

Next Books and their Authors

"ON THE SEABOARD," by August Strindberg, translated from the Swedish by Elizabeth C. Westgren.—This, from its depths of observation and portrayal of the scientific mind, is one of the most unusual novels of the year. It is not pleasant reading, maybe, but it is intensely interesting once one appreciates the personality of the writer and gets his mental viewpoint.

Due credit must be given also to the translator who has seemingly missed less than is usual, of the story's worth, in the re-telling.

"August Strindberg's first literary production," explains the introductory note, "was warmly received, and would have aroused lasting enthusiasm and admiration had the young author's prolific pen been less aggressive, in this for his country, a totally new style of novel. His intrapud sarcasm which emanated from a physical disability, known only to a few of his most intimate friends, called forth severe criticism from the old aristocrats and the conservative element, which drove the gifted dramatist from his own country to New America. Life's vicissitudes at Vervaldstatter Sea, and Berlin, also later on at Paris from whence his fame spread rapidly over Europe, changed his reaction to pessimism.

"After years of ceaseless work, during which he dipped into almost every branch of science he suddenly determined to transfer his activities to this side of the Atlantic, where he was desirous of becoming known. For this purpose his most singular novel was chosen for translation; meantime some invisible power drew him back to his birthplace, Stockholm, and a new generation cheered his coming.

"Later on critics called him a demolisher and reformer that came like a cyclone with his daring thoughts and daring words, which broke in upon the everlasting tenets and raised Swedish culture.

"His delimitations are photographic exactures without retouch, bearing all the strong reflection of his personality."

Knowing this the reader will indeed feel that Strindberg's characterization of Fish Commissioner Borg, of whose thoughts and philosophies, and eccentricities and love affairs, "On the Seaboard" is woven, is in reality Strindberg himself, by himself.

The fish commissioner whom the custom House surveyor took to the storming grounds, was a "little gentleman dressed in a beaver-colored spring coat, under which a pair of wide, green pants peeped out, flaring at the bottom round a pair of crocodile shagreen shoes, topped with brown cloth and black buttons. Nothing of his underdress was visible, but round his neck was twisted a cream colored foul-weather, while his hands were well protected in a pair of salmon-colored, three button glazed gloves, and the right wrist was encircled by a gold bracelet carved in the form of a serpent biting its tail. Ridges upon the gloves showed that rings were worn beneath. The face, as much as could be seen, was thin and haggard; a small black mustache with ends curled upwards increased the paleness and gave it a foreign expression. The hair was black, and closely-cut bangs, resembling a calotte."

Such was the fish commissioner sent by his government to determine what in the sea is threatening the livelihood of a crude fishing community. He is a man well read, a tool upon an intruder—a spy. His lot is a hard one and threatens to upset his peculiar philosophy.

Then the girl comes, and Strindberg puts into the commissioner's mouth, expressions of the general inferiority of women. But they become engaged, there is another man, and the commissioner, not desiring to admit the baser passion of jealousy, allows the intruder all liberty with the fiancée. His own private passion finally aroused, the commissioner persuades his sweetheart to succumb to him. That is the beginning of the end. The engagement is broken. Commissioner Borg burns, without reading, his sweetheart's last letter, and then, beset by remorse, fear and indignation, he seeks oblivion in drugs.

Setting himself adrift in a frail craft on the ocean, it is the end.

The worth of the story is in its scientific conclusions, on life, love, religion and death. It is for the thinking, serious reader.

Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati. Price, \$1.25 net.

When he ascertains this fact he awakens to the realization that he himself is responsible for the outcome of this man's life and he publicly denounces, not the misguided boy who was left to chance and miserable influence, but instead declares himself to be the guilty man."

Even the fact that the boy is illegitimate is only an incident in the story to make the father's sacrifice the greater in acknowledging a son of whose existence the world did not know. G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. Price, 50 cents net.

"The Baby's Physical Culture Guide," by Edith V. Hart.—This little booklet at least has the advantage of being written by a person who has a baby of her own, and not by one of the many who audaciously try to tell the world's mothers how to care for their infants, when the writers themselves have come no nearer to parenthood than caring for a long-haired cat or a hairless dog.

Mrs. Hart's work contains a number of talks on food, clothing, and general hygiene, but the distinctive feature is the daily drill for the baby. The first drill is as simple as possible and merely helps the infant lungs to work properly. Later the baby gradually is taught to take conscious part in his exercises. There are 24 plates showing the author going through the various drills with her baby, who seems to enjoy them and thrive upon them exceedingly.

