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LITERATURE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

As the atmosphere, the general bustle and rush in our busy eastern cities is vastly different from our quiet and peaceful west, so is there a great difference in the themes and styles of eastern and western authors.

The influence of pioneer life and of western scenery, of climatic conditions and gold strikes have all had their share in giving the flavor to western literature.

Wild and rough as the mountainous scenery of the west is, in comparison with the east; and considering the manifold experiences of the sturdy pioneer people in traveling in their snail-like manner from one coast to the other, encountering untold hardships from the lurking dangers along the way, how can it be otherwise than that the sentiment in western literature should bear an individuality of its own.

The western authors, as Bret Harte and Eva Emery Dye, show well the early life of the west. One is filled with admiration for those brave, courageous people who carved out their homes in this land of promise, enduring so much for the convictions they held that the west was worth while.
Fascinating tales of Indian adventures are told. Stories that will never repeat themselves in the history of the world. For the Indians are becoming fewer and those few are becoming civilized and losing their barbaric picturesqueness. How well Frederic Homer Balch and Francis Parkman show the life of the Indians in their books.

Tales of Rocky Mountain life are beautifully brought to us by Ralph Connor. He shows that though rough looks and clothes may be worn by the miners and woodsmen yet hearts of gold and sterling characters are concealed beneath.

Jack London in his inimitable manner gives sketches of Alaskan and sea life; but not only does he picture western life, but also puts animal life before us in a manner that a dog becomes as interesting a feature for a book as a king or a college graduate would.

Prose does not alone hold a place in western literature. In no place on earth is there more inspiration for poetry than in our mountains and streams and in our life.

Some who have responded to the poetical inspiration are Joaquin Miller, Samuel Simpson, Edwin Markham and Ella Higginson. Filled with the overwhelming, free, unmolested grandeur of nature, their
Hearts spoke the thoughts incited, and their beautiful poems have been produced.
THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR

--Bret Harte

Review

The title "The Crusade of the Excelsior" gives an idea of the travels of the ship Excelsior. This ship made a voyage in the Pacific waters, and round this the plot of the story is constructed.

Bret Harte, the author, in writing this book gives a picture of early life along the coast of California, and particularly some of the old Catholic Missions. The story does not advocate a cause or teach a lesson; but presents a historical picture.

The plot of the story is full of interest. Some parts hold the reader's attention almost against his will. On the whole, it is not impossible, yet the story is hardly probable. The plot is quite simple and the movement very slow. There are some good passages of description. In a few places reverting narrative is found. One passage tells of the travelers, stranded at Todos Santos, where they are left for a time, then the scene is shifted to San Francisco. The climax comes where the men from San Francisco find the party at Todos Santos. The author does not employ suspense to a great extent, though there are
a few hints of something to follow that creates a lively interest. The ending of the story is very satisfactory. The lost party is safely restored to their friends, and some of the love affairs culminate happily. The ending is as one would wish it to be.

The two most important chapters are chapter five, "Clouds and Change" and chapter six, "A More Important Arrival." These chapters lead up to and contain the climax of the story. The end of chapter five or pages 203 and 204 are important as they contain the records of the reunion between the ladies and the men who were seeking them. Pages 185 to 187 contain an account of the first real understanding between Hurlestone and Miss Keene.

There are not a great many characters mentioned in the book. About twenty are especially mentioned. Some of the characters can be readily confused. For example four young men of the party all seem to have about the same ideas, characters and habits, all are together in their work and all seem to admire Miss Keene. They seem to be drawn from the middle class of society. The characters are pioneers with the same objects in view. The author has more individuality about his women than about his men. He does not bring children into the story except merely to mention the Indian children round the missions.
Some of the characters seem very unreal, but they might have existed fifty years ago under such conditions. Miss Keene is very exceptional in her charms, being more beautiful and lovely and more admired than is usual. Good and bad traits are mingled in the same persons, but the good predominates in some and bad in others. Miss Keene has exceptionally good traits and Senor Perkins exceptionally bad traits.

The characters are quite consistent in not doing unexpected things. Hurlestone develops more than the rest of the people, who remain very much the same in nature and qualities.

It would be very hard to pick a hero, but the heroine is Miss Eleanor Keene. Her chief traits are her beauty and lovable and loyal disposition.

The book is a novel. There are no long tedious passages of description. There is very little description of nature. The author's strength lies chiefly in narration.

There is an individuality in the style of all of Bret Harte's books. Clearness is the most notable of the chief qualities of style. There are few humorous passages. One of the pathetic parts is the confession of Hurlestone to the priest.

Not many unfamiliar words are used and those apply to the Spanish customs and missions. A few queerly
constructed sentences are used by the Spaniards. The
diction is simple and direct.

Judging from his books, Bret Harte was a man who
had great love for adventures. He was original and
patriotic, and possessed a vivid imagination. He had
traveled on the Pacific coast in the early pioneer
days and endured the privations and hardships which
he tells of. The books he loved best were, probably
books of travel.
When the ship Excelsior which started from the Atlantic coast for San Francisco, in the year 1854, rounded Cape Corrientes near the Gulf of California, the orders were changed so that the barque was not to stop at Mazatlán, a seaport at which it was scheduled to land. Some of the passengers were very much disgusted to think that the ship should not stop there, but their disgust and disappointment were even greater when they came into a dense fog and had no idea which way to go.

Some of the passengers on board were Senor Perkins, an unusual man, of military bearing who spoke fluently in Spanish; then there was Mr. Banks, Mr. Brace, Mr. Winslow and Mr. Crosby who were very attentive to Miss Keene, a beautiful young woman on board who was on her way to San Francisco to meet her brother. Mrs. Markham, a plain cordial woman and Mrs. Brimmer who felt herself very superior to her shipmates, and her maid Miss Chubb, were the other lady passengers aboard. One other passenger of interest was a peculiar fellow by the name of Hurlestone who kept very much to himself; owing to an attempt to
escape, it was reported that he was a somnambulist. When the ship was in the very dense fog there seemed no way out until it should clear away for fear of running onto rocks. After a time bells were heard and soon it seemed as though some one had again taken command and given orders for going on. In a short time the ship landed and the people were all taken ashore. On investigation it was found that they had landed at an isolated Spanish mission, Todos Santos. The old priest and the people were surprised to see the strangers, but made them welcome at the mission. Here they all remained for it was impossible to leave.

Mr. Hurlestone kept away from the other passengers. He confessed to the priest his reason for wishing to be alone was that he had domestic difficulties with his wife, who was an actress, and he wished never to hear from her again. Through the priest he secured a position as teacher in the mission.

The other men lived some little distance from the mission, where they prospected and were successful in finding some rich ore.

The women lived at the mission, Miss Keene after a time, wishing for something to do, taught a class of children near the mission.

