THE FIRST concert of the Portland Symphony orchestra was given Friday afternoon at the Marquam and proved beyond a doubt that the Portland public can and will support a local orchestra. Such enthusiasm is seldom evinced here outside of the few concerts annually given here by stars and if it was encouragement that the players wanted they must have left the building Friday with their hearts full. The house was crowded and it rang with applause.

And the applause was well deserved. It was really surprising to hear how Mr. Dierke, the conductor, has brought his orchestra into shape in the short time of rehearsing. Orchestral finesse is not mastered in a day or a week or a month. It is not as with a soloist, who has only his own faults to struggle with and master. An orchestra player must learn his part not only for himself but in relation to all the other instruments. There was no ragged work even though in some instances it had not been polished down to absolute perfection through lack of time. But the players appreciated the interest shown in them and they worked with a will and surpassed their work at any of the rehearsals.

The program was well chosen with the popular and joyous "Coronation March" by Meyerbeer to open the program, the Beethoven symphony and the Liszt concerto as the top points of accomplishment, and the Dvorak Slavonic Dance as a little lighter in nature and still keeping up the high tone of the work.

The symphony was the most interesting, naturally, of the orchestral numbers. It is the C minor symphony, the best known and the most popular of Beethoven's symphonies and yet not falling below his standard. In this some assert that he has broken away from the rules of such compositions, but other authorities say that close study will show he has observed all the fundamental laws of symphonic composition and has merely colored the whole with so much originality and such intensity of feeling and varying moods that the first effect is almost bizarre. It is a tragic composition relating, it is said, the story of his own love. It is a work of ideality and individuality. The first movement, which is the shortest, but many think the richest and most brilliant, was not given by the orchestra Friday.

The concerto was played with splendid effect, and Mrs. Dierke added scores of admirers to her retinue. Her work was perhaps the most brilliant she has ever done. The concerto was played with dash and vigor, and through all the difficult passages her work was distinct and clean cut. It rang keen and true above the accompaniment of the orchestra. The orchestra, by the way, did some of its best and most exacting work in this number. Mrs. Dierke had chosen some of her best work from her recent concert program, and the Saint Saens, "Le Cygne," into which she puts more feeling, I believe, than in anything else she plays, was beautiful. The Rosenthal "Papillons" was played with her usual clever rapidity in staccato work. The de Schloezer etude was brilliantly done and her charming encore, the Poldini Japanese etude with its chopstick time, was delightful. Her other encore was the Henselt, "If I Were a Bird." The group gave a charming touch of the modern composers.

Mr. Dierke had to bow often for his work with the orchestra and the audience did its best to show its appreciation of all they got. Undoubtedly the next concert will be eagerly looked forward to though it could not command a much larger audience for there would be no place for the music-hungry people.

★ ★

The space of about a column and a half was given by the Musical Courier of New York last week to quoting entire The Journal's unfavorable criticism of Paderewski's concert here recently, and extracts from these columns concerning program annotations and the sale of programs in the aisles as irtistically demonstrated at the Paderewski concert. The Courier gives these as an instance that even the "far west" has outgrown the worship of this demagogue. In the following issue the editor seemed to revel in delight and not a little surprise at the scathing criticisms with which the "long-haired pole" was greeted in the larger cities of California and he passed several compliments on the musical discrimination of this out-of-the-way country.

★ ★

The people of Hood River showed their appreciation of the best in music by turning out in goodly numbers on Friday evening to hear LeRoy Gesner, violinist, Miss Winnifred Byrd, pianiste, and Mrs. Gertrude Sletten, soprano. Much credit is due Mrs. Sletten for the success of the concert, as it was entirely under her management.

Miss Byrd was at her best, and her triumphant performance of the Liszt E major Polonaise proved her to be an artist. Mr. Gesner created a furore by his playing of the Paganini variations, and the audience insisted upon his returning to the stage again and again.

The following program was given: "Humoresque" (Dvorak), "To a Wild Rose" (MacDowell-Gesner), "Etude de Concert" (Fiorillo), Mr. Gesner; "Etude" (Chopin), "Prelude" "Ballad," Miss Byrd; "Aria," from "Roberto il Diavolo" (Myerbeer), Mrs. Sletton; "Non Piu Mesta," theme and variations (Paganini), Mr. Gesner; "Romance (Rubinstein), "Caprice Espagnale (Moskowski), Miss Byrd; "The Nightingale's Song" (Nevin), Mrs. Sletten; "Madrigale" (Simonetti), "Scherzo" (Hubay), Mr. Gesner; "Polonaise E Major" (Liszt), Miss Byrd.

