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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JULY 25, 1909.

THE PERFECT VACATION.

The doctor in one of Margaret Deland's pathetic stories was too poor ever to give his old horse a week in the pasture. The forlorn beast had to go over the same roads day after day, week in and week out, rain or shine, Summer and Winter, without break or change in the weary routine. Naturally he began to droop by and by, and finally the doctor found himself without a horse. Teams which have to draw a stagecoach over the same route all the year round begin to pine after a while. They refuse their oats and lose their spirit. Horses are like human beings, inasmuch as they cannot work effectively without interest in what they are doing, and their interest, like ours, is destroyed by monotony. We must have change or all that is worth while in us perishes. Conscious life is nothing else but change. Give a human being two successive moments which are in all respects alike and you extinguish his existence for the time. Anesthetics make everything the same to us, and in doing it they annihilate consciousness. The world is real in so far as it is a process of passage from one epoch to another through continual births. The reality is in the birth, and not in what is born.

Monsters who heap up mountains of riches which they cannot use by exploiting those who toil used to imagine that they gained something by keeping the drudge's nose pressed hard down on the grindstone all the time. Now they know better. In dollars and cents even it pays to let everybody have a vacation, and a good long one. Samson returns to his treadmill more of a giant than he was when he went a-fishing, and the Philistine lords draw usury from his rest in the shape of wine and oil. The lords themselves are prone to forget how much the slave trudging in his chains round and round the pillar needs some little break in the toilsome cycle, because their vacations last all the time. As a piece of property he is worth more year after year if he has a chance to disport himself in the woods for a week or two. It is only those who never work who undervalue the need of rest. Just as the woman who never soiled her lily hand with a dishcloth or a broom makes inhuman demands upon the strength of her kitchen maid, so the leisure class, the men who toil not, neither spin, and yet whose raiment exceeds in glory all that Solomon ever wore, are most merciless to those who earn their bread by their sweat. The great poet learns in suffering what he teaches in song. Likewise doth the merciful master learn the bitterness of toil by toiling, and out of his knowledge grows the beauteous blossom of human kindness. Cruelty and ignorance are much the same thing when we get down to hard pan. Socrates was not so very far from right when he taught that knowledge was virtue. Just as he who understands everything is ready to pardon everything, so he who has tasted the bitterness of unrelenting toil hastens to mitigate the pain of the worker by merciful rest.

No more beautiful thing was ever said of the dear God who loves us all, we hope, than this, that he giveth his beloved sleep. Sleep and peace are his most precious blessings. "My peace I give to you," said Jesus when he set out on that long and mysterious journey to the other world and left the disciples to weep for him on the lonesome earth. Through what battles had the Savior conquered that peace? Our concept of Heaven is a place where we can rest. "On the other side of Jordan, in the sweet fields of Eden, where the tree of life is blooming, there is rest for you." Hard is your case if there is no rest for you before you get there. The old Scotch woman who thought of Heaven as a place where she could sit all day long in her rocking chair and knit, knit, knit, while the still eternities lapsed away, never had a vacation. Most of mankind have none. That is why their hearts are encrusted with selfishness and their minds besotted with ignorance. When we are resting we grow gentle and the seeds of wisdom grow into life. It is merciless toil that makes men brutal. No saint was ever saintly when his body was sore with labor or his mind broken with fatigue. The fiends of the Inquisition sought to send men to hell by keeping them awake week after week. They knew how weariness drives us to forget God and welcome the devil and all his works. It is fools who say that if people who work had more leisure they would waste it in vice. Vice is the refuge of those who have no other solace. It is the last resource of the body whose painful labor knows no surcease.

Even in the case of the vicious rich debauchery is a last resort, a confession of hunger for which they can find no food. No millionaire would spend his vitality in sordid drunkenness if he knew any better way to dispose of it. With him ignorance is the mother of sin. If he knew better he would do better. The poor man squanders his strength because he has so little. The rich man because he has so much. In the bones of the toiler the pains of dissolution continually rage, and he seeks to assuage them by drawing a little nearer to death. The besotted rich live so near extinction all the time that the false vigor of vice seems to them like real life. They need a vacation from their idleness as much as the poor laborer needs a vacation from his toil. Will the time ever come when each family in the great cities, father, mother, all the children and the old aunts, shall go forth for a month in midsummer to the green country, and, living with God in paradise, forget for the time the harshness of their lot? The great problem of the world is to win rest for those who toil too much and to win toil for those who rest too much. The greater problem is to learn how to spend the resting time when we have won it. Toil drives men to vice for consolation, and vice in its turn compels them to toil without remission. It is a discouraging round, but some time we shall break the magic of the circle and escape into that liberty which comes from full obedience to nature's law.

