THE COUNSEL THOU WOULDST HAVE ANOTHER REER FIRST KEEP THYSELF. PROVERB



CHARLES RANN KENNEDY AUTHOR OF THE PLAY THE SERVANT IN THE

these days of greed of gain, but Mr. Van Dyke insists that his book is not one sim-ply of constructive criticism. It is no-ticed that he does not specify a cure for the ills on which he sheds his lamp rays clad mountains, easily seen on a swelter- and that his undercurrent of thought is decidedly pessimistic. Yet what he says gear after taking this medicine, there is couched in scholarly garb and must awaken both interest and thought. What a pity he writes with such a wail, especially when he finds fault with the immi-grant of today and longs for the "good" immigrant of far-back colonial days. Here is the Van Dyke view of Ameri-

when a nation becomes monomaniacal, making unto itself a goiden image which it falls down before and worships, when it acts and legislates for mensy only, when it turns the arts and sciences into machines for gain, and scorns the higher education and morality of life, when it pluncation is and tramples under foot the most beautiful country in the world; when, drunk with its own power, it revels in gluttony and becomes boastful of its own selfishness, when it forgets the goodly heritage of its history, forgets its ideals and faiths and beliefs and stasts upon a career of greed and grasp, harm who it will or may again beliefs and starts upon a career of greed and grasp, harm who it will or may, again, what hope is there for happiness? The pace is one leading to destruction.

The text of this paragraph is the proportions of capital and labor:

portions of capital and labor:

If the situation were put down in figures it would read something like this; Organized labor with us can muster something ever 2,000,000 members; incorporated capital possibly 200,000 members. For the sake of argument, lot us concede 2,000,000 to capital and 5,000,00 to both. There are some 80,000,000 or 700,000,000 of people in the United States, but let us discard all but the 30,000,000 of actual workers—casting out the women and children with the lame, the halt and the blind. Our figures how indicate that the 5,000,000 of capital and labor, with their various quarrels and blokerings, are keeping 25,000,000 in continuous hot water. It is the differences of these people that are not only turing the business world topsey-turry every few weeks, but also practically control the cost of living throughout the practically control the cost of living

In wondering whether the tenant can take the landlord's place:

But we may pulse for the mement with the conclusion that the rich man is a trustee of wealth, whether he so desires or not, adding only his further suggestion, that since wealth must be administered for the wonds to the many it is perhaps as well than it should remain in the hands of one man of experience and executive ability, as in the keeping of a thousand of less experience and less ability. The Duke of Bucciench knows how to handle his trust of land, as Mr. Carnegie his trust of a great industry. Therefore, why not let them handle? Could the thousands of tenants and wage-carners control and administer for themselves as well? It is doubtful. The argument for restricting individual control, by limiting fortunes to a hundred thousand or a million dollars to not strong. Besides, there are serious disadvantages to be considered. How will you carry through great enterprises like trans American railways when no man has move than \$1,000,000 with which too-take the initiative? Would it be possible to construct tunnels under the Hudson River at New York by Passing around the hat for thousand-dallar subscriptions? One may not admire plutocracy, Generally speaking, the meterinlism of it is depressing, its arrogance is galling, and the low ideals of many of its members are contemptible. But it nevertheless has its uses, is perhaps necessary to modern life, and very often is to be credited with wise action In wondering whether the tenant can

I seem to have heard before these one-ded ideas about our 1908 immigrants: I seem to have heard before these onesided ideas about our 1908 immigrants:

Nor is there any trust to be placed in the
idea of lifting them (immigrants) up to our
standard by association by marriage and by
education. They do not rise perceptibly,
but the American goes down to meet them.
We are no nobler than our most ignoble
constituency. To talk of assimilating such
a mass as comes in each year, to think of
making them like ourselves by a process of
public Schooling for the children, is to shoot
arrows at the sun. Education may improve
any given endowment, but it will not create a new endowment, but it will not create a new endowment it out of them. Besides, the newcomers object to having their
birth-gifts beaten out of them, to being
born again. They do not want to be assimiiated, do not want to become American.
They want our gold; that is all. We shall
not change their mature nor their character
to any marked degree. The camel that was
allowed to put his head, under the Arab's
tent did not turn into an Arab; but he centhundoing.

Our author is at vertical that it all.

Our author is at variance with the advertising spirit of the age:

vertising spirit of the age;

The newspapers and magazines are mere thin butterings of reading matter between two huge siless of business arnouncements.

