Sunday Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

Subscription rates—Invariably in advance:

(By Mail.)

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

(By Carrier.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year....$9.00
Daily, Sunday included, one month.... .75
Daily, Sunday included, three months.... 2.25
Daily, without Sunday, one year.... 7.80
Daily, without Sunday, three months.... 1.95
Daily, without Sunday, one month.... .65

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

Postage Rates—12 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 32 pages, 2 cents; 34 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 50 to 60 pages, 4 cents; 62 to 76 pages, 5 cents; 78 to 82 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage, double rates.

Eastern Business Office—Verree & Conklin, Brunswick building, New York; Verree & Conklin, Steger building, Chicago; Verree & Conklin, Free Press building, Detroit, Mich.; San Francisco representative, R. J. Bidwell.

FICTION ALMOST OUTDONE.

As Adam was a-working outside of Eden-wall,
He used the Earth, he used the Seas, he used the Air and all;
And out of black disaster
He arose to be the master
Of Earth and Water, Air and Fire,
But never reached his heart's desire!

Sixteen years ago Rudyard Kipling wrote the story, "With the Fast Mail," which developments in aeronautics within the past few days make timely again. Purporting to have been printed in a magazine of date of 2000 A. D., it shows Kipling to have been inspired as a prophet, but not without the conservatism of an Englishman of his time. Barring the refinements of air travel about which Kipling wrote, the events which he visualized in the form of fiction have largely come to pass, a little more than eighty years ahead of time. The air mail, if airplanes be considered (Kipling was writing about dirigible balloons), has been in existence a little more than a year. Its first anniversary was celebrated on May 15 last by two planes with the same motors which had inaugurated the service and which had done continuous duty in sunshine and gale. Their record of a schedule maintained to 92 per cent of perfection almost makes the fantastic dream of Kipling an accomplished fact.

Certain interesting parallels found in the story of "Postal Packet 162," the Kipling ship, and that of the R-34, which anchored proudly at Mineola, N. Y., the other day, will reward the reader of both narratives. "I wonder," said one of Kipling's personages, "if any of us ever know what we are really doing." He was philosophizing over the proposition that the inventor of a steering device had perfected his rudder to help war-boats ram each other; "and war went out of fashion and Magniac went out of his mind because he couldn't help his country any more." The voyage of the R-34 is distinctly an outgrowth of war, and we hope with Kipling that war will have gone out of fashion by the time that trans-Atlantic flights are as much a matter of course as those which are depicted in "With the Night Mail."

"Heavy traffic hereabouts," the Kipling record says, and "mail boats have the five thousand level to themselves." This is a slightly higher level than the R-34 sought, but it will be borne in mind that necessity for revising traffic rules does not yet exist. Postal Packet 162 took its time about ascending to the higher altitudes, as did R-34, although for a different reason. "Wind in east, seven miles per hour," says the chronicle of the actuality, "and so we are making a good forty miles an hour and resting three engines." "There is," says the Kipling tale, "no sense in urging machinery when Aeolus himself gives you good knots for nothing." There is a slight difficulty with the cylinder water jacket of the R-34, which, however, is repaired. Kipling permits his perfect bit of machinery no such lapse, but he suggests possibilities, and long before the world war he has his fling at German workmanship:

"Now look at our thrust collars. You won't find much German compo there. Full jewelled, you see," says Captain Hodgson, as the engineer shunts open the top of a cap. Our shaft bearings are C. M. C. (Commercial Minerals company) stones, ground with as much care as the lens of a telescope. . . . They are a shining reproof to all low-grade German "ruby" enamels, so-called "boort" facings, and the dangerous and unsatisfactory alumina compounds which please dividend-hunting owners and turn skippers crazy.

But we shall look rather for the parallel of the spirit which actuates these men than for identical experiences, and it is easy to imagine the impatience with which the crew of the R-34, if they were men of imagination, as no doubt they were, regarded their progress across the ocean and longed for the day, which no doubt they were able to see in the distance, when to the dependability of the dirigible would be added the speed of the airplane. Kipling's ship, making her "eighteen-second mile," and then speeding up to a mile for every sixteen seconds, awakened the same longings in her men. "Some fine day," says Kipling's Tim, "we'll be even with that clock's master." He alludes to the sun. "He's coming now," says George, over his shoulder. "I'm chasing the night west."

