Sunday Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK.

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

C. A. MORDEN, Manager. E. B. PIPER, Editor.

The Oregonian is a member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., Required by the Act Of Congress of August 24, 1912,

Of Sunday Oregonian, published each Sunday at Portland, Oregon, for April 1, 1920. State of Oregon, County of Multnomah.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared C. A. Morden, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the manager of Sunday Oregonian and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief a true statement of the ownership, management (and, if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Oregonian Publishing Co., C. A. Morden, Manager, Portland, Oregon.

Editor, E. B. Piper, Portland, Oregon.

Business Manager, W. E. Hartmus, Portland, Oregon.

2. That the owners are (Give names and addresses of the individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock):

Owner, Oregonian Publishing Co., Inc., Portland, Oregon.

Stockholders: H. L. Pittock Estate, Portland, Oregon; The Scott Company, Portland, Oregon.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding date shown above is 95,738. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

C. A. MORDEN, Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1920.

(Seal) W. E. HARTMUS.

(My commission expires May 25, 1923.)

OUR TROUBLES AND THE WAY OUT

Every American should have been able to hear and take to himself the speech made by Frank A. Vanderlip at the Portland Chamber of Commerce Wednesday evening. Calmly, forcibly and with unerring logic he pointed out the evils from which this country suffers, though in a far less degree than the rest of the world. He showed the causes of these evils to be departures from the basic principles of economic truth by governments, business men, manufacturers and workmen in the heat of conflict, and persisted in since the war ended through sheer inability to make a beginning at return to the right path. He gave a word-picture of nations which have been wrought up to a supreme nervous effort under the impetus of intense passion and conviction, which are suddenly released from that pressure and are called upon to do some of the coldest, straightest thinking that man ever did and to apply themselves intensely to those ordinary occupations which seem to be dreary drudgery after the excitement of war.

Mr. Vanderlip showed that we in America have been guilty of the same economic sins as other nations and that, if we have sinned less, it was because the temptation was not so overpowering. We have multiplied several times the volume of currency, which is the representative of things produced, while since 1914 we have increased production only six per cent. To meet the financial exigencies caused by war, that the government might borrow cheaply, the secretary of the treasury induced the federal reserve board to fix a low discount rate, which stimulated issue of more currency when there was no increase of production on which to base it. The result is inflation, which has given us a 40-cent dollar, and he warns us that we may yet have a 30-cent dollar.

The effect of that 40-cent dollar is high wages, strikes for higher wages, profiteering, much of it involuntary, still higher prices which provoke more strikes for still higher wages. The process of artificially lifting prices is accelerated by reckless spending both by the new millionaires whom the war has bred, and by men who imagine that, because they have more dollars, they have more to spend. This greater desire to buy when there is no increase in the supply of things to buy is a direct cause of mounting prices, which incite demands for higher wages from men who are unwilling to give up luxuries which they for the first time enjoyed in the hectic days of war prosperity.

We can cure this disease only by applying more capital and more labor to increased production, which would put more value into our dollars, and at the same time by reducing the volume of currency to the point where it would truly represent the value of our aggregate production. The value of each dollar would then rise as production grew and as the aggregate number of dollars in circulation diminished. But the way to these remedies is blocked by two more violations of economic law. One is a system of direct taxation which, Mr. Vanderlip says, takes 79 per cent of the largest fortunes. Politicians and legislators have had their minds so concentrated on the desire to place the main burden of taxation on these large fortunes as to have overlooked the fact that they have hitherto furnished the main fund of capital with which to increase production. These taxes fall on productive enterprise so heavily as to discourage investment in them and as to force demand for high prices in order that they may carry the burden, and by restricting production they help the manufacturer and merchant to obtain these high prices. The law also has furnished capital with a safe refuge from taxation by creating a class of securities that is exempt from taxes and the volume of which has been increased to about fourteen billion dollars and is still increasing. A penalty is thus imposed on those investments which increase production, and a premium is placed on those which increase it little or not at all.

Labor also has sunk to about 60 per cent of normal efficiency and thus co-operates with unwise taxation in restricting production. The causes are several. The most immediate cause is the reaction from the exaltation of spirit arising from the war to the consideration of the material necessities of the nation and the individual in the disturbed condition which has followed. A reduced supply of labor coincides with an increased demand and encourages labor to demand more wages and to give less for them. All manner of economic heresies are eagerly embraced with the same effect. The most deepseated of all causes is the ignoring by both capital and labor of the truth that it is not a commodity, but that the human factor varies widely the quantity and quality of its output. The modern industrial system has withdrawn the employer from personal contact with his workmen and has made work so mechanical as to destroy the workman's interest in it. Employers by adhering to the time system and unions by resisting its abandonment by those employers who have seen the truth encourage the delusion that labor is a commodity, that each man is as good as the next and that wages can be sustained by limiting hours of work and production. Revolutionists foster this delusion by teaching that employers appropriate a large part of labor's just share in the price of the product. They must be silenced by resort to a new system which will secure to the workman all of his share and will convince him that he gets it, which will change the relation between employer and workman so that they will be always conscious of being practically partners in a common enterprise.

