GRADUATING CLASS OF WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY

Reading From Left to Right, Upper Row—Ruth Field, Ronald C. Glover, Mrs. R. G. Breeden, Clinton H. Medcalf, Sylva W. Jones. Lower Row—Frank L. Grannis, Gustena Randall.

Women's Clubs and Work

Edited By Mrs. Sarah A. Evans.

Rev. Anna Shaw Tells of the Campaign.

The friends of equal rights made a magnificent campaign, which is conceded even by the opponents to have been the best campaign ever made in Oregon. The amendment was defeated by the liquor interest and corporations, through a corrupt political combination. The unfair and vulgar methods used against it have made Oregon women stronger suffragists than ever before.

Though the election aroused a great deal of local feeling, it was apparent that the presence of the women, even on the outside of the polling places, had the same effect which is so marked in the equal suffrage states, in making the election quieter.

The combine against us was the most powerful in the history of the state. It is estimated that fully a quarter of a million dollars was put up to defeat equal suffrage. The opposition pulled every string, yet this year they got only 43½ per cent of the total vote cast on the amendment in Multnomah county, whereas six years ago they got 65 per cent.

We shall begin the next campaign immediately, and hope for success two years hence. ANNA H. SHAW.

The Woman's Exchange Enlarges Its Opportunities.

One of Portland's rapidly growing and most beneficial institutions for women is the Woman's exchange, located on Tenth and Alder. Beginning in a small way, by receiving needlework and prepared foods, and selling them for the benefit of women who could find no market, but which were just what everybody wanted. A little later being offered foods which must be immediately used, a restaurant became a necessity. Many remember the two or three tiny tables, which were tucked in between the salesroom, and the improvised kitchen, and the good things which were served by daintily-gowned society misses who had volunteered their help to assist the good work along. But the day of these small beginnings is past. The success of the Woman's exchange is assured and it has now become one of the established and most beneficial institutions in the city.

It is in no sense of the word a charitable institution, except on that broader plain of philanthropy which teaches and assists people to help themselves, and along this line the association is enlarging its scope as its patronage justifies it in doing so. For several months the dining room has been the rendezvous for business men at the noon hour—never less than 100 taking lunch, and the question of more commodious quarters had become a serious one, until the closing of the school of domestic science for the summer made it possible for the exchange to secure this large room which adjoins it. It is now under repairs, and will soon be opened to the public. The food sold will be home cooked and along the lines of exchange work, which strictly observes the rule of receiving and selling only the best grade of everything, whether it be fancy work, useful garments or cooked foods.

With larger accommodations another branch of work has been added, which is to receive and sell home preserved fruits, canned, conserved or made into jelly. This is one of the finest opportunities the association has yet offered to women who want to add to their income or have to earn a living. It will also be a boon to the housekeepers, who for one reason or another are unable to do the work for themselves. It will turn into profit much fruit that goes to waste and give financial aid to those willing to do the work and bring into the family who buy good wholesome food in place of the coal-tar dyed poisonous stuff of commerce.

The woman's exchange of Portland deserves the greatest credit for persevering in this good work through many years of discouragement, and now that prosperity begins to dawn upon it, it should receive the most liberal patronage, for those only who receive the financial benefit are the worthy consigners, and of course the patrons who get what they pay for.

It is simply consecrated service to those who give their time and attention to it.

The N. E. C. Club Elects New Officers.

The New England Conservatory club elected its new officers last week, as follows: President, Mrs. John H. Hall; vice-president, Mrs. Edgar B. Piper; secretary, Mrs. J. M. Berry; treasurer, Mrs. David B. Mackie; librarian, Mrs. R. F. Prael.

From a Mother On High School Fraternities.

To the Committee on Education, Woman's Club, Portland, Or.—While investigating the charges made by Dr. Wise and the Oregonian against the fraternities and sororities in the High school you should hear some of the facts regarding these societies, facts that prove that these societies are by no means "menacing the government."

I shall take up Dr. Wise's address first. He stated: "Fraternities and sororities in the High school are a hindrance to education." In what way they are a hindrance he does not say, unless his next statement that they "make for gossiping, idling, class distinctions and jealousies" is to be regarded as explaining the manner in which a small percentage of High school students accomplishes so stupendous a result as "hindering" education. I have no figures before me, but I should say that the members of all the fraternities and sororities do not make up more than one twentieth of the entire attendance in the High school. It is hard to see how so small a number could materially affect the quality of the education that is obtained in the High school.