★ ★

The Musical Courier says in re permanent orchestras: "Another musical season is about to end without the establishing of a single new permanent orchestra throughout the length and breadth of this long and broad land. Verily, in one sense those foreigners who doubt our real musical progress and our sincerity in art are not very far from the truth. Even in 'unmusical' England excellent symphony orchestras exist in towns of the smaller size, and the best kinds of programs are presented at watering places that would correspond to our own Lakewood, Palm Beach, Hot Springs, Asheville, etc., where the only music heard is the 'coon' variety, alternating with ragtime marches and trashy comic opera tunes, and an occasional 'Merry Widow' waltz solo perpetrated on a squeaky hotel piano by a half-baked girl amateur. We may be progressing musically in America, but the pace is that of a snail. Permanet orchestras are the only convincing badges of a really musical nation."

★ ★

Oscar Hammerstein of the Manhattan has bravely undertaken to institute another reform. He announced last week that he would discontinue the time-honored hotel ticket agencies and that hereafter tickets would be procurable only at the box office. Mr. Hammerstein asserts that he has discovered an affiliation between the hotel agencies and ticket speculators and that the seats are sold at a high advance to those who wish to be saved the annoyance of standing in line. It is said that the box offices have in past years become a mere farce except where the purchasing of the worst seats is concerned. The best seats are sold sometimes at an advance of 50 per cent.

★ ★

The Pacific Coast Musical Review, published in San Francisco by Albert Metzger, is to have a special Rose Festival edition in June, which will be chiefly devoted to Portland and its musical progress. Miss Edith Niles is Mr. Metzger's representative in town and is arranging for the articles to be contributed by prominent Portland musicians. Vocal work, piano work, violin work and orchestral work of Portland and Oregon will be written about by prominent musicians of Portland. A feature is being made of the advertising of Portland musicians and this edition should arouse a good deal of interest in Portland.

★ ★

The music today at Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal church will be as follows: Morning—Organ, "'Tis Thus Ordained" (Mendelssohn); anthem; offertory, bass solo, "It Is Enough (Elijah), Mendelssohn); organ, march in G (Whiting). Evening—Organ, "Andante" (Batiste); anthem; offertory, duet, "Forever With the Lord" (Gounod), Mr. Boyer and Mr. Yates;) organ, processional (Batiste). The choir: Soprano, Mrs. E. S. Miller; contralto, Miss Evelyn Hurley; tenor and director, W. H. Boyer; bass, Charles Cutter; chorus of 30 voices.

★ ★

Signor L. D'Urbano, who played two successful engagements at the Oaks in 1905-6, left for Chicago, Monday last. He expects to return to Portland later in the season with a large and carefully selected band of musicians.

★ ★

Miss Bertha Dart of St. Helens, will sing at the next meeting of Mrs. Walter Reed's Tuesday Afternoon club. Miss Dart has been studying all winter with Mrs. Reed and has a very sweet soprano voice.

★ ★

Savage's "Madam Butterfly," given in English, has made more money for the manager this past season than have any dozen other works in foreign tongues for the other opera managers.

★ ★

Constantino, the tenor with the San Carlos opera company, who won such marked approbation here last year, is reported to have signed up with the Manhattan for next season.

★ ★

Michael Kegrize, formerly of Philadelphia, who is now conducting the Seattle Symphony orchestra, is receiving high compliments on his work

★ ★

The Portland High school has a chorus of 60 voices, mixed, which is holding weekly rehearsals under the direction of Mrs. Walter Reed.

★ ★

Mary Hissem De Moss, who is to be the soloist with the New York Symphony orchestra when it comes here in June, has just been reengaged as solo soprano for her ninth year at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church in New York. In the evenings she will sing in her fourth season at Calvary M. E. church of East Orange, New Jersey.

