

Why You Cannot Control Color of Your Children's Hair and Eyes

by Dr. Woods Hutchinson.

CERTAINLY all beliefs and theories that the sex or stature or intellectual vigor or ability of children is determined by the relative age of the parents, by whether the child comes first or last in the family, by whether the father or the mother represents the more vigorous and dominant stock must go by the board as completely from a biologic point of view as they have been found unreliable and without definite relation in practical and statistical research studies.

In fact these theories unconsciously neutralize or contradict one another. You can hear it urged with great vigor and positiveness in the "smoking-room" of any club or from the boxes and barrels of any corner grocery that children will follow the sex of the strongest parent, or, per contra, that nature is determined to make good any future defect or weakness in the sex, and consequently that children will follow the sex of that parent who happens to be most deficient in constitutional vigor. And both sides will be equally well supplied with ammunition in the shape of instances of little semi-invalid mothers who have raised families of big, sturdy boys, with perhaps only a single girl, and, vice versa, of great strapping amsons of mothers who have presented spindling and consumptive husbands with an unbroken succession of boys.

Or the assertion will be made that children take after their mothers in bodily characteristics and appearance, and their fathers in mind and character. The statement appears to be telling and triumphantly supported by the famous and well-known instance of the mule, whose stubbornness and viciousness from his father's side have made him more notorious than the size and strength which he owes to his mother.

But the opponent will always come back with the triumphant clincher from which there is no appeal that it is one of the axioms of philosophic literature of the "Mother, Home and Heaven" variety, to say nothing of suffragist debates, that great men invariably inherit the characters which made them great from their noble and devoted mothers. The principal strength of this latter argument lies in the fact that while it is perfectly possible to demonstrate beyond the shadow of a doubt that the fathers of most men were nothing out of the ordinary, there is always a sporting chance that the mother might have been something remarkable, or would have been, if she had been placed under favorable surroundings, and, of course, nobody would be ungracious enough to deny that possibility to any lady.

In fact, all these positive theories in regard to children resembling mother in body and father in mind, or vice versa, of following their stronger parent or their weaker parent in the matter of sex, or lowered vigor or children born of elderly parents, or of feebleness from boy-and-girl matings, rest upon one and the same basis—whether they be positive or negative, pro or con. And that is that if you collect a sufficiently large number of cases you will find almost exactly the same number that follow the "rule" as of those that prove exceptions to it. So that each theory will have a safe 50 per cent of its truth. And 50 per cent, or even 10 per cent, of support by actual facts is abundance for most of our theories and beliefs.

One or two things, however, may be fairly positively said in this curious shuffling and dividing and combining and re-arranging and changing of partners in the reel of fertilization, and that is, that while all sorts of new and unexpected combinations may crop out in the first child, in the second child and the third child for the most part striking and extreme traits or combinations tend to be weeded out and disappear. Golden hair and peaches and cream complexion, for instance, in the mother, or flaming red that and freckles in the father, may entirely fail to reappear even in a family of six or seven children, or at most only one child, all the others showing the average brownish or dust-color tints of hair and ordinary skin-milk to brick-red neutral tones of complexion. An exception to this rule occurs only in those cases in which the golden locks or the carrotty pols are fixed family traits of several generations standing. Another prophecy which we can



quite confidently make is that the children of parents both of whom are blue-eyed, will all have either gray or blue eyes. This for the simple, but curious, reason that both parents, lacking the darker color, or, as it is termed, the determinant, necessary for brown eyes, their children also will lack it, and consequently be able only to show or produce the lighter shades of eye called blue or gray.

In the same way, this curious splitting and throwing away half and combining again with another unknown and freshly split half, explains why it is that either genius or striking personal beauty so seldom appears in both father and son, or in both mother and daughter, or in more than one child of a family. Genius and great beauty are both such rare accidents, requiring such a remarkable piling up and aggregation of gifts and desirable qualities from scores of generations and tens of thousands of ancestors, such an astonishing and almost impossible cast of all the high numbers of the dice at once, that they only occur about once in 500,000 to 1,000,000 births. It is practically beyond the limits of possibility that such rare and transcendent and improbable fusions of all the good things together, with most of the bad left out, could be split in two, as it were, with a cleaver, cut like the Gordian knot, arbitrarily combined with a totally strange and dissimilar half, and again reproduce the rare, once-in-a-million combination.

