BOOKS

The Strength to Yield, by Vergilia Bogue. $1.50. Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch, San Francisco, Cal.

Bizarre and erotic, and evidently intended to be somewhat of a shocker, the kind of a novel a parent would try to prevent his 16-year-old daughter from reading.

Miss Bogue, who has been chosen as the queen of the San Francisco Portola Festival, to be held this month, has written a lively advertisement of herself as a story teller and has presented enough of a literary sensation calculated to make the most blase sit up and chuckle. The pity of it is to see such undoubted literary ability wasted.

Probably Miss Bogue started out to go further as a prose-poet of passion—in which the principal text is "the other man" of any unhappily married woman—than either Amelie Rives, Sarah Grand or Mary Maclean, of Montana. The Bogue style seems to be patterned after—yes after—that of Ouida of lamented memory. The other day when it was hinted that "The Strength to Yield"—labeled as "the psychology of a great temptation"—was weak in morals, Miss Bogue made this reply, in part:

"The morality or immorality of a book is not of the slightest consequence; the main point to consider is whether or not it is written well or ill. If it is said that 'The Strength to Yield' is a well-written book, then I am satisfied to pass by lightly any criticism as to its immorality. I presume my reader to have enough intelligence to look after his own morals, and not to be swerved or dominated by the imaginations of a novelist.

"Things that are true to life or as they appear to the world at large are deadly uninteresting. It is only when we come to analyze the hidden emotions of a man or a woman, understanding their good and their bad, examining the thoughts which, while not at the surface, yet play a vital part in their actions and their outlook, that we depart from the prosaic. The ablest writer is he who lies the most successfully. Such men as Guy de Maupassant and Balzac, regarded as the extreme realists, were only clever in telling lies. Life is not what they made it out to be. They succeeded because they clothed their prosaic facts with the color of their brilliant imaginings.

"The heroine of 'The Strength to Yield' is Mrs. Harry Van Lennep, an American young woman, whose grandmother and mother had died violent deaths because their husbands had loved other women. Indeed, Mrs. Van Lennep's mother committed suicide by taking prussic acid. At times, Mrs. Van Lennep—a rich idler and possessed of far more money and leisure than she knows what to do with—is really insane. Women less frenzied than she have before now been seized by the law as lunatics.

"The scenes of the story—which is dear at $1.50 per copy—are laid first in the indolent atmosphere of Greece and latterly along the sleepily romantic canals of Venice, the time being about three years ago. Mrs. Van Lennep's husband is called home to America on matters of urgent business, and he foolishly leaves his wife behind him in Venice. She had previously told him that they had made a mistake in marrying each other. So, the reader isn't surprised when Mrs. Van Lennep falls in love with a professional heartbreaker, Paolo Cenari, a painter, and he with her. He says to her: "You are as beautiful as the Seven Deadly Sins." She cannot sleep at night until she inhales ether poured on a handkerchief, and the latter spread over her face.

Cenari squeezes Mrs. Van Lennep's hand—which one isn't stated—and she thus rages at him:

"Because I have trusted you, because my husband is not in Italy, because, forsooth, the American woman has not the keen sense of propriety of high-born dames, you take the first opportunity to insult me—as you would insult a hair-brained grisette at whom you had tossed a lira. I am proud of my country as I never was before."

"Is this all, signora," Cenari went on, his voice melting with glib celerity into sadness. "You answered my slight touch upon your hand. I dared to think—but I know now it was madness. But I thought—you might——"

"Might what?" she demanded.

"Might have cared, signora."

"Cared? For you?"

"Hardly that. My thoughts have not such flight; but I might have thought you cared—enough to kiss me in this light."

"Signore!"

He smiled.

"Is it so wrong, my Puritana?" were the words that came to her like music, as they stood looking into each other's eyes. "Why? And why—and why?"

Then wonderland opened out before her—there was a sudden breaking up of the structure of family pride, of womanly dignity; and her arms went out into the darkness.

"Paolo, kiss me," she murmured, in a voice that trembled, as lips sought lips.

Then suddenly, as he released her, a sob broke from her, and she vanished. But in that kiss she had seen the path that women dread.

I have quoted at this length to show the educated quality of writing used. It is peculiar that a tragedy note is absent in the book, and that the ending is sane and commonplace.