During their stay at Todos Santos, Eleanor Keene and Mr. Hurlestone became better acquainted and he
learned to care very much for her; but because he was a married man he was not able to tell her of his love for her.

As the months passed by, Mr. Markham, Mr. Brimmer, and Richard Keene, the husband and brother of the stranded women, became very anxious about the delay of the barque, Excelsior. They became acquainted with Miss Montgomery, an actress then in San Francisco. She seemed very much interested in the delayed boat and proposed accompanying the men on their expedition in search of the travelers. She told Mr. Brimmer that her husband was on board, and that her name was Hurlestone. Word had reached them in a round about way of the disappearance of the ship and how it had been taken by Senor Perkins, and also of the insane flight of the captain.

The men started out and after some time they reached Todos Santos and were joyfully welcomed by the women. Miss Montgomery who had all this time been in correspondence with Senor Perkins, sought him first. They admired each other, though they had never met before, because they were both poetical in the same degree.

The men stayed some time at the mission. They wished to go back to San Francisco, but ships seldom touched the coast at Todos Santos only once in three
years was to stop. Hurlestone started to the point to get aboard. He was picked up in a ship and what was his surprise to find it the Barque Excelsior with Senor Perkins in command. He knew the supply ship was to stop that night and wished to intercept the other ship.

Perkins went ashore and met the other Excelsior passengers. Because he had so unlawfully gained possession of the ship, he was imprisoned at the mission and sentenced to death. Hurlestone and Miss Keene visited him and he told them of the death of his poetical lady friend who had met him at Mazatlan. The American party soon went aboard the barque. Isabel going with Richard Keene. Senor Perkins who was condemned to death was shot and the party took charge of the boat.

When Mr. Hurlestone discovered that his wife was dead, he felt free to tell Eleanor of his love for her. She returned his affection and the story ends happily with their marriage and the wedding of Mr. Keene and Dona Isabel.

The vessel was sent to Mazatlan and the party remained at Todos Santos where the prosperous firm of Hurlestone and Keene was established.
"CRESSY"

--Bret Harte

Review

This book of Bret Harte's was named for the heroine, Cressy McKinstry. The author in writing pictured early California life as lived by the old Pioneers. It is very entertaining and gives an idea of the early rough history of the west when might was right and where strength was law.

The interest is kept up throughout the whole book. The story is probable, considering the time and place in which the plot is laid. The plot is quite simple, the movement usual, neither fast or slow. There are some places of reverting narrative. The climax comes where the duel is fought. The schoolmaster had been in disfavor in the community up to this time and here he is cleared from some of the things of which he was accused. To some extent the author employs suspense. The story ends in a peculiar manner. For the reader it is the best possible ending, for although one does not entirely approve of Mr. Ford yet he arouses one's sympathy. In the end two love affairs that Ford has been carrying on are stopped as Mrs. Dabney finds her husband and
Cressy marries Joe Masters. The reader is glad for one cannot approve of either of the women he claims to love.

The best chapters are chapter six, where Ford dances with Cressy and finds that he loves her and chapter twelve where the duel is fought.

There are not a great many characters in the book. Those that take a prominent part are quite limited. Most are drawn from the poorer class of western pioneers. The author pictures his men in this book better than the women. The characters seem life-like when the time and place they lived are considered. The people cannot be separated into groups of good or bad, as most of them exhibit sturdy, good qualities mixed with an element of roughness.

Cressy and Mr. Ford impress one as being rather inconsistent, their good and bad qualities are so mingled that one is often surprised at what they so. Most of the characters remain stationary. Uncle Ben develops most, but the period of time covered is very short. Mr. Ford, the hero, is at first very likable; one has a feeling of sympathy for him, but he acts so peculiar towards Cressy; and as his acts are somewhat questionable, a great deal of respect for him is lost. Cressy, the heroine, is at first a silly, frivolous girl, but as one becomes better acquainted
she shows a few very excellent qualities, though she is not one to be admired, nor does she demand sympathy. Men stop to regard her always.

The chief places in the story are filled by men.

The book may be classified as a novel.

There are no long passages of description. Some nature description is excellent, such as the surroundings of the old schoolhouse and the path through the woods.

There is a good deal of local color. The conditions of the place are well brought out. The author's chief strength lies in character drawing.

There are contrasts brought out in some characters such as the slow, ignorant Uncle Ben and his bright, youthful tutor Rupert Filgee. In Cressy's character alone there is great contrast.

The style of the story is characteristic of Bret Harte. Humor does not predominate. The style would be described as direct and eccentric.

Force and clearness are the chief qualities of the book. The author does not use unfamiliar words, but southern and western dialects are used. It is not difficult to understand. It gives a better idea of the people to know their uncultured manner of speaking. The conversation is very natural and the diction is picturesque.
Mr. John Ford, a young schoolmaster, secured a position as teacher in the settlement called Indian Spring. His work threw him in contact with many people who had been unsuccessful in making a fortune during the gold excitement and had settled down on California ranches to spend their days.

His school was an old church building which had been turned into a schoolhouse from the necessity of having a school building. Among his pupils were two brothers, Rupert and Johnny Filgee. Rupert was one of his most advanced pupils and the pride of the young master. Johnny, his small brother was a devoted admirer of the schoolmaster and of his elder brother. He was an active, wide-awake child, of a curiosity interesting temperament. Octavia Dean was a girl in the school who loved to be considered grown up and had a great desire to be agreeable to Rupert Filgee. Her advances of friendship were put aside with great disdain by young Rupert.

One morning she announced to the great consternation of Mr. Ford that Cressy McKinstry, a former pupil who had been in Sacramento for some time, had returned and was going to resume her work in the
Indian Spring school.

Mr. Ford was deeply concerned as Cressy who had been the oldest girl in his school caused him a great deal of trouble on account of an engagement that existed between her and Seth Davis, one of the pupils who had quit school about the time Cressy went to Sacramento.

The next morning Cressy McKinstry appeared at school in a very elaborate gown, wholly out of place in a country schoolhouse and prepared to resume her work where she had left off. The master could do nothing but allow her to take up her work, though he feared for the trouble her appearance might cause. During the day Cressy announced to the master that she and Seth had broken their engagement and he need not worry on that score. After school he decided to visit the McKinstry home and ask about Cressy, and tell them of her inappropriate dress. He met her mother, a stolid, dull-eyed woman, whose hard life had caused her to lose all her womanliness in the contact with frontier hardships. She took little interest in what he had to say of Cressy and told him to talk with her husband whom she was expecting at any hour. She seemed somewhat worried about him as he was fighting some neighbors with whom a feud existed and had forgotten his gun. After an unsatisfactory talk he left, wishing
he had not tried to speak of Cressy and gave up trying to talk with her parents again on the subject.

