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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1919.

OUR DUTY TO CIVILIZATION.

Frank A. Vanderlip is not only president of the biggest bank in the United States; he is a well-informed, broad-minded, farseeing, patriotic citizen, as he proved by dropping his own business to take up management of the war savings campaign. For these reasons the following passages from his statement of the condition of Europe should have the earnest attention of every good citizen:

What we have is victory without peace. Production has ceased and, unless production can be speedily resumed, one's imagination cannot comprehend the chaos which may ensue.

If production is not resumed, the horrors of war may be exceeded by the horrors of this after-period, which is neither war nor peace, but a breakdown of the machinery of civilization.

In the face of such appalling disaster every partisan consideration, every unessential difference of opinion and every personal ambition should be instantly forgotten.

Hunger can lead any country to bolshevism, and hunger is what Central Europe is facing.

Alleviating conditions of starvation does not get at the root of the thing. That root runs down into the ground of production. If the situation is to be saved, every effort must be bent toward solving the problem and again starting production.

What can America do? There is certainly one thing that cannot be done, and that is to withdraw itself to rest in the belief that this chaos is remote and that America can avoid playing her part in international responsibility.

We must think in international terms as we never thought before. . . There is no time for narrow or provincial views.

The absolutely fundamental necessity of this situation is not charity. It is not loans. It is the organization of production and distribution.

The soundness of those conclusions cannot be successfully disputed. A duty is imposed upon each one of us. We must help to save the world in order to save our own country; we must help to save our country in order to save ourselves from the fate which at this day befalls millions in Russia.

It is too late to consider how this chaos might have been averted. The thing to consider now is the situation as it exists and to decide how to save civilization from wreck.

Having gone so far toward organizing a league of nations as the foundation of peace, the Paris conference would avoid delay by going on as it has begun, perfecting the league constitution by removing the defects which criticism has revealed, and establishing certainty as to the future. There is no room for party animus in considering changes that will strengthen, not destroy, it. Presidential slights, real or fancied, are inconsequentials beside the duty to recognize that the overwhelming opinion of the people favors the league, that the salvation of the republic and the world is bound up in it.

Present talk of what the allies shall do to punish Germany is immature and inopportune. As an organized state, Germany is a corpse in which decomposition has set in. It has become the feeding ground and breeding place of bolshevism, and threatens to become the bridge over which that disease will cross to all surrounding countries. The thing for the allies to do is to fix the boundaries and the armament of Germany, sell food and raw materials to it, set it on its feet and put it to work. It will be time enough, when this has been done, to discuss the question of indemnity for damage done in the war. All agree that Germany is a multi-murderer, but politically and economically the country is a corpse, and damages can no more be collected from such a corpse than from a dead murderer. His watch and clothes can be taken, but nothing else. After the allies have supplied the elementary necessities of life and industry and have set Germany to work, they may collect indemnity from anything that remains after the people have fed and clothed themselves.

There are symptoms that the American people imagined their duty done when fighting with Germany stopped. Such is the flagging interest in the fund for relief of the Armenians. We dare not assume that the chaos in Europe is none of our business. It will remain our business until the after-war troubles have ended. If any doubt this let them look in the column of The Oregonian next to that which contains Mr. Vanderlip's statement. It tells of an anarchist society of Russian peasants which had been organized in New York under the nose of the police. A similar society of other nationalities was raided in Portland, men of the same stripe gained control of the labor unions in Seattle with what results we know, and proof has been presented to a senate committee that other like organizations exist in other cities and that these combinations work together to destroy the republic. The doctrine of these revolutionists was made in Germany, transplanted to Russia and has spread all over the world. It is propagated by the condition of Germany, Russia and all other war-wrecked countries of Europe. To fight it effectively we must fight it at its source, by the means which Mr. Vanderlip suggests. Fighting it in America is only fighting symptoms.

The duty described comes home to every person in Oregon, rich or poor. The highest obligation is on the employers, because of the greater knowledge, ability and means which have made them employers. They can prove the falsity of the outcry against "capitalism" by paying their employes the fair value of labor and by dealing with labor as an organized body on the principle of collective bargaining. Workmen need to remember that the first purpose of the reds is to destroy labor unions. This purpose can best be thwarted by aggressive action on the part of those who are loyal to the republic to suppress the radicals and to cast out the bolsheviki who have joined unions only to disrupt them. In these days we can best serve ourselves by serving the community, the nation and the civilized world.