Again, look at its signs—or escape them if you can! Every available spot where human eyes could wander assens occupied by a sign setting forth in exaggerated isnguage the merits of a face powder, a patent range, or an alleged Scotch whisky. Signs in wood and glass and metal, signs in gold, silver and brass, signs saidnate and dog or fix him with a maniacal glitter from their niche. At night the bewilderment is increased by the ingenious application of electricity, Lights in rows make up huge letters ten feet or more in height, designs of articles for sale are outlined with lights, and colored glasses are brought in to heighten the effect. Then there is the additional ingenuity of moving, dancing lights to make one disp. A table water in a large tamble; continues to different in a large complexes. o make one disay. A table water in a nuge tumbler continues to efferwesce in subbles of light all night long, flashes of ightning point the way to some one's audeville performance, or against the sky a waying banner is struck by an electric earchlight to call your attention to a new

has become, for the past two years at least, surfeited with the severely critical

The Money God, by John C. Van Dyke. | ideas now advanced by Mr. Van Dyke Charles Scribner's Sons. New York City. | He should change his vision; at presen Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City
A stirring appeal for a return to moral standards in these days of Mammon worship, when, in speaking of a man, the question mostly pushed to the front is:
"How much has he? What is he rated at?" A weariness is here expressed with these days of meaning the standards in the sease everything in a "yellow" light, and lacks patriotism. If his Eastern environment still continues to dwarf his imagination, let him leave the effect East and take long, good breaths of Western at?" A weariness is here expressed with "THE VICAR"

addresses and editorials, and

shows their writer to be a man of varied shows their writer to be a man of varied intellectual gifts. No one can accuse him of being afraid to speak out, his utter-ances being distinguished for their vigor

Judge Waxen's Pocket-Book of Politics, By William J. Lumpton. G. W. Dillingham & Co., New York City.

A political campaign funbook Judge Wabash Q. Waxen is supposed to be the member of Congress for Wayback, and by means of curious spelling—which he

has adopted as his own—he, with sage wisdom, comments in crisp sentences on politics and office-seeking, as he finds

them. In exterior appearance, his book resembles a pocketbook. Samples of

Breathing a vacation spirit, this novel

Sensationalism boiled to an essence

Mr. Dinkelspiel's opinions, expressed in

amusing German-American dialect, have been floating around for years through

the medium of selected newspapers, until the query has been voiced. "Who is Din-kelspiel, anyway?" This volume of 190 pages is the answer. It's chock full of

IN LIBRARY AND WORKSHOP.

The pertrait shown on this book page in that of Charles Rann Kennedy, who wrote the play. The Servant in the House." which was reviewed at length in last week's Oregonian.

Besides her literary activities, which are strenuous and constant, Gertrude Atherica will divert herself in Munich this Summer with musical interests, of which that city is a pronounced center. Mrs. Atherica is a devoted student of opera.

"The Shoulders of Atlas," Mary E. Wil-kins Freeman's forthcoming novel, which will be issued next week, is to have a spe-cial printing, for an edition to Australia, where this famous New England story-writer has capecially large and enthu-siastic audience.

New fiction for the Autumn book season s in active preparation by Houghton, Mir-iin Company, and among the authors on heir list will be Mary Johnston, Clara soutse Burnham, Alice Brown, Charles Eg-ert Craddock, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Vard, C. Hanford Henderson and Harry ames Smith.

combe" will appear within one week, is at his home. Troston Hall, at Troston, Suf-folk. Mr. Pemberton was formerly a resi-dent of Hampstead, and withdrew a few months ago to his present cottage, where he expects to be established for an indefi-

"The Woman Pays," a novel upon a theme that its title sufficiently indicates, is about to be published in New York. Its author is Frederic P. Ladd, who has also written "As a Man Sova," a one-act dramatization of which has had some success on the stage. The scene of "The Woman Pays" is laid in New York.

The demand for Anne Warner French's umorous tale, "The Rejuvenation of Aun

The demand for Anne warms: humorous tale, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," appears to be persistent. Another and tenth reprint has just appeared and it is called the players edition in honor of the dramatic version of the story in which May Robson is appearing. It is illustrated with photographic scenes from the mlay.

It is worth while noting that the author of "Handbook of the Trees," Romeyn Beck Hough, dedicates his book "To the memory of my father, Dr. Franklin B. Hough, who as the picheer commissioner of forestry first strove to arouse the public to check the course of destruction of the American forests and establish the principles of forestry; and to my mother, whose interest in the plan of this handbook and enjoyment in its progress have been among the pleasures of the proparation."