These societies certainly do not have time for gossip in their meetings, which occur only twice a month, and if some of the members gossip outside of meetings—so do a great many girls not members of sororities. In fact gossiping is much more common among older women (who are not members of sororities, as there were no such societies when they were in school) than it is among these young girls, who are too interested in their school life, and the life about them, and their societies if you will, to have a great deal of time for gossiping.

It is said that fraternity members are idle. These facts regarding one of the High school sororities show how little idling their members do. This sorority has 49 members. Of this number nine are teachers in the public schools, one is a kindergarten teacher, 10 are still in school, three are married and caring for their own homes, one is in New York studying music and two are studying music here (that is making a thorough study of it, not just playing at it), five are studying languages, two have applied for positions as nurses in the hospital, three are employed in various positions, leaving only nine unemployed, and each one of these nine is kept busy with home duties. Of the 27 sorority members who are graduates of the High school 11—or over one third—were first-honor pupils, which is a better showing than any of the literary societies of the school can make. This certainly proves that idleness among sorority girls is not very great. It also disproves the Oregonian's statement that "these societies destroy the intellectual characters of their members."

The fraternities and sororities have members from any number of social classes; the only distinction they draw is in favor of respectability. Wealth, beauty and social position are no object in choosing the members, as you would see for yourself, did you see the different "frat" people.

As to their "choosing their officers for their social standing, popularity and good looks," the names of the officers are kept strictly secret, and Dr. Wise could certainly have had no authority for this statement.

The teachers in the High school are fair-minded, sensible men and women, and it is an insult to them to say they favor fraternity members. They certainly do not. The fraternity member stands on his own merits, as does every other High school student.

The fact that not one of the parents of the fraternity members find objections to these societies prove they are not harmful to their members. And that neither the principal nor vice-principal of the High school believe them harmful shows they cannot be harming the school.

Mr. Reginald Webster, for many years superintendent of public instruction in San Francisco, founded the first high school fraternity on the coast. He felt such a society would benefit the school, draw its members closer together as well as closer to the school and teach them something of parliamentary law. Close companionship with a number of girls and boys is good for any child, and these societies give this. They tend to broaden the interests of its members. When Miss Loubet was in such want here in Portland one of the Portland sororities immediately sent her a subscription. Many of the "frat" people are interested in the establishment of a day nursery here, and all are interested in their school.

The editorial in the Oregonian was neither just nor fair. It is an insult to not only the fraternity members but to their parents and the school board as well. Did the sorority girls "imitate the style of the divorce court beauties" and the boys "sneer at feminine virtue" they would have no right in the schools of this city. Such people are not to be found among high school students. The fraternity members are quiet, well-behaved boys and girls, their average being about 17 years or older. People of their age are no longer young enough to "roll hoops and skip ropes." Did they do so the Oregonian would be the first to criticise.

Dr. Wise admits getting most of his facts regarding fraternities from eastern educators. Conditions in the east may be different from here. We cannot defend them. But here are a crowd of boys and girls who have done no one harm, suddenly brought before the public attention as a "hindrance to education." Before you accept such a statement, weigh the matter carefully, speak to the teachers and the parents of these young people and then I think you will admit that a mountain has been made out of a mole hill.

Some Personal Traits Of the G. F. W. C. President.

The local biennial board has sent out an interesting pamphlet with brief descriptions of some of the women who have been most prominent at the St. Paul convention this week. The sketch of Mrs. Decker, written by Miss Sampson of Denver, says in part:

"The first thing that impresses one about Mrs. Decker, is her sense of humor. She fairly radiates humor. She has such a fund of amusing stories that she can keep a whole room full of women—or men—laughing. An experience which many a woman might regard as disagreeable will merely add to her store of fun. Like all other people with this sense of humor, she is quite ready to laugh at herself, and this is perhaps the reason why she does not blunder, why she never rants, and cannot be described as a 'reformer who does not reform.'

"Mrs. Decker does not believe that the woman's club is for the man-hater, nor for the reformer. She believes that the woman's club is for women, women of all kinds, working women, women who are interested in philanthropy, mothers who want to learn how to make better homes; but, most of all, for women who need to get out of themselves. 'There comes a time,' Mrs. Decker says, 'when a woman's children have grown—grown out of her arms, gone into the world,' or perhaps have passed on into another world. She has tired of society. She cannot pass the time with needlework and sad memories for company. It is at such times that the woman's club saves her.'"

