Sunday Oregonian

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Published by The Oregonian Publishing Co., 135 Sixth Street, Portland, Oregon.

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Subscription Rates—Invariably in Advance.

(By Mail.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
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Daily, Sunday included, one year	12.00
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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.

SOME OF THOSE "GOLD BRICKS."

Secretary Daniels showed poor political judgment when he said that the republican majority in the 66th congress had handed the people a gold brick. That remark calls attention to what this congress has actually done. It has a record of highly useful achievement, to which it constantly adds.

Owing to the slowness with which appropriation bills were reported from committee, there was a congestion of business towards the close of the democratic 65th congress which made an opportunity for a few senators to filibuster those bills to death. Consequently President Wilson found it necessary, much against his will, to call an extra session of the 66th congress. It revised appropriation bills so effectually that it reduced the sums of appropriation by $939,692,541.

A like record of economy has been made with the new appropriation bills for the next fiscal year. The total asked was $4,559,581,546. The amount upon which congress agreed was $2,873,713,652, a decrease of $1,685,867,893.

At the time when many thousand citizens are calculating how much of their incomes they must hand over to the government in the shape of taxes, the saving of these large sums by careful watch over the treasury will be peculiarly welcome.

Nor is any part of the economy effected at the extra session due to the ending of the war. All of these estimates in which reductions were made were submitted to congress after Armistice day, that is, after the war was over. The difference represents the difference between democratic and republican ideas of the expense necessary to conduct the government in peace time.

The 66th congress has also enacted much highly important and beneficial legislation, which includes:

Submission of the woman suffrage amendment.

The prohibition enforcement law.

Return of telegraph, telephone and cable lines to their owners.

Vocational training and rehabilitation of wounded soldiers and sailors, and other measures for the benefit of war veterans.

Extension of food control act, and prevention of hoarding and profiteering.

Incorporation of American Legion.

Additional compensation for postal employes.

Facilitating marketing of agricultural products by increasing amounts which banks may lend.

Making immigration laws more stringent.

For completion of Alaska railroad.

Punishing transportation of stolen motor vehicles.

The Edge law for promotion of foreign trade.

Giving homesteaders leave of absence and relieving miners from assessment work on claims.

Both senate and house have passed bills and conference agreement is near on:

Return of railroads to their owners.

Lease of coal, oil, gas and phosphate land, thus ending a ten-year embargo on development of the west.

Lease of waterpower, with the same effect.

The house also has passed:

The Greene bill defining a policy for disposal of government ships and for promotion and maintenance of an American merchant marine.

The Good budget bill, the first definite step to introduce system into government expenditures.

Bills repealing taxes on soft drinks, soda water and ice cream.

Tariff bills to promote manufacture of dyes, production of essential ores, glassware, surgical instruments, shell and pearl buttons.

Amending the war risk act to make its provisions more liberal to soldiers and sailors.

For deportation of undesirable aliens, made necessary by leniency of parlor bolshevists in the labor department.

To encourage American citizens to enter the merchant marine.

Repealing the war law which allowed foreign vessels to engage in coastwise trade.

Requiring the secretary of war to sell surplus food direct to the consumer, thus checking rise in the cost of living.

Instructing the war department to distribute among state highway departments 22,000 motor vehicles for use in road-building.

These are the principal "gold bricks" which Mr. Daniels says that the 66th congress has handed the people and it is still at work. It has been so industrious that it expects to complete all the great appropriation bills by May 1, though recent democratic congresses have not been able to pass them before July 1, when the fiscal year for which the money is needed begins. More progress would have been made if the president had not provoked a long controversy with the senate by tying the league covenant to the German peace treaty and by refusing to accept reservations which prove to be quite acceptable to the allies. When this and other democratic obstructions are out of the way, legislation will speed up, and before the session ends practically all that is possible will have been done to end democratic confusion before the presidency passes into republican hands.

INFLUENZA.

If the present influenza epidemic runs true to form, there will be need for patience and for enlightened and continued efforts to minimize its evil effects.

Life insurance statisticians who have compared the present onset with the course of the epidemic of 1888-9 admit that the points of resemblance do not warrant dogmatism, but believe that they indicate that precautions will be necessary for a number of years to hold the malady within bounds. In the previous epidemic, already referred to, the climax was reached in 1891, with recurrences each year, gradually decreasing until normal was attained.

One definite conclusion has been reached, however, and that is that previous instructions still hold good as to combating the disease in the beginning by taking plenty of rest, and by giving attention to every suspicious ailment, no matter how seemingly trivial. These precautions will be indicated for at least two years, and are doubly advisable, of course, while the present visitation is threatening.

SPRING GARDENING.