The home of Warwick Deeping at Battle, Sussex. England, is in the old Hastings district, which in itself explains the quaint name of Battle. Gate Cottage, Mr. Deeping's house, is much more than a century old; indeed, no one knows the exact number of years it has stood, so familiar a landmark has it become. It is very small, very low, with little old-fashioned windows, and almost submerged with ity. Here Mr. Deeping wrote a great part of the romantic "Bertrand of Brittany," his latest novel.

J. M. QUENTIN.

furnishes suitable illustrations.

Company, New York City.

Waxem humor:

IN THE PLAY

country-his real country! If I were a judge, I'd condemn Mr. Van Dyke to live one whole year in a certain Western city famous for its roses, snow-

Mind in the Making. By E. J. Swift. Price \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

The writer of this excellent study in mental development is professor of psychology and pedagogy in Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., and in his book he makes a strong plea for the personal element in education and for the extension of the experimental method.

method. Standards of human power; criminal tendencies of boys, their cause and function; school and the individual; reflex neuroses and their relation to development; some nervous disturbances of development; psychology of learn-ing; racial brain and education; experimental pedagogy; school-mastering education; and man's educational re-

construction of nature.

Throughout the entire book there isn't one chapter that is not plentifully illustrated by human incidents that have really happened. For instance, Linnaeus' gymnasium director-would have made a cobbler of him, telling his father that he was unfit for a learned profession. During his whole life Charles Darwin, as he admitted, was singularly incapable of mastering any construction of nature. singularly incapable of mastering any guage. Harriet Martineau's parents asidered her mind dull, unobservant her family who failed in the matter of handwriting. Napoleon Bonaparte did handwriting. Napoleon Bonaparte did not distinguish himself in his studies | Dinkelspiel's Letters to Looey. By George V. Hobart. Illustrated. G. W. Diffingham per family who failed in the matter of at the military school in Paris, and he stood in the final examination for graduation forty-second in his class. Samuel Johnson was indolent: "My master whipped me very hard. Without that, sir, I should have done nothing," he said. John Hunter, the cele-brated surgeon, at 17 years old was unable to read or write. Oliver Gold-smith's teacher in his early childhood thought him one of the dullest boys that she had ever tried to teach. Henry Ward Beecher at 10 years of age ac-cording to his sister, Mrs. Stowe—"was a poor writer, a miserable speller, with cence which seemed like stolid stupidity. He had great deficiency in verbal memory—a deficiency marked in him through life." And so the list goes on.

Possibly the chapter headed "Criminal Tendencies of Boys" will cause the most discussion, because of its sensational disclosures relating to defective youth. Confessions relating to young people who lied and stole are given, lege said that he and his playmate generally had no regard for the truth when an untruth was likely to save them from punishment. Ferriani is quoted as saying that in his opinion "from 8 to 14 years, the child is almost always a thief."

This quotation will be found illumina-

so-called duliness and idieness of children are in most cases due to a failure to understand them and to give them proper subjects of study. He concludes that, barring the degenerates, and they are comparatively few, children should not be classed as good and bad. "They have tendencies and instincts, some of racial and others of family inheritance, but their permanent dispositions are yet unformed and will be mainly determined by their environment, which course, includes all that ent

The Lost Goddess. By Edward Barron Price, \$1.50. Henry Helt & Co., New

Patterned after the Rider-Haggard Patterned after the Rider-Haggard style, this story of adventure has plenty of excitement and fight. Lieutenant Winthrop, late of the American Navy, starts in a steamer to reach the head-waters of the Amazon River to find a lost goddess in the person of an American girl who is supposed to be detained by Indians, against her will. One Katharine Randolph, an Indian Frincess in disguise. and a descendant of the Mayas-the forerunners of the Aztecz-is one of the party, and the latter has a stirring journey up the historic river, only to find that the story of the waiting goddess existed in a bad man's imagination. It's a case of the best in life existing nearest

People and Problems. By Fabian Franklin.
Price, \$1.50. Henry Holt & Co., New York City.

In Maurice Hewlett's new novel, "Haif-way House," he has written a novel of modern life of today in England. Against a background of social life in the country in London, sketched in a brilliant way with witty dialogue and vivid, humorously sa-tirical suggestion of many minor person-ages, he tells the story of a country girl, a governess, who marries a man of higher position and much older than herself. She has two other men in love with her, one masterful, dominating, conventional in life and feeling, able and selfish; the other a delightful, unconventional gentleman-vagletters and journalism as the accom-plished editor of the Baltimore News from 1895-1998, and sometime professor of mathematics in the Johns Hopkins Uni-

abond, a painter of landscapes and an en-thusiastic botanist who wanders over the country planting strange plants in odd cor-ners of England, living by the roadside in a wagon, the "Halfway House" is full of pleasant talk and whimsical ideas. The struggle of the sirl, her gradual develop-ment, her dealings with the three men and her final decision make up an unusual novel

New books received: Over Against Green Peak, by Zephine Humphrey, \$1.25 (Holt): The Essential Life, by Stephen Berrien Stanton, I (Scribner's).

