

"If instead of a gem, or even of a flower, we could cast

When the voluminous autobiography of Herbert Spencer, accepted as one of the most original and influential of modern thinkers, was published, the reading world almost took it for granted that this was the last word of a remarkably busy life and that none of his intimate friends would care to write after him. But those on the inside, so to speak, knew that about 28 years ago Spencer obtained a promise from Dr. Duncan to write his fc. The busy years intervened and the world of thought was turned upside down, but Spencer's mind recurred to the original idea of a biography and this paragraph appeared in his will:

graph appeared in his will:

I request that the said David Duncan will write a biography in one volume of moderate size, in which shall be incorporated such biographical materials as I have thought it best not to use myself, together with such selected correspondence and such unpublished papers as may seem of value, and shall include the frontispiece portrait and the profile portraits, and shall add to it a brief account of the part of my life which has passed since the date at which the autobiography concludes.

Dr. Duncan has not obeyed his friend's

Derby that the future philosopher first saw the light, and in the baptism and naming of Herbert Spencer the latter's father was not a man to be led by cus-tom. He was keenly alive to the bearing of his non-conforming attitude on the fu-ture of his son. The boy Spencer was reared without the companionship of brothers and sisters—for though four brothers and four sisters succeeded him. none of them lived more than a few days except one sister. Louisa, who died at the age of two years and nine months. But she lived long enough to permanently disfigure him for life, as she cut him on the nose with a carving knife. The boy's surroundings must have been depressing, because of his father's continued ill health. In 1823, his father wrote: 'I shall either from this time be tolerably com-fortable in my circumstances and health, or else I shall soon be reduced by ill health to a state of wretchedness border-

g on insanity." Left much to himself, the boy Spencer contracted the habit to dwell on his own thoughts for strength, and on the intellec-tual side one of the chief results of his father's training was the habit it fos-tered of ever seeking an explanation of phenomena, instead of relying on author-ity. Young Spencer shared little in games with boys of his own sge and was much with grown-up people. At first, his edu-cation at his uncle's school was stormy because of his dislike for restraint, and ran away, only to return a more de-ted student. School teaching first occupied his attention in preparing for the serious work of life, and in succession he rapidly became engineer and draughts-man, author, newspaper man, scientist

cessary to give an exposition of the phi-losophy of evolution. His blographer does not enter very deeply into the latter sub-ject. Spencer's career is remarkable when one considers that his teaching has left deep impress on the world of thought, and that it has made and unmade theological reputations. It ought to be an inspiration to the youth of this age to reflect on the tile laxity. life lessons left by Herbert Spencer, his profound learning, his meritorious indus-try, although suffering from continued ill

cialism and that he regarded the individual man as the highest specialization. As for Spencer's psychological doctrine, it may be summed up as an argument that "mental faculties and powers are acquired by the slow modifications of living organisms influenced by environment, experience, heredity and selection."

On page 87, volume one, of this biography, appears this curious statement taken from one of Spencer's letters:

Did I mention to you when in Derby last the new poet, Alexander Smith? I consider him unquestionably the poet of the age. Though a Scotchman (and I have ne par-tiality for the race). I am strongly inclined to rank him as the greatest poet since Shakespeare. I know no poetry that I read over and over again with such delight. Which goes to show that for once Spencer's earlier judgment was defective.

request in confining his observations to convolume, and the result is two handone volume, and the result is two handthe second of 444 pages. It is not too
much to say that the books are most informing, educative, and take rank among in
forming, educative, and take rank among in
a addition to presenting the scientific
Spencer, he constantly silows the human
children and "plenty of cuttoor gamelaws tennis, bowls and quoits—with bil
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by religious persecution from Lorraine, and their legacy to him appears to have been a fierce resistance to arbitrary authority. His later ancestors were Wesley-ran Methodists who were characterized by individuality almost amounting to eccentricity, by pugnacious tenacity in holding to their opinions and by self-assertive bees in the pleasant English fown of Derby that the future philosopher first.

A delightfully intimate view of Spencer is given in a letter written by Lady Courtney, of Penwith:

My mother argued with him (Herbert Spencer) a good deal, my father never. It is rather curious that, considering the af-fection between the two men, and Mr. Spenis rather curious that, considering the affection between the two men, and Mr. Spencer's generous appreciation of my father's practical sense and gonial and expansive nature, the latter never read Mr. Spencer's books. My father loved an emotion or a sentiment, and understood the concrete; but he had a rooted distrust of abstract ideas, and not much confidence in deductions which depended upon sustained argument; and I can still hear him cheerily ending one of these arguments with: "Won't work. Spencer; won't work, my dear fellow."

