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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1911.

THE UNPLACATED SOUTHWEST.

The breach between Seattle and her neighbors in Southwestern Washington seems to be widening. The Development League Associations of the Southwest will not be represented at the banquet which Seattle proposes to give as a peace offering. This final declaration of independence seems to be a very pointed notice to Seattle that if she expects a resumption of pleasant relations that existed between her and her neighbors in the Southwest it will be necessary for her to offer more substantial balm than a banquet with hot-air speeches. The aid by Seattle in the holding up of legislation on the Pacific highway bill was of course indefensible, but it is doubtful if the hearty co-operation of Seattle in favor of the much-needed highway would have prevented the Southwest taking advantage of the natural and logical trade center across the river in Oregon.

The work of man has wrought great changes in the works of Nature. It has at times set aside or temporarily surmounted the barriers which Nature erected. In the end, however, trade and travel have kept fairly close to the clearly defined lines of least resistance, the economic advantages of which have always been too clearly distinguishable to be ignored. The building of the Pacific highway through Southwestern Washington was a duty of the state to a locality that in the production of wealth and payment of taxes ranks near the head of the list. Despite the narrow-minded view which Seattle had regarding the matter, the proposed highway would have increased facilities and increased the business between Puget Sound and the Southwest simultaneously with a possible increase between the Southwest and Portland.

The justifiable resentment now shown by the people of the Southwest would have been avoided, Seattle would have had more business with the region than she ever had before, and Portland, by virtue of her natural position, would have had more trade than Seattle. All that has been accomplished by Seattle in defeating the highway bill has been to deprive a large and rapidly growing section of a much-needed improvement. At the same time Seattle has unwittingly cemented an already pretty firm bond of friendship between Portland and her neighbors in the Southwest.

LOWER "BACK HAUL" RATE.

Much has been printed recently about the preparations that the transcontinental railroads were making for meeting the competition of the Panama Canal which in the not far distant future will be a tremendous factor in rate-making. When the Harriman interests arranged for a $75,000,000 budget to be used in double-tracking and otherwise improving the system the approaching completion of the Panama Canal was given as a reason for the elaborate provision that was made for the improvements. Other lines have also been financing big improvement projects, and, while no admissions are made that this coming activity is for the purpose of protecting the rail business against water competition, it is highly probable that this is one of the reasons.

In view of the steady increase in the volume of water-borne commerce between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards, it is questionable whether the transcontinental roads, in perfect physical condition and operated in the most economical manner possible, can meet this new competition. In referring to the old service by way of Cape Horn and the Straits of Magellan the Interstate Commerce Commission, commenting on the evidence offered, expressed the opinion that "this water competition not only limits the rates which are now in effect from the Atlantic Coast to Portland, Seattle and Tacoma, but the existence of this competition, especially in view of the approaching completion of the Panama Canal, must be a dominant factor in determining both the present rates and the future policy of these transcontinental lines."

It is on that "future policy" mentioned by the Commission that much of the prosperity of the Pacific Coast will be dependent. It is estimated that the water carriers plying in connection with all lines operating by water last year brought about 400,000 tons out of about 3,000,000 tons which moved to Coast terminals from Eastern territory. Compared with what will be possible on completion of the canal, there is a tremendous economic waste in the present methods of transhipping the freight at Panama and Tehuantepec, but even under existing conditions, and with a heavy back-haul rate from the Pacific Coast to interior points, it is possible at times to ship Chicago freight to New York, thence by water to Portland by way of the isthmus, and then several hundred miles inland again, at a lower rate than the railroads care to make from Chicago west.

It will be a very difficult matter for the railroads to meet this competition when the canal is completed, and, instead of attempting to meet it with the long rail haul from the East, it will be to their advantage, as well as to the advantage of the Coast terminal ports, to have the freight brought to the coast by water and distributed as far inland as the Rocky Mountains. By this method of distribution the railroads can get a much higher perton-per-mile rate than they could get on the all-rail haul from the East. The change would enable Pacific Coast manufacturers to compete as far east as the Rocky Mountains with Eastern concerns that are now greatly favored in rates.

