The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, AUGUST 1, 1915.

A YEAR OF WARFARE.

One year ago the human family awakened to the fact that it had been deceiving itself on one great point. Leading thinkers on every hand had contended that humanity was too far advanced in civilization to engage in a great carnival of blood letting. Wars there were to be, yes, but no great wars. Diplomacy was the great, new force in the world, that and a new enlightenment which had gradually settled over the universe.

Suddenly the disillusionment. Twelve months ago today the boasted veneer was swept aside with one blow. Germany went to war with Russia. Up to this hour it had been hoped that the dispute between Austria and Serbia could be localized; but when the Kaiser dashed his gauntlet full in the face of the Czar the furies of pent-up passion swept two great racial units and there was launched the deadliest combat mankind has ever engaged in.

Tomorrow—one year ago—the first crimson splotches were smeared on the ripening grain fields of the Franco-Prussian frontier. Without formal declaration of war, Germany brought France into the turmoil. Five more days and Great Britain entered the fray, because the German hosts overran Belgium in their eagerness to get at the throat of France. From then on the war has spread by degrees until more people are at war than at peace in the world. Japan, Turkey and Italy have been brought in, one at a time. Perhaps more will follow.

As the issue is now drawn we find the Teutons literally facing a world in arms. We find the war proceeding on a scale that outstrips the most lurid fancies of the past. Not hundreds of thousands of men, but millions are deployed on the vast battle lines of Europe. The toll in lives has run far into the hundreds of thousands; the toll in treasure far into the billions.

When the war lust finally settled upon the world it was contended that a few months would settle the issue. Modern machines of destruction were such that a long-drawn issue could not be credited by the world at large, but after a year of constant strife the outcome is not in sight. It may be that this tremendous conflict has little more than begun, for it is no longer a struggle between first-line armies, but one between great racial and national units in which all the virtues of races are being thrown into the balance. Scientific observers see in the turmoil an operation of the fundamental law of nature as applied to animal life—the struggle for survival of the fittest.

The best energies of the several nations at war have entered into the conflagration. Inventive genius busies itself creating new machines of destruction. Husbandmen till the soil with view of providing surplus supplies for the army in the field.

As to the technical conduct of the war, it has stood without precedent. Despite the introduction of superior methods of destroying human life, the idea of economy of life has been pushed aside and the armies assault one another with the ruthless abandon that marked the struggles of decades ago. A determination to win, regardless of the cost in blood, appears to be the dominant note in the tactics and strategy of the great battlefields.

Germany, by taking full advantage of her superior mobility and first-line armies, has modified and influenced the strategy of every nation participating. French staff plans for offensive operations were set at naught by the sudden German rush through Belgium into France. The French, except for operations in a small strip of Alsace, which they now maintain, have been forced to conduct the struggle on French soil and to adjust their strategy and tactics to the German distributions.

Great Britain has been compelled to form an army since her splendid navy has not been able to smash in the German land defense and naval bases. In acquiring this army Great Britain has met with endless difficulty, owing to shortage of supplies, and a lack of military policy and preparedness, which was almost as hopeless at the outset of the war as that which now confronts the United States.

Belgium, the innocent bystander, has been completely overrun, and the remnants of her army now fill in a gap here and there with the British in support of the French lines. Russia has had her own military dreams shattered. Surprising the world with the rapidity of her mobilization, Russia nevertheless has fallen short in the matter of supplying her forces in the field. In the first months of the war, intent upon an advance into the heart of Germany, Russia at this hour is busied with an evacuation of Russian Poland, and faces the loss of her principal base of operations—Warsaw.

Austria has viewed the phantom of defeat and dissolution several times during the twelve months, but now with the pressure from Russia relieved, temporarily at least, and the menace from Italy not yet fully developed, Austria is having an opportunity to pull herself together and prepare for a continuation of the struggle.

Turkey, while not a world power, continues to play an important part. Resisting assaults of combined allied fleets and minor armies, the Turks have kept the Dardanelles closed, which means the shutting off of Russian supplies of wheat for the western allies and the supply of munitions from the allies to Russia.