After I was grown up I remember vividly an incident illustrating Mr. Spencer's good-humored acceptance of this attitude of his friend. My mother and I were sitting in the garden at Standish, when Mr. Spencer came up to us with an expression half-amnoyed, half-amused on his face and said to my mother: "I could aimost be angry with your husband, Mrs. Potter, did I not know him so well." What has he done?" said my mother.

Then Mr. Spencer told us how they had.

him so well." "What has he done?" said my mother.

Then Mr. Spencer told us how they had been standing together near a large pond we had, of which my father was vary proud, when the latter said: "I wish, Spencer, you would explain the main points of your philosophy to me—just shortly." To which Mr. Spencer replied: "I have been sending you my books these 20 years back: I know you have not read them, and it is a little hard to put them all into ten minutes; however, I will try." And he began to expound.

gan to expound. continued Mr. Spencer, "Your husband," continued Mr. Spencer, "seemed to be listening intently, as he gazed into the water, and I thought I had at least got my friend to give his mind to my ideas. Suddenly he exclaimed, T say, Spencer, are those gudgeon?" and rushed 'round the pond."

Notable in the remaining pages are the references to the valuable help Spencer gave in drawing up the modern Japanese constitution, and his well-known oppo-sition to the course Great Britain pursued

In the Boer War.
Sometimes the great philosopher spoke in a pessimistic vein about this country—to wit: "The Americans are beginning

An unsparing critic of others, Spencer was too ready to say that he had been "misunderstood" or "misrepresented."

of his spoken sentences: "Be their rank or position what it may, from Emperors and Kings downwards, those who have

minds, and to live as contentedly as we may in ignorance of that which lies behind things as we know them."

The two last letters Spencer signed on earth were connected with one of the main purposes of his life—the promotion of the main purposes of the main purpose of of peace on earth and good will among men. His indomitable will asserted itself to the last, and his farawell words were: "Now I take this step for the benefit of those who are to be my executors; my intention being that after death this, my body, shall be conveyed by sea to Ports-Unconsciousness succeeded, and mouth. Chronsciousness succeeded, and early on the morning of December 8, 1993. Herbert Spencer died. His blographer adds: "His end was such as his friends desired, and he bimself wished."

"My Day and Generation," by Chas. E. Carr. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill. A short time ago a partial review of Colonal Carr's "My Day and Generation" appeared in these columns and in a sea-son of a little more leisure than usual it has struck me that extracts showing the California of the '49ers would prove of more than usual interest in this section. Here is Colonel Carr's description of 'Billy" Ralaton, the well known but un-fortunate president of the Bank of Call-

fornia:

fortinate president of the Bank of Callfornia:

The most petential man in San Franciscs and on the Pacific Coast at that time was willtam C. Raiston, called everywhere and by everybody "Billy" Raiston. Whatever Billy Raiston and went everywhere, and with everybody. The great capitalists, all the "getrich-quick" men, the bonanza men who had squeezed vast fortunes out of the Comstock lodes, and all the Virginia City miners, laid their money and stocks at his feet to be invested or hoarded as seemed best to him. He lived like a Frince and was the most bountiful entertainer I have ever known. Raiston was of little figure, and quick and active in elucidating propositions, in coming to conclusions, and in carrying measure into effect. At our first meeting he told up our drafts would be honored for any amount we chose to draw.

"You are far from home gentlemen," he said, "and must not be irouhled about money. Draw all you want."

It was a dangerous offer to make to so young a man as I then was, and it encouraged me to draw more than I otherwise would have done. Callifornia was on a gold basis, while our greenbacks were at a discount from gold of about 40 per cent. We

aged me to draw more than I otherwise would have done. California was on a gold basis, while our greenbacks were at a discount from gold of about 40 per cent. We had to turn our meney into coin, and it was a great hardship for us to get only 60 cents each for our dollars. The smallest coin recognized was the 10 cent piece, which we had to pay for a newspaper even, and nothing was sold for less than that amount. San Francisco had just then begun to get the benefit of the vast mineral wealth which was being developed in the mines, and to realize what it meant to her. Men poor today, temorrow woke up to find themselves bonanza kings with millions upon their hands, which they had no idea how to dispose of, or even take care of. In this dilemma they turned to Billy Balston. He managed it all better than any one else could, but in the end it almost overwhelmed him. He bore the burden for some time after we came home, about six years, when we heard that one afternoon, after the bank closed, he went as was his custom, for a swim in the bay. He did not turn back as usual, but continued on until at last he sank out of sight forever. Mr. Raiston's heart and soul were bound up in San Francisco and the Pacific Coast, to the success and development of which he devoted his whole mind and might and eteragth.

