Sunday Oregonian

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ELI THAYER.

More than to any other one man Oregon owes a debt of gratitude to Eli Thayer, the centenary of whose birth falls on next Wednesday. Thayer was born on June 11, 1819, and represented the Worcester (Mass.) district in congress in the two sessions, 1857-1861. He was the organizer and leader of a revolt against the republican caucus in the house of the thirty-fifth congress which assured the admission of Oregon to statehood in 1859—an act fraught with consequences even more momentous to the nation than to the state itself. The delegates from Oregon to the republican national convention in 1860 had an important if not a controlling role in the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for president. It is not difficult to construct the story of what might have happened if Oregon's five votes had not been cast for Lincoln on the deciding ballot, but imagination is unequal to the task of visualising history as it would have been written if another than Lincoln—Edward Bates, for whom Oregon voted on the first ballot, or William H. Seward, to whom four of the Oregon delegates swung on the third ballot—had been chosen instead.

The house of the thirty-fourth congress (1857) passed the authorization act for Oregon statehood, but the bill did not reach the senate. Oregon proceeded to frame a constitution, which was ratified by its citizens. The constitution contained the provision excluding negroes from its boundaries which through unaccountable perversity is still retained, although the federal constitutional amendment has rendered it inoperative, and also the provision for voting by aliens upon mere declaration of intention to become citizens which was not replaced until 1914. The article concerning negro exclusion, as was well understood locally, was a compromise with those who were insistent that Oregon should be either a free state with negro exclusion or else a slave state. It was a time in which expediency figured greatly in politics. The constitution, this being the understanding, was ratified by a vote of 8640 to 1081. The negro exclusion clause was, as George H. Williams described it in an address twenty years ago, the "throwing of a tub to the whale" of the proslavery party to secure the success of the free state clause of the constitution.

The cause was a trouble breeder among the eastern abolitionists. The bill to admit Oregon, with its constitution, introduced in the thirty-fifth congress, was passed by the senate by a vote of 35 to 17. Eleven republicans voted for and seven republicans voted against it. Seward voted for the bill, although he disapproved the negro clause. Charles Sumner was absent. But in the house there developed a strong sentiment of opposition by southern extremists who opposed the erection of any other state which might threaten their domination, and there were also republicans who thought Oregon would be a democratic state. The importance of this was heightened by feeling that the house might be called on to decide the presidential election of 1860. Some (it now seems absurdly) feared that it would become a slave state. There entered into the controversy also the Kansas issue. That state had been told to wait until it should attain a sufficient population to entitle it to representation in the house, a condition forced on it by the democrats. The republican leaders decided to play off Oregon against Kansas, either to force the democrats to recede from the Kansas restriction or to punish them. The dictum went forth from the leaders that the republican majority should act as a unit.

Against this disciplinary edict Thayer rebelled. He set about getting support for a bolt from the caucus. In a few days he obtained pledges from sixteen republicans who promised to vote for Oregon's admission. "But," he wrote afterward, "Greeley and Thurlow Weed frightened some of these away and weakened my support." On the day of the vote he held fifteen, who with the democrats were able to obtain admission of Oregon to statehood by a majority of only eleven. It is possible, if not wholly probable, that if the state had not then been admitted to the union action would have been delayed until 1889.

Thayer held his ground without regard for the effect of his acts upon his own political fortunes. He argued that the sovereignty of a great people ought to be recognized regardless of party politics, and he denied that there was danger of the extension of slavery; this he regarded as having been settled by the Kansas case. He declared that the real reasons for the opposition of republicans was fear that Oregon would be a democratic state. He declined to inquire what the population of the proposed state might be. He was pledged to no rule. As to opposition based on the ground of negro exclusion, he said in the course of a speech in the house:

> It is said that this is in contravention of the constitution of the United States. This I do not admit. But what if it is? The constitution of Oregon is not submitted for our vote. All we have to do about it is to see that it is republican in form. If it is unconstitutional, it will fall of its own weight.

There were laws then on the statute books of Indiana and Illinois excluding free negroes from their boundaries. Thayer reminded his colleagues of this. He justified the Oregon alien suffrage provision on the ground of necessity to attract immigration. He continued:

> There is another argument—that Kansas has been excluded by the democratic party, and that therefore the republicans ought to exclude Oregon. . . . Now I, for one, am content that the record of the republican party with respect to Oregon shall be better than that of the democratic party in respect to Kansas. . . . . The question is: Do we choose a slave territory, or a free state?