Old Friends, by William Winter. Illustrated. $3. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York City and the J. K. Gill Company, Portland.

Mr. Winter's name has been kept prominently before the public eye during the past few weeks by reason of the circumstances connected with his resignation as dramatic critic of the New York Tribune newspaper, and the echoes of the theatrical conflict have not yet died away. Mr. Winter's book, "Other Days," recently reviewed in these columns, containing chronicles and memories of actors, was received with tremendous favor; but the present volume, finely illustrated and extending to 407 pages, and consisting of chronicles and memories of authors, will achieve more permanent popularity.

The reading world is more interested, as a mass, in those who write books, books that stay with us for good in our homes, than in the butterfly life of the stage—but which latter, of course, has its value in life. "Old Friends" is an intimate chat with authors recognized not as the greatest of all time, but as the greatest of their day, and Mr. Winter writes of them as he personally knew them. His form of literary presentation is beautifully expressive, he makes known likes and dislikes, his humor has the real silver ring, and, taken altogether, this book of pleasant, gossipy, yet critical, biography deserves a commanding place.

"I was introduced into the companionship of authors early in life, having published my first book—which led to acquaintance with some of them—in 1854, and I have had a friendly intercourse with many of them, extending over a period of more than 50 years," pathetically writes Mr. Winter. "If found tedious, I would plead Sir Walter Scott's apologetical remark that 'old men may be permitted to speak, because they cannot, in the course of Nature, have long to speak.'"

There are eleven chapters in the book and a voluminous index, and the subjects discussed are: Henry W. Longfellow, Bohemian days, vagrant comrades, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, George William Curtis, old familiar faces, and notes. Of course, it is not possible in the limited space at the disposal of the present reviewer, to present a critical analysis of each of the authors named—there is only time left to give a few notes. Mr. Winter's estimates of Aldrich, Longfellow and Whitman appear to be the most lasting literary portraitures. To show Mr. Winter's appreciation of humor, it is related that Longfellow once had a characteristic dialogue with a strange woman, in black garments, who accosted him one Summer morning at his house door.

"Is this the house where Longfellow was born?" she asked.

"No, he was not born here," replied Longfellow.

"Did he die here?"

WILLIAM WINTER, AUTHOR OF "OLD FRIENDS."

MISS VERGILIA BOGUE, A SAN FRANCISCO GIRL, AUTHORESS OF THE NEW NOVEL "THE STRENGTH TO YIELD."

"No; he is not dead."

"Are you Longfellow?"

"I am."

"I thought you died two years ago," said the woman.

Of his first meeting with Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Mr. Winter writes:

One day, in 1855, at twilight, I happened to be in the editorial sanctum of the Transcript . . . waiting for Haskell—then the editor of the Transcript—to finish his labors, as he had asked me to dine with him at the old Revere House. . . . The chair in which I was sitting was one that could be revolved. Haskell was writing by a dim light. A young man came into the room and addressed him, saying, "My name is Aldrich." Before he could say another word Haskell seized my chair, whirled it around so I could face the visitor, and said: "This is William Winter." That was our meeting, and a very sweet and gracious meeting it was. We presently repaired to the Revere House, where the occasion was celebrated and Aldrich and I became Tom and Will to each other; and so we remained to the end of the chapter.

Quiet contempt, almost dislike, describes Winter's treatment of Walt Whitman, considered as a poet. Winter went to New York, where he became a metropolitan newspaper writer and dipped into Bohemianism in Pfaff's cellar:

In those Bohemian days I participated in various talks with Walt Whitman, and once I asked him to oblige me with his definition of "the Poet." His answer was: "A poet is a maker." "But, Walt," I said, "what does he make?" He gazed upon me for a moment, with that bovine air of omniscience for which he was remarkable, and then said: "He makes poems." That reply was deemed final. I took the liberty all the same, of suggesting to him that no person, poet or otherwise, can do more than disclose and interpret what God has made, seeing that everything in Nature existed—even the most minute and delicate impulses of the spirit that is in humanity—before ever man began to make poems about anything. The words of the poet occasionally take a form that is inevitable—seeming to have been intended from the beginning of the world—but the word "creative" has been, and continually is, too freely used. Nature is creative, and the poet is the voice of Nature. It was a raucous voice when it issued from Whitman; it pipes, like a penny whistle, when it issues from his paltry imitators.

