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TASTE AND SEE—O taste and see that the Lord is good.—Psalms 34:8.

Slovenly Speech

At the international conference of professors of English, which has just concluded its sessions at Columbia University, New York, many topics of interest and importance to those who look upon the national language as a sacred inheritance and the preservation of the national speech pure and uncontaminated as a solemn duty were discussed by experts from almost every conceivable point of view.

One of the most striking addresses was that delivered by Dr. Henry Van Dyke Murray, professor of English literature at Princeton university. He complained, and not without reason, that good conversation is declining in America, but he also took care to add that conditions in England in this respect are no whit better. His own observation enabled him to say that he heard some folks talk in "Lunnon" who were hard to understand and whose voices were perceptibly nasal—quite as much so as the voices of "Noo Yawk."

There may, or may not, be general agreement with Dr. Murray's contention that dialect and local accent, brouge and burr, are the spice of talk, but every one will accept his dictum that one of the chief dangers to the rich and vivid English language is the slovenly way in which it is spoken not only in the streets, but also in the pulpit, on the stage, and even in the classroom. The homely simile contained in his declaration that "lazy, unintelligible, syncopated speech is like a dirty face," conveys the idea with singular appropriateness.

The Home Shortage

Statistics given out by the National Association of Real Estate Boards show that marriages in the United States create a normal annual demand for from 300,000 to 400,000 new homes. Destruction of homes by fires cause an additional requirement of 100,000 if needs are to be met.

That considerable progress has been made in a year towards overcoming the housing shortage is seen in the statement that the unfilled needs for homes include about 700,000 buildings, while the shortage one year ago was estimated at 300,000 more. Building for the current year is expected still further to reduce the shortage.

According to the figures of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the building shortage could be wiped out in three years at the rate of building last year, but there would remain the normal demand of nearly half a million homes each year—a demand which should keep building craftsmen reasonably well employed.

The future of the building industry in the United States appears to depend on dealers in materials and building trades workers. Many large contracts in New York, Chicago and a number of other cities have been held up on account of excessive costs, and this should be a warning that there is a limit to what the public is willing to pay either as an investment or in rentals.

The Sport of Kings

The first of a mighty caravan is driving out of the home garage these fine summer days, and the 1923 season of automobile touring—the sport of kings—is under way.

In all ages the privileged classes have had their hobbies. Horse racing, polo and power boats are among the chief diversions of the moneyed people today.

But when all is said and done, the great American sport is touring. From the "tin can tourist," camping along the road, to the limousine parties that pull up before expensive hostelries at eventide, there is fun for everybody and every purse.

No wonder the motor tour is popular. The sweet music made by the resounding slam of the automobile door, the joy of the high road, the delight of stopping wherever and whenever one pleases without regard for vexing timetables—all these and more are part of the lure of this rapidly growing American summer pastime.

This transformation in summer travel has altered entirely the hotel business. The "one night stand" is now the source of income and profit in place of the old-fashioned stay of a week or more. Municipal camping sites and the ubiquitous farmhouse accommodations for tourists are another new development.

Every man is a king in this country, or as good as one, and touring is his sport. May its popularity increase, for it harms none and benefits all.

Easy Reading

"The trouble with modern novels," says a woman writer, "is that they are too easy to read." An intendedly adverse criticism that the average reader will accept as a favorable one. Leave obscurity to the verse writers. But let prose be free from verbal sockdolagers and from twisted expression and complex meaning that baffle understanding.

A novel is generally read for entertainment, for amusement. If it teaches some truth of psychology or history or economics, so much the better. But obscurity would militate against its effectiveness with the reading public, and rightly so. A novel that can not be easily read is apt to be read, and such instruction as it may carry is apt to be lost. The critic of modern novels who deplores easy readableness should remember the ancient rule that "easy reading is hard writing."

Editorials From Over the Nation

The Stuff That Kills

Portland Journal

Corn soaked in moonshine was scattered on the courthouse lawn at Camden, N. J. A flock of sparrows gobbled it up. The immediate effect was to drive the birds crazy.

Some flew into the air in circles and dropped to the ground, dead. Other began a battle royal, screaming, clawing, pecking at on another, until all were killed. Others swooped at the glass windows of the courthouse with such force that the thick panes were cracked, and in some cases broken.