These books were received through the kindness of the J. K. Gill Company, of this city: Dinkelspiel's Letters to Loosy: Judge Waxem's Pocket Book of Politics; The Red Skull; The Lost Goddess; The Money God; The Chaperon; Mind in the Making; Over Against Green Peak, and The Essential Life.

T. H. S. Escott's "King Edward VII and His Court" and "The Story of British Diplomacy" are to be published in this country in a few days. Both are written in the gossipy and entertaining style of Mr. Escott's other works. Mr. Escott has long been the leading editorial writer for the London Standard, and has recently succeeded John Morley as editor of the Fortnightly Beview.

All fresh and salt-water fishermen will welcome Louis Rhead's latest addition to outdoor literature. The Book of Flab and Flshing." It covers in a most systematic and comprehensive way not only the methods of capturing all kinds of sea and freshwater fish, but tells how, and when, and where to get them, the right way to keep them fresh and to ship them, and finally how to cook them. This is one of the first books dealing in a thorough way with the question of salt-water game fishes on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and it ought to become a standard of reference on that subject.

H. O. Arnold-Forster, in his "English Socialism of Today" while conceding the good intentions of the leaders of that movement, declares that Socialism "must inevitably aggravate the ill from which we suffer, must increase the poverty it is designed to remove, must intensify the class distinctions which it professes to chilismats, and instead of bringing peace must bring hatred, strife and, possibly, open war." Mr. Arnold-Forster also realizes the need for change, and in his constructive suggestions pleads that land transfer should be made simple and cheap, and that rates and taxes on land should be diminished. of thought. One of his most scholarly estimates is that on the life of William Ewart Gladstone, while it is generally agreed that his pro-Boer utterances as read in his editorial of December 15, 1899, represented a noisy minority. Mr. Franklin's views on American politics are

Charles Hawkes, the blind naturalist and author, whose book on the beaver has proved such a success, is shortly to bring out a new animal story under the caption "Black Bruin, the Biography of a Bear." Mr. Hawkes is a most unusual blind man, one who is thoroughly interested in all that goes on about him. He is an enthusiastic attendant of baseball and football games, an experienced fisherman and hoatman, and a trained naturalist afield, where no hird or equirrel escapes his keen intuitive perception, which "sees" without eyes. Indeed, as his clever stories indicate, he probably observes the process of nature about him far more keenly than do most persons with perfect eyesight. Charles Hawkes, the blind naturalist and

Waxem humor:

In God We Trust is about the only Trust I know of that don't have a lobbyist er so 'round Washington some time er other teachin' statesmen bizness principels.

I know a woman's rights woman that says she 'd ruther vote than eat, and I ain't supprised at her taste. I et supper at her house once.

Poverty sin't no disgrace in politics. It's was. It's defeat.

Women in politics is a contradiction.

A rolling vote gethers no boss.

A man never rely gits into politics till politics gits into him. Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale University, who said in a recent interview that the much disputed idlom "none are" is perfectly right, is a hearty defender of what is sometimes called "newspaper English." In his book, "The Standard of Usage in English," he maintains that the style of reputable journals is quite as good at the appear conditions allow, if not a

Usage in English," he maintains that the style of reputable journals is quite as good as the proper conditions allow, if not a little better. Indeed, Professor Lounshury, whose practical standard is the usage of great writers and cultivated speakers, seems inclined to permit more latitude of idiom than some editors. One characteristic pronouncement of this critic which many people are quoting is: "Language not only does change, but should change."

