland, but died before making the journey. He had told me where the journal was and I set out to try to find it. It was 10 years afterward that I finally got a copy of it and was able to go ahead with my book, 'McDonald of Oregon.'

"I knew there was no use in causing trouble, so I sat down to try to copy it off. It was a hopeless task. While I was at work a thought struck me. In the next room was a public stenographer. Perhaps I could engage her to make a copy. I rushed in and she accepted the work and got another girl to help her. We flew to the work. I read the pages over and had the girls copy. Their fingers flew over the typewriter keys for days during all their spare time. The man who had the book knew nothing of my operations, being busy in a session of the Parliament.

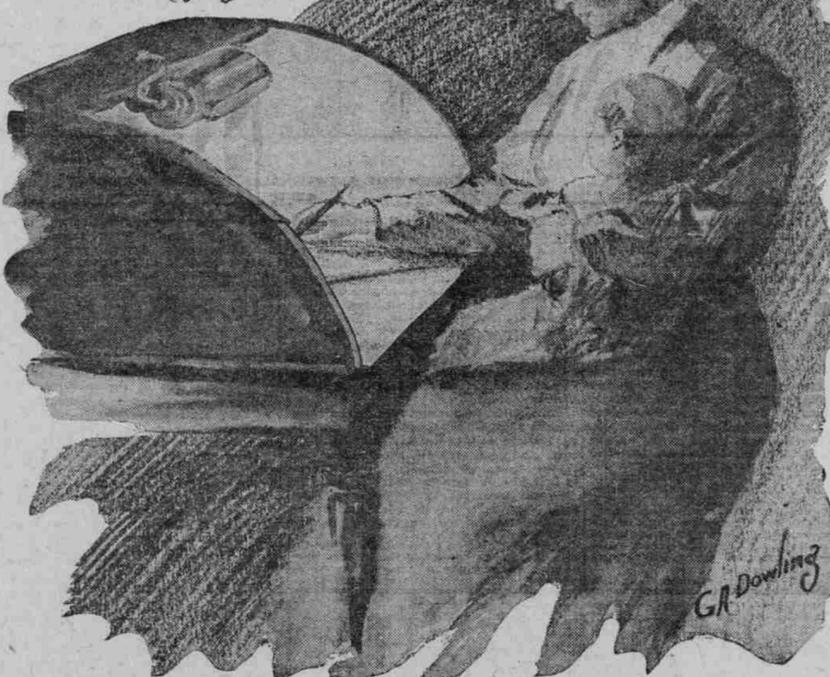
"Finally I got the copy made and paid the girls a large sum for their services. I then rushed back to Portland, got together my facts and set to the task of writing my book.

"McDonald was the son of a Hudson Bay chief and an Indian princess and spent most of his time in old Fort Vancouver. In 1832 a junk full of Japanese was blown across the ocean and wrecked at Cape Flattery. Dr. McLoughlin sent up and had the Japanese taken to Fort Vancouver, where he took care of them.

"Ronald McDonald was sent in to take care of the Japs, and while there learned to talk some of their language. Finally the sailors were sent back, but McDonald never forgot them. His dream and ambition was to go to Japan, but that country then was closed. McDonald, not to be outdone, ran away on a



Mrs. Eva Emery Dye.



whaler and got himself cast ashore at Japan. The journal I secured told his wonderful story of adventures in Japan. He taught the first school in English there and prepared the way for later expeditions to that country.

With her writings Mrs. Dye has won a place in the leading literary circles of the United States. Her works are famed for their beautiful style, her quaintness of expression and word painting and her remarkable accuracy in curtailing events of the early days.

And her task is not yet done. Within the present year there will be published her best book. She says it is much superior to her others and she expects it to bring even more pleasure to the lovers of classic historic romance than have her past books. The new book, in which Mrs. Dye is now wrapped heart and soul, deals with the early relations of old Oregon and Hawaii. With this book, as with her others, Mrs. Dye is sharing her time with her household duties, still having her children and house to care for as well as her writing to do.

While Mrs. Dye refuses to comment upon the reception of her works in Oregon, it is known that she has not been appreciated here. It is known that with her other struggles for success she has had to look to the East for appreciation of her efforts and her renown has come from the East.

Upon her own works she says nothing in this respect. Upon the works of others of the state, deserving of credit, she has considerable to say. There have been dozens of writers who have been passed by, unrecognized and unread in Oregon, she says. Had they been in New England or Indiana or California, they might have had a different fate.