War and peace gardens are likely to have lost interest by this time for a good many householders, who, if they were wise, would make their plans for 1920 on the theory that food is not going to be perceptibly more plentiful than it was during the war, or at least since the armistice was signed. The United States department of agriculture is probably right in saying that gardens are going to be fully as important during the coming year as they have been at any time in the past. Farm gardens, village gardens, backyard gardens, all will help. The past season ought to have taught a lesson. Those who could have grown some of their own food and did not do so have paid for their neglect.

February is a good month in Oregon in which to plan the home garden and it frequently affords opportunity for a good deal of outdoor work. The old rubbish can be cleared away and some preliminary work done. The veterans of the war garden movement will have learned by this time that peas started early bring their own reward, and that it pays to take a chance on some of the hardier vegetables. Successions of plantings insure against loss and provide a continuous supply. A point not to be forgotten by the owners of small plots is that an early beginning helps to get the earlier crops out of the way. There is plenty of time for the chief staples, but early yields are an important aid to thrift.

It is as true of food production as of any other industry that brains count more than brawn. A good deal has been accomplished when the plan of a garden has been made. This is a February job. Later will come the backbreaking work with hoe and spraying pot, but this is made all the easier by knowing what it is all about. The kind of food stuffs of which we are mostly to be short this year are those that can be grown at home with moderate care. All the other arguments in favor of home gardening, made familiar by three years of campaigning, are as sound as they were in 1919 or in 1918.

SCIENTISTS ARE HUMAN.

The storm precipitated by the award of the Nobel prize in chemistry to Dr. M. Habel, a German who was associated early in the world war with the development of poison gas, although it was not for this performance that Dr. Habel was chosen for distinction, shows that there is still a wide gap between theory and practice as to the "internationality" of science, about which a good deal has been said in the recent past. It is still true as an abstract proposition that knowledge is universal in its application. Certain patent laws may restrain and copyright regulations limit the manufacture of devices and the publication of books, but they cannot and do not attempt to prohibit the acquisition of knowledge itself. Wherefore it was widely predicted that when the war ended the scientific men of all nations would be drawn together by the magnetic power of their common purpose, and that the entente would be promptly restored among them.

But it is not so with the French, and probably will not prove true as to other nations. The Nobel awards in medicine and physics have been declined with indignation by the two French savants to whom they were made. They refuse to let their names be linked with that of a German of the notoriety of Dr. Habel, notwithstanding that there is no requirement that they shall come in contact with him in person. They hold that the whole Nobel series is contaminated by Habel's connection with the asphyxiating gas movement, that Habel is morally unfit to be the recipient of any honor, and wish their action to be construed as a protest against recognition of any individual, in any manner, who made use of his scientific knowledge to further an inhuman purpose.

For complete understanding of the spirit that actuated the Nobel jury of awards, it should be known that the prize was not given to Dr. Habel, as has been stated, for his researches in the particular department of science having relation to the use of gases in war. Habel's master accomplishment was his work on the synthesis of ammonia in its relation to the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, a subject of wide economic interest and having an intimate bearing on the maintenance of fertility of the soil and consequently on the ultimate cost of living. The nitrates are also, as is generally known, capable of extensive employment in the making of explosives. The same is true of another industrial chemical element, potash. The defenders of Dr. Habel hold that it is impossible for the abstract scientist to pursue every discovery to its conclusion, that he is not responsible for the misuse that may be made of it, that what he has done to make nitrates more available ought to be appraised on its merits aside from his work as a chemist in the employ of the German government.

Alfred Nobel, who founded the fund that bears his name—a benefaction valued before the war at some $8,400,000—owed his fortune to his invention of dynamite, but he is known to posterity as a philanthropist, and he stipulated that one-fifth of its income should be distributed to the person doing the most effective work in the interest of universal peace. He gave dynamite to the world as a constructive agency, and undoubtedly the major uses that have been made of it have justified his expectations. Nevertheless, the Nobel jury has precipitated a storm by its selection of Dr. Habel, perhaps because in its neutral detachment it failed to interpret the attitude of the rest of the world. As an olive branch, the award has proved a fiasco. Resumption of friendly relations even between scientists of the former belligerents is not going to be as easy as it may have seemed.

INCOMES AND AUTOMOBILES.

We do not share the opinion of the New York Globe that ownership of an automobile is a fairly conclusive indication of possession of taxable income. Taking automobile ownership as the index the Globe concludes that incomes are more laxly appraised in the middle west and Pacific states than in the east. In the eastern states in 1917 the number of automobiles owned practically coincided with the number of personal income tax returns. In the middle west the number of automobiles was more than double the number of income returns and in the Pacific states there were 321,562 personal income returns and 564,472 automobiles. In that year the minimum taxable incomes were $3000 and $4000.