FAMILIAR, YET HARD, LESSONS.

It's a bad piece of business for a man to marry a woman much older than himself. In such alliance nothing fits. Disgust or indifference is likely to arise on one side, and jealousy on the other. The true object of marriage is the making of a home and the rearing of children. Happy harmony between husband and wife is the indispensable condition of this realization. Shakespeare could give, and did give, as good advice on many matters of life as we find in holy writ; and better, in some instances, because it proceeds from the experience of modern life. This passage, for one:

> Let still the woman take
> An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
> So sways she level in her husband's heart.

Nothing more needed on this subject. It is the last word. Likewise, on intermarriage of the races. Let the tragedy of "Othello" stand for that lesson.

And, for a lesson on the folly of those who, in their advanced years, give away their property or estate and expect others, even their own children, to care for them, read, and never forget, "King Lear."

Incidents or examples of all these mistakes are occurring continually. In the daily reports presented through the newspaper, they follow in rapid succession, and in steady train. They tread each other's heel, throughout the year. What seems to be new under the sun is reappearance, mostly, of new incidents of old experience. Yet withal it's mighty hard to learn the lessons.

DISTRIBUTING FORTUNES.

Pessimists who delight to torment themselves with the repeated assurance that "the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer" would not be obliged to scan the daily papers very closely to secure many exceptions to this rule. Some philosopher, who must have been a close observer of the antics of the descendants of the wealthy, once remarked that it was "only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves." The transition does not come so rapidly with all of the rich, but there are ever before us many who take kindly to the whirlwind distributions of the wealth for which they engaged neither in toiling nor spinning.

"Silent" Smith, the nerveless son of a Chicago millionaire who amassed a fortune in Western railroads, left no vivid trail along the primrose path and died early with his share of the Smith millions well taken care of. His sister, however, at an expense of many millions, became Lady Cooper, and the Smith millions made some portions of staid old England sit up and take notice. In last Sunday's Oregonian a London cable announced that Lady Cooper had spent $9000 for music alone for a single evening's entertainment. Now comes the news that Miss Anita Stewart, the stepdaughter of "Silent" Smith and heir to many of his millions, would become the wife of a bogus Prince for whom she paid $1,000,000 in advance. When as disreputable a man as the bogus Prince Braganza can secure $1,000,000 from his victim before marriage, it is easy to understand that the prospects for a rapid distribution of the remainder of the fortune are excellent. With such prodigal waste of money the end of the Smith fortune can be foreseen, and a generation or two hence some member will be obliged to begin all over again.

This is only one instance, and it is by no means an isolated case. The Thaw fortune, which a dozen years ago was the envy of thousands of toilers in the smoky city where it was amassed, has been flung to the four winds, and another generation will probably remove the name of Thaw from the lists of the rich. Not all of the very rich make fools of themselves or permit their offspring to do so, but, sometimes for one reason and sometimes another, all of the great fortunes of the earth are broken up and divided. Both the Gould and the Vanderbilt fortunes have shrunk amazingly since the death of the men of the family who knew what hard work and thrift meant, and the same fate awaits many other American fortunes whose possessors know more about spending than saving. It would, of course, be much better for society as well as for the rich themselves, if these distributions of wealth could be made in a channel where it would do more good in the immediate present. Eventually, however, the pile is spread out so thin that it no longer attracts notice, and the world's attention is diverted to some newcomer who has displayed a genius for accumulating money.

AGAIN THE GOOD ROADS PROBLEM.

Lane County purposes to be up and doing in the matter of experimental road construction, according to the present plan. The first stretch of macadamized county road in that county will be laid between Eugene and Springfield and the work will be begun as soon as the details of construction can be arranged. The sooner the better, for the season is far advanced and satisfactory work on highways in the Willamette Valley can not be done when rain is falling and the ground is soft.

