Sunday Oregonian

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FREEDOM IN BORROWING.

Hope that money will be made cheap and plentiful by legislation prescribing a low maximum rate of interest, such as would be attempted by one of the freak initiative measures to be placed on the Oregon ballot in November, is founded neither on a sound theory of economics nor on the experience of civilized nations. Reasonable freedom of contract as to interest rates has always been attended by extension of credits, and prevailing actual rates of interest have been lowest in countries which permitted the greatest tolerance. "Credit," as the writer on the general topic of "Interest" in Lalor's authoritative encyclopedia observes, "can no more be arrested in society than the circulation of the blood in the human body." The proponents of legislation aimed at the creation of easy money conditions by absurd limitations on freedom of contract invariably defeat their own purposes. Either they invite the usury which they seek to prohibit, by discouraging competition, by reducing the number of lenders and of disposable capital, and by increasing the risk, while the number and eagerness of borrowers remains the same, or they force on the desiring borrower the alternative of selling his property at heavy sacrifice to obtain funds not procurable in normal money channels. It is a curious circumstance that so many badly digested measures which pretend to protect the borrower have an effect precisely contrary to their professed intent.

An example of the misquotation of history resorted to by advocates of freak measures is furnished by a leaflet prepared in defense of the "6 per cent money" initiative measure in question. The statement of the leaflet for example, that "for years the laws of England prohibited any interest charge whatever," and that "during one period the rate was fixed at 8 per cent," and "capital went into shipping and industrial enterprise and England became the dominating power, civil and military, on land and sea," is a perfect non sequitur. British trade expansion was in inverse ratio to enforcement of laws denying liberty of investment. Interdiction of all lending at interest in the reign of Edward VI was not attended by commercial development, which on the other hand was promoted by the Elizabeth abrogation of this law and by fixing of a 10 per cent maximum. A Queen Anne statute pronounced every contract void that provided for a higher rate than 5 per cent, but this became obsolete in practice long before it was formally repealed. The law was successively attacked and modified in the reigns of George III, of William IV and of Victoria, and the celebrated resolutions reported to the British house of commons in 1818 still stand as a classic enunciation of the principle involved. They said:

> Resolved, that it is the opinion of this committee that the laws regulating and restraining the rate of interest have been extensively evaded, and have failed of the effect of imposing a maximum on such rate; and of late years, from the constant excess of the market rate of interest above the rate limited by law, they have added to the expense incurred by borrowers on real security, and that such borrowers have been compelled to resort to the mode of granting annuities, a mode which has been made the cover for obtaining higher interest than the rate limited by law, and has further subjected the borrowers to enormous charges or forced them to make very disadvantageous sales of their estates.

The penalty set forth in the last sentence was automatically imposed to the ruin of great numbers where the law was rigidly enforced, and it is distinctly not true that "England became the dominating power . . . on land and sea" as the consequence of legislation restricting credit by circumscribing freedom of private contract. Modification of the old laws "enabled loanable accommodation to flow into the channels where it was most wanted and could be best paid for." It saved many embarrassed investors from the evil necessity of submitting to forced sales of their property at low prices, it protected general credit and it saved immense sums to those who in their extremity would have resorted to circuitous contrivances for the purpose of evading the law. It was the act of 1833, abrogating the usury laws in relation to short-time loans, which, in the opinion of Lord Overstone, proved the salvation of British commerce in the historic panic of 1839.

The usurer is served, rather than embarrassed, by laws hampering freedom of mercantile transactions which are in themselves in consonance with sound public policy. Not only the history of England but that of France and other countries is replete with illustrations of the workings of this rule. Whenever it has been necessary for the French government to contract public loans, it has taken care, as historians have shown, not to appeal to the law of 1807, which fixed the legal maximum at 5 per cent in civil matters and at 6 per cent in mercantile transactions. The story of the operation of the French law is remarkable for its revelations of ingenious schemes of circumvention,—of which the subterfuge of sale with power of redemption is only one of many illustrations.

State statutes establishing the maximum rate of interest below which individuals are at liberty to enter into legal contracts have practically without exception fixed a maximum that is meaningless because it is above the market price of money under conditions existing within their boundaries. It is perhaps not without significance that no state, even in the east, where values are highly stabilized, has attempted to set a lower maximum than 6 per cent, while the proposed initiative measure for Oregon would declare usurious any rate above 5 per cent, "inclusive of all brokerages and commissions." Prospective borrowers, we think, will prefer to trust their fortunes to a money market responding to normal rules, rather than to the restriction of competitive lending which an unwarrantedly low maximum invites.

FAMOUS SAYINGS.

It is by the ladder of fame only that mere men appear to rise to the heavens.—Cicero.