The engine-room is hot and stuffy; the clerks in the coach are asleep, and the Slave of the Ray is ready to follow them. Tim slides open the after-colloid and reveals the curve of the world—the ocean's deepest purple—edged with fuming and intolerable gold. Then the sun rises and through the colloid strikes out our lamps. Tim scowls in his face.

"Squirrels in a cage," he mutters. "That's all we are. Squirrels in a cage! He's going twice as fast as us. Just you wait a few years, my shining friend, and we'll take steps that'll amaze you. We'll Joshua you!"

Yes, that is our dream: to turn all earth into a Vale of Ajalon at our pleasure. So far, we can drag out the dawn to twice its normal length in these latitudes. But some day—even on the equator—we shall hold the sun level in his full stride.

There are other fanciful—but we shall not now say unreasonably fanciful—conceptions in the prophecy. "Funny how the new things are the old things," says Tim, and goes on:

"I've read in books that savages used to haul their sick and wounded up to the tops of the hills because the microbes were fewer there. We hoist 'em into sterilized air for a while. Same idea. How much do the doctors say we've added to the average life of a man?"

"Thirty years," says George, with a twinkle in his eyes.

The mayor of Atlantic City, with his ultimatum, "fly high or keep off altogether," makes real the vision of the new law of the air that Kipling glimpses for us. "Decoverture of domicile," the principle invoked, ought to interest lawyers who also have eyes for the future. For, in reply to "Pater-familias" (it seems that there are "Answers to correspondents" even in A. D. 2000) the same magazine that prints the story of the Night Mail has this to suggest:

None whatever. He is liable to direct damage both to your chimneys and any collateral damages caused by falling of bricks into your garden, etc., etc. Bodily inconvenience and mental anguish may be included, but the average courts are not, as a rule, swayed by sentiment. If you can prove that his grapnel removed any portion of your roof, you had better rest your case on decoverture of domicile (see Perkins v. Duboulay). We sympathize with you, but the night of the 24th was stormy and confused, and—you may have to anchor on a stranger's chimney yourself some night.

The log of the R-34 reveals strikingly that already, as is the way with men of our race, the once marvelous is accepted as a matter of routine. With a music machine playing for the diners, with the "watch off duty turning in for their regular four hours' sleep"—quite as watches have been doing ever since the surface of the sea was first navigated—with only the most perfunctory of official greetings at the conclusion of the voyage, we seem to see the real Night Mail an established institution. It would hardly be extravagant to suppose that Kipling may live to realize every salient feature of his story, including crowded air lanes over every ocean, substantially true to life.

HOW IT IS ALWAYS DONE.

Every once in a while a missionary goes from the far northwest to tell the wise men who guide the destinies of the American government of the wonders of this remote region. First it was the venturesome men who came into the wilds to educate the Indian, to Christianize him and who found here the potential assets of a great American state; and they united in their appeals to Washington for attention and action.

Then again it was the hardy pioneers who formed a provisional government in the disputed territory and later caused the American flag to be raised over it. It is not forgotten that in the troublesome times of the civil war the menace of rebellion reared its ugly head in the west, and that a movement was well under way to set up a new nation on the Pacific coast. It was crushed by the prompt and courageous service of patriotic men.

Through long years the only effective way to get Washington to do its full duty by Oregon, in public improvement of harbors, was to offer a partnership arrangement by which the state put up half the money, and in this fashion much has been accomplished. Yet after the state had progressed far in its material development, largely through self-help, the federal government in a panic took over vast areas of its lands, and rededicated them to neglect, isolation and decay.

Now a new band of missionaries is at Washington—ambassadors and plenipotentiaries of the sentiment and interest of Oregon—to speak for the Roosevelt highway. They found there an atmpsohere as usual uncongenial, the attitude of congress indifferent, not to say hostile. But they told their story, and they made a real impression. The reason seems to have been that the congressional committee learned that the new highway will penetrate and develop vast stretches of government lands, and will contribute greatly to their accessibility and value. So the Roosevelt highway is an investment of direct benefit to Uncle Sam.

There is even a better reason—several better reasons. One of them is that the Roosevelt highway will have military and strategic value, and, in case of war, it may prove to be indispensable to national defense. Why should such considerations be forgotten or ignored? Are we never to have another war? Or are we to assume that there will be no more wars, and not even a chance of them?

PEACE EXCEPT IN SPOTS.