Probably if a similar comparison were possible for the period before the popularity of the automobile it would be found that then a greater proportion of persons of moderate means owned and maintained horses for pleasure purposes in the middle and far west than in the east. Today, more than twice as many automobiles are owned in Oregon in proportion to population than in New York.

But the latter instance does not necessarily imply that per capita wealth is greater in Oregon than in New York or that Oregon has a greater proportion of persons who live beyond their means than New York.

The answer is more likely found in the different conditions of life. The flat or apartment in which the person of moderate means is generally forced to live in the greater cities has no place for an automobile and the public garage is expensive and often too far away to be a convenience. The detached home with its private and inexpensive garage is an institution of the smaller cities. Accessibility and maintenance cost of an automobile are important considerations for the person of moderate income when he feels the lure of ownership.

TRIANGLES.

The Spiker-Knowles "love triangle," with which newspaper readers have been regaled for a week, is news, curiously, both because it is and is not a new thing in triangles. Nothing, unfortunately, seems less common these days than love triangles in their basic aspects, as many a motion picture plot gives testimony, and nothing, perhaps, comes nearer commanding attention, as is revealed by box office receipts from these same triangle themes. Love in its highest manifestations is for poets, or for folks who do not talk much about their intimate affairs, but it lacks the dramatic force, the "pep," essential to competition with the kind that fills a playhouse or crowds a courtroom. The peaceful, uneventful and unadventurous biographies of plain married folks who conduct themselves circumspectly, rear their families dutifully, and pass through this vale without scandal, are not "news" for reasons that will be sufficiently obvious to the thoughtful. It is a good sign that it is so. Unassuming virtue at least has not attained first-page stature because of its rarity.

Yet only the superficial will take it for granted that everything sordid in domestic life is a matter of public concern, or that newspaper readers would be otherwise than bored by relation of all the petty details of every so-called triangle. The affair which has had its centers of interest in Baltimore, Md., and Fall River, Mass., has had a number of exceptional phases. The attitude of the wife, who would be called the "injured" one if she herself had not repudiated the suggestion, and if she had not declared that she loves her husband more than ever, and that he loves her more than ever, is one of its outstanding dramatic features. There is a brother of the husband, who has championed the cause of the young woman—the outsider—in the case, also a most unusual person, as most young men who have thought at all on the subject of matrimony will agree.

There is the husband, distinguished by a quite unusual and a disarming candor, and by exceptional (considering all the circumstances) willingness to tell the truth, to face the music, and to atone, so far as may be, for his indiscretion. There is the unmarried mother, set apart in a world in which unmarried mothers are not extinct by the fact of her amazing good luck in having found so ready a solution of her difficult problem. And there is Baby Knowles, or Spiker, who probably will go through life as Ray Spiker, and who may rise to a place of social and political prominence, as at least one before him with a similar start in life did. Whatever may be said of the good faith, or the wisdom, of others involved, this innocent member of the cast deserves and will receive the good wishes of all who have read the story. The triangle becomes a variable polygon. From whatever aspect it is contemplated, the view is an unusual one.

The manner of people who are so differentiated from their fellow men and women by their singular philosophy, or good fortune, or good nature, as the case may be, provides another topic for discussion. Not every reader will be able to put himself, or herself, speculatively in the place of every actor in the drama. But there are Brother Spiker and Mrs. Spiker, for example, who are quite free from blame—an exceptional brother in one case, and a wife in at least ten thousand in the other. It will be wondered how far one need go to find two like them.

There is interesting historic warrant for hope that the future life of Mr. and Mrs. Spiker will not be unhappy, notwithstanding the strain that has been put on it. When Benjamin Franklin in 1730, at the age of twenty-four, married Deborah Read, "an early contribution of his own to the domestic menage," remarks one biographer, "was his illegitimate son, William, born not long after his wedding, of a mother of whom no record or tradition remains." It was, as the historian suggests, an unconventional wedding gift to bring home to a bride, but Mrs. Franklin, "with a breadth and liberality of mind akin to her husband's (and, it will occur to some, akin to that of Mrs. Spiker) readily took the babe not only to her home but really to her heart, and reared him as if he had been her own offspring." James Parton thinks that Franklin gave this excellent wife no further cause for suspicion of jealousy.

The domestic life of the Franklins is known to have been well-ordered in other ways; presumably it was happy in all respects. "We throve together," says Franklin himself, "and ever endeavored to make each other happy." She was a finely formed and handsome woman, with a fair and pleasing countenance. Her children and even her grandchildren were celebrated for their beauty throughout the colonies. Perhaps the secret of the happiness of the couple lay even deeper than in the wife's forgiving spirit. Franklin himself was in every respect a remarkable man. There seems to have been complete unity of thought as to the conduct of a home. Their table was plain and simple, as befitted the author of Poor Richard's sayings; their furniture "was of the cheapest."