EXALTED JUSTICE.

It will profit those who urge the traditional aloofness of America as reason for rejecting the league of nations plan to read in full the now oft quoted farewell address of George Washington. It will interest lovers of exactness in quotation, too, to discover that there is no admonition therein against "entangling alliances." Washington's expression is "permanent alliances." The words "entangling alliances" so frequently put in Washington's mouth were uttered by Thomas Jefferson.

One may as readily read into Washington's farewell address a sweeping condemnation in every time, place and circumstance, of political parties as one may read therein an equally sweeping condemnation of foreign alliances. He urges repression of undue party spirit but admits that it is inseparable from our nature. In leading up to his admonition against permanent alliances his long discussion is with marked singularity of "inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others."

Washington recites the obvious result of an habitual hatred of one foreign country or an habitual fondness for another. Fear that the young nation might be inveigled into political or commercial relations neither open-handed nor impartial seems to have been the main current of his thought. Thus he uttered a caution against implicating ourselves by artificial ties with the "ordinary" vicissitudes of Europe's politics or with the "ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships and enmities." "It is our true policy," he said, "to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the world."

The league of nations embraces a permanent alliance, but not a discriminatory one nor one with any single portion of the world. But were one to concede that Washington had included in his thought an impartial and world-embracing alliance for insurance of peace and had warned against it, it will not and it cannot be denied that "our detached and distant situation" upon which he then relied now exists in fact. In the light of recent events there is in truth no departure in the league pact and there will be none from this advice of the first president:

"Observe good faith and justice toward all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct. And can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it?

"It will be worthy a free, enlightened and at no distant period a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence."

INDEMNITY FOR ART.

The sense of justice of most persons will be strongly appealed to by the proposal, now seriously made in France, that the Germans be compelled to make reparation in kind for the works of French art which they wantonly destroyed during the war. The principle was enunciated by the Academie des Beaux Arts several months ago, the Fine Arts commission of Paris has formulated a similar claim, and the French chamber of deputies has before it a resolution urging "payment in works of art of indemnities for the artistic losses which France has suffered at the hands of Germany."

Auguste Marguillier, in a recent article in Paris L'Illustration, covers the ground thoroughly. He cites the ambition of Frederick II to "create in the depths of Germany a little corner of France, filled with its architecture, its gardens, its furniture, paintings and books." M. Marguillier thinks it is time that this "corner of France" was moved back to France, and most persons will agree with him. Our own Ambassador Morgenthau is drawn into the discussion through the statement made to him by Baron Wangenheim at Constantinople that the influence of Great Britain, Russia and Austria in 1871 had saved Paris from being completely looted, but that in this war there would be a different result. "We shall transport to Berlin," he exulted, "all the treasures of art which belong to the state." But still more convincing, from the point of view of created precedent, is the quoted attitude of a Bavarian minister, Baron Kerryn de Lettenhove, when being solicited by Belgian artists for a loan of several paintings from Munich for an exhibition at Brussels in 1910. If the works were lost, said the baron, it would be impossible for the Belgians to make restitution in money. This would be possible only by choice of works of equal merit from Brussels.

So the Germans, heedless of the day when they might be hoist by their own petard, went on creating precedents which now rise to confound them. M. Marguillier cites a Berlin magazine which in 1914 began to prepare public opinion for the bountiful results—not merely in money—which might be expected to flow from the invasion of Belgium. Liege, Namur, Brussels, Malines and Antwerp already had fallen. The kingdom of Belgium might soon cease to exist. "The descendants of Van Eyck and Rubens have preserved many paintings . . . and upon this part of the national patrimony the hand of the conqueror will fall." The German went so far as to catalogue the expected treasures. It is hard to see how the Germans now will be able to escape from the justice of reparation in the form which they themselves proposed.

