The Oregonian

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Entered at Portland, Oregon, Postoffice as second-class matter.
Subscription Rates—Invariably in advance:
(By Mail.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months	3.25
Daily, without Sunday, three months	1.75
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.60
Weekly, one year	1.50
Sunday, one year	2.50
Sunday and Weekly, one year	3.50

(By Carrier.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	9.00
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75

How to Remit—Send Postoffice money order, express order or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at sender's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state.

Postage Rates—12 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 32 pages, 2 cents; 34 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 50 to 60 pages, 4 cents; 62 to 76 pages, 5 cents; 78 to 92 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage, double rates.

Eastern Business Office—Veree & Conklin, New York, Brunswick building; Chicago, Stenger building.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 1915.

COMMON SENSE FOR COMMONWEALTHS.

Kansas has had but one Democratic Governor, George H. Hodges, who went into office in fateful 1912 by the handsome plurality of thirty-one votes. As is characteristic of fluke statesmen, Mr. Hodges looks with alarm upon certain peculiarities of government in America, and, being an ex-Governor, finds no difficulty in getting his opinions into print no matter how shallow his reasoning.

In the current number of the Saturday Evening Post Mr. Hodges discusses "Common Sense for Commonwealths," with an abandonment of common sense that is interesting, if not instructive. The legislative branch of government common to all states is inefficient, not to say disgraceful, according to the former executive of Kansas.

The funny paragrapher has enabled Mr. Hodges to clinch his argument, such as it is. The observant will recall that the end of a legislative session has long been one of the six best themes for the hard-driven humorist of the newspapers and has even been grasped by the Saturday Evening Post when in an amiable mood. As almost anything can be proved by the press columns devoted to the lighter vein, it may be imagined that Mr. Hodges has made out quite a successful case so far as cumulative evidence counts.

Mr. Hodges is one of those theorists who subscribe wholly to forms and technicalities. Hasty, ill-digested legislation and the buffoonery that sometimes creeps into the chambers of lawmakers could be easily dispensed with by electing a unicameral body of small membership who would be paid high salaries and work all the time, he believes. His idea of the size of the Kansas Legislature is about sixteen members, or about the equivalent, we presume, of the membership of the appropriations or ways and means committee of the present body. It seems to have escaped his observation that so far as appropriations are concerned we now have the essence of commission government.

Obviously it is impossible for the entire membership to visit institutions, investigate departments and go over the requests item by item. So the work is intrusted to a committee selected with exceptional care. The Legislature adopts the committee's recommendations, as a matter of form, and because it is required to do so by the constitution.

One of the leading indictments against the Kansas Legislature presented by the former Governor is confusion and lack of attention attending the final passage of the main appropriation bills. From his account the procedure in this particular was unseemly at the last session, but even so, if the committee had performed its work with thoroughness the welfare of the state would not suffer more than if the appropriations were adopted by a commission. Silly conduct by the Legislature is properly condemned, but the real test is the efficiency of the committee or commission, as the case may be. Mr. Hodges is shocked by the uproar which attended the mere formality of adopting the recommendations of a presumably earnest and careful committee. Therefore he suggests a change in government, but his proposal when analyzed means only that a mere formality would be discontinued. The same number of men would originally pass on appropriations as at present. Their decisions would go to the people direct, instead of first to an intermediary body which does nothing but affix an O. K. in a perfunctory manner.

The questions may arise, Why bother with a large legislative body when a fraction of the members do the work? Why not cut off the useless and erect a commission as Mr. Hodges suggests? If the Legislature had no other duties than to pass on current appropriations there would not be much argument for retaining that body as part of the governmental machinery. But there is other legislation—must other legislation—to the proper enactment of which representation, not only of opinions, but of localities, is essential. It is remarkable that a man who has had Mr. Hodges' opportunity to observe legislators can think of no way to gain improvement than to reform the superficialities of number, salary and length of service. If the people can be induced to elect good men to the Legislature the important work that devolves upon committees will be capably performed. Election of fit men would be just as necessary to the success of a state commission.

We are confident that there is a way to improve the personnel of the Legislature without abolishing or overturning anything, and improvement in quality is the one thing that is really worth while. As a first aid in that direction a more careful weighing of the good and bad accomplished and less proneness sweepingly to condemn on the testimony of the callow and of the chronic fault finders would do much to encourage men of worth and standing to accept positions in the Legislature. At present a man so timorous as to engage in lawmaking risks honor and reputation, not because of what he may do, but because he thereby becomes a popular target for slingers of slander and perpetrators of meaningless jests. It is no wonder those who seek the office are often men who are addicted to horseplay.