As for tracing the varying fortunes of war of one country and another through the racking campaigns, pages are required. In Section 5 of The Oregonian today there will be found a comprehensive review of the principal events and battles of the war. The events that stand out prominently are the French invasion of Alsace, which has come to naught; the great German drive through Belgium and up to the very doors of Paris; the masterly French counter-strike, which sent the Germans back to the Marne and the Aisne; the development of the German line through the heart of France; the fall of Antwerp—all in campaigns last Fall.

Through the Winter months the principal events were the unsuccessful Russian assaults on the German frontier and the more successful assaults on Austria and the hurried training of large forces of every nation. The events of Spring and Summer have been the failure of the allied offensive on the western line; the successful operations against the Austrians in Galicia and the Carpathians, and more lately the Austro-German drive on Warsaw.

With the greatest fleets in the history of the world involved there have been no naval battles that will stand out conspicuously on the pages of history. A feature of the war has been the development of the tiny submarine, the importance of which is not to be underestimated. While the great British and French armadas have patrolled the trade routes and approaches to Germany, shutting off her food supplies, the German submarines have retaliated with a reign of terror on the seas about the British Isles, which menaces the British and French supply systems and irritates neutral nations which have sought to continue their trade in the open ports of contending powers. It is the operation of these submarines which has brought about the present strained relations between Germany and America.

What the final outcome will be in this greatest of struggles among the great races of mankind must await on future events for an answer. No one is yet willing to admit defeat or the possibility of defeat. All are throwing in their resources and struggling to build up new resources. From a superficial study of mere war maps Germany may be credited with the advantage. Teuton armies are entrenched on foreign soil in every direction; their trenches run a harsh line through the heart of France and across the whole of Belgium. German armies emplanted half way across Poland are still advancing with prospects of placing their final trenches to the rear of Warsaw in Russia. Behind the firing line Germany carries the plow, planting crops, not only on German soil, but on the conquered soil of her foes. Whether Germany can live within herself for an indefinite period is the one problem which now appears to menace the German standard. Perhaps another year will tell.

A TRAVESTY ON REFORM.

If the three members of the City Council who approved the latest Daly meter scheme had set out deliberately to encourage a waning public confidence in commission government and a growing distrust of the competency of the city administration, it could not have chosen a better method.

The verdict of the voters on the water meter issue was plain, unmistakable and emphatic. They declared the installation of meters on the ordinary service in Portland to be an economic extravagance. Although the people have voiced their opposition to the expenditure of money for metering household services, a majority of the Commission has decided that public funds shall be wasted for that purpose whenever a consumer so desires. The whim of the individual is thus accepted as superior to the rule of the people.

There has not yet been displayed the slightest evidence of an intent or desire on the part of the City Commission to inaugurate a consistent, general programme of economy. Less permanent improvement has been accomplished in the current two years than in the preceding period, and if the present rate of expenditures continues the two years will show an increase in cost of government over the preceding two years of nearly $1,000,000.

In its wastefulness and extravagance the Commission has betrayed the friends of commission government and those voters who established the principle on the promise that it would promote economy. A majority now proposes another betrayal. It intends to reject a specific instruction given by the voters of the city.

Commission government in Portland by the present Commissioners—or a majority thereof—is growing into a shameful travesty on reform.

THE LOST ART OF MOTHERHOOD.

We fear the late General Booth's daughter, Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, let her tongue run away with her brain when she discoursed on "the lost art of motherhood" at the San Francisco Purity Congress. Her plea was that women no longer bear children, but have taken to acting, dancing, practicing law and the like, as well as "painting." We suppose Mrs. Booth-Clibborn includes painting the face and pictures also in this general term. Her denunciations are more interesting for their ignorance than anything else.

Women have always danced and enjoyed themselves as much as circumstances permitted. Even Jezebel in old Bible times painted her face and tired her hair before she sat down to look out of the window. We do not read that she paid any particular attention to bearing and rearing children. Ever since the world began women who could afford it have turned over the care of their children to hirelings in order to gain freedom for themselves. Usually this freedom has been used for the most frivolous purposes and when that is done today the Mrs. Booth-Clibborns make no complaint. Only when women use their leisure for self-improvement or profit is there a howl about their neglected families.