Half an hour after the corn had been eaten the courthouse yard was literally strewn with dead sparrows. The janitor filled a large peach basket with bodies of the birds. Eye-witnesses of the incident expressed the belief that not a sparrow that had eaten of the moonshine-soaked corn survived.

Here is an interesting feature: Some pigeons that started to eat the corn when it was first scattered on the lawn desisted after a moment and flew away.

There is in Portland a man who has been drinking moonshine for the past three years. For the past two years he has been under the care of a physician. The physician said:

He is in terrible shape. The inner lining of his stomach has been almost entirely eaten away by the poisoned liquor he insists on drinking. I have warned him, but he will not leave the stuff alone. He can't last very long and he is going to be in horrible pain from now until he dies.

A year ago an unscrupulous chemist in Portland devised a method whereby he claimed he could take the poison from wood alcohol. He set up a bootlegger's laboratory, and much of the gin which flooded Portland at that time came from a wood alcohol base. The gin, by the way, was sold in attractive "Gordon gin" bottles, and those who purchased the product believed they were getting perfectly safe imported liquor.

A few days ago a local bootlegger quoted prices to a prospective customer. He guaranteed his wares as "moonshine that you can't tell from bonded whiskey." He added:

And now, if you want it that way, I can put it up for you in the bottles of any of the well known distilleries—Haig & Haig, Catto's, Dewar's—for $4 a gallon extra. We have the stamps and everything, so that no one can tell it from the genuine stuff.

What are men, what is the hold of booze on them, when they buy and drink proven poison in the full knowledge of the suffering and death it may bring upon them?

THE "TOMORROW" HABIT

Cleveland News: Don't plan for anything tomorrow, unless you are working at that thing today.

If you can't work today, you can't work tomorrow.

If you can't begin the thing today, you can never begin it.

Tomorrow is a word that in every language means never. It means self deception, disappointment, idleness, lack of purpose.

When a thought comes to you, get at it.

Don't say to yourself, "I will do that sometime, perhaps tomorrow."

Make a note of the idea, think it over, plan for it, begin it.

If you can't start it now, you never can do it.

The thing to do is to work today, and to keep working tomorrow and every other day.

Keep your mind on today, devote the hours of today to the work of today.

Then when today's working hours are over, and you have actually done all that you can in those hours of work, permit yourself, if you choose, to think of plans and dreams for the future.

There is not a young man in the country without some good idea, some good plan, some earnest hope in his mind.

But the curse of a million is that the plan, the idea, is to take form and become real tomorrow.

Get away from that tomorrow habit.

You need not take literally the advice, "Live as though this were to be your last day." A man who starts a house must believe that he has days ahead in which to finish it.

The thing to do is to start the house today, and let the tomorrows take care of their work.

Pity the poor "futurist" of failure. He is the futurist of tomorrow, the futurist of the plan that will never become a real action.

SHEIKS AND SHEBAS

San Francisco Bulletin—According to Dr. A. W. Laforge, an expert diagnostician of Chicago, the disease of the age is high tension combined with idleness, and if boys and girls were given an outlet for their energies in the form of useful work there would be no more sheiks and Shebas. He does not think the victims of prevailing crazes for [illegible] trousers and [illegible] have are changed intrinsically and believes that if they were put to work they would be cured. The difficulty is in getting the idea of useful employment into the brain of a sheik or a sheba. They are what they are very largely because their parents supply them with more money than they know how to spend intelligently. There are very few that "sheik" or "Sheba" on what they earn for themselves.

ISLAM HOLDS ON

Milwaukee Journal—The "unspeakable Turk" retains possession of the capital of Constantine the Christian, with pretty much all the Christian nations there signing the treaty or [illegible] agreement. The Turk also takes back Eastern Thrace; she got [illegible] "capitulations," which nations like the United States feel [illegible] must insist on in the case of nations like China. Turkey having [illegible] with the party that was defeated in the war, and done all she could to destroy civilization and [illegible] Christianity wounded to death on the battlefield, may [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] because civilized and Christian nations are too [illegible] of each other and not [illegible] enough. [illegible] has been caught in this [illegible] and is caught again. Other rights and privileges and securities are taken care of by the various agreements at Lausanne; the Armenian may exile himself from his country and starve or remain to be stabbed. Perhaps the Lausanne conclusions are the best there are left. but they are not right, and everyone knows it.

Yes Europe has made a bad mess of the whole business. But America cannot do much to criticize. We cannot say, "Thank God, we have no part in such doings." For we have a part. True, we are not signers of the present treaty. But we had an unofficial observer at Lausanne who insisted on and got what the government of the United States thought was vital to its interests. That, of course, did not include anything for persecuted Armenians.