Imagine an educated burglar touring prairie, snow-topped mountain peaks and green-clad hills, and then obstinately nging for the rush and roar of what he what the hero does in this novel of the underworld, and he volces his longing in this language:

"I wanted to go East. I began to get homesick and peevish for New York. I wanted to snif the familiar old ferry smell, to hear the rush and gutter of water in the narrowing slips where the piling yields and shudders against the bumping paddle-boxes, to catch the metallic and familiar tink-a-link of pawi-and-rachets as the landing floats lower to provided dock-slips. I boxes, to catch the metallic and familiar tink-a-link of pawi-and-rachets as the landing floats lower to crowded dock-slips. I ached for a sight of that old crust-thrower of a town, where its skyscraper teeth bit up into the morning smoke, and it seemed to whisper, with one eye winked: "Feed me, or I'll feed on you." I wanted to see it laugh and shake behind its eternal whine for more gold, its growls and oaths against the arm of the law. I wanted to get a suff of the Rialto dust again, of the crowds by day and the lamps by night, of the bustle and sit of Broadway, with its crazy, solemn, tangled and happy-go-lucky bubbling of life. My ears seemed to ache for its street sounds. Its roar of wheels, its clutter of hoofs, its clangor and pulse of bells. Its whipe of engines, its drone of power, its show of wealth, its rumble and roar of hunger.

"I want it all, Dinney! I said to that pumiled son of the Sucker State, who knew nothing of life or living beyond the range of the Hooslers. "I want it all, from the Greek peanutuman with his barrel-oven and his little steam whistle to the flash of the afternson sun on some wine-colored tonneau as it dips and melts away up the avenue! I want it all, from the old newswomen, and the passing street faces, and the night-hawks of tha tenderion to the groups of well-built and bright-eyed girls in velvet and feathers and furs, with muffs as big as cash boxes, Dinney, and bunches of violets the size of a cabbage—the girls who come laughling and taiking down Fifth avenue every afternoon and make me wish I'd kept out of the Under Groove."

To be sure, there is no accounting for thates—especially when the person pos-

in a pessimistic vein about this country—to wit: "The Americans are beginning to reap the far-reaching and widely-diffused consequences of their admiration for smart prigs and the general mercantile laxity."

To be sure, there is no accounting for tastes—especially when the person possessing such opinions is a Raffles who looks upon the valuable contents of houses and banks as his own peculiar property, if he can reach them without coming in contact with a meddlesome policeman. Most of the characters in this enterprisnot have the advantages of a university training as we know it today. It is worth while to note that his nicely balanced scientific mind was bitterly opposed to so-

democracy can be recognized from one reader to brush the cobwebs from his of his spoken sentences: "Be their rank memory, and to look out for what happens next.

or position what it may, from Emperors and Kings downwards, those who have done nothing for their fellow men, I decline to honor. I honor those only who have benefited mankind and as one of them I honor Columbus."

Admittedly, Spencer would be the last man from which one could derive hope in the glory of a future life, and on this subject he wrote: "The hope that continually groping though in the dark may of a picture. But she got away with about \$600. Raffles meets the heroine, in an original manner. One evening, while in a car, he feels a hand searching his pockets. A thief stealing from a thief! Raffles weets the heroine, in an original manner. One evening, while in a car, he feels a hand searching his pockets. A thief stealing from a thief! Raffles weets the heroine, in an original manner. One evening, while in a car, he feels a hand searching his pockets. A thief stealing from a thief! Raffles weets the heroine, in an original manner. One evening, while in a car, he feels a hand searching his pockets. A thief stealing from a thief! Raffles weets the heroine, in an original manner. One evening, while in a car, he feels a hand searching his pockets. A thief stealing from a thief! Raffles weets the heroine, in an original manner. One evening, while in a car, he feels a hand searching his pockets. A thief stealing from a thief! Raffles weets the heroine, in an original manner. One evening, while in a car, he feels a hand searching his pockets. A thief stealing from a thief! Raffles weets the heroine, in an original manner. One evening, while in a car, he feels a hand searching his pockets. A thief stealing from a thief! Raffles weets a hand searching his pockets. A thief stealing from a thief! Raffles weets were a hand searching his pockets. A thief stealing from a thief! Raffles weets were a hand searching his pockets. A thief stealing from a thief! Raffles were a hand searching his pockets. A thief stealing from a thief! Raffles were a hand searching his pockets. A thief stealing from a thief! Raffles were h eventually discover the clue, is one I can home and discovered that she was a per-scarcely entertain, for the reason that son of dual personality, a mental neuhuman intelligence appears to me incapa-ble of framing any conception of the re-quired kind. . It seems to me that our best course is to submit to the limit-third arm," a bit of jointed and buckled our best course is to submit to the limit third arm," a bit of jointed and buckled ations imposed by the nature of our mechanism which appeared to contain

The Romance of the Renper, by Herbert N Casson, \$1. Illustrated, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York City.