The roads in Lane County are not worse than those in most other sections of the Willamette Valley, but they cannot by an stretch of imagination, backed by loyalty to climate, be called "good roads" during the Winter and Spring seasons. The rains of these seasons conduce to the wretched condition of these roads, of course, but they do not excuse it, since proper road construction would insure good roads in spite of the Winter rains. This is conceded by men who understand road construction. It is equally true that the best of material for county road building abounds in the Willamette Valley and is readily accessible.

These are facts that only have to be acted upon with intelligence and determination by County Commissioners to remove the stigma of disgrace from Oregon roads and an unmerited reproach from Oregon's climate as fostered by the abominable county roads of much of the Willamette Valley for full half of the year.

Good road building is expensive, of course. But when did the taxpayers of the state refuse to come forward with a tax levied for the public benefit? Besides, is not heavy toil exacted from farmers every year for "bad roads" in the form of a direct tax upon broken-down and worn-out road equipment—vehicles, harness and teams? There are losses, too, incident to the inability to supply local markets with garden, orchard, poultry and dairy products at the season of the year when these being the highest prices.

The question of building good roads in Oregon is no longer a theoretical one. There are stretches of public highways—short, it is true—in Marion, Clackamas, Yamhill, and possibly some other counties, that can be traveled with comfort and speed the year round, with or without a load, while in many districts of Multnomah County the roads are emphatically "good roads" at all seasons.

It is high time for Lane County to take up for early solution the good roads problem. Progress along other lines in that county has been notable and substantial in recent years. There is no reason why the public spirit of its citizens should lag in this direction, and no reason to suppose that, being once aroused, as we are assured that it has been, that it will again return to the idea that bad roads are in accordance with the decree of Nature in our worst Winter climate—an affliction to be endured because impossible to overcome.

BOGIES OF BUGDOM.

That old familiar infliction that we were wont to be assured was a friend in disguise—the boil—assumes new terrors under the pen punctures of Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the Saturday Evening Post. The wonder, after reading the diagnosis of this infliction as given by this prolific writer, is that so many thousands of unsuspecting mortals before his time came safely through the ordeal of a single boil, not to mention the pestiferous colony that followed in the trail blazed by the first intruder. Were it not that Dr. Hutchinson writes both A. M. and M. D. after his name, we might seriously doubt the magnitude of the danger that he depicts.

It is certain that many men before his time came down to good old age, even though they had, not once, but many times, stubbed their toes in boyhood while running barefoot after the cows, skinned their knuckles and shins in a furious bout on the school playground, cut their fingers with the rusty blade of a knife that they had perhaps found in the barnyard, taken splinters from their flesh with brass pins, etc., etc., regardless of the bugs that lie in wait to take advantage of these and other commonplace incidents and accidents to destroy human life.

Dr. Hutchinson has, by his profuse presentment of this and kindred subjects, proven that there is absolutely no limit to the activities of an enthusiast in bugology, bent upon the combined purpose of exploiting his opinions and incidentaly his medical and surgical knowledge, and adding to his bank account. He may, furthermore, be congratulated upon having devised a formula whereby he can advertise without running up against the code of ethics formally prescribed by the profession, which makes advertising a misdemeanor to which grave penalties are attached.

ONE HUNDRED GOOD BOOKS.

There is more catholicity in the list of novels for Summer reading issued by the Portland Public Library than in many similar efforts for the public good. This list makes the modest claim that it includes "one hundred of the best novels." It admits, therefore, that there are other books just as good and perhaps some better than the ones it mentions, which is a very unusual concession. Most lists of one hundred books, as the harassed reader is well aware, include all the best and exclude all the second best and worse. It is marvelous that this should be so, since no two lists are alike, but concerning the fact no doubt is possible. This selection from the Portland library, in spite of its modest pretensions, is a great deal better than some we have seen. It contains nothing which is not excellent, while its scope is wide enough to please any reasonable lounger. A catalogue which runs through the whole alphabet and intersperses Jane Austen, George Eliot, Meredith and Trollope among its more frivolous authors cannot be accused of triviality. One imagines that it is more likely to be charged with the crime of over-seriousness.