The war ended with the signing of the series of armistices with Bulgaria on September 30, with Turkey on October 31, with Austria on November 3 and with Germany on November 11, and hostilities are supposed to have ceased then, but—

Poland is at war with the Ukrainians in eastern Galicia, with the bolshevists in white Russia, has been at war with Germany in Silesia, Posen and west Prussia, with the Cecho-Slovaks in Teschen, and threatens war with Lithuania at Vilna. For a newly liberated country that has been under the heels of three despots for a century and a half and that has been swept bare by the Russo-German campaigns, Poland displays a surprising amount of military activity.

Roumania is fighting the bolshevists on the Dniester, the Hungarians on the Theiss, has almost come to blows with the Jugo-Slavs in the Banat, and is threatened with attack by the Bulgarians in the Dobrudja.

The Jugo-Slavs are fighting Austria for Klagenfurt and a district along the Drave river, Hungary for districts between the Drave and Danube and on the Theiss, and Albania for Prisrend, Jacova and Ipek, and are almost at war with Italy for Fiume and Dalmatia.

The Cecho-Slovaks are fighting the Hungarians on their southern border, and have a war brewing with the Ukrainians in the eastern Carpathians, while an armistice has suspended their war with the Poles for Teschen.

In Russia the bolshevists are attacked by the Letts, Esthonians, Finns and General Yudevitch's Russian army in the vicinity of Petrograd, by the allies and Russians in the Archangel district, by Kolchak's army in the east, by Gregorieff's peasant army in the Ukraine and by Denikin's army in the southeast, while there is fighting at spots in Siberia.

The Afghans have attacked India and are being driven back by the British Indian army.

Egypt is in rebellion at heart against Britain, though the armed uprising has been suppressed.

In Tripoli the Arabs have forced the Italians to retreat to the coast.

France in Morocco is fighting tribes which have been incited to rebellion by the Germans.

A large part of Ireland is in such rebellious mood against England that martial law prevails.

The great war is over, but it has been succeeded by many little wars. Many of these can be traced to German and bolshevist influence, which was left free when the German army was compelled to cease fighting. In order to stop German hostilities it was necessary not only to overpower the German army and navy, but to destroy the power of propaganda which still remained in the hands of the Germans and bolshevists. If that had been done and if all the German frontiers had been occupied by the allies, that propaganda could have been stamped out and the little wars could have been prevented. Because the war was stopped before it was finished, bolshevism gained time to organize and to spread its poison and therefore still lives, and the great war has been followed by many little wars.

The world is officially at peace, according to the treaty which has just been ratified at Weimar, but in fact it is thickly spotted with wars. The league of nations cannot get to work too soon on settlement of the disputes which caused them.

LORD RAYLEIGH AND OTHERS.

John William Strutt, in his later years known as Lord Rayleigh, died the other day, but the event passed unnoticed except in the restricted circles in which the work of abstract scientific research is appreciated. Yet he was a great physicist. His fame rests upon his rediscovery in collaboration with Sir William Ramsay of the presence of a third element in the atmosphere, to which because of its inertness was given the name "argon," made up from the Greek equivalents for "won't work." Cavendish had revealed the mysterious additional constituents a century before, but it remained for Lord Rayleigh and Ramsay to confirm this and to perfect a process of its isolation.

This was done just a quarter of a century ago. It has not yet been shown that argon in its isolated state is a utility to mankind, but one never can tell what results will flow from the work done by men working with no definite purpose in view. It is only 147 years since Rutherford found that there was nitrogen in the atmosphere and only 145 years since the presence of oxygen was detected by Priestley, both men working for the pure love of knowledge, yet it is not too much to say that their efforts have produced a revolution in industry. Helium, which Ramsay succeeded in producing in 1895, in similar circumstances, already gives promise of taking from ballooning the danger due to the high explosiveness and expansive quality of pure hydrogen gas. There is reason to suppose that argon in the course of time will prove itself useful to man.

It is not easy to appraise at true value the work of scientists of the class to which such men as Lord Rayleigh, Ramsay, Sir William Crookes, Cavendish, Priestley and Rutherford belong. They are reminders of the more recent researches of other physicists who have been seeking a simple way of measuring the millionth of an inch. It is next to impossible for the untrained individual even to form a conception of this measurement. H. L. Van Keuren, of the bureau of standards of the United States government, helps us to understand it by explaining that if one will visualize a round piece of steel half an inch in diameter and a foot long projecting horizontally from a solid vise, and a house fly were to alight on the end of the bar, the downward deflection of the bar caused by the weight of the fly would be approximately a millionth of an inch. But obviously this is not a method suitable for a bureau of standards, and scientific men are seeking one that shall be invariable.