Had Mr. Bryan been permitted to have the credit for the notes which bore his name he might have borne it with patience, but he was denied even this consolation. When the President shut himself up to prepare the Lusitania note, his movements were published in much detail. The reporters "do not dog a President's footsteps; what they write is based on information they receive," says Mr. Thompson, leaving it to be inferred that the President was willing that the people know he was solving the problem himself, with no aid from Mr. Bryan. The latter confirmed this impression, for, the Lusitania having been destroyed on Friday, he said on Saturday he had not only not seen the President but had not heard from "by wire or wireless." Then followed the presentation of the note to the entire Cabinet before Mr. Bryan had seen it, the rejection of his one amendment, and the wide publicity given to the fact that he wrote only one word of the note—the signature.

LONG ENOUGH?

President Wilson and Secretary Bryan parted as friends. The world was ostentatiously informed that their differences were irreconcilable, but that their personal relations were unalterable. There has been nothing so touching or interesting about the White House since the familiar days of "Will" and "Theodore," who were also friends.

But we wonder what will happen when Ex-Secretary Bryan, brushing up his ideas for the campaign of 1916, runs across the following meaty declaration on the Democratic platform of 1912:

> We favor a single Presidential term and to that end urge the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution making the President of the United States ineligible for reelection, and we pledge the candidate of this convention to this principle.

Mr. Bryan knows it is there, for, with great thoughtfulness, he put it there. As an anchor to the windward it may perform steadfast service for our statesmen-out-of-a-job. It may be argued that it doesn't mean anything, but Mr. Bryan knows better.

One term as President seems quite long enough to a man who has not had any term.

PATRIOTIC DAY.

Some one at Washington—the Federal commissioner of education—proposes that the coming Fourth of July shall be "Americanization day." The Fourth is always the great American day, but just at this time it is planned to make it something more. There is no need to count noses so as to ascertain whether all who avow their American citizenship in any test would stand by the flag. Nor is American patriotism just now in any special jeopardy for want of proper stimulus or appreciation.

But there is value to association of patriots where through mingling of minds and exhibition of ideals the common basis for their patriotism may be examined and understood.

We should like to have it arranged that on that day the President of the United States make a patriotic speech; and we should like to see his example followed by every Governor of an American state and by every Mayor of an American city. We should like to hear also from the presidents of all the important societies which are organized to keep alive in America a filial sentiment for their respective fatherlands. Not one of them but may have a message to deliver and none of them should be overlooked. They are patriots, too, and they have the same zealous purpose to perpetuate the republic by upholding its ideals and preserving its integrity that any of us may have.

It is always well to remember the Fourth of July; but this is a particularly good year for a celebration.

FARM PROFITS.

One of the Agricultural College students, Roy E. Miller, who undertook to investigate the production of loganberries in Oregon, found some conditions that surprised him a little. For one thing he learned that "not one farmer in fifty had any tabulated facts showing the exact cost" of raising this promising berry. Some told him it might cost 2½ cents a pound. Others guessed 3½ cents. The average cost appeared to be something like 3 cents, but nobody knew the precise figure.

This emphasizes one of the great troubles with the business of farming. It is not conducted on business principles. The cost of production is a matter of pure guesswork in too many instances. The marketing is haphazard and piecemeal. The returns are accepted with thankfulness no matter how inadequate they may be. The farmer blesses his stars that he has got anything at all out of the muddle and hopes that he has made a profit. But whether he has or not he seldom knows accurately. The farm provides a living for himself and family in any case, and if there are a few dollars over to put in the bank or spend at the Rose Festival he is satisfied.

These are both worthy purposes, but the farmer should not be content with the mere fact that he is not entirely out of pocket at the year's end. His labor and that of his family are worth a certain sum in hard cash. The cost of seed, the annual rental of his land, the estimated hire of his team and machinery, a percentage for the depreciation of stock, should all enter into his calculations. He is under obligations to understand his business as thoroughly as a merchant does. Failure to face the facts may not lead him quite to bankruptcy, as it would a storekeeper, but it makes his life hard and unrewarding.