Greeley was deeply incensed, and warned against the consequences if Oregon should vote for a pro-slavery president. It was a close contest—much closer than the mere figures reveal. John Sherman, who had been counted on to vote for the admission bill, was absent when the vote was taken. Schuyler Colfax was undecided until the final day. He confessed to Thayer that he was in a moral quandary. The men happened to be passing the office of the National Era, and Thayer suggested that Colfax leave the decision to Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, then its editor. Bailey advised him that Thayer was right and Colfax voted accordingly.

Although Greeley grilled Thayer for his stand, they were fellow delegates representing Oregon in the republican convention of 1860. Greeley held the proxy of Leander Holmes; Thayer that of Henry W. Corbett. Oregon had six seats in the convention, of which only five were occupied. Both Holmes and Corbett went east but did not arrive in time for the convention. The Oregon delegation cast its votes for Bates on the first two ballots, four delegates voted for Seward on the third ballot and all went to Lincoln on deciding ballot. Thus had Thayer, himself a lukewarm abolitionist, an opponent of extension fo slavery rather than of slavery itself, snatched victory from the jaws of defeat. There is little doubt that his stand on the Oregon question was the cause of the refusal of his constituents to return him in the election of 1860. In private life he gave an excellent account of himself. An educational institution which he built and conducted at Worcester, Mass., gave for the first time in the history of New England a collegiate type of education for women. He organized an emigrant aid society, the aim of which was to settle western states with people from free states. He died in Worcester at the age of seventy-nine.

Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, who figures in the narrative also as a friend of Oregon in an emergency, was a physician and a Methodist clergyman, whose attention had been drawn to the slavery issue by the expulsion of several students from Lane seminary on account of their abolitionist views. The National Era, of which he was then the editor, was the journal in which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published for the first time. Dr. Bailey died at sea, within a few weeks after he had counseled Schuyler Colfax to vote for Oregon's admission to statehood. Colfax, as some readers of history will remember, was vice-president in the first administration of President Grant. The dominant figure, from the Oregon viewpoint, however, was that of Eli Thayer, who never saw the commonwealth which he was chiefly instrumental in erecting into a state, but who seems to have comprehended clearly the spirit which animated its people, and to have had an uncommon grasp of the intricacies of a complex local political situation.

SIMPLY THE WILSON WAY.

There is no reason to suspect some secret conspiracy or illicit business relation between a member of the American peace delegation and a Wall-street man in order to explain the receipt of a copy of the peace treaty in New York before it is received by the senate. There has been plenty of time for copies to cross the Atlantic by mail. The book has been printed in French, English and German by some firm in Holland for public sale. It is on sale in Germany. The only people who do not know the precise text of the terms of peace are the people whose governments are dictating those terms.

Naturally, the senate expected that the president would send it a copy of the treaty, to be studied in preparation for the day when it must deliberate on the completed document, but just as naturally the president did no such thing. It would not accord with his conception of the functions of the senate in dealing with treaties. He has already expunged the word "advice" from the constitution in that connection. His idea is that he and Colonel House should arrange the terms with the three premiers, just occasionally consulting Henry White and General Bliss, that then the delegates of the other allies should be summoned and instructed to "sign here," that the Germans should be brought to the signing point and that then the completed treaty should be sent to the senate with the brief note, "Consent requested."

The president is acting strictly according to form. But the American people have some considerable interest in the matter, and they know that senators are about as human as the rest of them and do not like to be snubbed. The question may arise in the minds of many people: Is this the right way to put doubting senators in the frame of mind to vote for ratification? Is the president duly safeguarding the interests of the country when he ignores the plain functions of a coordinate body, rebuffs the members of that body and thereby adds to the risk of its refusal to ratify the treaty which is to bring peace not only to this country but to the world?

SOME THOUGHTS FOR SENATORS.

Those senators who are expending their oratory on denunciation of the league of nations covenant and on conjuring up calamities which would follow adherence to the league by the United States do not appear to have given much thought to the consequences, in case they should succeed in having the treaty rejected or amended. These consequences are explained in an article which Henry W. Taft has contributed to the New York Times.