Insignificant as this measurement seems, we are assured that it is necessary in the race for industrial supremacy. It is the age of standardization, and the nation which would gain and hold trade must be prepared to give service, in the form of interchangeable parts, for its machinery and instruments in every country on the globe. The millionth of an inch becomes the symbol of scientific accuracy. And the instruments for measuring it with precision have been made possible only by the physicists who in their studies of the action of light had not even the slightest notion that they were later to exert an influence on the direction of world trade.

Lord Rayleigh's scientific work was done almost wholly in the field of abstraction. But he showed that a scientist may also be human by becoming the "milkman of London," and so reducing infant mortality in that city by about one-half, a deed that had far-reaching effect because the example was widely followed. It was his scientific training which led him to turn milkman. He comprehended certain broad principles of hygiene which would not have been revealed to him had he labored in a more practical and restricted field.

THE ORIGIN OF FEUDS.

John Fox Jr., who died recently at his home in Big Stone Gap, Va., had an interesting theory to account for the blood feuds of the southern backwoods districts about which he wrote with sympathy and into which he instilled so much charm that he deserves to be rated among the few noteworthy American authors of the present century. It was his notion that there was a direct relationship between the mountains and the spirit which bred the feud. "It is not a wild fancy," he wrote once, "that the Kentucky mountain feud takes root in Scotland." He alluded to the instincts of revolution, to whig and tory wars, to clansmen's codes handed down from generation to generation, which he believed it to be capable of proof were associated with the wildness of the regions among which feud people dwell. The early Highlanders were of such as these, and the people of Sicily and of parts of Italy and the Balkan mountains and the Caucasus.

It is a modern fashion to seek a "psychological" reason for every trait. Perhaps the mountain theory will serve as well as any other to account for the unlovely custom of shooting one's neighbors because one's great grandfather once had a falling out with the great granduncle of another against whom he could have no possible ground for personal grievance. "Rugged mountains make a rugged people," says a theorist. The mountains are cruel and lonesome, and they deny a living to all but the most hardy, and the people who dwell among them absorb their traits. But there is another possible, or probable, reason, and that is that the mountains make travel difficult, that they automatically isolate the people who live in them from the outer world, and so restrain the march of civilization. For no specious reasoning can make the blood feud anything else than a barbarian institution.

Fox himself pointed out once that the Rothschild money panic was followed by a revival of feudism in regions from which it had almost disappeared. The relationship between a tight money market in London and assassination in the Highlands of a southern state was this, that it checked the building of railroads and left the people to themselves again when they were just beginning to get a glimpse of the outer world and to learn the requirements of self-adjustment to conditions of a modern social order. There was once, as Mr. Fox related, a thirty years' local war as the result of a boy's making fun of the patch on another boy's trousers. In the conflict men were killed who had forgotten, or who never had known, how the trouble started. Only among a people so self-centered that they could not realize the comparative pettiness of their own little grievances could this have been possible.

But the mountains, or the isolated life, or whatever it was, did make a self-reliant people, with whom the idea that they were their own law was, perhaps, an incident. It was an ideal soil for the growth of individualism. Virtue was apt to be as intense as the faults that set it off. If the mountaineers were more fierce and bitter than others, they were also more intense in their pride, their hospitality and their friendships. It was the mission of Fox to interpret them to the world. Such stories as "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," one of his best, is good dialect, good description and almost lyrical in the quality of its prose poetry. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was his most popular work. "Hell-for-Sartin" and "A Cumberland Vendetta" were others worth reading.

In all these stories it is made plain that the mountaineer was the product of circumstances, mainly of the profound necessity for righting his own wrongs in times when there was no one else to right them. It is also made clear that he was also a potentially good American, which has lately been demonstrated by the account which the mountain men gave of themselves in the world war.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER AT EIGHTY.

At 80 years old, John D. Rockefeller is a figure of interest to the philosophical. Some of the bitterness with which he used to be discussed has been tempered by the feeling which the young have for the old; some of it is modified by the fact that many of the abuses for which he stood as a kind of symbol have been corrected, while others are in process of reformation; and resentment is further abated by the preoccupation of people with other things. The ruthless Rockefeller of half a century ago merges into the pathetic figure of an old man, who, now that he has amassed vast "wealth," is deeply puzzled over what to do with it, for the good of others and for the comfort of his own soul.