French and Belgians are now taking their turn at cataloguing. The "little corner of France" has been considerably expanded. The eighteenth century French school is particularly well represented in the imperial palaces of Prussia, where, now that the imperial family has been ejected, it would seem that there would be less sentimental consideration for the art treasures there reposing. Watteau, Lancret, disciple and imitator of Watteau, and Jean Baptiste Joseph Pater, pupil of the master, are represented there in numbers. La Brun, La Tour and David are some of the others. A good many paintings, it is true, were acquired by purchase, but it will be kept in mind that France does not propose to appropriate them in revenge but as compensation for works which, having been destroyed, cannot be paid for in mere money. There are works the German titles to which are not so clear. David's "Bonaparte" is one of these. M. Marguillier says that this was stolen from the chateau of St. Cloud by Blucher in 1815. It is not specified whether this and others in a similar category are to be included in the list of works of reparation, or simply appropriated on the ground that they belong to France.

The Prussians seem to have been especially inept in their establishment of precedents all along the line. The French critic recalls that after this war began certain works were taken back to Germany solely for the sake of old times, because they had graced, in some remote day, some German church or gallery. He ruthlessly and with almost German thoroughness enumerates a long list of paintings and statuaries which Germany will lose if this rule is followed. The Flemish masters figure prominently. The total reaches some hundreds, all works which their market value in money could not atone for or replace.

It will be noted that France is laying no claim to works of German art. These in themselves are not inconsiderable; and if art is international, as will be conceded where it is possible to be removed wholly from the influence of chauvinism, a good deal could be said in behalf of a policy of stripping the German galleries of their German masterpiece also. It is plainly no more than the Germans would have done in the case of French art if they had won the war. But France will be content if reparation can be enforced only in French—and Belgian—works. It remains to be seen whether the peace conference, engrossed in matters of greater moment, can be induced to give consideration to claims which are deeply sentimental but at the same time eminently just.

BACK TO THE "JOB."

As final and conclusive evidence that the war is over, the old-time hobo has begun his wanderings again. He had disappeared into the ranks of industry for a time, impelled by the work-or-fight order to violate his code.

The professional tramp never did constitute a social problem; he was an individual one. Prosperity or the reverse of it had nothing to do with his existence. He believed that the world owed him a living, and he was willing to compromise with it by demanding only the satisfaction of exceedingly simple wants.

The true hobo should not be confounded with the "migratory worker" or any other kind of worker. The present problem of the hobo is how to pass himself for a war hero without subjecting himself to the plans being made to furnish returned soldiers with jobs. He doesn't want a job. All he wants is to eat each meal in a different place and not to be compelled to work for it. His return to his former status will shorten several payrolls without effecting a corresponding reduction in production of world's goods.

COMMON LANGUAGE IMPRACTICABLE.

The quest for a common speech may be accelerated by desire to promote mutual understanding among the peoples of the world, but it is not likely to find its goal in the proposal recently submitted by a Massachusetts man for consideration by the Paris peace conference. He would seek agreement by all the powers joining the league of nations to make the study of some one language, yet to be chosen, compulsory in all countries. This would not interfere with present languages or dialects, but would provide future generations with means of meeting upon common ground for the purposes of conference, conciliation, legislation or commerce.

The scheme embodies an ideal which long has actuated well-meaning theorists, but never has been fulfilled and is likely never to be. Growth of the number of literary languages has been so largely influenced by the spirit of nationality that it would be practically impossible to overcome the jealousies that selection of any existing language would engender. Efforts to invent an artificial language, which found expression in Volapuk, Esperanto, Idiom Neutral and perhaps a score of others, grew out of knowledge that to exalt any existing tongue to the rank of a world-language would "give its native speakers such an advantage over other nationalities" as to make the project humanly improbable of adoption. But even these efforts failed, as did another, once seriously made, to interest the world in adoption of a "neutral" but existing tongue. Norwegian was suggested as an example. Norwegian, being comparatively simple in structure, yet answering the requirements of a cultivated people, would have been in theory ideal. In practice the suggestion did not strike an answering chord.

A prime obstacle, aside from sentimental jealousy and impossibility of agreement upon the language to be adopted, is that no natural language is in truth easy of acquirement. The facility with which certain persons possessing a highly developed language sense acquire alien speech does not apply to the great body of the peoples. Construction of languages is in the main irrational. There is no escape from the arbitrariness of their vocabularies. There is not and never can be a royal road to language for all peoples. The advantage of adopting French which would accrue to the Latin peoples, including Roumania, would be largely lost to the Ruthenians, the Poles and the Czecho-Slovaks, to mention only a few of the peoples who would be included. English is not easy to learn. Failure of millions of foreigners in the United States to acquire it illustrates the point.