A good system of farm accounts has been devised at the Agricultural College and published at a reasonable price. It ought to be manageable by every farmer who has attended the public schools, but unexpected difficulties usually turn up when the trick is attempted. Some practice under expert supervision is very likely indispensable before an ordinary farmer can keep even the simplest set of books with good results. This is one among the many reasons why farmers should make extraordinary efforts to attend the short courses at the Agricultural College.

Rigorous bookkeeping and expert marketing are two of the great lacks in rural life. The farmer may, with a little professional help, learn to keep his accounts intelligibly, but we doubt seriously if he ever can hope to become an adept salesman. This is one of the most difficult of arts. It requires long training and undivided attention to be practiced successfully. Farmers can never have the long training and their minds are taken up with too many things to allow them to devote adequate attention to selling their products. Farmers must in some way become able to avail themselves of expert service in marketing their products and the only way to obtain it is through co-operation. But as long as they are satisfied with a miserable pittance for their annual profit, or amiably put up with none at all, they are not likely to go to the trouble of co-operating with their neighbors to secure better market returns.

The subject of keeping accounts appears, therefore, to be fundamental among rural problems. Until the farmers learn to face the real and often disheartening facts of their business as it is conducted, they are not likely to take vigorous steps to improve it. On the farm, as everywhere else, a full understanding of the facts is the prime condition of progress.

HELP FOR STUDENTS.

Kansas, the home of innovation and experiment, has just begun to try an interesting innovation in her educational institutions. The old janitors are to be dismissed and students employed in their places. It is believed by the state authorities that the new plan will help a large number of worthy young people pay their own way through the university, agricultural college and other educational institutions and thus materially contribute to their success in life.

Kansas supplies education to her youth as economically as possible, just like other states, but still there are some who find it difficult to make both ends meet. Waiting on table in the dormitories is a traditional method of earning money which has smoothed the way through college for a great many ambitious students who were not too proud to let it be known that they needed the work. There are always families in college towns who are willing to give a student his board in return for work about the place, "doing chores" and the like.

But resources of this kind are inadequate at best and they cannot be depended upon in all cases. The Kansas plan of providing systematic work at good wages is better and will no doubt prove of great benefit. But, upon the whole, "working one's way through college" does not pay. If the college course makes the demands it should upon the student's energies he has little strength left for remunerative employment after his lessons are prepared and his recreation provided for. If he attempts to do full college work and earn his living at the same time he is but too likely to overtax his strength and handicap himself for life.

More promising is the system of loans to worthy students which has been put in operation in a great many colleges, both public and private. In this way the student receives the funds he needs with the privilege of repaying the debt when he has a situation later on. He can thus devote his full energies to the college work, and his chances of future success are greatly enhanced.

WATERLOO AND WORLD EMPIRE.

The battle of Waterloo was fought June 18, 1815. Its centennial anniversary dawns in clouds of powder smoke blacker than any Napoleon ever raised over the world. After a hundred years death reaps a more abundant harvest in those Belgian fields, where of old he put in his sickle, and one can almost discern the fates preparing the carnage of a new Waterloo on the plains where Napoleon came to ruin with his dream of universal empire shattered and gone. The significance of that dreadful day did not lie in the victory of England and Germany over France, but in the new baffling of the age-long desire of one conqueror after another to overrun and rule the world.

The concept of world empire is rooted in the dim beginnings of history. It urged the Assyrian armies into Egypt and inspired the Pharaohs to despatch their victorious hosts into Mesopotamia and Phoenicia. The Persian Cyrus laid the foundations of a world-wide empire when he led his hardy mountain veterans down to attack the decadent realms of Croesus and Nebuchadnezzar. His successor, Darius, enlarged and solidified his conquests and Xerxes tried to extend them over Greece; but his innumerable army was routed at Plataea and his fleet, whose sails covered the waters of the Aegean for miles, went down before the Athenian triremes at Salamis.

While Alexander overran the ancient dominions of Assyria, Egypt and Persia in the East, Carthage and Rome fought for supremacy in the west of Europe. When Alexander's ambitions were cut short by an untimely death his boundless conquests were divided among his generals. Carthage fell before the invincible spirit of Rome. The armies of the imperial city brought low their enemies in Italy and Africa and then, penetrating the ancient kingdoms of the East, reduced almost all the conquests of Alexander to Roman provinces. The Romans carried much farther than the Greeks or any previous nation the ambition to rule the world. When the boundaries of their empire were widest it extended from the middle of Scotland southward across Western Europe to what is now Morocco, stretched over Africa to the Red Sea and included the whole of Germany, Austria, the Balkan region and Asia Minor. The boundary between Rome and Persia toward Mesopotamia was always vague and shifting, but everywhere else, in the prime of the empire, it was firmly established and guarded by well-planted legions, supported by fortified cities.