Price, 50 cents net.

Chauncey J. Hawkins, the author of the "Red Rover" stories for boys, is the minister of the broadest and most progressive type. He recently gave a moving picture entertainment on Sunday night in his church at Jamaica Plain, thus going on record as the first Massachusetts clergyman to start this innovation.

A coincidence in thought and wording must strike every one who compares President Wilson's message with Rex Beach's new novel, "The Iron Trail." Both president and author have the welfare of Alaska at heart. Mr. Wilson says: "Alaska as a storehouse, should be unlocked. One key to it is a system of railroads. These the government should itself build and administer." Now "The Iron Trail": "Railroads are the keys by which this realm can be unlocked; coal is the strength by which those keys can be turned. The keys are fitted to the lock, but our fingers are paralyzed. . . . Yet somebody must build railroads since the governing element is so ignorant that it knows how badly this country needs an outlet."

Unlike many modern writers, Rupert S. Holland, author of "Historic Adventures," prefers the pen to the typewriter. He has tried both, but finds that a writer is more apt to consider his words carefully and revise more faithfully as he goes along if he has pen in hand than if his sentences are typed as rapidly as his frames them. The typewriter pages are more obstinate to correction than plain script.

Colonel William D. Pickett, whose "Memories of a Bear Hunter," are included in the recently published "Hunters at High Altitudes," experienced some interesting superstitions of the Indians in regard to the grizzly. In the early '80s he tried in vain to get some Crow Indians to tan the hides of several bears he had shot. There was a tradition that this tribe was descended from the grizzly bear, so no member of it, or of certain other tribes, would make use of either his flesh or hide, fearing that the spirit of the bear might harm them. They even went so far in deference as to avoid mentioning his name, contenting themselves with calling him "sticky mouth."

The authors of "The Work of the Rural School" are firm believers in the value of the school garden. They call it a signboard that says to the children, "Come and Do" in striking contrast to the usual one that says, "Don't." It is a relaxation from indoor studies; it provides material for lessons in botany, language, arithmetic, physics, biology, spelling, and reading. Many of the vegetables can be sold or used in the cooking classes and later in the school lunches. "The Work of the Rural School" also points out how the school garden should be extended to the home, but still kept in close connection with the school program.

life of him, brought out under the title of "My Father" (Doran), has for the last few weeks been staying in America. Miss Stead has her father's versatility. She has acted in many Shakespearean parts in England and, at one time, had her own Shakespearean company on tour there. She has also edited magazines and done special correspondence work, but she declares that her real love is for the theatre, and has come to America to continue her theatrical career here. She is a believer in Spiritualism, as was her father. Indeed, she has given as subtle to her life of him: "Personal and Spiritual Experiences."

Bosses are all right—if they are the right bosses. All through nature and human life runs the power of the boss. Everything would go to smash with a bang if there were no bosses. That's why it is a satisfying thing to know that—

You can select your own boss.

There are bosses and bosses. Some people let a little six inch roll of tobacco boss them; some are led around by a harmless dog. Many are liquid stimulants; some are ruled by a bunch of fool, imaginary worries; some are commanded by an army of nerves; some allow an unregulated stomach to boss; some call in clothes and styles and request the doctor to dictate. Many of these are all right—but none should ever be made boss.

You can select your own boss.

One of the saddest sights in the world is a wrongly bossed man or woman. There, germinate all the miseries of the human. There, failure drives its stakes. Let's think of our bosses for a minute. Who is your boss? What bosses boss you? Here's something refreshing—

You can select your own boss.

This is the way. Put your will in complete control. Make it boss. The human will is the greatest and grandest force in all the world, good or bad. A word will boss you. You are no me boss. Habit! step out in front. You are not my boss. Appetite! just a moment. You are not my boss. Will! let's shake hands. I select you as my boss. And from this day on there is to be order, growth and happiness in your life. Here's a new "You Can," by George Matthew Adams.

From the broad big city of the "tight little isle," through the courtesy of the Oregon News Company, come the annual Christmas numbers, accompanied by the Christmas "Presentation Plates" of the Peck Annual, Illustrated London News, London Sketch, London Graphic and "Holly Leaves," which is the Christmas number of the London Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

Each number is a splendidly beautiful example of the "art preservative" of all the arts, as it has been developed on the "other side." The color plates are marvels of the modern press methods of tone-blending and printing, and the subject matter, all of the spirit of the season is substantial and attractively artistic.