In a brief submitted to the Interstate Commerce Commission by Mr. Teal of this city, it is shown that under present tariffs the rate per-ton-per-mile from Chicago and Middle Western points is only about one-half the rate from Portland to the territory now invaded by the Eastern jobbers and manufacturers. The railroads seem to have got into a groove on this matter, but it is almost a certainty that the canal will shake them out of it and that the entire Coast will be the gainer by the change.

NOT "DIRECT" METHOD.

One might confidently expect a discreet and carefully preserved silence on the part of those opponents of direct election of United States Senators who are numbered among the constituents of one William Lorimer. It is therefore with some surprise that we read in the Chicago Inter-Ocean a very outspoken criticism of the fruits of the "direct" method that has been attained in certain Western states through circumvention of the Constitution. The Inter-Ocean presents the following:

As fruits of the "direct" method we have now in the Senate persons who cannot even speak the English language decently. We have there persons whose thoughts are so incoherent that they cannot speak for 10 minutes or write 1000 words without getting on both sides of a question.

We have Senators whose visages remind one of the cruel and silly triflers who made the Reign of Terror. We have Senators whose manners compel the observer to ask himself whether this is the Senate of the United States or a Southwestern Legislature.

It is a thousand pities that the whole body of voters cannot be transported to Washington and given opportunity to observe the "direct" Senators as they strut and fuss and jingle and lay their petty schemes to get their names in the papers. The experience would cure many "direct" delusions.

The average sensible and patriotic American would go home certain that he wanted no more Senators of the type of Gronna and Works and Bourne and Jed Davis and Bristow and Owen and some others that are almost as perfect specimens of what a United States Senator should not be—that he wanted no more of a political method that threatens to place the Senate of the United States on the level of a State Legislature.

It is hardly worth while to compare a system that produces a Lorimer with one that produces even a Bourne or an Owen, but let it be remembered that the direct election plan in use in Oregon is but a makeshift. Its cumbersome machinery of which we cannot now rid ourselves supplies an available means for election through political intrigue, bossism, machine rule and treachery to party. It insures the presence of a Senatorial contest in more or less definite form in every election. In two out of every three elections are chosen members of the Legislature who later are called upon to vote for candidates for the United States Senate. In one out of three elections certain State Senators are elected who hold over and therefore vote in the second session of their term on that issue.

With all of these, the subscribing to Statement One or the pledge to support the people's choice for Senator is optional. Statement One is therefore always with us. It has become a fetich. It is invoked by candidates for minor offices where it means nothing more than an open plea for the support of the friends of United States Senators whom Statement One has put into office. It crops out in the race for Governor, for City Auditor, for Constable. It builds a machine that has the once potent Federal brigade backed off the map.

The fruits of such a system cannot justly be held up as examples of the product of real direct election of United States Senators. The adoption of the Federal amendment will loosen the parasitical hold the small jobs have on the Senatorship in the states that now avoid the Constitution and will remove the office from possibility of money barter and auction in the others. Once we have a clear-cut issue for the people alone to deal with, we shall be able to improve the personnel of the Senate of the United States and raise the level of the State Legislature also.

THE PREPARATION OF SERMONS.

The Reverend John Henry Jowett, the British pastor who has just been imported from London to supply the pulpit of the Fifth-Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, informs his congregation that he wants his mornings to himself. He does not wish to make pastoral calls or receive visitors, or discuss foreign missions or consider problems connected with the Sunday school in the forenoon. After 12 o'clock let the gay or sorrowful or busy world intrude as much as it will, but while the dawn is fresh and the dew sparkles on the grass he desires to work at his sermons.

He purposes to begin preparation for his next Sunday's discourse early Monday morning and keep at it all the week. "Some preachers," he modestly remarks, "can get up a sermon between Friday and Sunday, but I cannot. My mind works slowly and new ideas throng into it but thinly. So I must have my mornings during the whole week or you will get dull sermons." This is the purport of his explanation, and, in our opinion, there are a goodly number of ministers who might profit by taking it to heart.

To be sure, the preparation of a sermon does not look like a tremendous task. The ordinary congregation will not tolerate a discourse longer than half an hour. They prefer fifteen minutes. Surely it ought not to require the mornings of a whole week to get together enough matter to fill that exiguous space of time. Thus one reasons upon the subject at first, but as he thinks it over new thoughts flock in. Why is it that the ordinary congregation grows impatient if the sermon extends beyond half an hour? Is it not because the discourse is platitudinous? The thoughts it contains are eminently safe and orthodox, of course, but they are also threadbare. The minister has used them a thousand times before and long ere he began to use them they were employed by his predecessors for centuries. He works in old texts from the Bible. He calls trite quotations from Shakespeare to his aid.

