The Shades Discuss "Confiscation"

WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON AND ADAMS OFFER SOME ORIGINAL VIEWS ON A MOST DELICATE SUBJECT

By FREDERICK UPHAM ADAMS

(Introduction—The Shades of Washington, Jefferson and Samuel Adams return to the country they helped to establish. Late at night they visit the library-room of Smith, an author, and find him in conversation with his friend Brown. A number of conferences ensue, after which the Shades depart on a tour of the country and make a study of existing conditions. They are again visiting Smith and Brown when the following discussion takes place.)

AS I have recorded, we were discussing the enormous fortunes of the Rockefellers and others in the centi-millionaire class, and Jefferson had calmly asserted that "there have been instances, personal and National, where the unfair winner was compelled to disgorge." My friend Brown turned to the dictionary.

"'Disgorger,' he read, 'means, among other things, to restore, as dishonest gains. It is only another word for confiscation.'"

"And a harsher one," I declared. "To take from an individual that which he has legally acquired is repugnant to the theory of American institutions."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jefferson, with scant veiled sarcasm. "We hear a great deal about American Institutions,' Mr. Smith. I do not recall that we had any when we were more or less active in National affairs. My observation and reading shows me that your great property interests attempt to justify their every action by a reference to the 'spirit of our American institutions' What are these American institutions? Where can I obtain a list of them? Who formulated them?"

"They constitute our unwritten law," I answered, after a pause very embarrassing to me.

"What are some of its clauses?" Jefferson persisted.

"The observation of the Sabbath," I replied, "is one of our cherished American institutions."

"Only a fraction of your people observe the Lord's day," observed Jefferson, "and your National Constitution expressly disavows recognition of any religion. Is the Hebrew who recognizes Saturday as a day of rest and devotion 'false to the spirit of American institutions'?"

"Without entering into a discussion of that," I replied with some warmth, "I will say that the sacredness of property is a part of that code commonly called our American institutions. We recognize the right of an individual to the use of what property he has acquired under our National Constitution and the laws of his state and community. We fix no limit on the amount of his holdings, and permit him with certain restrictions to transmit it to such heirs as he may designate."

"How long has this been incorporated as one of your American institutions?" asked Jefferson.

"Since the foundation of the republic," I declared.

Some Forgotten History.

"Surely you have forgotten your history," said Jefferson, with the confident smile of one who has trapped his opponent. "The Constitution explicitly recognized the institution of slavery, classed negroes as property, provided for their importation and taxation up to a certain date, and in other ways secured to their owners a property right in them. Your Supreme Court at a much later date reaffirmed the legality of slavery south of Mason and Dixon's line, and every plantation owner who held or purchased a slave did so under the sanction of the Constitution, the National laws, the decisions of your highest courts, and fortified by all of the authority of the Republic. Are not these statements true?"

"I must admit that they are," I said.

"Slavery was an American institution," continued Jefferson, "and the slaveholder asserted the 'sacredness of property' as a reason why they should not be compelled to surrender their lawful possessions. Yet, with the stroke of a pen, Abraham Lincoln abolished slavery and confiscated hundreds of millions of property. I ask you, Mr. Smith, did President Lincoln do right or wrong in freeing the slaves?"

"He did right," I unhesitatingly replied.

"I agree with you," he said, "but must call your attention to the fact that your dogma of the sacredness of property disappears into thin air with your assertion that there was justification for the proclamation of emancipation. There were slaveholders who remained true to the Union, yet their lawful property was taken from them. Many of them were thereby impoverished. They were the innocent victims of an institution which was founded by their forefathers and fortified by written and unwritten law. And yet, Mr. Smith, you asert that "to take from an individual that which he has legally acquired is repugnant to the spirit of American institutions.' It occurs to me that the American of today is over-fond of meaningless phrases and pointless platitudes."

Privilege Learns Nothing.

"I must say," remarked Samuel Adams, "that I cannot see that the average citizen of today is more conservative or law abiding than those of our time, though he doubtless seeks to convince himself that he is. Every man has great respect for any law or institution which operates to his advantage. He has a corresponding contempt for any law or institution which enables a favored few to make him pay tribute, but he is slow to move against it. You have created a system under which it is almost impossible to redress great abuses under the forms of law. Every feature of your Government seems a tool in the hands of those who do not hesitate to make an unscrupulous use of wealth. Your slaveholders used political machines, the Congress, the Executive and the courts, to bolster up a wrong, and they succeeded, until it became necessary to ignore all forms of law to accomplish its overthrow. There is nothing new in this. Throughout all history it is shown that abuses grow and are tolerated until the masses rise in revolution, armed or peaceful. Privilege learns nothing from history. Those who have reaped the greater benefits from your National progress are as blind and stupid as those who lived and perished centuries ago."