Student actors in "Spreading the News."

PLAYLETS WELL DONE BY THE REED COLLEGE DRAMATIC MEMBERS

Presentations of "Spreading the News" and "The Traveling Man" Meet With Favor.

Although greatly handicapped by inadequate facilities the Cortburnian Dramatic club of Reed College acquitted itself well Wednesday evening when it gave the two Lady Gregory plays, "Spreading the News," and "The Traveling Man," in the men's social room of the dormitory.

"Spreading the News," a rich bit of fun-fun, was given by a company of 10. Its plot is a story of the growth of gossip.

Several of the players in "Spreading the News," deserve credit. Mary Brownlee showed considerable stage presence going through several difficult scenes without losing her self-possession. Harold Golden played Bartley Fallon with a resigned pessimism truly characteristic of the part. Irma Longren as Mrs. Tarpay and Alta Armstrong as Mrs. Early, received much favorable comment. Adele Braut, William Schell, Archibald Clark, Linsley Ross, Claude Newlin, and Stevenson Smith formed the remainder of the group of gossamonders.

"The Traveling Man" was more difficult to play because of its sentimental theme. The playlet deals with a woman's ignorant ingratitude toward a man who has befriended her. Arlen Johnson as "The Mother" and Pauline Alderman as "The Child" got the sprit of their parts well while Howard Barlow made the rather colorless role of "The Traveling Man" quite interesting.

Both sketches showed careful training and indicated that those behind the scenes had been busy. Ada McCowan directed "Spreading the News" and Juanita Parker "The Traveling Man." Miss Josephine Hammond of the faculty committee on dramatics assisted in planning the action in both playlets.

As the first part of the program Miss Hammond talked briefly of the modern tendencies in Irish playwrighting.

CANNERY AT NEWBERG IS BEING CONSIDERED

Puyallup Interests Are Investigating Possibilities of Annual Fruit Supply.

(Special to The Journal.)

Newberg, Or., Dec. 20.—W. H. Paulhamus, Walter J. Vary and F. A. Streblow arrived here last evening from Puyallup with a view of inspecting the country in this vicinity as to its possibilities of supplying strawberries, loganberries, gooseberries, peaches and blackcap berries to combine with the berries raised so profusely at Puyallup.

Mr. Paulhamus is the head of the cannery at Puyallup; Mr. Vary is the superintendent and Mr. Streblow is a leading fruit grower of that locality. This forenoon the visitors are being taken over the adjacent country and this afternoon they are to address a mass meeting on the proposition of operating a cannery here. The Commercial club has given this subject much attention during the last few months and has succeeded in arousing much interest.

Last evening there was a reception given at the rooms of the Commercial club which the delegation from Puyallup attended. Mr. Paulhamus gave a few facts illustrating the prosperity of the Puyallup cannery. He said that the fruit industry of Washington is now the most important one of the state. He said that the important thing to do on this coast is not to send broadcast letters setting out in glowing terms the attractions of the country in order to induce people to come here, but to give employment to those already here and others would come. This season, he said, there were 15,000 people employed in handling the fruit grown in the Puyallup valley. This industry has been built up, he said, in the past 12 years.

President Strahorn of the P. E. & E. railroad company arrived in Newberg this morning and was one of the speakers at this afternoon's meeting.

NORMAL SCHOOL MOURNS DEATH OF OPAL HALL

Oregon Normal School, Monmouth, Or., Dec. 20.—The faculty and student body have passed the following resolution:

"In the sudden death of Miss Opal Hall, a graduate of the state normal in the class of 1897, we have been bereft of a sympathetic and helpful friend, warmhearted, cheerful counsellor, a spirit guided only by a desire to render a service to her friends and to the betterment of the world. And whereas her untiring zeal and her indefatigable labors she won for herself a place of prominence in the educational work of her own state and later in the broader field of New York where her influence was constantly increasing and her work was being more and more fully appreciated and recognized, and whereas

"We feel that in her death not only is a loss sustained by her family, by her friends here in the state normal and in the state at large.

"Therefore be it resolved, that the sympathy of the student body and the faculty of the state normal is extended to the bereaved parents and sisters, and we hope that the knowledge that her life and work was always of such nature that she brought cheerfulness and help to all with whom she came in contact, will serve as a comforting thought in contemplating the inscrutable mysteries of the Infinite."