The most ardent clubwoman or the busiest woman lawyer does not neglect her family any more than the society dame who dines and dances and plays bridge. But the latter escapes all but the most perfunctory reproach, while her industrious sister is the butt of every half-informed lecturer who wants to win an easy reputation for devotion to "higher duties." The Mrs. Booth-Clibborns will never learn that the old homekeeping occupations of women have nearly all migrated to the big factories. Scarcely anything is left of them by the domestic hearth.

It is to escape the sin of idleness and the mischiefs of a vacant brain that women go out into the world to seek new occupations. The fresh interests they find there do not interfere with "the art of motherhood" any more than the old ones did. Probably they interfere less. Children are still born in sufficient numbers for the country's good and a great many more of them live to maturity than in the good old days of ignorance, germs and contagion.

The art of motherhood has not been lost, but it has become a great deal more sensible and efficient than it was in former years. But, as we have intimated, it is useless to reiterate facts of this kind to lecturers of the Booth-Clibborn type. They enjoy a happy immunity against everything they do not wish to believe. They fill their heads with a set of platitudes half true, half false, and subsist upon them for the rest of their lives. It is a pity, though, that they should be permitted to feed the public on such trashy nutriment.

BRYAN BUNCOMBE.

None of you is more anxious to assist the President in the arduous work of his office than I am, and I think I am able to help him in a large measure if I am able to crystallize the peace sentiment of the country and drown out the jingo press which is trying to thrust the country into a furor of war.—From an address by William Jennings Bryan.

Did President Wilson ask Mr. Bryan to surrender his high place as his chief Cabinet officer and go to the country to "crystallize the peace sentiment" and "drown out the jingo press"?

The outright hypocrisy and impudent insincerity of Bryan's pretense that he has a divine commission to rally the Nation to support of the President have not been equalled in the entire history of American demagogy.

Mr. Bryan left the Cabinet because he differed with the President in a policy of large and even vital importance. His act was a distinct and public repudiation of the President's course. It was notice to all the world that President Wilson did not have the support of the principal officer in his Cabinet and the popular leader of a great party—the President's party. The service Secretary Bryan might have given to the President and to the Nation in its extremity—a public avowal of the clear duty of all loyal Americans to stand shoulder to shoulder in the face of a common peril and the setting of a personal example of loyalty to the country's cause in a genuine crisis calling for silence as to one's private opinions and for action in the performance of the greater duty of being a patriot—he withheld. He makes the miserable excuse that he is seeking the same end as the President, but in a different way. He is not. He is seeking his own ends in the same old way.

Let us suppose that the country should respond to Bryan's call, and should inform President Wilson, and incidentally all the listening nations, that it does not approve his diplomacy, and particularly that it resents and disavows his several notes to Germany and his official attitude toward Germany. Let us suppose that the people should en masse stand with Bryan, and not with Wilson. What then? It requires no great effort of the imagination to see our enemies—if we have any—rejoicing in the failure of our diplomacy, the plight of the President and our necessary compliance with the demands of any foreign power with which we may have differences.

That Wilson has succeeded in rallying the American Nation to him, and Bryan has failed, is due to a wise and firm understanding of National duty by the people themselves. They have come to know Bryan and Bryanism.

RURAL LIFE AND THE AUTOMOBILE.

The city dweller knows but little about the real economic value of the automobile. He thinks he does and from a city standpoint he knows that it would be almost like going back to the ox-cart, the tallow candle and tin oven to be bereft of it. But to see really what the automobile means to a community or an individual one must go to a section of "magnificent distances," remote from the railways and steamboats—such a place, for instance, as Harney County.

To the residents of the Harney country the automobile has brought the great outside world within easy reach; it has brought "neighbors" a hundred miles away within four or five hours, whereas under old conditions they were three hard, hard days distant. The resident of Burns, even with the railways up the Deschutes taken away, would be within thirty hours of Portland; with the help of the Deschutes railways he can travel to Bend or Redmond by auto, thence by train to Portland, and make the journey of about 315 miles in less than twenty hours—in stress of circumstances it has been made in a little over sixteen hours.

Under the old conditions the Burns people were six full days from the metropolis, and the most of that journey was one of fatigue and pain; later the railway reached Sumpter and the distance was reduced by a day's travel; then came the road to Shaniko and another day was cut off. But throughout these changes, before the days of the automobile, the wagon-road portion of the trip was something to worry the strong and enfeeble the weak.