Defying the Law.

"We are a great people when it comes to detecting faults in other governments and in giving advice to their rulers," declared Brown, who could remain silent no longer. "We are unanimous in the opinion that the Czar of Russia is an obstinate imbecile, who is unable to see the coming storm. Yet what do we witness in this enlightened land of ours? In the same week that the Russian fleet was wiped from the seas our Supreme Court handed down a decision affirming the constitutionality of a law compelling certain corporations in the State of New York to pay a perfectly reasonable franchise tax. They had fought it for years, raising every quibble and purchasing every delay possible under our misadministration of the law. But the highest court finally decided that these corporations owed nearly $25,000,000 in back taxes. Many of these corporations had purchased their franchises from Aldermanic Boards and Legislatures; others have maintained lobbies for the debauching of the representatives of the people; others have swindled their customers by every device possible to the ingenuity of the sharper, and many of them have so abused the privileges granted them as to forfeit their last claim to popular approval. Were it possible to submit the question to the people, they would be stripped of all power to continue their plunderings; there are signs on every hand that the people are so exasperated that they are almost ready to take the law into their own hands—yet with such conditions, what do these corporations do? Do they pay into the public treasury the taxes the highest court of the land has declared to be due? I should say not. They raise new issues and find Judges willing to grant them yet further delay. On the day that the Supreme Court declared they owed this vast sum of money, the price of their stocks actually rose on the New York Stock Exchange. The prediction was freely made on Wall street by some of our great capitalists and dealers of commerce and politics that 'some way would be found to get around the decision of the Supreme Court.' This was the way one faction of our wealth defied the highest expression of our law.

Corporation Czars.

"I say that the Czar is no more short-sighted than these wealthy desperados," continued Brown, when no one attempted to interrupt him. "The Czar has a right under the Russian law to continue the war until the last subject capable of bearing arms is dead or a Japanese prisoner. Moreover, he is fighting for his throne, possibly for his life. These corporation czars have a legal right to exhaust every technical subterfuge, but I claim that they lack common sense. Instead of granting this small concession to the public they have despoiled, they prefer to defy and yet further exasperate it. On the same day that this announcement was made a millionaire stock gambler declared that he would resist the law levying a tax on Wall-street transactions. I presume it will take years to ascertain whether we have a right to tax those gentry for the privilege of plucking the public, during all of which time I will pay taxes on my little house and lot, most of which will be expended on roads for them to run me down with automobiles."

Cannot Discriminate.

"I have noted the incidents so picturesquely described by our friend Brown," smiled Jefferson, "and they only go to prove the truth, which may thus be summarized: 'A fortified and entrenched wrong never did and never will compromise with its victims; it can only exist by aggression, and can be overthrown only by aggression.' As I have said before, Andrew Carnegie is the most remarkable man of his time, for the reason that his sense of humor rose superior to his acquisitiveness. By employing the means at hand, and of which he was a master, he could have become a billionaire, but he had the sense to see that the Nation would not tolerate the billionaire. He also had the sense not to tender advice to that phalanx of billionaires which is struggling to surpass the accumulations of a Rockefeller. He knows, as every man who reads history must know, that the possession of wealth and power warps the judgment, weakens the moral sense, and so exalts the ego of its holders that they are incapable of discriminating between economic right and wrong. The extreme of poverty has the same effect on those condemned to it, and were it not that the germ of justice survived in the middle class, civilization would perish in the clash between greed and privation."

"But what will be the outcome of all this?" I asked. "What remedy do you propose?"

"It is not necessary to propose a remedy—Nature always provides one," answered Thomas Jefferson. "An inequality of wealth or an inequality of power is inevitably followed by confiscation."

"Confiscation!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to predict that the time will come in this or in any other civilized country when the holdings of the wealthy will be confiscated?"

Jefferson Advocates Confiscation.

"May I ask you in return, my dear Mr. Smith," placidly returned Jefferson, "if you can discern any reason why the laws of civilization and of nations should be ignored in this particular instance? Is there any more virtue in your plutocrats than in those who oppressed Rome to her overthrow and to theirs? Is there more forbearance among your rulers than with those who exercised tyranny until it could no longer be tolerated? Has the time arrived for the first time in history when rapacity and corruption can establish itself so strongly that it cannot be shaken from power? There is not a nation on earth today in which its extremely rich are so arrogant, unscrupulous, corrupt and so ignorant in all things save the striving for unneeded wealth. Your daily papers are filled with accounts of their dishonesty, their conspiracies against the public and against your local, state and national governments. They bribe your representatives, they plunder your public institutions, they perjure themselves so as to avoid the payment of taxes on their huge possessions, they make a parade of their luxuries, their affiliation with your churches has driven your people from its pews and their example has permeated your politics with corruption until the world looks at us with a surprise which will surely turn to scorn.