On the Summer boarder and vacation loiterer good advice about reading is for the most part wasted. What they want is something frankly silly. Laura Jane Libbey is more congenial to their taste than Charles Kingsley. They prefer Ople Read to Sir Walter Scott. If they cannot find a book which requires no exertion of mind to read it, they will not read at all. Still, even among this discouraging class there is here and there a person who does not believe that rest necessarily means vacuity of the intelligence and these grains of wheat among the chaff will be thankful for the hints in the public library's list of 100 good books. Most of us require a little jog before we are quite ready to go back to the old books we read twenty or thirty years ago. We remember them with a hazy pleasure, but for the most part we are satisfied with memory; we do not care to take the trouble of reading them again unless somebody says we ought. This list gives the lazy conscience many a kindly hunch of that character. For example, it sets down Miss Mulock's "John Halifax, Gentleman," among the books one might peruse to the profit of his soul in a shady bower beside a babbling brook. Few are well acquainted with "John Halifax" now, and Miss Mulock is little more than a luminous mist just vanishing in the backward and abysm of time. Still the novel is a good one, much too good to be forgotten. John was a man of sterling worth, and his devotion to his invalid friend Phineas adds a touch of tenderness to a character which is almost too upright to be human and lovable. John's one fall from perfect grace happened on the memorable afternoon when he ran away with Phineas to see Mrs. Siddons play Lady Macbeth. Perhaps this excellent old book does not quite escape the disgrace of being goody-goody. It may be that John Halifax was something of a prig, and we should have liked him better if he had played hookey for the sake of fish instead of Shakespeare. Miss Mulock was as serious as George Eliot in her quiet way. Her characters can weep and pray and even smile gravely, but they never frolic.

It would be interesting to know when the Summer is over and the Autumn leaves are falling, Daisy dear, how many people followed the counsel of the library sages and read three of George Meredith's novels. In our humble opinion the man who reads a single one between July 1 and August 31 deserves a credit mark. Meredith is not adapted to hot weather. His books make demands upon the attention. A wayfaring man who tries to read him is doomed to disappointment. He does not harmonize with hammocks and shady porches. To peruse him properly one must sit erect in a chair, preferably wooden with a straight back, without any distracting birds or mosquitoes near by. It is rather straining a point, in fact, to class George Meredith among the novelists. He fits in more acceptably among the mathematicians, or at least the metaphysicians. He looks a great deal better by the side of Immanuel Kant than he does along with Jane Austen. Still, if any stray vacationer should be persuaded by this advice from the library to dip into Meredith, it will depend on himself whether he closes the book in disgust or reads it through with enjoyment. The feast is there, but one needs good teeth to chew the meats and a sturdy stomach to digest them. He is not an author for intellectual valetudinarians.

But is there any good reason why the approach of warm weather should enfeeble our brains? Is not a vacation enjoyed all the better if it is varied with a little genuine intellectual work? The body relishes its holidays more when it is not permitted to be too indolent. A brisk ramble in the morning, a vigorous tramp in the afternoon, emphasizes the long hours of the day's rest and makes them sweeter to the physical frame. Is it not much the same with the brain? Does it not grow stale with too much idleness and find unbroken rest toilsome from sheer monotony? In our opinion everybody would pass a pleasanter vacation if he would bind himself by a solemn vow to do two hours' serious work each day and then fulfill the vow. Thus one might learn the elements of a language, as it were, by guile, or begin a science. We all know about the London doctor who translated Horace riding in his carriage from one patient to another. What Oregonian will capture renown by writing a treatise on hydraulics on the mornings of his vacation, before the rest of the company is awake?

ITALIAN LABORERS IN SOUTH.

Even if there is no truth in the report that Italian immigrants are made slaves of in the South, the Southerners are guilty of incredible folly in tolerating conditions which give rise to the rumor. All Italy seems to be stirred up over tales of peonage in the Gulf States, and the Government is quite likely to start another investigation. There have been one or two already, caused by similar rumors, and they have not been entirely fruitless. Of course the consequences can be nothing less than disastrous to the South. No other section of the country needs intelligent and honest labor so badly as the tier of states along the Gulf. The whites there who are willing to work for wages are notoriously of an indolent and none too bright character. The adults willingly permit their children to support the family by working in the factories, while they themselves pass the time loafing in the shade. Besides that, they are physically deficient.