Then came the automobile and the trip from Burns to Portland became a real joy during the season of good roads, not a heart-breaking trip at any time. And gradually the wagon roads are being improved. Just how the county judges of Harney, Crook, Jefferson and the other interior counties accomplish so much upon their roads with so little money it is difficult to understand. Think of Harney County with more than 3000 miles of wagon roads and a population of fewer than 5000 people! Put it at two persons to a mile of road even and see what a charge it is upon the residents of that community. It would be the same as Multnomah County's maintaining more than 125,000 miles of highway.

But that is another phase of the subject. It is the economic value of the auto to the rural people we are discussing. We repeat that the city resident, as a rule, does not understand the changed conditions of life in the great reaches of Oregon, does not understand the awakening of the rural communities, does not understand that the great cry of "back to the land" is meaning more and more every day, and in that great forward movement the automobile is going to be—is now—as great a factor as farm credits, cheap lands, good schools, convenient churches, community clubs, enticing literature. The best part of it is that the victory of the auto is as yet scarcely in sight, principally because it has been looked upon by many as a luxury when it is a necessity, as a money-burner when it is in reality the greatest wage-earner the rural citizen can purchase. The automobile means as much to Oregon as to any other portion of the world—we think more than to any other state in the Union.

BLIND LABOR.

Witness how the Portland Central Labor Council rises to the occasion. It hotly denounces the Portland Chamber of Commerce and similar bodies throughout the United States for hostility to the already demonstrated incapacity of the La Follette seaman's law to do what it was expected it would do in behalf of labor, safety at sea and American commerce.

A week ago a steamer capsized in the Chicago River with 2500 souls on board. Hardly half of them were rescued. Fathers, mothers and little children were trapped like rats in a sinking hulk or thrown overboard to perish in slimy water. The adults were, for the most part, employes of an electric manufacturing company—union workmen.

In the La Follette seaman's law, which the Central Labor Council so much admires for its theoretical protection of the interests of the worker, there is not a single line that would have contributed to preventing the Eastland catastrophe had the law then been in force. There is not a provision in that act or any other which requires stability in steamship design.

The Chamber of Commerce of Portland is standing for the appointment of a commission to investigate all phases of shipping needs and to draft a comprehensive statute. The Chicago tragedy is a grewsome contribution to the value of the Chamber's recommendation. For that contribution the class whose welfare the Central Labor Council is supposed to cherish and protect paid the price. Yet in the face of all this, how the Labor Council does pant over the wages and welfare of the almost mythical American seaman!

SUMMER RESOLUTIONS FOR TEACHERS.

Mid-Summer is the best time of the year for public school teachers and college professors to make good resolutions. New Year's day does very well for other people, but teachers of all ranks and styles are too busy just then marking examination papers to think of their souls' welfare. But mid-Summer brings them a period of comparative calm. The old school year is gone and done with, thank goodness, and the new one has not yet begun. Of late years the Summer school with its superfluous miseries breaks rudely into this halcyon calm, but its octopus-like tantacles have not yet fixed upon the great majority of our teachers. The few have succumbed, the many retain their liberty. We advise them to employ part of it, while yet it survives, in framing high resolves upon the subject of written examinations. The extirpation of this evil is probably a blissful vision never to be fulfilled on earth. The written examination comforts too many empty heads and fills too many hungry stomachs ever to be abolished.

The political principal who holds his position because it is troublesome to put him out sees his strong rock of safety in the written examination. By attending to the minutiae of its ritual and strictly enforcing every clause he gains a reputation for order, discipline and organizing genius that he never could win by mere teaching power, for of that he has little or none. In fact, the supreme merit of the written examination is to enable the pretentious humbug, who has wormed his way into the principalship of a school, to "save his face." It is easy for him to arrange that his pupils shall always earn "high marks." That is a trick which requires but very moderate skill in manipulation. A few words to the docile under teachers, whose professional comfort depends upon ready obedience, and the deed is done. Little Tommy may be the veriest dunce in arithmetic, but, if his grade teacher has received proper directions from the principal, the dear fellow will pass with exemplary credit. His marks will be so high that his father cannot complain, nor his mother carry tales of woe to the neighbors. "Anything for quiet life" is the motto of the political principal, and, since written examinations are a danger point, he takes good care that they shall be safeguarded on all sides.