Parton says Mrs. Franklin "taught her husband to be economical," but we doubt that he needed much instruction; nevertheless, she helped. There is the testimony of one of his letters: "It was a comfort to me to recollect that I had once been clothed from head to foot in woolen and linen of my wife's manufacture, and that I never was prouder of any dress in my life." And a remark of hers, which he quotes: "If people can be pleased with small matters, it is a pity, but they shall have them." Plainly, as the life of the Franklins shows, it is possible to survive a single "triangle" episode. The parallel is not complete, but there are entertaining points of resemblance. A wife devoid of what more modern women call "temperament" and a husband "faithful, tender and considerate," as Parton pictures Franklin, might solve many difficulties.

Perhaps it is of more than passing interest to Baby Spiker (or Knowles) that William Franklin was not greatly handicapped by his unpropitious beginning. He distinguished himself moderately as a soldier in an Indian war and became a colonial governor of New Jersey. Only the fact of his alignment with the royalists in the revolution estranged him from his distinguished father. The proverbial finger of scorn does not seem to have busied itself much with the developments from this classical "triangle."

SUICIDE IN 1919.

One interesting thing about the year's suicide statistics, compiled by the Save-a-Life league, is that they are so paradoxical. Almost anything can be proved by them, which makes them ripe raw material for study by philosophers, moralists and scientists with notions already formed as to whether the world is growing better or worse. Pessimists will discover in the fact that self-destruction shows a marked increase full confirmation of their belief that the universe is going to the dogs; optimists, looking a little further, may detect in the workings of the Save-a-Life league itself, which has been organized to help people in despair, a ray of light amid the gloom. But the open-minded student is likely, we think, to be frankly puzzled by so many contradictions.

We ourselves, for example, would like to have the opinion of a qualified psychologist on the showing made by the figures that, among all the professions, newspaper editors alone appear to be immune. The thought occurs, without much reflection, that it may be because editors concern themselves so much with the affairs of other people that they have little time left to brood over their own—but this theory does not appear to be tenable in the face of the circumstance that lawyers, who make a living attending to other folks' business, stand at the head of the list, in proportion to numbers, of those who destroy themselves. We were about to suggest, too, that daily contact with the troubles of others might have a tendency to make one's own seem trivial by comparison, when we were confounded by the suicide rate for physicians. Members of this profession, though they minister constantly to the suffering, including the terribly handicapped and the utterly incurable, are second in comparative frequency of self-destruction. Plainly we shall need to look elsewhere for a reason for the unfaltering optimism of editors. It is at least as difficult to solve this problem as it is to discover why a far greater proportion of hopeless mortals select spring and summer, when the sun is shining and the birds are singing, for suicide than give way to despair in the gloomy days of winter.

Few generalizations are made possible by the league's data. It was reasonable to expect that social chaos in certain European countries following the signing of the armistice would further disturb the already shattered morale of many individuals, but it is not plain why a nearly equal increase should be recorded in countries not deeply scarred by the war; yet this paradox is also recorded. Despair leads some to end their lives, as in lands where anarchy and famine prevail, and prosperity unsettles others, as in the neutral Scandinavian countries and in the United States. The economic motive for suicide ceases to be predominant. The poor have no monopoly of the mortuary column. Life is too much for 28 presidents of large business concerns, for more than 50 clubmen and for 28 merchants. Women, despite the onward march of progress of the sex and its constantly widening horizon of opportunity, more and more regard life as not worth the struggle. There have been more suicides since peace came than in the same number of months of war and world calamity.

The Save-a-Life league enumerates 5121 suicides in the United States during 1919 but admits that the record is probably far from complete. Its registration area is circumscribed, and the total for the whole country, it says, may not be far from 20,000. It has been able, however, to establish the fact that suicide is increasing alarmingly. Restriction of sales of firearms and poisons has not accomplished anything. Turning on the gas was the favorite method in 1919, and jumping from high buildings came second. Drowning was unusually common. The remedy must be sought elsewhere than in forcible repression. The Save-a-Life league's failure to attempt to form a conclusion is significant of the complexity of the whole problem.

LINCOLN'S BOYHOOD.