That this high inherent improbability is almost unanimously confirmed by history needs no illustration. It is the rarest of exceptions that we have to refer to a great man by anything but his single name to make perfectly clear whom we mean. It is seldom, indeed, that we have to ask the question, "Oliver" or "Younger" or "George" or "Charles" or "What century" or "What country?" There has been but one Aristotle, one Dante, one Beethoven, one Darwin.

Almost the only exceptions have been cases of great men who happened to be born of names which though honorable and respectable were extremely popular and in widespread use. So that when we speak of "the great Smith" we may have to imitate the famous echo of the Allegheny Mountain resort, whose replies were of such wonderful fidelity and perfection that when anyone shouted up the gorge, "Oh, Smith!" it would echo back, "Which Smith d'ye mean?" It is true that there were two Plinys, the elder and the younger; two Pitts, two Johns and two Charles Francis Adams, two Dumas—Alexander, the younger, as it to emphasize the incredible rareness of the coincidence, a mulatto, or rather a quadroon; and the great Charles Darwin had three sons, each of whom did creditable and valuable work in some branch of science.

and had as a cousin the distinguished Francis Galton, but these are only the exceptions which prove the rule, and for the most part occur in the second or third rank of ability, roughly known as "talent."

This may perhaps sound a trifle hard for the brothers and sisters, and cousins and children, and grandchildren of geniuses or famous beauties, but it is correspondingly consoling to the overwhelming mass of us sound, useful, average, undistinguished majority of the human species. For while these high and distinguished gifts are both rare and difficult of transmission, the homely virtues and sturdy vigor, quiet, unselfish determination and patient industry the less brilliant, but in the long run probably far more useful characteristics of humanity are not only perfectly possible, but almost certain of transmission to the vast majority of the children in a family. Wholeheartedness, quiet courage, fidelity, industry, are so to speak, so abundant, so deeply rooted in all stocks, that almost any kind of fair and impartial split will contain a goodly supply for the endowment of the child or find what it lacks in the complementary half from the other parent. Moderate and highly useful degrees of ability and efficiency are fairly safe to be transmitted, especially if their counterpart be present in the other parent; and the general average ability, usefulness and vigor of a family of children will usually be higher when both parents are of sound, sturdy, honorable stock, than when one parent is a genius or highly gifted and the other of only average endowment.

Another interesting illumination has been thrown upon the question of why children in the same family may be so apparently unlike by the so-called Mendelian theory and its developments. To put the matter very briefly, Mendel and his followers found that if two individuals were mated together, who varied widely and noticeably in some single character, such as color or size, their offspring would not simply represent a medium or compromise between the two, but would fall into three groups—one resembling one parent, the other resembling the other, and the third varying degrees of inter-mediality between the two.

To take a famous instance in poultry: If a hen of a certain breed and color, mainly white, be mated with a rooster of another breed, which is jet black, the chickens hatched from her eggs will fall into three sharply marked classes. One black, like the father; one white, like the mother, and one intermediate between the two, i. e., slaty or bluish gray. This is the medium, in fact, by which was formed the now well-known blue Andalusian breed. What is more singular still, if a sufficiently large number of chicks be hatched, these colors tend to occur

in quite regular proportions, i. e., one-fourth black, like the father; one-fourth white like the mother, and one-half blue-gray or intermediate. This one, two, one, followed by more complicated but equally definite and regular proportions in later generations, are known as "Mendelian proportions."

The law is quite a universal one, as is illustrated by the fact that Mendel's first illustration of it was found in plants—the ordinary garden pea being used for the purpose. By sprinkling the flower of a tall variety of pea with pollen from a dwarf or low-growing variety, on sowing the peas that resulted it was found that one-fourth of them produced tall plants like one parent, another fourth dwarf or short plants like the other parent, while half were of different degrees of intermediate growth between tallness and dwarfedness.

Here, in both cases, we have three widely different types of children in one family, and if the matter had ended here it would have been interesting enough, but perfectly simple. But when the blue and the white and the black chickens were mated together, each with their own color, instead of the blacks producing only blacks and the whites only whites, it was found that some of the differences between them were more apparent than real. For each pair of the different colored chicks produced offspring of all three different colors in varying proportions. That is to say, that when two black chicks were mated together, they produced some black, some white, and some white, although in this case the black chicks were in the majority. If two of the white chicks were mated together they produced a majority of white chicks, but also a regular proportion of blue and black. And most surprising of all, when the blues were mated together they actually produced more blacks and whites than they did of their own color, and the same proved true of the "hybrid," tall, dwarf and intermediate ones.