The worship of the examination fetish has been carried to such lengths in many schools and colleges that the teachers have no time to teach. They can do nothing but mark written exercises. There are unhappy teachers who carry home every night a huge basketful of "exercises" of one sort and another, some of them in English composition, some in spelling, some in algebra or Latin. Over these abominations they spend hour after hour when they ought to be at church or the picture show. The exercises are conscientiously marked and handed back to the pupils, who show a great deal better sense than their teachers in disposing of them. The shrewd pupil watches his chance and chucks the wretched exercise into the waste-paper basket, where it should have gone in the first place. No sane pupil ever reads a corrected exercise and it is lucky that he does not. Perfection is not attained by poring over blunders, but by imitating excellence. If teachers would spend as much time setting patterns of perfection for their pupils to follow as they do marking errors for them to repent of, progress would be a great deal faster.

The real reason why school despots cling to written examinations is that they furnish a plausible substitute for brains and teaching power. The ostensible reason usually insisted on is that they habituate pupils to the sudden massing of their powers. Confronted with a set of questions, which he must answer within an hour or two, the pupil, we are assured, dives into the remotest recesses of his brain, concentrates all he ever knew at the point of his pen and fairly wreaks his being on the answers. As a matter of fact he does nothing of the kind. Students rarely use their reason in examinations. No faculty is of the slightest use to them in the ordeal but memory. If the student remembers how to solve a problem set in the questions he can do it with facility and win a brilliant mark, but if memory fails and reason must be depended on the chances are heavy against him, for there is no time to muster up the forces of the mind, even if the poor, flustered victim had self-command enough to rally them to his aid. Nor do repeated examination experiences increase his self-command. On the contrary they dissipate whatever of it the pupil had at the beginning of his career. Repeated flusterings do not generate calm; they shatter the nerves, as the thousands of wrecks graduated from school and college prove only too conclusively.

Capable teachers know perfectly well what the rank of each pupil is in his studies. How could they help knowing it when they hear him express himself day after day the whole year through? The written test at the end of the term or year, which is supposed to disclose so much, as matter of fact, discloses nothing which the teacher did not know before and often contradicts his intimate knowledge of the student's merit. But the well-disciplined teacher bows meekly to the showing of the written examination paper, even when his secret conviction is that it is flatly deceptive. Pupils with solidly organized, massive minds built to serve well through a long life seldom make a brilliant showing in examinations. They require time to think matters over. They must deliberate, weigh and marshal evidence. The flashy pupil, who has everything on the surface and nothing in the depths of his mind, easily surpasses them. But later on in life when the staying qualities begin to count the boy who earned wonderful examination marks pants and staggers, while his steady-going companion forges ahead, fresh and vigorous.

Mr. Bryan, referring to his retirement as Secretary of State at a critical juncture in National affairs, says The Oregonian cannot understand a man's doing anything for principle. The Oregonian can understand a man's doing a great deal for principle, but it does not approve of a man's putting his personal opinions above his country's welfare. There were tories for principle in 1776 and copperheads for principle in 1861. Men sometimes do give higher regard to the scruples, the sentimentalism, the timidity or the fine-spun theories that are sometimes called principles, than they give to duty, patriotism or good of country. The Oregonian cannot countenance such an attitude.

Annie McQueen's theosophical theory that the souls of soldiers shot in Europe are reincarnated in American babies could be tested by keeping a strict tally of those who go and those who come. Her belief that Colonel Roosevelt is the reincarnation of Benvenuto Cellini needs no test. It is self-evident. Cellini was the biggest man of his time, if we let him tell the story.

Baltimore has offered a prize of $250 in gold for a four-verse song celebrating its belles, soft crabs and terrapin with its other and less brilliant glories. Anybody may compete. The principal condition is that the poem must glorify Baltimore and no other town. The example is a good one. Why should not each city, like each nation, have its own song?

If Sunday school teachers could be examined, certificated and supervised by the public school authorities, it might not be amiss to allow school credit for their work. But as long as their teaching conforms to no fixed standards, the objections look serious. Why not permit the churches and the public schools to continue as they are, amicable but independent?