★ ★

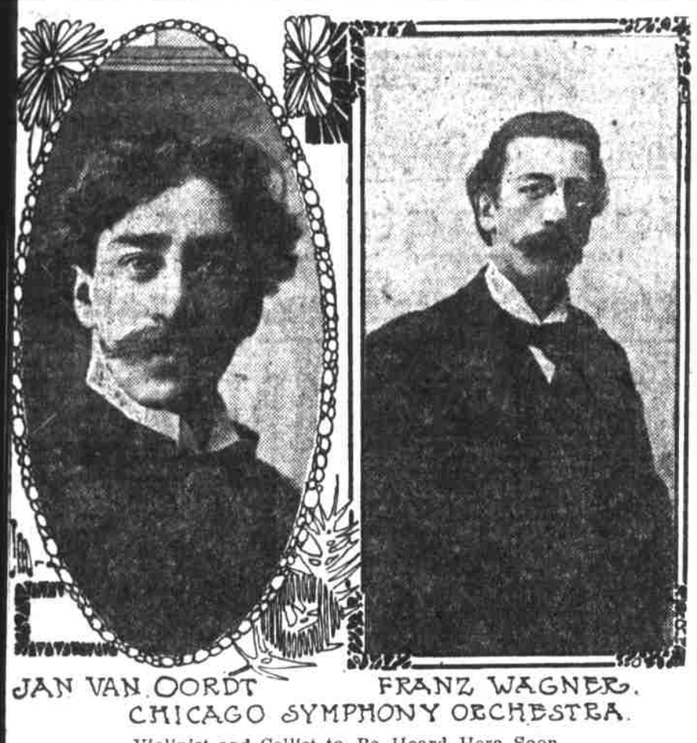
Lent is a very musical season for it represents 40 days of scale. In this paragraph the fish is father to the thought.—Exchange.

★ ★

Ellen Beach Yaw, the coloratura soprano, was engaged to sing the title role in "Lucia" at the Metropolitan March 21.

★ ★

Miss Sarah Glance was the soloist Friday evening at the weekly recital at Eilers hall.



JAN VAN OORDT FRANZ WAGNER.
CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
Violinist and Cellist to Be Heard Here Soon.

COURIER HANDBOOK
Of Valuable Information

The Musical Courier has an interesting "Answers to Correspondents" column in the last number that is really refreshing. Among the information given are these bits of elucidation:

"Is it a sin to play or sing opera music on Sundays?"—Amantha. Yes, the way some people play and sing it.

"Why have I never been able to hear the Brahms symphonies in Keokuk, Iowa?"—Studious. Just luck—sheer good luck.

"Is there any money for Americans in music?"—Mother. There must be, for few of them ever get any out of it.

"Please suggest some appropriate music for home during Lent."—Mrs. M. E. Church. Any jolly tune will do, so long as it makes you feel different.

"Kindly tell me how I can avoid making mistakes when I play the piano with my hands crossed."—Exact. You should cross your eyes also.

"Why is Chopin's C Minor Prelude so short? —Legato. It will be long enough before another such masterpiece is written.

"Do you believe in the tonic Sol Fa?" —Professor P. We do not know it. The tonics we prefer are Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Vin Mariania, but Dubonnett and Amer Picon also have some strong adherents.

"Is Wagner's 'Ring' round?"—H. H. No, it is long.

"Could you tell me the compass of the double bassoon? —Orchestral. Yes.

"Please give a short sketch of the life and works of Mendelssohn."—Teuton. Mendelssohn wrote the "Wedding March" and the "Spring Song," the latter being a violin solo heard often between acts at the theatre. Mendelssohn's name appears occasionally on the program of male choruses in southern Germany. His first name was Felix. He died.

"Is there anything louder in music than f f f f?"—Teacher. Yes, Paderewski's piano playing this season.

"I have upon my piano a score of 'Salome' and one of 'Pelleas and Mellisande.' Yesterday I looked at the two works of genius and fell to wondering. Which will last longer? Can you tell me?"—Manhatma. That depends upon the binding.

CATHOLIC PROBLEM
For Methodists' Opera

The Musical Courier takes exception to Cardinal Gibbons through an article entitled "Cardinal Wisdom and Cardinal Sin." While in Baltimore the cardinal answered the question, "Is it a sin for a Catholic to attend grand opera during Holy week?" with the decision, "If a Catholic goes to grand opera during Holy week with the intention of improving her mind and getting pleasure from hearing good music, then I do not think it a sin for her to go."

The question was particularly pertinent, for the Italian contingent of the Metropolitan company was engaged for a season of grand opera during Holy week in Baltimore. The Courier remarks that to the average sophisticated New Yorker who knows his Metropolitan repertory of the "Italian contingent," it would seem as though Cardinal Gibbons were not quite as au fait along the same lines.