"The time is at hand when you must call things by their right names and when you must follow words with deeds. When I say that the only remedy for the existing state of things is confiscation, I do not mean to infer that the people will forcibly lay hands on the unwieldy accumulations of wealth with which you are familiar. I believe that the time has arrived when it is possible to deal with this problem in a more regular and orderly manner. The power to tax is the power to confiscate. The only way in which a government can obtain revenues is by the levying of taxes. The only way in which a great private fortune can be made is by the levying of taxes on the consumer. In either instance the process is confiscation—call it what you will. Since it is sure that no man can start with nothing and amass a billion or a hundred million of dollars, it is equally certain that he must have confiscated it in some way or other. You may squirm and attempt to evade this conclusion as much as you will, yet it remains unanswered and unanswerable. What is the remedy for confiscation—the logical, orderly and scientific remedy? Confiscation—in other words, taxation."

"As I understand you, Mr. Jefferson, "I said, "you would correct the present inequality in wealth by taxation. I presume you are aware that an attempt was made to accomplish some such result with an income tax, and the Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional."

"I am familiar with that incident," dryly remarked Jefferson, "but I doubt if so mild an expedient as an income tax will meet the conditions which are developing."

I must reserve an account of the interesting debate which followed until the next chapter. As near as I can recall, Washington took no part up to this stage of the discussion.

St. Patrick and the Sinner

BY SEUMAS MAC MANUS.

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ONE faculty with which Owen a-Slaivin was blessed was the happy knack of sleeping where and when and for what length of time he chose. If Owen came in from his day's work with a keen appetite for his supper and found that the pratie pot did not yet show signs of boiling—found that "the white horses" were not in it—"Why," he would say to Peggy, "I'll just bab an eye till they're ready for teemin'," and, sitting on his creeple stool, to the one side of the fire, he would simply bow his head and sleep soundly and refreshingly for the five minutes or the ten minutes (as the case might be) which were to spare before his services were requisitioned to link off the big pot and teem it from the doorstep. The Bummadier prophesied that when poor Owen's time had come to die (which God keep afar!), and Peggy and the priest were standing by his bedside watching for the dread moment, Owen would surely ask them how many minutes they thought he had, and forthwith proceed to "bab an eye" for the allotted time.

And though we youngsters were amused at Owen's power of falling asleep, and keeping so, in the most awkward position and under the most unfavorable conditions, it was by times aggravating. When we were in the humor for hearing one of the many brilliant stories, both traditional and made to order, that Owen could recite so racily, and when Owen, to our joy, had consented to "reharse us a rattlin' good yarn," and we therefore had quieted down from our frolics and drawn the circle close around Owen's hearth fire (each upon his haunches upon the clay floor), supporting our backs by clasping our hands around our knees, it was just then a trifle trying to find that Owen had been seized with the bright idea of "babbing an eye" while we settled ourselves. But—Owen's story was always worth waiting for, as witness this one:

At the time that good Saint Pathrick (may the heavens be his bed!) was convartin' Irelan' from haythendom, an' afther he'd screenged the kingdom high up an' low down, mainin' not to laive thrace or thrack of anything haythenish atween the four says, an' when he thought at last he could sit down an' thank God, an' wipe the sweat off of his forehead, doesn't there come word till him that there was still wan haythen—a hardened villain—livin' in the neighborhood iv Athlone, who refused to be convarted, an' wouldn't be either coaxed or kicked intil Christianity.

The Sent was purty vexed, as you may suppose, at this, an' "Upon my varity," siz Pathrick, siz he, "I'll make him sorry his gran'mother was iver born."

Now, at this time, the Sent had 'most all the sarpints gathered into the say; for as he went up an' down convartin', he used, as he sayed himself, to kill two birds with the wan stone, an' gather the sarpints afore him as he went, an' ivery time he came convaynient to the say he'd throt them out an' over with them. But he had yet to go wan other journey to gather up all the missed an' strayed wans. So, to his feet he gets, an' spittin' on his fist, takes a good grip of his goold-headed pastoral staff, an' off with him. He started at the Joyant's Causeway, an' gathered all afore him as he come down, intendin' for to run them all intil the ocean at the Cove iv Cork. When he reached as far as in the neighborhood of Athlone, he inquired for the residence of the haythen, an' the people diracted him. So Pathrick driv his sarpints that way, an' when he come to the house of the haythen he ordhered that lad to come out till he's put him through his p's and q's. The haythen he come out, an' Pathrick hurled at his head all the denunciations in the Scripthurs.