Logic of the adoption of English as the universal speech is furnished by the fact that it is now the most widely spoken language on the globe. But logic does not always govern, as is manifested in the construction of the language itself. The obstacles to compulsory education in a world speech seem to be inherent in human nature. Wider knowledge by all peoples of the languages of one another undoubtedly would aid in fostering understanding. Possession of a common language, for example, probably has simplified the maintenance of a 3000-mile unfortified line between Canada and the United States. But the mutuality of language in this instance has not been compulsory. Maintenance of peace through language channels possesses the paradoxical property that in theory it probably would succeed, while it would be impossible to put it into practical effect.

Dr. Claxton, federal commissioner of education, makes a strong point for higher salaries for teachers, particularly in the rural districts, by his presentation of statistics which show that the average purchasing power of money has so greatly decreased in the past four years that their pay, which nominally has increased 12 per cent since then, has an actual value of only 63 per cent of the amount formerly paid. His proposal that the average be doubled in the next ten years does not, however, represent a doubling of cost to the people, for he would at the same time increase the school term by at least 25 per cent. The average term is now less than 160 days. His most convincing argument is that teaching ranks are now being depleted, and that unless the profession is made more attractive there soon will be a teacher famine, a prospect not to be regarded with equanimity by a people who pride themselves upon their educational system.

INFANT PRODIGIES.

Precocity in children has long furnished parents and jokesmiths with material for conversation and paragraphs. But mere precocity is no more than normal, for every average child is certain to show, at times, flashes of brilliancy that are startling in their luminous insight—an insight that does not tally with the record of birthdays—the mental vision, so it seems, of one far older in years and experience.

Infant prodigies, however, are of different mental temper than the ordinarily bright tot of the nursery and the kindergarten. There are substantiated records of many such. Some were gifted, almost from babyhood, with an uncanny, intuitive comprehension of mathematics. While their playfellows were stumbling through addition and subtraction, after the manner of the average child, the prodigies were soaring in the bright ether of higher calculus. They will serve for examples of the type.

Clatsop county is said to have reared a child marvel—a boy of 6 years and 5 months, now attending a country school in the Walluski district. By the standards of age he should be articulating, "I see the cat." But his puzzled teacher cannot determine what grade he should enter. Given 75 words, chosen from the fifth grade speller, he failed to spell but four.

With infant nonchalance he named the capitals of many states, and located them, as well as many of the principal cities of the world. Several prominent characters in world affairs of today were known to him. That is, he was able to identify them by accurate data other than the mere names. He told his teacher of the discovery of America, named the date, and discoursed upon the natives as Columbus found them. The crops of the world were an open book to him—he knew where they were grown and to what purpose they were devoted.

Certainly, in this instance there is evident a marked degree of precocity, at the least. It may even be that the child is entitled to entry in the prodigy class. But with most observers, unless additionally startling and convincing evidence is offered, the case of the Clatsop county boy will be set down as one of normal gifts, plus a somewhat remarkable memory. It will be a year or so, even into high school days, before competent judgment may be passed. In its present phase the case is unusual, but scarcely extraordinary.

There have been scores of infant prodigies. If, in later life, they ran true to form, the great names of history would have been furnished, to a large extent, by these super-children. The facts do not tally. The proof of consistency is lacking. By far the greater number of lofty perches were gained by studious endeavor, by a constant striving against odds, and by the will to conquer apparent limitations of mind and body.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH TUNNEL PROJECT.

Revival of efforts to put through the Dover-to-Calais tunnel project, as an after-war measure of relief of the employment situation in both England and France, recalls some interesting memories. No other projected enterprise of modern times has hung fire so long, or experienced so many ups and downs. It is 117 years since the French engineer Mathieu first proposed the scheme to Napoleon I, eighty-six years since Thome de Gramond dedicated his life to the enterprise and began a series of exhaustive studies of channel geology, and sixty-three years since Gramond submitted detailed plans and specifications which, together with a scheme for financing the project, were approved by Napoleon III eleven years later. Bills on preliminary measures passed both the French and British parliaments in 1875, and a political protocol was drawn up in 1876.