Wow! Have all the alleged spies of Japan, Germany and other foreign nations that might become hostile to the United States on their maps the powder-house at Linnton that holds 70,000 pounds of explosives?

Cruel persons killed a wildcat in a tall tree near the Mayor's residence. Chances are it was only demonstrating its efficiency as an inspector, and meant no harm.

Sweden is making army increases. Yes, Sweden is in a bad way. In fact, the Swedish army is only five times as large as the American.

Canada has lowered the standard for recruits. Regiments of cripples will be moving forward on crutches before this war is ended.

How much easier we all feel about our international affairs since Bryan got out. Now, if Daniels would only eliminate himself.

Statistics show that less sugar is being consumed. It costs us so much for "efficiency" in Portland we can't afford sugar.

An unknown thief stole an aeroplane at Oakland. His identification can be made later at the morgue.

Japan is certainly becoming modernized. A whole Cabinet has been forced out by bribery scandals.

We could raise a million men for war in a day, says Bryan. True. But only about 25,000 soldiers.

No doubt the Russians shortly will announce a "strategic withdrawal" from Warsaw and Poland.

"Washington ready for Mexican move," says a headline. Where have we heard that before?

There are symptoms in the air that the Mexicans are about to receive another "final warning."

Wanted: An army that can fight. Direct all replies to Nicholas, care Palace, Petrograd.

The great war is a year old today. And still in its infancy, if we are not greatly mistaken.

Apparently the last American note was a flat, as heard by German ears.

Haitians shot two Americans. Everybody's getting that habit of late.

'Bout time for another American vessel to get sniped by a submarine.

Munition orders will create a new crop of American millionaires.

Now to get into a diplomatic rumpus with Britain.

John Barleycorn already is packing up his effects.

Bryan is now in his proper sphere of activity.

Pleasant Winter we're having this Summer.

Do your Christmas shopping early!

Exit Becker. Viva Whitman.

On to Petrograd!

On the Road to Linnton

Would you like to have a hint on the
condition down at Linnton,
Since the streetcars went and gave
us all the slip?
He the jitneys still are with us and
are willing now to give us
Rides to Portlandtown at twice as
much a trip?
"Hell is paved with good intentions,"
but the worst of man's inventions
Is the road we have to Linnton, I
confess,
And twixt jitney bus and paving, sure
they have us stark mad, raving,
Bus, macadam and contusions—you
can guess!

When the evening lamps are burning
and it's time for our returning
On the carry-all to Linnton with its
load,
It is like an awful battle, the racket
and the rattle
Of that blessed bus a-coming down
the road.
For its bam, bam, bam, and its rumble,
rumble, rumble,
All the passengers ajumble, dimly
through the windows seen;
But there is no use to grumble, when
you get there out you tumble,
And homeward weakly stumble, cross
and mean.

Our livers they have gone adrift; we've
corns upon our toes,
Our teeth all slipped their moorings
long ago—
They are strewn along the boulevard
in white and glistening rows—
And we're training for an acrobatic
show.
Oh, we have a fellow feeling when our
bonnets hit the ceiling
For the other victims huddled on the
seat,
For they surely look kerflummixt as
their backbones hit their stomachs,
No, a jitney ride to Linnton can't be
beat.

It is bump, bump, bump, then the driver
hits a stump,
Or lands us in the middle of a hole.
On our backs we've porous plasters, to
prevent us from disasters,
And keep our bodies fastened to our
soul.
It has paralyzed our systems and our
innards it will twist 'em
Into little kinks we never felt before.
Then our backs and necks get twisted,
till we have to be assisted
To find our way outside the little
door.

There's a home of joy and gladness;
there's a place of peace and rest
On the other side of Jordan, so they
say,
And the pastors, they all preach it, but
if we have to reach it
By the Linnton road we'd rather
stay away.

W. T. STOWELL, Linnton, Or.

THE WOMAN WITH THE MOP.

Incessantly she swings the sodden
thing,
Scarce standing up erect the whole
day long—
Who knows but in her cramped breast
there lies
Some sweetest melody, sublimest
song?
The dew that sparkles on the morning
grass
Dares not detain her on her weary
way
With hints of Spring, of open fields
abloom,
And—sh! the guilty thought of holiday.
For home (the very mockery of the
word,
And yet 'tis here her weakling children feed
At cupboards garish with the blare of
Want)
She must bring succor for the direst
need.
What matters it, the clarion notes that
ring
In the era of sex equality
Fall on her dull, unlistening ear in
vain—
"Too late" they echo with finality.