Rome ruled the whole known world of her time long enough to implant the concept of universal empire inextricably in the imagination of mankind. For centuries after she had fallen the vision of her power was still vivid in Europe. All through the dark ages and the medieval centuries it was the aspiration of the great Popes and Emperors. Charlemagne, who was crowned in the year 800, came nearer than any other man of those times to the achievement of the old ambition. The empire which he founded survived in more or less power for ten centuries. In its greatest splendor it made the Popes its vassals and gave laws to the whole territory of imperial Rome except the extreme eastern and African provinces. It was the hope of Charlemagne's successors that they might sometime conquer these and thus revive the authority of the Caesars in its full extent. But they never did.

Rome had the immense advantage of a unity of spiritual and physical force. Religion in the imperial city was always strictly allied with the military government. The successors of Charlemagne were not so fortunately situated. By the end of the eleventh century the church began to revive from its slumbers and became a formidable competitor with the German Emperors for the secular dominion of the world. When Pope Gregory VII had brought the Emperor Henry IV to his feet at Canossa, it seemed for a time as if it was the church and not the empire that was to possess universal power over mankind. But Gregory VII, the incomparable Hildebrand, had no competent successor for many years, and the church relaxed its grip again. The contest between church and empire for dominion over the world is the keynote of history up to Dante's time and later. Under Innocent III, who became Pope in 1198, the church reached the maximum of its power. It was he who humbled King John of England and promoted the evangelizing orders of the Dominicans and Franciscans.

The German empire attained to great power again under Frederick II, who came a little later than Innocent III, but now the dream of world dominion began to lose its hold upon mankind. It was superseded for a time by the rise of the individual nations. France and England began to make themselves felt as European powers and the Italian cities rose to greatness. Since then the ambition for universal empire has been an alien intruder in Europe. It has never been at home there, but, on the other hand, it has never been entirely absent. Charles V, of Spain and Germany, who lived in Luther's day, had a larger realm than Charlemagne, part of it being in the new world. His authority was disturbed by religious dissensions, which, under his son, Philip II, again became a principle of dissolution. The Thirty Years' War, which broke out in 1620, reduced Germany to a desert and destroyed the power of its Holy Roman Emperors forever. Their ambitions passed over to France. Under Louis XIV and Louis XV that country took up the old struggle for world power and might have won it but for England's determined resistance. Napoleon resumed the immemorial strife at the beginning of the nineteenth century and again it was England who fought him when every other power in Europe was ready to yield. Napoleon met his doom at Waterloo, broken by the united power of England and Germany, with Russia coming up in the distance, and the specter of universal empire was laid until Bismarck won his unexampled diplomatic and military victories. Now that it has appeared again, we find England still leading the van against it, but her foremost ally is the country of Napoleon, while Italy, which for more than a thousand years from Charlemagne's time was but a name on the map, now sends her disciplined millions to combat the re-establishment of Charlemagne's empire.

HERCULEAN SPELLERS.

Quite a remarkable spelling contest was held last week in Columbus, O. The capital of the state was chosen for the affair on account of its great importance. Two thousand spectators watched the progress of the combat and mingled their tears over the sad fate of the fallen.

The spelling began with a hundred written words. All the contestants spelled the whole list correctly. Then followed five hours of solid oral spelling, at the end of which thirty-three out of the original seventy-six contestants still stood up.

To lay them low it was necessary to propound another hundred "stumpers" chosen from the most recondite sources, a good many of them being French. All the spellers fell before this final satly, but not until they had covered themselves with glory.

The remarkable victories won by the Ohio youths in this war of words, or logomachy, to be scientifically exact, assure their future wealth and honor. Who could possibly fail in law, medicine, theology or engineering after learning how to spell niccolite, isosceles, deleble and indelible? The connection is too close for anybody to miss it.

HOW TO GET SHIPPING LINES.