This was two years before the beginning of preliminary work on the Panama canal, which we used to regard as a monument to red tape and delay. But while the Panama canal, which cost nearly four times as much as the estimated cost of the channel tunnel, was passing through various political stages, the Anglo-French project encountered an unexpected storm of opposition. The reasons why the latter was not completed are largely psychological. The British people, who we have been taught are a phlegmatic race, developed a striking tendency to "nerves." It was this and this alone which defeated the tunnel project. England became obsessed with the bogey of invasion. Nothing could quiet its fears. Even the declaration of the German field marshal, Von Moltke, that a tunnel under the English channel, connecting England with France, "will not be of any use for the invasion of England, but it would play the very devil with Germany in case of a war," failed to restore the British equilibrium.

It is now seen that if work had been prosecuted with vigor from the time the first test shaft was sunk, near Folkstone in 1880, the recent war might have resulted differently. The vital influence which a two-track tunnel might have had when the first detachments of the British army were making a valiant stand with insufficient equipment and munitions, is now easy to imagine. But speculation goes further than that, for it also takes account of the battle of Jutland, and the possibility of a more conclusive outcome if a good share of British naval effort had not been necessarily expended in maintenance of right of way across the channel.

That existence of the tunnel in the intervening years would have put a different face on the war is also deducible from figures which have recently been prepared by the tunnel advocates. That one track each way would have made it possible to transport 163,000 men and their equipment in one direction every ten days, and on the return could have taken care of 24,000,000 of the 28,000,000 tons of food which England imported annually gives some indication of the great relief which would have been afforded to shipping and the simplification of the war organization which would have been made possible.

Fear of invasion has been much modified by greater friendship for the French people, but has been even more greatly influenced by completion of plans for defense of the proposed tunnel. Provision has been made, in abundance of regard for the future, for flooding a dip in the tunnel by a device to be operated independently from each of two inland forts, for the construction of mines by which the tunnel could be destroyed in emergency, and by control of the operating electric current from either end. These provisions have disposed of the agitation against the tunnel which was waged for more than thirty years, beginning in 1882. News from London that the government is now prepared to go ahead promptly with the work, therefore, is highly credible.

The Panama canal has so surfeited us with gigantic engineering accomplishment that the channel tunnel will not give us the thrill which it would have caused even a decade ago. The Panama canal has cost between $350,000,000 and $400,000,000. The tunnel may be built for $100,000,000. The cost of two tubes was estimated in 1906 at between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000. Costs of labor and material have largely increased since then, and the present project contemplates four tubes instead of two. The outlay, however, seems small by comparison with the billions that have been expended for war. Early estimates were that the tunnel would pay a profit of $28,725,000 francs a year by 1925, but these were estimated upon a two-track basis. The enterprise presents no engineering obstacles, and financiers regard it as no greater relative task, say, than amortization of the cost of our own interstate bridge.

The effect of the Dover-to-Calais tunnel upon tunnel-building in general may be momentous. Another tunnel enterprise, which would connect Gibraltar with Morocco, has gone beyond the preliminary stages, and a subway under the Bosporus is also being seriously considered. To the engineer all these enterprises are simple enough. The outcome depends solely upon ability of the nations concerned to cooperate to the end desired.

MRS. AMELIA BARR.

The life of Mrs. Amelia Barr was remarkable in many respects. She was not a great author, although she was a pleasing one. She ranked in literary merit somewhere between Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and E. P. Roe. It is unlikely that any of the sixty-three novels which she wrote will long survive her, but it is a good deal to say that they exercised a wholesome influence in their day. And she has left behind the inspiration of a life which triumphed over many tragic obstacles.

She was born in 1831. William IV was then on the throne of England. The battle of Waterloo, as one of her most appreciative reviewers has noted, was still fresh in memory. Charles Dickens was only 19 years old; Thackeray was 20. No steamer had ever crossed the ocean using steam exclusively as its propelling power. There was not a single free school in the Lancashire town of Ulverston, her birthplace. In one village near Ulverston, as was disclosed by a parliamentary inquiry in that year, there were 113 children of whom only ten could read or write. The life of the working people of the world was a continued struggle against the most sordid kind of poverty. The status of women of that day is illustrated by an incident related by Mrs. Barr in her autobiography. After her father had lost his fortune, a brother of Mrs. Barr's mother gave his sister a row of cottages, but she could not hold title to them in her own name. They became the exclusive property of her husband as a matter of course. This does not seem to have aroused indignation then; it was one of the penalties of existence which women philosophically accepted.