In other words, it was clearly shown that children inherit from one or the other parent, not merely those characters of likeness which they show clearly on the surface, as it were, but also those which are completely hidden, or as it is termed, latent in them, but which may crop out in future generations. It may be quite a remote generation, too, as generations go in human descent. For experiments with plants or animals carried out to the tenth and twelfth generation still show sudden outcroppings of the characters of the original ancestor in the offspring of individuals which had lost them completely, so far as their external appearance was concerned.

Characters, in fact, may be latent, even for scores of generations and hundreds of years and never appear upon the surface, simply for lack of the presence of some influence, known as a determinant. This is believed to be some chemical substance, possibly an acid, and when this is supplied the slumbering possibilities of black which have lain dormant for generations in a breed of white fowls, for instance, will suddenly blossom out in an ebony black chicken or brood of chickens. Indeed, so tenacious may be this possibility of color formation that when two very widely separated breeds are mated together, for instance, a white silky hen whose breed has in every member been pure white for a score of generations mated with a black Spanish rooster whose splendid glittering raven black and metallic green colors have been fixed for at least 800 years some of the chicks will be neither black nor white, nor blue-gray, but blaze out into the splendid red and orange and gold of the original ancestor of all the domestic fowls, the Gallus bankiva or jungle cock of Siam, best known to us in his least changed descendant, the gorgeous gamecock.

So that not only may characters belonging to one parent or one grandparent crop out in one child and not in the next, but some trait from a long-forgotten great-grandparent or ancestor of even the Augustan age. So do not look for too much uniformity among your children, still less regret its absence, because they cannot all be dealt with according to the same petty rule and code.

It is entirely beyond your power to change or even modify their characteristics in any marked degree, either before or after birth. All attempts to make children into musical geniuses by

having the mother attend concerts and hang the walls of her room with portraits of great composers or virtuosos have about as much effect on the in-born gifts of the coming life as they have upon the stages of the moon or upon the appearance of the first violet. But, if you have selected the partner of your joys and sorrows (or rather she has selected you) with reasonably good judgment and common sense you may feel fairly safe that these variations will be restricted within the limits of vigor, intelligence and of sanity, and that their study and dealing with

will be not more interesting, but enjoyable. In fact, we are coming strongly to suspect that we have made a perfect obsession and fetish of uniformity in the past and done ourselves and our children grievous wrong and unhappiness by trying to crowd everyone of them into a certain fixed and conventional mold. The whole aim of the happy, the helpful, the real education is to hunt for and encourage these differences, not ruthlessly plane them down to a monotonous "standard" and to make it our supremest study to find out what particular thing each child

can do best and most efficiently and then train him to do that thoroughly and well, and so fit him to fill his individual gap in the mosaic of the community. When we once do this we shall find practically no stupid children, barring those who are clearly defective by inheritance, few so-called "average" children and an immense number of children who can do some one beautiful or useful thing so extremely well and so happily that they will be of more value to the community, more honor to their kin, than many a genius.

The Red Harvester



Over the fields he comes a stalking,
Leaving footprints deep and red—
And the women cease their talking,
They are weeping for their dead.
For he plows the soil with shrapnel
And the seeds he sows are men—
Oh the harvest will be glorious,
But when?—when?—when?

When the stiff and crimsoned grasses
Have been bleached by winter's frost,
When the battle-maddened masses
Have conceived the frightful cost,
When the tyrants and the princelings
Pay the price of murdered men,
Then the harvest will be glorious,
Only then—then—then.

George Willard Banta.

HAPPIEST MARRIAGES THOSE WHERE WIFE ASSUMES PART OF BURDEN

"Irate Wife" Gives "Sentimental Girl" Bit of Advice as Revealed by Barbara Boyd's Discussion of Matrimonial Partnerships—Real Beauty Not Marred When Tinsel Is Rubbed Off She Says.

BY BARBARA BOYD.
IT IS so comforting to have the strong, sheltering arms of a husband about you," sighed the Sentimental Girl.

"Strong, sheltering arms! Rate!" inelegantly retorted the Irate Wife. "That may be a beautiful sentiment, but what does it mean?"

"It means," dreamily replied the Sentimental Girl, "that he'll protect you from all care and worry and trouble."

"Huh!" snapped the Irate Wife. "Did you ever see anybody's arms protect you from trouble? Arms aren't any barrier to trouble."

"Anyway, he'll shelter you from the world and all its unpleasantness."