Solution of all these problems requires wide economic education of the American people, that they may decide wisely in choosing the men who shall lead them through the next four critical years. There is a popular impression that economics are an abtruse science that is aloof from their ordinary affairs. It is in fact the science by which their every-day life is governed—whether they shall be rich, poor or merely well-to-do, well or ill-fed and clad, have good or bad health, be married or not, have children or not; it is concerned with all these things. Its fundamental truths are simple as the ten commandments and, if we cling to them in reasoning out our problems, we shall reach conclusions. The American people are capable of this education in economics, and it devolves on their leaders to turn their minds to the subject. Finance was regarded as a science too deep for the ordinary man prior to 1896, but the free silver craze forced the people to study it in order that they might reach a right decision. They mastered its truths and decided according to them. They can do so again with regard to the economic problems which now confront them.

In order that they may work out the solution wisely, they must choose leaders of sound character, as well as sound opinions, to direct the affairs of the nation. For president they need an idealist who keeps his ideals in close relation to realities; a man who combines business ability with statesmanship; stalwart Americanism with close knowledge of the world at large; a man who will not sacrifice principle to opportunism; a man who will have courage to tell the people unpalatable truth and to do unpopular things; also a man of firm will, but not stubborn in his insistence on his own plan.

HOW EASY!

Much of the financial difficulties of the street railway company could be composed without financial cost to the taxpayers or the car-riding public. Only a sacrifice of convenience would be required of a certain class.

That class is the portion of the public which daily rides to and from business in private automobiles. It includes friends and strangers invited to ride as well as the owners of cars.

Now there is a call from one of the great oil companies, through the medium of a page advertisement, for curtailment of use of gasoline in pleasure cars. If this curtailment is not accomplished by voluntary act of the car owners it may be accomplished by a forced rationing system in which the commercial user will have the preference.

The city of Portland, moreover, suffers from a traffic congestion in the downtown streets, caused in large part by parked automobiles.

Here are three birds that might be killed with one stone: The 5-cent fare, the gasoline shortage, the traffic congestion.

The situation is pointed out for consideration and to illustrate how thoroughly we have fallen into habits of luxury which we decline to surrender. It is not suggested that prohibition of parking within a wide radius of the business section could be enforced without loud protest, but it would be a solution of several problems from which everybody would be the gainer—even the automobile owner, for it costs more than the price of a streetcar ride for him to drive his car to town.

TRYING TO ELUDE REALITY.

Dr. A. A. Brill, a member of the faculty of New York university, translator of the works of Freud and a leading American psychiatrist, makes a noteworthy contribution to current efforts to diagnose the ouija board craze in a statement in which he says that "the ouija board is used by people who want to get something for nothing." They are apt to be the same people who would go to a fortune teller or a medium, though not all of them have done so. But the seeming marvels accomplished by the bewitched bit of furniture are, he says, due to the circumstance that "the ouija board is not guided by ghosts but by the unconscious impulses of the persons who operate it."

The Freudian theory that most of our unfilled wishes are relegated to the unconscious mind, whence they emerge only in sleep or in a kind of waking dream finds expression in the ouija board, among other ways. The "unconscious impulses," which in the Freudian psychology mean the unconscious attempts of the individual to adapt himself to his environment, hold us constantly in thrall. We do not know Dr. Brill's authority for the estimate that "only about one-eighth of our doings originate in consciousness," but a little reflection will persuade the observer that it is at least plausible. And "since the average person is ignorant of the unconscious activities of his mind, the revelations of what goes on there are as strange to him as if they came from another sphere." The unfilled wishes are among the newly revealed treasures of the storeroom. Interest in so-called psychic phenomena is likely to be keenest in individuals in whom discontent with environment is most intense.

All of us like to build castles in the air. Day dreams are a pleasing relief from the sordid monotonies of life. "The average person whose wishes are within the realms of possibility," suggests Dr. Brill, "makes a strong effort to realize them, and whether he succeeds or fails he adjusts himself to conditions." With inability to exert corresponding mental control there is likely to exist delusion as to the reality. "The wish is father to the thought" may have a deeper psychic significance than is made superficially to appear. The effort to evade reality finds many forms of expression. The psychiatrist believes that resort to alcohol is one of them. Certainly the mania for gambling in Germany since that country failed completely to achieve its ambition for world domination seems capable of explanation upon that theory. Those who have abandoned hope of obtaining fulfilment of their desires through their own efforts find it easier to make believe. When the mechanisms of the natural emotions fail, the so-called psychic phenomena are ready at hand.