Perhaps—who can say otherwise?—the secret of Mrs. Barr's later distinction lay in the fact, as she explains it in quaint theosophical formula in her own story of her life, that she was "born with a soul." "I entered this incarnation," she says, "on March the twenty-eighth, A. D. 1831." And she goes on:

My soul came with me. . . . This is not always the case. Every mother of a large family knows that the period of spiritual possession varies. For days, even weeks, the child may be entirely of the flesh, and then suddenly in a twinkling of an eye the mystery of the indwelling spirit is accomplished. The miracle does not come by observation; no mother ever saw it take place. She only knows that one moment the child was ignorant of her; that at the next moment it was consciously smiling into her face, and that then, with instinctive gladness, she called to the whole household, "The baby has begun to notice." I brought my soul with me—an eager soul, impatient for the loves and joys, the struggles and triumphs of the dear, unforgotten world.

Doubtless there are other and more scientific ways to account for the universal phenomenon which Mrs. Barr recounts, but mothers will be caught by Mrs. Barr's fancy, and the fact stands out that Amelia was a remarkable child. Reared in a time when it was unfashionable for little girls to read, she read omnivorously. Her early pabulum could not be much improved upon in its main features today. "Arabian Nights," Cook's "Voyages," "Robinson Crusoe" and the travels of Dr. Mungo Park were some of the first books. In her "Hints to Young Authors" she has given credit to her parents for an understanding, which is too uncommon even now, of the value of biblical and imaginative literature in the formation of the intellect. As to this she said:

The men and women whom I knew first were those of the Hebrew world. Sitting before the nursery fire, while the snow fell softly and ceaselessly and the mountains round were white, I could see the caravans and camels of the Ishmaelitish merchants passing through the hot, sandy desert. I could see Hagar weeping under the palm and the waters of the Red sea standing up like a wall. Miriam clashing the timbrels, and Ruth singing under the oak and Ruth gleaning in the wheat fields of Bethlehem were as real to me as were the women of my own time. Before I was six years old I had been with Christian to the celestial city and had watched, with Crusoe, the mysterious footprint in the sand and the advent of the savages. Then came the wonders of afrites and genii and all the marvels and miracles of the Arabian tales. These were the mind builders, and, though schools and teachers did much afterward, I can never nor will forget the glorious company of men and women from the sacred world and that marvelous company of caliphs and kings and princesses from wonderland and fairyland that expanded my whole nature and fitted me for the future miracles of nature and science and all the marvelous people of the poet's realm.

This was a preparation for her life work, but it is a singular circumstance that her serious literary career did not begin until she was 51. First her parents met with money reverses; then her husband lost everything he possessed and came to America to begin life over again. She spent the years of the civil war in Texas—an ardent champion of the confederacy. A pestilence in Galveston killed her husband and two sons, and another son born soon afterward lived only a few days. In these calamitous circumstances she turned to her pen for a livelihood. Then it was some years before she won material success. She alludes to $30 which she received for a story of her break-up in Texas as a priceless boon. In 1885 she finished the novel which paved the way to her subsequent success. It was "Jan Vedder's Wife." The most widely read of her novels was "A Bow of Orange Ribbon." The sequel to this, "The Maid of Maiden Lane," was a comparative failure, as most sequels are. But Mrs. Barr was never idle afterward.

It is interesting, and entirely to be expected, that Mrs. Barr should have given whole-hearted indorsement to the gospel of hard work and painstaking preparation as the only reliable guide to success in writing. She says that "success is the reward of those who 'spurn delights and live laborious days.'" "One of the great secrets of success is 'pegging away.'" It is a fatal mistake, she says, to imagine that success is some stroke of luck. "Everything good needs time." "Don't do work in a hurry," she said, although she completed one novel of 404 pages between January 1 and March 19 of the same year. "There is this peculiarity about writing, that if it has merit it will surely find a market," she wrote after years of experience with not always responsive publishers. She lived in a city of books. "I must always read more than I write" was her motto until the end.