"Let him examine the librettos of the operas to be produced in Baltimore that week," the Courier writer says, "and then tell his questioner whether he is of the opinion that her mind will be improved by association with those particular stories. We do not know exactly the operas selected for improving the minds of the fair Baltimoreans, but some of the masterpieces in the Metropolitan's Italian repertory are the musical tales of the licentious Don Giovanni; the adulterous Turridu and the erring Santuzza (in 'Cavalleria Rusticana'); the wayward Nedda (in 'Pagliacci'); the cocotte Manon ('Manon Lescaut'); the betrayed Gilda ('Rigoletto'), Mimi and Rodolfo ('Boheme'), who forgot to marry each other, and Violetta ('Traviata'), who makes no secret of her ancient but not honorable profession.

"We have no desire to be too severe on opera as a means for creating musical excitement and affording the best possible opportunity for dress display, but we do protest energetically against allowing Baltimoreans to form any incorrect ideas about grand opera based on the innocent and well meaning words of Cardinal Gibbons."

JAPANESE HISTORY
Shows Pretty Idea

Henry W. Savage's editor of "Tips and Tales" writes an interesting bit concerning some of the Japanese customs introduced in "Madam Butterfly." About the dagger in this opera is woven a pretty story of Japanese thought.

In the medieval days of Nippon, when the shoguns were de facto rulers of the land and paid obeisance to a mikado whose deification by his people isolated him from the ken of all save the shoguns; when the fiery samurai sustained his diamio or feudal lord in revolt against the ruler, the institution of the hari-kari was established for the purpose of punishing those of rank that fell under the displeasure of the sovereign. The "august mandate" from the mikado, the "Son of Heaven," was really a lettre de cachet. It came in the guise of a "message," and if accompanied by a sword or dagger from the mikado, meant that the receiver was condemned to suicide. The Japanese ideograph for hari-kari, translated means "the happy dispatch." The weapon, with the blood still on the blade, was then plunged in melted wax to form a preservative coating, and was then given to the family, who held it in great veneration.

In the first act of the Puccini opera, before the marriage scene, Butterfly begs of her lover that she be allowed to keep "a young girl's possessions." Among these is the fateful dagger with which her samurai father made the "happy dispatch." The American bridegroom begs to see it, not knowing its sinister history. Butterfly beseeches him to wait and lays it away with reverence. Goro, the marriage broker, approaches and whispers to the young naval officer: "It was sent by the mikado to her father with a message—" The young officer asks softly: "And her father—?"

"Was obedient," replies Goro, with a gesture indicating hari-kari.

In the second act the fatal dagger appears again. Goro, anxious to make a second marriage commission, presses the suit of the amorous Prince Yamadori, strong in the belief that Butterfly had been deserted by her American husband. Butterly, equally strong in the faith that her husband will return, rejects the prince. Goro prowls about the premises of Butterfly and insinuates to Suzuki, the faithful maid, "that no one knows who is the baby's father." Butterfly, enraged, takes the sacred dagger, rushes to Goro with "Say't again and I'll kill you." Goro howls for mercy and flees.

Butterfly lets her eyes fall on the dagger and is horrified at the thought that she is about to defile the blood of her ancestor with that of her enemy. She totters to the shrine and restores it to its place with a prayer.

In the last act of the opera the ominous dagger appears and completes the calamitous mission for which fate had destined it. In this act the poor little geisha wife is brought to a realization that she has been set aside by him she loves and supplanted by "a real American wife," who is anxious to take from her the idol of her heart, the baby son, "Trouble." She sends for Suzuki to play with the child without, and then prepares herself for the final tragedy. She stands before Buddha motionless, lost in thought. Then, bowing before the god, she offers up a prayer. Taking the dagger from its waxen sheath, she piously kisses the blade. Holding it before her eyes, she reads the mikado's "message" engraved on the blade:

"To die with honor when one can no longer live with honor."

She then retires behind the screen and ends her unhappiness.

Puccini, with his exquisite musical grace, symbolizes the dagger and its tragic significance with a harmony that is one of the fascinating bits of his beautiful score.