One of the two chief essentials to the development of South American trade with the United States is the establishment of American steamship lines. The question is how to bring this about. It is not, or should not be, a party question. It is a question on which every American should demand thorough, open-minded inquiry by Congress, in order that all the facts and conditions may be ascertained and considered in framing a policy for the restoration of our merchant marine.

Notwithstanding his practical defeat by the last Congress, President Wilson still insists that the only way is for the Government to buy or build ships. Senator Burton proved beyond contradiction that this was the wrong way. He showed that the mere proposal that the Government go into the shipping business had prevented private capital from going in at a time when conditions are peculiarly tempting. He showed that the immediate need is banking facilities to set commerce moving in larger volume, for the private ships now in operation to South America carry cargoes that are far from full.

The weight of Senator Burton's argument was such that the shipping bill was supported by none but the thick-and-thin Administration newspapers. It did not receive the united support of Democrats in either Senate or House. The Democrats have increased their strength in the Senate, but have greatly reduced it in the House. With a majority of only 33 over Republicans and Progressives in the next House and with no popular demand for the measure, it is doubtful whether the Administration could win.

It is proposed to spend $30,000,000 on ships. A high authority says this sum would buy enough ships to carry only 1 per cent of the trade which the President says is languishing for "lack of vehicles." If $150,000,000 were spent, the ships bought with it would carry only 5 per cent of the trade, and whence would the Government get the money? It has in prospect a deficit of $30,000,000 at the close of the fiscal year and an emergency may arise which will require all its borrowing power. If the Government could buy ships, with freights at three or four times normal rates it would have to pay war prices, and it would find difficulty in buying at all. One fifth of the British and probably a larger proportion of the French and Italian merchant marine is employed in war service. German ships are not open to purchase. All the remaining ships are fully employed at most lucrative rates. It is a bad time to buy, as the Government would find, when ships were released from war service and freights fell.

If the Government undertook to build, could it get new ships delivered before the immediate emergency had passed? All the European yards are as busy as possible on naval work and on merchant ships to make good the ravages of war. A marine journal says that there is scarcely an American yard today that has not contracted for all the business it can do for nearly two years ahead and that the industry is assured of a high degree of activity for at least five years to come. If construction of ships for the Government could not begin until two years had expired, delivery would not begin for six months to a year later. That would be too late to meet the present need, and in the interval a radical change in conditions is likely to upset all the calculations on which the Government's policy is based.

In the meantime things are righting themselves to some extent. The effect of the ship registry law has been to cause the transfer of 142 vessels, of 500,705 gross tons, to American registry up to May 1. During the eight months ending March, 1915, as compared with the same period ending March, 1914, the percentage of our exports carried in American vessels has increased from 6.57 to 10.25 and the percentage of our imports carried in our own vessels has grown from 10.73 to 16.60. Conditions are otherwise changing in favor of the American shipping business.

After the war ends, revival of commerce and decrease in the available supply of ships may continue ocean freights above normal for several years. If the seamen's law were amended in some particulars to meet the objections which have caused the Pacific Mail to withdraw its Oriental line, and if the cost of operation were reduced by amendment of our navigation laws, private capital might quickly occupy the field and render Government ships unnecessary. Even now investors are kept out chiefly by the Government's threat to enter the field

VASSAR'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

The comparatively brief career of women's colleges in the United States is recalled by the approaching semi-centennial of Vassar, which will be celebrated next October. Vassar was the pioneer woman's college and it had to bear the foolish ridicule which that situation naturally brought upon it. But there were predecessors of a more humble order.

Emma Willard, the great protagonist of women's education, opened her girls' school at Middlebury, Vermont, in 1808. Twenty-one years later she opened a "Female Seminary" in Troy, N. Y. The next heroine of the tale was Mary Lyon, who was educated in Joseph Emerson's school at Byfield, Mass. She conducted a "female seminary" at Ipswich, Mass., in 1828 and in 1837 opened the epoch-making college at Mount Holyoke. But, fearing malicious comment, she called it a "seminary," not a college.

There was a "female college" conducted at Kent Hill, Me., as early as 1821, but it did not really deserve the title. Wellesley and Smith colleges were founded in 1875, ten years after Vassar. Bryn Mawr was founded in 1885.

BRANCH BANKS ABROAD.

Progress is being made in establishing branches in Latin-America by National banks of the United States. Having begun with two in Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, the National City Bank, of New York, will add three, namely, at Havana, Sao Paulo and Montevideo, and the Commercial National Bank, of Washington, has established one at Panama. With one each in Venezuela, Colombia and Central America, the east coast of South America and the Caribbean Sea would be fairly well provided with a beginning.