If Germany and three of the principal allies should ratify the treaty, it would become effective as to those nations and they would immediately become free from all the obstructions which a state of war places in the way of commerce, while this nation would remain subject to those restrictions. For the United States fixing of prices of wheat, necessity of obtaining freight and shipping licenses would continue. All war laws which expire upon ratification of the treaty or on a certain date thereafter would remain in operation. Nor would a mere resolution of congress declaring the war ended be effective. Congress has no power to end a war in that manner; the only recognized means of ending war is by treaty. Many laws and business contracts are founded on that assumption, and endless doubt, confusion and litigation would follow an attempt to end the war in any other manner.

The covenant is so interwoven with the peace treaty that their separation is impossible. The treaty entrusts most important duties to the league and, if the covenant were cut out and rejected, some provisions of the treaty would become inoperative and would have to be redrawn. If any amendment should be adopted by the senate, the assent of all other signatories would have to be obtained. In that event if the three big allies and Germany had ratified the treaty without change, the war would end as to them but would continue as to the United States and other nations which followed our lead. While we awaited final ratification, this nation would be nominally at war but actually neither at peace nor at war.

It would not follow, if the senate made material amendments to the treaty, that President Wilson would submit them to the other nations for acceptance. He might regard them as rejection of the treaty as submitted, and might let the compact die, as other presidents have done with other treaties.

If without very good and well defined cause, more than a third of the senators should be so opinionated and obstinate as to reject the treaty, or if a majority should make changes which had that effect, they would have a great deal of explaining to do before they could satisfy the American people. There would be such deep discontent at the indefinite postponement that the people could not be mollified by Senator Reed's hatred of the British or Senator Johnson's visions of endless wars or Senator Knox's many fears. The opposing senators would find themselves in much the same position as the willful twelve who obstructed war when the occasion called for war.

PUT NO FAITH IN SHIPPING BOARD.

There is no room for misunderstanding of the motive behind the bad faith shown by the shipping board in its dealings with Pacific coast shipbuilders. It has made promise after promise only to break them. It has discriminated in the most flagrant manner in favor of the Atlantic and against the Pacific coast.

The reason is Hog Island and its three brothers of the hog tribe, the government-owned fabricated shipyards. Hog Island is operated by the American International corporation, which is an offshoot of the National City bank, and the same company owns the New York Shipbuilding company. They had enough pull to induce the board to build the Hog Island yard and let them run it on a commission basis. They put up nothing but the "know how," to use their own expression; and results indicate how little "know how" they had. Pacific coast shipbuilders put up their own money to build the yards, they built more than half the steel tonnage constructed for the war, they are ready to beat any cost per ton which can be shown at Hog Island on an equal basis of figuring, but they are all to be out of a job in a few months, while the Atlantic coast is to be kept busy far into 1920.

Evidently it is useless to appeal to Chairman Hurley's sense of fair play, for he has none. He has a wholesome respect for what congress may do to him, his board and his programme. A strong array of votes in congress may extort something from him, but more effective would be a clean sweep of the whole board and substitution of a new organization. Failing that, the least that should be asked is specific legislation reapportioning present contracts between the two coasts, and making the same provision as to new tonnage that may be authorized. No discretion should be allowed on these points, for it would be used in the old unfair manner.

There is no good reason why the present board should survive. As a means of procuring that bridge of ships to France it was a conspicuous failure. It has blundered and wabbled about an operating policy. It has practiced shameful favoritism between sections and cities. It has done nothing toward revision of the shipping laws, which is one of the first necessities of the merchant marine. It has verified every argument which was made against the law creating it. It is in the same class with government operation of railroads and with Burleson's tangling of wires. Any board would be better than this board, but no board at all would be better than any board.

FARMING A SKILLED TRADE.

There is resentment in certain circles over the assumption, conveyed in an appeal to the "merchants, clerks and professional men" of a town in Kansas to forego their usual vacations and devote the time so saved to work in the harvest fields, that the city man needs merely to lay down his pen and take up the pitchfork to become a skilled farmer. There is craft pride among the farmers of Kansas. They think their trade calls for as much special skill as some other trades that they might mention. Capper's Weekly, published in Topeka, says that "a town man on the farm is merely in the way."