"An' now," siz he, "will ye consint to be convarted? There's heaven, an' there's hell," siz he, "afore ye; make yer own choice. Only this, if ye choose haythendom an' hell, then off ye march in the middle iv this thribe of sarpints here—off, an' into the say."

"Misther Sent Pathrick," the haythen was beginnin', but the Sent stops him.

"No 'mistherin' ' for me, if ye plaise," says the Sent. "I'm just plain Sent Pathrick."

"Well, Sent Pathrick," siz the haythen, "would yer sentship kindly give me an kday-a iv what sort of company goes to heaven?"

"To heaven," siz Sent Pathrick, "'ll go all the good an' pious people that spends their lives in prayin' an' fastin' an' meditatin'; all them that don't carouse, an' drink wine, an' bawl comic songs, an' br'ak their neighbors' heads at the fair."

"An' to hell?" sez the haythen.

"To hell," sez the Sent, "goes all the bad people that, instead iv prayin' an' fastin', watchin' an' meditatin', goes around instead to weddin's and wakes, fairs and frolics, singin' an' dancin', chrinkin' an' carousin', fightin' an' lovemakin'—all these goes to hell. So, me good fella, beware, beware! Reflect upon that before ye give yer decision!"

But the haythen—sinber that he was—tuk small time for reflection. "Yer Sentship," siz he, "plaise chrive me on with the sarpints!"

Poor Sent Patrick was dumbfounded. An' small wondher! Then the lad axed him laive to go in an' put on a clane collar, an' give his hands an' his face a lick, afore settin' out. An' the Sent, bein' no bad fella, consented, and sat down on a stone outside waitin' for him. But, behould ye, the haythen—fer he was a purty purtickler kind iv a buck—tuk a longer time nor Pathrick had bargained for, gettin' himself intil rotation; an' the Sent had to send in word till him to shake himself an' be quick, bekase the sarpints was meandhertn' about an' annoyin' the people passin' the roads.

Now this haythen had discovered the saycret of brewin' from corn what he called Ishky-bagh (Uisge-bath), or the Wather iv Life, an' what we nowadays call plain whisky. So he tuk an' sent out to Pathrick a cruiskin of the Uisge-bath, to keep him company while he'd wait an' to sloke his thirst bekase, more be the same token, it was a mortal warm, chrouthy day. But Sent Pathrick was always wan iv the most temperate iv men, an' he sent back word to the haythen that it was no manner of use thryin' to temp' an' bribe him; for him to hurry himsely up, if he plaised, for it would be a hard job gatherin' together the sarpints, who, durin' this long wait, were athrugglin' an' strayin' to all parts.

Still, the jug, havin' been placed at Pathrick's elbow, the scent iv it soon struck him, an Pathrick immediately begun drawin' in long breaths through his nose.

"I believe," siz he till himself at length, "It's my duty as the Sent iv this counthry to test what this evil new liquor is like, so as to warn me canvarts agin' it." So he hoisted the little cruiskin to his lips, an' let the smallest chrop iv the stuff sit upon his tongue. He smacked his lips at wanst, an' tuk a trifle more. The eyes of the good Sent brightened up at this, an' he tried a third sup.

"It is a mortial chrouthy day," siz he. An' thin siz he to the sarvint that brought him the liquor: "Ye may tell the haythen," siz he, "not to discommode himself hurryin' too much with his chressin'. I have lavin's and lashin's iv time."

The poor Sent, poor man, was mighty chrouthy, there's no doubt iv it, an' small blame till him such a day; an' when the haythen at length came out, chressed an' ready for the road, it was low tide in the cruiskin.

"Now," siz Sent Pathrick, "It's a usual thing, when a man's goin' to be hung, to grant him any requist, in modheration, that he axes. So," siz he, "as you're in much the same position as a man goin' till his hangin', I'll grant you the requist iv takin' with ye, for company on the road an' to squelch yer thirst—I'll grant ye the requist iv takin' a cruiskin iv the Uisge-bath with ye."

The lad he smiled, an' siz he, "Ay, but, Sent Pathrick, so far as I know, it isn't usually the hangman that chooses the requist. But no matther," siz he, "the cruiskin I'll take." So takin' undher his arm a comfortable-sized wan, with the bubbles on top iv it winkin' at ye, the haythen tuk his place among the sarpints, an' Pathrick, headin' all iv them off on the road for the Cove, started.