The annual debate, usually occurring about this time of year, of the issue whether Abraham Lincoln was an "average," or "typical," American is varied occasionally by discussion of the circumstances under which he was reared, and the opportunities he had for advancement, by comparison with other boys of his time. It is admitted that he was an exceptional youth in respect of the determination with which he approached the task of self-improvement, and that he was unlike many of his neighbors, or most of them, in his mental makeup. Yet at least one of the supposed facts cited in support of the notion that he surmounted vast obstacles—the assumption that his father did not share his desire for a wider outlook, and even discouraged it—seems to have been shaken by recent investigation. The memory of Thomas Lincoln receives somewhat tardy justice from a better understanding of the part he played in forming the character of the great emancipator.

"It is only by comparison with its surroundings," says Arthur E. Morgan, in an illuminating article in the Atlantic, "that we can get a true idea of the character and the significance of the Lincoln home." The present-day sod-house of the far western Canadian homesteader, as the author points out, is a self-respecting structure, reasonably serving its purpose, yet it would hardly bear comparison with even a poorly equipped New York tenement—its dirt and its lack of light, air and sanitation seem intolerable. The point is that while biographers have described the general conditions in and about the home of Thomas Lincoln with reasonable accuracy, they have permitted implied comparison with other means of living, and these have been made to appear exceptionally poor and mean. "The fact seems to be that Thomas Lincoln in his home life arrived at about the same stage of development as his neighbors." If Abraham had grown up in a neighboring home, his habits of life and his physical surroundings would have been about the same.

The writer found in the Ozark mountains of Arkansas a previously undiscovered branch of the Lincoln family, headed by a man whose mother, a cousin of Lincoln, passed her childhood with Abraham Lincoln and had preserved a store of family tradition concerning those early years. From a clew obtained here further data were obtained which led to Riddle, Or., near where John Hanks, one of Lincoln's "adopted brothers," lives. The substance of the conclusions he is able to draw from these supplements to the hitherto exceedingly meager information had concerning Lincoln's boyhood is that Lincoln was reared in "average" surroundings, considering that he lived on the frontier; that his father was perhaps a little more enterprising than the average of his fellow men, and that the father not only met "the usual social standard of social and commercial success," but in two instances he gave evidence of aspiring to a higher life than the neighborhood afforded. These were connected with two commercial ventures, in one of which he lost a boatload of whisky. In the other, he built a flatboat and filled it with hogs, "mostly bought on time."

He started down the Patocah, and then down the Ohio. He got way down there somewhere by Devil's island, and his flat boat upset and he lost everything, and pretty nigh got drowned himself. He didn't have no boat to come back with, so he came back up the river on foot, all the way. Then he went to work at his trade again, and paid up all his debts.

That Thomas Lincoln worked and saved for several years to pay the debts incurred by these ill-starred speculations prepares us to believe that Abraham Lincoln, "as a primary essential" to his development, was of sound stock. But this was not the only reason why it could come to pass that he could become the interpreter of democracy to all the world:

Very generally, American public men before Lincoln had grown up in the environment of slave and free, master and servant, employer and employe, rich and poor. How many of them were born and bred aristocrats, trying to interpret democracy to America? But Lincoln grew up in a democracy. The economic equality of his boyhood neighbors would satisfy an advanced social revolutionist today. None were rich and none without food and shelter. If one man worked for another, it was to accumulate a stake, that he might soon become independent. It was not necessary for Abraham Lincoln out of his mind to create a new conception of democracy. He grew up in a democracy, observed it, and appreciated it, and then lived and spoke what was in his heart. As a man he did his best to do away with the physical limitations of his boyhood environment by the building of roads and by encouraging industry, while at the same time trying to retain equality of opportunity. He did not confuse primitive living with democracy.

Thomas Lincoln's neighborhood was very nearly self-contained. History has set Thomas Lincoln down as "shiftless," but there are extenuating, or at least explanatory, circumstances. There was no incentive to raise a surplus crop because there was no market for it. The spirit, Mr. Morgan comments, still lingers in out-of-the-way places, where in response to the question, "How much corn did you raise this year?" the answer frequently is, "All the corn that we need." The only significance of an especially large crop of any staple was that the planter would not need to grow so much next year. Isolation gave small stimulus to commercial ambition.

A few things that are new are added to what we have already read of Abraham Lincoln's boyhood. We are deeply gratified to learn that he did not use tobacco as a boy, was not profane, and did not drink whisky, "except as Uncle Tom would have the children drink a dram before breakfast for health." John Hanks, of Oregon, remembers that the nickname, "Honest Abe," attached to him while he was a boy. He was not sober and gloomy when a youth, but bright, full of life and fun, and very talkative. He was quick to learn and forgot nothing. That he was an "average boy," considering these gifts, is attested by his weakness for "putting in," or interrupting a conversation when in the relation of some incident the truth would be departed from or some item of the account which he considered important would be left out. It has not been related before, we think, that the achievement that he most prided himself upon was standing flatfooted and leaning back until his head touched the ground. "Cock-fighting was very prevalent in those days, and Abe took considerable interest in it."