We are not to blame for the way Turkey triumphs, but we accept a full share in the blame. We went into the negociations on the old plane that has brought disaster for generations—the plane of taking care of possible commercial interests of our own. Mr. Wilson's idea that America's counsel could be of weight because "America asks nothing for itself" was in the discard at Lausanne. Every other nation there knew that, since America was asking something, it could not sit in judgment on the kind of arrangements they wanted.

Moreover, once again we had left it to other nations to care for the peace and order of the world.

ROMEO AND JULIET ARE MODERNIZED

Colorful Story of New York Romance Recalls the Old Classic in Lovedom.

(By I. N. S.)

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., Aug 10.—"My Wildflower—Make it tonight at 12. Don't be afraid. I'll be there with the ladder. We'll get away without any trouble at all, and we'll be so happy we'll think we are in heaven. Your devoted Phil."

This hastily scribbled love note and the breathless story which Virginia C. Stroman, sixteen, told to a girl friend on the afternoon before her elopement have disclosed a romance as colorful as "Romeo and Juliet" and not at all unlike it.

After bitter opposition by her parents, after clandestine meetings and love-making in her bedroom window, after deciding whether she would choose a comfortable home life or repudiation of everything she held dear the little girl who looked like a wildflower and who was called that by her lover has sped California bound with Philip R. Roy more than twice her age a well-known landscape painter who came here this Spring to put on canvas the apple blossoms and peach bloom of the Susquehanna Valley.

Like Spring Poem.

It is truly a Spring idyl which reaches its culminating fulness with the coming of Summer. Sweet-faced, low-voiced Virginia met the painter out on the hills between Binhampton and Endicott. He was painting delicate-hued flowers. She was picking the same kind. They tumbled precipitately in love.

And then their troubles began, for Virginia's father had vowed that no man should enter his daughter's life until she was twenty-one.

"I was out after May flowers down near Gray's Crossing," Virginia told her one confidante. "It was that Sunday when you went to Ross Park and I had to go alone. I went up back of Eliot Spaulding's mansion and out through the woods. When I came on a little clearing I found him there.

"Did you ever have anything get hold of your heart just like a vise? That's what happened. When he looked at me his eyes seemed to go right down into my soul. I almost thought he was a magnet. I walked as if I was in a daze right over to him. And the first thing he said to me was, "You're both wildflowers.' He pointed to the little flower I carried. And after that he wouldn't call me anything except his wildflower."

Her First Affair.

Men had not counted in Virginia's life before that. Her father had made sure that they didn't. But this one—stranger, with queer bow tie and sun-tanned skin that set off his glowing eyes—took the little blond head and turned it completely.

Virginia had to go to bed at 10 o'clock nights. And her father made pretty sure where she was up to that time. Of course, he found out soon enough that the artist had opened a new world to his daughter. So he put a curse on Roy and forbade Virginia ever to see him.

"A girl of your age! Never again! Remember, never again!" he told her according to her faithful account to her friend.

That meant a closer watch than ever and earlier bedtime than ever. But the artist had artistic temperament. He'd read of Romeo, and he learned that the stern father, after locking his daughter in her room at night, often went out himself for an hour or two. So Roy took chances with a addler.

'Neath Her Bower.

"I always told him not to do it," Virginia told her friend. "I was scared of my life. But he said just trust him—it would be all right. And he'd get a little ladder, steal around to the side of the house in the darkness and put it up to my window.

"Oh, he is a perfect gentleman! He never asked me to go out, and he never thought of coming in. But he just liked to stand there, with his head and shoulders inside the window sill and talk to me. I never heard such talk before either. All about moonlight making magic in the dark, and the dim shadows turning everything that was harsh and cruel in the daytime to softness and then and friendliness and beauty. That's what he used to tell me and then say that we, too, he, and I, got caught in that magic spell and couldn't ever get afay."

Still, we should be fair. The twelve-hour day is fastened upon a lot of farm hands who never heard of Judge Gary.

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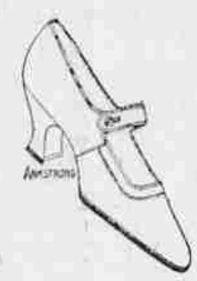

Sale starts Saturday
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Farmers Attention

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