"He will, will he? You just go ask a dozen wives you know how much sheltering from the world they get. Who is it, I'd like to know, who puts the grocery man off when his bill isn't paid? It's the wife nine times out of ten. Who is it who wheedles the milk man with the promise that Mr. Jones will settle for sure next week? Who is it battles with the plumber to get the kitchen sink fixed cheap and then gets growled at over the supper table for paying such outrageous prices? Who is it goes to prayer-meeting by herself at night through streets as dark as Egypt, while her husband sits home and reads the paper? Who is it has to listen to sarcastic remarks about women's clubs though her husband goes to

baseball every Saturday and yells like a lunatic at men running around a little patch of dirt?"

"But not all men are like that," remonstrated the Sentimental Girl.

"Maybe not," replied the Irate Wife with grim lips. "But the ones that aren't ought to be put in a cage and labelled. There'd be lots of married women who would go take a look at them just to see what they are like."

"You don't believe in marriage, then?" meekly asked the Sentimental Girl.

"Indeed I do. What I don't believe in is the sentimental twaddle that is put out about marriage. And this 'sheltering arms' business is just a sample. A man can protect a woman—that is, some men will," she corrected herself, "from some things. But not from all. Marriage is a serious matter. It is a partnership. And it is up to the woman to do her share. She's got to bear the brunt in certain things quite as much as has the man. And she might as well know it beforehand. If she thinks she is going to creep into his arms at every little dust cloud that comes along and let him protect her, she is going to wake up to some disagreeable facts. This is a husband and men have to live strenuous lives. They haven't time, even if they had the inclination, to shield their wives from every little fret and worry that may come along. And not only is she not shielded but in the majority of marriages she has to bear her share of the worries and responsibilities that

come. Marriage is no dolce far niente existence, let me tell you."

"Of course," mediated the Sentimental Girl. "I do not think any true woman would want to be a burden."

"In most cases, she wouldn't get a chance to be even if she wanted to. She's got to hustle out and help. But if she believes in the sheltering arms theory, what does she expect to be but a burden? If she is looking forward to being protected and cared for like a lily of the field, what is she but a burden? The trouble is that girls do not look far enough into marriage or see what a lot of the rubbish that is handed out about it really means. If they did, there wouldn't be so many disillusioned wives."

"I hate to see it robbed of its beauty, though," sighed the Sentimental Girl. "Taking off its gilt tinsel doesn't take away any real beauty," said the Irate Wife, still a bit grimly. "If you're looking for the genuine beauty of marriage, the only place you'll find it is in the practical facts of everyday living. And you've got to have the eye to see it to find it there."

INFLUENCE OF A RADICAL.
You may be right, but the minute you become radical you lose your influence for the right.—Aitchison Globe.

MR. HOTEL CLERK.
You are sometimes mistaken in the belief that the hotel clerk owns the hotel.—Aitchison Globe.

A chaperon can only attain popularity by neglecting her work.

HISTORIC LOCOMOTIVE MAY MARK STATES DIVIDING LINE

ON a rock marking the division of Eastern Oregon from the Columbia River, travelers a few months from now will see an octagonal, gray stone structure of native rock, with a green tiled roof, and within this shelter will find the first locomotive to operate in the Northwest—probably the first on the Pacific Coast—if the suggestion of Samuel C. Lancaster, which met with the hearty approbation of Governor Withcombe and others of the notable party that opened the Columbia Highway recently, is carried out.

As tourists in Switzerland seek out and remember the famed "Lion of Lucerne," so the globe-trotter of the future, bearing on his hat the motto, "See America First," will look, says Mr. Lancaster, for the famous memorial on the Columbia. From the train, the shrine could be seen, resting on the crown of Tooth Rock. From the highway, parties could glance in the door. A picture of Tooth Rock and surroundings appears on the first page of this section of The Oregonian.

The site of the memorial would overlook the exact location of the old portage road, over which Portland's pioneers rode in the early days and which laid the foundations of some of the greatest fortunes in Oregon. The engine, now resting in the O-W-R. & N. yards, would be the same that puffed along the wooden rails of the portage road on the Oregon side of the Columbia in 1843 and earned, many times over, its weight in gold for the owners.

Tooth Rock is the exact geographical division of the Cascade Range. On the

memorable opening day of the Columbia Highway, murky weather and muddy roads were found by the party until the rock was reached. Three miles beyond this point, the automobile wheels stirred Eastern Oregon dust, instead of mud.