The book which Mrs. Barr regarded as her best was a failure, measured by publisher's returns. Perhaps she appraised it most highly because in preparation for it she read some 124 volumes. This was in keeping with her view that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing with consideration." But the real foundation for her work was laid in her childhood. The years in which she was massing facts and fancies, developing a crude intelligence, waiting for the vitalization of the heart, and in which it is doubtful that she even dreamed of personal literary celebrity, bore fruit after nearly half a century.

It was a valid argument in behalf of the daylight-saving law that it greatly accelerated the home garden movement in cities, but the latter ought not to be permitted to languish, law or no law. The householder who is duly impressed with the value of fresh vegetables, pure air and wholesome exercise will find ways of obtaining them, if he is wise, without setting up the clock. One need not go to the extreme of the Indiana professor who has made a plot of land six feet square yield $10 worth of produce to derive both pecuniary and physical profit from the venture. The prime advantage which the cultivator of a backyard garden has over his "competitors" is that he is assured of a market on his own table for everything that he can raise, and at the highest market price, while he eliminates at one stroke the middleman with all his overhead and the transportation agencies as well.

The Oregon Agricultural College department of dairy husbandry performs a service for both the dairy industry and the public in calling attention in a recent bulletin to the desirability of considering the food value of milk in connection with price, and is probably right in predicting that with education along this line consumers will be less ready to discontinue its use when the product, in common with other commodities, becomes more expensive. The number of those who are interested in milk only when it is low-priced has been shown to be surprisingly large. That it may be relatively cheap even when high-priced, by the standards of other days, does not seem to occur to them. There is a minimum in consumption, especially where there are children, below which it is not safe to go, a fact which the experiment station is wise in pointing out.

Ex-President Taft is not less a republican because he supports a league of nations proposed by a democratic president, but he proves himself a greater American than either Mr. Wilson or the latter's republican critics in the senate. Mr. Taft excels both the president and the senators in broad Americanism by recognizing that, when the relations of this nation to other nations are concerned, party lines should be broken down in allegiance to the country. That is especially true in the present crisis, when the fate of civilization is in the balance. A man who comes up smiling after abuse and defeat such as he suffered in 1912, and who cheerfully joins hands with the man who defeated him in work for the people who rejected him, has many elements of greatness.

Soon woman suffrage will be universal. The North Carolina senate has passed a bill permitting women to vote in municipal elections, and when it is considered that neither house ever before has acted favorably on the question the size of the majority—35 to 12—makes it look like a landslide.

What soldier returning to a western Oregon farm can restrain the wish that some of the energy which was expended in blowing holes in the battlefields could not be utilized under our fir stumps?

President Wilson is said to have spent $2000 for tips on his first trip to Europe, which suggests another subject that we wish might be taken up by the peace conference.

The ides of March have passed, so far as the income taxpayer is concerned, and there will be nothing but regrets for the chaps who failed to file their returns.

The Russian bolsheviki have a lot to say about self-determination without at the same time making any progress in determining anything for themselves.

The man who puts up $750 for a prospective thirty gallons of whisky—which he doesn't get—will receive only the sympathy which we extend to those who are so unfortunate as to be feeble-minded.

The province of Limburg will be all the more acceptable to Belgium with the understanding that the well-known cheese is the product of another Limburg.

Carranza should remember that his friend the kaiser is in no position to help him, and that, anyway, there is an open season for dictators.

Soldiers will not be charged for beds at the Atkinson school, but here's hoping that the place will fail for want of patronage, anyhow.

Even Cook's advises people not to try to visit Europe in 1919. Begin planning now to "see America first."

Even half a league wouldn't be so bad, if we could make sure that it was half a league onward.

Wonder what the Russian for "vox populi" is?

Baby Mine.

By Grace E. Hall.

I bargained with the stork one day
regarding you, my dear,
And as I meant that you should stay
I made my points quite clear;
He promised with a cunning look that
my demands he'd meet,
And guaranteed a fairer babe no mortal
eye should greet.

Your eyes were to be soft and brown,
your skin like creamy peach;
Your hair, a mass of golden down, and
to your waistband reach;
Your nose, though not quite specified,
was still to be a feature;
In short, the rascal promised me a
dainty, witching creature.

And then you came—a scarlet mite,
wrapped in a flannel pinner,—
And had I caught the stork that night—
Well, heaven help the sinner!
There never was more cruel joke played
on a trusting mother,
But though my heart you almost broke,
I tried my grief to smother.