The struggle for existence goes on. Our prehistoric ancestors had not developed the "psychic" side of their natures in all probability because they had too much else to do. It has not been proved that men in the stone age had less inherent mental capacity than the present generation, but it was not until they found leisure to do so that they began to create oracles, fortune tellers, good and bad fairies and imps and sprites. These, like the ouija board, Dr. Brill regards as "symptoms rather than causes." The injury they may do is serious only as they may unfit the individual for reality. The cure, he finds, is work and comprehension of the soundness of the maxim that the Lord helps those that help themselves. The ouija board as a medium of entertainment probably would have attracted no more attention than the game of authors; it is only those who try to substitute it for the old-fashioned virtue of self-reliance who will need to consider seriously the warning that students like Dr. Brill are seeking to convey.

ASK JOHNSON.

The correspondent who today asks The Oregonian whether it will support Hiram Johnson if he shall be nominated by the republicans for president and who moralizes on the virtues of singing the praises of one's favorite as opposed to criticism of other candidates would better direct his inquiries and his moralizing to Senator Johnson himself.

So far as we have observed Senator Johnson is the only aspirant for the republican nomination who is making deleterious remarks about other aspirants for that honor. He has fallen in with Senator Borah in insinuating and charging that other candidates are supported by the "vested interests." From his headquarters at San Francisco have come to The Oregonian within the last week two installments of press agent's material, both of which are confined exclusively to attacks upon Herbert Hoover.

What is Senator Johnson going to do if some other than himself is nominated, as some other surely will be? Will he support the republican party's choice? Will he retract?

As for The Oregonian it has not said anything about Senator Johnson which it will retract. As to supporting him if the improbable happens, it will cross that bridge when it reaches it.

CO-OPERATION IN RESEARCH.

Dean Thatcher of the department of agriculture of the University of Minnesota makes a strong point in favor of co-operation in general scientific research in an article in School and Society in which he shows how important co-ordinated action has been proved to be in the case of agriculture. The former idea that research was purely individual, that "it was a sort of inner flame which was easily stifled by administrative restrictions," seems to be giving way before the broader conception that solution of problems that concern society is likely to be facilitated by more socially conducted research. The borders of the field of human knowledge are to be pushed back, as Dean Thatcher puts it, not only by brilliant sorties into the field of the unknown by daring individual spirits, but also by great, organized mass attacks, having as their purpose the pushing back of long sectors of the line.

Professor Thatcher shows that lack of proper co-ordination between scientific departments in a public institution may have positively harmful results, and cites a number of classical examples. "It almost invariably happens that in any given institution some laboratory or group of scientists develops more rapidly than others, or brings its investigations to a conclusion and makes its results known before other phases of the same general problem are studied." Thus it occurred only a few years ago that a new and seemingly highly promising strain of wheat was developed by a plant breeder before its satisfactory milling quality had been demonstrated by the chemists of the same institution, and also before plant pathologists had had opportunity to determine its resistance to plant diseases. Horticulturists once recommended general planting as a hardy ornamental shrub of the barberry, which afterward proved to be a singularly disastrous host for the perpetuation of black stem rust of wheat—a parasite that, without the barberry as an intermediary, would have died a natural death.

Until federal regulations concerning importation of new plants had been brought up to date as the result of the work of department scientists, numerous seemingly valuable fruits and grains were introduced into the country by explorers, adding to general crop production, but carrying parasites which in new environment became a menace to production as a whole. Western growers will recall without difficulty the costly introduction of new strains of alfalfa. Development of extensive reclamation projects, particularly in relation to drainage, far in advance of knowledge of the adaptabilities or limitations of the soil after it has been reclaimed, and introduction into a state of industries which, though feasible as scientific abstractions, did not fit into farm management operations for local economic reasons, furnish other apt illustrations.

Under co-operative conditions, on the other hand, most of that which is now known of the possibilities of scientific breeding of livestock for meat and milk production has been revealed, disease-resistant grains have been perfected and measures have been established for the protection of farmers against fraud. The Babcock milk tester, the greatest single factor in development of the dairy industry, was another product of the system, which has justified itself in these and many other particulars.