That William Dean Howells should have vital sympathy with the art or doctrins of Toistol may seem surprising, yet the genial American hovelist professes to have received the utmost benefit from the vigorous Russian philosopher. "I agree with him," once said Mr. Howells, "but can't live as he does and savises." In Mr. Howell's "Altrurian" novels—such as "A Traveler From Altruria" and "Through the Eye of the Needle"—there is a hint, perhaps, of Toistolsm modified by shrewd common sense, and much Americanized in spirit. It will be remembered, also, that "Sebastopol" in one of its American printings contains an appreciation of Toistol by Mr. Howells which fillumines both writers in an uncommon light. tells how Miss Phyllis Rivers and Miss Van Buren inherited a motor boat and \$1000 and went about Holland as tourists. The story is divided into four parts, two being told by the young women named, and by Rudolph Brederode and Ronald Lester Starr. The central notes are re-The Red Skull. By Furgus Hume. Price, \$1.50. Dodge Publishing Company, New York City. The scene is laid in Cornwall, England, and the story is built around the murder of John Bowring, a South African millionaire, His son, Morgan, is insane. The uncommon light. skull mentioned in the tale was col-ored scarlet, and around the forehead to the back was a broad band of silver.

The Japanese Ambassador, representing his Emperor, has conferred upon Dr. William Elliott Griffis, of Carnell University, the Order of the Rising Sun. Dr. Griffis is the author of "The Mikado's Empire" and other authoritative works on the Japanese people and on Japan, where he lived for several years. He is also an authority on the Dutch nation, and only recently completed an account of the inauguration and reign of Wilhelmina, which has been included in the revision, under his editorahip, of the Harpers' "Motloy's Dutch Nation." The emblem of the Sun is a large ruby set in gold and enamel, and it is accompanied by an official diploms, Dr. Griffis' notification of the intended honor was made through one of the former peace representatives at the Portsmouth conference, Baron Komura.

If you have never been behind the scenes

stand out so vividiy that one gains a more intimate acquaintaince with the life of the green room than could be acquired by months of actual experience. The position of impressario of the New York Metropolitan Opera Company has proved too much for the constitution of three men, and the work of managing theatrical and managing stars has never been regarded as easy. But Mr. Davis survived several seasons as the manager of Weber & Fields All-Star Burlesque Company and has lived to tell the tale. Or at least he tells much that he knows of theatrical life in "The Stage Door," and mighty good reading he makes of its. 20100

"Vera the Medium," by Richard Harding Davis, his first novel in six years is an unusual story, and Vera is the most charm-ing and fascinating of heroines, and one

entirely new to fiction. To get material for his story Mr. Davis visited all the seances and spiritualists he could find or hear of in New York and Brooklyn, N. Y. During one of these seances the medium decided to make it uncomfortable for Mr. Davis, suspecting that he was there "to show the place up" in the newspapers, and much to the delight of the "true believers" present present present acceptable of deliver messages from

show the place up" in the newspapers and much to the delight of the "true believers present proceeded to deliver messages from the other world little likely to arouse him to enthusiasm either for the future or his own personal appearance. Just as the spirit was about to journey back, Mr. Davis with was permitted to ask one question. "Woll," said Mr. Davis, "I want to ask your advice. Had I better take that position in Mr. Jerome's office, or had I better go in with General Bingham after all?" There was a gasp from both spirit and audience, and a hurried exit on the part of the latter.

Choosing titles for their books is hardly a pastime for authors; it is a task, and a difficult and disappointing one, although it does sometime afford amusement in passing. When Miss Alice MacGowan chose a title for her new novel she found it was one that Miss Florence Wilkinson had aiready used—"The Strength of the Hills." Therefore Miss MacGowan rechristened her story, called it "Judlih of the Cumbersiands," and feit safely original again. Evidently she forgot "Judith of the Plains," a novel which Miss Marie Manning brought out a year or two ago. Attached to name so common as Judlith, this difference of only one word might well be expected to pull confusion down upon the heads of bookmen.

Hamilin Garland, author of "The Tyranny of the Dark" and "The Shadow World," has agreed to lecture this coming season on the so-called occult phenomena of the spirit world, with which these hooks have to do Although a man of the mountains and the plains, as stories like "Money Magic" prove. Mr. Garland has always felt an interest in the mysteries of "spirit communication." and some 16 years ago served on the executive court of the American Psychical Society, of which he was also at one time president. "The Shadow World." appearing as a current magazine serial, is a discussion in dialogue and narrative of some vary thrilling occult happenings, while "The

Inting as to probable results of these investigations.

J. Ernest Phythian, in his "Trees in Nature, Myth and Art." just published, makes this comparison between tree life and human life: "In what ways are trees like us? They are born, grow to maturity, fall and then die. They draw nourishment from earth and air; and by its aid are formed the myriad cells of which they are built up; the nutriment being changed by a process we can trace, but cannot understand, into root, stem, bark, leaf or other part of their economy. They have no heart to pump the fluid nourishment throughout their frame from root to highest branch and twig; but other forces effect the needed circulation of food, They have a rough, thick skin to protect their sensitive, vital parts. Earth and air, rain and sunshine are needful for their life; and they vary in character with varying habitat. They come near to us in that they differ in sex; and it is only by great restraint that we do not speak of their love-making."