APRIL FESTIVAL
Grows in Interest

It is well to see the northwest assuming its rightful place in the artistic as well as the commercial world, and no small factor in the establishment of this position is the annual musical festival planned for Oregon. This will be the festival of three days in Portland April 10, 11 and 12, by the Chicago Symphony orchestra and right well chosen is the list of attractions.

The large chorus which is rehearsing under W. H. Boyer's direction, will be heard at three of the five concerts to be given and will present several interesting works. Max Bruch's "Fair Ellen" is a stirring martial and dramatic work relating the story of the siege of Lucknow and giving the soprano and baritone soloists a splendid chance for good work.

"The Swan and the Skylark," by A. Goring Thomas is a more pretentious work and very beautiful; beginning with the death chant of the swan representing the despair of life. The cantata closes with the joy of summer in the song of the skylark representing the joy and triumph of life.

The greatest interest, however, probably centers in the production of the "Messiah," which will be heard Sunday afternoon, thus giving to it its proper religious setting. The four vocal soloists with the orchestra will be heard in the well-known solos of this oratorio and the chorus will give seven numbers.

The orchestra will give a three-performance festival in Eugene and there a chorus of 150 is rehearsing under the direction of Professor Irving M. Glen. "The Holy City" and "The Golden Legend" are the song pieces to be given there.

NEW REQUIREMENT
For Future Policemen

From the Rochester Post-Gazette.

From Boston comes the following interesting dispatch:

"Because he whistled 'The Merry Widow' waltz on the street, Henry Schmalzreid today was arrested by Policeman Croffert. Croffert said in court that Schmalzreid showed no technique and little regard for the laws of harmony, whereupon Magistrate Rau fined him $1."

The case is of more than ordinary interest, and suggests many possibilities in the way of civic reform. If the Boston case is to stand as a precedent, it will behoove the city authorities to include music in the examination of candidates for the police force. The man who aspires to be "one of the finest" must have a correct ear as well as hardy muscles and ability to wield a club. He must have a knowledge of the harmonic laws as well as an acquaintanceship with municipal regulations. He must know when an offender is murdering the tricky sextet from "Florodora" or the waltz from "The Merry Widow," and he must be able to tell the exact degree of crime involved in whistling "Love Me and the World Is Mine" or any other popular air of the hour. Of course, such an examination will be rather severe on the candidate, but the result will be of incalculable benefit to society. If by all means let us have statutes to regulate the performances of unrestrained whistlers who persist in fracturing all the laws for those who have a correct ear for melody.

UNPAID-FOR MEAL
Causes Disappointment

Tetrazzini set a good example the other day to those musicians who injure their own standing and their own profession by their habit of giving their art gratis. The Pleiades club invited her as a guest of honor at an elaborate dinner. An informal entertainment followed and the president arose with the following flattering speech: "Madame Tetrazzini's singing can only be compared with that of a lark. She is the greatest songbird that has ever visited America, and has no peer in the world. After the next number Madame Tetrazzini will favor us with a sing." But the peerless Tetrazzini merely mounted the platform and gave lavishly of her boys and smiles gratis and said coolly: "Not this evening." Just picture the disappointment of the club which had given her a dinner for nothing! But after all, it must have been an expensive dinner, for the diva can command in the neighborhood of $1,000 a night for her singing. The Courier, in relating the incident, significantly adds: "American singers please copy."

A GRIEG INTERPRETER
Wanted for America

Inga Hoegsbro of New York has recently written a letter to the Musical Courier, asking for an interpreter of Grieg. She argues that Grieg is deserving his own special interpreter, as well as are the other composers. She mentions Paderewski as the interpreter of Schumann and Liszt, and DePachmann as the interpreter of Chopin, but says we have no great northern pianist in America to interpret the Greig concerto in the true Grieg spirit. She says the Americans have never heard him played in the true northern spirit, and that this is the year such playing should be introduced when his death has brought him back afresh to the memory.

Miss Hoegsbro speaks highly of Fridtjof Backer-Grondahl, who played as soloist at the great memorial concert in Christiania last September. This pianist is a son of the famous Norwegian composer Agathe Backer-Grondahl, who died last summer in her beautiful home near Christiania, and from childhood he had been brought up on Grieg music, having played the concerto under Grieg's own conducting. The writer spoke of it as a brilliant interpretation, revealing the true Grieg spirit, a warm, poetical, northern dramatic virility.