Dean Thatcher contends with reason that not only the form but the spirit of co-operation must be observed if the people as a whole are to receive the full benefits of the work of scientists. He admits that his military simile fails him at this point, for while he would seek co-ordination in the mass attack, he would do nothing to suppress by excessive discipline the initiative of individuals without which discovery and invention would be impossible. But it is not clear that sacrifice of individuality would be necessary to a co-ordinated programme. The greatest American industries have demonstrated in many instances that men with scientific training can be persuaded to work together in harmony, and this was proved also in a large way after the research departments of the government had been fully organized for the purposes of the war. It ought to be demonstrable that at least the departments of science which look to the public for support can be subjected to the discipline which Dean Thatcher has shown to be definitely in the public interest.

SUICIDAL.

Spread of unauthorized strikes among railroad switchmen is evidence in itself of the fallacy of the one big union idea. These strikes are accomplished by the guerilla tactics of militant local minorities. There always will be such minorities. They are a product of a law of human nature which can never be repealed.

Today it is demonstrated that the personal influence of comrades on the job is more potent among workers than appeals or threats issued at long distance by duly constituted national officers. The face-to-face argument, threat or intimidation will always prevail over the letter or the telegram.

Existence of one big union without insurgency at times is inconceivable, and insurgency will always prevail where it can be urged through personal contact. In communist Russia it has been found necessary to maintain labor's solidarity by force of arms and by grant of special food privileges. Only guns and bribes are effective. They quell everything but the mutterings.

In the United States labor has probably reached its nearest approach to solidarity. Its craft organizations are becoming unwieldy. Insurgency is in the air and national officers dare not punish recalcitrancy. Repeated rejections of the advice and counsel of the best leadership, violations of union regulations and repudiations of contracts all menace the great structure of conservative, progressive unionism. Rather than one big union we are more likely to return to a multiplicity of small detached unions with diminished power to gain from employers that to which labor is justly entitled.

VOCATIONAL RED TAPE.

An impressive revelation of the deadening effects of bureaucratic red tape is being made through the investigation into the federal board of vocational education now in progress in Washington. The pertinacity of some of the fighting men, it is indicated by testimony taken by the committee, has been a powerful instrument in procuring action that from the beginning was hampered by apparent lack of effective organization, overmanning of bureau offices and widespread disinclination to accept responsibility for definite action. The soldier witnesses at the hearing, who confined themselves to the facts of their own experience, constituted a severe arraignment of the system under which the law had been administered.

The case of John J. Davis, a cavalryman, reported in detail by the Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post, is among the interesting ones. Davis made application ten months ago for training in agriculture, the nature of his disability making outdoor work desirable for him. He was discharged in April, 1919, and made formal application for training on June 1. Physicians of the war risk insurance bureau examined him and rated him as disabled. From New York he traveled to Washington, where he encountered a "courteous reception," and his papers were forwarded to Baltimore. There they were pigeonholed. But Davis was persistent, and in reply to repeated demands he received, after some weeks, a request for another affidavit. The record discloses:

> He had not been awarded training. He had not been denied training. His name had been put on a folder, his papers had been placed in the folder and seemingly the folder had been put away for all time. Although he had appealed at the central office of the board for training ten months ago, nothing had happened.

A Mr. Greenleaf figured in the testimony as a man connected with the Washington office of the board who seemed to be in a position of authority. This is another extract from the record:

> Did Mr. Greenleaf ever tell you why your case was not passed upon?
>
> Davis—He said that I was entitled to training and he did not see why I did not get it.
>
> How long has Mr. Greenleaf been telling you that you were entitled to training?
>
> Davis—Since last June.
>
> Have you means of your own to live on while taking training?
>
> Davis—No, sir.

The case of Dan Edwards, who returned from France minus one arm and one leg, with one of his lungs affected by gas, the sight of one eye impaired and with an artificial drum in one ear, was even more flagrant. Evans had been recommended for a congressional medal of honor, but he would willingly have exchanged this prospect for a term in a vocational school. He was discharged from the army February 17, 1919, proved his disability, received temporary aid from the Elks fund and after several months was placed in school. He thought that his troubles were over then, but they were not. The vocational board then began to dun him for money that had been advanced him while he was sick and out of training. The class in accounting to which he was assigned often had a hundred students to one instructor and "aside from the irrelevance of the work it was wasteful in itself." Edwards finally, by sheer pluck but only after many months, succeeded in kicking up such a row that the board made a special order of his case and straightened it out.

Testimony given by a soldier named Hammond, relating to the New York office of the board, is illuminating:

> I am safely assuming that there must have been 200 people employed by the federal board in that office. There were no more than thirty men examined that day. The average time taken for each man was about thirty minutes. I remained from 10 o'clock in the morning until noon, when they told me to come back after dinner. Some men got discouraged, as they had been waiting two or three days, and said it did not look as if they were coming through at all.