One evening a man came to Mr. Ford. He asked to be allowed to take work after school, saying that Rupert Filgee had promised to teach him if the master consented. Mr. Ford had no objections and Uncle Ben Dabney was installed as an evening pupil.

As time passed, Mr. Ford became more and more interested in Cressy. One night he met her at a dance, and during a waltz together he realized that he really loved the girl. He made it a point from that time on to meet her at every opportunity. The regular evening meeting-place became Mr. McKinstry's barn, where they would secretly go. One night while they were there, the barn was besieged by the Harrisons who had been quarreling with Mr. McKinstry. Mrs. McKinstry was defending the barn when the men rode up. In the party was Seth Davis, who hated Mr. Ford. Cressy had disappeared when her mother came, and when Seth found Mr. Ford in the hay they had a hand to hand struggle in which Seth was thrown senseless down to the floor.

When the invaders rode off, Mr. Ford stole away, but he knew that although Seth would not tell of their private struggle or had any proof that Cressy was there with him, yet he would have revenge.
Uncle Ben who had been studying under Rupert, one night told Mr. Ford something of his life at Indian Spring. People did not understand him because of his queer actions, but he had struck a pay streak of ore and was really a very wealthy man. He proposed to buy the land that caused the quarrel between the McKinstrys and the Harrisons, and settle the dispute. He also told of a wife he had left in Missouri. Mr. Ford was greatly surprised to learn that Ben had been married and advised that he use some of his money and send back for her. Ben had made plans to go to Sacramento in the interest of his new fortune and had asked Rupert to go as his private secretary.

The night before they left for Sacramento Seth Davis broke into the schoolhouse and took some letters from the master's desk. Uncle Ben happened along at that time and persuaded Seth to give them to him. Then he took the letters to the master, and told Mr. Ford they were written by his own wife. It was true they were from a woman, but Mr. Ford had no idea they were from Ben's lost wife.

The next morning the master met Cressy as she was going to school. She warned him that there was trouble brewing, and advised him to go straight to his room after school. He did not heed her advice but as was his custom remained in the school after the pupils left.
He was surprised on looking up from his work to find the schoolhouse surrounded by masked men. They all came in and the leader informed Mr. Ford he was to come with them. He tried to reason but they would listen to nothing of the sort, when another spoke up and said he had more against Mr. Ford than anyone else and proposed that they fight a duel. His companions were surprised to find it to be Mr. McKinstry, but they agreed that he was right and they all went out to fight the duel. Mr. McKinstry gave the master his revolver and he took a gun he had with him. Seconds were chosen and order was given to fire. Mr. Ford shot purposely wide of the mark, but was surprised and grieved to find Mr. McKinstry wounded in the hip. The wounded man was removed to his home and Ford went for the doctor. When they were coming past the place where the duel was fought they stopped and Ford explained the circumstances of the duel. The doctor noticed Johnny Filgee lying under the tree. He picked him up and found he had a slight flesh wound in his leg and was somewhat delirious. Johnny had run off in the afternoon when Rupert and Uncle Ben had left for Sacramento and had climbed a tree to witness the duel. He had seen Seth who was standing behind Ford shoot Mr. McKinstry, but the wild shot of the master's had hit his leg and he was unable to get home.
He was taken to Mr. McKinstry's house and the doctor looked after both patients. Mrs. McKinstry and Cressy were not in evidence which surprised Mr. Ford. When the doctor came, Mr. McKinstry was greatly interested in seeing the bullet he extracted from his hip. On examination he discovered it was Seth Davis' gun that the bullet was from. Seth had disappeared from Indian Spring.

The next morning the master, in looking over the papers, read an account of the duel and below this a notice telling how Ben Daubigney (or Dabney as he was familiarly known) had met his wife in Sacramento and they were living together. As he was looking and thinking of this notice, Octavie Dean came in with interesting news, "Cressy McKinstry has left school and is married to Joe Masters," she said. Again the master wondered, when a chorus of voices piped up, "why we knowed it all along, sir."
"The Luck of Roaring Camp" is not a story in itself but a group of sketches, stories and Bohemian Papers. All picture life in the early pioneer days when the Californis gold fields were attracting many people from the eastern states.

The wild, free life of the many new settlers is vividly pictured by the sketches and short stories of experience and life as it was in the rough mining towns.

The first of the sketches is entitled "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and the book is named from this sketch.

Each short story has its own plot; none are very deep, but all are purely narrative.

The characters are all of a rough class. If they were not rough when they left the eastern states most of them became so either by growing careless because of striking gold, or taking to drink and gambling because luck was against them. The saloons and gambling houses were the only places of entertainment and naturally in seeking company they drifted to these places.
The class of women were of the same type as the miners.

The book could not be regarded as a novel but merely as a collection of short stories.

There is a great deal of description in the stories which pictures the life and appearance of the people, the homes and towns and the country surrounding. The California hills, mountains, and rivers are described, and a splendid idea of life in the rugged little mining towns is given.

Some of the stories show a great deal of contrast. "The Idyl of Red Gulch" has as two of its chief characters, Miss Mary, a school teacher, who has come to California because of poor health; and in order to gain a livelihood, had taken the school at Red Gulch and a woman of bad standing in the community whose son was in Miss Mary's school and whose love for Miss Mary was very deep. The two women in conversation show the great contrast of the two lives. The pure and the wicked.

There is a style about the book picturing life in the early pioneer days of the west that is always characteristic of itself. Bret Harte had his individual style of picturing the humor of many situations, combined with pathos. He used the western dialect punctuated with the rough, uncouth expressions which
savors of early mountaineers, in a picturesque style.

The book shows plainly that Bret Harte was acquainted with western life at that time, else he could not have portrayed the pictures he did. As a man he would be interesting to converse with as he would be full of stories of early days, a class of stories that seldom come to us from those who experienced themselves the wild life. It is evident he deeply enjoyed his life while in the west, for he got what he could from it and in writing has put in the touches of nature and life which shows his romantic disposition.
Francis Parkman and his cousin Quincy Adams Shaw left St. Louis on April 28th, 1846 with a party of emigrants on a tour of exploration to the Rock Mountains. They secured as guide Henry Chatillon, who had had considerable experience in the Rock Mountains as guide and hunter and was noted as one of the two best hunters in the west. Their muleteer was a Frenchman, Deslauries, who saw that the provision and supply chests were always kept well filled.

The object of the trip the two young men planned, was to become acquainted with Indian life, to see real Indian fighting, to hunt buffalo, and to enjoy six months of roughing in the wild country to the west.

Throughout their journey the two young men ever kept the spirit of adventure awake. The party met with many obstacles on their journey that would have turned back many brave men, but their youthful love for the wild pioneer life led them on. At times they would meet emigrant trains and travel a distance with them.