Another visitor to Pfaff's was the now dignified William Dean Howells:

Mr. Howells, at that time, was a respectable youth, in black raiment, who had only just entered on the path to glory, while Whitman, by reason of that odiferous classic, "Leaves of Grass," was in possession of the local Parnassus. The meeting, of course, was impressive. Walt, at that time, affected the Pompadour style of shirt and jacket—making no secret of his brawny anatomy—and his hirsute chest and complacent visage were, as usual, of liberal exhibition; and he tippled a little brandy and water and received his admirer's homage with characteristic humility. There is nothing like genius—unless possibly it may be leather.

Now, Howells afterward wrote that the so-called orgy was so slow that it did not answer the popular conception of what an orgy should be, and he spoke of youths "with locks still damp" painfully recovering from the effects of the said debauch. This moves Winter to sarcasm:

The fine and fertile inventions that have made Mr. Howells everywhere illustrious were never better exemplified than in these remarkable words; for, as a matter of fact, no such incidents occurred, either then or at any other time, nor did the great novelist ever see them, except in his "mind's eye." . . . Revelry requires money; and at the time Mr. Howells met those Bohemians—with the "damp locks" and the "frenzied eye"—it is probable that the group did not possess enough money among them all to buy a bottle of champagne.

"They thought him a prig," is the phrase in which Winter gives these Bohemians' estimate of Howells. Of Longfellow, Winter speaks with unstinted admiration, and he grows sentimental in measuring Bayard Taylor and George William Curtis. An instructive parallel is given of the oratorical abilities of Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate:

The eloquence of Webster had the affluent potentiality of the rising sun; of the lonely mountain; of the long regular surges of the resounding sea. His periods were as lucid as the light. His logic was irresistible. His facts came on in a solid phalanx of overwhelming power. His tones were crystal-clear. His magnificent person towered in dignity and seemed coloured in its imperial grandeur. His voice grew in volume as he became more and more aroused, his language, glowing with the fire of conviction, rose and swelled and broke like the great ninth wave that shakes the solid crag. His speech, however, was addressed always to the reason, never to the imagination. The eloquence of Rufus Choate, on the other hand, was the passionate enchantment of the actor and the poet, an eloquence in which the listener felt the rush of the tempest, and heard the crash of breakers, and the howling of frantic gales, and the sobbing wail of homeless winds, in bleak and haunted regions of perpetual night. He began calmly, often in a tone that was hardly more than a whisper, but as he proceeded, the whole man was gradually absorbed and transfigured, as into a fountain of fire, which then poured forth, in one tumultuous and overwhelming torrent of unsiedy, the iridescent splendors of description, and appeal, and humor, and pathos, and poetry, and beauty—till the listener lost all consciousness of self and was borne away as on a golden river flowing to a land of dreams.

The Journal of a Recluse, translated from the French. $1.25. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York City.

A really remarkable novel, giving new and original views concerning love and marriage relation, with the principal scenes laid around Bellingham, Wash.

The name of the author is not given, and the spirit of mystery adds to the attraction of the general literary picture. The preface says in a plausible way, and the statement may be true, that the person who writes the story was by chance walking around Bellingham, Wash., when he made the acquaintance of a respectable, educated, married woman with husband and children near her, and received from her eight notebooks containing a story written in French. Would the author care to translate the life story of her loved uncle, who had died two years before? The result is "The Journal of a Recluse."

The hero is George Graham, a Scotchman, whose father had been head gardener to a nobleman with a country house near Edinburgh, and action proper begins when this nobleman takes young Graham to his castle and educates him with his own son, a helpless invalid. Graham is educated far above his station in life—as such matters are measured in Scotland—and he, unfortunately, falls in love with the Lady Margaret, daughter of his noble patron, but does not have the courage to tell her of his affection. A misunderstanding arises between them, and young Graham "emigates" to this country, and after he reads H. D. Thoreau's "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac," he determines to become a recluse to obtain the opportunity for study and reflection impossible in busy city life. In the course of his wanderings he obtains a land grant near Bellingham, Wash., and it would seem he at last realizes that he is melancholy-mad because he had loved and lost. A philosopher, well known in Oregon, once said: "There is nothing a woman so loves to hear as to know that some man has become crazy about her." This fits Graham's case exactly.