The average Italian workman is many degrees more desirable as a laborer than the poor whites of the South, while between him and the negro there is no comparison possible. He is industrious, capable and fairly honest. Moreover, he is not a spendthrift. He saves his earnings and sends them home for deposit in a government savings bank. If we had a postal savings bank he would deposit them here. One would think the South would do all it could not only to attract such admirable immigrants, but to make them contented after they arrived. Instead of that, we hear tales of brutal cruelty, and even of slavery, one after another, in a constant stream. Is there some taint in the disposition of the Southern employer which makes it impossible for him to pay honest wages to his employes? Is he so permeated by inherited love of slavery that he prefers it to free labor, even against the law? Happily, the Italian government is awake to the welfare of its subjects in foreign lands as well as at home, and we may be sure that conditions will be thoroughly investigated. If it is true that Italians cannot earn as high wages in the South as they can at home, that is another laurel leaf for our tariff.

THE PERSIAN REVOLUTION.

A singular feature of the revolution which is raging in Persia is the attitude of the priesthood of the national church, the Mohammedan Shiites. They are on the popular side. In most cases when uprisings against tyranny take place the hierarchy is found on the side of the government. It is so in Russia today. It was so in England during the war between King Charles and his Parliament. But of the nine or ten million people in Persia the majority who sympathize with the revolution is so large that the priests would have no congregations left if they sided with the Shah. Moreover, though they have as a rule been bitterly hostile to innovations coming from Europe, the Shiite priests seem to have welcomed the new spirit of reform which has swept across Asia from Japan. At any rate, they are with the people in their uprising against the cruel despotism of the monarch. The church has excommunicated Mohammed Ali for his perjury in breaking the oath he swore to observe the constitution of 1906, but since he has the open support of Russia and the more or less clandestine backing of England, he will probably manage in the long run to hold his own against both priests and people.

England and Russia have heavy financial interests in Persia which the success of the revolution might endanger. The Shahs for many years have been ruthlessly extravagant, wasting the taxes wrung from the people without scruple and borrowing millions from abroad. They have negotiated heavy loans in Russia and also in England. Besides, there are both British and Russian banks in the wretched country with extensive concessions. Last Spring an agreement was reached between England and Russia to maintain the Shah on his tottering throne and at the same time parcel out Persia between them in the shape of two "spheres of influence." Of course, the uprising of the people militates against the consummation of this pleasant treaty. A nation sentenced to be plundered by outside civilizers puts great difficulties in their way when it rises in revolution. The Persian revolutionists have a capable leader in Sipadar Khan, a man who began life as a horse-trader. He seems to belong to the type of Mohammed, who was a camel-driver before he became a prophet. Sipadar is a good commander. He defeats the Shah's troops whenever he meets them, but his victories are made largely futile by the intermeddling of the foreigners. Still, he now has possession of the capital and may possibly capture the Shah, who has shut himself up in a mountain fortress to await aid from the Russians.

The basis of the revolution is economic. Under the wretched rule of its monarchs Persia is unable to support its population. Men have been compelled to go by the hundred thousand to Russia and Turkey in Europe to seek work, and with them upon their return they have brought the new ideas which are keeping those countries in turmoil. Under a representative government the people have come to believe that taxes would be lower and life less miserable. This opinion prevails in every province of Persia. The people are so thoroughly convinced of its soundness that they are willing to fight for it, and while they may not dethrone the Shah, they are likely to obtain a stable constitution in the end.

NEW ENGLAND WOMEN.

New England has given to the world men and women of high moral and mental attainments—scholars, theologians, poets and statesmen—men who left their stamp not only upon their day and generation, but upon the sands of time, and women who in a different but not less useful and positive way made the world better for having lived in it. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward, Lydia Huntley Sigourney, are names that represent women who, while wives and mothers, home-makers and helpmeets of man in the most literal sense, yet found time to work in the larger field of the world and made therein an impress that was strong and lasting.