After leaving St. Louis they started for Fort
Leavenworth. At St. Louis they met a party of emigrants and all started off together. When they left Fort Leavenworth, they came to the "Jumping-off-place" as it was called. It was here they broke away from the settled country and started out on the vast unknown western region.

They crossed the Platte River and began to cross the great desert. Great colonies of prairie dogs would sit on their haunches and bark at them as they rode through their midst. Here they had great hopes of finding buffalo as the region around was noted for the numerous buffalo found. Several days passed and they had not sighted a single buffalo; when one day a herd was seen at a distance from where the men were riding. An effort to kill some of the animals proved disappointing.

Parkman and Shaw were anxious to make Fort Laramie. This was one of the trading posts established by the American Fur Company. It had most of the Indian trade in that region. The fort was a queer little place with a mixed population of Indians, French, Americans, and English. But it was a welcome sight to the visitors. They were the cause for a great deal of curiosity to the Indians, who came into their room and made a thorough investigation of all they had.

After leaving Fort Laramie they plunged into the
desert. This was the last fort they would come to.

The party met and stayed with the Ogillallah Indians for several months. Camping with them, eating of their food, hunting beside them and living the Indian life, they met many new experiences.

It was experience to eat dog meat, to move a whole village every day, to go hunting with the Indians, and shoot great numbers of buffalo.

Indian life did not well agree with Mr. Parkman. He was troubled with a malignant disorder which troubled him through his whole trip and caused much suffering. Yet he tenaciously clung to his wild life, so full of strange things.

Many new views of Indian life came before the travelers. The savage life of these people, their treachery at times and loyalty at others, their never-forgetting spirit, but rather the desire to avenge that always burned so deeply when they felt that they were unjustly treated. Their barbaric manner of living, naked, howling, superstitious, full of cunning, stoical, and glorying in their stoicism. Their wonderful prowess with bow and arrow in buffalo hunts, ever on the alert for the enemy.

At home the squaws did all the work, dried the buffalo meat, set up and took down the wigwams, tanned the buffalo robes, prepared the men's food and waited
on them as superior beings.

These and many other things the travelers learned.

The trip was full of interest and this pictures exceedingly well the life and conditions of our country before it was settled. Francis Parkman's account is one of historical facts and very valuable as a record of early life among the Rocky Mountain Indians.
McLOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON, A CHRONICLE

-- Eva Emery Dye.

Review.

The title of this book indicates in an excellent manner what is contained in the book. It chronicles the early history of Oregon and of the "Father of Oregon," Dr. John McLoughlin.

The purpose of "McLoughlin and Old Oregon" was to give a historical account of early Oregon, the manner in which it was first opened up to settlers, and later how great bodies of emigrants came into the country and how it was finally brought to the United States as a territory. The book is purely historical.

There is no plot, but the historical facts of each year from 1832 to 1849 are set down concerning the advancement of Oregon, making the book exceedingly interesting. The movement is usual. There are many passages of description of landscapes, such as the wild mountain regions, the emigrants had to travel over and also personal descriptions of historical characters that are full of interest.

There are a good many characters in the book, but those that stand out most prominently are limited. Some of the men at the trading posts are readily
confused. French names add to the cause of confusion.

The characters are taken from English aristocracy and from the yeomen American of that sturdy pioneer band that stamps our early settlers, men fleeing from justice, French and Indians.

The whole history is a straight-forward tale of the early settlers. There are some contrasts in the characters, from the lovely Mrs. Whitman and the Queen of the West, Eloise McLoughlin, to the rough half-breeds and barbarous Indians.

The author has an interesting manner and direct style. She vividly portrays the life of early Oregon; and the familiarity with the geography of the country adds a charm that a story of history with another setting does not possess.

There are some passages showing broad humor, some portraying horrors as the Whitman Massacre, some filled with pathos, such as the suffering of the pioneers and the misunderstanding of Dr. McLoughlin when he was doing his best for the new country.

One short quotation is, "Plows are better than trains to hold a country and farms are better than forts."

In some places dialect is used, characteristic of the people. Some English, French and Indian dialects are brought in, but in no place is it hard to understand. There is a great deal of conversation, but it
is all very natural. The dialect could be described as simple and yet picturesque, for it is characteristic of the times; and there are no more just such people and conditions.

From her book one would judge Eve Emery Dye to be a loyal patriot and lover of her country. She no doubt was a pioneer herself and has a deep sympathy with the people who underwent such hardships to make our Oregon a livable, beautiful state. It would be a pleasure to talk with her and hear more about the early pioneer life and the many interesting and thrilling experiences of the early settlers.

With the reading of this book, one learns to revere and honor those sturdy, courageous, brave men and women who suffered privations and hardships to carve out of this enchanting wilderness, homes for themselves, away from kindred and civilization.

All honor to the early pioneers who made possible the settlement of this beautiful western country and who by their blood and lives gave Oregon to the United States.
McLOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON

Resume

In 1832, Oregon was still a vast unknown wilderness to most of the world, with all sorts of lurking evils in its wilds. It was the home of the red men and of wild animals, it was separated from civilized America by a then impassible barrier, the Rocky Mountains.

The Hudson Bay Company had installed Dr. John McLoughlin at Fort Vancouver to superintend its work there. The company was subject to Great Britain and was a fur-trading company. As Oregon was rich in Beaver and other wild animals, quite a profitable business was done by the English and Canadian trappers here.

A few Americans at an early date tried to establish American trading posts on Oregon soil but were forced to sell out to Dr. McLoughlin and leave.

The book tells of Dr. McLoughlin's family, and other members of the fort at Vancouver. The Indians had a great deal of respect for Dr. McLoughlin and called him the "White Eagle."

Some of the Indians had heard of a book that would tell them of the Great Spirit. They desired to receive this book and two Indians made the journey to St. Louis to procure one. This incident was noted by Jason Lee
and he was sent out as a Methodist missionary. He came and established a mission at Champoeg which has since developed into Willamette University.

In 1836 Dr. Marcus Whitman and Henry Spalding, two missionaries with their brides, came over the mountains to establish a mission for the Indians. They brought a wagon most of the way contrary to the advice of trappers they met along the route; but found it necessary to abandon it in the Blue Mountains. However, it was brought through later by Joe Meek.

The Whitman Mission was established near Walla Walla among the Cayuse Indians. Mrs. Whitman, young and charming with beautiful golden hair and sweet, clear soprano voice, was a great favorite with the Indians. Both the Dr. and Mrs. Whitman had a wonderful influence over them. They taught them how to cultivate the ground, and plant seeds, thereby laying up a variety of food for their winter store instead of camas roots and dried meats. Mrs. Whitman taught the women the art of bread-making and other house-wifely industries. The Indians appreciated their help and many cultivated their plots of ground industriously and some even built loghouses after the manner of the white men.