He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.—Old Testament.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert;
The happy man's without a shirt.
—John Heywood.

His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.—Oliver Goldsmith.

Get money; still get money, boy,
no matter by what means.—Ben Jonson.

"Yet doth he live!" exclaims the impatient heir,
And sighs for sables which he must not wear. —Lord Byron.

I would rather be right than be president.—Henry Clay.

I would rather write than be president.—Bill Nye.

I would rather be rich than be president.—William G. McAdoo.

RECRUITING LAND-WORKERS.

We begin now to get a glimpse of the results of a national appetite for luxuries and of the broad thriftlessness which takes no account of the needs of another day. We have been thinking that so long as our factories turned out enough automobiles and silk hosiery the workers in them somehow would be fed. But near the close of an exceptionally fortunate growing season and in particular with a prospect of a tidy surplus of bread grains the question whether we shall be able to save the crops is propounded in all its wartime seriousness. The issue of wages is not involved. These, it is promised, will be satisfactorily adjusted. But it is a question of getting help at any price.

Of course the land army is only a makeshift. No farmer regards it as permanently practicable. The town boys and the farmerettes at their best are not worth half their number in experienced farm hands, skilled and toughened in their work. Even the casual labor that used to travel from harvest field to harvest field and from camp to camp probably was worth more than the novices it is now necessary to employ. Soon or late, either urban industry or agriculture will be compelled to adapt itself to the change. When farmers reach the point of planting no more than they can harvest by themselves the food outlook for city folk will be dark indeed.

This nevertheless does not lessen the necessity of garnering the present crop. It will be well for all who believe that patriotism includes certain peace-time duties to reflect whether they cannot help. With vacation time approaching and the farms calling, there seems to be more than a hint of opportunity for usefulness. There is one thing about the farm in summer—it is a healthful place to be and the shekels incidentally obtained may come in handy if flour and potatoes next winter continue their practice of establishing a new price record every year.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT BY POISON.

Catherine de Medici, so run the chronicles of France, was past-mistress of the gentle but lethal art of poisoning. She knew, that shrewd and evil old queen, the philter that was best suited to each instance, and that freed the soul from the body with neatness and dispatch. When some obnoxious courtier put thumb to tongue as he turned the pages of a book there came upon him the conviction that he had not made a wise selection from the royal library—and he died. Catherine's methods were ingenious and efficient. Has the wraith of King Henry's spouse wafted overseas to whisper a suggestion to Oregon lawmakers?

A former superintendent of the state penitentiary is credited with having anticipated the restoration of capital punishment by pointing out the advisability of poison as the agent of death. Preposterous as the proposal seems, it is said to have caught the fancy of certain citizens who will advocate its embodiment in law, for the more felicitous disembodiment of condemned criminals, and may be presented to the legislature at the next session. Proponents of the new mode of capital punishment dilate upon the simplicity of placing a deadly poison in the victuals of the condemned, presumably without his knowledge or consent, and contend that a spoonful of Irish stew so treated will speed the startled soul from its tenement much more expeditiously than the rope.

Ancient Greece prescribed poisoning as the death route to be taken by those condemned to die. And it was so that Socrates died, a beaker of hemlock to his lips. But poisoning has never intrigued the fancy of civilization. In crime it has been touched with the pitch of cowardice and deceit, and if there exist degrees of depravity in premeditated murder it is with certitude that opinion would point to poisoning as the most despicable. It is quite another matter, however, for justice to claim a forfeit life, and the question of method simplifies itself to a determination of that mode which is the least repulsive and the most humane. If poison were indicated in this research, then the potion of the condemned should be the deadliest of draughts. But who can contemplate without repulsion the spectacle of a condemned prisoner, starved and terrified, and yet tempted to the food that may be fatal? There is an element of cat-and-mouse cruelty in it that is inexpressibly repugnant.

For that matter, as an artistic accomplishment, one cannot wax enthusiastic over a hanging—particularly if it features him. The mode of death might be made selective at the option of the prisoner, as it is in Utah, where the doomed convict names his preference for a rifle bullet or the noose. It is an interesting commentary that the prevalent choice is for the firing squad. Were the grim selection to be made between poison and the rope, who would hazard a surmise on the popularity of the former? If the fatal dose was to be self-administered, as in the traditional case of Socrates, the former method might be widely endorsed by the most prominent murderers—but certainly not if the condemned man were compelled to regard his daily rations with dread and suspicion, reflecting that any mouthful might savor of cyanide.