Opal Hall Funeral.

Monmouth, Or., Dec. 20.—The body of Miss Opal Hall, formerly teacher in Oregon, who died in New York Sunday from acute indigestion, will be buried in the Buena Vista cemetery, southeast of Monmouth, funeral services to be held here upon the arrival of the body.

To those who ask and those who wonder: Mark Twain is my favorite author, and "Tom Sawyer" is my best fiction friend.

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FOREST GROVE'S NEW HIGH SCHOOL IS OPEN

Forest Grove, Or., Dec. 20.—Yesterday afternoon and evening was held the grand opening of the new \$35,000 Forest Grove High School. In the afternoon many parents visited the building and inspected the different departments, which includes domestic science, commercial, manual training and chemistry, besides the regular high school work. Under the leadership of Superintendent H. B. Inlow, the school has made good progress. At the dedicatory exercises in the evening speeches were made by W. P. Dyke, an attorney of this city, W. M. Proctor of Pacific University, and Superintendent Inlow. Invocation was offered by Rev. D. T. Thomas of the local Congregational church, and the Misses Goldie Peterson and Beatrice Kirkup each sang solos. A song was given by the high school quartet and Carl Peterson gave a piano selection.

"MULVANEY IS DEAD,-- I THINK," SAID RUDYARD KIPLING TO IRVIN COBB

Rudyard Kipling.

Irvin Cobb.

"To the best of my knowledge—the best of my memory, I might say, Mulvaney is dead," replied the author. "The last mental picture I had of him was on the edge of a cut in India, where he was directing a gang of coolies building a railroad extension. There is no doubt that he was a bit seedy and down-at-heel. So I am sure that if he has not already passed away, he soon will, and Dinah Shadd will bury him.

"No, he cannot come back," he went on, after a few seconds' pause. "It won't do, you know. A character is born in your thought, and grows and is developed, and takes on virtues and vices, and becomes odd, and then—well, just fades away, I take it.

"And that is the way with Mulvaney. I couldn't revive him—I could only galvanize him. He would be a stuffed figure with straw for bowels, and glass balls for eyes, and the people could see the strings I pulled him with. No, he is gone."

WALK WITH TUBERCULOSIS REMEDY

Washington, Dec. 20.—At the end of a walk from Los Angeles, J. T. Price, A. A. Bergen and C. T. Van Gasbeek called at the White House to ask for investigation of a tuberculosis remedy.

THE ADVENTURES OF AKBAR

"The Adventures of Akbar," by Flora Annie Steel.—An attractive book for boys and lassies, "especially for the former," the author says, "since it is the true—quite true—story of a little lad who lived to be, perhaps, the greatest king this world has ever seen."

The story of the "old," is founded on historical fact, about Akbar the Great, mogul of the Indian empire in the sixteenth century. It begins with his boyhood, when his mother and father were forced to flee and leave him to the mercies of the enemy, and follows him through many unusual adventures with his nurse, the cat and the dog who were his childhood playmates and his later friends.

The subject is unusual for a child's book, the names are strange, and the young reader, to appreciate it, must not be too young. The illustrations in color are attractive, and the dedication in verse tells of the grandmother-author's love.

Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price, \$1.35 net.

THE SUPPLIANTER

"The Supplanter," by Grace Duffie Boylan.—The author has here developed a readable story, touching upon the social unrest of the day, around a theme less hackneyed than many such stories. Janet Allen is "The Supplanter," a woman who mothers another child. The story is of the home, of home people, written in pleasing manner.

Lathrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. Price, \$1.25 net.

BOOK WORM FODDER

A little library, growing larger every year, is an important part of a man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

"How to Live Better for Less Cost," is the title of a pamphlet written by B. F. Padrick, Portland, Or., and published by Benjamin-Merrill Company, Portland. Mr. Padrick's appeal in general is for the simple life, elimination of the middleman and thrift and economy in all things. The price of the pamphlet is 25 cents.

Doubtless one result of Madame Montespori's visit to us will be to focus attention on what has already been accomplished in adapting her methods to the needs of the American child. Dr. Theodate L. Smith, author of "The Montespori System," has pointed out that, owing to the difference in psychology and in language, the task in this country is not identical with that in Italy. The author of "The Montespori System" tells of her own effort to introduce the new method into an open air kindergarten.

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