"The Debate of the Body and the Soul," taken from an early lifth century manuscript, and modernized by the late Professor Child, of Harvard, is announced for publication, although the theme, the body blaming the soul and the soul the body for its shortcomings, is common to nearly every language, still the poem itself is almost entirely unknown at the present reprint, for the publication of which special permission was granted by the fought out a very small edition as a gift for his friends several years ago, and it is next to impossible to get a copy now. In the present reprint, for the publication of which special permission was granted by the Child heirs, Professor Child on English hand-made paper, Miss Marion I. Peabody, sixter of Josephine Preston Peabody, the poet, contributing the simple illustrations in keeping with the subject. The attent will be limited to 750 conless of body, the poet, contributing the simple il-lustrations in keeping with the subject. The edition will be limited to 750 copies, of which 750 only will be offered for sale, all

McClure's. Limbetta, Marianina, Flametta, Teresina, They are winding stems of roses, one b one, one by one-

Little children who have never learned to Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache

Tiny Flametta nodding when the twiligh slips in, gray. High above the clattering street, ambu

lance and fire gong beat.

They sit, curling crimson petals, one by one, one by one. Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,

dew drop in the sun. They will dream of the vendetts, Teresina Of a Black Hand and a Pace behind a

grating:
They mill dream of cotton petals, endless,

crimson, suffocating. crimson, sufficienting.

Never of a wild rose thicket nor the singing of a cricket.

But the ambulance will bellow through the wanness of their dreams.

And their tired lids will flutter with the street's hysteric screams.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Flametta, Terosina, They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one. Let them have a long, long playtime, Lord of Toll, when toll is done! Fill their baby hands with roses, joyous roses of the sun

Joyce's Various June Letters By LOUISE LEXINGTON

have more time to write letters herself soon, as she intends to drop a certain part of her newspaper work and give all of her attention to another line called "featuring," I think she said. Then we shall have her at home a great deal of the time, and she may great deal of the time, and she may all the household lines and attention to another line all day long; Julie flits about the garden with one of Ruth Ann's big sunbonnets on, and Ruth Ann is very important and dignified. She is bleaching all the household lines and attacks. wear that flowered silk kimono you sent as much as she chooses. As it is now, she often eats breakfast in her street hat.

The annual Rose Festival opens today and I am going to send you a souvenir programme and a handful of rose petals from a bush that grows near our dining-room window. your eyes, auntie, and smell of them. and dream that you are in Portland, the Rose City, the most beautiful city in the world, and one that has become most dear to us all I am sorry that you keep asking how soon we shall come back there to live, because Portland is home to all of us now, even to Ruth Ann, and she holds out longer than anybody else. And we have made so many friends here. Oh, I am quite sure, auntie, that if we ever go East again, it will only be for a visit to you all-after our ship comes in.

June 4, 1998 .- Dear Aunt: I am hav-June 4, 1938.—Dear Aunt: I am having the very nicest gown made. I'm to graduate from the grammar school in two weeks and next term will enter High School, then I shall feel grown up, indeed. Already I am planning how I shall act toward all of the new girls and what I shall do at first to make them like me. I believe I'll try to think up some really original way to wear my hair bows or something that will rouse their interest in me right from the start.

right from the start.

I sometimes envy Julie, who is only 13, and Billy, who's but 6. Billy will start to school next term, and when you saw him last he was only a baby. He still has some of his dear little baby ways, but he will lose them all too soon, I fear, when he starts to school, if he is at all like the little bay who lives across the ball from the starts to school. the hall from us. His mamma says she sent him the first morning with his hair cut Buster Brown, and with a Buster Brown suit and the dearest little socks on. But after the first day he refused to go any more unless he might have his blouses belted in at the waist and have his hair shortened and his stockings lengthened. Now he wears a dirty old ball catcher's mit attached to his belt, and his mamma says she stands at the window, and watches him for to stand window and watches him go to school every morning and just sighs and sighs for her buby that will never come back to her. It's just perfectly heart-breaking to hear her talk, but Ruth Ann says 'Pshaw, I should think she'd be mighty glad to see him gettin' some sense. All the larnin' don't come out o' books, neither!" Lovingly. JOYCE. neither!" Lovingly.