A star drops into Graham's lonely life, when his niece, Miss Abby Crawford, suddenly arrives from Scotland with the avowed intention of taking care of her "lonely old uncle." But as the said uncle is a well-preserved citizen of about 40 years, the girl sees that her mind-picture is an illusion. As may be guessed, uncle and niece fall in love with each other. Graham had queer ideas about love, and said that pure love was impossible. "So far as my experience goes," he says, "love between men and women isn't a particularly noble sentiment." His nature savored too much toward the savage. Another time he looks with eyes of fire on his pretty niece and asks: "Will you live with me as my wife or my sister? You have your destiny in your own hands. Do not blame me, if you choose right. Speak! In a few years we shall be dust and ashes. There is a flower growing in our path. It may be poisonous, but it looks sweet and beautiful. Shall we gather it? Speak!" The author solves the problem in a clever and unexpected manner.

The story is a glowing contrast of the savage and better nature that comes from civilization ,and the telling of it is marked by artistic appreciation of poetic beauty. Really, a strange human document.

JOSEPH M. QUENTIN.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Ballads of a Cheechako, by Robert W. Service, a book of sterling verse (Stern & Co., Philadelphia).

Stories Children Love, edited by Charles Welsh. $1.25 (Dodge Publishing Company).

The Speaker of the House, by Hubert Bruce Fuller. $2; For the Norton Name, by Hollis Godfrey. $1.25; and Yeronica Playfair, by Maud Wilder Goodwin, $1.50 (Little-Brown).

The Light Beyond the Shadows, by Hope Lawrence; The Power of Self-Suggestion, by Rev. Samuel McComb, D. D.; and The Black Filler, by Edith MacVane, $1.50 (Moffat, Yard & Co.).

The Disappearing Eye, by Fergus Hume; The Rescuer, by Percy White; When I Am Rich, by Roy Mason; and Everybody's Secret, by Dion Clayton Calthrop; first-named novel, $1.25, and the others $1.50 each (G. W. Dillingham Co.).

The Human Way, by Louise Collier Willcox. $1.25 (Harper's).

The Lost Mine of the Mono, by C. H. B. Kiette. $1.00 (Cochrane Publishing Company).

Note: The above books were all received for review through the courtesy of the J. K. Gill Company, of this city.

VIVISECTION OBJECTED TO

Writer Thinks It Entails Needless Pain on Animals.

PORTLAND, Or., Oct. 1.—(To the Editor.)—Last Sunday's Oregonian contains an editorial on the question of vivisection—experimenting on living animals for experimental purposes. The Oregonian, instead of citing the reader to some knowledge gained by torturing helpless dumb animals, used slanderous epithets, such as fools, monsters, idiots, shrews, imbeciles, animal worshipers and besotted females. It said that the lovers of household pets were silly, wicked, fetish worshipers; that the eminent George Bernard Shaw, who has risen to the proud station among the members of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection, was the biggest fool; that he exhibits dense ignorance, prejudice, mawkish conceit and states falsehoods and deliberate lies in his speeches. Such vituperative argument is unbecoming.

Vivisection is supposed to be performed in the interest of pathologic physiology, with a hope of discovering the cause of abnormal metabolism, that the surgeon may learn somewhat regarding biology—the science of life. Thousands and thousands of helpless victims, unable to call down the vengeance of heaven upon their cruel tormentors, have been slowly tortured until a lingering death puts an end to their misery, which latter was devoted to the interest of science (?) by vivisectors who try to produce disease, functional derangement, instead of studying more humane methods for the relief of unfortunates. These medical butchers have not disclosed the cause of functional derangement or the cause of any one disease, as evidenced by pathologies and practice.

McFarland truthfully and conscientiously states in his textbook on "Pathology for Practitioners and Students" that "a knowledge of pathology forms the only rational foundation upon which the art of medicine is perfected, medicine cannot become an exact science." The question arises, Is there any science in the practice of medicine and has vivisection advanced it along the lines of scientific investigation?

