

WINTER FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT SPRING

ITS TRADITIONAL AND HISTORICAL PLEASURES STRIPPED OF THEIR GLAMOUR

BY LEONE CASS BAER

WITH HER OWN ILLUSERATIONS

Now is the season of sulphur and iron-ore, hock beer, hollies, frolics, nature poems, announcements of engagements and other evils. The oldest inhabitant tells why this particular Spring is or is not like its predecessors, and the weather-prognosticator rests from his labors.

The frisky lambs and calves, the baby chicks and colts, the ducklings, garden plot with peeping green, the wild flowers and blossoming trees are standing pat for their usual quota of Ahs and Oh's by an admiring public.

The cars are filled to overflowing (yes, Henry you are right, in cities other than Portland this alone is indicative of warm days, but the Portland streetcar system allows only one extra car in the Spring).

The park benches are working overtime and gate hinges are being repaired.

The seed stores are making expenses and bookstores are offering bargain sales of "Every Man His Own Gardener" and "Handy Manual and Hints on raising vegetables and flowers."

Angeline gaily gathers poison ivy and transplants it in the front yard; grandpa has sun pains, the children all have a sneeze of leaky noses and mother wears her nerves to a frazzle trying to decide whether to have the house papered and painted or to Scasde on the money. The daring ones shed their winter flannels; the more cautious compromise with gaiters and a chest protector.

Fat femininity in general dons lacy lingerie and goes forth to make wretched the heart of some other woman who hasn't a "ling" to her name. Yes, Rosie, lingerie is perfectly proper to use. If they have valenciennes lace and tucks and pink or blue ribbons on 'em you are authorized to refer to 'em as "lingerie," but if you get the plain, unfrilled undombed kind a bare sale it would be distinctly bad form to use any other than the usual old-fashioned names.

This is the season when the scent of the little green onion takes precedence over the soft fragrance of the south winds. People who like them, lie about it and pretend they don't. Yes, I mean you, Mrs. Subbubs. You'd love to eat a lot of the little green onion lent things, wouldn't you, because of the odor it would leave on your breath. John Henry eats cloves and then kills two birds with one stone. Ah, you sly old devil. Miss Young-things eats 'em and dantes her own Mr. Briddle has to "just taste a teeny teeny bit" so he can't smell his wife's "breeches." One's conversational stock need contain only such phrases as "Isn't this a lovely day?" and "I hope you don't mind my breath, we had onions for lunch," or "I suppose you are going to the beach."

The school children blithely carol about the "brown thrush setting-up in a tree" or "Spring wrens said-to-a daisy, fair," and get on numerous excursions with teacher or some friend into the woods at the end of the carline.

Quicksilver little boys frighten their mothers into fits by bringing home an assorted collection of frogs, lizards, birds' eggs, grasshoppers and young water snakes, appearing with stockbats suspiciously moist and with a "puck" in their eyes.

Little girls refuse to go bonneted and wish they were boys. I think every girl at some time in her life sighs for the seemingly care-free and independent existence of a boy.

I know a baby girl of 3 who wailed into her mother's ear one Spring day the fact that she wanted to be a boy. "And why?" asked the mother, wishing to see if the case was curable. "Well, boys don't have to wear pink dresses and be so careful of their clothes," was the astounded reply. "But you can put on your rompers and play without soiling the nice pink dress," said the child's mother. "The baby pondered the words and finally said, in a settled-for-all-time manner, "Yes, mummie, but I can't stand on my head."

'Tis the time of year when embryo poets dish up now and wonderful concoctions relative to Spring, and all the impressionistic phrases peculiar to this season, that have lain dormant for a year, come forth to grace (God spare the mark) the pages of the Weekly Clarion or the Spudville Gazette. Such terms as "opalinescent fires," "molten clouds," "erlison flush" (No, Henry, it has nothing to do with diamonds or hearts), "purling, palpitating dusk," and "pale, penesive moon," set one to thinking of the vast possibilities in our English as she is spoke and wrote.