June 7, 1908—Dear Aunt Margaret: The Rose Festival was dandy! We went to four parades, to the rose ex-hibit, a concert, a matinee and a picnic. Ruth Ann said she never saw such a "maddening crowd." Mamma insisted that she go about with us, and it was enjoyed it almost as much as we did-except the confetti. That seemed to make her perfectly furious. She even grabbed one poor boy by the arm and crammed yards and yards of the pretty

paper ribbon he had dangled all about her into his mouth! Now, I have some beautiful news. We are to move into a pretty bungalow upon Fortland Heights—an ideal Sumner home. The owner, a friend of ours—the "gentle gray lady" of whom I all Summer. Her aunt, who lives with her now, will return to Denver, and for three or four long months we will be up there, above the big, bustling city, among the cool, green fir trees, breathing the most delightful air, and feasting our eyes upon the beauty of snow capped mountains and forest-clad hills.
And last, but not least, we shall sleep out-of-doors on the verandas. For sleeping out-of-doors the year around is a great fad in Portland, especially among the people who live up on the Heights, Lovingly, JOYCE.

"Heart's Content." June 20, 1908. Dear Aunt Margaret: Things do hap-en, even when one is only half-past 14 and lives in such a tiny corner of the world. I dearly adore weddings, and the one at "Heart's Content" was perfeetly splendid. I almost cried my ever fectly splendid. I almost cried my eyes out. I wore my graduating dress, and had some beautiful new halr-ribbons. Julie said I looked lovely. And the "gentle gray lady" looked lovely, too, only I believe I should have said that before I talked about myself. She is now Mrs. Walsh, and we have been livered. ing in her home since the day of the wodding. Mamma came up early that day, for she wanted to help her, and we hildren followed later, for she insisted on having us all, even Billy. Ruth Ann made the salad and coffee and both the immense big cakes. Julie and I packed some dear little white boxes with the some dear little white boxes with the cake for the guests to carry home.

The rooms at "Heart's Content" were literally banked with roses, all of them from the rose garden of the "gentle gray lady." When Julie and I first entered we thought we had been suddenly transported to Fairyland, and Julie's profits value, but the awarent thrill. pretty voice had the sweetest thrill when she said softly: "Oh. Joyce, Joyce; and it's to be ours all the happy Summer!" And Billy shouted excitedly: "Oh, it smells just like bureau drawers! I do hope the 'gentle gray lady' will be gone ever an ever so long on her wedding march!" Of

lady will be gone ever an ever so long on her wedding march!" Of course, that made us laugh, but I pre-tended it was at the way Julie's hair-bows stuck out at the sides, for Billy perfectly hates being teased. When mamms, in her new gown, stood up by sunt to help receive the guests. Julie whispered and asked me if I thought the "gentle gray lady" would look half so beautiful as "Aunt That is a pet name our own, Julie has given mamma, and I said I was pretty sure she wouldn't, and sure enough she didn't; although she looked like a dream. Mamma looked like a picture from a stained-glass window. Lovingly, JOYCE.

er will probably make you ill againis so blue. I have tried for a week keep my feelings all to myself, but now it seems I shall burst unless dle when we have to move into our lit-tie flat again. To have enough room! Not to have to let down beds at night, or be obliged to keep one's tea things in a clothes closet-oh, it's perfectly delightful! But of course it can't last, and I can't seem to enjoy myself while it does last, for thinking about the end of it all. I sat out on the veranda with Julie and mamma last evening

JUNE 1, 1908.—Dearest Aunt Margaret—Mamma says I'm to write you a letter every few days until you are strong again. She says when one is convalescing time is apt to pass slowly, and any sort of a letter is very welcome. Mamma says she will be well and the says when well and the says the beautiful ride to town, with the city lying below us, and the sweet-scented air blowing in at the open winder.

all the household linen, and storing away the Wister things for the "gentle gray lady." And between times she is making strawberry shortcake. Mamma says the air up here is like wine, and her appetite is wonderful. But poor little selfish me—it would have been much better if I had never come. Sorrowfully, JOYCE.

"Heart's Content," June 20, 1908. Dearest Aunt Margaret. We are so tappy! The most wonderful letter ame today, and you must share our joy. The "gentle gray lady" married a wealthy man, and he wants to build her a beautiful new home when they return to Portland. She says she cannot bear to give up the little home that was once her mother's, or to allow strangers to occupy it and so she that was once her mother's, or to allow strangers to occupy it, and so she wants us to just live here as long as ever we please. She says we may pay her the same rent we paid for our little flat, and she hopes we will use all of her things as if they were our very own—that will be a great "accommodation," mamma says. That is one of the "gentle gray lady's" ways of being gentle. The only condition she makes is that she shall be allowed to visit us often and carry away as to visit us often and carry away as many roses as she can hold in her arms. She declares she cannot find any half so fragrant or beautiful as those that blossom at Heart's Content.