In other words, Abraham Lincoln was both a typical and an exceptional American. He had about the same opportunities as other boys of his time, but he made better use of them than other boys did. The stories about his reading by the firelight are true. He knew "Robinson Crusoe" nearly by heart. He was not a sickly child, as some have said he was. Thomas Lincoln was considerate in disciplining his children; he never "tended to them" before folks. He was like many other fathers of his time; but the new testimony is that Abraham did not require much of this kind of parental attention.

The story of Lincoln's boyhood does not, of course, explain his genius, but it throws a good deal of light on the opportunity any boy had in America, even in the time in which he lived. The basis of his understanding of democracy has already been explained. The foundation of his ability to think clearly, of his essential scholarship, was his intellectual industry, his craving for truth, his willingness to pay the price of it. This is illustrated by the new version of his discovery of a grammar. There was a time when he did not know that there was such a thing as a standard of speech, but when the schoolmaster told him that there was he walked twelve miles to get a copy, "and he kept it right with him till he learned it by heart." There is a good deal in this method. Plenty of boys, though they might not become as famous as Lincoln, would get farther than they do if they would take this leaf out of the great man's book.

Celebration of the centenary of Christopher Latham Sholes, the "father of the typewriter," is a reminder of the insecurity of fame resting on an invention. Most of the basic features of the first typewriter are found in the type-bar machines of the present day, but it is safe to say that few operators would be able to give the name of the pioneer manufacturer without consulting an encyclopedia. But Sholes himself had several predecessors in the conception of the idea, and at least one writing machine is known to have been patented as long ago as 1714, while ten years before Sholes began work still another inventor constructed a fairly successful machine, but changed it at a certain stage of its perfection into a device for printing raised letters for the blind. Nevertheless Sholes deserves the monument that his friends propose to erect to his memory, for he did succeed in building the first typewriter that worked.

Jack Johnson, the negro prize fighter who fled to Cuba with a federal sentence of one year and one day in the penitentiary over him when convicted of white slavery, now wants to "negotiate" with a view of returning to the United States. Having deported himself, the best solution of his case is to make him deported for the rest of his life.

Bank Clerk Walter Waterhouse of Seattle, who confessed to embezzling $3500 by taking the money in little amounts from inactive accounts, developed a line of criminality whose exposure will be beneficial if it spurs the "lazy" accounts into activity at a time when no money should be inactive.

Judge McCourt's suggestion that the parents of a couple seeking divorce spank them if they cannot unite them in any other way may not be practicable in all cases, but it contains what they would call on the vaudeville stage the germ of a great idea.

The consolidated New York Sun and Herald will need to go some to make for Mr. Munsey a reputation equal to that of the distinguished personalities, Charles A. Dana and the Bennetts, that the names recall.

A witty paragrapher suggests that the only question now being asked in teachers' examinations is "What is your telephone number?" Yet if teachers continue to resign, it may come to nearly that.

They will have to trot out another objection to tobacco than its odor to get away with their campaign. That battle cry will only rally the onion eaters to the nicotine standard—and there is an army of them.

It is time for the bolsheviki to turn their paper money printing presses into plowshares and get ready for the fine spring weather that comes to Russia along about the middle of June or the first of July.

About the last thing in the world we need is a new South African diamond field to lure our boys away from the wheat and other fields that mean so much to those who love to eat.

The home chicken yard is a natural corollary of the backyard garden idea, but it is necessary in the interest of neighborhood harmony to keep them a suitable distance apart.

It is not the first time the Pacific Northwest has been able to call attention to the superiority of its winter climate over that of the blizzard-swept east.

So far Vladivostok holds the record for revolutions against all other places in Russia. This exercise is needed to offset the rigor of the climate.

After a while our aviation service will learn to furnish an extra gasoline tank to its men before sending them in the direction of the Mexican border.

There are men who on reading that Germany is getting whisky from America will think that this was part of the peace terms of a victorious army.

Germany can save a lot of trouble by deporting those 800 or so high officials for whom the allies are about to issue warrants.

At the present price of the pound sterling, the buyer of British goods will realize that foreign exchange is no robbery.

This is the shortest month in the year, but it has the most holidays in it—counting Groundhog day as one.

The best wishes of this city go to Judge Wolverton at San Francisco for a speedy recovery.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Nantucket Folk Sufficient Unto Themselves in All Things.

The ice blockade cutting Nantucket off from the United States will not disturb the 5000 natives of the island a little bit, writes the "Looker-On" in the New York Globe. The world is divided between Nantucketers and off-islanders, and if the latter are marooned, so much the worse for them.