Surely this is the story of one trus which is "good," the International Har vester Company, which grew out of the reaping machine for cutting grain, an invention of Cyrus Hall McCormick in the year 1821. It is proper to recall that the harvester trust was in trouble tho other day at Kansas City, where it was summoned to answer for its misdeeds and pleaded that the price of imple-ments had not been raised and that in reality such prices are lower than be-fore the giant combination was effected. Be that as it may, I desire at this time to review all the good things the book mentions. The style in writing the story is singularly attractive and it reads lik a modern tale of the "Arabian Nights." There's no magic in evidence—only the plain, unvarnished experience of Ameri-

can pluck and work.

Mr. Casson says that the reaper was America's answer to the world's demand for democracy, particularly at a time when England was scared into abolishing the corn laws by the proclamation that the ultimate check to population is the lack of food. It is remarked that if Marcus Aurelius had invented the reaper or if the Gracchi had been inventors instead of politicians, the story of Rome would have had a happier ending. But Rome said: The first thing is empire. Egypt said: The first thing is fame. Greece said: The first thing is genlus. Not one of them said: The first thing is brend.

On the old European plan-snip-snip snipping with a tiny hand-sickle, every bushel of wheat required three hours of a man's lifetime, Mr. Casson goes on to say. Today, on the new American plan-riding on the painted chariot of a selfbinding harvester, the price of wheat has been cut down to 10 minutes a bushel.
"When I first went into the harves

field," once said an Illinois farmer, "it took 10 men to cut and bind my grain. Now our hired girl gets on the seat of a self-binder and does the whole busi-

It must not be thought, however, that lars was easy. It was in the Fall of 1831 when the hitched four horses to his then unwieldy machine and clattered out of the barnyard into a field of wheat, nearby. Horses shied and pranced at the strange apparition, dogs barked and a noisy crowd of white laborers followed the reaper with bolsterous enmity. For here was an invention which threatened to deprive them of the right to work-the precious right to work 16 hours a write a biography in one volume of moderate size, in which shall be incorporated such biographical materials as I have thought it best not to use myself, together with such selected correspondence and such unquisited papers as may seem of value, and shall include the frontispiece portrait, and shall add to it a brief account of the part of my life which has passed since the date at which which has passed since the date at which produces.

Dr. Duncan has not obeyed his friend's request in confining his observations to one volumes, and the result is two handsom volumes, the first of 44 pages and the second of 44 pages. It is not too

It is not necessary to quote at any length from events marking so many of this Boston-Baltimore poet's life, for his unhappy, erratic story now well known-but for the benefit some young folks who seem to think that the pursuit of literature-as pecially poetry-pays, I copy one para-graph detailing the poverty and desola-tion surrounding the deathbed of Virginia, one of Poe's wives, the date of the occurrence being January, 1847:

There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but the snow-white counterpane and sheets. The weather was cold, and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great-coat, and with a large tortolse-shell cat in her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed considers of her. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands and her mother her feet.

Through the columns of a weekly periodical whose sales are, in its class, about the largest in this country, and the mention of whose name is worth about a dollar a line, so I won't name it—the younger, wide-awake reading public has become tolerably familiar with the name of Lord Stranleigh, a young English aristocrat who is al ways faultlessly dressed, smiling, and never passionately in love with a woman. He is also a hero of the ultrarich set who often use his millions to make panics to crush the predatory rich and save victims from being gobbled up. He's new in current fiction and very welcome to the jaded novel reader in search of something new, with a laugh or two thrown in. Lord Stranleigh is "it." Take him with you as a companion to the service for Sum-

R. J.'s Mother and Some Other Peopl Margaret Deland. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York City. Mrs. Deland has recently won so much literary fame through her old Chester folk portrayed in "The Awakening of Helena Richie" and "Dr. Lavendar's Helena Richie and Dr. Lavendar's People," that there has been an insistent call for more of her enjoyable "homey" tales. Her publishers business sense has also been awakened, and the result is the presentation in book form of these six stories which have appeared at increase, some of them in magazine form. tervals, some of them in magazine

## WHY PORTLAND IS ROSE CITY

Frederick V. Holman Reiterates Its Superiority Over California Cities in the Matter of Climatic Advantages and Rose Culture

ly because it was to appear in the June number of the magazine, which was to be largely a Portland number. This article was signed by me, but it is badly mutilated and changed as it appears in the June Sunset. The article as printed omite almost every allusion to the superiority of Portland for growing roses over California, and is only a part of the article I wrote. In addition, some editor of the magazine took the liberty of inserting a number of absurd subheads.

heads.