Nor is the long roll of New England spinsterhood without names that stand for high endeavor in the wider world of human usefulness, of which the home is the center. Women who,—

> Lonely, homeless, not the less
> Found peace in love's unselfishness
> And blessings wherever they went,
> A calm and gracious element,

were in their long, cheerful, busy day known by the names of Louise M. Alcott, beloved of children; Mercy Whittier,—

> The sweetest woman ever fate
> Perverse denied a household mate;

Lucy Larcom and Celia Thaxter, who went through life with songs upon their lips and work for others in their hands; Susan B. Anthony, fearless apostle of the political equality of her sex; Frances E. Willard, of whom her biographer says "Nature meant her for a journalist, but thwarted her own design by giving her the heart of a philanthropist"; Ida Lewis, the "Grace Darling of America," through whose strength, skill and courage many lives were rescued from the surf on the bleak New England coast; Mary Emerson, over whose grave in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, her illustrious nephew, Ralph Waldo Emerson, caused to be inscribed the words "She gave high counsels"—these names represent a few of the women who did well their part in the sphere in which their lives were set, wasted no time in self-pity and passed on in serene contentment, conscious of duty well done.

The life record of many of these women has come down to us. They represent in the main untiring industry, gentle, womanly sympathy and high ideals. Take, for example, the following entry from the diary of Mary Emerson, under date of November 15, 1805:

> What a rich day so fully occupied in pursuing truth, that I did not touch a novel which for years I had wanted. Rose before light; read Butler's Analogy, commented on the Bible; read a few of Cicero's letters, washed, carded, cleaned house and baked.

Is not this mixture of menial tasks and high scholarship inimitable?

Or this from the diary of Louise M. Alcott, under date of June 1, 1872:

> Twenty years ago I resolved to make the family independent if I could; at forty that is done. Debts all paid, even the outlawed ones, and we have enough to be comfortable. It has cost me my health, perhaps, but as I still live there is more for me to do, I suppose.

And there was "more for her to do." She lived many years longer, an earnest striver to the end, supporting her father and other members of her family, and, dying at the age of 66, left a competence to those for whom she had toiled so cheerfully and so long.

In the lowlier walks of life the single women of New England held the same attitude of helpfulness and devotion to duty that was so conspicuous in women of this class, the details of whose lives have come down to us through biography and folk-lore tales. A charming writer, now deceased, published some years ago chronicles from memory of "New England Bygones," one chapter of which was devoted to Hannah, the typical "hired girl" of the New England of a past century. So runs the story:

> The lifelong serving woman, by running in her narrow groove year after year, had become a sort of machine. The neighbors spoke of "Hannah" as having been a good-looking lass, but when I first knew her she was much the worse for wear. Yet nobody seemed to think that she had grown old. Her name and her virtues were a perennial possession of the house and the neighborhood. She was always called "Hannah." The more unkindly they treated her, the more natural she became. The serving woman grew lean and wrinkled and ugly, but Hannah grew venerable and beloved. In that household into which death had come Hannah was sure to be found. There was something in her life that preached—that great faith that she had borne with her from childhood, and which she plainly shaped into simple words—that utter self sacrifice that clothed her like a garment and put out of sight all that was homely about her. Treading with weary feet her toilsome way she transmuted the joys and sorrows and stinted incidents of her homely life into pure gold.

Of Lucy and Hester, two sisters who were the tailoresses of all that rugged countryside, the same chronicler says:

> The room in which they worked seemed to catch all the sunshine lying about it. Their goose was always pounding at seams, their tongues were always going in concert and they were the busiest, plumpest, most prosperous of old maids. It may be after all that they had fallen upon their true vocation and that they were jollier and more useful with their goose in hand than they would have been as wives and mothers. Be this as it may, they passed into two old, but still cheerful sisters whose serene later years and calm end were a rest and a lesson to their weary neighbors.

So runs the story of New England spinsterhood, through many a chapter of endeavor, simple and exalted. It is embellished with many a tender, many a pathetic, incident, yet through it runs a thread of usefulness and devotion to duty, of happiness and of helpfulness which made life in the best sense worth the living. Contemplating these lives lowly and exalted, we can readily understand the feeling which caused Whittier to exclaim:

> Be shame to him of woman born
> Who hath for such but thought of scorn.

A Los Angeles judge has decided that "no house is big enough for a married couple and a mother-in-law." Being invested with the prejudice of the ages, against the woman who is the wife's mother, Judge Monroe cannot be expected to know, or knowing, to admit, that in thousands of households all over the land there are gracious, gentle, gray-haired grandmothers, mothers of husbands or wives, who are elements of peace and helpfulness therein, beloved and honored alike by parents and children. His assertion to be true must be made specific. There are mothers-in-law and mothers-in-law, just as there are sons-in-law and sons-in-law. He who does not recognize this fact writes himself down a man of slight discernment or unreasoning prejudice, either of which characteristics disqualifies him to be a just judge.