Three Young Women Carry Off Valuable Prizes.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Charles A. Cummings of Boston a traveling scholarship fund of $5,000 has been created, the income to enable one graduate each year of the department of design, school of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, to make a brief tour of study and inspection among the schools and museums of foreign countries. Three money prizes have also been given by the Howard Walker Alumni association to enable students of the graduating class to make a brief study of the work of Massachusetts schools and shops. The first recipients of these prizes are the Misses Marian Jewett, Lula M. Faxon and Gertrude M. Copp.

A Timely Protest From New York Woman.

The International Political Equality council of Greater New York, an organization composed of 18 clubs, with a membership of more than 2,000 women has protested against "the shameful condition of affairs in that city called 'the white slave traffic.'

The mayor is appealed to "to see that the police of the city do their duty and make it safe for honest women to seek employment without running the risk of being entrapped and kept by force in vile dens."

The protest characterized the "white slave traffic" as not only a dishonor to the city, but a source of great danger to women, as shown by the mysterious disappearance of many respectable working girls.

A Pure Case Of Poetic Injustice.

If the iron did not enter so deeply into the soul the humorous side of an incident which occurred on election day might be appreciated by that vast army of women poll workers who so modestly and quietly, by a tiny slip of paper, asked the men of the city to give them the same privilege they were enjoying. There stood at one of the polling places of the north end of the city a frail patrician woman with just enough of the "silver threads" to command respect; plain, modest and unassuming, but with the unmistakable marks of high breeding and intellectual superiority. As she quietly stepped out and handed one of her little white slips to an American voter of African birth, her political superior consigned her to uncomfortable quarters which he kindly modified by telling her "she had better be at home at the wash tub." Gratitude never was so elastic and this young negro could hardly have been expected to remember, as many of her co-workers did, how the father and mother of this woman stood in the public places of Boston pleading with the excited mob to help to take this man's ancestors out of bondage, how they received the opprobrium and condemnation of the nation, how they were held up to ridicule and social ostracism, and risked their lives and liberty in assisting the slaves by the great "underground railway." They, the companions of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Lucretia Mott and a score of others who sacrificed their money and gave their lives that these people might have the opportunity to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and do for them what some of our greatest thinkers have come to consider "the most stupendous mistake of the nineteenth century." This little woman no doubt thought of the mother who had passed on, with a quiverful of good and holy deeds for this people and the venerable father who was waiting, with ears attuned, to receive the welcome news from Oregon that the same liberty was being extended to Oregen women that he had helped to procure for the defenceless slaves, but she made no outward sign, and with the same stoicism that her mother displayed as she stood and pleaded with the howling mob in the streets of Boston for the liberty of this race the daughter stood from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. and asked for the liberty of Oregon women.

A Large Army Of Women Might Workers.

Probably few of the sheltered, home-loving women, careful conservators of the family income, but not directly money-getters themselves, have any idea of the army of women who turn night into day for the sake of bread and butter for themselves and loved ones.

There are hundreds of women physicians, nurses and midwives in Chicago who must respond to the call of distress, regardless of the hour or state of the weather. Feminine undertakers' assistants, too, are coming into demand by those who will not turn the lifeless forms of loved ones over to the hands of strange men to prepare for the last rest. These women who look after the sick and the dead—and there is a host of them—are ever ready at the call of duty, which is often voiced through the telephone.

Newspaper women, though less exposed, often fill evening assignments that take them far from the office and bring them back there to type their copy and turn it in at unseemly hours, after which an escort may not be available and a cab too expensive. So the owl car conveys them home, with only their dignity and unmistakably respectable appearance to be their best protection.

Closely allied to the latter are the proofreaders and copyholders who work in the printing offices. These women generally leave their work about 2 or 3 a. m., getting home in the intense darkness at or before dawn in the winter or in the early daylight of summer.

Public and private schools employ many women teachers who go where duty calls them, even if the district is so bad that several policemen are detailed near the schoolhouse to preserve order. Pupils who study at night are of more mature age than day attendants. They, too, comprise many women who are ambitious to better their education.

Numberless stenographers and typewriters, especially court reporters, labor until late getting matter ready for the lawyers to use in court next day.

The telephone company employs a large staff at the switchboards, but they are fairly well protected, the hours being arranged more conveniently.

Restaurants give employment to an army of waitresses, dishwashers, pantry women and cashiers who go home after midnight.

The stage and other amusement resorts, reputable and otherwise, concert halls and the like, afford a livelihood for many driven by circumstances or enamored by the glamor of the life to seek employment.