She was born thus, her rightful sphere,
you say?
Ah, had you seen her as a blushing
bride,
Lithsome and straight, her bosoms
rounded so,
With hair that gleamed spun gold,
and sparkling eyed!
Then had you seen the look of shocked
surprise
When life laid on her heart a knowing hand—
The slow, slow death of dreams, the
daily grind
That leaves the soul parched in a
plenteous land!
Motherhood, the highest, holiest bond
Polluted in its purpose, since no
choice
Of hers it was to fructify the earth
With offsprings of her woe—nay,
'twas her voice,
Raised in just protest, that unheeded
passed.
(She was the lawful wife, the chattel,
mind,
So down with silly whims and high-brow airs!)
Death scorned HER misery, to the man
was kind!

Widowed, she chose the only path she
knew—
Virtues. Body and brain no fitter
task,
Numbed with the years of care and toil,
can do
Than drudge. . . . . To her this
ode she did not ask.

JO HARTMAN.

MAN, HIS GROCER AND HIS COOK.

In Eden's pure, delightful clime,
Death, sickness were unknown.
Man had a perfect bill of fare,
For health and strength alone.
But, when the tempter cited food
So pleasant to the eye,
Man thought he would experiment
And other diet try.

He still continues to explore
For dishes rare and new.
When he is proffered simple fare,
Word storms and troubles brew.
Though many grains and nuts abound,
Delicious roots and fruits,
He longs for more and gathers store
Of fishes, birds and brutes.

Strong sauces, spices, pickles, pork,
Augment his solemn bill;
While draughts of coffee, tea or ale
Tone up the nifty swill.
When pain or sickness seize his frame,
He tames in act and look—
In weakness he is prone to blame
His grocer and his cook.

The store foods, fresh, inspected, too,
May be both clean and pure;
But such concoctions as he eats
Man cannot long endure.
Our stores have many healthful foods,
Which cooks can well prepare.
Select the balanced ration kind;
The hygienic fare.

Use wisdom in selecting foods,
For health and strength the best.
Take simple fare of nature's stock,
Not poisonous by test.
Learn well the laws of health and life.
Be strong in fact and look.
Co-operate, help educate
The grocer and the cook.

L. D. WESTFALL.

Tualatin, Or.

Plan of Voting.

Washington (D. C.) Star.

"Of course, your wife favors votes for women?" "Yes," replied Mr. Meekton; "but I suspect she'll find it hard to approve of any plan that allows some of the women she knows to vote just the same as she does."

Gleams Through the Mist

By Dean Collins.

Movie Wanderings.

Haste thee, Muse, and bring with thee
Jingling jitneys two or three,
Or, upon this festive time
Bring me rather twice a dime;
Haste thee, Muse, and we will go
Gaily to the movie show.

Come with me, and we will sit
In the dark orchestra pit;
While the movies on the screen
Through their ghostly moves careen,
I will twang my lyre and hum
While you operate the drum.

Ticket seller, ditch thy gum;
Lay thy powder puff aside;
Lo, a Muse and "pote" do come
To see how the movies slide.
Gray, moustachioed gatekeeper
Take our slips and let us by;
Where the movie motors whirr
And the flick'ring films do fly.

Haughty usher, lead us on
Through the dark aisles; then avaunt,
And we'll find when you are gone
It is not the seat we want.
Come thee, Muse, and sneak with me
To a better place to see;
Tune my lyre for measures quicker
Than the ordinary dope;
O'er its jangling strings I'll grope
As the notes ring louder, thicker;
Whang the drum, O gentle Muse,
Turn the bells and whistles loose;
All aboard now—let'er flicker.

* * *

"Sir," said the Courteous Office Boy, as he groped to my side, "the fates have punctured all my joy and all my hopes are pied."

"How so?" I said, and whacked the drum.

"I wish that I had never come, for listen, notice, hear and hark, how I got mixed up in the dark."