Dr. McLoughlin was very glad to see the missionaries coming into Oregon and did all he could to help
them and became their warmest friend. Sometimes he was warned by other Englishmen and members of the Hudson Bay Company to beware of the missionaries as they might be instrumental in bringing other Americans; and population would spoil the fur trade. The Rocky Mountains seemed an insurmountable barrier to McLoughlin and he thought no one would venture over unless prompted by a missionary spirit.

Dr. Whitman saw that there were great possibilities in Oregon and resolved to try to get emigrants to come out and settle. Consequently he made a trip to Washington to petition Congress to pass a bill allowing one man a square mile of land in Oregon for settling. He was successful in this and soon after started back to guide the first emigrant train through the vast wilderness to the land of promise. Many persons along the frontier had heard and read of the Oregon country and desired to make the journey. It was a party of over one thousand that Dr. Whitman piloted over the mountains. Trappers and traders along the way advised them to abandon their wagons, but Dr. Whitman insisted that they take them as they would need them later. His own had gotten through the mountains and where one could go others could go. After a long, hard journey the emigrants finally landed in Oregon. They had undergone great hardships and suffering and their
provisions and clothing had about given out. Dr. McLouth-lin, hearing of their condition sent succor to the miserable people and took care of them at Fort Vancouver, as they passed by on their way to the Willamette Valley. He had trading post established at Willamette Falls so the people could get provisions and clothing there. Although there was little money in the company, he insisted on their having plenty and said they could pay when their crops yielded and permitted them to pay their debts.

For his kindness he was severely criticised by the English; but he felt it his duty to help people and keep them from starvation even though the Hudson Bay Company did not want to see them in Oregon.

Each year succeeding, the great companies of emigrants came over the trail to Oregon and took up land claims. The beaver and other fur-bearing animals became scarcer and scarcer, for where the white man goes the wild animals leave. The Indians, influenced by an educated Delaware Indian, who hated the Americans, and by the Hudson Bay Company, began to hate the appearance of the white men. Their lands were taken from them and their hunting was spoiled. They at last became rebellious and blamed Dr. Whitman for the trouble. Some of the immigrants brought over with them an epidemic of measles. Many Indians took the disease,
As their severe methods of treating the disease was to jump in the water, the terrible shock killed many of them. Dr. Whitman was kept very busy taking care of the sick. With every death the Indians became more revolutionary, until there was no quelling them. They broke out in a general rebellion against the white people, and the first to be killed was Dr. Whitman and his wife. The awful manner of this massacre was blood curdling, but the Indians were determined to have blood. The insurrection brought out the Americans who by their superior knowledge of fire arms soon brought the Indians under control and many fled to the mountains away from the valley where the white men lived.

Such is the story of the incoming of the white men who drove out the natives and took their land and brought civilization to the wild western region that was considered out of reach and divided from the rest of the continent by a great mountain barrier.

Dr. McLoughlin by reason of his great friendship to the Americans was questioned by the English government as to his conduct of life. He had signified his desire to become an American citizen and swore his allegiance to the United States under the provisional government. For this friendliness he was deposed as Governor of Oregon.

He then moved to Oregon City where he passed the
remainder of his days, a friend to all, yet not understood by many and not trusted, for he had once been under the English flag on the coast.

Yet after his death people began to realize what Dr. McLoughlin had meant, and how his untiring devotion to his dear adopted country made him truly the "Father of Oregon."
THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS

-- Balch.

Review

The setting of "The Bridge of the Gods," is in Oregon, two hundred years ago, and the story depicts the life and character of the Indians at that time. The tribe of the Willamette was the strongest of all Oregon tribes. The legend had been handed down, and the old medicine men or seers told the tribes that the Willamettes should continue the strongest of all tribes until the great natural bridge that spanned the Columbia, The Bridge of the Gods, should fall. It is from this bridge that the book gets its name.

The book was written in order that a record of Indian customs and habits of life might be known as they existed in the by-gone ages.

Because the setting of the story is in our own state and speaks of places and names that are familiar, there is an added interest to a most interesting plot. The scene is laid two hundred years ago and starts with Cecil Grey, a young minister in New England, who responded to a divine call to carry the gospel to the Indians in the west. His experiences with the Indians and the character of the Indians are pictured
in a beautiful and striking manner. The plot is founded on facts by the author, who lived among the Oregon Indians the greater part of his life and got the old legends from them, and also many things from personal observation. It tells of the Willamettes when they were supreme in the west until the Bridge of the Gods fell at the time of an earthquake. Disaster and plague immediately followed and in a short time nearly all the tribe had died. It is simply told and very realistic.

The real hero of the story is Cecil Grey, the missionary. His wife and his parishioners in New England are the characters the book deals with at first, until after his wife's death when he goes to preach to the western Indians. Then the class of society changes to the wild uncivilized Indians who believed in hate and revenge, strength and skill and warrior-like qualities, which were cultivated among them and highly prized. The chiefs of the different tribes are mentioned, among them is Multnomah, chief of the Willamettes, who was the most powerful of all chiefs, and held all others in subjection. Wallulah, his beautiful daughter is an important character, and then numberless Indians of the tribes who gather together are mentioned.

The book is a romance of Indian Oregon.
There is a good deal of description in the Indian life and appearance, also of the territory in which they lived.

The beautiful quiet life and refinement of habits of Cecil Grey is strong in contrast to the cruel, bloodthirsty natures and harsh manners of the Indians. Wallulah, sweet and pensive, in quiet retirement from other Indians, is also in strong contrast with the dirty, overworked squaws who fought among themselves and were treated like beasts.

The style possesses great individuality, for it is one of very few books that show well the life of an Indian two hundred years ago. It has some very touching pathos and brings the reader right into the action.

One of the chief attractions of the book is the fine use of words. The queer expressions used by the Indians are quaint and picturesque. They show the characteristics of the people by their expressions.

It would doubtless be a real pleasure to meet the author and talk with him of the Indians. Interested in them himself, he sets the life of the Indians before the reader in a way, and then adds little touches to make the book full of interest.
"The Call of the Wild" is a picturesque title for a fascinating book, which tells of a dog reared in sunny California, as well treated almost as if he were a member of the family, who "harks back" to the days of his savage ancestors when taken to the rugged, rough Alaska, and finally answers the call within him until he becomes a leader of a pack of wolves, and casting all the breeding of a domesticated dog aside goes back to the wild life of his ancestors, following the "Call of the Wild."

The purpose of the book is to show how the traits native to an animal though for generations extinct, under usual circumstances never rise, but will come to the surface and sweep all before it when brought back to the primordial conditions. The story is exceedingly entertaining and also teaches a lesson of humanity to animals. One cannot read the book without becoming more sympathetic towards dogs.