As the Sunset Magazine has advertised it as being my article. I ask in justice that the article which follows, and is the article as I wrote it, be published in The Oregonian FREDERICK V. HOLMAN.

Portland, June 3.

PORTLAND, THE ROSE CITY.

ORTLAND, Oregon, has the name of "Rose City." The mere assumption by it of the name would amount to nothing if it did not deserve the name, but Portland is justly entitled to the name. It is not alone that one sees roses in Portland everywhere, except in the business districts; it is also because of the unusually luxuriant growth of the bushes, the number and heauty of the blooms and the long time of blooming, usually from May to November. There are few places in the world where the fine varieties of roses reach perfection when grown in gardens, without protection.

Most varieties do well in parts of
England, particularly in the southern
part. There are favored localities in
France and in Germany, where roses
grow well in the open There are places
in the Southern states where roses in the Southern states where roses thrive, but the heat and the dryness often interfere with the full develop-ment and beauty of the blooms of some of the hardy varieties.

The two reasons why roses reach such perfection at Portland and in almost all of Western Oregon are the soil and the climate. The ordinary soil is a rich yellow clay, which is one of the best soils for roses as well as for most of the agricultural products of the temperate zone. The successful growing of roses in the open is an in-dex of such other agricultural prod-ucts. But the best reason is the beau-tiful, soft, mild and even climatic conditions—the conditions in which roses thrive, and which seem absolutely roses thrive, and which seem absolutely necessary for their perfection in growth, color and fragrance.

It is popularly supposed that these weather conditions are caused by the Kiro-Siwo or Japan Current, but this

is not true, for that current goes far north and becomes cold, and the waters of the Pacific along North America are very cold, even as far south as Mon-terey Bay. The real cause for these climatic conditions in Western Oregon, in the Winter, are the mild south winds from the tropics, moisture-laden. The heat given off by this moisture in cool-ing, and particularly when it is raining, produces the mild temperature in Winter. This wind and also the northwest wind in Summer, being ower in temperature than the usua Summer heat, cool and temper the sun's heat, and thus give the mild and even conditions, and what I may call the moist atmosphere as compared with the dry and arid air of Califor-nia. In Winter, at Portland, it is not unusual for the variations in 24 hours to be less than 10 degrees. I take fro the daily meteorological report of the United States Weather Bureau for last Sunday, January 5, 1908, maximum temperature 52 degrees, minimum temperature 44 degrees. This is not unusual. The daily variation is often less than five degrees. On January 1, 1908, I had more than a dozen roses in bloom in my garden. I always expect to have a few roses in my garden on Christmas and roses in my garden on Christmas and New Year's day. In May and June, of course, the temperature is warmer than in Winter, but is correspondingly the reel off his reaper and handle the even. From May to October, inclusive. the Portland climate has no superior in the United States. It is to be expected that the climate in Oregon varies somewhat in different

years. All climates do. But in Western Oregon there are always the mild and even conditions, except in occasional Winters when we have freezing weather, when the thermometer may, at times, for a few days, fall as low as 10 or 12 degrees above zero. This is an unusual Winter condition in Western Oregon.

That these mild and even conditions have existed for more than 100 years is shown by the Journal of Lewis and Clark in the Winter of 1805-06, which is the earliest record, and by the books of early travelers and residents of Oregon. There was no freezing weather in the Winter of

805-66. \*\*
Gabriel Franchere was one of the Astor stayed in Oregon three years, most of the time at Astoria. In his "Narrative," published originally in French, at Montreal, in 1820, he says that during the three years he spent in Western Oregon the cold was never far below the freezing point, nor the heat in excess of 78 de-

Dr. John McLoughlin came to the Oregon country in 1824, and died at Oregon City in 1857. He lived at Vancouver, Washington, six miles from Portland, continuously from 1824 to 1846. He was familiar with the conditions in Western Oregon. Shortly before his death be Gregon. Shortly before his death he wrote a document giving a brief sketch of his life in the Oregon country. In this document he wrote: "In 1825, from what I had seen of the country. I formed the conclusion from the mildness and salubrity of the climate, that this was the finest portion of North America that I had seen for the residence of civilized. had seen for the residence of civilized