"A few years ago," says Mrs. Dye, "The Oregonian published a series of letters by a woman signing herself 'Elizabeth,' so cleverly executed, so wise and witty and picturesquely descriptive of Oregon that an Eastern publisher brought them out in book form under the name 'Letters From an Oregon Ranch.' It is a beautiful book in contents, in mechanical execution, in illustration, a gift book that had it been published concerning New Eng-

land, or Indiana, or California, would have held its place for generations. "But Oregon is new, very new yet. There are more people in the one state of Massachusetts than on the entire Pacific Coast and, naturally, 'Letters From an Oregon Ranch' perished with the first edition. We cannot expect Eastern publishers to come out here and tell us of our own books, we are supposed to have public spirit enough to discover that ourselves.

"Irving clothed the Hudson with romance and Walter Scott, the Highlands. Tourists find Oregon too new, too raw—are there no shrines of romance on the Columbia and in our valleys? There is a work to be done. No mere commercial publicity could have done for California what her authors are doing. An army of writers keep their pens busy with the glories of California until it has become the Italy of America the home of art and song and story. If California is our Italy, why not Oregon our Switzerland?"

"A few poems like those of Sam Simpson, a few books of art like William's 'Guardians of the Columbia' begin to give us hope that pioneer days are passing into a splendid renaissance of art and letters. With a college like Reed in our principal city and honored centers of learning set in every valley, the best literary art will sooner or later find an audience. Twenty-five years ago California woke up to the fact that all her best writers were moving to the older states where conditions were more congenial—today she is calling them back. An author is an asset to a state worth counting. And a real author is too busy with creative work to spend much time lecturing, or dining, or standing in the spotlight. But for retirement, Nathaniel Hawthorne could never have written the Scarlet Letter. Washington Irving hid from the crowd, not in New York City, but at Tarrytown on the Hudson he discovered his best results.

"Some occupations find their reward, not in money, but in appreciation. Take Mr. Himes, for example, building up the Historical Society. Years ago, over in Wisconsin, Lyman C. Draper set out with his little one-horse wagon, driving all the way to Kentucky, and spent weeks and months interviewing

old pioneers, collecting letters, journals, memoranda for histories he hoped to write of Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark. Indiana, Illinois, Missouri came to know his little gray nag. He never wrote the books, but he left a monument to himself in the vast accumulation that has made Madison the mecca of writers on the Middle West. "In Portland Mr. Himes is doing the very same work. For 50 years he has been interviewing pioneers, writing down life stories that in years to come will be priceless. He is a familiar fireside companion from Pendleton to Tillamook, from Portland to Klamath Falls. Everybody knows Mr. Himes; everybody saves up scraps and relics and clippings for him. The hills and forests are here; he is preserving the deeds of those who first traversed them, salting them away, packing them down for the future romancer, the Shakespeare, the moving-picture artist. The time has really come when Oregon should recognize the splendid life devotion of Mr. Himes by erecting a suitable building wherein to house his treasures. Years and years ago he gave up a lucrative business to follow this bent of his taste. He should have an endowment to carry on this collecting of nuggets of human heroism. Such men are not born every day.

"Oregon has been exploited historically. Hubert Howe Bancroft did for this Coast a wonderful work. But the only time I ever saw Bancroft he had the saddest eyes I ever beheld. Everybody was criticizing his history, tearing it all to pieces, because of views expressed in his monumental work. At tremendous expense and years of toll that no one else would have undertaken, he had secured the world for Oregonians, building up the Bancroft library that is now one of the chief attractions of the State University of California. But, so far as I know, no one on this Coast ever thanked him. The East appreciated and praised.

### Inside Lights of Family Life and Struggles Which Have Made Picturesque Books Written by Mrs. Dye Popular and Profitable in Spite of the Lack of Local Appreciation.



The Dye Residence in Oregon City.

Like an eagle, his 'Bridge of the Gods' is equal anything Irving ever did, and will live as long. Poor boy! Tuberculosis claimed him. He did not want to go. To the last he worked, dying in a Portland hospital with the fragments of a half-finished romance in a satchel at his bedside. And Oregon honors him now.

"There was Joaquin Miller, fighting for expression. George H. Himes, of Portland, printed his first thin little volume of verse. All Oregon laughed, derided, ridiculed the great American poet. Gathering up broken remnants, Joaquin Miller fled to London, to be hailed as the great American poet. What all America refused, he found across the water—recognition, appreciation, encouragement. But he never lived again in Oregon. It was too new, too raw, too unresponsive.

"Horace Lyman wrote a history of Oregon—a magnificent work. He was a scholar, a poet, a man of fine literary taste and accurate research. He had written a cheap dime novel if he would have received more attention. He was appointed educational commissioner to the St. Louis Exposition. The critics found all manner of fault with his educational exhibit. It was too much, the neglect of his book and that he took to his bed and died—his fine

lofty spirit crushed and his heart bruised, perhaps broken. "Joseph Gaston wrote the most complete story of Portland that has yet appeared. He could have built a railroad easier, so far as absolute energy was concerned. It is a remarkable work by a remarkable man; his whole life, hope and enthusiasm were builded into it; but it was never copied, the generous praise such work for such a city demanded. When soon after I heard of his death down there at Los Angeles, I wondered if that noble soul had not succumbed to depression and despair.

