

# BOOK REVIEW

HELEN C. GALE.

**"The Wind Before the Dawn"** by Dell H. Munger. Pub. by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Here is a book that cannot be too highly praised. It is a good, clean, strong story told in an interesting, masterful way.

The setting of the story is a new one. The scenes are all laid in Kansas and the book would hardly take the place of an advertising circular, as the descriptions of the long, hot summers, the dreary, desolate winters, the plague of grasshoppers, a cyclone and a blizzard and a few other unhappy things that "bleeding Kansas" is heir to, are put into the story with realistic candor.

The characters are all of the commonplace type, clearly drawn.

Elizabeth Farnshaw, the heroine, lived on one of those desolate Kansas farms. Her mother was a poor, overworked woman, entirely dominated by a selfish, churlish, exacting husband. Mr. Farnshaw was one of those men who denied his family all the luxuries and even necessities of life, using not only his earnings but those of his wife and daughter to buy farming implements or cattle with.

Elizabeth had known nothing from childhood up to womanhood but drudgery and direct poverty. There was no evidence of love in the family circle, all the neighbors lived as her father and mother did—working always merely to keep soul and body together. Elizabeth longed for something beautiful and pleasant to come into her life. "It's not the faded clothes that I dread," she said one day after surviving the family wash. "It is the faded lives."

So the rest of the story deals with how she found love and tried to keep the color rosy and bright in her own life; how she nearly lost it by slipping into a narrow groove as her mother before her had done, through sheer exhaustion of body and soul. A woman may easily become the slave of the man she loves and marries if she allows him to dictate to her in all things without her asserting her own rights where she knows that he is in the wrong. The dictator soon becomes a bully and the bully has no respect for his victim. Then married life for the woman, who through love at the beginning has unconsciously substituted her husband's will for her own, becomes an utter dependence on the husband, and she is abjectly helpless to better conditions. Elizabeth passed through all these phases of unhappy existence until a way was opened up to her whereby she became at first financially independent of her husband and then mentally and morally so. The change in her was quite displeasing to her husband in the beginning, then he was finally forced to respect her business ability and appreciate her keen judgment in important matters. Then he realized that the woman whom his own selfishness had crushed to a despicable, hysterical silly fool, had developed and blossomed into a wonderful being worthy of admiration and love, one to work with and not against, one to consult and not ignore. The book ends leaving Elizabeth who loved the glow and color of life at the foot of the rainbow, happy and confident of the future.

**"Jack Norton"** by E. Hofer. Pub. by Hader.

The people of Oregon have been too busy with real life to spend much time in writing fiction. We have had very few books from the pens of Oregonians and we should welcome and encourage any literary talent that is in our midst.

Mr. Hofer is a well known man in the state and this book, the first from his pen, will be read with curiosity if for no other reason.

"Jack Norton" is a book with an Oregon setting—the scenes are laid around Salem. The story, however, is not exactly a strong or pleasing one. There are men like Jack Norton—we all know them—successful, brilliant men, who have lived a life of respectability according to all the laws of society, until middle age, and who then try in the last years of their remaining prime to grasp the things that conventions have made them see fit to step aside from in earlier years. But such a man only invites ridicule and gains no sympathy.

Jack Norton was a married man with a grown family; his life had been conventional, respectable and above reproach until he met "Luanne," a young woman with a past, who inspired him with a foolish infatuation. If the hero had been open and above board, as he rallied at conventions, the reader would have had more sympathy with him. But he was still careful of his position and success and acted very much like a sentimental sneak.

The best part of the book is the letters written to Luanne, and had they come from the heart and pen of

a younger man than Norton one would appreciate them more—as it is they sound like maudlin sentimentality.

I don't think that the author intended to be humorous, but one is in doubt as they glance back over the pages and find that the chief characteristic of the hero seems to be a keen olfactory nerve. For instance, unlovely but laughable—"The perfume of her yielding body, with which he was brought in close contact, was intoxicating and entirely new to him, but, as he discovered later in life, was due not to cosmetics but entirely to her unfamiliarity with the bath."

Again, "She was having her teeth repaired, she said. She dared hardly, to open her mouth lest she reveal the cavities or betray a bad breath."

There are also several instances of unconscious anti-climax, such as: "I kissed your hands, your hair, and would have kissed your feet had they not been so tightly encased in patent leathers."

He speaks ardently of Luanne's hair many times, but a woman would hardly consider it a compliment to have her lover say, "your red stringy mane."

Here is one of the beautiful passages: "So come before the shades have buried the world and our affection with it, and revive that tender old song that the stars sang together when the world was made, and man and woman first learned to cling to sentiment as the force that holds the world together."