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How pleasant, too, is the road, one must needs travel to attain the vacation. What saving and scrimping, sometimes, what going without some necessary comfort, and what exquisite bliss to prepare for the said vacation. Woollens and furs to be put away from reach of moths, house-cleaning and all its train of evils, clothes to be purchased and sometimes paid for, trunks to be packed, letters to be written. What a strenuous life one leads in preparing for and during one's vacation.

Anticipation is never equaled by realization in the vacation deal. We always fall short of the plans and dreams.

We have visions of long, delicious rambles through the fields and over the "greenward" picking daisies and buttercups. It spells nice in print, but one only rambles if one is slender and 29, rheumatic 45 and stout must needs amble; and besides, do you really know of a more tiresome pastime than navigating in a squatting position over 15 acres of real estate, picking short-stemmed, pie-eyed daisies?

Visions, too, of a table, snowy-covered, set out under the old apple trees, and hearing all the dainty, tempting, appetizing things one sees in the printed menus on "Our Lady's Own Page," come to the tired buttercup picker, as



EVERY SPRING WE YEARN FOR THIS.

In his rays and smoke your pipe, if you are a male creature; if of the said-to-be gentler sex, you read the last divorce scandal in the week-old paper, all the

while fighting black flies and mosquitoes and gnats. When it gets dark the frogs in the hollow set up their nightly croaking and the old man of the place comes out to talk over with you Chamberlain's and Calk's troubles. Your host's wife is sometimes as interesting and well-posted as the female members

of your own household, and can jabber away for hours at a stretch about nothing at all.

The only odor that assails your esthetic nostrils is the kerosene when the lamps are lighted. As it gets duskier your companions in distress disappear into their purgatorial bedrooms, climb into their nice warm feather beds, and he gasping for the ozone that occasionally strays in through the 2nd window.

We have, too, visions of dear Aunt Martha in her fresh, blue calico dress beating new-laid eggs into a delicious omelette, or dishing out great luscious red strawberries to be eaten with our morning repast.

As a matter of fact, dear Aunt Martha is a financier of the darkest water, and the new-laid eggs and crimson strawberry dream is rudely shattered. Long before the blithe vacationist has arisen in the morning the aforementioned commodities are reposing gently in the farmer's cart en route to the wicked city to be sold for city folks' consumption.

Isn't it just lovely to see the cows swish their tails in the meadow, and to be chased under (or over, according to sex) a barbed-wire fence by a vicious bull?

What is more delightful than rising early, breakfasting on a glass of milk and two cold biscuits, hurrying away in the gladsome, bird-peeping morning to the garden, especially if you're rheumatic) chasing yourself 10 miles to a stream where everybody you ever knew or heard tell of caught so many big fish last year and every preceding year, but where the few you finally catch are so surprisingly small and measly; and then traipsing home, tired, cross and hungry at eventide. Great, isn't it?

And what pure, unalloyed bliss when a rainy wet sets in and all you can do is sit at the window or on the porch and watch the rain drip.

Great sport that!

And what fun to ride in the broiling sun for miles and miles, along with the other boarders, for a nice little picnic—and drink warm lemonade and soda pop, and ride back home via the laid river road.

It's great, too, wading in bogs and marshy fields. And you want to see it all so as to be sure you get your money's worth.

Great stunts to climb mountains, especially if you are a fat person with an abdomen and double chin. Up ten miles of tortuous, winding incline, now a broiling sun, now in reeking dampness, through brambles and long-armed vines, for pleasure pure and simple, seems to me an invention of the devil's.

And what fun to pick pond lilies from a boat, at the imminent risk of your clothes and life, and to get out into the soothing woods and by the babbling brook. And always there's the echo stunt. How wonderful it is, to have it answer us as persistently as a woman, but not like a woman in that it always agrees colloquially.

And please someone tell me, do mince pie and custard oil, batter cakes and lye-cake, heavy desserts and pills, preserves and jalap have a natural affinity, that they are so constantly found in each other's company at vacation time?

We want to leave the teeming city—get away from it all, with its conventionalities; away from breakfast and the regularly recurring good dinner, away from its clean tiled bathrooms, away from electric lights and hot and cold water when you want it, away from nice pavements and shady lawns, from the theaters, boom companions, Dutch luncheons and our beautiful Portland roses. We want to get clear away from all this eternally, endlessly, reiterated and repeated routine of the manifold facilities and genuine comforts of our great Portland, and go back to the good old days of the land. Some of us go; those of us who don't or can't are building better than we know.