"Professor Joseph Schafer, of the State University, has written also a history of Oregon; picked and chosen to do this work as one of a series brought out by a great Eastern publishing-house. I was present in Madison, Wis., when Professor Schafer was hunting up unheard-of material, his brave wife at his side copying the files of ancient papers. So long and consecutively he worked that he almost fainted away on the floor of the vaults of that historical palace. But I never saw any adequate review of Professor Schafer's magnificent achievements. The high commands delving into England's stores of Oregoniana. He is not a rich man; these things cost money. I have often wished to ask some of our Portland millionaires to lend a hand to this living scholar in our midst. We should not let him die as others have, unrecognized and unread.

### Use of Old Warships

Modern battleships are regarded as virtually obsolete after about ten years of service. This is due to the fact that the styles in great fighting vessels change almost as often as do the styles in women's hats. At the end of a few years, then—15 or 20 at the most—these costly instruments of warfare discarded and their hulls are used as targets in gun practice. It is an ignominious fate.

A better use for discarded war vessels is now suggested. The International Congress on School Hygiene has petitioned the United States Government—such men as these are rapidly leaders of the warfare against tuberculosis vessels no longer available for naval uses. They would be anchored in rivers or lakes or at the seashore and used for "open-air schools, sanatoriums for children or hospital sanatoria for adults."

Since nearly 1,000,000 school children in the United States suffer from tuberculosis, and since open-air treatment is now acknowledged to be essential to the cure of the disease, the value of the plan outlined is readily seen. Italy has already adopted the idea, and is using three old war vessels as floating hospitals for consumptives.

Opinions perhaps may differ as to the value of battleships and cruisers in maintaining international peace. However, the international warfare against tuberculosis clearly might be pressed to advantage with the aid of worn-out battleships.—Chicago News.

### The "Efficiency" Faker.

Engineering News. Is efficiency a fraud? We hesitate to say yes; but we do not hesitate to say that the methods used by some of the apostles of efficiency for its promotion are calculated to discredit the whole efficiency movement.

A correspondent sends us advertisement by one of these apostles stating that "the whole story" of this apostle's "method of efficiency has been condensed into 24 lessons, so that you can acquire an efficiency education without leaving your home or giving up your present occupation."

Young Mr. Easy Mark, who reads this glaring advertisement, is further assured that of the scores of men previously trained by the said apostle, all are now drawing high salaries, one of them \$2000 a month, and that this course of 24 lessons is a short cut to business success.

It is further stated in large display type that "almost anybody can afford it." Not a word is said as to previous education or inherent ability being necessary for success in such work, and the fair inference is that anybody, young or old, no matter how limited his knowledge and experience, no matter how deficient he may be in mental or moral qualities, can take this course of 24 lessons and be placed on the high

### The Army of Russia

Compulsory military service was established in Russia in 1871. Nominally, service is universal, but in practice only the poorer classes feel its full weight. Rich people can easily escape service by the payment of bribes.

The command of the army is entrusted to the sons of nobles or bureaucrats, while the sons of the small middle-class folk, artisans, peasants, etc., cannot, with very rare exceptions, attain officer's rank. The officers form a caste in Russia. The high commands are filled by aristocrats. The higher military colleges, and even the cadets' schools—the secondary military colleges—admit for the most part only the sons of nobles or officers. Thus the officers as a class are a purely anti-democratic body, and democracy regards them as enemies of the people. The Russian officer is always striving to manifest his disdain for civilians, and readily uses his sword against peaceful citizens. Any day you may read in the Russian press accounts of collisions between officers and civilians, or of the murder of civilians by drunken officers, or by officers who would claim that they were legitimately defending their honor.

The relations between the officers and their men are revolting. Sons of nobles and wealthy folk on becoming officers retain all their original insolence toward the peasant or artisan turned soldier. The officers strike their soldiers and treat them like beasts of burden.—Gregory Alexinsky.

### Traffic in New York City.

Electrical World. During the year which closed June 30, 1913, the number of passengers carried by New York's electrically-operated transit system—subway, bus and elevated—was 1,769,889,254. This total exceeds by 90,000,000 that for the previous 12-month period—an increase of 5.1 per cent. The increase in the subway traffic alone was 25,000,000 for the year, and was practically equaled by the growth in the number of surface line passengers. The nickels collected during the year by all the New York transit companies totaled \$37,715,259.