"The two performers of the Grieg concerto, heard in New York this winter," the writer says, "were not familiar with Grieg. One realized that after hearing them play the first measures of the composition. They did not seem to understand Grieg, for their playing was far from the northern spirit of his beautiful work. The performers lacked a great deal in strength and power—not nervous force—but a northern, virile, dominating power, which the first measures, as well as other passages, especially the last two pages, so strongly demand."

New Books
And Their Publishers

"OLD Wives for New," by David Graham Phillips.—Mr. Phillips has had the courage to "call a spade a spade." There is a vast difference between the sensual and obscene and the truth stripped bare of sentiment and romanticism, and Mr. Phillips has had the wisdom to discern this difference, and confine himself strictly to the latter, and therefore has produced a book that is perhaps in advance of the times—though we are growing to it rapidly—and which will necessarily be accepted with hearty approval on the one hand and vehement disapproval on the other.

The student of social economics will accept the book as a forerunner of a class of literature which will produce an evolution along domestic lines, and emancipate both sexes from a thraldom never meant by the creator, and which will place marriage and the home on a higher and more everlasting foundation.

To those still bound to man-made ideals and the canting religion that uses scripture to fortify either side of a case they happen to be on, and who believe in eternal punishment here and hereafter if a few priestly words are set aside, Mr. Phillips' book will sound the knell of the departing family life and the destruction of society through the instrumentality of divorce. Both these views may be a trifle extreme, but without question "Old Wives for New" has sounded the note of a new dispensation, and leads the reader out into a broader and more exposed view of life and its reality, shriveling sentiment with the limelight of truth.

A prologue introduces the reader to a beautiful boy and girl just breaking into maturity. Every surrounding contributes to the call of nature, and the boy and girl rejoice in their awakening.

The story opens 17 years after, when Charles and Sophy Murdock find themselves the parents of a girl already engaged to be married and a son at boarding school. Murdock has been a successful business manager, and is counted one of the financial magnates of the country. He has kept pace with the world, while Sophy has lagged behind. She had not been one of the self-sacrificing wives who had helped the man to rise, for Murdock was not the man to need it, but the author says was "A woman of the familiar type familiarly known as settled. Plainly she regarded her life as past its climax, and the stage of physical and mental deterioration indicated in slovenly corpulence, in carelessness of toilet, in stale, monotonous expression of eyes, proclaimed that she had been of this mind for some time, several years at least. Indeed, she bore suspicious resemblance to those not rare women to whom the matrimonial altar is the topmost tip of feminine ambition, is the high water mark up to which the tide of feminine life flows ever fuller, and beyond which it abruptly ebbs.

"To glance from her to her husband was to have the impulse to commiserate them both—and to wonder. For it was obvious as her having ceased to live and having begun a long placid death of dry rot that the man to whom she was married stood just at the beginning of the age of achievement."

This picture one carries through the book with them. Sophy has other characteristics which often accompany this kind of women; for instance, the author says, "she was classified by the casual as good natured because of the widespread delusion about the relationship between the girth and good nature"; she also constantly impressed upon her husband and family the obligations she had put them under through her maturnity, and she was also firm in the belief that its horrors wiped away every obligation she owed them. In this picture the author has shown a scrutinizing insight into the domestic life of a large class of people. In it he has undoubtedly given the woman the worst of it, but while such women exist they deserve it, and what is more, need just such pictures of themselves, which we hope may act as disinfectants.

Murdock, up to the time he became one of the "idle rich," was a model husband. The career of Murdock, with Berkeley, and the other men and women who enter into it, is a composite of modern social life. A critic has said that out of this life grew the divorce which later terminated the marriage bonds between Murdock and Sophy. This we do not agree with. Murdock was not a weak man, and associations only influence the weak; it undoubtedly polished into greater contrast the husband and wife, but the bond between them had been but that of the animal nature, while maturer years demanded comradeship and companionship, and Sophy had not prepared herself for this demand. Had she been one of the many who are forced through circumstances to lag behind, the sympathy of the reader would be with her; but she always had ample means and unrestrained liberty and could have kept in the march with her husband.