Even the operation of shocking wheat, we are reminded, an operation that "requires perhaps as little skill and knowledge as any farm operation," calls for some experience. The sheaves must be shocked in such a way that the heads will be protected from the rain and the shocks themselves will offer a minimum resistance to the wind. Stacking wheat is a high-grade performance. Some of the tasks, such as pitching from the ground to the wagon, have been done away with out in the country where the "combines" flourish, but it is still necessary on small farms. A man at least needs the knack of saving himself in the operation. And handling a binder or header not only involves ability to handle from three to six horses but also requires considerable knowledge of machinery.

"So it goes down the line of farm work." There is a guess that not more than half of the men from town would know what to do with a team of horses entrusted to their care. Not one in ten would know how much to feed, and not more than one in twenty could be trusted as to the how and when of watering a horse. Perhaps not more than one in 500, as is estimated, would know when a cow had been milked clean. The statistically inclined will be interested in the calculation that shocking wheat is thirteen times as violent as baseball, and nine times as violent as tennis. No comparison with golf is attempted.

It is plain enough that at least one Kansas farmer holds a low opinion of the value of city help. Yet it sometimes has turned out that city men, for all their inexperience, have saved the day. In a town in eastern Oregon last season certain clerks and merchants shut up shop and went out and saved a big field of hay that otherwise would have been spoiled. Nor is it necessary for one to master the whole science of agriculture in order to do certain special jobs reasonably well. The farmer who relies on city help will profit by a little study of vocational fitness and intelligent direction. And there are many tasks not quite so backbreaking as heeing down onto the draper of a threshing machine. Farming in point of skill required is at least as complicated as plumbing—yet there is plenty of evidence that the boys' land army and the women's reserve working corps both made good when they were skillfully disposed. It seems now as if city help would be needed before next harvest is safe in the granary, and it will be better to use city help than to let good food be wasted. Incidentally it will do no harm to let the city folk learn for themselves that the farmer's trade is quite as much entitled to respect as their own.

ORGANIZED BOYHOOD.

The executive committee in charge of the nation-wide campaign for a million associate members of the Boy Scouts of America, which is to be conducted next week, states the case accurately when it says that the "Boy Scout movement has given organized boyhood a place alongside the Red Cross and other great organizations as a national institution." President Wilson recently gave recognition to this movement when he dignified it by a national proclamation, in which he urged all Americans to supply the means to put the scouts in a position to carry forward effectively and continuously the splendid work they are doing for the youth of the nation. There are in round numbers ten million boys in the United States between the ages of 12 and 21. Of these only 375,000 are enrolled as members of the Boy Scouts of America. For the good of the boys themselves the number should be much greater than that.

But the campaign upon which the friends of the movement are about to enter calls attention to a duty as well as a privilege of the older ones. The fathers and mothers and other friends of the boys here have opportunity to translate thoughts into deeds. The opening for men, especially returning soldiers and sailors, qualified by character and inclination to act as leaders of boys will not be ignored by those who are alive to the spirit of the movement. The prime purpose is to obtain at least a million associate members. In this campaign each city, town or village is asked to furnish a definite quota determined by the same process as was used in allotting quotas in the victory loan. In addition to this it is hoped to increase the active membership of the scouts to a million by February 20, 1920, when the tenth anniversary of the organization will be celebrated. The latter object will be the more easily attained when the associate membership has been increased.

"To create is better than to destroy," the fundamental principle which is taught to young scouts, is one with which no sane man or woman will disagree. The scouts are taught first aid, life-saving, signalling, seamanship and woodcraft and are initiated into the mysteries of the great world outdoors. The spirit of service and of chivalry, of which there cannot be too much in the world, is absorbed by the scout who learns his lesson. This has been exemplified by the work of scouts in the past, and their helpful and constructive work in the great war for liberty. Conspicuous examples are found in the success of the scouts in locating hidden wireless plants and in taking a census of the walnut trees of the United States at a time when these services could hardly have been performed so efficiently by adults.

The lesson of Boy Scout week, however, will be lost upon those who think that they have done their whole duty when they have enrolled themselves as associate members and have paid the membership fee of "one dollar or more." For as the cardinal principle of the youthful scouts is service, so also must be that of the adults who are now asked to give a helping hand. Scouting has been developed and operated for the last nine years on a practically self-supporting basis. Income from registrations and other sources has approximately covered running expenses. Field and extension work alone has depended upon voluntary contributions. The need now exists not only for more of these contributions but also for men to act as volunteer leaders and advisers to groups of boys. "Anything," said the president in his proclamation, "that is done to increase the effectiveness of the Boy Scouts of America will be a genuine contribution to the welfare of the nation." This will be accomplished in at least two ways—by making the boys themselves better citizens, and by broadening the outlook of those who are now called upon to work with them. The appeal to the friends of the boys ought not to fall on deaf ears.