In a frank and honest manner McFarland states that the nature of assimilation of digested foods is still undetermined. The metabolic processes, while believed to be chemical, are as yet inexplicable. Traumatic fever remains unexplained. What becomes of the sugar (in diabetes) under normal conditions, is a problem of great importance concerning which we are still somewhat in the dark. The nature of this probable secretion (pancreatic juice) is unknown to us. The nature of ferment is unknown, of which we are yet in the dark. It is not yet positively determined where urea is formed; it is a paradox. The relation of gout to uric acid is certain, though by no means clear. The origin of uric acid is obscure. The importance of bile salts, or, rather, of the acid of which they are formed, is not known. The physiologic chemistry of gout is far from clear. The pathology of gout is bound up with questions. Curiously enough, the results of experiment and disease seem to differ. In the physiology of dwarfs there is probably some hidden error of nutrition or metabolism. The chemistry of the process of fatty metamorphosis is obscure. Experiments leave us in some doubt regarding the true nature of the process, and so on.

The above quotations are gleaned from a pathological textbook which is intended to enlighten practitioners and students upon pathological physiology who "look to vivisection as our only salvation from numerous ills."

Why not get wise and use the truism of an illustrious medical grandfather of 1776, Baron von Swieten, counsellor and first physician to their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress of Germany; perpetual president of the College of Physicians in Vienna, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and Surgery at Paris; H. Fellows, of the Royal College of Physicians at Edinburgh. He said: "A pleurisy terminates either in a cure, in other diseases, or in death. This is a circumstance which a pleurisy has in common with all other diseases."

How long, at the above rate of enlightenment, before one will be able to tell us something in regard to metabolism? How many more thousands of helpless creatures will be made to suffer before we can be edified on biology, or told the origin and nature of any one disease? How much longer will worthless experiments be continued which callous humans feelings toward helpless victims before its advocates will give up the bloody delusion of vivisection?

D. D. PALMER.

Books Added to Library.

BIOGRAPHY.

Andrews.—The war-time journal of a Georgia girl. 1864-1865. 1908.

Keats.—Life and letters of John Keats; by Lord Houghton. 1906.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Ellison.—Italy through the stereoscope; journeys in and about Italian cities. 1903.

Stephenson.—Shakespeare's London. 1906.

FICTION.

Bell.—Oh! Christina!

Eaton.—By the shores of Arcady. 1908.

Glasgow.—The romance of a plain man.

Lincoln.—Our village.

Morris.—The third circle.

Waddell.—Old lady number 31; by Louise Forsslund (pseud.)

Webster.—Much ado about Peter.

FINE ARTS.

Bach.—Passionmusik nach dem Evangelisten Lucas. 1889.

Bach.—Sixteen fugues from the "Well-tempered clavichord," with analytical expositions in colors. 2 v. 1895.

Beethoven.—Clavier-sonaten. 2v. n. d.

Brahms.—Romanzen aus L. Tieck's Magelone. 1889.

Brahms.—Symphonies one to four; arranged for piano, four hands. 1893.

Chaikovski.—Symphonie pathetique, no. six, fur das pianoforte zu zwei handen. 1897.

Comstock.—Seaside and southern houses. 1886.

Dvorak.—Aus der neuen welt; symphonie fur grosses orchester, opus 95. 1894.

Lambert.—Modern suburban architecture; containing plans and exterior and interior views. 1906.

Mozart.—Sonatas. 2v. n. d.

Thomas.—Mignon; opera in three acts. 1901.

Wind.—Modern homes. 1906.

Wolfe & McKenzie.—Book of designs; containing ninety-eight house plans. 1907.

HISTORY.

Bruce.—The romance of American expansion. 1909.

George.—France in the twentieth century. 1909.

Hodgdon.—A first course in American history. 2v. 1908.

Rankin.—In Morocco with General d'Amade. 1908.

Sayce.—Egypt of the Hebrews and Herodotus. 1896.

LITERATURE

Bates, comp.—Cambridge book of poetry and song; sel. from English and American authors. 1882.

Cohen.—The great wet way; by Alan Dale (pseud.) 1909.

Davis.—Three-minute readings for college girls. 1897.

Drummond.—The great fight; poems and sketches. 1908.

Field.—Love-songs of childhood. 1908.

Lucas.—Character and comedy. Ed. 2. 1907.

Mackail.—The springs of Helicon. 1909.

Moody.—The faith healer, a play in four acts. 1909.

Sargent.—Standard speaker. Ed. 60. 1908.

Swett.—School elocution; a manual of vocal training. 1884.