Hanging has long held the approval of humanitarians as a capital means of capital punishment. It was in 1214 that an English scapegrace of noble birth, condemned to death for piracy, thrust his head through the noose and, as the late Mr. Wilde so aptly phrased it, "danced upon the air." History records this as the first official hanging. Bow-string strangling, the ax, the sword, the guillotine—though the latter was highly praised in the French revolution—have not superseded it in the opinion of civilization. Nor will the stealthy, weasel-wise practice of poison. While the execution is never successful without an expiatory demise, the modus operandi should be of only secondary importance. It should be quick and cleanly and candid.

THE GOD IN THE MACHINE.

Delay in synchronizing the motion picture and the phonograph, which has been the dream of inventors, suggests that there are factors beyond the realm of the mechanical with which scientists are not competent to deal and bids us receive with caution the prediction of a French physicist that groups of motion picture theaters in the near future will throw the same picture on the screen at the same time while actors will "speak their parts into wireless telephone instruments." The recent success of the wireless concert given by Madame Melba, in which audiences in Paris, Berlin and Rome simultaneously heard the rich notes of the diva's voice, gives color to the Frenchman's prediction, but somehow does not wholly establish our faith that it will be made good.

It is thirty years this year since it was first prophesied that the union of telegraphy with the typesetting machine would greatly reduce the man power required to edit and print the newspapers of the world. The central news service, disseminated by wire directly to the keyboards of a hundred thousand Mergenthalers in a thousand cities and towns, is still the dream of theorists, but it is as far from realization as it was in 1890. There is a point at which the most resourceful find an impasse. The machine clogs where the factor of human co-ordination enters in.

It may be that some genius—of a director, not an inventor—will devise a way to synchronize the Chaplins and the Baras and the Fairbanks, but there are doubts about it. We have infinite faith in the power of the machine, but here our credulity breaks down. The human temperament is altogether another affair.

DANGER IN TRADE WITH THE SOVIET.

American interests are in danger of suffering through failure of the government to act with regard to movements of the allies, particularly Great Britain, to reopen trade with Russia. The supreme council of the allies last February resolved to have no intercourse with the soviet government, but to open trade through the private channels of the co-operative associations. By making the co-operatives a branch of the government, the soviet left the allies no choice but to make trade agreements with agents of the soviet. Lloyd George did not hesitate, but has negotiated with Krassin, a bolshevist agent who formerly represented a German company in Petrograd, and has answered all critics by justifying trade negotiations, insisting that they did not involve recognition of the soviet and could be kept apart from political questions.

This policy is supported by Italy, but France opposes any dealings with agents of the soviet, though consenting to trade through private agencies. But all such agencies have been absorbed in the bolshevist government, and it is therefore impossible to comply with the French conditions. Still Lloyd George goes on, though his action opens a breach between Britain and France before Germany has begun to disarm. His first plan was to exchange goods for goods in the belief that Russia had unlimited quantities of wheat, flax and timber to export, but it proves that Russia has not the goods or, if it has, cannot transport them because the railroads are broken down. Then came a proposal that Russia pay gold for goods, but the objection is made that almost all the gold in the hands of the soviet is the reserve of the imperial government bank and is therefore security for Russian bonds, of which the French people hold about $14,000,000,000, while the rest is the Roumanian reserve, deposited with the czar's government and stolen by the soviet. The London Times and other British anti-bolshevist papers call the soviet money "tainted gold" and dare Lloyd George to accept it.

The British premier has not been able to keep political questions out of his conferences with Krassin, in fact has been eager to introduce them. He informed parliament that he warned Krassin no business could be done till all British prisoners in Russia were released, and Krassin promised their release. That was a political question. He requested that all bolshevist activities hostile to Britain in Persia and India cease, and thus opened negotiation on a political question of the highest importance and by implication recognized the soviet. He is condemned in France for sacrificing French interests by his readiness to take Russian gold, against which the French have a claim, and for watching British interests without regard to those of Britain's allies. His last justification for this policy is that the world must have peace.

But the bolshevists do not intend to let the world have peace, and for that reason the interests of the United States are deeply involved. While Lloyd George was negotiating with Krassin, the Paris Matin published news of an international communist conference which had been held in Holland in February by delegates from that country, Britain, the United States, Hungary and Belgium. It was announced that Moscow would contribute 20,000,000 rubles, at pre-war value, for propaganda, and it was agreed that strikes of a political character should be started for the purpose of causing revolution in western Europe, especially France, and that if the soviet should take the military offensive, the workmen of various countries should be asked to refuse to fight the soviet armies, but to overturn their own governments and proclaim soviet republics. Action of this kind was taken in France, for during the recent general strike the French police captured letters from Trotzky to three Frenchmen appointing them directors of the bolshevist movement in France. The British labor party is so thoroughly bolshevized that it countenanced a strike against transport of munitions to Poland, and sent a delegation to Moscow which fraternized with the bolshevist rulers.