A SUSPENDED POETIC FACULTY.

Thomas Hardy, arriving a few days ago at the age of 79, illustrates the power of war to revive a long-suspended poetic faculty. Even if we assume, as perhaps we must, that the poet is born and not made, it remains measureably true that inspiration often needs awakening. There are poets who are impelled by the least happening to burst into song—but there also are the other kind, requiring powerful stimulus for their emotions.

Hardy as a novelist was supposed to be the least emotional of English writers. He was an observer and a recorder, rather than an interpreter, of character. A powerful master of the mechanics of authorship, he won fame only after painstaking practice and many failures. A complete set of Hardy's works would put an unprofitable burden on any bookshelf; yet not to have read Hardy at all is to be unacquainted with a good deal that is worth while in recent English literature. His greatest success was "Tess of the d'Ubervilles," published in 1891. Seven years before that he made his first tenstrike with "Far From the Madding Crowd." He then had so little confidence in his own ability that he permitted the story to be published anonymously and it was attributed by critics to George Eliot. His "Return of the Native" is held by some to be the most powerful of his novels, and "Jude the Obscure" is the most thoughtful and philosophical, and all in all the most worth while, if the reader is seeking stimulus rather than entertainment. But the former now bears in the popular mind a relation to his more popular novels that is comparable to the relationship of Dickens' "Little Dorritt" or "Barnaby Rudge" with any of the seven or so of Dickens' novels which seem to withstand the test of time. "Jude the Obscure" still has a definitely circumscribed list of admirers.

Verse with Hardy in his younger days was a pastime. He was intended for an architect. Indeed, in 1863 he won the medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects for an essay on "Colored Bricks and Terra Cotta in Architecture," and in the same year won an architectural prize for design. He was then 23 years old, and in doubt whether he would adopt literature or architecture as a profession. When he decided in favor of literature he practically abandoned poetry, but in his attempts to write prose he betrayed the builder in him. Being advised by George Meredith against publication of a certain "purpose story" which he had written, because it lacked plot, he withdrew it and wrote a novel which was all plot, which was printed in 1871. This was "Desperate Remedies," which now seems unsatisfactory to Hardy devotees. He cannot be said to have found himself until he was 34. Since then he has written prodigiously.

It is not quite accurate to say that he wrote no verse meanwhile, but he published little. A volume of poems, the collected results of the cursory work of some thirty years, was published about 1898. "Time's Laughing Stock" appeared in 1908. The war enhanced his poetic gift, yet he will be remembered chiefly as a novelist who was at his best when he clung to his native heath, which he called Wessex. In this he conveyed a moral to those who believe that they could write if only they were transported to another atmosphere than their own. Wessex is no more, and perhaps no less, romantic than a million other spots on the face of the globe. Yet when Hardy wrote of it and of its characters, he was convincing; he endowed them with almost Shakespearean charm, and he rose to his greatest heights, because, to mix the metaphor a little, he was on safe ground. He is enough a fatalist to appeal to those who would rather blame circumstances for their misfortunes than to fight against them, and sufficiently skillful in his literary architecture to satisfy those who read literature for its own sake. A sense of humor somewhat too subtle to be called typically British lends a fillip to some of his writings which otherwise would bore us with their tendency toward moralizing.

WHENCE COMES GENIUS?

In pursuit of further data to bear out the conclusion of another well-known student of eugenics, that acquired traits are transmissible by heredity, M. H. Fischer, writing in the Unpopular Review, estimates the average of the time between the birth of parents and their children in New England at thirty-three years. He notes that New England stock is notably good, and that it has contributed much to the progress not only of civilization in general but of our own country in particular. But the difference of sixty-six years between the dates of birth of the average grandfather and grandson in New England seems small by comparison with the difference exhibited by study of the cases of grandsons who have been recognized by history as superlative geniuses in some form. For example, there were Augustus Caesar, who was born 118 years after his grandfather; Audubon, the naturalist, 115 years younger than his grandfather; Benjamin Franklin, 108 years; Washington Irving, 107 years; and Gustavus Adolphus, an even century. These examples and many more, including Abraham Lincoln, who was born seventy-six years later than his grandfather, and Ulysses S. Grant, seventy-four years, make a formidable array. Charles Darwin has long been a classical citation of the eugenists. He not only was seventy-eight years younger than his grandfather, but there were other links in the chain of his heredity which make him worthy of separate study.