Tommy's first speaker, for little boys and girls. 1885.

PHILOSOPHY.

Drummond.—Introduction to child-study. 1908.

Ebbinghaus.—Psychology; an elementary text-book. 1908.

RELIGION.

Judson.—The institutional church. 1899.

Williams.—A valid Christianity for today. 1909.

SCIENCE.

Boelter.—The rat problem. 1909.

Bridges & Dicks. Plant study in school, field and garden. Ed. 2. 1909.

Jordan & Kellogg.—The scientific aspects of Luther Burbank's work. 1909.

SOCIOLOGY.

Bax.—The religion of socialism. 1908.

Burstall.—Impressions of American education. 1909.

Cooley.—Social organization. 1909.

Edwards, ed.—Immigration. 1909.

Egerton & Grant.—Canadian constitutional development. 1907.

Fingerpost.—Guide to professions for educated women. Ed. 2. n. d.

Henderson.—Industrial insurance in the United States. 1909.

Madison.—Writings; comprising his public papers and his private correspondence. v. 8. 1908.

Weller.—Neglected neighbors; stories of life in the alleys, tenements and shanties of the National Capital. 1909.

USEFUL ARTS.

Felch.—Poultry culture; how to raise, manage and judge thoroughbred fowls. 1902.

Fowler.—Some principles underlying the design of small sewage installations. 1907.

Hall.—The soil; an introduction to the scientific study of the growth of crops. Ed. 2. 1908.

Hasluck.—Practical painters' work. 1906.

King.—Practical steam and hot water heating and ventilation. 1908.

Rafter.—The treatment of septic sewage. 1907.

Rorer.—Hot weather dishes. 1888.

Sando.—American poultry culture; a complete handbook. 1909.

Sulz.—Compendium of flavorings; containing complete directions for making flavoring extracts and essences. 1888.

BOOKS ADDED TO CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

George & Koch.—Little journeys to Russia and Austra-Hungary.

Hammond.—On board a whaler.

Maitland.—Heroes of chivalry.

Stafford.—Animal fables from the dark.

Tappan.—Story of the Greek people.

Walker.—Handbook of drawing.

Whittier.—Snowbound and other poems.

Wiggin & Smith.—Tales of laughter.

BOOKS ADDED TO REFERENCE DEPARTMENT.

Clark.—Study of English prose writers. 1908.

De Bekker.—Stokes' encyclopaedia of music and musicians. 1908.

Dummelow, ed.—Commentary on the Holy Bible. 1909.

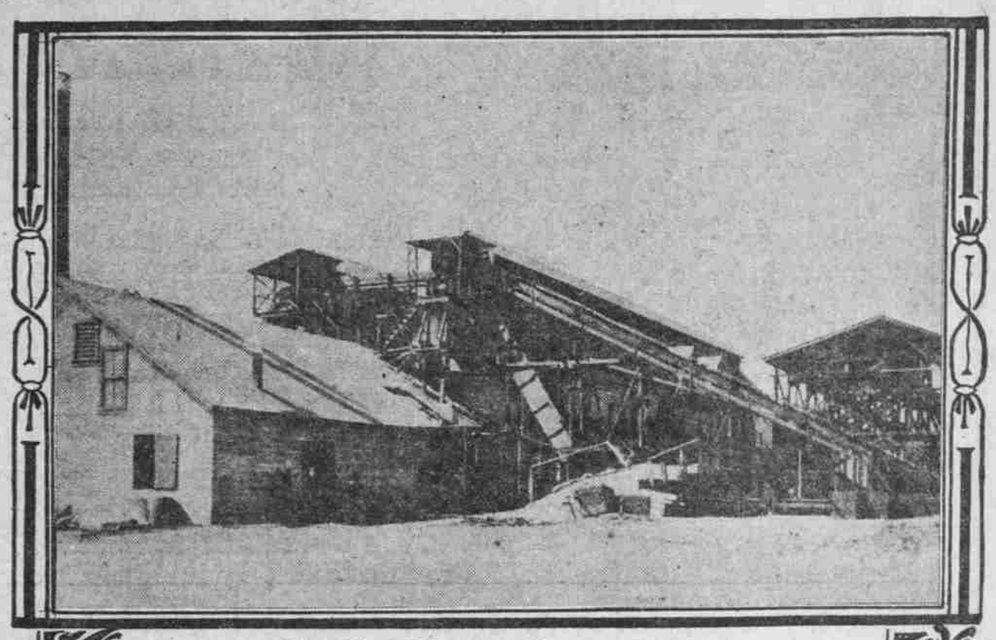
Evans.—American bibliography. v. 3. 1909.