No branches have yet been opened on the west coast, which has hitherto been the field of our Pacific States. There are openings at Santiago and Lima, also in Ecuador and on the Pacific Coast of Central America. The way should be cleared for the banks in the Pacific States to combine for this purpose. By so doing they would materially promote the commerce of the Pacific Coast and aid the development of our industries. Branches abroad should prove valuable feeders to the parent institution, though some expense would be incurred in building them up.

THE CAMPING SEASON.

Large camping parties are usually disappointing. The members come back home weary and forlorn and exceptionally lucky if they are not enemies for life. Two causes contribute to this unhappy outcome. The first is the innate "cussedness" of all human beings which is brought vividly to the fore by the sweet influences of soggy woods and dusty roads, mosquitoes and scorched camp bread. The other is the fundamental mistake of taking two born leaders along in the same party. This blunder is particularly disastrous if the leaders are women, to whom there is no joy equal to having their own way. They will readily lay waste a whole week's pleasure for a dozen of their friends to get a taste of it. The rival generals divide the party into two scowling factions and the days that should be passed in serene contemplation of nature are given up to petty plots. The best camping parties are those small enough to do without any leader. Each member, if he belongs to the happy fraternity of the great outdoors, takes up his part as naturally as breathing and all goes well. There are eccentric persons who relish even washing dishes. One such should be taken on every trip to the woods and sacredly cherished.

It is when every person does a little and nobody is obliged to do a great deal of routine work that camping is most enjoyable. We speak, of course, of trips without professional guides and similar accompaniments that make outdoor life to the rich and great merely a novel form of epicureanism. The middle class must do its own guiding, cooking and bedmaking if it dwells out of doors at all. Mild labor of this sort is the price it must pay for the recreation and health that come from close intimacy with nature. To the wise the outdoors is accessible without any formal preparation and trekking to the woods and mountains. They can camp out for a single night with acute relish. They can go to some pleasant nook in the early morning, cook and eat breakfast and get back to business by 8 or 9 o'clock with a store of agreeable impressions big enough to fill a week. The practical love and enjoyment of nature is more a habit than anything else. One who is moved to commune with her by the deep calls of his being will find ways to obey without much trouble.

The automobile makes access to the woods more facile than it was in years gone by. It is a miserably poor motor car that cannot make fifteen miles an hour over ordinary country roads. This puts a wealth of enjoyment within the reach of everybody who owns a car. It is only necessary to throw off that "false luxury" which the poet Cowper deplored and rise early in the morning. Business does not begin till 8 or 9 o'clock. Between 6 in the morning and that time there is a heavenly stretch of three whole hours during which the good machine, if it has been generously fed with gasoline and oil and properly watered, can cover fifty miles going and coming without turning a hair. This estimate allows three-quarters of an hour for breakfast at the end of the twenty-five-mile run before packing up to go home to the day's routine. Life would be worth twice what it is to the ordinary city family if they could bring themselves to begin the day with some bright adventure instead of snoozing and snoring away the morning hours.

Of course everybody needs sleep, but why take it in the morning? All the learned agree that an hour's sleep before midnight is worth two afterward, but we go on heedless of their counsel and blindly cut short our lives by sitting up late. What do we do it for? Let anybody sit down calmly and ask himself what he really gets out of his nights at parties, theaters and still more frivolous places, and we can predict the answer in nine cases out of ten. It will be "vanity and vexation of spirit." Of course there is an occasional play worth going to, and once in a while a truly pleasant party comes off; but such things are rare exceptions. Better by far be safe in bed sleeping one's self strong and healthy for an early morning expedition to nature's bosom than sweltering in the corrupt atmosphere of the playhouse or the airless parlor of some unhygienic hostess. Most matrons dread fresh air only a little less than they do last year's fashions. Their first polite attention to a guest is to smother him as near as they can by shutting down all the windows. The real value of public education may be gauged by counting the number of your acquaintances who sleep with their windows open. The figure is pretty certain to be disappointingly small.