I listened while he gulped a sigh and then he spoke in grief:

"Adown the gloomy aisle came I, to make my story brief, and for a seat groped gingerly—and grabbed a lady by the knee. I struggled past and down I sat, two times in fact, old chap—the first time on a lady's hat, the next time in her lap. And ere the aisle my feet could win, she jabbed me with a big hat pin.

"I dare not go again," he said, "into the darkened hall, for some one will sure punch my head or for the coppers call. I will not walk on people's feet there in the dark and seek a seat."

"You won't?" I said, and clasped his hand. "Then come and sit in with the band, and whang yon cymbal loud and high, as o'er the screen the movies fly."

* * *

Oh, welcome once more the bright dreams of
our childhood!
The bloodthirsty redskins are rampant
again,
A-skulking about through the deep-tangled
wildwood,
And making things hard for the civilized
men.
The heroine wildly is screaming, "Help!
Help!"
The Injuns are after her poor father's scalp.
Oh, dad, grab an ax and make show of
resistance
While Gertie ducks out and goes after
assistance.

She's off on her pony wild, wildly careering.
The fort she must reach it and call out
the troops;
And meanwhile the bloodthirsty redskins
are nearing
The hut of her father with horrible
whoops.
The sentry says, "Halt!" Gertie hops from
her pony;
The brigadier Jineral, gray-haired and tony,
Comes out, hears her story, she faints on
his arm,
And meanwhile the bugler blows the alarm.

O-o-o, see the big flag that the cavalry
troopers
Are bearing before them. They ride to
the fray,
And gosh, it bodes ill for the war-painted
whoopers
When Gertie gets back to the homestead
today.
Poor dad at the cabin is almost all in,
Outside the wild Injuns with terrible din
Are smashing the door in the wildest of
rages
In hopes the director will boost up their
wages.

Why linger here longer? The enemy dies
All over the screen then the Old Glory
waves,
And Gertie, who has rescued her father,
now flies
To the arms of the Captain who walloped
the braves.
Oh, welcome the darling old scenes of our
childhood,
The bloodthirsty redskins a-skulk in the
wildwood,
When all the dime-novel traditions are seen
Illuming the flick'ring expanse of the screen.

* * *

And yet I often wonder how the movie actor's art can bring the leading man to bow and take an Injun part. For think the life that he must lead; it must be very sad indeed.

Imagine what his feelings are, when in the Indian dress they drill the famous movie star in redskin savageness. Ah, he must roam the cactus lawn with nothing but a G-string on. Tell me, and tell me truly, are you glad you're not a movie star?

* * *

And what comes now? The fourteenth set
Of films of Hairbreadth Harriet.
That wondrous maid who'll freely dare
Perils of sea and earth and air;
For eighty weeks or more, she'll wait
The coming of a better fate
With head all bruised, but unbowed.
To please the hungry movie crowd.

Oh, maiden with the charmed life,
I've seen you 'scape the ax and knife,
The villain vainly bound you back
Again upon the railway track,
And poison potions too were vain;
In fourteen weeks, you're still unslain.
We wait to see what thrill is stowed
Yet in the fifteenth episode.

* * *

And now the "weekly" let us see. The county fair at Kankakee, the Russian soldiers at the front; the Giants winning on a bunt; Mount Lassen in eruption black; scene at a famous racing track; French soldiers drilling for the fight; King George reviews a building site; and, O-o-o, we crane our necks to see such focal features as may be.

George Baker smiles upon us there; S. Benson flickers everywhere; Oh, look upon the grouping fine of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. There's Hofmann and Galvani, too, Metschan and Powers in fezzes new, and many another of the ilk that fattens on the camel's milk.

The weekly endeth with a flip: "Passed by the Board of Censorship."

* * *

I would that I were a censor great
Of the movie picture show,
Who shortens the kisses of beautiful misses
And deadens the villain's blow.
For O, the censor our morals protects
And evils of the film ejects;
It must be jolly to sit at ease
And see the sights that the censor sees.

* * *

Now, Muse, prepare to croak with glee, for a Chaplin film we're due to see, where he with an unequaled grace walks on a lovely lady's face and drowns a waiter in the beer and kicks a cripple in the ear.

Look! Look! What's that? The screen goes white. There ain't no Chaplin film it seems, and on the strip before us gleams the well known motto. Muse, "Good night!"