Mamma says you must visit us as soon as ever you are able.

Tonight I went to my room and promised God I would be a better girl, and Julie and I have planned the loveliest party before Lois Clifton starts for the Coast. Joyfully. JOYCE.

How the Steel Kings Made Fortunes

NDUSTRY has furnished us with many wonderful romances, but the origin and development of the steel trade of America, as told by Herbert N. Casson in his book, "The Romance of Steel," form, perhaps, the most remarkable industrial narrative ever written. A thousand millionaires have been made by the iron and steel trade of America in the last 40 years. There was enough money made in steel last year to give 250 men \$1,000,000 apiece, while enough iron and steel have been produced in the states in 12 months to secure no less than £37 to every man, woman and child living in the land of Uncle Sam.

And yet 50 years ago cheap steel was unknown. It was then sold at a shilling a pound; the railroads were using Iron rails which were out in less than two years, and the total output of iron and steel in a year was less than is now made in four days.

Then came to William Kelly, a Pitisburg Irish-American, that flash of genius which provided the world with a new metal-something as strong as steel and as cheap as tron.

"Kelly was an ironmaker and needed charcoal. In time all the wood near his available source of supply was seven seven miles meant bankruptev, unless he day he was sitting in front of the 'finery fire' when he suddenly sprang to his feet with a shout and rushed to the furnace. At one edge he saw a white-hot spot in the yellow mass of molten metal. The iron at this spot was incandescent. It was almost gaseous. Yet there was no charcoal-nothing but the steady blast of air. Like a flash the idea leaped into his excited brain—there was no need of charcoal. Air alone for fuel." Then, seven years later, came Besse-

Then, seven years later, came Pessener, who made the new process a commercial success by the invention of his celebrated "converter," and received £2,000,000, world-wide fame and a knighthood as this reward. Kelly received £100,000 and comparative oblivion, although his idea was the nucleus of the Bessemer process, by which iron is puri-fied from carbon by the direct intro-duction of oxygen; for when Bessemer applied for and obtained a United States patent for his "pneumatic process." Kelly claimed priority for his invention, and his claim was allowed by the patent

Another ploneer of the steel trade. Robert F. Mushet, a Scotchman, who culty that baffled Kelly and Bossemer fared even worse than Kelly. For he lost his patent by falling to pay the nec essary fee, and in his later years was dependent upon a pension of £300, which he received annually from Bessemer. The difficulty which Mushet removed

was this:
"The air blast clears the molten metal. of carbon and of all impurities, includ-ing sulphur and phosphorus. But a cerrain quantity of carbon is necessary to harden the metal into the required quality of steel. Instead of endeavoring to stop the process at exactly the right moment, Mushet asked. Why not first burn out all the carbon and then pour back the exact supprity that you need? This the exact quantity that you need?"

The man who took the invention of Relly and Bessemer into his hands de-veloped it into one of the wonders of the world, and made Carnogie millions was Captain William R. Jones—"Bill" Jones, as he was known-who seemed to live with the sole desire of toppling over the idea that England owned the steel trade. He could have been a millionaire many times over, but he cared little for money. When he was offered a partnermoney. When I ship, he replied:

Carnegie, I don't know any No. Mr. Carnegie, I don't know any thing about business, and I don't want to be bothered with it. I've got trouble enough here in these works. I'll tell, you what you can do"-these were his exact words-"you can give me a thundering big salary.
"After this, Captain," replied Carne-gie, "you shall have the salary of the

President of the United States \$25,000 was the most meteoric career ever known In the steel business. He had risen step by step-but such steps! Step No. 1. driving stakes for \$1 a day at the Edgar Thompson works, Step No. 2, six months later, superintendent of the Ed-gar Thomson works, the foremost steelmaking plant in the world. Step No. 2, at 35 years of age, superintendent of both the Edgar Thomson and Homestead plants, managing 8000 workmen. This was the only instance in which Mr. and listened to one of mamma's little Carnegie permitted one man to op-loving talks about being grateful for our blessings, and I felt so selfish and mean I just had to go away and have House salary and 3 p.r cent stock. Carnegie permitted one man to operate two plants Step No. 4, president of the Carnegle Steel Company, with a White

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