A sage whose reflections on camping we have just read lays down some most edifying rules for breakfast outdoors. Simplicity is his ambition. The only cooking utensils needed are a frying pan and a coffee pot. It were judicious to omit the coffee and drink tea in place of it if one could, but this is a counsel of perfection perhaps a little too rigorous for common humanity to follow. Still, we must remark that all old woodsmen are tea drinkers. They pooh-pooh coffee when hardship is to be endured or a long march made. The frying pan is for ham and eggs. Cut the ham in large, luxurious, pinkly inviting slices and let it murmurously simmer in the pan a long while. Be careful not to let it get too hot or the delectable juices will be calcined and the angelic flavors smoked away, to say nothing of the toughness that will be generated. When the ham has been temperately fried, lift it tenderly from the pan, leaving the nectar behind, for into this must the eggs be broken. Ladle the juice over them as they sweetly sizzle above the mild fire you have kindled and nursed between two stones, continuing the mild fire process until the yolk is skinned across with a translucent white film. Then they are done. Thus prepared, ham and eggs make a consummately enjoyable outdoor breakfast. No other harmonizes half so well with singing birds and babbling brooks, and none so fills the breast with strength and courage for a good day's work.

Nothing could be gained by calling a special session in October to revise the Senate rules. Under the rule of unlimited debate much more time than two months would be consumed in discussion. A condition of exacerbation would be produced which would ill prepare the Senate for consideration of those problems which threaten to call for prompt action and for the exercise of calm judgment, undisturbed by party feeling, by the best minds in both parties. It is possible that an emergency may arise which will call for a special session of both Senate and House long before October. If that should prove to be the case, Congress will be too fully occupied with other and graver matters to give any thought to cloture. That is a subject which should be reserved for times when there is not a ripple on the international sea.

Senator Kern has displayed his singular unfitness for the position of Democratic leader in the upper house. He has proposed to the President the calling of an extra session of the Senate in October for the purpose of amending the rules by introducing cloture. Under circumstances which may require all parties to work together in support of the President's efforts to deal with a foreign crisis, Mr. Kern raises a highly controversial question which would surely embitter parties against each other and lead to long and acrimonious debate. His action reveals him as a narrow partisan incapable of seeing that great emergencies call upon patriots to forget party; as a politician lacking in the essential qualities of a statesman.

Although the greatest crisis of modern times has occurred in China the past ninety days, how little do we seem to recognize the portentous occurrence of recent date in the Orient.

Spanish War veterans want to fight in event of war. The spirit of '98 is so much alive that the vets forget they are rather old to shoulder a musket now, as soldiers go.

How are you getting on with that vacation fund we advised you to start three months since?

"Russians meet success," says a dispatch. And it's a long time between meetings these days.

By the way, what's become of that war Kitchener was going to "commence" in May?

The Rose Festival is over. Get ready for the Rose Festival. That's the Portland spirit.

Italy says her part in the war will be to keep 1,000,000 Teutons busy. Some part.

We take the latest note so well, wonder how the Germans will take it?

However, the country will try to worry along without Bryan's guidance.

All things considered, the weather man did nobly by us this Festival.

Paid your income tax this year? Or will it be necessary this time?

The next Festival will be even greater, impossible as that may seem.

Now for another Mexican crisis. We scent it on the horizon.

Even Teddy approves the Wilson note. Incredible.

As to the weather—(Deleted by the censor).

It was the best thing Bryan ever did.

We've surely got a rest coming today.

Now for the big Fair.

Gleams Through the Mist

By Dean Collins.

Potpourri.

(This being the hangover after Rose Festival, we thought it our duty to write something about roses and we remembered that "potpourri" meant a bowl of rose petals, so we chose it for a title.

Later we learned from Miss Tingle that a potpourri is also a ragout or hash.

Later we were informed by the literary editor that it is a bunch of literary junk hung together without rhyme or reason—like vers libre.

So you can read the results of our effort and take your choice as to what the title means.)

* * *

INVOCATION.

Come rhyming muse of dulcet notes;
Come feed my pegasus his oats;
Bring me my lyre from off its hook;
Dig up my trusty rhyming book;
And stick around to help along
My talent, while I burst in song,
And whang my harp, with swinging blows,
In honor of the Portland Rose!

* * *

The sun that fair Rose Festo day
Rose with a visage twinged with pain,
For there were clouds of white and gray,
And things looked pretty much like rain.
Yet, spite of this, the world essayed
To go and see the first parade;
Where children marched in well-drilled rows,
And far and wide
Exemplified
"The Whole World Knows the Portland Rose."