At 80, the oil man, for some time past turned philanthropist, must be giving some of his time to reflection upon what course he would take if he had all his life before him again. That he realized a long while ago the truth of the old adage that there is no pocket in a shroud was shown when, in 1901, he founded the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, whose splendidly endowed departments undoubtedly have made possible the doing of much good. This institute a short while ago possessed a total income-bearing property of about $15,000,000. The spirit of giving, which feeds itself, prompted him two years after this to create the General Education Board, to which some twenty millions more have been devoted, all for the promotion of education in its various forms, part of which, being contingent on self-help by the aided institutions, resulted in subscriptions amounting to some fifty millions more. The Rockefeller Foundation, with its gifts of more than a hundred millions, represents the most extensive field of this rich man's benevolences. The International Health Board and the War Relief Commission, also with their millions, should not be omitted from the catalogue.

These gifts betoken dawning consciousness on the part of a great money-maker that money is not everything. There was a time in our history—it was nearly coincident with the youth of Mr. Rockefeller—when there was a certain distinction in being the "richest man" in the community. The most prosperous man was a local celebrity. There was a certain emulative joy in the race for wealth. Men played the game for the sake of the game—even men who could not be charged with use of questionable methods in their accumulations. Many men have dreamed of power, and in the time when money seemed to the superficial to represent the height of power they were led to various excesses to attain their ends. Mr. Rockefeller, viewed at this distance, appears rather as a product of his time than as a conspicuous offender against the high moralities.

But it will appear that he also has seen the vanity of it all. He would give vastly more than he already has given to be known to posterity as something better than the "richest man." Probably he began too late. The name, for example, of Dr. Alexis Carrel, whose researches have been made possible by Mr. Rockefeller's donations to the institute, is likely to be widely honored in the history of science when that of the benefactor is all but forgotten; and there will always be inclination to contrast the life of Rockefeller with that of such men as Dr. Vincent, who specified when he was called to the presidency of the foundation that his salary should be no greater than that paid by the university which had previously employed him. Mr. Rockefeller can, indeed, employ men to do his will, but, as in instances such as these, he must greatly envy them.

There is denied to the mere accumulator of money the durable satisfaction which attends on personal participation in a great work. In the extended ramifications of the Rockefeller benefactions, his chief part is that of a signer of checks. It is not as large a part as many ambitious men would wish to have. We wonder how much Mr. Rockefeller would give and what he would do if the miraculous power were given him to turn the clock back an even fifty years.

FILIPINO LITERACY.

Seventy per cent of the entire population of the Philippine islands over 10 years old can read and write, according to a report received by cable from Vice-Governor Yeater at Manila. The population is estimated at 10,500,000, of which roundly half a million represent the non-Christian or so-called "wild tribes." These, however, are included in the illiteracy estimate.

The proportion of literates to illiterates in these islands, in which the American system of education was not introduced until 1899 and was not in running order for some years afterward, is almost exactly the same as in Louisiana, the most illiterate of all the states in the United States. The percentage of illiterates in the total population of the latter state was 29.9 as shown by the census of 1910. There are several southern states in which illiteracy runs about 20 per cent. The Filipinos now have a considerably higher standard than Russia or any of the Balkan states. It will be suspected that there is a trace of self-determination propaganda in the statement that illiteracy in these islands is also lower than in any of the countries whose independence is being recognized by the allies. The figures nevertheless stand for themselves and it will be conceded that the Filipinos have adopted a safe method of pressing these claims if they are basing their claims for larger independence upon their demonstrated capacity for education.

The most encouraging feature of the data is the showing made of constant increase of educational facilities. The total number of children attending school increased 54 per cent between 1912 and 1918. There was in the same period a gain of 160 per cent in intermediate pupils and of 220 per cent in high school pupils. The island government now supports 4700 schools with 12,305 teachers, and is preparing to bring in more teachers from the United States. It is highly significant that all instruction is in English. No foreign language issue has been precipitated to impair the unity of the school system. In this respect, our wards have given us something to think about. They seem to have arrived by intuition at a conclusion which is only recently being forced by sad experience on the people at home.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON THE STAGE.

News that the American rights of "Abraham Lincoln," John Drinkwater's play now making an amazing success in London after a remarkable experience at Birmingham, have been purchased and that the play will be given in this country next fall, brings out what seems to be an anomaly, that we have had to go abroad, after fifty-three years, for a drama on this highly promising subject. It is true that Lincoln has been presented on our own stage, although justice has not been done him, and he seems not to have caught the fancy of playwrights as the possible hero of a great drama. Yet enough has filtered across the ocean concerning the play now running in England to make one wonder whether Drinkwater's conception of Lincoln will make a favorable impression on the people here.