Through the intellectual emancipation which is coming to women through coeducation and political equality which will eventually come to women through the ballot, the Sophy type of women must gradually pass. These are forces which will hasten the day of the "superman," and make impossible the reproduction of the Sophy class. In the meantime women might turn the advice of old Dr. Schulze to Sophy onto themselves and ask a few of his practical questions, at the same time hoping that Mr. Phillips will write another book and give the reverse side of the picture—the woman whose intellect and ambition goes soaring upward, while the stunted man weights her down by the egotism of his self-importance. These are both types, happily disappearing, but needing just such light of truth as we are getting in "Old Wives for New," to dissipate the lingering fog.

Mr. Phillips, in Julie Raeburn, forecasts this ideal type of woman; the woman who can rise above the conventionalities of life to do a noble deed; the tender sympathy that can touch the fallen without fear of contamination; who has made herself economically independent and earned the right to choose a husband rather than a supporter, yet has that exalted idea of the fitness of things that will not permit the smallest detail of the toilet to be neglected, and recognizes the power and necessity of being well groomed and well gowned if she would achieve success. The book certainly lays bare the secret social and domestic sins and cuts deep with the cruelty of the surgeon's knife, exposing the very vitals of society; but the author, in the early pages of his book, gives his own best answer to the critics who condemn this kind of enlightenment. He says: "The first impulse of humanity's anger toward new truth of any kind comes from the laziness that shrinks from the labor of learning; but the anger abides because the new truth is essentially a caustic criticism of the old error and of all who persist in it." D. Appleton & Co. Price, $1.50.

David Graham Phillips.

"My Life and Experiences Among Our Hostile Indians, by Major-General O. O. Howard—Beautifully illustrated with full-page engravings, chiefly from photographs supplied by the bureau of ethnology, Washington, and a series of colored plates showing Indian objects of interest and curiosity in facsimile.

While General Howard cannot be classed with the great soldier writers, such as Grant, Sherman, Longstreet, Gordon, or even the direct and curt Sheridan, yet everything he writes has a peculiar interest to people of the west, particularly this portion of the country where he has a host of personal acquaintances and admirers.

The present book is written, as almost all his other works are, autobiographically. The first chapter is a brief history of the Howard family, and then the writer gives a running history of his experiences during the civil war. Taking up the beginning of his relations with Indian warfare, when he was ordered to Florida, General Howard goes into elaborate detail and describes nearly all the Indian outbreaks from that time until the battle of Wounded Knee, which closed forever active or important hostilities between the Indians and the government. It is all material that has been gone over again and again, but coming from the pen of General Howard, the fast living general of the civil war, and he being one who ranked so highly in all the Indian wars of recent years, it will be received with appreciation and with an assurance of its authenticity.

General Howard does not confine himself entirely to his own personal experiences, for in giving what would be a comprehensive understanding of present conditions, it is necessary to revert to original causes which were often years in working to a culmination or uprising of the hostile tribes. In this way one gets a great deal of history out of the book aside from the events in which General Howard participated. Altogether this is a much more readable and interesting book than General Howard's two-volume "Autobiography," which was published late last year. It is more to the point and has less of the unimportant personal in it.

The illustrations are unusual and remarkably good. A. D. Worthington & Co., publishers. Sold only on subscription.

"In Pursuit of Priscilla," by E. S. Fields—This is a little love affair, told entirely through conversation. It is light as a feather and about as airy and dainty. Priscilla is the petted and spoiled belle with several beaux dangling expectantly at her belt, all of whom she encourages and to none of whom she commits herself, until Billy Cartwright gets a half-way promise from her and holds her to it Much of the conversation is over the presentation and loss of a little dog, which, truth to tell, is more to develop—and lengthen—the story than any real interest or bearing it has on the romance.

Just as Billy thinks he has his lady love secure she announces a sudden trip to Europe, and by clever stratagem Billy checkmates her by successfully marrying her an hour before the vessel sails, and as Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright they sail away in the sumptuous apartments Billy has engaged on the Deutschland. Henry Altemus Co. Price 50 cents.

"The Secret of the Statue," by Eleanor C. Donnelly.—The poem from which this little volume takes its name is a poetical description of the statue of "Opportunity," so often referred to in song and story. The statue is described as having the long hair shrouding the face and winged feet. The first is supposed to be because opportunity is so seldom recognized when it appears, and the winged feet: "Because, He cometh ever upon pinions fleet, to flee as swiftly."