Musicians who play in restaurants, at concerts or other entertainments form no small part of the night working contingent, and—to go to the other extreme—the large office-buildings must be cleaned during the night by scrubwomen. Many of these leave young children to be put to bed by "little mothers" of both sexes—older brothers and sisters; for a dead husband, or a drunken one, has put the burden of filling the place of both parents upon the weaker.

Gentle night workers? Aye, hundreds of them, legitimately and necessarily employed in every great city, and worthy the respect and protection of all true men.

The Two Conventions Draw Prominent Women.

New York clubwomen very much regretted the absence from the biennial of Miss Mary Garrett Hayes, chairman of the transportation committee for the New York state federation. Miss Hays sailed on May 22 for Norway, with Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the International Woman's Suffrage association, which will convene in Copenhagen in August.

Miss Shaw and several of the national equal suffrage officers, who have been in Portland for several months, will go directly from Oregon to Norway to attend this convention.

Gossip of the Book World

"For the Soul of Rafael"—By Marah Ellis Ryan. As they recede farther from us the old mission days of California become more and more freighted with romantic and pathetic interest. One would almost know from the title of this book that it had found its inspiration in some of these California days and amidst its sequestered missions and there is no mistaking the fact, before one gets deep into the story, that it is of unusual strength and will rank with the very best that has found its scene of action in this half Spanish, half American and wholly attractive country. The plot is complicated and is played out by numerous characters, who are more actors in a drama than character studies, and yet are all perfectly human and natural creatures. The story is almost wholly one of intrigue and love, with little of the latter that is genuine, but the true love of the story is sweet, pure and intense—what there is of it. Nor is the story devoid of thrilling adventure which stimulates and holds the interest of the reader.

The book teems with religious zeal and superstition and to these agencies was due the marriage between the beautiful Raquel Estevan and the gay young libertine, Rafael Arteaga, whose mother thought to remove a curse and redeem her young scapegrace and at the same time hold him to a virtuous life away from the hated Americanos who were beginning to put in their appearance. On her deathbed she exacted the most sacred oath from Raquel, "after first working her up to a high religious tension, that "she would stand as a guard over the soul of Rafael." Here is a real bit of human nature.

It is the life of this girl and the sacredness of the vow that make the real story; Rafael never rises to the height of the hero. The book holds many beautiful nature descriptions and the author's evident familiarity with the scenes and people she writes about is a delightful backward glimpse of a departing period in American history. The book itself is a rare edition with its many photographic illustrations taken expressly for this purpose by Harold A. Taylor, and every page has chaste and delicate marginal decorations designed by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. The cover design is striking and appropriate. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price $1.50.

In response to the widespread speculation as to why she laid the scene of her new book, "The Wheel of Life," in New York, Miss Ellen Glasgow said: "It laid itself there. To my mind the curse of American fiction is the idea of locality—the writing up of sections. All good art is universal art—has in it the spirit of universality. I attempt to make human nature—not Virginia—my field."

"All for the Love of a Lady"—By Elinor Macarthney Lane. If the writer had chosen to send her little book out anonymously the readers of "Nancy Stair" would have had little trouble placing the authorship, and not at all for the reason that here and there one finds a familiar name but entirely from the pure literary style, the individuality of diction and the chaste atmosphere which envelopes both stories.

Like "Nancy Stair," this is a Scotch story told with just a suspicion of a dialect, but never enough to mar or retard the interest of the reader. Lady Iseult, who inspires the love of many, is the daughter of the Duke of Carfrae, though her parents' marriage was only solemnized by religious and not by legal ceremony, which left a flaw in her title to the estates. Edward, Duke of Lorraine, and the Lady Iseult meet and the grand passion springs up. It is that beautiful, courtly kind which knows no coquetry, and has that dignity of true love which the author has a peculiar faculty for portraying. Into their lives, however, comes the villain, Sir Henry Annesley, and in the temporary absence of Lorraine works havoc in the hearts and home of the family at Carfrae castle.

The situation, the happiness and even the life of the unfortunate young woman are saved by the opportune interference of two tiny noblemen, wards of the old Duke of Carfrae, who in their infantile imagination and ambition were rivals for the love of Lady Iseult and were known to their friends as "The Two." They are great little men and quite as interesting as the grown-up characters of the story.

Throughout it is a story of more than ordinary merit, holding the attention of the reader at every point, but never growing sensational or riotous, and ending in a healthy, human way.

A dainty gray portrait design on ashes-of-rose binding, with many quaint illustrations complete a very attractive book. D. Appleton & Co. Price $1.25.