The fact seems to be that Lincoln, as Americans regard him, is frankly too large a subject to be attempted by a writer of plays. Dealing with a British public, Mr. Drinkwater has been able to take certain liberties, not irreverently but, nevertheless, involving numerous omissions, which would be taking chances if the audience were Americans. A good deal, we suppose, will depend on the actors chosen for the American production, and on the tact of the stage manager. The critics who have seen the play and judged it from our point of view (notably, those whose opinions are summarized by the Boston Transcript) agree that there are certain minor features that will need to be ironed out. They mention, among other things, that Mr. Lincoln is made to receive, in the first act of the play, a "deputation" from the republican convention. On this side of the Atlantic his visitors would constitute a "delegation." His "candidature" is mentioned, rather than his "candidacy." These may be, as has been suggested, only small blemishes. If Mr. Drinkwater is not unduly overcome by pride of authorship, he will permit them to be corrected. But it is not so small a matter that General Grant is made to use "My word!" as an expletive. We can easily imagine this evoking a laugh in the wrong place, and "Abraham Lincoln" is by no means a comedy.

But accounts agree on the point that the drama has been seriously conceived and that it deserves that its minor defects be overlooked if they cannot be blue penciled. There must be something in a play which took theatergoers from London to Birmingham, where it was being produced by a repertory company, to see it, and which ever since last February has been playing to the British equivalent of standing room only in an obscure playhouse in a London suburb. Drinkwater has made a disarming appeal in a prefatory note in which he says:

My purpose is not that of the historian or the political philosopher. My concern is with the profoundly dramatic interest of Lincoln's character, and with the inspiring example of a man who handled war nobly and with imagination. I have written as an Englishman, making no attempt to achieve a "local color" of which I have no experience, or to speak in an idiom in which I have not been bred.

It will be asked, perhaps, why there is necessity for idiom. Though Lincoln was charged with speaking the language of the plain people of his neighborhood, and though an English critic complains that the actor who depicts Lincoln, a Mr. Rea, uses a form of speech which might be taken "for that of a Belfast butterman," and which is not at all like "the dialect of Illinois," Lincoln in his Gettysburg address, to mention only one example, did not depart from the literary language common to all who own English as their mother tongue. The playwright might easily enough be pardoned, especially in dealing with a classical subject in a heroic way, if he made no attempt to intrude idiom at all. This would have been safer if he had had in mind a future production in the United States.

These and some other imperfections are noted by Americans who have made the pilgrimage to Arnold Bennett's theater at Hammersmith to see "Abraham Lincoln" produced. But at least one English observer, the discerning critic of the Saturday Review, makes a point that will hold especial interest for Americans. He notes that the playwright has wholly ignored the humor and the quaintness of Lincoln and has preserved only his earnestness and tenacity. There is no trace of humor in the play. The joke about Grant's brand of whisky is not a joke in the mouth of the English actor. The "patois" which Frederick Douglass is made to employ is unintentional, for Douglass is not a comedy character. As a matter of fact it is unfaithful to life, if accounts of Douglass are to be believed. And a Lincoln devoid of all humor, or at least of any "quaintness," will seem strange to Americans who hold him in reverence. Not a minor reason for the great president's hold upon his people was that even in the moments of his greatest concern for his country, he did not take himself with excessive seriousness.

There are some fifty speaking parts in "Abraham Lincoln," a fact that is going to call for more or less doubling if the play takes the road, and that at the same time will call for a revival of the talent that actors used to possess in the old repertory days. This, too, is a subsidiary matter. It appears on the whole that the run of the play in England is due to Mr. Drinkwater's success in indicating that Lincoln did, indeed, "handle war nobly and with imagination." There are (in the play) at the White House two women guests (who are not historical characters) to whom Mr. Lincoln addresses himself. One breathes hatred of the south, which she would destroy. The other recoils at the thought of all war, and because of the suffering which it causes she would have it ended forthwith. To the latter Mr. Lincoln says:

Ma'am, I too believe war to be wrong. It is the weakness and the folly and the jealousy of men that make a thing so wrong possible. But we are all weak and jealous and foolish. Some of the worst of us are sullen, aggressive still—just greedy pirates. Some of us have grown out of that. But the best of us have an instinct to resist aggression if it won't listen to persuasion. You may say it's a wrong instinct. I don't know. But it's there and it's there in millions of good men. I don't believe it's a wrong instinct. . . . We must strive to purify the world, but we must not think ourselves pure above the world. When I had this thing to decide, it would have been easy to say, "No, I will have none of it; it is evil, and I will not touch it." But that would have decided nothing, and I saw what I believed to be the truth, as I now put it to you, ma'am.