John D. Rockefeller has begun to shift some of his big burdens on his son. He recently deeded to his heir the valuable blocks in New York City bought some years ago for the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, upon which great buildings will be erected in the future. His reason for this transfer is that the institute work shall not be halted by his death. The old man has also transferred to the younger a half block in the rear of Fifth-Avenue Baptist Church which is to be torn down and replaced by a half-million-dollar edifice to satisfy the pastor, Dr. Charles F. Aked. Rockefeller, Jr., has also bought his father's sixteen-story office building in Cleveland, and other property there. It may be assumed that John D. feels old age creeping on him, and that he is satisfied Standard Oil can take care of itself.

A child now blesses the union of Mr. and Mrs. Gunjiro Aoki. Mrs. Aoki, it will be recalled, was the misguided daughter of Archdeacon Emory, of Oakland, Cal., and her announced intention to marry a Japanese attracted the attention of the entire continent. This was last March. Mrs. Emory, the young woman's mother, took an active part in arranging the nuptials, and on that account came in for much general criticism. It will appear now that the mother knew what she was about, though she ought perhaps to have known earlier. It may be remembered by some that The Oregonian intimated at the time that the mother probably had some strong motive for her attitude and actions.

James Hamilton Lewis, of Chicago—"Jim Ham"—thinks it wrong to tax Chicago incomes and then use the money for distant enterprises in the Rocky Mountain States. Now that's so, perhaps; but what are we to do about it? Oregon contains more timber than any other state, but the proceeds are used mostly for irrigation systems elsewhere.

"Remember," says President Wemme, of the Portland Automobile Club, in his letter of advice to his fellow automobilists about today's run into the country, "remember that you are an American citizen and a gentleman." Some day, we are sure, Mr. Wemme will be able to insert "therefore" before "a gentleman."

Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, in a recent contribution to the Evening Journal of that city, said: "A libel suit is the appeal which a man makes to the courts to come to the relief of his threatened and perhaps tottering reputation." Very true, this is; altogether true.

Those young naval officers all agree that young Sutton committed suicide while on his back, unsuccessfully resisting the fistic assaults of one or more of his fellow officers. Sutton was therefore so excited and angered that he shot himself, not others. Stuff.

Rev. William Danforth, who was here last week, is a playwright, as well as a sermonizer. Doesn't he know that the playhouse is the vestibule of hell? If he doesn't, The Oregonian can put him on the track of the information, right here in Portland.

You have observed, no doubt, that when Mayor Simon announces that he is going to do a certain thing, it is then and there half done. That is what happens when there is a Mayor who knows how, and who cares not whether the galleries are looking.

Strange how so many railroad-builders all at once discover the great attractiveness of Central Oregon. Strange, too, why all want to go in by the same route. Don't crowd, gentlemen. There will be plenty of room when you arrive.

Pleasing indeed to observe the unreserved commendation of Portland offered by all tourists, especially the Elks. The latter, we are glad to note, have not had their fingers caught by the pressing down of the Sunday lid.

"The tariff bill," says La Follette, "is based on greed, graft and pull." But La Follette has "pulled" for Wisconsin as hard as he could. The tariff is a local question, and La Follette is struggling for re-election.

President Taft makes it clear that he meant downward when he said the tariff should be revised downward. The English language has to be taught to some people with a big stick. Or is it only a near-big-stick?

Admirable thing in that Vancouver (B. C.) judge to fine himself for speeding his automobile. But we should like to hear his opinion as a speed maniac of his action as judge.

The other young Sutton was soundly hazed at West Point, and won't tell who did it. Naturally, the cadets are pleased. They didn't have to kill him to silence him.

Two railroads into Central Oregon, up the Deschutes? This is really too much. But there is no need to be excited. We have not one yet.

Mrs. Collins may indeed have lost her husband's love, if she ever had it, but did she much help matters?

The Nation may well ask itself, Who is running the Government, Aldrich or Taft?

SILHOUETTES

BY ARTHUR A. GREENE.