Farrar.—Art topics in the history of sculpture, painting and architecture. Ed. 5. 1896.

League of American principalities. The book of American Principalities; containing statistical tables of the revenues and expenditures of cities. 1908.

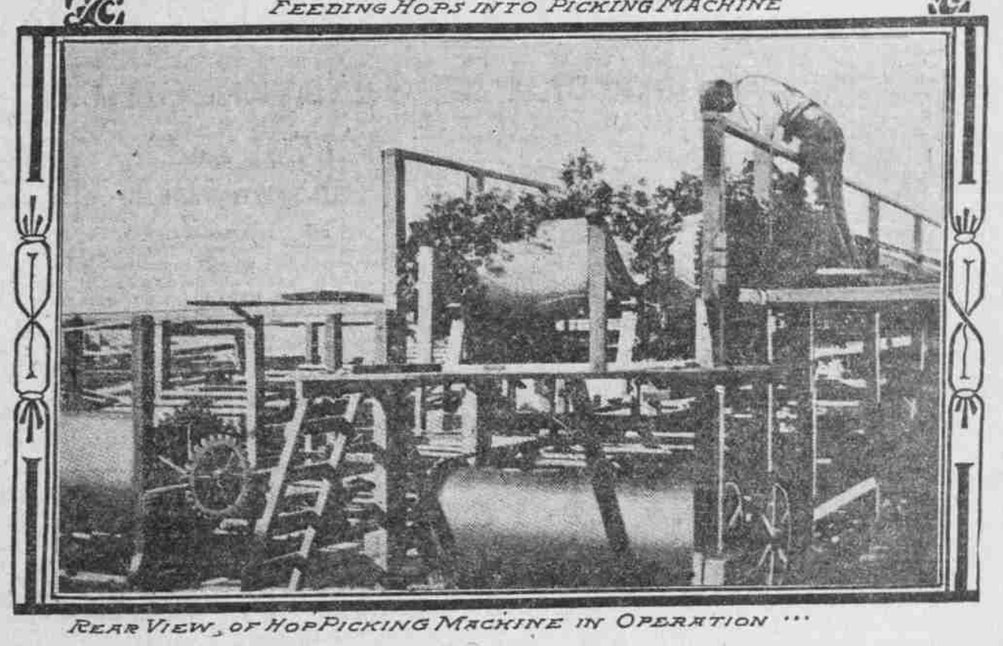
HOP-PICKING MACHINE PROVES GREAT SUCCESS IN ITS TEST IN CALIFORNIA

Device That Will Gather 300 Bales in Day May Do Away With Picturesque Feature of Industry.



THE NEW WAY OF PICKING

FEEDING HOPS INTO PICKING MACHINE



REAR VIEW OF HOP PICKING MACHINE IN OPERATION

HERMAN KLABER, the hopgrower and dealer, returned recently from Sacramento, Cal., where he went to see E. Clemens Horst's hop-picking machine in operation. Mr. Klaber is enthusiastic over the machine, which he regards as one of the greatest inventions of modern times. He says the test was a success in every particular, and he predicts that the invention will revolutionize the hop-growing industry.

The trial took place last week in one of the big Horst yards. One of the spectators was J. W. Thompson, of the United States Department of Agriculture, and among the well-known hop men who were present besides Mr. Klaber were W. E. Lovdal, Max Wolf, Flood V. Flint, P. C. Drescher, Paul Drescher and A. B. Parker. About 70 persons in all witnessed the performance, which was the first public exhibition of the operation of the machine.

A moving-picture apparatus was on the spot and pictures taken of the trial. A film has been sent to London and one to New York and a third to Indianapolis, where it will be shown at the annual convention of the American Brewmasters' Association, soon to be held. Mr. Klaber made arrangements to secure one of the films, which will be brought here and a private exhibition given for the benefit of Oregon hopgrowers and dealers. The pictures may also be shown at Salem.