The "father of eugenics" probably was Sir Francis Galton. It was he who first defined the movement which seeks as its main purpose to "bring as many influences as can reasonably be employed to cause the useful classes of the community to contribute more than their proportion to the next generation." Galton himself was a scientist of much ability, an anthropologist, a physicist and a geographer. It is a coincidence, if it is not otherwise significant, that he was the grandson of Erasmus Darwin, who was born in 1731. Galton himself was born in 1822. The difference of ninety-one years in this instance places Galton in a class with Pope, Goethe, Whittier and John Hunter, the celebrated physiologist. If he was not the actual founder of the science of eugenics, it at least was he who first employed the word in its present sense. This he did in 1884, in his "Human Faculties." The word is borrowed almost without change from the Greek—the language to which scientists have had recourse in similar emergencies for a long time.

Whence comes genius? It has been a subject of speculation ever since Charles Darwin began to write. Galton himself, about the time of our civil war, proposed that systematic efforts should be made to improve the breed of mankind by checking the birth rate of the unfit and furthering the productivity of the fit. The pseudo-science called phrenology, with its associated studies in combinations of inherited faculties, was the outgrowth of popular interest in the larger subject. More recently Casper L. Redfield of the American Genetic Association offered a prize of $200 for any evidence that any one of the two or three thousand recognized intellectually great men or women of history was the product of an ancestry averaging less than four generations to the century, and another prize of the same amount for proof that any of the two or three hundred "extraordinarily great men or women" came in a line that averaged three generations to the century. Dr. Fischer goes even more deeply into the question. He finds that in a list of 571 eminent men the average time between the birth of father and son was 40.7 years. The child of a father of twenty-five has only one-fifth the chance of becoming great through natural talents that is possessed by the child whose father was forty when he came into the world. Mr. Redfield himself, who is an indefatigable delver into the records, has already told us that Confucius was born when his father was seventy-one. Confucius had a son when he was nineteen. Perhaps it is significant that the Confucius family dropped out of history at this point. Franklin was the youngest son of a youngest son for five generations. His own son, born when Franklin was twenty-three, followed the rule of Confucius' case.

Charles Kassel several years ago tabulated the birth months of a thousand famous personages, with inconclusive results. He did show that more poets, clergymen and scientists were born in the latter half of the year than in the first six months, but the reverse proved true as to philosophers, statesmen and military figures. And plainly a ratio of thirty to twenty-four, as in the case of the poets, proved nothing worth mentioning. But when, later, Kassel investigated the parentage of a thousand famous individuals, he found better material. There were 510 whose parents were "noteworthy," only 298 whose parents were obscure, and 192 as to whom data were lacking. But if we should add to the list of "noteworthy" parents all those whose occupations presupposed possession of better than average intellect the total would reach 584, and it is still possible that in the list of 192 parents who could not be traced there were some of superior mental powers. The obscurity of these might be accounted for by repression under the forms of government in Europe in bygone times, and also by the imperfection of systems of keeping records. Universal biographies are a product of a modern time. The case for the superior parents seems to be a strong one.

But the list will bear further analysis than Mr. Kassel gave it. Only seventy-six of the ancestors were of a character from which "out of the ordinary" traits are definitely to be excluded. But it also is to be noted that this list is made up of peasants, laborers, artisans and others. Only two great men have been butchers' sons, according to Mr. Kassel. It seems unfair to exclude artisans without knowing a good deal more about them. There was a time when artisans might have failed to get into the standard biographies for reasons not their own faults. Among Americans, the percentage of "noteworthy" ancestors is notoriously small, the Edwards and Adams families to the contrary notwithstanding. This does not, however, vitiate the age rule which Mr. Redfield has formulated and which Dr. Fischer is inclined to uphold. This brings us again to Abraham Lincoln, whose parents were "obscure," although seventy-six years did elapse between his grandfather's birth and Lincoln's own. It is pretty generally admitted that Thomas Lincoln was "thriftless" and that he did not make much effort at self-improvement, but his wife—the mother of Abraham Lincoln—was a woman of great nobility of character and probably of uncommon mental power, although she had small education. The balance is here inclined toward the side of Mr. Redfield's age theory rather than that of the relative fame or obscurity of the parents.