N. P.—Please note that I have not once referred to the Merry Widow hat.

SWEDENBORG AS A SCIENTIST

He Advanced Knowledge of Physiology 100 Years Before His Contemporaries.

THE removal of Swedenborg's body from London to Stockholm, after it had reposed in the Swedish Lutheran Church in London for 126 years, is a part of a larger movement for the recognition of the great genius of Swedenborg in the domain of science, which has recently gained great impetus in his native land. It is a curious fact that Swedenborg's philosophy has had a much wider influence in the world at large than in his native land. It has profoundly in-

fluenced the greatest writers of Germany, France, England and America. Men of eminence in the domain of literature, science, philosophy and theology have acknowledged their indebtedness to the philosopher of the north.

The movement now on foot to honor the memory of Swedenborg on account of his great scientific attainments had its beginning outside of his native land. Dr. Max Neuburger, of Vienna, in 1901 delivered an address before the Assembly of German Naturalists and Physicians, entitled "Swedenborg's References to the Physiology of the Brain." In this address Dr. Neuburger pointed out some of Swedenborg's most important conclusions in the field of cerebral physiology, in which he was far in advance of his time, and anticipated many modern discoveries. Thus he says: "He leaped a whole century ahead of his age by the announcement of another discovery, for he was the first one to show that the cortical substance of the brain is the exclusive seat of the higher psychical activity, the point of attack of the soul." The address concluded with the warmest expression of appreciation of the great genius of Swedenborg in this field of research, and the opinion was expressed that "this man, during the scientific period of his life, exhibited a penetration in various fields of research that is nothing less than magnificent."

Following up this interest in Swedenborg, Dr. Neuburger addressed a communication to the Academy of Sciences of Stockholm, in which he expressed his regret that Swedenborg's extensive manuscript on the brain, which is preserved in the library of the Academy of Sciences, had not yet been published. This led to the appointment of a committee to investigate the matter. Professor Dr. Gustaf Retzius, the chairman of the committee and president of the Academy, made a study of the subject matter, and in his report stated: "The results of this study he presented before the congress of anatomists at Heidelberg, May 29, 1903, in his address as president of that body."

The committee of the Academy of Sciences now made a thorough examination of the manuscripts of Swedenborg, all of which had been deposited in its library by his heirs. This investigation brought to light a remarkable array of scientific and philosophical works, many of which had never been published. They covered the fields of scientific research and included treatises on mathematics, chemistry, metallurgy, magnetism, ontology and cosmology, geology, paleontology, psychology and anatomy and physiology. There are over 80 titles, many of them bulky treatises, in which Swedenborg seemed to grasp the hidden causes of things. By his principles of vibration, descent, series and order he reduced the various domains of science into a unified whole. Moreover, he anticipated by a century some of the important discoveries of the 19th century, especially in the field of anatomy and physiology.

Dr. Retzius became so impressed with the value of these works that he proposed

to the Academy of Sciences to issue an edition of Swedenborg's scientific and philosophical works, and offered to bear the expense of the first three volumes himself. The first volume of this series has just been issued from the press. It contains Swedenborg's contributions to geology and a number of his letters. The preface is by Dr. Retzius, and the eminent paleontologist and geologist, Professor Alfred G. Nathors, has written the introduction, in which he gives a lucid analysis of Swedenborg's contributions to science at that early stage of the science, and gives him high praise. Volume II will contain treatises on chemistry, physics and mechanics; and volume III on cosmology. Four other volumes are planned, two on the brain and two on physiology.

The movement to transfer Swedenborg's body from England to Sweden originated when the fact was made known that the church in London in which his body rested was to be torn down. This question then arose what should be done with his remains. The Swedish government requested of the British government permission to remove his remains to Sweden, which request being granted, a war vessel was dispatched for the purpose, and the body was transferred, with appropriate honors, to Sweden.