Throughout the whole the plot is most interesting. It is not at all probable, yet it might be possible. It gives "Buck" almost human intelligence and
his thoughts are laid out as though he could speak them. The plot is simple and the movement usual. There are some passages of description, but this only gives a clearer perception of Alaskan conditions. The climax comes near the close of the book where Buck finally hears the "call" and really answers it. There is little suspense employed, the action running along evenly. The story ends in a peculiar manner with Buck, the well-bred California dog leading a pack of ravenous, desperate wolves in the icy and rocky mountains of the interior of Alaska.

The chief characters in the book are dogs. Buck is the hero, who is pictured as possessing almost human intelligence and interest. The people are chiefly miners and freighters who deal with Buck.

There are many passages of description in this novel which tell of the conditions and nature in the Northland. The passages are not at all tedious, and do not interfere with the progress of the story, but greatly add to it. The local coloring brings one in contact with Alaskan conditions and characteristics. The author's chief strength lies in character drawing and in description. He makes free use of adjectives, placing the story so vividly and real before the reader.

Contrasts are shown in the characters of some of
Buck's owners. Some were harsh and cruel, while John Thornton, his last owner was kind hearted and affectionate.

The greatest contrast is in the change in the nature of Buck: From a gentle, lovable, domestic, California dog, he became a wild and terrible wolf, feared by the natives of Alaska.

There is an individuality about Jack London's style that makes his books different from other books. His terse, short sentences depict the condition in such a vivid, real way. The construction of his sentences is a work of art. He does not use many unfamiliar words or much dialect, and it is simple to understand the naturalness of his style.

Jack London is doubtless a most interesting man to meet. His home in San Francisco is a popular center for literary people. He is overflowing with fun and jokes, and his varied experiences on land and on sea makes him an interesting conversationalist.
THE CALL OF THE WILD

-- Jack London

Resume

Buck the beautiful big dog of Judge Miller of California was the pet of the whole ranch. He was a dog of wonderful build, weighing one hundred and forty pounds. His sire was a St. Bernard and his dam a Shepherd. He had all the redeeming qualities of both. He was the Judge's pride and the play fellow of his boys. His life had been one of luxury and gentleness, and he knew not what harshness or suffering was.

When the gold discovery in the Klondyke was turning men wild with the gold fever to the rich mines of Alaska there was a great demand for dogs to draw the freight over the frozen ground of the northland. A traitorous gardener of Judge Miller's tolled Buck away one night and he was sold to an Alaskan party and sent far away from his old home.

Buck did not know what had happened to cause this change from his happy surroundings to that of strangers and harsh treatment. He soon learned a lesson from a club wielded by a keeper of his cage that let him know that his ways would not be regarded.

On the ship that carried him to Alaska were sev-
eral other dogs. These were going, as Buck, to be sledge dogs. When they landed, one of the smaller dogs was set upon by a bunch of strange Alaskan dogs and was soon killed. The occurrence stirred Buck's very soul and made him hate a large white dog, Spitz, who seemed to enjoy the sport. Buck, Spitz and several other dogs were given into the care of two French Canadian Government freighters. Several of the dogs were used to pulling loads and they with the assistance of the drivers' whip, soon taught Buck the art of pulling and the drivers soon came to know that Buck was an exceptional dog for his quickness to learn; and his ability and strength made him a very valuable dog. Spitz was the lead dog of the team and Buck's rival. At every opportunity they would charge at each other and if they had not been separated the deadly battle which was inevitable would have taken place long before it did. Buck was then given the lead place and found to be even better in that position than Spitz. The team worked very hard for several months carrying heavy loads over rough frozen places. Buck became toughened to the work but worn down and weary. After the last of the government work in which he was employed was done he was sold to some American gold seekers who wished to travel many miles inland. There was a man, his wife and her
brother in the party. They knew nothing of camp life and were shiftless, wicked people. In order to have plenty of dogs to haul their immense cargo of camping outfit they bought fourteen dogs. The poor team was beaten, starved and over loaded, and forced to travel over terrible roads. One by one the dogs died and the others became more emancipated every day. Poor Buck was nearly dead when, they came to a miner's camp by a river. Here Buck lay down and refused to go. He was beaten and almost killed when a miner interfered and saved Buck. He advised the party not to cross the river; but they laughingly heeded not his warning that the ice was thin and rode to their death through the broken ice.

John Thornton, the miner cared for Buck and they learned to love each other devotedly. The dog would do anything for his new master and would sit hour after hour watching his face, ready to do his slightest wish. On one occasion he rescued Thornton from drowning; and again to prove his strength for a company of miners, pulled a sledge carrying half a ton, one hundred yards. This act gave Buck a wide reputation and won a $1,600 bet for Thornton.

The money earned by Buck enabled Thornton and his two partners to go far inland where, it was rumored, was a rich mine. They traveled many days and did not
find the fabled spot but discovered a wonderful mine where they packed the gathered gold in large sacks. Buck had little to do now and would roam about in the forests or sleep at the camp, and dreams of another life kept coming to him. He felt an instinctive call that he must follow. When in the woods, something beckoned for him to follow; he knew and understood many things he had never seen before. He loved to be in the woods and would often spend days roaming about killing his food and living as this instinct told him to live.

On one such occasion he became aware that something was not right. He did not know what it was, but a feeling of alarm came over him and he hurried back to camp. Here a dreadful sight was seen. The other dogs were lying about dead and the two partners of Thornton were seen dead with poisoned arrows in their bodies. Scattered over the camp was a howling, maddening crowd of Yeehat Indians, dancing round the ruins of the camp. Buck rushed in upon the Indians and grabbed one after another by the throat, so furious and mad, and alarming the Indians so much that they rushed frightened away, not stopping to look after those slain by Buck. He then followed the trail of Thornton and found it led into the water. His beloved master was dead. He knew he lay at the bottom of
the river. That night a pack of timber wolves came to the spot where Buck was. The call of the wild, that had been sounding, came back to him stronger than ever. No master to keep him! So he went off with the wolves to become leader of the pack, and the terror of the mountains.

Some years later it was noted that many of the wolves were peculiarly marked with a white stripe down their chest and a brown mark above the muzzle. The leader had become wolflike and the old life was forgotten in the new role, that of king of the frozen world.
WHITE FANG

-- Jack London

Resume

The northland wild was savage and frozen-hearted. All nature was dark and dreary and frowning. The land itself looked desolate and sad.

But in this frozen land of sadness was life, and this life was the weary, heart-sore life of two men toiling on slowly, mile after mile, with their dog team. On the sledge was an oblong box carrying the body of another man, but here there was no life.

Slowly and sadly the men made their way, trying to be cheerful but looking forward, almost hopeless at times, despairing of ever reaching their goal, civilization.