Rev. Daniel Lee came to Oregon, as a missionary, in 1834. In 1844 he, together with Rev. J. H. Frost, published a book, entitled, "Ten Years in Oregon." In this book it is said about Western Oregon that the young grass is frequently as fresh, green, and forward "in February and March, as it is in New York on the first of May;" and also, that on the 25th of December, 1840, he plucked a strawberry blossom near his cabin on Clat-sop Plain. Governor Peter H. Burnett came to Ore-

gon in 1843. In letters written by him, in 1844, for publication in the New York Herald, he says of the Winter of 1842-44, that about December 1 strawberries were

Black Drop" and "The White Feather."
The most powerfully told of these is "R. J.'s Mother." being the wooing of a

widower and a boy's mother, the kernel

of the plot being that the woman has not been married to the boy's father. A meddlesome old maid, for whom I

entertain lesting contempt and rejoicing in the name of Miss Frances Blake, tries to stop the wedding, because of her ani-

mal selfishness, but she doesn't succeed. Her character is skiifully drawn, so much so that the reader is aroused to silent indignation. "A Black Drop" is

silent indignation. "A Black Drop" is the most pathetic tragedy of a pretty girl named Lilly whose sweetheart wouldn't marry her because she had negro blood in her. All the stories have that undefinable Deland quality mark

The Happy Habit, by Joe Mitchell Chapple, The Chapple Publishing Co., Limited., Bos-ton, Mass. Mr. Chapple, the next time you per-

about them.

flowers were blooming on the hillsides. These have not been unusual Winter con-

litions ever since. In the last week of November, 1907, I saw a number of wild strawberry blossoms east of Portland. On the same day and in the same vicinity, I ate delicious cultivated strawberries grown near the Portland. same place. In the Morning Oregonian of today, January 8, 1908, there is an item saying that in Portland there was shown yesterday a branch having nine ripe red raspberries, and that the bush, growwith ripe berries. ing in Portland, had several branches

While Western Oregon has the reputation of having an excessive amount of rain, this is a reputation it does not deserve. It is called a rainy country as compared with the semi-desert conditions of Southern California. The average precipitation at Portland for the last 20 years is 40.4 inches. These figures are official and have been furnished me by the courtesy of the United States Weather Bureau at Portland. Precipitation at Portland is less than in a great many cities in the Eastern States. Louisville, Ky., Washing-ton, D. C., Buffalo, the city of New York. and Boston, Mass., have about the same average annual precipitation as Portland has. But Oregon escapes the hot Sum-mers and the cold Winters of the Eastern States, and also their extreme tempera-tures of heat and cold. Oregon's climate is somewhat similar to that of Southern England. It is better in everything in which Southern England's climate is good. Oregon has more clear, fair days, less rain, and less freezing weather than Southern England.

The annual rainfall is one of the sources of wealth of Western Oregon. It never falls, it makes the grass green most of the year. The crops, including fruits, are relied on with unfalling certainty, and are grown without irrigation. It has made and maintains the great native forests and maintains the great native forests, with their magnificent trees, for lumber and for beauty it ornaments these forests with wild flowering shrubs and bushes, such as the Oregon grape, the current, the syringa, the spiraea, the dog-wood, the finest of its kind, besides the profusion of wild flowers. This rain makes perennial springs and never-failing streams throughout the country, including the large rivers. It makes the continuous water-powers great and small. So that the rain not only produces the crops, and the power to manufacture them into suitable commodities, but supplies the water to transport them to the local markets, and thence to all the great ports of the world. The annual rainfall is one of Portland's best friends. It has made Portland, more than a hundred miles from the ocean, one of the world's great ports. It is the mild Winter weather which gives Portland's rosebushes the best dor-mant conditions, when they gently rest

and Summer. It is in May and June when Portland's roses are at their best. Then the bushes are lusty with their strong Spring growth. There are the long days, and the charming twilight, giving the proper light and warmth. There are the even, mild temperatures, with the air neither too dry nor too moist. There are gentle, cooling winds, assisted by the clouds, correcting too much of heat from the sun. There are enough of the direct rays of the sun to give the proper colorings to the roses, from the purest white to the darkest red, and to develop fragrance, one of the greatest charms of the rose. These are the ordinary, the usual May and June weather conditions at Portland. They are the ideal conditions to produce perfect