A number of different movements in Sweden have been instituted with relation to Swedenborg and his works. One of these is to be the establishment of a museum in his native land, in which portraits of him, his relics and his works. The librarian of the Stockholm Academy, the institution that possesses his manuscripts, has planned a Swedenborg room to contain these and other Swedenborgiana. Besides this there is the resumption of the publication by a photolithographic process of facsimiles of the manuscripts which have been previously published, resulting in the publication of 10 volumes about 30 years ago. Three splendid volumes, in the new series, have just been issued.

his works before the world. They are doing this not merely as an honor to the man, nor for their historic value, but because they throw a brilliant light on the problems of the present age. Ralph Waldo Emerson speaking of Swedenborg as a scientist and philosopher says:

"Our books are false by being fragmentary, but Swedenborg is systematic, and respective of the world in every sentence; all the means are orderly given; his faculties work with astronomical punctuality; and his admirable writing is pure from all pertness and egotism. His writings would be a sufficient library to the lonely and athletic student; and the 'Economy of the Animal Kingdom' is one of those books, which by the sustained dignity of thinking, is an honor to the human race. The 'Animal Kingdom' is a book of wonderful merit. It is written with the highest end-to-put science and the soul, long estranged from each other, at one again."

One of the misapprehensions and masterpieces of literature, he is not to be measured by whole colleges of ordinary scholars. His stalwart presence would flutter the gowns of a university."

The Academy of Sciences of Stockholm is performing a valuable work in bringing forth from their dusty archives the treasures long hidden there in the manuscripts of Swedenborg. To put him forth in the garb of a philosopher divested of the later theologic vestments, will serve to bring before the world his marvelous qualifications as a scholar.

ONLY REACHES B FLAT

Italians Make Test of Caruso's Voice, and Feel Sad.

New York Telegraph.

Those who were present at the last performance of "Il Trovatore" at the New York Metropolitan Opera-House might have noticed a peculiar spectacle.

It was a group of Italians of all ranks and stations in society, lying in wait for Caruso's top note. Many of them were armed with tuning forks. Among them were Christoforo Campanari, the son of the singer; his friend, Amadeo Vovinkel, of Venice, and Dr. Fannoni, of Naples. They all had been present at an earlier performance of the same opera, and a discussion had arisen between them and some excited Italian art patrons about the precise note that Caruso had sung.

Words had waxed high, and stilletos might have been drawn had not Christoforo Campanari said, "Well, brethren of the Mafia, next time Caruso sings Manrico I'll bring a tuning fork and we'll settle it." "I say he sing-a de high C," said Borromeo di Borromeo, and his partisans sang all drew their tuning forks and nodded. "I say he sang a B-flat," said Dr. Fannoni.

"I prove it by the mathematical demonstration." "Sever mind," said Christoforo, "next 'Trovatore' we bring tuning forks."

Accordingly the next performance the B-flatists came with tuning forks, and also the C naturalists came with tuning forks. "You'll fix you!" muttered one gang to the other. "You see! The two parties stood glaring at each other, waiting until Caruso sang 'Di Quella Pira.' Just as he struck the first note of the song all drew their tuning forks and nodded defiantly at each other. When he got to the high note they all struck the tuning forks simultaneously on their heads. The C's of the tuning fork rang clear and vibrant in their eager ears.

Caruso's note did not agree with it. He had sung a B-flat.

The faces of Vovinkel and Fannoni lit up with triumphant joy.

Borromeo di Borromeo paled with anger and threw his fork angrily at Caruso's head. "The Metropolitan opera one big thing he cried. 'The forks do tune. I prove it.' Abasso Caruso, I want my money back."

And he rushed out to the box-office.



THE BLITHEFUL BUTTERCUP PICKER.

he wends his way wearily homeward, through the wet woods and dusty roads. And isn't it enough to eternally knock poetry out of your system to find a steaming hot repast of pork and cabbage or corned beef and turnips, with mince pie as a final handicap and aid to indigestion awaiting your homecoming.

And the evenings—you had created a pretty little picture in your mind's eye of falling shadows. (No, Lily, I do not know why shadows always fall, presumably for the same reason that the pages of the Weekly Clarion or the Spudville Gazette, such terms as "opalinescent fires," "molten clouds," "erlison flush" (No, Henry, it has nothing to do with diamonds or hearts), "purling, palpitating dusk," and "pale, penesive moon," set one to thinking of the vast possibilities in our English as she is spoke and wrote.