It is significant that witnesses before the investigating committee do not criticise the law by itself. There was, however, much condemnation of the administration of the law. In a word, the most important department of the whole government having relation to the discharge of the people's debt to disabled soldiers appears to have become, on admissions of its own representatives, badly enmeshed in red tape.

THE BARBARA FRIETCHIE LEGEND.

Nomination of Barbara Frietchie for a place in the hall of fame, to be voted on next October, and interpreted in the advance press announcement by the council of New York university as a "reflection of the active participation of women in the world war and the subsequent change of mind that has been wrought by the extension of women's sphere," probably is more significant of the vitality of a legend in the midst of history. Parson Weems' imaginative version of the George Washington cherry tree incident is another illustration of the point. The little hatchet of Washington is no more real than Barbara's flag, which Whitter, who made it famous, has admitted he probably confounded with another historic happening.

There was, nevertheless, a real Barbara Freitchie, as historians have been to some pains to discover. One credible account says that she was born in Lancaster, Pa., in 1766, that she was the third daughter of Nicholas and Catherine Hauer, and that her father, who was a native of Dilldendorf, Germany, and a hatmaker, came to America in 1754, settling in Lancaster and working at his trade until 1770, when he removed to Frederick, Md., where the incident reported by Whittier was supposed to have taken place. Barbara was one of a number of young women invited to wait on President Washington in 1791, when the president spent a night at a hotel at Frederick, and it is said that on the day of his burial, eight years later, she took part as pall-bearer in an honorary funeral procession. From which it will be supposed that the Hauers were well regarded in the community in which they lived and that Barbara was qualified by social position and personal talents to hold her own.

The simple incidents of her life, however, have become the nucleus of a maze of contradictory statements. The name, "Freitchie," also written "Fritchie," was not acquired by Barbara until 1805, when as a maiden of 39 she became the wife of John Caspar Freitchie, a man of American birth, though the son of a German, and probably a tory during the revolutionary war. Mr. Freitchie was a buckskin dresser and glove-maker, and carried on his trade until the time of his death in 1849 in the house subsequently made historical by the poetic legend. Barbara, then 83 years old, remained in her home, cared for by her kinsfolk. She was within three months of her 96th birthday, when, on September 6, 1862, the advance guard of General Lee's army, under Stonewall Jackson, entered Frederick. On the following day the main army of the confederates occupied the city. One historian says: "The presence of the troops was obnoxious to Mrs. Freitchie, as to many other residents. Before hostilities began she had been heard to say: 'It will never happen that one short life like mine shall see the beginning and end of a government like this!' and all during the stay of the confederates she expressed her union sentiments freely."

Unfortunate for the romance, however, when on the morning of September 10 a part of the army under Jackson left Frederick on its way to Harper's Ferry, passing Mrs. Freitchie's door as it did, Jackson, as has since been ascertained, turned off from the column at the east end of the city to call at a friend's house, rejoining his men at so great a distance from the Freitchie home that the aged woman could not have seen him if she had appeared at her window. On the same street that morning a union flag, or a union badge, it has not been established which, was displayed by a Mrs. Mary Quantrell, and there is a tradition that a confederate soldier attempted to take it from her, contrary to orders that no one should be molested. On one of these two incidents Whittier framed his poetic tale, which included the lines:

> Up the street came the rebel tread,
> Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.
>
> Under his slouched hat left and right
> He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
>
> "Halt!"—the dust-browned ranks stood fast.
> "Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.
>
> It shivered the window, pane and sash;
> It rent the banner with seam and gash.
>
> Quick as it fell from the broken staff
> Dame Barbara seized the silken scarf;
>
> She leaned far out on the window sill
> And shook it forth with a royal will.
>
> "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
> But spare your country's flag," she said.

And then, as every schoolboy knows, the climax, which in the poem runs:

> "Who touches a hair of yon gray head
> Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

Whittier evidently received a version of the story in which the Freitchie and Quantrell incidents were interwoven. A week after the confederate retirement, a large part of the main army of McClellan passed through Frederick and during the march Mrs. Freitchie appeared on her porch and waved a union flag at the men in blue. Later, it is also said, a union officer called to compliment her on her patriotism and received a flag she had treasured, but not the same flag she had used that morning. Mrs. Freitchie died on December 18 of the same year, being then fifteen days over 96 years old.

In an explanatory note appended to the poem in some of the later editions of his works, Whittier disclosed that he was not unmoved by the charge of historical inaccuracy, and said:

> This poem was written in strict conformity to the account of the incident as I had it from respectable and trustworthy sources. It has since been the subject of a good deal of conflicting testimony, and the story was probably incorrect in some of its details. It is admitted by all that Barbara Freitchie was no myth, but a worthy and highly esteemed gentlewoman, intensely loyal and a hater of the slavery rebellion, holding her union flag sacred and keeping it with her Bible; that when the Confederates halted before her home and entered her dooryard she denounced them in vigorous language, shut her door in their faces, and drove them out; and when General Burnside's troops followed close upon Jackson's, she waved her flag and cheered them. It is stated that May Quantrell, a brave and loyal lady in another part of the city, did wave her flag in sight of the confederates. It is possible that there has been a blending of the two incidents.