Justice Crosby of Massachusetts, in his stories of Nantucket, says when an islander goes to the mainland he is said to "go to America," or "to the continent." This form of expression is in everyday use without any consciousness of its peculiarity.

As emphasizing the self-complacency and self-satisfaction of the average Nantucketer concerning his native island the following instances are significant. A Nantucket school boy being asked to mention the situation of Alaska located it as "being in the northwest corner of off-island." Another began a composition thus: "Napoleon was a great man; he was a great soldier and a great statesman, but he was an off-islander."

The self-satisfaction of the Nantucketers was not confined by any means to the boys, as the old native residents of the island have always felt a sense of superiority over "off-islanders," as they called people from the mainland, and never hesitated to express themselves accordingly.

When the late Oliver Ames, one time governor of this state, whose wife was a Nantucket woman, came to the island to be married, he was accosted by a native, who asked him, without knowing who he was, if he had come down to the wedding. "Whose wedding?" asked Mr. Ames. "Why, Anna Ray's," answered the man. "She's a Coffin, but he's nothing but an off-islander."

On the day of Charles Sumner's funeral a good Nantucket lady, hearing the affair discussed, asked: "Was he of Nantucket origin?"

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Humidity is the moisture or aqueous vapor in the atmosphere. The vapor is really an invisible gas. When this vapor becomes visible it is called dew, fog, mist, haze, clouds, rain, snow, hail, etc., according to the size of the drops of water or the method by which the vapor condenses. A given space at a given temperature can contain only a definite amount of moisture. When a given space contains all of the moisture it is capable of holding, it is said to be saturated. The percentage of moisture in the air to what it would hold if saturated is called the relative humidity. When the air is saturated with moisture the humidity would be 100 per cent, three-quarters saturated, 75 per cent. The increased humidity has much to do with the effect of the temperature on the individual, which is the reason the subject is so commonly discussed during very hot periods.

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The words and music of the French national hymn, "Marseillaise," were composed on April 24, 1792, by Rouget de Lisle, a young French officer of engineers, then stationed at Strasbourg. It was called by him "Le Chant de l'Armee du Rhin," but received its present name because sung with great fervor by a body of volunteers from Marseilles, who entered Paris on July 20 of the same year, and thus made the song known to the Parisians. The statement is, however, doubted by some. "The Marseillaise" was forbidden to be sung under the Restoration and the second empire, but speedily became the national song on the outbreak of the Franco-German war.

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The 20s have played quite a considerable part in history. The chief of the centenaries to be observed will be that of the sailing of the Mayflower, which landed the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock on Christmas day, 1620. It was in 1520 that Luther burned the papal bull in Wittenberg, an event which also had its repercussions on the times to come. George III (already moribund for two years) died in 1820, as did his son, the father of Queen Victoria; and it was in the same year that George IV inaugurated his reign by holding the trial of his wife. The Field of the Cloth of Gold (1520), the drowning of Prince William, the only son of Henry I (1120), are among the other events of the 20s.—London Observer.

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"Fifteen dollars! Why, that's cheap
For ladies' hats," they say;
But father loses coin and sleep
At what he has to pay;
For ma no sooner gets her lid,
And dad assessed the dues,
Than she looks at her pumps of kid
And says, "I must have shoes."

Then daughter kicks her sandals off
And telephones the store,
And poor old father has to cough
Up eighteen dollars more.

The ladies have a line of thought
Where reasoning is lost;
They say all these things must be bought
No matter what they cost.
If merchants choose to profiteer
That's strictly their affair,
And though all hats and shoes are dear
They must have things to wear.

It's different, tho', the shoes of men
Will stand another sole,
And dad, perchance, can save a ten
To help him buy the coal;
Though mother bought the things she did
And tries to make a show,
Poor dad can wear the same old lid
He wore long years ago.

—L. T. Heatley in New York Globe.

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One hundred years ago, on March 15, the province of Maine, until then a part of Massachusetts, became a separate state of the union. This year the centennial is to be fittingly observed in every town and city, and a big official celebration is to be held at Portland from June 28 to July 5.

A committee consisting of prominent citizens of the state and headed by Governor Carl E. Milliken as chairman, is to have charge of the affair, and it is planned to make it the greatest event in Maine's history.

Prominent people from all over the country are to be invited to be present, as well as warships of the allied nations. The programme is now being made out and will be a notable one.

Invitations signed by Governor Milliken will be sent to every Maine-born citizen now living outside of the state, whose address can be obtained, and the committee is asking all who claim Maine as their birthplace to send their name and address to the committee headquarters at Portland that they may receive one of these invitations.