The bolshevists have proved their intention to stir up revolution in the United States by means of strikes, and their present quiescence is no doubt due to a desire not to provoke the people to support a strongly American candidate for president rather than to abandonment of their plans. The government has recognized that trade with Russia would lead to import of red literature and red agents, and therefore has refused to permit trade and has stood firm against recognition of the soviet. If an American delegate were a member of the allies' supreme council, he would have great influence in opposing Lloyd George's pernicious policy and could support France, which now stands alone in opposition to friendly relations with soviet Russia. The deadlock on the treaty, which the president has caused and which he could break by compromise with the senate, prevents our participation in the counsels of the allies on a matter which deeply affects our own interests in common with theirs.

UNPREPAREDNESS IS WASTE.

While it is impossible to estimate the addition which unpreparedness made to the cost of the war, some conception can be formed from the statement of Representative Tilson that "the United States had to spend seven billion of dollars for ordnance material and airplanes that had not yet materialized when the war closed."

Owing to our neglect to prepare during the two years eight months that the war continued before we intervened, also to the time which must be consumed in preparation for actual production of munitions, expectations as to our part in it were exactly reversed. In April, 1917, it was predicted that we should not be required to furnish many men, but that our part would be to furnish munitions, which, Mr. Tilson said, "we were supposed to be able to produce without stint," but:

> Exactly the reverse happened. American men were most needed. We sent men in surprising numbers, and, strangest of all, they had to fight with foreign-made munitions.

Major-General Snow, chief of field artillery, says that we had not on the firing line on Armistice day "a single field or heavy artillery gun manufactured for us in the United States after our entrance into the war—a period of 19 months," and he added this ominous statement:

> Had it not been for the material furnished us by the French and British, it is believed that the war would have been lost.

Both parties share responsibility for our unprepared state prior to August, 1914, but to the democratic party must be attributed its continuance from that time until we actually intervened. Our experience goes to show that, if provision had been made for munition production on a large scale at the session of congress which began in December, 1914, quantity production of artillery and airplanes would have been attained by the day when we actually declared war. As it turned out, our artillery production contributed nothing to win the war, except by its moral effect on the enemy.

The conclusion from the viewpoint of economy, without regard to that of national safety, is that preparedness is an essential part of that economy to which the republican party is pledged, for unpreparedness is most reckless waste.

TOURISTS AND TREES.

There is a road that dives into the forest of the Clatsop country coast, twining its way through the ancient timber to the white sands of Cannon Beach. Coolness possesses it when the fiercest summer sun is at zenith. Creeks spin their eddies beneath its bridges. Quaint little wood rabbits nip the clover of its broiders, just beyond the refuge of tall swaying sword fern. For miles it feels its way to the sea and the belligerent surf of Haystack rock, and if one listens on that road to the many voices of nature he will hear the far soft coo of the band-tailed pigeon. And all the joy and allure of the trip are inherent in the great trees that flank the highway. Timbermen are cutting them down. To the verge of the road itself the fir and spruce are stripped, and the ruin of stumps and debris has supplanted the dim mystery of the forest. In time not far away, unless another system replaces the deadly and exacting thoroughness of the present, the road to Cannon Beach will be a dusty trek through devastation.

Cannon Beach road is but one of the many pleasant lanes of Oregon—one of the hundreds of excursional byways that win the tourist and the homeseeker—imperiled by the complete destruction of the surrounding forest. The serious character of the circumstance, common throughout the northwest, was touched upon by Stephen Mather, superintendent of national parks, when he visited Oregon last summer. Superintendent Mather saw the ruin that is being wrought and sounded a warning to Oregon. In substance he said that the demolition of broidering forests along our highways would repel the tourist who sensibly enough would choose an unspoiled prospect when he paid his money for natural beauty; and who, for all the esthetic, spiritual solace that stumps and fire-waste afford, might have elected to motor at home.

The timbering industry will go on. No one wishes it to halt. But it might stay its hand, with ax and saw, when it intrudes upon highways that are both poems and practical benefits. Joyce Kilmer, who died in France, testified in virile, sympathetic verse to the truth that almost anyone may write a poem, but that God compassed the perfect poem in his trees.

Western states are awaking to the need for conserving adequate fringes of timber along their highways. In the east they have planted trees to shelter and make beautiful the course. Up to the present the west has applied a reversed and unnatural logic and has cut them down. The redwoods of California, dim, cathedral aisles that cheapen the reference to human art, are left to stand beside the roads which man drove through their majestic conference. Timbermen themselves willingly aid and cooperate in this purpose. For a distance of 200 to 300 feet on either side of the road the timber is left to stand, to re-propagate its species and to preserve the wildness, coolth and beauty of the highway. We are practical people. Speaking in terms of tourist dollars, and altogether apart from such trammels as the ethical, the altruistic, the love of nature, the course that California has taken be made ours with all possible haste.