The difficulties confronting the historian, it will be conceded, are immeasurably heightened by the legend-mongers. As, for illustration, in a more recent time, there is conflict of testimony over the "Lafayette, we are here!" once attributed to General Pershing, later ascribed to Colonel Stanton, who visited the tomb of Lafayette in company with Pershing, and again, only recently, credited by no less an authority than Marshal Foch to General Pershing. "We can start at once; we made preparations on the way," said to have been the answer of Admiral Sims to the British admiralty's question, "When will you be ready?" is now declared by more careful inquirers to have been uttered by Commander Taussig, but the Sims tradition is hard to overtake. History is filled with incidents showing that people are not deeply concerned with the minor differences between fact and fiction. The patriotic idea embodied in the Barbara Freitchie legend has taken hold of the imagination of a people, and the idea rather than the person will be perpetuated, if, as is not wholly improbable, Barbara shall win her place in the Hall of Fame.

A Pacific fruit line is suggested as a possibly profitable venture for shipping men by Andrew Farrell in the Pacific Marine Review. He makes one's mouth water by telling of the pineapple, the banana, the breadfruit, the alligator pear, the avocado, the mango and other tropical fruits which grow in the Hawaiian and Fiji islands, and which might be imported fresh by a line of fast steamers, also carrying tourists. The immense business which the United Fruit company has established by cultivating the taste of Atlantic coast people for tropical fruit might be duplicated on the Pacific coast as population grows. It would make a market for many of our products as return cargoes and would develop tourist traffic to the Pacific islands.

Man is a creature of habit. He keeps his knife in the same pocket with his keys; he scratches his match in the same place and so on with a hundred unconsidered acts. Everything has a fixed place with him. He knows how many steps go upstairs and how many go into the basement, for subconsciously he counts them; therefore, when during and after spring housecleaning he gets home late and bumps into one piece of furniture after another, can you blame him for violent language and thoughts of murder?

It is not at all surprising that "white collar men" are in the majority among applicants for marriage licenses in New York. A man who wouldn't spruce up on his wedding day doesn't deserve to have a wife.

Confirmation of a verdict in a damage suit in Chicago, just seventeen years after the death of the plaintiff, is a demonstration of the law's delays that it will take a lot of argument to explain away.

A St. Louis woman has just inherited $110,000, but says that she will continue to do her own work. She is under no illusions, evidently, as to the power of mere wealth to obtain domestic service nowadays.

If the report that Russian workers have voted to abolish holidays and work overtime is verified, we admit that we shall be inclined to look a little more leniently on the soviet system.

Judging from the multiplicity of labor troubles just now, there is room left for education along the line that nothing but increased production can solve the problem of the H. C. L.

There is hope for the bank teller who attributed his downfall the other day to "high living." He was at least honest enough not to blame it all on the profiteers.

The "better restaurants" in Denver have stricken potatoes from the menu, thus disabusing our minds of the notion that mere expensiveness is a sign or aristocracy.

What the general public seems to want is a strike against strikes, and the time seems to be about ripe for one.

There is life left in Belgium yet when she is able to send troops to represent her in keeping peace at Frankfurt.

A poet's wife has just received a divorce in New York—a state, however, in which non-support is not a legal ground.

The mailed fist in Germany is to give way to the iron broom. Well, here's hoping that the iron broom sweeps clean.

Voluntary army training ought to be a go if somebody will invent a way of converting it into a sport with an attractive name.

The Alabama fashion of wearing overalls might have a chance of spreading if there were overalls enough to go around.

Cherry trees beginning to bloom and the roads are developing chuck holes—two infallible signs of spring.

Georges Carpentier is said to have fifty silk shirts—one, perhaps, for each George.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Recognition of Deity on United States Coins Dates Back to 1861.

The first suggestion for the recognition of the deity on the coin of the United States was made by M. R. Watkinson of Ridleyville, Pa., who signed himself "Minister of the Gospel," in a letter dated November 13, 1861, says the Kansas City Times. He wrote to Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase suggesting the words "God, Liberty, Law," be inscribed on our coins. Whether Secretary Chase was moved by this letter or not it is impossible to say, but it is a fact that a week later Mr. Chase sent a letter to the director of the mint at Philadelphia, in which he said: "No nation can be strong except in the strength of God, or safe except in his defense. The trust of our people in God should be declared on our national coins. You will cause a device to be prepared without unnecessary delay, with a motto expressing in the fewest and tersest words possible this national recognition."