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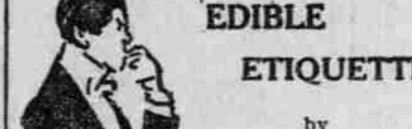
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"FOOLS RUSH IN WHERE ANGELS TREAD."

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TO PA VOTERS!

Don't buy a Pig in a Poke! Vote for Us as the Presidential candidate of the National Papacrat Party, and you will know beforehand just what kind of one you are getting! Instead of waiting until after election and then delivering goods that are not a bit as advertised, we will deliver the stuff now!

New York, May 2.—Last night some persons unknown carried off two subways and one suspension bridge. The police drag-net has gathered in every capitalist in the city, and it is rumored that most of them have confessed.

Our first Presidential Message is written! Every week we shall launch a thunderbolt from it! Each thunderbolt is made by union labor and guaranteed under the Pure Food law! We challenge Pas R. B. C., T. F., et al on this issue alone!

Philadelphia, May 1½.—Yesterday's celebration of last Christmas was very successful.

London, May 3.—A well-known American millionaire yesterday met King Edward and daringly attempted to shake hands. He was taken to the insane asylum, suffering from severe foot bite.

Our first thunderbolt will be on the tariff. We have solved it. Don't miss next week's issue. We have solved it!

In eating pie, be careful not to bite so deep as to muss up the ears.

Paris, May 2.—(Delayed in Transmission.)—The May Day demonstration of deserted and unemployed noblemen was immensely impressive. The parade required 25 hours to pass a given glass of absinthe.

Among other thunderbolts we will hurl one ordering Congress to provide an open season of six months every year for automobiles, during which they may be shot or trapped. We shall also demand life imprisonment for Mas who are guilty of interstate restraint of Pas.

In declining a second helping of anything that does not taste good, always state your reasons in full in a loud, clear tone.

The next instant the sound of a terrible explosion was heard!

Accustomed though she was to luxury, Susan Endive, the Lady Chauffeur, could not suppress an exclamation of astonishment when she entered the suite of the Duke of Arfenarf.

Onyx tables, antique rugs, gold clocks, cut glass vases, handpainted pictures, brass beds, Brussels carpets, pianos, suits of armor, cozy corners, folding couches, plush photograph albums, hammered jardinières, rubber plants, hand-worked mottoes in color, and real lace curtains made a scene of regal splendor.

She looked upward, the Duke's eyes gleamed as she pushed a soft-boiled strictly fresh egg to her bitter enemy, Susan Endive daintily aimed at it and struck it a blow in the latest Waldorf-Astoria style.

Scarcely had the magnificent blue and yellow plush curtains fallen behind them, ere the Duke of Arfenarf turned on Susan Endive, the Lady Chauffeur, and bessed:

"It is true that you know the guilty secret of my life. But hark you! Though you set the myrmidons of the White House on the track of the railroad rebate, I will escape them and carry off Willie Colander, the beautiful vest-model, despite you!"

She looked upward. The sky looked upon her. The first class, stylish Hollyhock Apartment House had been unroofed!

Not while these poor but honest hands can hold the steering-wheel of a small-wheeler to pursue you to the end of the world and more too!" proudly replied Susan Endive, holding out her tiny snow-white hands brought with genuine solitaires.

"Ha!" muttered the Duke of Arfenarf, awed in spite of herself at the resolution in the emerald eyes of the Lady Chauffeur. "Diamond had met Diamond!"

At this terrible moment a servant

Pa Phonics by a Painless Pa.

Modesty is fine to see, But one gets farther without 'she."

She looked upward. The sky looked upon her. The first class, stylish Hollyhock Apartment House had been unroofed!

A little truth will go a long way and find itself among total strangers on the entire trip.

The difference between captains of finance and the rest of us in money matters is just the same as the difference between them and us in the matter of a bottle full of liquor. They don't know any more about the contents than we do, but they've got a corkcraw every time.

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