At night they would build their campfire, which would soon be surrounded by the gleaming eyes of hungry, starving wolves. Soon their dogs would disappear in the night, one at a time. This could not go on long, for the dogs were needed. As it became more unendurable, all dogs but three having been eaten, the men became desperate. One day a daring she-wolf came near to camp. She tolled off the best one of the remaining dogs. The men were desperate now. One went out with
his gun and three remaining cartridges. He disappeared. His partner heard three shots in close succession. Then all was still. He and two dogs and the oblong box remained. For days he lived, keeping the wolves away by strategy; but he knew it could not last long. At last he was rescued by a party and brought safely to his destination. When the man was rescued the hungry pack that had missed him went howling off on the trail of other meat.

The she-wolf was large and strong and maneuvering. She ran side by side with the leader of the pack. As the spring opened, the famine ceased and two by two the wolves left the pack. With the she-wolf ran One Eye, the old leader of the pack, on one side, on the other side ran a large young wolf. The three wolves stayed together and the two fought for the she-wolf. They fought one day to the death of the young wolf, and the she-wolf looked on. Then One Eye and the she-wolf ran together.

In their journey they came to an Indian camp. The she-wolf liked it. She would dart in and steal meat of the dogs. One Eye was worried, and was glad when a gun drove the she-wolf off. As they journeyed on killing their food, and spending their days together, the she-wolf seemed to be looking for something. She sniffed at caves and investigated; she curiously examined
stone walls and clay banks. At last she found the thing for which she sought. Near a small stream was a cave with large over-hanging walls. A place secluded and quiet. She went in and lay down, not would she leave. One Eye was worried, but lay down at the entrance. At last he became anxious and hungry. He crawled to his mate and tried to persuade her to get up, but she would not. Then he left her. He was gone for some time and had found food. When he came back he was startled by queer sounds in the cave. As he came near, his mate warned him to be quiet, for there, nestled near her, were five strange small bundles.

Famine came again. One Eye, in searching food, was one day made the food of another animal. One by one the babies died until only the sturdiest was left. His mother brought him food but he stayed at home until one day, becoming brave and courageous, he left his lair. He had experiences but they were exciting; he tried again. His wobbly legs became stronger, and soon he was able to trot by his mother's side in her search for food.

The cub came upon it suddenly. He had wandered away from home. When he saw the men and the camp he recognized instinctively a power greater than himself. One Indian came and stooped over him, he cowered, then snapped. He was hit on the side of the head and
kiyi'd. His noise was heard by his mother who came bounding into the camp to protect her cub. As soon as one of the Indians saw her, he recognized her as a wolf-dog he had owned and which had run away from him. "Kiche"! he said, and the she-wolf came crouching to him at his feet. Kiche was tied and kept in camp for some time; when she became accustomed to the surroundings, she was loosed. White Fang, for that was the name given to the cub, soon became acquainted with his master. His life was made easier in one way for he now had all he needed to eat without having to hunt for it. But the other dogs in the camp teased him almost beyond endurance.

As White Fang grew older, he became very antagonistic. After he became strong and found he could whip any dog in the camp, he developed great fighting qualities. As the Indians moved around, White Fang made himself very useful by helping draw the sledges over the ground. Gray Beaver, his owner, was very proud of him and thought more of him than of any other dog on the team. When they came at last to a city on the coast, Fort Yukon, there was not much for the dogs to do. It was their delight to meet incoming boats, and as the dogs were taken off the pack would light on them and many were killed. White Fang was a leader in this sport but was always smart enough to get himself
out of the way and the blame for many a dog's death which should have rested on him was placed on other dogs.

At Fort Yukon lived a man who was one of the most poorly favored of men. Ugly and misshapen and ill-natured he had few friends, but he watched White Fang and saw possibilities if he could own the dog.

He went to Gray Eagle and offered to buy White Fang, but Gray Eagle refused to sell. "Beauty" Smith, the poorly favored man was not to be thwarted. He knew Indians liked whiskey, and he could give Gray Eagle all he desired. Gray Eagle drank and wanted more. When he had given much for the whiskey, Beauty. Smith proposed buying White Fang again. This time he offered whiskey instead of money and Gray Eagle accepted.

White Fang was loyal to his master. He hated Beauty Smith, but he was put in a cage and became a fighting dog. Smith made a great deal of money through him. Dogs and sometimes wolves would be placed in the cage and he killed them all. He won a great reputation as the "fighting wolf."

A man from California came with a bull-dog. This dog was put in the cage with White Fang. A fight ensued. The bull dog fought differently and looked unlike any dog he had ever seen.
The bull dog by his tenacity at last almost killed White Fang, when two strangers, riding up saw the trouble, and separated the dogs. How angry Weeden Scott was at the men that allowed dogs to fight so. He took White Fang with him. By love and kindness he soon won White Fang's affection. The first time he had ever given love to any man. When Scott went South to California, White Fang would go with him. Here he met other dogs at the Scott home, among them a Shepherd dog, who at once recognized the wolf in him and hated him.

The Scott family took White Fang in as a friend. Collie, the shepherd dog finally made friends with White Fang when she saw the family approved.

A burglar attempted to enter Judge Scott's home one night was set upon and killed by the terrified wolf. But he was so injured that it was many weeks before he recovered.

When he could walk again he was taken out to the barn where was Collie with a half dozen pudgy puppies. White Fang looked on with wonder. When a puppy was placed near White Fang he put out his tongue and licked the puppy's face. Then he lay down by the happy family and with half-shut eyes lay drowsing in the sun.
THE DOCTOR
-- Ralph Connor
Resume

In the Rocky Mountain region, across the Canadian line in a peaceful valley, was situated the Old Stone Mill. Here lived Mr. and Mrs. Boyle and their two sons, Barney and Dick. They were kindhearted Scottish people, who were well respected in their little neighborhood.

The boys were raised from children at the Old Mill, and then Dick, the younger was sent off to college for he was to become a minister of the gospel and must needs have an education.

Across the fields and over a hill dwelt the minister of the valley. His pretty, buxom daughter kept his house for him and helped care for her younger brothers and sisters. Her mother had died but a few months previously, leaving to the care-free girl the responsibility and duties of a housewife.

She was a great favorite at the old mill. Mrs. Boyle loved her as a daughter and the boys placed her first in their estimation in ranking of all girls.

A neighbor was to have a barn-raising at his place. This was the cause of one of the most
interesting social events held in the neighborhood. All the people round gather on such an occasion, the men working on the barn and the women preparing a big dinner and talking and visiting with each other.

Barney persuaded Margaret, the minister's daughter to go with him and his parents. He was highly elated to think that on this day Dick would get home from college and he could have his brother with him again. Dick and Barney were the closest of friends and the joy at meeting was good to see.