Over 200,000 sons and daughters of Maine are now living outside of the state, a great many of whom are leaders in the affairs of the nation from sections in which they now reside.

Religious Friends.

By Grace E. Hall.

Why do they urge me to their way,
Since I am I and they are they?
It was not meant that I should be
Subservient; for mentally
Each one must reason, weigh and choose—
Who trusts another's mind shall lose!

Why do they claim the clearer sight,
And stubbornly assert they're right?
Presumption, this, and ego plain,
To try to rule another's brain!
While others still, in faiths remote,
Another set of ethics quote!

The one who fashioned mortal man
Must need all creeds in his great plan
Some minds he made to trust and yield,
While some to these same things are sealed;
But he must know the reason why
That they are they and I am I!

I'd gladly honor their queer claim,
If they would treat my views the same.
There seems to me largess of room
Wherein each lovely faith may bloom;
But when with them I disagree,
They prophesy it's hell for me!

LIFE.

Life—a swift shuttle, weaving, weaving,
A rosary of days with pendant cross;
A path which winds by shore and fell and mountain,
And mist-hung pines forever grieving, grieving
With the old history of pain and loss,
Written in rocks and every sobbing fountain,
And every sea on which our ships must toss.

A few swift scenes of meeting and of parting,
With wavering sunlight on the withered grass;
The memory of words by dear lips spoken,
Lying like thorns upon the red wounds smarting,
Which cannot stay and yet can never pass,
Until the heart lies quivering and broken,
And the lonely spirit cries, alas alas!

The priests of wisdom ever chatter, chatter,
The monkish doctors in their drear, gray halls
Blow ethic bubbles like a young child playing,
The jugglery of laws prescribed in matter,
As dead as their dead creeds upon their walls;
And far from that sore grief which leads to praying
When prostrate anguish for swift healing calls.

And so I watch the shuttle flying, flying,
And kiss the broken sunbeams as they fall
Where shade of cypress and drear stones are lying,
Not knowing but this sighing may be dying,
Yet hoping that my fainting, faltering call
May bring to me what I have lost—at last,
The consummation which will explain all.

—GUY FILCH PHELPS.

SOME CHANCE MEETINGS.

I met a one-armed milkman at the gate,
Singing a lively air, defying fate.
I asked him whence the cause of his refrain.
"Why not?" he asked; "with one arm lost, 'tis plain
I think as well as when I had the twain."

I saw an old man leaning on his staff,
His eyes a-twinkle, ready for a laugh.
"Do you not fear the grave?" I asked and smiled.
"Ah, no," he cried, "and praise the Undefiled,
I fear it less than when I was a child."

A little girl placed roses in the hand
Of a blind newsboy, shouting by his stand.
"You're wasting much," I whispered. "He can't see."
"Oh, yes he can; great tales he reads to me
From petals of the rose and leaf of tree."

And as I found and touched the strings of life,
I heard above earth's discord and its strife,
The lyre eternal, melody divine,
Pleading with men to worship at the shrine
Of wondrous love—God's love, and yours and mine.

—W. R. McCRACKEN.

Pendleton, Or.

THE DISILLUSIONMENT.

I saw a castle from afar,
A haunted place of mystery,
With crimson towers and turrets high
That spoke of ancient chivalry.

It stood upon a stately crest,
Amid a grove of pine trees old;
And when the sun was in the west
The window panes were gold.

And many a wondrous tale I dreamed
Of high romance that once was there,
Of brave and glorious knights who deemed
It sweet to die for ladies fair.

And I was filled with deep desire
To enter those heroic walls,
To climb into the highest spire
And linger in the stately halls.

Alas! My youthful dream is o'er.
I reached the castle's heights—and found
Our gardener's name carved on the door,
And eggshells on the ground.

—DOROTHY E. HALL.

SAINT VALENTINE.

My heart awakes with love's fair light,
Although the sky is gray;
I must my secret to her tell,
Saint Valentine, today.

The sun shall rise from out the mist,
This day of all the year,
We'll let the gloom and shadows pass,
And laugh at doubt and fear.

A toast to thee, Saint Valentine,
So silent, secret, wise,
The world today seems made for two,
And they're near paradise.

—JUNE McMILLEN ORDWAY.

WHO SAYS LOVE IS BLIND?

Parents of old oft' used to say
To dear St. Valentine:
"Keep love away from youthful hearts
Let not his charms entwine."

Yet love would come to all fond hearts,
'Neath blue or darkened skies,
Before they knew youth mated were
Before their very eyes.

Ah! yes, the youth of olden time
Kept love aflame alway;
Parents forgot and careless grew,
Just as they do today.

—JUNE McMILLEN ORDWAY.