**"Rhymes of a Rolling Stone"** by Robert W. Service. Pub. by Dodd Mead & Co.

As strong and as penetrating as the north wind itself, blowing from the snow white land of the north comes a new book of Alaskan poems by Robert Service.

If you love the lawless, gipsy life and your way happens to fall along the city pavements; if conventions hedge you in a narrow groove and all the time you are yearning for the care free liberty of the wild, just pick up "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone," and the joy of living, the daring of hardships, the spell of the beautiful lonely places, anywhere. The mood of the author seems to linger about each verse, and so realistic are his descriptions that you will be sharing his campfire, tracking over fields of snow with him and he will be explaining the life of the Indian tribes, showing you some good in each bad man and pointing out the beauties and the grandeur of the land he loves.

There is the strength of the brute, the gentleness of a woman and the frankness of a child combined in Services' poems.

(From "A Rolling Stone.")  
"I was once, I declare a stone-age man  
And I learned in the cool of a cave:

I have known, I will swear, in a new life a pan,  
The fret and the sweet of a slave:  
For far over all that folks hold worth.

There lives and there leaps in me,  
A love of the lowly things of earth  
And a passion to be free."

A bit of beautiful wording from "The Squaw Man":

The cow-moose comes to water, and  
The beaver's over bold,  
The net is in the eddy of the stream;

The tepee stars the vivid sward with  
russet, red and gold  
And in the velvet gloom the fire's  
gleam.

The night is ripe with quiet, rich  
with incense of the pine;  
From sanctuary lake hear the  
loon;

The peaks are bright against the  
blue,  
And drenched with sunset wine,  
And like a silver bubble is the  
moon.

## MUSIC

(Continued from page 3.)

Mrs. C. A. Parker, sister of the Andrews brothers, which first made his compositions realities instead of hopes and dreams. Mrs. Parker is at present teacher of voice culture and grand opera coach with a studio in the Metropolitan building at New York city.

The third meeting of the musical department of the Greater Medford club occurs next Monday afternoon, under the direction of Mrs. Irene Isaacs. American music will be the subject, four distinct styles to be represented as follows: the Indian, the negro, Spanish-American and folk music or ragtime. As far as known there is but one organization in the states founded for the study of American music, but the idea is gaining all over the country. The meeting for Monday afternoon is to awaken interest in our own compos-

ers and help some in establishing nationalisms in music in America as well as other countries. Mrs. Isaacs will introduce the Medford Orchestral club which will make its initial appearance Monday afternoon. The program:

Paper on American Music—Mrs. Alan Brackinreed.  
Quartettes—"Cat and the Fiddle,"  
Vining; "Dry Yo' Eyes," Landsburg.  
Soprano—Miss Phoebe Hance.  
Contralto—Mrs. Gladys La Mar.  
Tenor—Mr. Fletcher Fish.  
Bass—Dr. Warner Howard.

Soprano solo—"From the Land of the Skyblue Water," Charles Wakefield Cadman, Miss Caroline Andrews.  
Piano solos—"From a Wandering Ice-berg," "Song," "To the Sea," Edward MacDowell—Miss Flora Gray.  
Reading, "When Melindy Sings," negro dialect, Miss Minnie Jackson.

Selection—"The Red Mill" (Victor Herbert), Medford Orchestral club, Mr. Marion, director.

Quartette, "Carmen," Wilson—Miss Hance, Mrs. LaMar, Messrs. Fish and Howard.

Selection—"Turkish Towel Rag" Thomas & Allen.

"Star Spangled Banner"—Medford Orchestral club.

The following notice from the musical department of the San Francisco Examiner of March 30th, may be of interest and assistance to students residing in the Rogue River valley. Perhaps of more practical benefit to the teachers.

"With Medford Trade is Medford Made" is very true and the same idea should be applied to the Pacific coast whenever possible.

Summer Plans of Conservatory. Special Privileges for Visiting Teachers and Pupils.

The California Conservatory of Music, 1509 Gough street, announces in a circular just issued that all departments of the institution will remain open through the summer months. This will be welcome news to many music teachers and advanced pupils living in the interior who can come to the city for special courses during the summer months. In addition to the regular work of the conservatory a number of special and review courses will be offered. Classes in methods of teaching will be a special feature. Public school music will be made a separate course in the charge of a specialist. There will also be an opportunity of studying the modern kindergarten music methods under specially trained teachers. The regular teaching force will be augmented by the addition of several teachers of prominence.