DR. HYSLOP HEARD FROM?

The late Professor William James is said to have promised that if it were possible for him, after his death, to send a message from the spirit world he would do so at the first opportunity presented. Professor James, although he had a sympathetic understanding of the yearnings of the bereaved to communicate with their loved ones in another life, regarded the phenomena associated with so-called spirit communication as unproved. His tolerances and his sympathies often caused him to be misunderstood. It is certain, however, that if the opportunity had been given him he would have sent such a message as would have gone far toward clearing away the mists of doubt, and as would have met the conditions imposed on psychical research by honest scientists.

Now no such clarity, unfortunately, attends the promise made in the case of Dr. James Hervey Hyslop, who departed this life a few days ago. A Canadian investigator tells the New York Times that Dr. Hyslop already has indicated that he proposes to communicate the secret that all of us would like to see solved, but that he will do so in the form of a "scientific communication transmitted through an involved, complex, intricate cross-correspondence." Conditions here invite suspicion of an alibi of some pretended medium, prepared in advance, rather than a plain purpose to furnish us with a satisfying revelation. It is true that it is in line with the writings of Dr. Hyslop himself, who pointed out repeatedly that there might be serious difficulties in the way of imparting transcendental experiences in terms comprehensible to those who are without understandable analogies. "A man born blind but retaining his hearing," is one of his illustrations, "could not make his auditory experiences intelligible to a man born deaf, and vice versa." But the Canadian investigator knows no obstacles like these. He contributes the information that "Dr. Hyslop was rather dazed in his first moments in the life beyond, but was being attended by William James, who conveyed his messages." Meanwhile, as the Times notes, this message has been crossed, or anticipated, by another one transmitted by a medium frequently employed by the Society of Psychical Research, who "received my first message Thursday afternoon, just as Dr. Hyslop was dying." Thus far, if we could suppose the Canadian message to be genuine, there seem to have been no obstacles to conveying at least a modicum of news, and no reason for believing that Professor James could not have gone right on with his story. The "dazed" condition of Dr. Hyslop may well suggest an explanation of the delay of Professor James in keeping his earlier promise, but now that it is claimed that the latter spirit has recovered his poise, we are entitled to look forward to such a clearing up of the entire situation as William James, the scientist, would know how to supply to a waiting world.

A pitiful phase of the psychical inquiry is the capital made of great names by charlatans. It was so when Professor James passed to the beyond, and now there is sure to be a repetition of the experience in the case of Dr. Hyslop. Most of the rubbish that will pass in a limited circle for spirit messages will neither be illuminating to investigators nor creditable to the intelligence of a sincere scientist, such as Dr. Hyslop undoubtedly was. We would say that the memories of our departed were entitled to more reverent protection, were it not that, if they are conscious of what is going on here below, they must be vastly compensated by the entertainment they are deriving from these mundane monkeyshines.

TASTE IN FICTION.

Rhoda Broughton, who died the other day at the age of eighty, was an English novelist who also had a wide vogue in America. Her work is a reminder of the fleeting nature of so much of the fiction that rates for a time in the best-seller class but after a few years is superseded. A generation or so ago Miss Broughton's complete works were to be found in every local library. Now it is hardly worth while to look for more than "Red as a Rose Is She," or, possibly, "Cometh Up as a Flower." The latter carries the subtitle "An Autobiography," and because most librarians have a passion for biography and preserve it as reverently as history, it probably owes its survival to a tradition of cataloguers rather than to any especial merit of its own.

Yet it would be easy to construct a plausible argument in support of the proposition that the author has done as much as ought to be expected of him who has succeeded in entertaining his own generation. Miss Broughton was born in the same year as was Louisa de la Ramee, ephemerally famous as Ouida, and was also a contemporary of Margaret Hungerford, "The Duchess." On this side of the Atlantic her popularity was shared with such writers as Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and Mrs. Amelia Barr. These were a quartette who kept the printing presses of two continents busy for the better part of more than half a century. It is hard to classify them with respect to the literary quality of their writings but they do furnish a rather accurate picture of the middle-class literary taste of their time. They bridged a wide gap between the non-readers and those possessing critical perception. They were not realists in any sense pertaining to the life they wrote about but they were very realistic in their appraisal of the yearnings of a romance-loving public. Into how many empty lives they may have entered with a message that made their readers forget themselves there is no means of estimating, but this must be taken into any account that pretends to do them justice. Like the verse of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, their writings must be valued for the joy they disseminated rather than by the standard of higher literary criticism.