Two shifty and uncertain eyes you
blinked at me—and screamed;
And, judging from your mottled skin,
it never had been creamed;
Your nose was just a shapeless smudge;
and as for golden hair—
Not e'en a sprout was sticking out, for
your wee dome was bare!

But oh, the changes time has brought,
my baby true and sweet!
You are a lovely creature now from
head to dainty feet;
And though your eyes are deep, dark
blue and brown, not gold, your
hair,
You're what the stork first promised
me—a being wondrous fair;
With girlhood's halo 'round your head,
I'm proud to call you mine,
And wise men bow before you now
and worship at your shrine.

THEY'RE COMING HOME.

They're coming home, the boys who
crossed the sea
And shed their blood upon the fields
of France
To save the lily from the Hun's advance,
And keep the Stars and Stripes above
the free.

They're coming home, and how shall
they be met?
With band and banquet, then forgot
next day,
Forgotten till their forms are laid
away
And with belated tears their graves are
wet?

They ask no favors, nay, they do not
ask
Even justice, for the soldier learns
to bear
His fate in silence, though neglect
may tear
His heart as did no trying, bloody task.

But will there be a place where each
may go
Where, in the sight of home and with
old friends,
The threads of life may be rewound
whose ends
Were scattered when he left to face the
foe?

What does the khaki mean to you, the
name
Of safety alone, or gratitude and
love?
If safety only, when the flag above
Your head is flying, bow that head in
shame!

—RAYMOND E. BAKER.

LOOKING ACROSS CHASMS.

In an everyday place for eating,
Where salads and pies are doled,
Stood a waitress with daydreams a-fleeting,
'Midst visions which sensed bitter-sweeting,
And a destiny pigeon-holed.

A chorus girl came for her ration;
And the dreamer was led to infer
That this songbird was some constellation
With her camouflage ornamentation.
She softly sighed, "Wish't I was her."

The show girl wa'n't strong on day-dreaming.
Her seventeen per was enough.
She cared but for spotlights a-beaming
O'er her wealth of veneer and creaming,
And the cheers and encoring stuff.

For her lunch came a grocer's girl, sunny:
Gladsome eyes, and a spirited step,
And a won't-come-off smile, sweet as honey.
The singer'd give a month's alimony
To know how she come by her pep.

Oh, this clerk from the store of the grocer,
Fain with her to the altar you'd prance—
Though archly she'd answer you: No, sir;
You're a year and a quarter too slow, sir.
For my heart is somewhere in France.

Then there stepped in for luncheon a lady,
Somber-gowned, and white, waving hair:
An evangel to those who are shady—
Nor was the plump girl unready
Her place and her mission to share.

She had long been to outcasts a mother.
To those whom rites failed to suffice.
Good angels many rogues had no other,
For she dealt as with son or with brother—
Neither deigned to uphold nor despise.

Anon, for a wee, dainty dinner,
Entered one, with a golden-curled lass.
Her bright, baby face was a winner;
Dancing eyes, like a diadem's shimmer;
Aye, and pure as the dew in the grass.

All the others sat up and took notice
Of this innocent, naive little tot;
And their looks plainly said: You may quote us,
As wishing Father Time would just tote us
Back to that gentle child's happy lot.

ERNEST STEWART.

MY PAL.

Pal o' mine,
O do you see
The streak of luck that's come to me?
—Fame and fortune, health and strength;
Friends make short the journey's length.
New and great friends, strangers, too,
All admire the things I do.
Pal o' mine, you're proud of me?—
May God Bless you—always be
My pal.

Pal o' mine,
O do you hear
Slanders whispered in your ear?
Words of envy, biting deep,
Fearful harvest sure to reap.
See! The friends of palmy days
Slide into uncertain haze!
Pal o' mine, you're deaf—ah, yes—
To such slander!—Father bless
My pal.

Pal o' mine,
O do you see
The kind of deal Luck's handed me?
'Stead of fortune and success,
Now stalks misery and distress;
Friends deserted, luck all gone,
Now I face the world alone.
Pal o' mine, you're still with me?
God be with you—always be
My pal.

—ANNA F. JERZYK.
Portland, Oregon, March 11, 1919.