"The Long Arm"—by Samuel M. Gardenhire. To those who enjoy the mysterious the latest work of Mr. Gardenhire will prove of compelling interest. "The Long Arm" narrates the further adventures and exploits of Le Droit Conners, who played so important a part in the unraveling of the mystery of "The Silence of Mrs. Harrold." No more notable figure than Le Droit Conners has appeared since Conan Doyle wrote the original Sherlock Holmes stories. By birth, half-Irish, half-Indian, artist, scientist and man-about-town, he has a natural bent for tracking criminals, which he follows only when some feature of a case particularly appeals to his sympathy. About the detective himself hovers an engrossing mystery in which interest is well sustained from point to point until it is finally cleared away in the closing chapters. Mr. Gardenhire has succeeded in combining the two requisites of the best fiction of this class; he has not only created a central figure of unusual and piquant personality, but he has given him a series of mysteries to solve in which he meets novel problems worthy of his skill. There is never a moment that one is not puzzled over some phase of the outcome of the detective's investigation. Harper & Brothers. Price $1.50.

"Skiddoo"—By the author of "John Henry." George V. Hobart, the author of the "John Henry" books, has made a place for himself among American humorists both enviable and substantial. He has not made the place for himself by an abundant use of slang or by a grotesque orthography, but almost wholly by the unexpected application of familiar things originally and humorously combined. He aims at no philosophy and teaches no lesson but the benefit that comes from a good hearty laugh, and "Skiddoo" is a roar from beginning to end, and when you get there with aching sides you have nothing for your pains but a good appetite which follows thus inducing digestion. The author this time has, like many another, found his inspiration in the "upper berth," the cook, the mosquito and several other stock subjects, but he has given them his own method of treatment and they are as good as new. Over 575,000 of the "John Henry" books have found their way to American readers and that there is no diminution in their steady sale speaks volumes for their popularity. G. W. Dillingham company. J. K. Gill, Portland. Price 75 cents.

"The Intellectual Miss Lamb"—By Florence Morse Kingsley. The author has done another very clever piece of work, but then when was Mrs. Kingsley not clever? She is probably best known by her first book, "Titus; A Comrade of the Cross," which has been translated into nine languages, including the Japanese, and has enjoyed a sale of more than 2,000,000 copies in the United States alone.

Because "the intellectual Miss Lamb" is a bewitching bundle of contrarieties her romance—or rather her lover's romance—makes piquant reading. Mrs. Kingsley describes her heroine as "a walking edition of the great Greathead's 'Physiological Psychology,'" of such pink-and-white, curl-shaded cherubic prettiness that she might be characterized with much aptness as a profound treatise of "physiology of mind," with a rose-colored binding pranked out with a profusion of gold curlicues and illuminated text.

One "Billy," good to look upon, of manly character but not dwelling upon her great intellectual heights, falls in love with Miss Lamb, so the course of his love seems destined to end in shipwreck with all his hopes, until small William, chubby, lovable and as wilful as most 2-year-olds, quite innocently, plays the part of reconciling providence.

Mrs. Kingsley's previous success insures a large circle of readers for her latest book, and it is safe to predict an increase of her popularity through it. The Century company. Price 75 cents.

"The Log of a Sea Angler"—By Charles F. Holder. Mr. Holder is perhaps the best known living writer on American fishing. Angling, by his informal definition, means the taking of fish in a sportsmanlike manner, whatever the means employed. Some of the most exciting adventures in the book are with the "grains" or spear, but generally the rod and reel are used. Mr. Holder has been the angler for some almost unheard-of fish. Half the book is devoted to his experiences in Florida, and the rest to the California, Texas and New England coasts.

Probably no other book contains so much exciting adventure with big game fish, for few other sportsmen have taken every variety known in American waters, including the ray, the grunt, the Bahaman barracuda, the tarpon and the leaping tuna. The interest in it will by no means be confined to sportsmen, for the book contains much valuable information. The author has written several other books on the same subject. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price $1.50.

"Truth Dexter"—By Sidney McCall. Nearly 100,000 copies of this delightful story have been sold in the past four years, and it bids fair to always hold a prominent place in American fiction. "Truth Dexter" has been almost universally admitted to be the most lovable woman of modern romance, and in her present new dress, with a charming series of pictures by the talented illustrators of some of Miss Alcott's most famous books, she will be warmly welcomed. Alice Barber Stephens has happily caught the spirit of the author, and all who have read the story once will wish to see her conception of Truth Dexter and the other characters, as well as some of the striking scenes. Little, Brown & Co. Price $1.50.