The notion that acquired traits are transmitted by heredity requires further analysis before we can accept it unqualifiedly. Mr. Kassel finds that of thirty-nine famous sons of clergymen, only seven were clergymen. The rest were poets, authors, historians and the like. One was a military figure in history. Of thirteen sons of musical parents, only four were musicians. Out of eleven famous sons of physicians, there were only two who were themselves physicians. Military men conspicuously failed to transmit military genius. Of forty-three sons of these, there were just nine famous soldiers. William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, and essentially a man of peace, was the son of a fighting admiral. Incidentally, he was born when his father was twenty-three. And sixty-eight artisans who were parents of celebrities produced among other progeny eight great poets, six philosophers, nine painters, seven noted clergymen and three military leaders.

It is too early in the development of genetics to generalize dogmatically. Even the case method of study has its disadvantages. Genius has a way of cropping out in the most unexpected places. The eugenists would like to be able to produce it at will. We shall not say that, some day, it will not be done, but it is evident that they are still a long way from having formulated the rules for the creation of the ideal.

Under the armistice all German troops were to evacuate Russia, but they are still there, fighting for the bolshevists against the Esthonians. Being "easy" on that point, the allies are considered easy on the peace terms, provided the Germans bluff enough.

Germany's preference for a lump sum indemnity over one based on actual damages to be determined later indicates that she herself concedes that the ruin she created is beyond the possibility of hasty estimation.

Carranza's plans for an anti-Villa drive seem to have been delayed. Can it be that Villa, after all, was killed long ago, and that he is laughing at his old-time enemy from his place in another sphere?

This is the season when sweet girl graduates appear in gowns they made themselves, and in the interests of future loveliness and economy it is to be hoped that they will not lose the patterns.

The elasticity of the American language is illustrated by the accounts of the performance of the NC-4, which describe it as "blazing the way" for aviation across the Atlantic.

The senators demand that the full text of the peace treaty be shown them, the summary being sufficient only to guide them in making up their minds.

Our allies now owe us $9,390,219,124, which would go quite a way toward relieving the burden of that luxury tax if we had it all in cash.

Weather Observer Wells is respectfully reminded that this is a week in which Portland has a reputation for hospitality to maintain.

With ideal wheat conditions and corn on the mend, providence certainly is kind to those who have the wherewithal to buy bread.

Only the most ungallant of men would intimate that the girls are hiding their ears nowadays on account of the size of them.

There is no use of planning for an old-fashioned Fourth of July this year. It would seem tame to everybody after the war.

Something more than roses is needed to make a rose festival. These are practical days and the dollars count.

Joe Knowles hasn't told us yet what a primitive man would do in a lunch-counter rush in Rose Festival time.

An Austrian army (of only 15,000) will not soon boldly by batteries besiege Belgrade.

It is not true, it seems, that an Oregon prune by any other name would taste as sweet.

Our old friend the 2-cent stamp will also get a rousing welcome.

Winnipeg will be normal after a stretch of martial law.

Berry-picking time coincides nicely with school vacation.

My Mother's Songs.

By Grace E. Hall.

Famed artists whom the whole world
gives ovation,
Yield pleasures that entrance the
listening ear,
As from the taut smooth strings they
draw vibration,
Unfolding mystic stories all may
hear;
The inner mind responds to each impression,
And conjures pictures maybe never
seen,
The soul absorbs the glow or deep depression,
And adds its color to the mental
screen.

No other paints more rapidly his picture
Than I, who sense each note of joy
and pain,
And yet deep in my brain like stubborn
fixture,
There ever dwells a well-loved old
refrain;
Above grand orchestras it ever quavers,
There is a solemn beauty in the tone,
Though high and clear, it neither
breaks nor wavers,
This song that's heard by me—and
me alone.

'Twas sung by one who long has been
a-slumber,
"Tis mother's voice in pathos or in
cheer,
It touched me then, and times beyond
all number
Has rung again within my listening
ear;
I vision, too, the scene, the twilight
falling,
The door ajar, the lights turned dim
and low,
And from her rocking chair a voice is
calling—
I hear again those songs of long ago!

THE TRUTH.

Who when the bugle called to arm
The nation and to shield from harm
By foreign foe our sunlit shore
Was patriotic to the core
And offered life and wealth and fame,
A sacrifice in freedom's name?
Not bolshevists!