It is then that the residence districts of Portland are magnificent with their beau-tiful roses. They adorn every home, in-cluding the humblest. They are everymasses, and in hedges. roses cover fences, and trellises, and are against the sides of houses, often up to the roofs. There are the riot and the blending of the colors of the roses and the air is scented with their fragrance. It is a scene both beautiful and fascinating to residents as well as to visiters and strangers. It is nature's annual festival at Portland. Is it to be wondered at that Portland is pleased with itself as the Rose City? It may be said that this is village-like, but it is homelike and Port-land is a city of homes. Again, in September and in October,

comes another distinctly rose blooming time. There is less profusion, but al-most equal beauty, for some varieties do not bloom well in the Fall. But there are many varieties, as beautiful-more so-as in May and June. V who were present at the close of the Lewis and Clark Exposition in October, 1905, will recall the beauty of the roses at that time. While July and August are the hottest mooths, the roses continue to bloom, although they are not the rare specimens produced earlier and later

in the season. The rost is the flower of the dominant white races of the world, and it has been from the beginning. It is interwoven with their traditions. It is in their poems and in their songs from the beginning of civilization. Consciously, and at the same time unconsciously, the rose, in its per-fection, quickens the beauty-love, and satisfies the beauty-hunger of every normal human being. It assists in making life worth living. This explains in part the local pride and patriotism of the men, women and children of Port-

As this article is written to show why Portland is the Rose City, I shall not go | into the question of varieties, and of the cultivation of roses in Portland. I shall thrive and bloom in perfection, in the open, in Portland. From the most deli-cate teas to the hardlest hybrid perpetuals, the conditions in Portland are perfect. In most places in California, while tea roses do well, the air is too dry and too hot for the perfect blooming of most varieties of hybrid teas and hybrid per-petuals in the open. In San Francisco and elsewhere on the coast of California from Monterey Bay north, the cold winds and fogs, in Summer, are even more deleterious than the hot and dry conditions in Southern California.

"A It that it isn't one of the great "uncut." The author says that these fugitive sketches tell of the first happy years when he visited among his "own people" as editor of the National Magazine. The man with a grouch is warned away from this book-it will make him smile in spite of himself. It is chock full of sentiment and sketchy, laughing

J. M. QUENTIN. IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

'Portland" and "Roses" are the two mag-"Portland" and "Roses" are the two magical words which form the text of the June number of the Pacific Monthly, and this city is paid many well-deserved compliments in skilfully worded description and artistic pictures. The cover represents a rose in bloom, and is a bit of pleasant work. "Wanted Two Million Hogs." an article written by Forrest Crissey, is especially readable at the present time, now that Portland is about to develop into a meat center. "Mount Head." a new poem by Harry Murphy, has dignified sweep with keen appreciation of the sublimity of the subject, and "Monaghan's Brother," a railroad petrate a book, please, please see to and

County (immediately west of Portland), the hybrid teas and the hybrid perpetuand as early as February 20, 1844, the wild als which grow so luxuriantly and bloom so magnificently that have given to Portland the name of the Rose City. It may be thought by persons unac-quainted with Portland roses that what I have written is but the enthusiasm of a Portland man. I quote from the opin-ions of some experts concerning roses at

Mr. E. G. Hill is one of the best professional resarians in this country. He lives at Richmond, Ind., and sells bushes to the trade only. He introduced the famous rose Richmond. He was in Portland in June, 1963. He was so pleased that when he returned home he wrote a long article on Portland's roses. It was published in the Weekly Florists' Review, a trade paper, to which profes-sional florists only are allowed to sub-scribe. In this article, speaking of roses in and near Portland, he said:

"In the first place, it seems to me that elimatic conditions are all that could be desired for growing the hybrid tea and hybrid perpetual varieties to perfection, and these conditions are not materially different from those in the more favored parts of England and Central Germany, where roses grow and luxuriate most satisfactorfly.

"Having seen at Benjamin Cant's, in England, some of as the La France as could be desired. I was quite surprised to find this famous of variety growing and blooming in our own Northwest, even better than at Mr. Care's or at any other place that I have visited in Europe."

And speaking of the roses grown by W. S. Sibson, at his home in one of the suburbs of Portland, Mr. Hill wrote:

"Mr. Sibson, speceeds in growing to

"Mr. Sibson succeeds in growing to almost perfection varieties that require the greatest skill and care to do even moderately well in other favored loca-tions—sorts that do not thrive under any but the most favored conditions."