It was a long an' a chreich journey, an' the Sent, poor man, had the dicken's own throublesome time iv it. The haythen, iv course, he went along all right; but the sarpints was the very divil to manage, an' there wasn't a crossroads they come to that the whole covey iv them wouldn't take an' start down the wrong way, purtendin' all as wan as that they thought in their hearts they wor takin' the very right way an' savin' the Sent throuble; an' the poor diathracted Sent had to be cleekin' this lad back with the cleek iv his staff, for to make him go right; an' pummellin' that boy with the goold head iv his stick, to make him mend his manners; an' proddin' another lazy schalmer, to encourage him; but (to give the divil his due) the hawthen he was aisy dhrivin', an' went along all right, givin' no throuble whatsomiver.

As I sayed, it was a mighty chrouthy sort iv a day, an' what atween the drouth an' the fatalgue an' the vexation the sarpints give him, Pathrick (no wonder) wanted for to stop and sloke his thirst at almost every runnin' sthraim he come till; but the haythen (who was noways bad-hearted after all) always made offer of the cruihkin to the Sent instead.

It's a bad medicine is the cowl wather when wan's hot an' sweatin'; so Pathrick always consented to take a pull out iv the cruiskin, an' when he'd dhraw his sleeve along his mouth, an' hand back the cruiskin, he'd say, "Thanky, Haythen. That's mighty slokin'." An' faith so it was.

An' afther a hard an' thryin', tiresome time iv it, poor Sent Pathrick, both tired an' footsore, worn an' forlorn, with the temper iv him nigh broke, at long an' last reached the say at the Cove iv Cork. An' he had screenged the couthry so well this time that he hadn't left a sthrayed or sthraggled sarpint from end till wynd iv Irelan' that he hadn't gathered with him, an' the haythen—the only remainin' haythen in all the lan'—among them. An' he now surrounded the congregation, himself an' his staff, an' driv them higgledy-piggledy out into the raavenous waves iv the ocean, all iv them, barrin' the haythen, who he wanted to say a last wurrd till. An' when he watched till he seen the tail iv the last sarpint stop kickin' above the wather an' disappear forever, he turned till the haythen, who was standin' there waitin' his turn, an' siz he:

"How long have ye been makin' that obnoxious liquid ye call Uisge-bath?"

"Nigh on ten years, Sent," siz the haythen.

"Ye hardened sinner,' siz the Sent. "An' dhrinkin' it?"

"An' dhrinkin' it, yis," siz the haythen.

"Och, och! but yere the hopeless sinner," siz the Sent. "Now," siz the Sent, "I have tested that Uisge-bath in the interests iv all my Christians in Irelan'; it was my duty to do at all hazards whatsomiver. Again an' again, unshrinkin', I've done me duty by that Uisge-bath an' my Christians, an' I now pronounce it a dangerous liquor, that's liable to work no end of harm, sin, an' misery, if it iver goes intil thoughtless hands. Tell me, how many people knows the saicret iv producin' that sinful dhrink."

"The surra take the sinner but me own self," siz the haythen.

"Thank God," siz Sent Pathrick. "It'll be the aisier done away with. Write me out the resait."

"For what," siz the haythen, "does yer sentship want the resait?"

"In ordher," siz Sent Pathrick, "that I may burn it up, an' destroy the saicret for iver."

"But sure," sez the haythen, "when ye've dhriv me intil theh say afther them other lads ye're afther dumpin' the saicret will be desthroyed for iver."

"Right enough,' siz the Sent, "but I want to desthroy both you and the resait, an' in that way make double sure."

But no, the lad was parvarse to the end. He'd not give Pathrick the resait, on no account whatsomiver. An', though the Sent worked him high up an' low down, it wasn't wan bit of use, good, bad or ondifferent; his saicret would never go on paper.

"Come, dhrive me in," he says, "dhrive me in to the say, an' be done with me," the parvarse villain that he was.

Sent Pathrick tuk a turn or two up an' down the banks iv the say, an' he thinkin hard. An' at long an' at last he ups to the haythen again, an' he siz, siz he:

"I have been thinkin' an' reflectin' upon your case," siz he, "an' it's only this instant it sthrikes me that since I have convarted an' made good, pious Christians out of all the rest in Ireland, if I dhrownded you it'll niver do at all at all, for I'll have niver a sinner at all in the whole kingdom to praich against an' to hould up as a warnin' an' a moral to all the good people. That," siz the Sent, "'ud niver do at all at all. I must spare you for a bad example."