The book contains something like 70 short poems, many of them having decided merit, and none of them poor. About many of them is the suggestion of the Irish melody and a poem to "Moore of the Melodies" indicates the admiration the author has for the Irish bard. Miss Donnelly, however, is evidently something of a hero worshipper as a number of her poems are inscribed to various heroes. She strikes the key note of this disposition when she dedicates the book: "To Our Illustrious Chief Executive, His Excellency, President Roosevelt," and calls the turn on his name:

"They builded well who named thee Theodore.
The gift of God, for to our age thou art a gift divine!"

Richard G. Badger company. Price $1.

"Verses by the Wayside," by Edna Smith De Rau.—In launching this little volume of poems the author makes a modest little prefatory note saying she should have waited till her mentalities were more mature ere she allowed her products to enter the literary arena, but to please a father and mother they were put in book form and pleasure enough will come from them if it satisfies these dear ones, and then just the little hope that they may find favor in the sight of others.

To be candid, many of the poems do show the pen of the amateur, but even these hold a promise of future strength and polish.

The author shows the unmistakable poetic temperament and many of her thoughts hold great beauty and reserved force.

A few are in minor key but there 's a bright optimism and sweet modesty about them all, and every one, from the best to the poorest, is wholesome and hopeful. Richard G. Badger company. Price $1.50.

"Poems," by Helen Elizabeth Coolidge.—This is a collection of unusually beautiful poems, all polished, rare and full of music.

Without the shadow of gloom or sadness about them, they are all of a reverent and devotional character. It is a collection from which one could not single out and say that this, or that, was better, for there is little degree of excellence in them—they are simply all good, and that is saying a great deal for a collection of over 130 poems.

If many of them have not already been set to music one could safely predict for some of them a successful career as devotional songs, as for example the little poem entitled "Forward Go."

"The promised land to every soul
Far in the distance gleams;
Go forward then, nor halting wait,
Dream thou no idle dreams.
While yet 'tis day, still forward go,
Keep thou thine armor bright;
Whose time is spent in vain regret,
Shall never win the fight."

Richard G. Badger company. Price $1.

The April number of Suburban Life covers an unusually wide range of subjects, and is exceedingly entertaining, as well as eminently practical.

The leading article is by Ernest Harold Baynes, the well known naturalist, and is entitled, "My Wild Animal Guests." This is essentially a story of personal experience with the denizens of the wilderness.

"How to Have Berries All Summer," by Parker Thayer Barnes, is a practical story for the amateur, with striking and out of the ordinary illustrations.

"A Fire in the Country," by John Foster Carr, is a bit of vivid word painting, which will be appreciated by all people who have lived in the country.

Governor Magoon has ordered the extension of road building in Cuba, for the purpose of affording relief to the unemployed.

Mail Orders Received
NOW FROM BOTH IN AND OUT OF TOWN
FOR
Season Tickets
and Single Concerts

PORTLAND'S BIG ANNUAL
Musical Festival

AT ARMORY
APRIL 10, 11, 12

CHICAGO SYMPHONY
65---ORCHESTRA---65
Adolph Rosenbecker, Conductor

4---VOCAL SOLOISTS---4

10---INSTRUMENTAL SOLOISTS---10

300---CHORUS---300

FRIDAY NIGHT
Grand Orchestra Concert and "FAIR ELLEN." By Max Bruch. Story of the siege of Lucknow.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON
Popular Orchestra Concert.

SATURDAY NIGHT
Grand Orchestra Concert and "THE SWAN AND THE SKYLARK." By A. Loring Thomas.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON
Grand Orchestra Concert and "THE MESSIAH." By Handel.

SUNDAY NIGHT
Grand Orchestra Concert, with Vocal and Instrumental Soloists.

IMPORTANT
SEASON TICKETS $5.00 EACH
Good for Five Different Concerts in Any Location Desired.

PRICES:
Evenings and Sunday afternoon—Lower floor, $2, $1.50, $1; balcony, $2, $1.50. Saturday matinee—25c, 50, 75c.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVED
From This City and Out of Town.
Mail orders for season tickets received March 20. For one, two or more concerts (not season), received March 27. Regular window sale opens April 3, 1908.

HOW TO ORDER SEATS
Address letters, make checks and money orders payable to W. T. Pangle, Manager Heilig Theatre, Portland, Oregon. Inclose self-addressed stamped envelope to insure safe return. Season orders take precedence over all other orders.

BOX OFFICE SALE OPENS FRIDAY, APRIL 3, at SHERMAN & CLAY MUSIC HOUSE