* * *

The courteous office boy said, "Sir,
Your rhyme is rotten, as it were;
If I were you, I'd let it drop."
But I am started, and can't stop.

* * *

If Father Noah lived that day
And sailed the good craft Ark,
He would have smiled at heavens gray
And lowering rainclouds dark.
And so did we; we had to do it.
And so we said, "There's nothing to it."
And thereupon the clouds and rain
Fled from the sky with might and main,
The sun came out and sweetly shone
Upon the troops of Robert Krohn,
Who marched with joy and marched with glee,
And all was jolly as could be.

* * *

Hail to the Queen who in triumph advances! Emery Olmstead, come out with the crown! Hail her with chorals and cheering and dances! That is the stunt; so let's do it up brown. Hail to the Festival Queen, who is best of all! Hail to the rest of all those Princesses! "Hail them still more and more, and when that hailing's o'er, let out another roar," Charley Berg says.

"Hail to the queen," the Rosarians bellow. Baker and Hofmann and all of the clan. Powers kicks in with his voice deep and mellow. "Hail to the Queen," they all shout, to a man. Bortzmeyer and Vincent do rend the high heavens, too. "Hail," they all shout anew. "Hail till you drop." Hail them for dainty grace, hail them for lovely face."

(We're running short of space, so we will stop.)

* * *

(And the song of the ride of the Festival Floral parade
We'll sing—as of old Alf, Lord Tennyson played,
In meter completer and sweeter by far we opine
Than came from the lute of the laureate poet divine.)

* * *

Half a block, half a block, half a block onward,
Right through the cheering crowd,
Rose-bedecked autos ploughed,
While all the mob aloud
Bellowed and thundered.
What though a drop of rain
Spattered now and again
Jupe showered his tears in vain,
While the world wondered,
Saying: "Do you suppose
Anywhere grows the rose
Half so profuse? Who knows?"
Thus the crowd pondered.

* * *

(The walrus to the carpenter,
—And the carpenter was me,
Who builds these little doggerels
With such felicity—
The walrus said: "Pray can that stuff
It bores me dreadfully!".
And so we drop the Light Brigade
And parody it not,
And seek some other form of verse
That suits us to a dot,
And warble light and warble free
Whatever junk occurs to we,
Although the most of it may be,
But little worse than rot.)

* * *

In days of old the Romans bold
Had Festivals I wis;
But I will bet they never had
A Festival like this.

* * *

Tom, Tom the Piper's son
With the children's pageant his tune begun,
But his face was sad through the rondels and glees,
For a cauld wind tickled the piper's knees.

* * *

Jovians, Jovians, whither do you wander?
Up streets, down streets, fairly raising thunder,
Making all the little stars into nothing fade,
'Neath the glory of the lights of the night parade.

* * *

As under cover of departing day,
The crowd cut loose that night upon Broadway,
I realized if I would do it right
I'd have to add some ginger to my lay.

* * *

Therefore much brand-new dope did I invent,
And quite a mess of poesy I spent
About it and about, but ever more
Into the wastebasket my efforts went.

* * *

("Sir," said the Courteous Office Boy,
As he dashed through the room,
"You only do this to annoy
And fill our souls with gloom.
So if you ramble thusly on
I hope the guys upstairs
Will trim your little column down
And fool you unawares."
(Chorus of constant readers:
And fool you unawares!
And fool you unawares!
We hope they'll cut your column short,
Which you've wrote longer than you ort,
And fool you unawares.)

* * *

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
That I lamped as I roamed down the street,
Should come and hang round and hold onto my arms,
My Festival joy were complete;
Though the chances may be if they stuck around me
As I roamed in the Festival Park,
They would do it because they opined I must be
Some rustic and bright shining mark.

* * *

(The Mergenthaler puncher, his brow was dark with rage,
As he turned the copy over to begin another page:
"If this is what I have to set," he sighed,
"I earn my wage.")

* * *

(And then I paused within my lay,
And mopped the beads of sweat away,
For all the week my course was laid
Round festive dance and bright parade.
My work piled up to such a volume,
I had no time to write this colyum;
Except the time I once endued
Unto my daily breakfast food.
This time I took, and, with a shout,
I tore some feet of colyum out.
And you can judge, when through you've gotten,
Whether the dope be good or rotten.
So I will close and wish you joy;
I hope you'll tell the home folk so.
I hope you liked our little show;
Ta-ta, good-bye and au revoy!)