"For a bad example!" siz the haythen. "Well, I'm sure I'm mortal thankful to yer sentship for yer oncommon great kindness. Still, don't think me ongrateful, but it sthrikes me that a bad example is but a slack profession, afther all, for a poor divil to be expected to knock out a livin' at."

"As for that," siz Sent Pathrick, "I'll make parsonal application to the King iv Irelan' to have ye salaried, so ye can live comfortable an' aisy durin' the rest iv yer natural life. Ye'll have to thramp around with me wheresomiver I go praichin' an' be the scorn an' opprobrium that ye desarve."

"Sent Pathrick," siz the poor fella, all live with gratefulness, "I'll give ye me vow niver from this day out to distil wan other dhrop iv Uisge-bath."

"Aisy, aisy, ye vagabone ye!" siz Pathrick. "Remimber yer callin'!" A purty sort iv a start that would be, wouldn't it? If ye're goin' to be my Bad Example, ye must be it with all the veins iv yer heart, or else ye'll find me, some mornin', givin' ye the run down the same padwalk the other sarpints went. Sartinly, ye must keep yer hand in, makin' dhrops iv that depraved an' sinful liquor back and forrid. There's no betther way iv perfectin' yerself for the profession I'm givin' ye."

"An' so the Sent, on all his rounds through Irelan' afther, niver journeyed without his Bad Example, who he made great use iv for houldin' all good Christians on the right coorse, in tarror an' awe. An' the Bad Example lived for many long years in pace, comfort an' content, as happy as such a vile sinner could expect to be."

Toy Novelties for the Summer Vacation

WITH school days fast drawing to a close, mothers are haunted with the vexing question of how to keep the children amused when simple, open-air games fail of variety. A walk through the up-to-date toy shop, however, will dispel all such forebodings. Every imaginable plaything which could possibly add to a child's Summer pleasures is to be found there in almost bewildering array.

The devoted mother's first thought is for the little daughter and the inevitable doll. Most fascinating among dolls for warm weather trundling, especially if the little mamma delights in carrying her on out-of-town trips, is a carefully made rag doll, with face, hands and feet of glazed canvas, painted in flesh tints. The one great drawback to the ordinary rag doll is that it cannot have its face washed, but this new glazed canvas loses none of its pretty coloring by the careful use of soap and water.

Bisque dolls can now be purchased not only dressed in the costume of different nations, but with faces and figures in exact imitation of various races. There is the French gendarme, with his twirling black mustachios and long, pointed fingers, and the Japanese lady with beady eyes and pinched feet. Even some of the famous comedians are perfectly reproduced in features and make-up in these toy men and women.

The toy shop now supplies the lady doll with everyday and Sunday clothes for all seasons, just as the bigger shops do for its wee mamma. A most novel contrivance to aid in dolly's comfort is a wooden frame, which supports the toy hammock.

But there is one plaything in which girls and boys take almost equal interest, and that is a tent for lawn or backyard. A white canvas tent with poles and loops for adjustment is sold this year at a price within the reach of the most unpretentious household. Some of these tents are prettily decorated with Indian scenes, and a more expensive tent is an exact imitation of the Indian wigwam. It is accompanied with children's suits of Indian garb.

Distinctly for brother's use (though with a great deal of condescension he may give sister a ride) are the spring wagons, which can be run by pedals like a velocipede. The most attractive of these are built to imitate automobiles, with tonneaus, glass guards and steam engines, and finer than all the others, one petted youngster has a cart that looks for all the world like a miniature battleship. Boys who have a goat or dog which can be harnessed will spend their energy this Summer teasing for a small skeleton two-wheel gig, such as are used for trotting horses.

For children at the seashore there is an endless display of appliances for playing with sand. The Chicago grain elevators are reproduced in toys, so that a young wheat marchant can fill his warehouses with sand by means of dumpcarts worked by hand cranks. Another toy shows a barn, the lofts of which are filled from a dumping machine raised by a miniature windmill.

The Rose That Grew Too High for Me

Exchange.

It was peeping through the bramble,
That little wild, white rose,
Where the hawthorne hedge was planted
My garden to inclose.
All beyond was thorn and heather,
All within was sun and shelter
And the wealth of beauty's store.
But I did not heed the fragrance
Of flow'ret or of tree,
For my eyes were on that white rose,
And it grew too high for me.

All through the Summer morning
I lingered near the spot;
Oh, why do things seem sweeter
When we possess them not?
My garden buds were blooming,
But all that I could see
Was that little, mocking, white rose
Hanging just too high for me.