The rock stands in sight of the ground on which the greatest struggles of the pioneers of the gold rush of '45 and '46 occurred—where rafts of household goods tried to negotiate the five miles of rapids lying between Bonneville and The Dalles. Directly north of the rock is the north pier of the fabled Bridge of the Gods, towering 3420 feet in the air. The rock itself is part of the south pier of the bridge.

The cost of this memorial would not exceed \$2000, declares Mr. Lancaster, who has appealed to the O-W-R. & N. to finance its erection. If unsuccessful in this, Portland residents who owe much of their present wealth to the earnings of the old portage road will be asked to make this contribution for posterity.

Mr. Lancaster first conceived the idea of such a memorial in compiling data for his book, "America's Great Highway—Through the Cascades to the Sea," which will soon be in the hands of the publisher. In research of old records, he found that the present roadbed of the O-W-R. & N. at this spot is on the exact site where ran the old portage road. He found that the portage road was not only on the Washington side of the river but was on the Oregon side as well, and that on the Oregon side was used the first locomotive—so far as he has been able to find— that operated on the Pacific Coast. Further investigation revealed the fact that the locomotive, the property of the

Oregon Historical Society, is in the Alhambra yards of the railroad.

Charges of one-quarter to one-half of the entire steamboat charges from Lewiston to Portland, found Mr. Lancaster, were made by the owners of the portage road for carrying goods less than five miles where navigation was impossible.

Mr. Lancaster's idea for the memorial is a house octagonal in form, 20 feet across. It would be built of native rock, on a cement base. Windows would be still high, and the building almost surrounded by heavy plate-glass windows. It would not be high and the roof would be of green tile to harmonize with the natural greenery of the adjacent woods. It would somewhat resemble the old blockhouses and would be the Columbia's only castle.

On the interior walls of this building would be found by interested travelers the original accounts of pioneers who passed over the very route seen below in the early days. The center of interest, of course, would be the history-making locomotive on a raised platform in the center of the structure. Seats about the sides would offer a place of rest and meditation upon days that are past.

MY DOG.
I tried to write a poem
To my dog the other day.
To tell him that I loved him,
In the very nicest way.
Mama said it was a poem—
That I had done quite well;
But Papa's name is nicer,
For he called it "Doggerel."
—St. Nicholas.

During 1914 nearly 80,000,000 gallons of gasoline were used by the preserving plants of the United States.



Samuel C. Lancaster.

WORKS OF ART NOT ALWAYS JUDGED FAIR

THE worst feature of academies and of organized art bodies generally is the jury system upon which they are all founded—this jury system which is held to be the guarantee of fair dealing and equal justice to all comers in art. According to this system each picture, each statue, each art object presented for exhibition must pass before a regularly constituted jury, whose members are selected from among the most eminent and capable practitioners in the various arts and design. I have myself served upon many of these juries and I can state from long experience that they are generally fair and high-minded in their judgments, that they endeavor to make the best possible selections from among the works submitted and that this is generally accomplished with the smallest amount of bias and favoritism that is consistent with average human nature. They are damned from the beginning, however, by the very manner of their selection, for the juries are inevitably chosen from among the older and more academic of the artists—those whose reputations are already assured—and it is inevitable that these men will judge the art of the future by the art of the past and thus very possibly refuse a hearing to some obscure and unknown genius who presents a new truth or the old truth in some strange, new garb. The juries of the past did thus refuse a hearing to Delacroix, to Corot, to

Millet, to Manet, to Sisley, to Degas, to Whistler, to Cezanne and many another great painter who was in advance of his own generation. The jury system must be considered, therefore, to have outlived its use and it must go by the board.—Scribners.

PRESIDENT AS WAR LORD

(Continued From Page 2.)

oak, the bookshelves being fitted into the bulkhead of the ship.

Such are the quarters which President Wilson, as Admiral of the fleet, is privileged to inhabit—unless he should prefer to hoist his flag on a battleship. Congress, preferring to spend money on garden seats and "work," has refused to appropriate the requisite cash to build the long-planned fortifications needed to protect the entrance to Chesapeake Bay. Thus is left open a doorway through which, if our fleet were destroyed, an enemy could pass without firing a shot. Washington would then be readily accessible to the foe, by way of the Potomac River, and the commander-in-chief of our Army and Navy might find himself obliged to fly, if he would escape capture, leaving the White House, the Capitol, and the Washington Monument to be knocked to pieces by a few high-explosive German shells.