The Broughton books antedated the "new-woman" movement by some years, yet in a sense they foreshadowed it. Young women of the late '60s, about the time that "Cometh Up as a Flower" appeared, had not nerved themselves to the point of picketing parliaments and national conventions in their struggle for political and economic rights, but they were beginning to chafe under the social and sex standards of Victorian prudery. Miss Broughton's heroines were sprightly enough, without being unwholesome, to catch the fancy of a growing cult. Yet she was not consciously didactic and we doubt that she ever thought she had a mission to perform. Her "Not Wisely but Too Well," whose title always betrays its story, was typical not only of her work but of the restless spirit of the time in which it appeared.

We shall not hastily assume that the Broughton novels have been relegated to the "stacks" in libraries chiefly because better books are available. Many of those which are now being written and which accentuate the paper famine are of the same generally inferior grade. They serve their purpose and they pass away. They will not even be worth while as historical studies in a remote future. But it is something to have caught the fancy of a generation, as for example did Petrolium V. Nasby, whose triumph was that he cheered the immortal Lincoln in the latter's saddest hours, but whose writings, read in 1920, sound inefficacably flat.

The United States department of agriculture has disposed of another fable by its determination that increased cultivation of land in a given district does not increase the annual rainfall therein, thereby sending this widely accepted theory to the limbo to which the notion that deforestation invites aridity had already been assigned. The rainfall records show that there was less precipitation in the plains states in the years from 1893 to 1917 than in the preceding quarter century, while the same was substantially true as to the southwest. On the northern plains the rainfall was about the same in the two respective periods. That there has been a decided increase in cultivated area in these regions is too well known to need argument. Nor has there been any discoverable association between planted areas in various years and the fall of rain in the same years. The puny efforts of man are trifling by comparison with the forces of nature employed in bringing about the change of climate and season.

We need a twentieth century George Borrow to keep pace with the march of events in gipsyland. Times are changed in Romany since the automobile invaded the land, and it is hard to resist the thought that when Zingari has become motorized others of its ancient traditions will pass away. For already in gipsydom there are few horses and fewer dogs, the latter having been unable to keep the pace set by the motor car. A quaint and interesting people, presenting the strangest ethnological problem with which modern scholarship has had to deal, would seem to be doomed by a modern instrument of locomotion, after all the efforts of altruists have failed to woo them from their racial and social isolation. Curious descendants of the Saracens, dwelling for centuries among highly civilized peoples whose customs they refused to absorb, they seem to have fallen victim at last to the speed mania and all that it implies.

Warren G. Harding's birthday falls on election day this year, while Calvin Coolidge was born on the Fourth of July. It seems to us that a first class astrologer ought to be able to work out a horoscope on this.

A committee of Russians is coming over to study the American "proletariat," who, it is safe to predict, will not be found doing forced labor at the order of any autocrat of the soviet.

There is a definite teacher shortage, notwithstanding the plenitude of applications for positions in some cities. Teachers have also refused to listen to the song of back to the land.

A New York couple who entered into a marriage by contract out of desire to avoid publicity know now that doing an unusual thing is no way of keeping out of the news.

An eminent physician reminds us that the human system will seldom tolerate its fifth consecutive cup of strong coffee. Neither, say we, will the average human purse.

The city that has to account for its decline in population by admitting that it stuffed the returns in 1910 is making the worst of a bad job.

The late Dr. Hyslop's estate is appraised at $5000, showing that he at least received no tips on the markets from the vale beyond.

The Elwell murder mystery is rapidly getting into a class with the affair of Charley Ross and the man who struck Billy Patterson.

With a candidate whose middle name is Gamaliel, there is another incentive for brushing up on knowledge of scriptural matters.

It will take a good many of those "marked reductions in sugar" to bring the staple to the friendly level of those pre-war days.

This is the first season we recall when one couldn't tell the difference between a new and an old potato by the price.

The convention that gave Bryan an ovation and then turned down his appeal may have been indulging in dry humor.

How unutterably long these vacation months do not seem to ambitious young Americans!

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Names of Popular Fabrics Taken From Cities Where Made.

The origin of the names of popular fabrics is even more interesting than the tracing to third lingual roots of ordinary words.

About the year 1329 the woolen trade of England became located at Worsted, about 15 miles from Norwich, and it was at this place that the manufacture of the twisted double thread woolen, afterward called worsted, was first made, if not invented.

Linsey-woolsey was first made at Linsey and was for a long time a very popular fabric.