So, in Life's wider garden
There are buds of promise, too.
Beyond our reach to gather,
But not beyond our view.
And, like the little charmer
That tempted me astray,
They steal out half the brightness
From many a Summer day.
Oh, hearts that faint with longing
For some forbidden tree
Look up! and learn a lesson
From my white rose and me.

'Tis wiser far, to number
The blessings at our feet,
Than ever to be sighing
For just one bud more sweet
My sunbeams and my shadows,
Fall from a pierced Hand.
I can surely trust His wisdom
Since His heart I understand.
And maybe in the morning
When His blessed face I see,
He'll tell me why my white rose
Grew just too high for me.

Latest Photograph of
Miss Carrie Wilson, 3728 64th Place, Chicago.

Danderine

Grew Miss Wilson's Hair

AND WE CAN

PROVE IT.

Danderine Is So Exhilarating, Invigorating

and strengthening to both the hair and scalp that even a 25c. bottle of it is often enough to show wonderful improvements. It at once imparts a sparkling brilliancy and velvety softness to the hair, and a few weeks' use will cause new hair to sprout out all over the scalp, and grow abundantly, long and beautiful. Use it every day for awhile, after which two or three times a week will be enough to complete whatever growth you desire.

NOW at all druggists, in three sizes, **25** cents, **50** cents and **$1.00** per bottle.

FREE. To show how quickly **Danderine** acts, we will send a large sample free by return mail to any one who sends this advertisement to the **Knowlton Danderine Co., Chicago,** with their name and address and ten cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.

FOR SALE AND GUARANTEED BY WOODARD, CLARKE & COMPANY.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

O.R.&N.

OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

3 TRAINS TO THE EAST DAILY.

Through Pullman standards and tourist sleeping-cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping-car daily to Kansas City; through Pullman tourist sleeping-car (personally conducted) weekly to Chicago. Reclining chair-cars (seats free) to the East daily.

UNION DEPOT.	Leaves.	Arrives.
CHICAGO-PORTLAND SPECIAL for the East via Huntington.	9:15 A. M. Daily.	5:25 P. M. Daily.
SPOKANE FLYER For Eastern Washington, Walla Walla, Lewiston, Coeur d'Alene and Great Northern points.	6:15 P. M. Daily.	8:00 A. M. Daily.
ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	8:15 P. M. Daily.	7:15 A. M. Daily.

RIVER SCHEDULE.

FOR ASTORIA and way points, connecting with steamer for Ilwaco and North Beach, steamer Hassalo, Ash-st. dock (water per.)	8:00 P. M. Daily, except Sunday.	5:00 P. M. Daily, except Sunday.
FOR DAYTON, Oregon City and Yamhill River points, Ash-st. dock (water per.)	7:00 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	5:30 P. M. Daily, except Sunday.
FOR LEWISTON, Idaho and way points from Riparia, Wash.	4:00 A. M. Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday.	About 5:00 P. M. Monday, Wednesday Saturday.

TICKET OFFICE, Third and Washington. Telephone Main 712. C. W. Stinger, City Ticket Agt.; A. L. Craig, General Passenger Agt.

SAN FRANCISCO & PORTLAND S. S. CO.

Operating the Only Passenger Steamers for San Francisco Direct.

"Columbia"—June 25; July 5, 15, 25.
"St. Paul"—June 20, 30; July 10, 20, 30.
AINSWORTH DOCK AT 8 P. M.

Through tickets via San Francisco to all points in United States, Mexico, Central and South America, Panama, Honolulu, China, Japan, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand and Round-the-World Tours.

JAS. H. DEWSON, Agent.
Phone Main 268. 248 Washington st.

EAST VIA SOUTH

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. SUNSET ROUTE. PACIFIC COAST ROUTES

Leaves.	UNION DEPOT.	Arrives.
*5:30 P. M.	OVERLAND EXPRESS TRAINS for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East.	*7:25 A. M.
*8:30 A. M.	Morning train connects at Woodburn daily except Sunday with train for Mount Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield, Wendling and Natron.	*6:10 P. M.
*8:00 P. M.	Eugene passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local.	*10:35 A. M.
*7:30 A. M. *4:50 P. M.	Corvallis passenger Sheridan passenger	*5:50 P. M. 8:25 A. M.

* Daily.

PORTLAND-OSWEGO SUBURBAN SERVICE AND YAMHILL DIVISION.

Leave Portland daily for Oswego at 7:30 A. M.; 12:50, 2:05, 4, 5:30, 6, 6:35, 7:45, 10:10 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 5:30, 6:30, 8:35, 10:25 A. M., 11:30 P. M. Sunday only, 9 A. M.