The mottoes prepared by the director of the mint were these: "Our Country: Our God," and "God, Our Trust." These did not wholly suit Secretary Chase, who commented upon them in a letter to the director of the mint. His letter: "I approve your mottoes, only suggesting . . . that the first should begin with 'Our God,' so as to read 'Our God and Our Country,' and that the motto on the shield should be changed so as to read instead of 'God, Our Trust,' 'In God We Trust.'"

An act passed on April 22, 1864, changing the composition of the 1-cent piece and authorizing the coinage of the 2-cent piece, gave authority to the director of the mint, with the approval of the secretary of the treasury, to fix the devices of the 2-cent piece. "In God We Trust" first appeared on the 2-cent bronze piece. On March 3, 1865, an act was passed making it lawful for this motto to appear on such coins as will admit the inscription. Under this act the motto was placed on the $20, $10 and $5 gold pieces, and in the latter part of 1865 on the 50 and 25-cent silver pieces.

* * *

"Thraliana," the diary of Mrs. Thrale, a personal friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson, sometimes known as the "Woman Boswell," was sold in London recently for $3000 to an English collector named McNeil. There are six volumes containing 1000 pages. The origin of the diary is given in the first entry:

"It is many years since Dr. Johnson advised me to get a little book and write therein all the little anecdotes coming to my knowledge."

Mrs. Thrale took Dr. Johnson's advice and bought not one little book but six large ones, and filled them all. The volumes have been carefully preserved, being the property of Mrs. Coleman, great-granddaughter of Mrs. Thrale's second husband.

* * *

The atmosphere of the smoking car lent itself to reminiscence, says the Home Sector.

"Captain," asked the hardware salesman, "would you mind telling me how you lost your arm?"

"Not at all, not at all," replied the bronzed officer with the empty sleeve. "It happened this way: We were due for another turn in the trenches the next day, so they were giving a dance for us that night back in the rest camp. A few welfare workers were there, and among them was the cutest little girl I ever met. I managed to dance with her most of the evening, and toward the end we wandered out in the moonlight. . . . 'Captain,' she said after a while, 'please remove your arm.'

"And you know, she was such a little queen I just couldn't refuse her."

* * *

The Rev. Dr. Blank enjoys a well-deserved reputation in a southwestern city for a certain agility of spirit which sometimes crystallize into epigram. At a ministerial meeting in his city the conversation turned on a recent religious work which had excited considerable comment over the country. Doctor Blank ventured to criticise it mildly, whereupon a devout colleague hotly took up the cudgels in its defense.

"I tell you," he cried, "that book bears the marks of having been dictated by the Holy Spirit himself."

"That may be," said the doctor quietly, "but I have often read well-meant human interpretations of the divine message which might correctly carry the notation I sometimes see on business letters, 'dictated but not read.'"—Harper's Magazine.

* * *

While the 18th amendment was being ratified, state by state, no one, next to the brewers, showed such signs of panic as hotelkeepers, remarks the New York Post. One would have thought that their main business was serving drinks and that providing meals and beds was merely incidental or only a means of stimulating thirst. One pictured the hotelkeepers calculating the weeks between them and bankruptcy. If one were of a philosophical turn, there was a chance to meditate upon the vagaries of fate, which took an arrow aimed at the saloon and diverted it against the time-honored institution of the inn. Suddenly we hear from the hotelkeeper. But he is moaning no longer. Between chuckles he manages to impart the information that his waiters are rushed to death and that he is at his wit's end to know where to put people. Everybody has taken to food. The man who a year ago was drinking to excess now eats like a fish. There are, we gather, almost none who voice the old boast that they can eat it or let it alone.

* * *

"Girls Outstrip Men," says the head of Vassar college. But John D. Wells, in the Buffalo Evening News, denies it. Why, says John, making due allowance for insomnia, putting out the cat, locking the side door and all the other things that occur to one after he has the covers drawn over his neck, a man can still cross the borderland of sleep before a woman gets her hair off.

* * *

"The fact that I am a good musician," said a country lady, "was the means of saving my life during the flood in our town a few years ago."

"How was that?" asked the young lady who sang.

"Well, when the water struck our home my husband got on the folding bed and floated down the street till rescued."

"And what did you do?"

"Why, I accompanied him on the piano."—Minneapolis Tribune.

As Told in Town.

By Grace E. Hall.

He leaves the haze of the smoky town
When the east is aglow with rose,
And takes the road that is winding out
Through valleys serene and still;
There are pools where the bushes bending down
Give shade to the silver trout,
And he wears a smile as mile on mile
He covers the dale and hill.