And so on, in quite a long speech, for Mr. Lincoln to address to a guest in his own home. It is hardly to be expected that any playwright would rise to heights of which Lincoln was capable. We shrink instinctively, indeed, from the thought of putting fictitious words into the mouth of so great a man. But Mr. Drinkwater here has probably caught the spirit of Lincoln and his real feeling toward war. Which, as it is the feeling of most of us, will do very well as it is.

The play, and its vogue in England, may have a good result. It may show to Americans the possibilities they have overlooked. It would be worth something to have a real American Lincoln drama, truly worthy of the name. As has been suggested, it is a tremendous subject. But it is worth thinking about.

It is not an ordinary bugaboo that is raised by the nurserymen of Oregon in their prediction of scarcity of stocks for future plantings, but the plain statement of a condition that prevails quite generally not only in America but throughout the world. Even the domestic nursery industry has been interwoven in the past with the foreign business; certain supplies of seedlings and other necessaries were based upon production abroad, and the business in this country thrown on its own resources by the war has hardly had time to adjust itself to conditions such as never have confronted it before. High prices for fruit, such in particular as prunes and cherries, are bound to stimulate planting, and it takes more than a season to replenish a nursery. It is normal to expect an increase in prices with everything else trending upward. But it is to be hoped that nurserymen will be able to resist the temptation to go beyond that limit, by putting on "all that the traffic will bear." A fair price and wide distribution of the young trees will in the long run mean development of the fruit-growing industry on the soundest basis in the end will be in the best interests of nurserymen as well as others.

We commend to all suddenly-made millionaires the example of the Texas farmer who is in receipt of an income of $1600 a day as the outcome of an oil lease which he gave on a corner of his farm. He has decided to go right on farming as if nothing had happened, except that he will have a new farm wagon and a span of mules and will buy a few labor-saving devices for the house. Mother and the girls are to have a share, it seems, in the new prosperity, which is as it should be but not always is in the rural districts. One of the pleasantest evening pastimes imaginable would be to sit with pencil in hand and make a list of the devices that a woman could use to advantage around a farm house and that could be bought with a single day's income from that oil lease. Even fly screens for every window in the house could be included without stretching $1600 a particle.

The drys are alive to the possibility that the wets may steal a march on them by making prohibition unpopular through excesses of enforcement that no reasonable temperance advocate ever thought of. It is an ancient trick, not unknown to the politicians of the older school.

Has anybody noticed that the Mooney strike produced any increase of sentiment in favor of Mooney? As the strike included the Fourth of July, a Saturday which is a half-holiday and a Sunday, it was actually only for two and a half days, and passed almost unobserved.

Holland is indignant over the imputation that she would let a Hohenzollern get away. Still, it must be hard to resist temptation to take an easy way of getting rid of an unwelcome guest by leaving the door open.

When it is remembered that even at the high prices they are paying for raw products the canners expect to sell them at a good profit, the home canning movement ought to take a new start.

There is a "big surplus" of food in warehouses, according to the war department, but it doesn't seem so big when we realize that it amounts to only about $1.27 per capita of the population.

There is talk of improving the cable service across the Pacific, but an investment in new cables seems about as attractive as money spent for stage coaches in this wireless age.

That red, white and blue lizard at Hood River is being displayed in a milk bottle, which is not the kind of bottle strange animals were seen through in an olden day.

When a blind man pays $60 to "see" the Willard-Dempsey fight, it is either the height of extravagance or the height of optimism, according to the point of view.

The crown prince says that war will be resumed within ten years, which people will bear in mind who are in a hurry to resume trading with Germany.

If Pershing had only had the airplanes we now are trying to get rid of, that campaign against Villa would have ended differently a few years ago.

Even at the risk of depriving the coffee trade of a few ships, we want every vessel available to be used in bringing our soldiers home.

We hope that Mr. Bryan can be induced to give our justly celebrated loganberry juice a boost while he is in Oregon.

Courses in Americanization are among the hopeful features of the summer school curricula this season.

Another of the beauties of the Oregon weather is that no hot spell lasts more than three or four days.

Talk about evading the prohibition law is mostly moonshine.

The Wedding.

By Grace E. Hall.