Now nothing illuminates a discourse more than an apt quotation from the Bible, but when the subject is religion and the Scripture is necessarily the warp and woof of it references to the Bible naturally lose much of their luster. Where all is bright nothing can shine out conspicuously unless it is very brilliant indeed. The same reasoning applies to Shakespeare. If the minister could take time to look through the plays and find something fresh, all would be well, but if he waits till Friday before setting pen to his sermon he cannot take time. He must quote lines that everybody knows by heart if he quotes anything, and of course nothing is gained by it but weariness.

Too many ministers make up their sermons from convenient books. They possess a cyclopedia of pathetic anecdotes, another of lovely poetical quotations, a third of scriptural texts arranged according to subject matter. When they get ready to write they resort to these books for the filling of their discourse, contributing nothing themselves but what a physician would call the connective tissue and very little of that. Necessarily such a sermon is insufferably dull. No wonder young people prefer a baseball game or a picnic or an excursion on the river. To attract them the minister's message must be as fresh as the leafy trees, as fragrant with grace and wisdom as the flowers, as bright as the sunbeams. It cannot be all this if it is hastily cast together from cyclopedias. The sermon which holds the attention and compels the heart must be as strong as life itself. A whole week is none too much time to give to it. Perhaps a lifetime would be too little.

Through his sermons the minister exercises his greatest power upon the destinies of men. Of course he influences people by talking with them on the street. He guides them by conversation in the parlor and so on, but all that is trivial compared with the overwhelming effect of really great sermons. When the minister preaches he can call to his aid the psychology of the multitude. Men in crowds are different creatures from men taken singly. Alone the human being covers himself with a shell. He is alert, on his guard. He erects defensive arguments on every side. But when he is nothing more than a unit among a thousand others who crowd upon him and send their vibrations through him his soul lies open to the preacher's message without hindrance. Thought drives through the throng in resistless waves and the persuasive power of words is multiplied a hundred fold. A great crowd of people is much more easily led than a single person as a rule. Hence the minister who neglects his sermons throws over his greatest opportunity to move the hearts of men. Pastoral visits are all very well, but they are mere scattering drops. The sermon is a downpour if the minister is truly called and equal to his duty.

The Reverend Mr. Jowett does well to spend six mornings on every sermon. We wish he might spend sixty. But we do not urge all ministers to write at the blush of dawn. Many of them can accomplish more and better at midnight or in the afternoon. The point is that each is sacredly bound to choose the time of day when he is at his best and brightest and consecrate it inflexibly to his sermon for the next Sunday. If he fails to do so he feeds his congregation sour and soggy pancakes instead of the bread of life which is their due.

THE SPHINX AND ITS RIDDLE.

Some writers whose zeal outruns their knowledge a little, perhaps, speak of Professor George Andrew Reisner's recent conclusion about the Great Egyptian Sphinx as "solving the riddle of the ages." He has scarcely done that. By some red paint on its ear and the manner in which the hair is arranged, Professor Reisner positively identifies the face of the Sphinx as that of Chefren, or Khafre, as Breasted calls him.

Khafre was the son of Dedefre and reigned in the Second Dynasty, some twenty-eight hundred years before the Christian era. Fourteen hundred years after Khafre's death one of his remote successors, Thutmose IV., cleared away the sand which had accumulated around the Sphinx and set up a stele or pillar not far away from it on which he made a rather vague mention of Khafre. Later still some priests attached a huge granite architrave taken from a neighboring temple of Osiris to the breast of the Sphinx and inscribed on it a similar suggestion that the monster had been erected by Khafre. From this scholars have long been of the opinion that the face was a portrait of Khafre, or Chephren. Professor Reisner has merely confirmed a prevalent belief.

The remark that Professor Reisner is the first to determine definitely the sex of the Sphinx figure is nonsense. It was the commonest thing in the world for the ancient Egyptians to affix portraits of their kings to the bodies of lions, just as was done in the case of the Great Sphinx. None of the learned has supposed for many years that the human part of the figure was intended to be female. Some of the poets have occasionally spoken of the Great Sphinx as "she." Emerson does so in his famous poem, "The Sphinx is drowsy, her wings are furled, her ear is heavy, she broods on the world." The error is pardonable in a poet since he is not expected to be much of a savant. Shakespeare located Bohemia on the seacoast without reproach and played fast and loose with any facts of history which refused to conform to his needs. This is a privilege accorded to poets, though scholars must be more exact if they wish to retain their reputation.

No doubt the notion that the Sphinx was a female figure drifted out into the world from Greece. The monster whose riddle Oedipus solved really was at least half woman, the rest of her physical frame being a winged lion. The myth of the Grecian Sphinx is supposed to have passed across the Mediterranean from Egypt at a date when the true significance of the great statue had been forgotten. The active Hellenic imagination readily supplied a meaning and composed a fable to correspond. The Grecian Sphinx was a cruel monster who had devised a riddle that nobody could solve. "What creature is that which goes on four feet, two feet and three feet, having but one voice, and when it has most feet it is weakest?" Those who tried to guess the riddle and failed were devoured by the Sphinx, but when Oedipus finally gave the right answer she was so chagrined that she slew herself. Oedipus' answer, as every schoolboy knows, was, "Man who in childhood creeps on four supports, in his prime walks erect on two feet and in old age totters on a cane."

It was from this Grecian tale that the phrase "riddle of the Sphinx" was properly derived. Since there began to be such a thing as scholarship the Egyptian Sphinx never has been much of a riddle. It was well known that the lion's body signified the power and ferocity of the Pharoahs, while as to the face the only question was what monarch it represented. By his discovery that the decoration belongs to the time of Khafre, Professor Reisner has definitely confirmed the old rumor that the portrait is his. The figure, which is esteemed one of the wonders of the world, stands near the entrance of a splendid granite gateway leading to the pyramid of Khafre, one of the smaller and less nobly constructed of the ancient piles. This gateway is often called "the temple of the Sphinx," though there is no true connection between the two structures except that they can be traced back to the same king. From the gateway there was an avenue leading to the pyramid temple and the pyramid itself, which was, of course, built for his tomb.

The minute particulars of a bit of red paint and a lock of hair which have enabled Professor Reisner to identify the face of the Sphinx remind us of the enormous part which apparent trifles may play in the development of knowledge. Watt is said to have arrived at his notion of the economic value of steam power by watching the flutter of a pot lid when the water was boiling. Champollion deciphered the mystic symbols on the Rosetta Stone by noticing that some of them, inclosed in rings, corresponded in place with Greek names on another side of the stone. This gave him a clew which he had only to develop to translate the hieroglyphics and found the great science of Oriental history and literature. Of course, it required a tremendous genius to use the method which he conceived, but the point is that all his results, magnificent as they were, depended on a single minute circumstance as trifling as a dab of red paint.

Science has reached such a stage now that discoveries hereafter made are likely to follow from barely noticeable suggestions like those which have proved so fruitful for Professor Reisner. A distinguished savant has said that scientific progress will henceforth grow from measurements taken in the sixth decimal place, which will be very minute indeed. Still we must not be too sure that he is right. Perhaps there are some fairly obvious truths not yet noticed. Often the most difficult things to see are those which lie in plain sight.

PAIN, PLEASURE AND HABIT.

In a little book on ethics which we have been reading the following sentences occur among other bits of wisdom: "The pursuit of pleasure is the persistent purpose of every individual. If he voluntarily undergoes a pain, it is only to avoid greater pains. It is each individual's duty to promote his own pleasure. If conduct promotes pleasure, it is moral. If it induces pain, it is immoral. Happiness is morality. All men pursue happiness. Therefore all men pursue morality. Man is eager to gain the highest possible happiness."

These remarks do not all occur together in the little book, which is called "Individual Sovereignty." They are scattered here and there on several different pages, but since they reinforce the same opinion we have ventured to group them together. They read to us like bits of wisdom, not because they are true, but because the author in using them has followed a great school of thinkers. It is always safe to fight with a big army, and our author displays wonderfully good sense in doing so. The ethical party whose doctrine he preaches are known as the "hedonists," a word from the Greek, which signifies "pleasure worshipers," or something of that nature. They hold that the pursuit of pleasure is the only proper, and indeed the only possible, occupation of mankind.

We are not disposed to deny that a great many human beings pursue pleasure to the best of their ability and knowledge, but to say that they do nothing else or that they seek "the highest possible pleasure" is to speak like a simpleton. The truth of the matter is that when men do seek pleasure, which is only rarely, they seek the sort to which they are habituated. Higher and keener pleasure may lie at their thresholds, but they neither know nor care anything about it. If it were displayed before them they would not know what to do with it. We strive only for the delights which we are used to, and for the most part they are stupidly poor. They fall far below what we might attain with the exercise of very slight intelligence and very moderate effort. Our author, whose name is Lorentz, falls into a blunder which is common to a large number of ethical writers. He overlooks the enormous power of habit upon human beings.

Most of our conduct is habitual and only semi-conscious. We do the things we are in the habit of doing, not because we expect either pain or pleasure from them, but because we did them yesterday and the day before, and all through our lives. They have become automatic. Some of them are painful, like getting out of bed at a fixed hour, but nevertheless they are done by sheer force of habit. By suitable drill and discipline people may be made to follow any line of conduct whatever without the slightest reference to its effect upon themselves individually. Everybody recognizes this in the case of soldiers. At first, of course, they submit to the severities of discipline through dread of punishment very often, but after a little time the discipline becomes automatic. They march, go hungry, throw up entrenchments and rush into battle without a thought of the pain or pleasure which may flow from it, but solely because they have been trained to do it. A top spins because it has been set spinning and thus also does the soldier perform his duty if he has been set spinning and thus also does the soldier perform his duty if he has been thoroughly disciplined. "Theirs not to make reply; theirs not to reason why; theirs but to do and die." The nearer a man can be made over into a machine the better soldier he becomes as every drillmaster will tell you. That is the aim of the rhythmic exercises to which the new recruit is subjected. Rhythm of all sorts fascinates and subjugates us. Keep it up long enough and we perish when it ceases.

Nobody ever understood this subject better than Confucius, the genius who gave the Chinese their religion. When he lived, about five hundred years before the Christian era, China was in a state of turbulence. New ideas were abroad. That gifted people were breaking the bonds of feudalism. Invention was active. Printing, gunpowder, the mariner's compass and other pregnant devices had been discovered. A new world was in sight. Confucius hated innovation. He worshiped the good old ways. For him the wisdom of the ancients was the only wisdom there could ever be. So he asked himself how to stay the tide of progress. What could he do to put the soul of the Chinese to sleep and keep it forever slumbering? He chose the method exactly suited to his purpose and being a man of almost supernatural personal power he was able to impose his system on the country. It was a system of drill. It aimed at discipline so thorough-going that no act of life, little or big, should escape from it. Birth, death, marriage, eating, visiting, everything under heaven became a religious ceremony and must be done by a strict ritual.

The effect was beautiful in the extreme. The intelligence of China under the influence of Confucius shut up like a blossom at twilight. Five hundred millions of people went to bed, mentally speaking, and they have staid in bed for twenty-five hundred years. The consequences of Confucianism illustrate the power of habit over mankind on a grander scale than has ever been seen elsewhere, but it is apparent everywhere and always. It is not the love of pleasure or the fear of pain which determines what a man will do in the emergencies of his life, but the habits he learned when he was a child. This is the rule. Of course, there are exceptions to it, but for any given individual they are rare. Occasionally each of us does rise to the point of actually seeking pleasure or shunning pain, but in ninety-nine of our acts out of every hundred we do neither. We simply follow the automatic urgency of habit without the slightest reference to consequences.

Fez is being stormed by the rebels again. Reports from Morocco by way of Madrid state that the garrison has been massacred and that the Sultan has taken refuge in the French consulate. Next to Central America or Mexico, Morocco furnishes the world's most dependable supply of war news. It is a dull season when the bandits fail to warm things up for the government or the French or Spanish fail to have a few running fights with the bandits. There are so many modern Othellos in that troublesome land that every other occupation is tame and uninteresting by comparison with that of conducting a revolution or insurrection. There will never be much else going on until some first-class power takes full charge of the country.

What's the matter with San Francisco, the home and the headquarters of art on the Pacific Coast? At an auction sale of rare paintings, a collection valued at $75,000 brought but $25,000. "The Plow Girl," by Millet, with a market valuation of about $12,000, was knocked down for $2100, and a $10,000 Rosseau landscape sold for $2000. Either the Bay City is in a bad way financially or the MacCarthys, Tvietmoes, Furuseths and kindred spirits who now make the city famous have taught the new San Francisco that there is "nothin' in art." Colonel Trumbo, the owner of the collection which was sold under the hammer at such ruinous rates, bid in a few of the best pictures and they will probably remain on the Coast.

Rebecca Lawson Tongue, who died at the Tongue homestead in Washington County a few days ago, was a pioneer of Oregon. With her husband, Anthony Tongue, and their son, Thomas H., she settled near the present town of North Plains in 1859, all of the country then being little more than a beautiful, isolated wilderness. There her husband died in 1904. From thence their only son Thomas H. Tongue went out to make his place among the citizens of the state as a lawyer and Representative in Congress, and there Rebecca Tongue died last week, at the age of 87 years. Of sturdy fiber and a generous mind and mold, Mrs. Tongue left the stamp of a fine personality upon the generation that knew her.

The State Board of Forestry has decided to make war upon the pine beetles that are killing or seriously injuring large areas of pine timber in Eastern Oregon. The pest is known to be exceedingly prolific, voracious and tenacious of life. The Federal Government will co-operate with the state in a Summer campaign against this timber pest in the hope of saving much valuable timber that is menaced by it. To the uninitiated, thinking of the lofty perch upon which these beetles work, their numbers and fecundity, the task of exterminating them seems a hopeless one. The sixth sense with which the naturalist is accredited, however, will no doubt find ways and means to effect this purpose.

There is nothing unreasonable in the request made by women to the County Court that men be prohibited from smoking during business hours and transactions before that body. Women have a perfect right to ask this, since to many of them the odor of tobacco smoke is extremely repulsive, and to be forced to endure it during the regular transaction of business that calls them to the Courthouse now and again is a real hardship. While smokers may not realize this, it is true and it calls for just consideration.

The theory that everything in this world is of some use is supported by the statement of a Pullman College professor, that stale beer can be made effective in luring cut-worms to destruction. The odor of the beverage attracts them and when used to mix a mash of bran and paris green makes certain end of them. A useful discovery certainly and one that should find favor even with beer-drinkers.

Among appointments of Oregon delegates to the National Peace Conference will be noted the names of Henry McGinn and William Galvani, both of whom are excellent fighters.

It is part of the stress of present-day life that people must encounter many dangers—such as the bursting of a tank car of gasoline at St. Louis yesterday.

The suburbanite who "farms" an acre, working in the city the while, needs more than a wife to make the job a success.

The cut-worm, like the early morning swamper, has a liking for stale beer, according to a Pullman bug sharp.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the erstwhile Mrs. Burke-Roche will soon get a husband who will stay on the job.

The informer is a detestable creature, though often working for a good cause.

Restricted.

The trees can scarcely move their limbs;
The murmur of the breeze
As o'er the chilly sky it skims,
Is choked into a wheeze;
And icy bonds are everywhere;
The days that come and go,
That once were gladsome and so fair
Are dazing now and slow.

No more in dancing rhythms pass
The hours all garlanded;
The merriment so free, alas,
Is for the present fled.
And cynics now assert
Dame Nature has, at fashion's call,
Put on a hobble skirt!
—Washington, D. C., Star.

TOPICAL VERSE

The Hat Parade.

The wondrous, swell, church hat parade
We see today.
And here are hats of every shade
In proud array;
Hats fearfully and strangely made
Upon display.

We see as many kinds of hats
As one could wish.
And each hat hides sufficient rats,
To fill a dish;
Also displaying birds or bats,
Or even fish.
—Kansas City Journal.

Magazine Girls.

All women are lovely and radiantly fair
In the magazine pages today.
They all have a mop of luxuriant hair,
In the magazine pages today.
There's not one with freckles or noses askew;
Or teeth that protrude, as some real girls' do,
There isn't a blemish on girls that we view
In the magazine pages today.

There's not one too pudgy or not one too thin,
In the magazine pages today;
Nor one who's just losing her tortoise-shell pin,
In the magazine pages today.
'Twixt shirtwaist and belt there is never a gap,
Or a tear in the silk that is lining her wrap,
And her gloves never lack a pearl button or snap,
In the magazine pages today.

She doesn't wear pink when she ought to wear blue,
In the magazine pages today;
And she isn't run down at the heel of her shoe,
In the magazine pages today.
You never can see when she hasn't a hat
How much is real hair and how much of it's rat,
It's only in life that we see things like that,
Not in magazine pages today.
—Detroit Free Press.

Drawbacks.

There is no rose
Without its cruel thorn.
No pleasure glows
Without some grief to fill us,
In words of bliss
There still lurk tones of scorn—
In every kiss
Hides some doggoned bacillus!
—Milwaukee News.

"War" In Mexico.

We were on the fields of battle,
We could view them from our train,
Where the insurrectos bled and fought
—In the correspondent's brain.

They were coming from the mountains,
They were coming from the plain,
Victoriously marching onward
—In the correspondent's brain.

There was smoke on every hillside
Where the thin tortilla roasts,
And the plains were filled with corpses,
And at night we saw their ghosts.

For the earth was red as ochre
Where the blood fell down like rain,
And the towns were smoking ruins
—in the correspondent's brain.

Every palm tree bore its bayonet,
And the cacti a thousand spears,
The onions were peeled for battle,
The potatoes' eyes were filled with tears.

All nature was convulsed
As the tropic sun began to wane,
Everything was hell and chaos
—in the correspondent's brain.

But the fighting hosts will vanish
Like sun-defeated mist,
For they are only phantom armies,
And never will be missed—

If the bold and daring heroes
Upon the wild Chihuahua plain
Will sheath their blood-red sabres
—in the correspondent's brain.
—Arthur Stillwell, in Boston Herald.

Can Feel It.

The ladies to the monster hats
Are patiently resigned.
For, wearing them, they know that they
Have something on their mind.
—Exchange.

The Tips.

See the people after tips!
Wanting tips!
Cabmen, busmen, depot porters, cabin stewards on the ships!
How they crowd you and they rush you,
How they shine you and they brush you
Till your hand all weary dips
In your pocket for the dime
They are after all the dime—
Though they'd bray you in a mortar
If they thought they'd get a quarter!
O, the tips, tips, tips, tips,
Tips, tips, tips!

Mr. Poe wrote of the bells—
But hotels
Of these latter days had wrung a cry of anguish from his lips,
First the stately carriage sentry,
Then the crown prince in the entry,
And the boy who grabs your grips,
And the boy who brings the ink,
Or the water you would drink,
And the boy who checks your garments—
All of these hope for their torments
Many tips, tips, tips, tips,
Tips, tips, tips!

Poe wrote verses that appeared
Rather weird
On the bells—not bellboys, brother!
O, that he could write another
Clanging poem on the way
Tips are smilingly forced from us every day!
How we creep to bed all nervous
With no lullaby to hush us
Lest some other bent on service
Shall come in and wildly brush us!
How we marvel at the speed with which our pocket money slips
In the tips that we are giving—
There's the highest cost of living!
O, the tips!
—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Chicago Post.

Spring Arithmetic.

It was the busy hour of 4,
When from a city hardware store
Emerged a gentleman who bore
1 hoe,
1 spade,
1 wheelbarrow.

From thence our hero promptly went
Into a seed establishment
And for these things his money spent:
1 peck of bulbs,
1 job lot of shrubs,
1 quart of assorted seeds.

He has a garden under way,
And if he's fairly lucky, say,
He'll have about the last of May
1 squash vine,
1 egg plant,
1 radish.
—Washington (D. C.) Herald.

Take Warning, Mr. Man.

He took 'em off,
Alas! too soon;
His grave it will
Be green in June.
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Scraps and Jingles

Leone Cass Baer.

Man in a restaurant sent back the saddle-of-mutton he had ordered because it had a leathery taste.

* * *

My idea of an "impressionist" is the burglar who takes a wax model of the keyhole.

* * *

It has just been brought to light that Euclid was the author of the first problem-play.

* * *

Whether the system of physical culture for school children, which includes simple drills with broomsticks, will ever lead to a recrudescence of husband or wife-beating time alone will show.

* * *

Maybe "the hairs of our heads are all numbered." So are automobiles, and I've noticed that the numbering process doesn't seem to prevent either from going fast.

* * *

From Kalama comes a tale of woe. Miss Calamity Step-and-fetch-it, the cultured and sweet writer lady, says she has "run acrost the meanest man." She answered his advertisement to send 10 cents for a poetic license.

* * *

The difference between a dress and a creation is simply a matter of figures.

* * *

(After Charles Kingsley—quite a ways.)
Be freakish, my girl, and let who will be clever,
Wear harem skirts and clothes that foolish seem,
So shall your life as matron, maid or widow
Be one grand Scream!

* * *

Apropos of the forthcoming canine exhibition, I want to know if "heavenly dogs" are skye-terriers?

* * *

A local fish market flaunts the facetiously worded placard: Salmon cheap today; no deception, weighed in its own scales.

* * *

The most unreasonable woman I ever heard of has just fired her nurse girl for letting 6-year-old Leander bite his tongue.

* * *

Newspaper account tells of a woman in a burning building who snored to such effect that a fireman discovered her and dragged her to safety. It may be mean to say so, but a woman with a snore like that should have been permitted to slumber on till the fire was over.

* * *

The open season for office-boy-dead grandmother jokes is now on.

* * *

When a woman cannot diagnose all her ailments, imaginary and real, she refers to them as temperament.

* * *

Ain't the Goulds about the marrying-est folk you ever heard tell on?

* * *

Acrobat at the Orpheum this week would do wonderfully well in the republics of Central America, inasmuch as he makes some dozen revolutions in a minute.

* * *

I like to read the details of matrimonial mishaps just to learn how miserable other people are.

* * *

Nearly eight days have gone by and not one word about Harry Thaw's status in the bughouse. And what has become of the Dorothy Arnold paragraphers?

* * *

Woman signing herself "Anxious" writes to ask how to get stout. Only way I know is to ask the bartender. Some family liquor stores sell it too.

* * *

A suburbanite who bungalows and raises chickens on the side boasts that he has some bipeds imported from Italy. Sent me a present of one and I had it cooked. Now I fully believe his assertions. It was one of the ancient lays of Rome.

* * *

I have come to the conclusion that exemplary family men are those who know enough to find good jobs and good bosses.

* * *

Voices of Spring the Gentle.

"Hi-yi-massacre the empire!"

"Your bonnet is a love, is it your old one fixed over?"

"I went and took off my flannels and caught an awful cold!"

"I wouldn't think of cleaning house till after the Rose Festival for I'd have it all to do over again."

"I'm just crazy over green onions, but I don't dare eat 'em. I'm going out tonight."

"I caught 98 fine trout in half an hour yesterday." Etc., etc.

* * *

The art of dodging the altar is getting more and more difficult for mere man, now that women are learning to distinguish between a stogie and an invincible.

* * *

Most of us will take issue with Professor Putnam, of Harvard, who goes on record to say that blondes are rapidly disappearing. The Sign of the Golden Fleece will continue to flaunt as long as peroxide, musical comedy and big black picture hats with willow plumes are in existence.

Half a Century Ago

From The Oregonian, April 23, 1861.

Our Washington correspondent, writing from that city on the 20th of March says that all the land patents connected with the titles to land in Portland were issued, except Mr. Lownsdale's. Mr. Coffin's was started on the 20th ult., for this place. The townsite entry patent has been placed on the record of the General Land Office. Mr. Ainsworth has gone to Boston. Mr. Pengra and Dr. Thompson probably started home on the 1st of April. C. S. Drew and General Wadsworth expected to remain in Washington for the Summer.

The Pacific brought up a lot of California lager beer, which was to be placed on sale at a public house in this town. The home brewers got extremely indignant about it, and exposed several kegs of lager opposite the steamship landing for gratuitous consumption. The drinkers about town availed themselves of the opportunity as long as they could hold a drop.

Love by the Clock.

At 8 P. M., while pa and ma
Helped entertain with sis,
Both John and Mary in distant seats
Were far apart like this.
At 9 P. M., as pa withdrew
And sought his room upstairs;
At 10 P. M., mamma decamped,
And then, ye gods! what bliss!
Those lovers sat till nearly one
Aboutasclosesasthis.
—New Orleans Picayune.