"The Road Builders"—By Samuel Merwin. Texas is the scene of Mr. Merwin's new story, which relates thrillingly the construction of a railroad against great difficulties. The book has the spirit and go that characterised "The Short-Line War" and "Calumet K.," and in a way, too, it typifies the welding of the extremities of the continent by rail and the push westward that characterized the last half of the nineteenth century. The fight is waged in Wall street and in the offices of the various railroads, as well as on the stretch of 100 miles over which the hero is striving to build the connecting link. Into this highly dramatic, breezy outdoor story are woven several novel and significant elements. The Macmillan Co. Price $1.50.

There is little question that Eva Emery Dye is recognized as the leading authority on all matters concerning the discovery and settlement of the Northwestern part of our country. A more unique and valuable contribution to American literature than "The Conquest" does not exist, and it is very interesting to note that this story, although published about three years ago, has been for the last year the best selling book in Oregon. Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. have much pleasure in announcing that they now have another MS. by Mrs. Dye, which will probably be published under the title of "Ranald McDonald."

Harry Stillwell Edwards' discussion of "The Negro and the South" is one of the important features of the June Century. Certainly his delightful story, "The Two Runaways" proved that he has an unusually intimate and sympathetic understanding of the negro character.

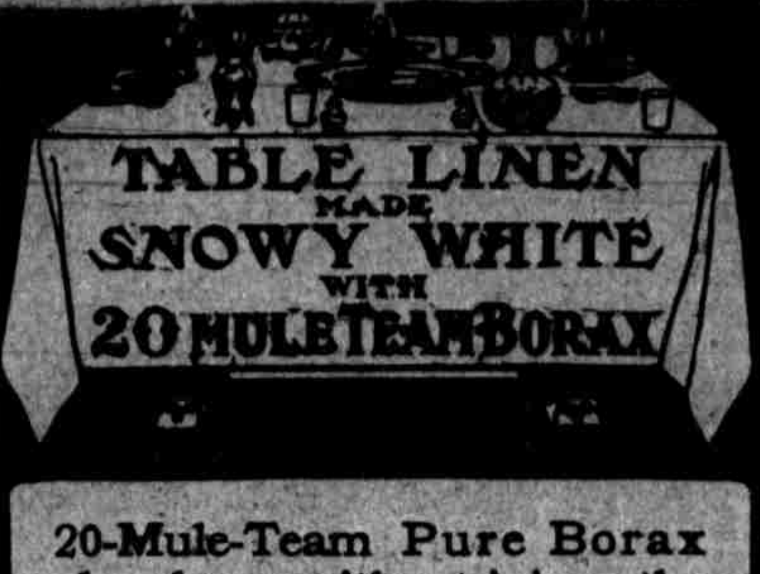
A reviewer aptly styled Edgar Saltus "the Bernard Shaw of America," as there is no living American writer who can describe with more graphic power or intimate knowledge the life of the ultra-fashionable set than he. His stories are artistic, clever and brilliantly told. His latest novel, announced for immediate publication by the Lippincott's, is the story of a rich young New York clubman, whose wife and child mysteriously disappear, leaving no clue as to their whereabouts. The love story in which this disappearance is involved and which affords complications that make the mystery peculiarly baffling, is, by all odds, the most extraordinary and intensely interesting of Mr. Saltus' novels.

Miss Marguerite Merington's dramatization of "Cranford," easily prepared and acted, has been a favorite with high schools for benefit performances since the San Francisco disaster.

What is probably San Francisco's first order for books since the earthquake and fire is reported by Fox, Duffield & Co. The volumes wanted are "Successful Houses," by Oliver Coleman, and "One Hundred Best Houses." Another evidence that 'Frisco is going to rebuild.

The spring announcements of George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, include a "Life of Frederick Douglass," by Booker Washington; "The Battles of Labor," by missioner of labor; "The Literary Historian of Labor; "The Literary History of Philadelphia," by Ellis P. Oberholtzer; and "The Rambles of an Idler," by Dr. Charles C. Abbott.

Notwithstanding the bulk and literary attractiveness of the many standard magazines, there is something that strongly appeals to the western reader in the little monthly publication named "The Westerner," published at Seattle. It has the atmosphere and color of the west. It is an appeal for the hills, and plains, and forests. The stories have unfailing interest for the lover of Pacific northwest conditions and people. "The Last Roundup," a story of the Horse Heaven country by the editor, Edgar L. Hampton, is a delightful narrative, exceptionally well done.



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