Kerseymere takes its name from the village of Kersey and the mere close by it, in the county of Suffolk.

We have to thank Gaza, in Palestine, the gates of which Samson carried away, for gaza or gauze. Gaza means "treasure." Voltaire, wishing to describe some intellectual but dressy woman, said, "She is an eagle in a cage of gauze."

Muslin owes its name to Mossoul, a fortified town in Turkey in Asia.

Tulle obtains its name from that of a city in the south of France. Travelers by rail in Brittany often glide past Guingamp without remembering that it was here that was first produced that useful fabric, gingham.

Damask derives its name from the city of Damascus; calico from Calicut, a town in India formerly celebrated for its cotton cloth, where also calico was printed; cambric from Cambray, a town in Flanders, where it was first made, and tweed from a fabric worn by fishermen upon the River Tweed.—New York Evening Mail.

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"Is this—can it be love" sighed Angebella, as she sat on a seat in the park with MacCuthbert's arm around her waist and his soft voice whispering fondly in her ear. Oh, it was lovely!

"It is, my darling!" MacCuthbert assured her. "But, tell me, sweet one, how do you feel?"

"I feel," cooed the lady, "as though my heart would leap from my throbbing breast! My parched throat contracts and then expands, while my breath comes in quick, choking sobs!"

There was a sudden rustle in the bushes behind them as a sleeping tramp crawled forth and glowered at them.

"I'd take something for it, miss," he growled. "That ain't love you've got, it's hiccups!"—New York Globe.

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In connection with the phrase "a pretty kettle of fish," meaning "a bad mess," it is related that years ago the warder of the tower of London insisted that one of the inalienable perquisites of his office was the right to trap fish for his own use in the river just outside one of the gates.

The warder regularly placed in the water a fishing basket, or "kiddle," which the people systematically raided, denying his right to catch fish there. The warder, on discovering this interference, would exclaim each time: "A pretty kiddle of fish."

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Lord Lindsay's party, while wandering among the Egyptian pyramids, found a mummy which from the hieroglyphics on the sarcophagus containing the body, was supposed to be 3000 years old. When the mummy was unwrapped, a small root was found in one of the hands. In order to learn how long vegetable seed-life could exist, the bulb was taken from that hand, which had been closed for 3000 years, and planted in a sunny soil. In time it sprouted, blooming into a beautiful tree.—F. H. Cheley in "Stories for Boys."

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Lloyd George, Britain's prime minister, is an able French scholar, and the story of how he mastered the language is not without interest. The death of his father had left the family penniless, and the future statesman was brought up in the family of an old uncle, who was a shoemaker in a little Welsh village. There was not opportunity of learning French in the village, and yet young Lloyd George considered a knowledge of French necessary to his future success. The way he got out of the difficulty was for his old uncle and himself to sit for hours laboriously spelling out of an old French dictionary and out of a grammar the rudiments of the language.

* * *

The feasts prepared by Montenegrins, when weddings are celebrated, overshadow the most elaborate efforts along that line in America, says Edna Worthley Underwood, in a translation of a story, "Furor Illyricus," by A. Von Vestendorf. Two serving maids and the head of the house enter with huge, four-cornered bottles. One little drink and a dried fig open the meal. This is a custom to banish the taste of cigarettes, which are always in evidence. The heavy, thick, ink-black wine of Lissa is then poured, and the diners choose their favorite morsels from plates, after which sugared eggs are passed around. This is just the beginning of the banquet, which is followed by minestra, baked macaroni, with hashee made from the entrails of young lambs, fowl roasted in sugar, small barboni baked in oil, baked ink fish with citron, pullets cooked with fresh vegetables, and beef served on huge platters. Wine flows in abundance, and boisterous laughter and loud talking prevail. The banquet is closed with a special dish, after champagne has been served. A roast lamb is brought in on a wooden platter, and put near the lower end of the large table. With a lordly gesture the master of ceremonies steps forward, and with a large knife, ground as thin as a hair, chops the lamb into four pieces with two strokes. The guests cover their eyes with the edge of the tablecloth while this ceremony is performed, after which the meal is officially over. The women continue to eat cakes and fruit, but the men spend the remainder of the time drinking.

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This little list of "tremendous trifles" is given by F. H. Cheney in his "Stories for Talks to Boys": The glass lemon squeezer made $50,000 for the inventor.

The roller skate has paid $1,000,000 in royalties.

The suspender garter patent was sold for $50,000.

Wooden shoe pegs earned $500,000 in royalties.

The automatic ink well has netted $200,000.

The ball and socket glove fastener has passed the million mark.

The return ball toy, a rubber ball on a rubber string, yielded $500,000 a year in royalties for a number of years.