Returning from Oswego, arrives Portland daily 6:00, 10:10 A. M., 1:55, 3:05, 4:55, 6:20, 7:35, 9:55, 11:10 P. M. Daily except Sunday, 6:25, 7:25, 9:30, 11:45 A. M. Except Monday, 12:25 A. M., Sunday only, 10 A. M.

Leave from same depot for Dallas and intermediate points daily, 6 P. M. Arrive Portland, 10:10 A. M.

The Independence-Monmouth motor line operates daily to Monmouth and Airlie, connecting with S. P. Co. trains at Dallas and Independence.

First-class fares from Portland to Sacramento and San Francisco, $20; berth, $3. Second-class fare, $15; second-class berth, $2.50.

Tickets to Eastern points and Europe. Also Japan, China, Honolulu and Australia.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, corner Third and Washington streets. Phone Main 712.

TIME CARD OF TRAINS

NORTHERN PACIFIC

PORTLAND

DAILY.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Yellowstone Park-Kansas City, St. Louis Special for Chehalis, Centralia, Olympia, Gray's Harbor, South Bend, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Lewiston, Butte, Billings, Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis and Southeast.	8:30 a m	4:30 p m
North Coast Limited, electric lighted, for Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Butte, Minneapolis, St. Paul and the East	2:00 p m	7:00 a m
Puget Sound Limited for Chehalis, Centralia, Tacoma and Seattle only	4:50 p m	10:55 p m
Twin City Express for Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Helena, Butte, Yellowstone Park, Minneapolis, St. Paul and the East	11:45 p m	6:50 p m

A. D. Charlton, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 255 Morrison st., corner Third, Portland, Or.

Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co.

Leaves.	UNION DEPOT.	Arrives.
Daily. 8:00 A. M.	For Maygers, Rainier, Clatskanie, Westport, Clifton, Astoria, Warrenton, Flavel, Hammond, Fort Stevens, Gearhart Park, Seaside, Astoria and Seashore.	Daily. 11:10 A. M.
	Express Daily.	
7:00 P. M	Astoria Express. Daily.	9:40 P. M.

C. A. STEWART, Comm'l Agt., 248 Alder st. J. C. MAYO, G. F. & P. A. Phone Main 906.

For South-Eastern Alaska

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers Leave Seattle.

S. S. Humboldt, S. S. City of Seattle, S. S. Cottage City, June 12. Excursion S. S. Spokane leaves June 22, July 6-29, August 3-17.

For San Francisco direct, Queen, City of Puebla, Umatilla, 9 A. M., June 12-17-22-27.

Portland office, 249 Washington st.
C. D. DUNANN, G. F. A., San Francisco.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Columbia River Scenery

Portland, Cascade Locks, The Dalles

Regulator Line Steamers

Steamers leave Portland daily (except Sunday) 7 A. M., connecting at Lyle with Columbia River & Northern Railway Company for Goldendale and Klickitat Valley points. Round trip every Monday, Wednesday and Friday to Cascade Locks. Every Sunay, excursion to Cascade Locks and return, leaves 9 A. M., returns 6 P. M. Dock foot of Alder st. Phone Main 914.

THE GREAT NORTHERN

City Ticket Office, 122 Third St., Phone 686.

2 OVERLAND TRAINS DAILY 2
The Flyer and the Fast Mail.

SPLENDID SERVICE—
UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT—
COURTEOUS EMPLOYES—

For tickets, rates, folders and full information, call on or address
H. DICKSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agt., 122 Third street, Portland, Or.

JAPAN-AMERICAN LINE

S. S. IYO MARU,

For Japan, China and all Asiatic Ports, will leave Seattle about July 29.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

$10.00

will defray all expenses for 4 days' vacation round trip on the luxurious ocean-going steamers City of Puebla, Queen or Umatilla

Leaving Seattle and Tacoma every fifth day, calling at Everett, South Bellingham, Bellingham, Vancouver, Etc.

For full particulars apply
TICKET OFFICE, 249 Washington st.

DIRECT PASSENGER SERVICE TO NORWAY, SWEDEN & DENMARK
By the fast 10,000-ton twin-screw steamers. 9½ days from New York to Scandinavia.
Heilig Olav..June 21 United States..Aug. 16
United States..July 5 Oscar II.....Aug. 30
Oscar II.....July 19 Heilig Olav..Sept. 13
Heilig Olav..Aug. 2 United States..Sep. 27
SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICAN LINE,
No. 1 Broadway, New York,
or Local Agents.