And speaking of Ulrich Brunner he

"This variety cannot be equaled as grown at Portland by even the most skillful culture under glass in the east-

ern part of the United States."
Mr. Hill. in his article, further said: "A word about porch and climbing roses in this same section. Mme. Alfred Carriere is unquestionably the first on the list. This rose is a marvel and quite fills the ideal of a climbing variety, such a wealth of blooms and every flower perfect. One of the sights that I shall never forget was the fine bush adorning the house of Frederick V. Holman, at Portland. Fortune's yellow, white and yellow, literally covers his porch and wall, as well as their own foliage, with their great wealth of bloom." In closing his article Mr. Hill men-

tioned the Lewis and Clark Exposition, which was subsequently held in Portland

in 1905, and said:
"It would be well if the florists could mant conditions, when they gently rest had become prepared for strong growth in the Spring and for the blooming season. Being unburt in the Winter, they are finest rose blooms that America can proready for the best results in the Spring duce; they could measure up the possibilities of our great and glorious country as in no other way." In 1905 Mr. Hill made another trip to

August 2, 1905, he wrote me saying that he wished to verify his opinon of Portland's climate and other conditions for the growing of roses in comparison with the conditions existing. Great Britain and on the continent

Alex Dickson & Sons, Limited, of New-townards, Ireland, are noted as being among the greatest rose-growers and originators in the world. Many of the roses of recent years have been origi-nated by them. In the Summer of 1963 I sent them photographs of the climbing roses, Mme. Alfred Carriere and For-tune's Yellow, in bloom in my garden. In a letter to me of August 27, 1985, they wrote: "Your plants of Mine. Alfred Carriere and Fortune's Yellow must have presented a wonderful sight when in full bloom. Such specimens it would be fmhey are every-troups, in great

The climbing

A half-from

A half-tone of this photograph of For-tune's Yellow was printed in The Gar-den, a well-known English horticultural paper, in its issue of April 2, 1904. derneath this half-tone was printed the legend: "This rose flowers in warm cor-ners of our southern countles. A plant in a sunny nook in a Berkshire garden is quite a success." Fortune's Yellow is the true name of the rose, nicknamed in California "Gold of Ophir," "San Rafael Rose," "Requa Rose" and "Beauty of Glazenwood," and possibly some other names. names.

Prior to 1902 there were many ropushes growing in Portland garden bushes growing in Portland gardeus. There were a few amateur rosarisms who had fine collections, and an occasional rose show was held in Portland. In December, 1901, I wrote an article, which was published in The Sunday Oregonian, suggesting and urging the planting of large numbers of rosebushes to make Portland beautiful for the Lewis and Cark Exposition in 1905, and for all time; and thus to give and to establish for Portland the name of the Rose City. The idea met with popular approval. The idea met with popular approval. Since then tens of thousands of rose-bushes have been planted in Portland. Instead of lessening, the enthusiasm has increased, until now there is hardly a garden or a front yard in Portland in which there are not roses growing, most of them being very choice varieties. The professional florists have assisted, and, in the Fall of each year, one can purchase in Portland strong, dormant bushes of the choice new roses of that year's in-troduction in Europe, as well as the best of the well-known varieties. No city in the United States has a

more beautiful situation than Portland. It lies in a valley with high hills on tha west, giving it a beautiful background. The Willamette River runs through its center. To the east, to the north and to the south, in the distance, are the Cas-cade Mountains, with their sublime. snow-clad peaks visible at Portland every clear day. Its people have a pride in their city, in its beauty, and in its surroundings. Portland is proud of its name, Rose City. The name betokens not only the delightful climatic conditions, particularly in the Summerfime, but a people who, in this commercial age, are taking time to make Portland a home city—a city beautiful. The grow-ing of rases in Portland is not a feature. ing of roses in Portland is not a fashion nor a fad of its people. It is a manifes-tation of their pride in and of their love

stery, told by M. H. Wells, has a human interest well developed. C. E. S. Wood writes attractively on "Portland's Feast of Roses." His article is valuable for its

FREDERICK V. HOLMAN.

New books received: "The Victory," a collection of popular Sunday school songs edited by Charles H. Gabriel, 20 cents; and "Social Plans for Young People," by Christian P. Reisuer, 75 cents (Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati, O.). "Cowboy Lyrics," by Robert V. Carr (W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago), "Stories of the Struggle," by Morris Winchevsky (C. H. Kerr & Co.). "Materials and Methods of Piotion," by Clayton Hamilton (Baker & Taylor Co.).

A graceful acknowledgment of the A graceful acknowledgment of the work Charles F. Warwick, ex-Mayor of Philadelphia, has accomplished in the literary world was made recently at a complimentary dinner tendered him by his many political and other friends in that city. Each grest was presented with a copy of Mr. Warwick's 'Danton and the French Revolution' in a special souvenir edition, handsomely bound and boxed, showing Mr. Warwick's portrait on the cover. Every copy was signed by the author and was inscribed with the name of the recipient.