## FASHION LETTER

NEW YORK, April 4.—A Chinese invasion is upon us. Fifth Avenue has already capitulated and Dame Fashion has bowed her head beneath the yoke of the Orient. It's a lovely yoke, though, all hand-embroidered with threads of gold and gorgeous silks, so you may well rejoice at this utter surrender to mode a la Chink.

Possibly there is not a garment for the spring that does not show some Chinese tendency. Sometimes it is a lavish use of Chinese embroidery and again it is merely the cut of a coat a la mandarin or a Satsuma button or two. Of course, you have been wearing one of these marvelously embroidered mandarin coats as an evening wrap for some time, but the new three-quarter coats that the smart shops are all showing are Chinese in shape only and in material simply dull shades of crepe broche, with an edging of soft-toned ball fringe. In fact, they are merely an occidental version of an oriental original.

If your sartorial income is limited, get one of these coats by all means. They are good always and all ways. Their lovely drapery is equally adaptable to an afternoon gown, an evening robe or over the filmy lace of your warm weather lingerie frock.

From coat to skirt is but a short step. And, praise be, we will be through with short steps altogether if the Chinese skirt is as great a hit as it promises to be. It is cut on exactly the same graceful lines as the vivid-embroidered affairs affected by the little yellow ladies across the China sea. As worn by Miss New York or Mile. Paris, however, the materials are more circumspect serges, eporges or crepes. With the panels back and front and the pleated fullness between, you can take a good long stride without a stumble. Puddles can be crossed with impunity and street cars can be boarded without the combined aid of the conductor and the traffic squad.

The exquisite Satsuma and carved ivory jade Chinese buttons are used with telling effect on the many coats and wraps of velvets and brocades, as well as on more severe tailored suits. These latter often show collars and vests of vivid Chinese embroidery and your new

spring bonnet could not boast a more chic trimming than a crush of brocade Chinese around the tiny crown.

Chinese skirts in the original certainly possess as many varied uses as the famous porker, whose only loss is its squeal. The front and back panels, with their rich embroideries in Pekin stitch, make exquisite long sailor collars which will miraculously turn your most commonplace frock into a veritable creation. The yards on yards of two-toned Chinese blue embroidery bandings make trimming galore for a stunning gown or hat. A striking parasol in these days of unique ones, is made from the skirt's pleated and embroidered sides, and an equally effective piano lamp shade can be evolved from the same, with the addition of the panels.

An naturelle, the skirt makes an artistic display for your baby grand, the caps make quaint mats for the center table—and there you are. From the latter uses, it may plainly be seen that the craze Chinese has verily struck home. Indeed, latest designs in tapestry for upholstery and even wall papers and window and door hangings are all gold-threaded Chinese motifs on backgrounds of black.

Waist lines seem seized with the most reckless cases of wanderlust this season. You may find them skidding giddily from just below the bust down to the hip line, with stop-offs at the normal and semi-Empire zones. It's a case of here today and there tomorrow, and it's going to be mighty hard on the 1913 spring lover too. Before encircling the waist of his lady fair with his strong right, he will first have to discover where said waist may be at the time of going to press.

The abnormal long waist as affected by Mme. Nazimova in "Bella Donna" and shown in the new Russian blouse-frocks is so very extreme that it is bound to become more of a fad than a fashion. Then, too, as is always the case in these freak fashions, its being cheapened by too constant repetition.

The very short Empire waist is still the most artistic for evening gowns, it seems, according to Paris models, but for street and afternoon wear, the preferences are for normal or slightly raised waist lines. Some few of the newest frocks show a long pointed waist, like the old-fashioned basque—so take your choice.

One thing certain, however, the waist line must be guided by a nash. Wide cruch sashes of Roman stripes, Futurist silks or plain chermesse

and gay Oriental sashes wrap you like the bells of the harem, or the ingenue sash will make you like a Laura Llibbey heroine.

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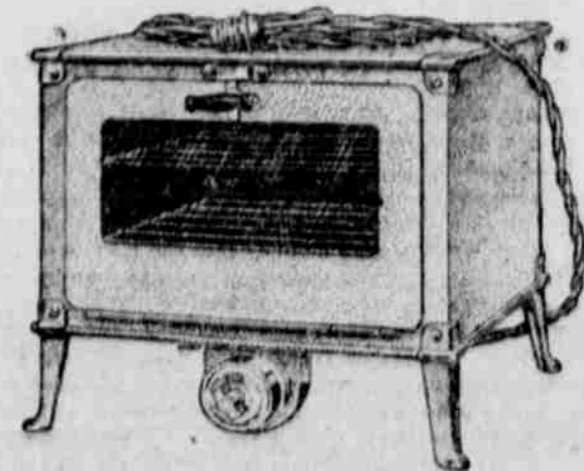
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