He reaches at length the rushing stream
When the morning sun first shows,
With flies and tackle of modern mode
Makes ready for thrilling joy;
An urchin uncouth breaks up his dream
As whistling, past he goes,
With a willow pole to a near-by goal,
With the nonchalance of a boy.

The brilliant sun glides slowly by
On the track of the endless years,
The city nimrod is faint and worn
From the strain of the fruitless days;
When the barefoot urchin with crafty eye
Strolls past with a glance of scorn,
But pauses a while to watch and smile,
And the stranger's basket weigh.

There's a furtive bargain between the two—
The end of a perfect dream!
The sunset splashes the western hill,
The evening winds blow cool;
Tomorrow the angler will thrill you through
With tales of a mountain stream,
Where you drag out trout 'til you're plumb worn out,
From the depth of a foam-flecked pool!

AND HAVE WE, THEN, SO SOON FORGOT?

1918.

How full the streets! With look intent
On his own ends each one is bent;
Save when the flag goes waving by,
When every hat is lifted high;
Or, if a group in khaki passes,
Much room is made by all the masses.

1919.

The war is done! Yet still we feel
At victory's altar we should kneel
And offer thanks for heroes rare.
Brave deeds on land, or sea or air;
Nor be ashamed of dewy eye
When the dear flag goes floating by.

1920.

Another year! Time speeds along;
And life's again one grand, sweet song;
Careless crowds with careless hearts
Throng avenues and fashion's marts.
The flag goes by! A careless glance
From some, while others look askance.

L'Envoi.

And have we then so soon forgot
The thing for which our heroes fought?
To keep that banner free from stain,
Where'er it floats o'er land or main?
'Tis not a mere insensate thing
Of stars and bars, of twisted string.
It stands for freedom, hope and right,
For honor, truth and civic might.
Salute your flag! man, woman, child—
Keep high ideals undefiled!
America! America!
God has been good to thee;
Requite him then with patriot men
From sea across to sea.

—MARIAN D. MERRY.

A SIDEWALK FOUNTAIN.

See that pretty public fountain
Spouting water from the mountain.
How each jet with joy seems dancing
Like a warhorse gaily prancing,
Proudly bounding from the plain,
Flinging up and down his mane.

What a charm of art refining
Shows in lines of chaste designing
As from sturdy stem upbending,
Curve the graceful branches ending.
Each in brilliant basin where
Falls the blessing all may share.

Passing thousands thronging daily.—
Frowning crone, lass laughing gaily.
Anxious man or boy uncaring,
Find their feet to fount are faring;
Stop to quaff its crystal flow.
Sprightly onward then they go.

Grateful to its gracious donor
Proud is Portland, now its owner;
For its limpid streams unceasing
Health and strength shall give increasing;
Prove to some lorn soul perchance
Wholesome aid to temperance.

—JOHN L. VESTAL.

A SONG OF FIRELIGHT.

Dancing firelight fairies in the fire-beam's golden glow;
Music in each flick'ring, gleaming, swaying to and fro;
Merrily with cheery crack each red-clad sprite appears,
Leaping gayly, redly, dancing madly she careers.

Rippling, dimpling shadow-bearers, crimson, golden, blue;
Joyful racing, prancing madness, clad in brightest hue;
Laughing, leaping, flutt'ring lightly, scintillating light
In the wide-mouthed roaring furnace, red against the night.

Each red sprite pursues her playmate through the redd'ning glare.
Flickers, dances, flutters, wavers, falters, swaying there.
With a final merry flourish of her crimson gown,
The fire-sprite falls back quite lifeless, into ashes brown.

—LOIS SMITH.

THE ANOMALY OF THE BLUE-COAT

For fear of burglars every night,
I lie in bed and shake with fright;
To hear a Blue-coat's friendly tread,
Would soothe away that mortal dread.

How strange that just the other way,
The policeman frightens me by day;
When in my motor car I cross
Each crowded street, I meet that boss.

He frowns if I turn left or right,
Then looks as tho he'd like to bite;
And when at me he wags his head,
The shock oft kills my motor dead!

But, if that traffic cop would save
His awe-inspiring manner grave,
For vandals on a midnight beat,
How snug and sound I then could sleep.

—L. B. H.

POETRY.

That land where she walks is my land!
Where she sleeps there is beautiful night!
Only music is sweet where she lingers!
Only suns where she sings can be bright!
Even Eden itself were a desert,
If she from its bowers should rove;
What is there when she has been taken
To dreaming, to longing, or love?

—GUY FITCH PHELPS.

A CITY SPARROW.

Bird of the city street,
Little alley urchin,
Singing your "sweet—sweet—"