Life still is very young; the morning light
Is filled with many tones that most delight,
As from the river bank two children gaze
Across the rippling blue where hangs no haze
Foretelling coming storm or cloud or gale
To interrupt the joy of promised sail.
They know, in vaguest way, that rivers all
Speed toward the sea, where thunderous voices call;
They cannot grasp—since in sweet youth none knows—
The scenes this morning journey shall disclose;
They only heed the impulse of the star,
Which is the tender urge of loving heart.

If they could glimpse the stops along the way,
How hesitant the start at break of day!
They little dream the frailest kind of craft
Is love in early youth (we all have laughed
At sailors who have sailed the course before
And warned of breakers fretting near the shore);
And so, with neither compass, chart nor guide,
They anchor weigh and down the river glide;
While hapless ones who long since made the trip,
Behold, through tears, the sailing of their ship.

Mere children setting forth sense not intrigue
Which lurks beneath the surface; league by league,
They shall be called to halt, and oft in pain
Shall pay the price of passage o'er again;
Together they shall stand upon the deck
Of their frail craft and witness many a wreck,
If theirs itself shall not be cast ashore,
A hopeless mass, disabled evermore!
And yet, all signals hoisted at the start
Shall not suffice to daunt a loyal heart;
And those who hold their course through storm and blast
Shall sail in sweet contentment to the last.

BETTER THAN SUCCESS.

O, brother, you who have stood firm and true
To principles of right, in all plans laid,
Has the god of fortune frowned upon you
At each turn in life you've made?

If so, have you, weary, despondent, grown
While plodding on along the darksome way,
As each defeat with ever deep'ning gloom
Belates the dawn of hoped-for day?

Has the decree passed like a mournful dirge
From your weary soul that you're a failure;
That success for you is but an idle word,
Your longed-for goal an empty measure?

Ah, brother, suppose Fate could seal your doom
And so filch from you the well-earned treasure,
Though you are worthy, tested and stand true,
Deserving to the fullest measure?

Then, in the strife, you'll gain something greater;
For honest worth—true merit—you'll possess,
Though bereft of life's fleeting pleasures,
You'll be deserving of success.

T. P. KENDALL.

WHERE QUALITY COUNTS.

When you enter the door of a grocery store
And the clerk bobs up with a bounce,
It isn't her size that dazzles your eyes,
It's a case where quality counts.

And so if you please, with the pumpkins and peas,
It isn't the pound and the ounce,—
Not the size of the pile, but the class and the style,—
It's a case where quality counts.

If the pumpkins are punk, and the ginger is junk,
Your pie is a pill I announce,
So be a wise man, and trade while you can
In the city where quality counts.

If the cherries are old, and the berries are mold,
Pray what have you saved that amounts!
The boys whipped the kaiser on good appetizer,—
'Twas a case where quality counts.

—WILLIAM STEWARD GORDON.

THE PROFITEER.

A trembling, tottering frame, careworn and old,
Sways to and fro amidst its glittering gold.
The eve seems dark—a gloom hangs over the masts—
Toward death life's setting sun a shadow casts.
A man, aghast, at hade's threshold falls;
Awe-stricken, he feels the crumbling of the walls;
With feverish hands he grasps his golden sum—
A clattering clang, and then his work is done.
A stranger enters, beckoning him to come—
"I am Death! Thou comest must with me along!"
A shuddering grin, a prayer of no avail—
The tottered, withering wreck lies cold and pale.
The ship of Death bears now the moldering frame.

—P. K. ENEBO.

DAISIES.

I took a stroll where daisies grow—
Daisies, we all love them so!
Nodding gaily by the way
Subtly with the breeze they sway.

Bits of fleecy summer grace
With their smiling, wistful face
Multiplied beyond the span
Of the reckoning of man.

Merrily they skip and drill
O'er the meadow, down the hill,
In a fairy-like quadrille.

Soulless, inarticulate—
Yet they somehow seem to wake
Thoughts of childhood's happy days;
Of its carefree, artless ways—
Mirrored here again we see
Truth and sweet simplicity.

G. F. B.

GROWTH.

A seed burst in the ground, a form
Grew high and higher in the wood
Till, ages old, a great tree stood
Triumphant over beast and storm.

A spirit in the earthly clod
Grew strong and burst its prison bars,
Till o'er the azure of the stars
It reached celestial heights of God.

And big things are of little things,
Have their beginnings—drops of rain
That penetrate the surface plain—
Rivers make seas of little springs.

SERGEANT CLAUDE WEIMER.