The men gathered at the barn and chose up sides to do the work. During the day one young man, Ben Fallows, fell from the barn and seriously injured his leg. He was immediately carried to a doctor. Barney accompanying him and by his able assistance to the doctor during the amputation, which was necessary, proved himself a man with wonderful nerve and possessing excellent qualities to make a surgeon. On returning to the place of merriment and work in the evening he found the company gathered in the barn, dancing. As he came up to the building he heard a wonderful voice so different from any he had ever heard; this attracted his attention. He entered with his mother and Margaret, who had been waiting for him and found a strange girl was the singer. He was informed that she was the new teacher in the school.
Her name was Iola Lane. She was a southern girl with a pale, beautiful face and dark eyes and hair. Her style was quite unlike that affected by any of the neighbor girls in their robust health and vivid beauty.

That day was a turning point in the life of Barney Boyle. He discovered he had the qualities of a doctor; and also the vibrant chord had been struck when he met Iola Lane.

During the confining illness of Ben Fallows, Barney took almost entire charge, and when it was possible for him to be moved from his home, Barney had him taken to the Old Mill, where he could be under his especial care. Margaret, Iola, Dick and Barney made it a point to keep Ben's spirits up, and their efforts were crowned with wonderful success.

When Ben was able to be around, he made himself useful at the mill where he became a permanent member of the family.

Barney desired above all things to take a medical course. But in no wise would he sacrifice the education of his brother in order to follow his own aspirations. However, through hard work of both, he was enabled after two or three years to enter a medical college, where by his wonderful capacity and sturdy persistance he became a leader of his classes and graduated with the highest honors. Iola at this
time was in the same city studying music. Dick was still in the Theological school and Margaret was training for a nurse in a large hospital.

Barney had fallen hopelessly in love with Iola and their troth was plighted; yet she would not consent to a marriage, except at some indefinite time, as she wished to excel in her musical career. Dick wished to marry Margaret, but she persistently refused, making it no secret that her love was already given to her childhood friend, Barney; and if it would be impossible for her to have the one she loved, she would marry no other.

As Iola would not give Barney any satisfaction, but always thought of her planned career, and received attentions from society men that he did not at all approve, she became careless of her treatment of him, and his true, serious nature was deeply wounded by her indifference. He resolved to leave her until she should wish him back, and left New York for another city. During his absence Dick became very attentive to her, and one evening while escorting her home, they tarried at his office. A passion seized him and while showing his love for Iola, Barney entered. The sight of his untrue brother and sweetheart was more than he could stand and he immediately left, going to Europe. The estrangement hurt Dick
immensely and was almost the ruin of him, as it blight-
ed his hopes and ambitions. At last he received an ap-
pointment as missionary to the miners and woodsmen in
British Columbia where he went to help them. A hos-
pital was established through his influence and Mar-
garet came to be head nurse.

Soon after a new young Doctor called Dr. Bailey,
came to that section where he won a wonderful reputation
for his great skill, and for the wonderful influence
he had over the men of the camps. He was soon made
medical superintendent of all the camps and spent
his time traveling, helping the sick and cleaning up
the camps.

Dick had never met the doctor who was so pop-
ular in the camps, but he had heard a great deal of
him from the people he worked with. His heart was
sore for his brother and often he would be despondent
over the loss, but Margaret would cheer him up in her
beautiful manner on such occasions.

At last, in a providential manner Dick and Dr.
Bailey met. An accident had occurred to Dick and the
Doctor found and rescued him. When they knew each oth-
er there was great joy for both; for Dr. Bailey was
none other than his dear brother Barney. The matter
that had hurt the lives of both and which caused the
estrangement was settled, and both forgiven. When
word reached Barney that Iola needed him in Europe, he at once went to her, getting there just before she died. But the joy of finding her a changed and more lovable woman was great.

Soon after returning to his work, Barney was taken seriously ill. His duty to his friends kept him at work when he should have been recuperating, and brought on a serious malady which resulted in his death.

What a grieved and sober crowd of miners watched, with Dick and Margaret, the special train pass by bearing the body of Barney, as it was taken home for burial. There Margaret remained with his mother, her comfort and helper.

A year passed and Dick once again came home. There was Margaret, the same, yet different, for the love she once bore Barney was born anew and this time for Dick. For the sake of Barney and for love, Margaret made that day the happiest of days for Dick.
JOAQUIN MILLER

"The Poet of the Sierras."

One of Oregon's most famous as well as oldest poets is Joaquin Miller. He was a student at Columbia College in Eugene, graduating in 1859. Soon after graduation he studied law under G. H. Williams, but followed the gold excitement into California where he came in contact with miners and wrote of them. He settled at Oakland Heights in California, where he still lives.

Some poems Joaquin Miller has composed are:


"William Brown of Oregon" is a story of farmer life. William Brown loved Mary Jane, the Squire's daughter. His love was turned down, and broken hearted he left going to Oregon. Mary Jane loved him and mourned his loss. Unable to stand her grief, she followed. She heard he was dead and finding a stone with his name on it was grieving, when he came and explained that it was a corner stone. Of course they were married.
TO JAUNITA.

--Joaquin Miller.

Come listen, O love, to the voice of the dove.

Come, hearken and hear him say

There are many to-morrows, my love, my love,

But only one to-day.

And all day long you can hear him say

This day in purple is rolled,

And the baby stars of the milky way

They are cradled in cradles of gold.

Now what is the secret, serene gray dove,

Of singing so sweetly alway,

There are many to-morrows, my love, my love,

But only one to-day.
THE BEAUTIFUL WILLAMETTE

Masterpiece of Samuel L. Simpson.

From the Cascades' frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, widening through the valley
Bright Willamette glides away;
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

Spring's green witchery is weaving
Braid and border for thy side;
Grace forever haunts thy journey,
Beauty dimples on thy tide;
Through the purple gates of morning
Now thy roseat ripples dance
Golden then, when day departing,
On thy water trails his lance.
Waltzing, flashing,
Tinkling, splashing,
Timid, volatile, and free--
Always hurried
To be buried
In the bitter, moon-mad sea.

In the crystal deeps inverted
Swings a picture of the sky.
Like those wavering hopes of aidemn
Dimly in our dreams that lie;
Clouded often, drowned in turmoil,
Faint and lovely, far away--
Wreathing sunshine on the morrow
Breathing fragrance round today.
Love would wander
Here and ponder,
Hither poetry would dream;
Life's old question,
Sad suggestions,
"Whence and whither?" throng thy streams.
On the roaring waste of ocean
Soon thy scattered waves shall toss,
Mid the surges' rhythmic thunder
Shall thy silver tongues be lost.
Oh! thy glimmering rush of gladness
Mock this turbid life of mine,
Racing to the wild forever
Down the sloping paths of time.
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time, that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.
THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

--Edwin Markham.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
upon his hoe and gazes on the ground.
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

In this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for powers;
To feel the passion of Eternity:
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Times tragedy is in the aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Cries protest that is also prophesy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
In this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Touch it again with immortality;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?
O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute questions in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries.