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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 14, 1911.

PRACTICAL PEACE MEASURES. By common consent the Baltimore Congress, which adjourned the other day after passing a number of resolutions, is regarded as one of the most important meetings ever held for the promotion of international neace. The proceedings were of a practical nature in the main, forsaking the old utoplan methods of eloquence and pathetic appeal. The Congress was occupied almost entirely with the discussion of projects for the actual furtherance of peace, such as the limitation of armaments and the extension of the principle of arbitration.

Mr. Knox' plan for an international prize court was commended by the Congress and also the Court of Arbitral Justice for which he has formulated an outline. The latter is said to constitute a kind of supreme court for the world. It would perform for the various independent countries much the same services as our Supreme Court does for the states of the Union, and it is already provided with a constitution to work upon. To be sure, this constitution has never been formally adopted, but it exists in treatises upon international law which are everywhere held to be authoritative, and in the enlightened sentiments of the foremost men of the world. In the last analysis, what is any constitution, written or traditional, but a body of more or less fluctuating sentiment? The printed words have no meaning except as they obtain it from the intelligence of interpreters and the verdicts of intelligence depend more on feeling than on anything eise.

Should Mr. Knox' project for an international court of justice ever be wrought out in fact it would carry us a long way toward that "federation of the world" which poets and statesmen have speculated upon for many centuries. It would be an error indeed to suppose that international peace is a modern concept. It is on the centrary, very old, and was more nearly attained in former times than War was abolished for several centuries so far as the civilized world was concerned by the establishment Roman Empire. Its horrors were experienced again when the barbarians broke through the frontiers, but the Roman peace with its bless-

ings was never forgotten. Dante cherished a dua! world federation. The Roman Emperor was to be its secular head, while the church under the Pope attended to religious affairs. Theoretically the European world was actually organized according to Dante's scheme in the twelfth century and later, but the Emperor's power was rather shadowy and the universal church finaly lost ffs hold on the Northern nations. The rise of the independent countries of modern Europe together with the Protestant revolt from the church destroyed for many years all prospect of international peace. War became more frequent than ever before and a great part of the ingenuity of man was devoted to the invention of instruments of death. From Augustus to the rise of chivalry no new weapons of war were devised, but between that time and the present day there have been thousands of them. nard Shaw declares that the only progress the modern world has made consists in inventing new tools of slaughter.

Although the old Roman organization of the world in a peaceful empire finally passed away, still it has a present value which is very great. It enables us to meet the erratic assertions of those men who say that universal peace is an impossible vision. "It never did exist," they declare, "and it never can exist." The truth of the matter is that it was in actual existence for several centuries and was accepted as the universal ideal more. The belief that war is inevitable is much more of a modern dream than the concept of international peace is. In order to have peace among the nations we need only to stop fighting, which seems to be simple enough, though it is difficult in practice.

Warfare, like other bad habits, persists by force of inertia. Nations think they must go on fighting because their fathers did, just as the sot must have his grog today because he had it yesterday. Nothing but stern practical checks are likely to halt the bad old practice of rushing to arms when nations differ. Reason and conscience of course accomplish something, but not so much as one could We keep up great armaments for fear that some other country will attack us and because we have the armament the first thought is to fight when trouble arises. How can the vicious circle be broken?

The Peace Congress proposes at least one measure which seems likely to help break it. They ask each nation to forbid its bankers to lend for warlike purposes to any other nation. This would make some wars impossible if it could be enforced. Russia could not have fought Japan without the loans it received from Jewish bankers. France could probably finance a short war without borrowing funds abroad, but Germany could not. In spite of the Kaiser's military treasure, his first step on the outbreak of hostilities with a Euro-justice which Mr. Morgan's purse pays pean nation would be to negotiate a In a sense it is the financiers who make war possible, but it is difficult to understand how they can be entirely prevented from loaning their

they could not all be dammed, though some of them could.

MR. MOSS WANTS TO KNOW.

Ralph W. Moss is the name of a Representative in Congress from Indi-The record discloses that Mr. ana. Moss is a comparative newcomer in Washington; but in the brief term of his service he has developed an insatiable instinct for finding out things. Being a farmer, Mr. Moss' curiosity some months since led him in the direction of the Agricultural Department; and being a Democrat his partisanship caused him to rejoice exceedingly when the row broke out between Ballinger and Pinchot. Then for the first time Congressman Moss, who was withal no hayseed, learned that the Forestry Service was legally a branch of the Agricultural Depart ment; and that actually the Agricultural Department was the mere tail to the forestry kite.

At these revelations Mr. Moss marveled greatly; but there was more to come. As a farmer, he was much concerned with the problem of agricultural education; but when he found that the Agricultural Department, through the gifted Mr. Pinchot, footing a large number of bills for the education of certain foresters at various Western colleges, he began to wonder what branch of agriculture was benefited by sending a large company of untutored foresters to college learn forestry. Being convinced that the farmer and his welfare had been overlooked in the little Pinchot enterprise of helping along his particular fad at their expense, Mr. Moss broadened the scope of his inquiry into a question as to why the Agricultural Department, or any Government department, should send foresters, or anybody, under pay, to any college. There Mr. Moss stuck. He got no farther. Pinchot was discharged, the thing was done, and it could not be undone, and the Pinchot following in effect asked him what he was going

to do about it. This is what Mr. Moss has done about it. He has now started some-thing in Congress. He has been made the chairman of the committee which will inquire into Mr. Pinchot's administration of the Forestry Service. He has written a letter to Forester Graves, successor of Mr. Pinchot, mildly asking for light on the Pinchot extralegal operations. He wants to know why 200 forest rangers were sent by Pinchot to college for eight or ten weeks, their salaries and fares to and fro paid, and the Government meanwhile deprived of their more or less valuable services, at a total cost of \$15,000 to \$20,000 per month. Mr. Moss is asking also whether the practice has been discontinued; how much the Government has paid out in this way; how many were educated; and whether any effort has been made to get the money back.

Forester Graves is taking his time about replying. He needs time. If Moss persists, he will get a lot of instructive information about the Forestry Service. A service that, in a comparatively short time, through the persistence, ingenuity and lawless methods of a single man developed from a modest bureau spending \$100,-000 a year to a gigantic machine costing \$5,000,000 a year ought to afford a rich field for investigation.

THE VALUE OF BOOKS.

A book is worth what anybody is willing to pay for it. The same may be said of postage stamps, diamonds and bull pups. Since Mr. J. P. Morgan felt impelled to pay \$42,800 for a future auction it brings more or less. The Guttenberg Bible for which Henry E. Huntington paid the Hoe estate \$50,000 is worth precisely that sum for the present. When it was first put or the market in medieval Germany It probably sold for a few coppers like the Caxton Morte D'Arthur whose price was 70 cents for two hundred years after it was published. If we should develop a millionaire collector richer than Mr. Morgan hereafter the values of these rare and seemingly precious volumes will probably soar still higher. Suppose some old and unique Bible were to sell for \$1,000,-000 a hundred years from now. What a push would be given to the spiritual power of the sacred volume. Paradise Lost brought \$7200 at the Hoe sale. Milton disposed of the original copyright for \$25. No doubt the excellence of the poem has increased proportionately with the price as the cen-

turies have lapsed. 'Imperious Caesar dead and turned to clay may stop a hole to keep the wind away." Paradise Lost, whose omposition exalted the sad leisure of Milton's lonely old age, may become a plaything for millionaires who never dream of reading it. When King Edward VI. was trying to reach something on a shelf above his height somebody put the Bible in a chair for him to stand on. "Take it away," exclaimed the precoclously plous young king, "I will not put under foot the book that God commanded me to keep in my heart." Is it any more irreverent to make the Bible a footstool than to make it a toy for the idle amusement of book collectors? These persons would obtain fully as much pleasure from collecting red-haired pigs or half-length angle worms as they do from Bibles and Morte D'Arthurs. With them the collection is the thing. The pleasure lies in possessing something, no matter what, that lies beyond the means of anybody else. It is a purely selfish form of enjoyment and therefore not very ad-

mirable. Of course, unique books ought to be preserved from destruction somewhere but the proper place for them is in a National museum. put to shame by being bandled about for the sport of Illterate millionaires at auctions. Surely the plutocrats who bid against one another for these forlorn and melancholy relics of the past could find some better way to make a show of their superfluous money. Nobody profits by the extravagant prices they pay. The proceeds of the Hoe auction go to an impersonal estate which was already quite as large as an estate ought to be. Milton, who is now so marvelously honored by the price paid for his poem, wrote it in poverty and neglect and sold it to an unappreciative generation for a song. The ghosts of "mighty poets in their misery dead" must smile from their

The purchaser of the Guttenberg Bible for \$50,000 did not buy the book to read. Far from it. If he into the Rocky Mountain country at reads anything besides the sporting greater profit than it would be possimoney where they wish. It flows in papers and French novels we miss our ble to derive from the all-rail haul obtain the same mental image as from jority.

to their fame.

the Bible. If he did read it understandingly, which is the only kind of reading that counts, he would not dare to go to bed with all that frightful sum of money in his possession. He would be haunted by what Jesus told Nicodemus, "Sell all thou hast give it to the poor." Among other things the Lord would whisper to his gilded heart, "sell the old Bible for which you paid such a foolishly big price and turn the proceeds over to the trustees of the Sage fund. If you really want to read a Bible, buy one printed yesterday by the Bible Society

in good modern type." The old Caxton Malory is nothing but an empty shell so far as its real worth goes. Ariosto took the heart out of it when he wrote his Orlando Furioso and what little substance there was left Tennyson borrowed for his pale, chaste Idylls of the King. Nobody except some suffering class in English literature could possibly read the book even if it were printed in clear type. The Caxton type are just about illegible, which further illustrates the fatuity of the craze.

Charles Lamb long ago drew the distinction between real books and oks which are not books. In the latter category he included government reports, birthday gift volumes and collections of poems by tadies of Had the bibliophile rage been rank. in full bloom in his day he would have damned the Guttenberg Bible and the Caxton Morte D'Arthur with the rest of the ill-omened tribe which masquerade as books but are in truth something else. The man who loves real books wants everybody else to share his pleasure in them. He is willing to read them aloud to you, to disclose the name of the shop where he bought them; on extraordinary oc casions he will even lend them. our part when we lend a book we bid it a last farewell. "Good-bye forever, good-bye forever, good-bye, good-bye," we exclaim in the sad words of Tostl's song, but we know a lawyer, in high standing and excellent practice. who actually entreatts his friends to borrow the treasures of his shelves. This is super-human. It proves perhaps that if the gentleman had not been educated for the law he might have been a Christian.

After all is said, the pleasure of the multi-millionaire in his \$50,000 book s but a wan and wilted thing. For real delight commend us to the boy who spends his last dime for "Deadvood Dick" and peruses the forbidden volume in unholy secrecy behind the strawstack.

WASTED ENERGY.

Apropos to scientific management, so much discussed by labor reformers, Mrs. Anna Scott, of Kansas City, tells us that the average housewife wears herself out by taking useless steps and otherwise doing things that do not count. Says a contemporary in commenting upon this state-ment and others based upon the proposition of energy wasted upon non-essentials and false motions:

"Possibly there is no one exhibition of energy misspent in useless flourishes more foolish than in legal writ-A person is hurt. A lawyer says he is bruised, wounded, contused, injured, cut and made to suffer great pain, grief, agony and anguish of mind and body. If other words occur he puts them in. The redundant verbiage of a deed gave rise to the old conundrum, 'When is a lawyer an ass?' The answer was, 'When he draws a conveyance..'"

Evidently on this testimony, "wastafflicted with it.

THE BACK-HAUL CASE.

Any rule or system by which the working of a natural law of commerce or industry are set aside can have but temporary effect. For that reason the contention of Spokane and other heard before the Washington Railroad Commission will not be permanently sustained. The merit of the claim of the Coast ports to the advantages that necessarily follow water competition has been and is so apparent that ultimate victory on that point is practically assured. The present demand of the interior cities is for a lower barload rate from Coast ports to interior points. If this could be secured without Coast jobbers receiving a corresponding reduction in the less-than-carload rates the interior cities would have an advantage to which their geographical location does not entitle them.

makes but little difference whether this problem is threshed over pefore a state railroad commission or the Federal Commission. The basic principle involved is the same and unchangeable. That principle or base from which all rates on interstate or intrastate business must be figured is cost of service. Long before the railroads had crossed the continent and entered Spokane and other interior points, the ocean carriers had established rates. Quite naturally the failroad was forced to meet these rates. They were much lower than the rates which the railroads secured to points farther inland where the effect of this water competition was not felt, but in order to get any business at all the this, day, and until the end of time, to make them work.

proper evidence to that effect, be repersent time very keen competition on the Coast cities are landing immense the Panama Canal and in the not far railroads, which are now making great to all of them. effort to retain a large share of this through business, may show a preference for the shorter but more profitable back haul from the Pacific ports where the water carriers drop their

burden. Under the rates that will be made when the canal is in operation it will be possible for the railroads to carry this freight from the Pacific Coast far

channels so intricate and obscure that guess. Certainly he never looks into across the continent. Until the inter-Jor cities can land water-borne freight at their doors they can compete with the Coast cities as distributing centers only by the enforcement of unnatural laws and rulings. Such laws, of course, cannot operate permanently.

MOTHERS' DAY.

Mothers' Day! From the dawn of civilization through all the varying stages of war and peace, of poverty and affluence, of life in isolation and in community, of toil and lefsureevery day has been "Mothers' day." It is only, however, within recent years—half a dozen perhaps—that appreciation of the love, the care, the faithfulness of the mothers of the race has taken form among us of special recognition and observance. It is thus that one day in each year has been dedicated in honor of mothers here and in tender memory of mothers risen

Today, May 14, is the day set apart for this purpose, and in thousands of homes and in hundreds of pulpits this lay will be one sacred to the memory of mothers gone from mortal sight, but unforgotten, and of spoken recognition of the self-denying labors of mothers still with us.

"Dear mother," we say, as the kaleidoscope of memory shifting brings up a gentle face, perhaps crowned by gray hair, perhaps framed in gold, ac cording to the years of her earth life. and with trembling emphasis we repeat the words as the vision passes again into the shadow that divides

things seen from things unseen. "Dear mother," we say with a smile f appreciation and love as we look the table where sits the grayhaired mother in her second home he home of her son or daughterthe lengthening shadows of life's twillight gathering softly about her. 'Dear mother," we repeat again as the glance shifts to the young mother serving the children on her right hand and on her left, or listening intently and sympathetically to the tales and trials of the older ones, encountered at school, on the play-ground or in the initial battle of life in the field of labor; and, "dear, dear mother," we whisper as, sick and suffering, we awake from a feverish dream of isolation and misery in the still watches of the night to feel the touch of cool, soft hands and hear her reassuring voice.

In a general way those of even ordipary sensibilities know and remember and feel the things that stand for mother love every day in the year. It was with the idea of crystallizing and giving expression to this feeling "Mothers' Day" was designated that and has come to be observed with added fervor each passing year. Inspired by filial love, intensified by filial gratitude, glorified by memory made glad by present, outspoken appreciation, may "Mothers' Day" tinue to grow in favor throughout the land.

DEMOCRACY AND LEISURE. Many kindly persons hope to see a

time when the plain men and women of the world shall learn to appreciate art and music. The bricklayer will feel the beauty of Botticelli's pictures. The washerwoman will thrill to the cadences of the Beethoven and follow Bach's fugues with understanding delight. It would be harsh to say outright that this charming vision never can be realized, but great changes must be brought about first. As matters stand, the time of the ordinary, lowly individual is wholly consumed in ed energy" is not a vice confined to working and resting. He toils until bricklayers and pig-iron handlers, as he is exhausted, and when the time Caxton edition of Malory's Morte depicted by Mr. Taylor, originator of comes round to begin work again he is the capacity to exert his mind. The ptomaines of fatigue, which physicians have so much to say about of late, dull his intelligence. Often they pervert his morals. An overweary man is not a rational creature. Someinterior cities in the case now being times he is not even a free moral agent. His blood is poisoned and his brain stupefied. How can we expect him to deliberate wisely upon public affairs? What place is there for art, literature and music in his brutalized

life? The mob which haunts the streets of Naples is said by travelers to possess wonderfully fine taste in music It hears great harmonies with delight and the songs sung by the ragged beggars are miracles of beauty. In spite of their poverty, these people have mastered one of the great art modes. To a thoughtful mind their virtuosity might indicate that correct taste is not dependent on wealth or even upon the education of the schools. It comes, does it not, from habitual dwelling with beauty? The Neapolltan beggar has above him the lovely Italian sky. Vesuvius is not far away, and he has ever before his eyes the enchantment of a matchless sea.

But there are other populations whose surroundings are only less enchanting than those of Naples, and they have developed no more appreciation of art than a Hottentot. is not enough to live among beautiful objects. To a mind dulled by toll nothing is lovely, nothing is hideous. Everything is of a hopeless and dreary The world is leaden to the gray. weary brain. The saving trait of the Neapolitan beggars is their laziness. railroad was forced to meet them. To All travelers agree that it is impossible They will go this water rate will remain the base ragged, hungry and shelterless, but from which all rates must be figured. they will not bind themselves to con-If the carload rate from Coast ports | tinuous toil. Heaven preserve us from to Spokane and other interior cities is praising laziness. We have no such too high it should, on presentation of purpose, but between being brutalized by toll and by idleness what real difduced. It is obvious, however, that ference is there to the man himself? the Coast ports will not submit to a To be sure, if he works he will make reduction in carload rates unless there | profit for his employer, but let us for is a proportionate reduction in less- a moment forget the employer and than-carload rates. There is at the think of the human being. Moreover, idleness does not necessarily brutalize the water route between the Pacific | If it did, then our idle rich men would Northwest and Eastern points, and all be brutes, while the truth is that some of them are ideally refined and quantities of freight at rates so low benevolent. The beggars of Naples that the railroads make no attempt have not been utterly debased by into meet them. This competition will dolence. It has afforded them leisure, increase with the early completion of and, by hook or crook, from their leisure has flowed a lovely artistle gift distant future the transcontinental which, according to travelers, belongs

> We find it difficult to distinguish between the word "peace' as it is used in the Bible and lelsure. A writer in the Forum for May devotes half a score of its pages to describing what leisure would do for the poor if they only had a little of it. The Biblical writers invariably associate righteousness and worship with the serenity of ample resting time. From the text which tells us that peace shall flow

that other passage which describes the man of God sitting at the day's end under his own vine and fig tree. The concept is of a man who, after moderate toll, has time for adequate rest, leisure to meditate on something besides bread and butter. Walt Whitman could not "invite his soul" without a chance to "lean and loafe" while he was doing it. Loafing is indispensable to productive effort. Much more is it essential to the ripening of taste. There can be no Springtime without a Fall. Nature must have the serene Indian Summer to rest in before she can break into the bloom

of April. gospel of work has been preached to many of us a little too potently. Life is not all work, nor is work the whole of life. It provides the means of living, certainly, but is it not rather improvident to fix the mind altogether on the means and forget the end? Many observers see with dread the oncoming tides of democracy. What will happen to art and literature when the mob has complete control of everything? Forebodings of this sort are not groundless. An unlettered, brutalized mob would make short work with much that we value. It would not leave a great deal of beauty after it had ravaged the face of the earth. But there is a way to make invading democracy harmless. We cannot keep power away from the people, but we can give them leisure to fit themselves for the possession and use of power. If we are afraid of the brutalized mob, let us make haste to humanize it, as we ourselves have been humanized, by allowing time for rest and thought. Make Portland as beautiful as it can be and give the mob a full share in the power to appreciate it, and nobody need fear

EVERYBODY SATISFIED.

Secretary of War Dickinson has retired from the Taft Cabinet because he desired to resume the practice of law; because he needed imperatively to look after his neglected business interests; because he wanted to spend his declining years in the bosom of his family; because a Democrat was out of place in a Republican Cabinet; because he was out of harmony over Mexico with Secretary of War Knox; and for other reasons which the fertile-brained reporters have been able to educe.

Whatever the reason, it will be eminently satisfactory to everybody. Doubtless it will transpire in time that the War Secretary got out because he was gently and politely elbowed out by his fellow Cabinet officers or because of a telepathic inspiration conveyed in the usual mild Taft manner that they really could manage to get along without President Taft asks nobody (except Pinchot) to resign; and nobody resigns as long as there is a way to

hold on. The Taft Cabinet is respectable but inexperienced, harmonious but tactless, loyal but colorless. It has not helped the Administration in the general estimation. It contains no popular figure. It has no one, or not more than one or two, who has done anything notable in public life. It has no political strategist. It has only one or two who could carry his own precinct in any election. If about onehalf or more of the remainder of the Regardless of all rule; Cabinet will resign, and give Mr. Taft She pays her fines with sighs that please a chance to appoint more Stimsons the President may have occasion to find that one source of dissatisfaction and indifference toward his Adminis tration has disappeared

How now? Do our friends the grangers really intend to make us fast D'Arthur at the Hoe sale, the book will be worth that sum until at some housewives, as noted by Mrs. Scott, of yesterday. The product of his lafrom Saturday at 6 P. M. until 7 A. M. since lawyers seem to be grievously bor is barely sufficient to keep him the resolution adopted by the State in conditon to go on laboring, if we Grange to the effect that women shall remember the needs of his family. not be required to work during those Bring forth a fan for the woman or Physical weariness deprives him of hours. That's what misguided men get by belonging to an economic, industrial, educational and semi-political organization that admits women on equal terms with themselves! Short sighted, indeed, was the man | Let perfumes rare be set loose in the who, under such circumstances, proposed the resolution in the State Grange limiting men's work to six days in the week. He might have known that sauce for the gander would have been made sauce for the goose. However, a resolution is law, so perhaps in stress of gardening, haying and harvest the husbandman will still be free to work Sunday the Sunday dinner will come on the will be washed, dressed and combed as usual Sunday morning and the cows milked and the chickens and pigs fed regardless of the theory that prescribes one day of absolute rest out of seven.

George Cary Eggleston says in his autobiography that the worst thing Chauncey Depew did in his flowery career was "to make corruption re-spectable." No doubt there is some such feeling on the subject of Woodburn Bachelors' Club. It makes, not corruption exactly, but booze re There is a good deal in names. A saloon called by its proper title is less harmful than when it is elegantly spoken of as a "club."

John Dietz was convicted, as all but himself expected. In his long term of imprisonment he will realize the futility of fighting against law and order. No man is bigger than the Government, no matter what his grievance may be. Many will sympathize with Dietz because he was a poor man fighting a big concern, but the lesson is of value to others in like situation.

Forest Grove, which has become famous because of the "attendance" a noted physician, has gained added distinction as the home of a 25-year-old mare that rejoices in possession of her first colt. It is hardly necessary to add that she is extremely proud of her offspring, for that is characteristic of deferred maternity.

The nineteen boxes of prunes la-

beled "Oregon's Pride" that condemned as unfit by the pure food people will not hurt the industry. Careless people make mistakes. There is no likelihood of finding nineteen more boxes of the kind.

Those Jews in Kiev, all the time in fear of massacre, ought to buy a load of American horse pistols and turn 'em loose at the "massacreers." As they will be killed, anyway, they might, Samsonlike, do a little roughhousing in transit.

There is value in a good name. For example, Abraham Lincoln Barbur received the largest vote at the prilike a river, deep, calm, powerful, we mary election and the largest ma-

TOPICAL VERSE

Old Familiar Phases.

(Melodrama of the cheap kind is dead. -A Manager.) I have seen shows and I have witnessed dramas, In my days of childhood, in my salad

evenings: all are gone, the old familiar thrillers.

I have gazed at dramas done by Reid and Kremer, Langdon McCormick, sy, and Owen All, all are gone, the old familiar playwrights.

How I used to love "Jessie Left the Village"! How I would devour "Fallen by the Wayside"! All, all are gone, the old familiar titles. How I used to gaze at the 24-sheets Of the Mill at Night, of the Big Explosionall are gone, the old familiar posters.

How I fain would fall for the Noble Hero, For the Lady Villain, for the Hounded Heroine— fy, how I loved them old familiar standbys!

'Coise you, I would rather perish in the guttah!" "Rags is royal raiment, worn for woming's honah!" All, all are gone, the old familiar

Drove to its roon by the moving pictures, Gone are the days of the palpitating thrillerall are gone, the old familiar thrillers. -New York Evening Mail.

A Thirsty Song.

Sing a song o' sixpence,
A pocket full o' rye;
Four and twenty high balls, Dumped in where it's dry When the drought is broke His head begins to swimsomebody please put A rudder onto him?

My Motor Girl.

Though Phyllis hath no motor car She is a motor girl. he chugs the highways near and far, An sets them all awhirl She speeds her soft and flashing eyes Across life's thank-you-marms Until the population lies Prostrated by her charms.

She rides o'er me both day and night, No matter what I say She's ever on her onward flight Along her own sweet way. Into my eyes such dust she throws That I can scarcely see, And what's to her couleur de rose Is gasoline to me.

She comes upon me unannouced Like motors round a curve; It makes no difference how I'm jounced, She keeps right on the swerve And, when, with frowns upon my face I tax her for her speed She gears up to a higher pace With not a bit of heed,

When warnings show along the pike She skids like one possessed: No obstacles that she may strike E'er sets her car at rest. On, on it flies, fleet as the breeze, The heart of sage and fool.

Love is the chauffeur of her car, His wheels are Vut her smiles: They carry her to scenes afar Steered by her whims and wiles. Her beauty is the power strong That makes her motor start, And when the twilight comes along Her garage is my heart.

The Terrible A. T.

With a far-away look in the eye And the hair arranged on a curious

plan And the voice that does naught but

And every purpose bent To soothe the state that confronts us there Of artistic temperament.

Let the family work-'tis forbidden to shirk-To scatter one path with flowers And pluck out thorns that perchance may lurk

Must face, ere we rest content: we lack that mystical tyranny Of artistic temperament. -Exchange.

In this tanglesome world of ours

Their Sad Good-by.

He said goodby forever With great disdain. And vowed that he would never See her again.

To have him stay. He said goodby forever, And went away.

Life's path is full of dangers, Of places bleak, And they were utter strangers For most a week. -Louisville Courier-Journal.

Over the Asphalt Sea.

O sail with me o'er the asphalt sea, The tide doth favor us; Though the waves beat high, both snug and dry Is the good ship Motor Bus.

Like a racer brave she takes the wave That would her course disturb, From her upper deck we count each wreck A-rotting on the curb!

As down she sinks from billows' brinks She quivers to the keel; Thank God for the hand that's in command And the stout heart at the wheel!

There's many a shoal to try the soul And many a depth unplumbed; Of course we mark by the noble bark That to the sea succumbed.

O sail with me o'er the asphalt sea In this gallant craft of mine; The bravest choose the avenues, Let cowards sall the brine. -New York Times.

Soaked.

There never was mud like the Texas There never were rains so wet; Our soldier lads are adriff in the flood No wonder they growl and fret.

The torrent slides down from the canvas roof, It drowneth the hero's bed: The wind rushes by with a startling whoof! For war is what Sherman said! -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Scraps and Jingles

Leone Cass Baer.

Beauty and brains seldom trot in the same race, and whenever they do beauty is usually several laps ahead.

An example of commercial candor is the advertisement of a local shop that reads, "Evening gowns in various colors and materials, copies of French models at three times their price."

I know a Portland woman who is worrying herself sick for fear whiskers will be in style when her little boy grows up and he won't have a chance to show his cunning dimples.

Fond father says he's going to have his son study medicine because a precription commands infinitely more re-

spect than a check. O' organ-grinder man I wish you'd chase away

For I can't do a lick of work When you decide to play. I sit and gnash my teeth And think in language strong. And trust, in optimistic vein,

You won't stay very long,

That light sarcastic jest, "There's rest for the weary, Sweet, sweet rest." My idea of an un-superior sort of man is one who understands perfectly

what a woman is talking about when

But maddest am I when you play

she is describing another woman's clothes. It's no worse for a woman to go to palmist to get her paim read than it is for a man to go to a saloon to get

his nose red. Women are petitioning the Legistature to appoint police-women. It's a cinch if such a thing comes to pass and the feminine "finest" wear nice, natty uniforms, and average in the matter of good-looks and charm with-well say trained nurses, every man will make it a point to be arrested fre-

. . . Wanted-A motor car that will be so quiet on the street that you won't know it's there until you're run over.

Woman writes saying "My husband has been away over three years. Would it be legal for me to marry again? If I do and my second husband leaves me can I sue him for maintenance?" Now. that's what I call the real undismayed spirit of looking ahead.

The "largest cake ever made" is on exhibition at a local bakery. Took six weeks to bake it, and it contains a bushel each of citron, nuts, plums and dates, three sacks of sugar, etc., etc., according to sweet statistics. I can imagine no more acceptable gift for a young boy or girl.

If, as it is declared, flying machines are to be much safer than automobiles to travel in, I predict that "seeking safety in flight" will become a bromidion with fiction writers, and a figure of speech without which no vo-

cabulary will be complete. When grandfather delved and grandmother span no one asked "Which is the man?" But with haremized clothes that seem scarce human, everyone asks

"Which is the woman?" Miss Calamity Step-and-fetch-it, the artistic and cultured, etc., lady-writer from Kalama, complains that editors have asked her repeatedly to write her contributions on one side only of the paper, and never tell her which side it that they prefer. Miss Calamity sends along another complaint which she calls:

"My Pale Emotion." Shafts of sheer silence, ere the darkling dawn.

Lits lambent laughter of saffron joy Athwart the azured certasy of limned light And langurous beams that subtly sweetly

Pulse beat of hammered soul-and pages of pain, Rose petal lush and leaves of love to bind (Rend o'er this rot, this driveling slush, And one word of meaning I defy you to

find.) Half a Century Ago

From The Oregonian, May 14, 1881.

The thanks of The Oregonian establishment are due to friends who assisted in raising a liberty pole, from which to unfurl the stars and stripes. We intend to keep our colors flying dur-ing the pendency of present National

The withdrawal of U. S. troops from Oregon suggests the idea that volunhave to be called to keep teers may down the Indians

The Washington Territory Democratic convention met at Vancouver at 10 o'clock yesterday and was called to order by Mr. Van Bokkelen, chairman of the territorial central committee. Until morrow, the people of Portland will have to keep cool and wait for the report. I. I. Stevens' chances are considered to be the best.

Salem, May 10 .- A large and enthuslastic union meeting was held here last evening at only a few hours' notice. The flag was run up at sunset (we keep it up pretty much all the time here), and a National salute fired accompanied by hearty cheers for the Union. Adjourn ing to the Courthouse the large crowd enrolled themselves by hundreds in the ranks of a Union Club, which is to meet once a week.

Bald-Headed Men, Take Notice.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Few St. Louisans are so notoriously bald as Walter Hill, president of the day a friend thrust his head into Mr. Hill's office. Mechanics-American Bank. The other "Getting up in the 'world, aren't

"Huh?" Mr. Hill said. "I understand they have named a new town for you." "That so?" the banker responded,

not unflattered by the news.
"Yes—some place down on the Iron
Mountain." "That's funny," Mr. Hill said. don't know anything about it. What's the name of the town?" "Bad Knob," the friend said, with-

drawing uproariously. Rallway Reach and No Curve.

Philadelphia Record. The longest reach of railway without a curve is said to be that of the Argentine Pacific Railway from Buenos Aires to the foot of the Andes. For a stretch of 211 miles it is without a curve, and has no cutting or em-bankment deeper than two or three

Her Bitter Rejoinder. Smart Set

Dolly—Handsome Mr. Rogers danced with me three times!

Molly—Well, it's a charity ball, you