Mr. Horst has been working on the scheme of a hop-picking machine for several years, with the assistance of George E. Miller, a mechanical engineer. The apparatus does the work as well as a hand picker and at a vast saving of money and time. It is claimed that one machine in 24 hours will pick 300 bales of hops. The picking problem has always been the most serious one that confronted the grower, and in prosperous times, when work was plenty and labor scarce, the farmers have often been put to serious loss to get sufficient help. With the mechanical picker this trouble will be avoided. It seems a pity, though, that one of the most picturesque features of the Autumn harvest on the Pacific Coast is to be eliminated by the progress of invention.

Although the machine is complicated, the principle seems a simple one. The vines are cut off in the field and carried to the machine and fed into it in about the same way as paper in a cylinder press. A row of vines is laid lengthwise on a feeding board and the ends of them are clutched firmly by the machine and put through the first process. This consists of dragging them over 12 revolving cylinders covered with small hooks or fingers of wire. These hooks catch the hops and most of the leaves and strip them from the vines. The vines are carried out of the machine while the hops and leaves fall on a burlap slide below. This burlap is kept in motion, and the hops roll from it into a trough, while the leaves and other debris cling to the burlap, later to be thrown out automatically in another direction. The last process is the conveying of the hops to a cylinder built like a sieve which effectually separates the burrs from any waste that may be with them. Endless belts then carry the cleaned hops to the drying floors of the hop kilns.

Mr. Klaber believes the Horst machine will work to even better advantage with Oregon hops than with the California product, as the Oregon hops are larger and firmer and can be separated more easily from the vines and foliage than the small California hop. Some of the perfected machines will be used in this state next season.

LEST WE MISS WALTER WELLMAN

Sad Tale of Polar Airship Wreck and of Histrionic Heroism.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

In the absence of news from Mr. Walter Wellman the public has tried to content itself with reading about the exploits of Dr. Cook and Commander Peary. But now that further details of Mr. Wellman's attempt are available, the public will naturally give them the main attention.

These details are embraced in a statement made to the correspondent of the London Telegraph by Captain Isaksen, leader of a Norwegian topographic survey expedition to the north coast of Spitzbergen, and Captain Hermansen of the Fram, which was presumably at the service of the expedition.

While that correspondent wrote and wondered, those two keen-eyed mariners told him the wonderful story of exactly how Mr. Wellman's airship came to grief and had to be towed back to the camp, giving details which had theretofore never been published.

At about a quarter past 11, said they, an ice-pilot saw something in the air the like of which he had never seen before. "What is that?" he cried violently. They calmed him by telling him that it was Mr. Wellman's airship and that it wouldn't hurt a child.

It was a beautiful sight, but all too brief. Even as they admired the handsome craft moving finely and steadily at about 22 miles an hour, they saw her shoot up to a height of 2000 meters and vanish in the clouds. After awhile she came in view again, descending so as to almost touch the ocean.

Naturally expecting the regular annual disaster, they steamed at top speed northwards. As they got nearer they saw the America headed south, dragging the retarder. The retarder caught fast in the ice and they sent a boat to disengage it. Then the airship was let down to the water, a tow line was made fast, and the journey back to Wellmanville began.

But Captains Isaksen and Hermansen were to witness further notable events before the port was reached. The cable broke and the America once more drifted north, this time in the water. They followed, fearing complete disaster had overtaken Mr. Wellman and his crew.

As they approached they heard a frightful howling in the car of the airship. They discovered it was from the dogs. As for Mr. Wellman, he lit a cigar at the most critical time and gave his orders with a calmness beautiful to behold. Both captains distinctly remember the cigar and the calmness.

Mr. Wellman did not leave the ship until all the cargo had been transferred to the Fram. Then, presumably with a last, lingering look, he followed his crew into the boat and consented to be rescued.

At this point the narrative of the mariners ends. But how absorbing it is—how unforgettable that picture of Mr. Wellman lighting a cigar at a critical moment to calm the waves and the dogs and the crew! Is there anything in the story of either Cook or Peary to equal that? We should say not.

Consul Stuart K. Lupton, of Catania, reports under date of July 12 that the prospects for the citrus fruits in the Italian provinces of Messina, Catania and Syracuse are exceedingly bright, it being stated that the crop will be even heavier than in 1908, which was almost a record.