The Marathon.

By Grace E. Hall.

Oft have I said to that inborn desire
That seeks expression, though I know not why;
"The lamp burns low, the flame must soon expire,
And after all, why grieve if it shall die?
There is so much needs saying! Yet expression
Is but a pebble cast into the sea;
Only a moment's ripple, then repression
Of impetus that ends in apathy.

"The world is hurried, worried, yea, half maddened
With wild pursuit of pleasures 'twould possess,
Yet if by word of mine one soul is gladdened,
That shall in truth to me mean real success;
But clamor of the rabble never ceases,
no sign of trepidation, no calm rest
Upon the clean white heights of meditation,
Where ideals blossom in the human breast.

"So why," I ask, half wearied, "keep on trying
When the camaille the fairest light has spurned?
What matters if the flame of ideals, dying,
Goes darkly out? Who heeds that it has burned?"
Then from within the Voice that never falters,
That holds a tone like music sweet and low,
That keeps the tapers lighted on hope's altars,
Bids me to keep my sacred lamp aglow.

The shrines are left to darkness. None are kneeling
To worship there; few inner voices cry;
The Marathon of ages is appealing,
And thirst for place has drained love's fountains dry!
So, where the fever lays no searing finger
Upon the brain, then shall that one be held
To keep alive the sacred sparks that linger
To light the way to sanity, compelled

By some great urge beyond the ken of man
To hold his torch, though tiny, well on high,
To plead for nobler things that God has planned,
To plead for nobler deeds that shall not die;
Ah! Those who are entrusted with the light
Should hold aloft their lamps with zeal impassioned,
That when the race ends sadly in the night,
The flame may burn on altars that God fashioned.

HIS MOTHER'S SMILE.

Just a brave little smile on a gray little face,
As she lifted her eyes to him,
And a big, brave smile from his boyish lips,
Flashed back in the starlight dim;
Then, the sound of the train down the canyon road
And the clang of its ringing bell,
Then the two brave smiles were met in one
In the doughboy's last farewell.

"You are going a weary road, my boy,
And I know you must travel light,
But, pack away for your hardest tasks
A smile from your home tonight."
Then he tucked away his mother's smile
Down close to his boyish heart
And hurried away on the outbound train
To do a strong man's part.

Just a long, gray line in the misty dawn
And the night dews dripping low,
And a fierce, brave charge on the Prussian front
As into the fight they go;
Then a long, low whine from a German shell
And the snap of a hidden gun,
And darkness fell on bright young lives
Ere their day had well begun.

Just a brave little smile on a gray young face,
"Twas her smile he wore that day,
The one he had kept so close to his heart
Since the night he went away.

Just a brave, bright smile on a gray old face,
And a service star of gold,
And the light of a gift that will still be young
When the stars in the sky grow old.
And she lifts her face to the smiling blue,
For he seems not far away,
And proudly she wears the smile he gave
On the night he went away.

ELIZABETH E. SHERWOOD.

THE INSUFFICIENT LIGHT

The brightest light attracts the moth,
it flutters there to perish;
Thus he beheld one glittering flame—
no softer light to cherish;
Though one was rosy hued with love,
he failed its warmth to note
And passed in careless haste a lamp
where student delved and wrote.

He forfeited his strength and youth to reach the golden flame
He found its source at life's high noon and paused his gold to claim.
Remembering now the rosy gleam, he turned but was it fate
That whispered to him mockingly, you are too late, too late!

And then he thought to buy with gold, but youth—the thing he sought
And time to live it o'er again, with gold could not be bought;
No satisfaction in his life from knowledge did abound
And as the flame consumed the moth—thus him asleep they found.

And rumor whispered that his hand procured the sleeping draught,
The throng said thus it could not be, "why he had gold" they laughed;
None paused to ask what he had not but to the same cold gleam—
As heedless as the fluttering moth flowed on the human stream.

—JEANETTE MARTIN.

COMING BACK.

A-trampin' o'er the desert sands o' Portland's busy streets
A Shriner by the name o' Smith quite recently I meets,
An' says to him, "Oh, Smithy, dear, wherever have you been,
With all your gay regalia and pantaloons so green?"
Said Smithy, "I've been to The Oaks, a-havin' a good time.
The way that we've been entertained is something quite sublime.
They've done the very best they could To wear my carcus out,
But what's the use of feelin' sore or goin' on a pout?
We've marched around from day to day and far into the night,
And seen the sights and rode in cars—it sure was a delight.
And then the eats—I say, old man, you know that they were fine?
And many a home in Portland here I've wished that could be mine.
And if I can before next fall, and I can have my say,
I'm goin' to quit my job back there and comin' here to stay."

B.