Or when the issue by a thread
Hung menacing above our head,
And every sinew, thought or nerve
Was needed in its place to serve,
Bent to the task with super-might—
A legioned host to work and fight?
Not bolshevists!

And all the gallant heroes, slain;
Sleeping on Flanders' poppied plain
Or under France's starry sky,
Who went to conquer or to die
And braved the hell of shell and shot
Those sons of liberty were not
Bolshevists!

Each valiant and determined crew
Who were the navy's steadfast blue
And manned the ships which honest toil
In union had produced to foil
The lurking prowlers of the brine
No subtile falsehood could define them
Bolshevists!

Yet who would brazenly defame
The sacred honor of their name
And drag it through the dust to shame
A bait of their seditious game?
The bolshevists!
Soldiers and sailors, labor, beware
Of lending prestige to a snare
—X.

WILD-ROSE.

From out the vale of mystery,
To my hearth a rose-leaf was borne;
Just a tiny shell-pink petal,
From the heart of a wild rose torn.

All in vain I sought this wild rose.
That in some secret bower grew;
Sought the rose to match my petal,
With sad fair face of shell-pink hue.

Her wee frail leaf I guarded well;
But alas!—when I woke in the morn,
Wild wind had carried my treasure
Away—and left for me a thorn!
—MINA M. GATENS.

THOSE DEMOISELLES; OO LA LA!

Youthful Major Qualifies as One of Love's Worst Casualties.

CAMP LEWIS, American Lake, Wash., June 6.—(To the Editor.)—In reference to the "American girl" versus the "French girl" permit me to offer a few words of enlightenment on this question. I consider myself an authority on the girl question. Having had sweethearts of the various clans, Filipino, Mexican, German, French, Dago, Jap, English and American, I feel perfectly safe in giving others the knowledge of my vast experience.

To commence with, I am an "ossifer" of the United States army, yet in the early twenties—not a "shave-tail" but a Maj (hum!); fairly good-looking; single; unfortunately, not an heir, though possessed with charms and a vocabulary capable of making the best of them fall. Perhaps the "old-fashioned girl" would call me a "male vamp." The more modern ones, however, say that I am a bear.

Now to get to the point at which I am driving. Take the years of experience; the many different lands in which I have loved. Consider the fact that I commenced at this game at the early age of 6. Sum all of this up and then apply it to my assertions. The final result will be: "He knows what he is talking about."

Perhaps it would be well to add that the writer is a "hero" of the great war, having been in France for many months.

Now aptly to discuss the subject in question. When I conclude, it's a sure thing—I would even bet on it—that all parties, even the "old-fashioned girl," will agree with me in perfect harmony.

Just for an illustration:
(A) The Filipino girl? "Well!"
(B) The Mexican girl? "Umph!"
(C) The German girl? "O ——!" (What Sherman said).
(D) The English girl. "Not so bad!"
(E) The "Old-fashioned American girl" (even the modern). "P-o-o-h!"
(F) The French girl—"Oo la, la!" (In addition, "Oh, boy!").

In other words experience has taught the writer that the French girl is the one poets write of. She is sublime; first, last and always. Vive les demoiselles Francaises! (To be repeated many times if necessary).

The "Old-fashioned American girl?" "Goodness, Agnes, Never!"

To uphold the veracity of chapter 1, the writer wishes to add that the French girl is some cook, some housekeeper, some sweetheart, some dresser and some companion! Believe me, she is there in every way. In addition French girls make the best wives and mothers going.

The sergeant is perfectly right. My sincere thanks to him for the stand he took in the American-French girl question. Were I authorized to give him a medal, I would pin the highest one known on his manly chest for his daring and bravery. I suppose he is in the same frame of mind as myself, that is:

"If we could only return to France!"

In concluding my noble stand on this vital question I wish to add that "the old-fashioned American girl" is entirely out of the question. In a few years she will be as extinct as the Grays Harbor county "Wampus." However, there is one point that I must concede, and that is, she might (I did not say would), do in an extreme emergency, or in case one could never get the fare to get back over the pond. But let us hope that that day will never come, and on kissing this old world good-by we can open our eyes for the last time, to see standing by our bedside the product of sunny France.

"Ma petite cherie Marguerite!"

Sergeant, am I right?

A REAL AMERICAN.