The impending dangers from which a morbid mind suffers most are those which don't happen.

* * *

Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases one wonderfully.

* * *

"Slow but sure" doesn't apply to a belated train when a man has an important business engagement.

* * *

There seems sometimes to be nothing in the universe but the echoes of old sobs and the stains of long-shed tears.

* * *

Prejudices in one's mind are like rats in a trap: it is easy for them to get in but very difficult for them to get out.

* * *

To a Friend.

I would not be the rose that blooms
Where gay parterres are spread,
Nor yet the rosy wreath that twines
'Round beauty's graceful head.

No! Let me be the rose that wins
A glance and smile from thee,
When none are by thy beating heart
And blushing cheek to see.

Long treasured for the giver's sake,
When nature's charms are past,
But claiming still, though dry and sere,
Caresses to the last.

* * *

No matter how hard up you are, you should always have a smile to give a friend.

* * *

Remember that an easy beginning often means a hard finish.

* * *

Many a fellow who has a definite aim in life gets "buck ague" at the critical moment.

* * *

About the only thing that is easy to find after losing it is one's temper.

* * *

Don't find fault with a man who counts his chickens before they are hatched. It is frequently his only chance at the adding machine.

* * *

Too many of us are generous because it affords a chance to show off.

* * *

Many people who cannot tell a lie will dress up one so that it looks like a lineal descendant of George Washington.

* * *

To a very young girl a handsome man looks like a blooming lilac bush in the pale moonlight. After she grows older he looks like a paying-teller behind a wicket.

* * *

A fool in evening clothes can always go farther than a sage in rags.

* * *

Many a woman is kept busy trying to appear innocent by concealing what she really knows.

* * *

No one has yet drawn the capital prize in the matrimonial lottery.

* * *

"Ain't It Romantic?"

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,"
Said Willie to Marie,
But Willie drank, and so did she,
Till Willie couldn't see.
And so he thought her eyes were fine,
As naturally he should,
And both of them continued to
Imbibe the flowing wine.

Now Willie's shy a pocket-book,
Also a watch and things,
And Marie's wardrobe's looking up
As ardently there sings
Each day a new admirer
Who dutifully brings
A bank account of generous size,
While she drinks to him only with her eyes.

* * *

Retribution.

Out of the past there comes a Shape,
Gaunt and somber and drear;
And pauses at the gate each day,
Bringing to me a fear
That after all there's a reckoning,
A time when all debts are paid
For the bitter shame and the tarnished fame
Of the pawns in the game we've played.

And, speaking him fair, as I meet him there,
He gravely returns my smile,
But I know he knows that I'll pay some day
The accounting after while.
So this stolid collector whom we call Fate,
Diligent, tireless, stern,
Waits, unsleeping at the gate,
Smiling perhaps, but firm;
Seeking his right to a settlement
Of the prodigal waste we've made—
Demands his due, insisting anew
That the debt of folly be paid.

And I shudder and fear as somber and drear
He stands at the gate each day
And makes me to know, whether or no,
Whatever excuse is made,
That after all there's a reckoning,
A time when all debts are paid
For the bitter shame and tarnished fame
Of the pawns in the game we've played.

Threatened Skunk Farm Makes Fuss.

Logansport, Ind., Dispatch.

Property-owners in the vicinity of the farm owned by Robert Baker, near Idaville, threaten an inunction suit if Baker persists in his purpose of starting a skunk farm.

Baker is a trapper, who has made much money from skunk oil and skins. But skunks are getting scarce, and this has led him to believe that he can make more money in raising them than in hunting. Experiments which he has made convince him that they can be successfully and profitably raised, and he is now arranging to go into the business on a big scale.

He is going to fence in five acres with fine meshed screening, which will be sunk in the ground three feet, and which will be six feet high.

Baker figures to raise about 1000 skunks every year, and he has contracted for machinery to extract the oil. This is almost as valuable as the skins, which average about $1 each.

President Taft's Opportunity.

St. Paul Dispatch.

President Taft can make himself almost the idol of the American consumer by vetoing the tariff measure and throwing the entire question over to the regular session of Congress in December when the Congressmen will have had time to hear the voice of the people and feel the lash of public sentiment that is demanding a reduction of the tariff rates. Any other result will spell defeat for the Republican party in the Congressional elections next year.