Sunday Oregonian

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RETURN TO PARTY GOVERNMENT.

"I believe in party sponsorship in government," Senator Harding said in the opening of his speech of acceptance. "I believe in party government as distinguished from personal government, individual, dictatorial, autocratic or what not. In a citizenship of more than a hundred millions it is impossible to reach agreement upon all questions. Parties are formed by those who reach a consensus of opinion. It was the intent of the founding fathers to give to this republic a dependable and enduring popular government, representative in form, and it was designed to make political parties not only the preserving sponsors, but also the effective agencies through which hopes and aspirations and convictions and conscience may be translated into public performance.

"Our first committal is the restoration of representative popular government under the constitution through the agency of the republican party."

How far we have traveled and how much we have learned in eight years! In 1912 men who proclaimed their faith in the party system were denounced as reactionaries and standpatters and the leaders of the republicans were branded as bosses. Those who did their worst to split and wreck the republican party proclaimed that through them alone was progress possible. Though democrats kept their own ranks unbroken, they applauded this sentiment as applied to their opponent.

While the democratic leader who succeeded by this application of the old maxim "Divide and conquer" called upon all forward-looking men to support him, he did not accept the aid of republicans as patriotic cooperation between the two parties for the good of the country; he took it as a party asset of the democrats. So far was he from regarding a meeting of minds among leaders of his own party as the proper means to make supremacy of his own party effective in conducting the government that he habitually ostracised and dismissed men who ventured to express independent opinions, and he imposed his will on congress. He regards submission to him as a test of party loyalty and converts his party into a personal political asset. He promoted disorganization of the opposing party, while he imposed the maximum of discipline on his own for the purpose of making it an instrument to carry out his personal will instead of an organization to promote certain principles. It thus ceases to meet the uses of representative popular government and starts the republic on the road to personal government.

This experience of the American people teaches that the safety of their institutions rests in the competition of two great parties, representing opposing principles. They can successfully operate only by the will of the majority, expressed by their representatives and executed by their chosen leaders, and by the ready acceptance of that will by the minority. The defeated party in an election performs a valuable public service by acting as the vigilant critic of the winner's conduct of the government, with the hope of victory in a future election as the incentive. There is always danger that zeal for success may lead a party to subordinate triumph of its principles to the selfish interest of the party. The corrective is at hand in desertion of many members to the opposite party and in the action of independent voters, of whom there are always many.

A party which falls under the absolute dictation of one man is false to the purpose of its existence, for it accepts as its guide his personal opinion on the problems of the day in place of the basic principles which brought it into existence. It attempts the impossible, for, as Mr. Harding said, "No man is big enough to run this great republic," and it invites division and consequent defeat, for men of independent character will surely appear among its members who will rebel against one man's dictation when that man's opinion disagrees with their own. The assumption, once boldly maintained, that disorganization of parties promotes progress is as false as the pretense that progress is made through unswerving obedience to one man's will. In a democracy progress must be expressed in law and law must be the expression of the popular will, or it is not obeyed. The composite will of the people can be ascertained only from the voices of a number of representatives, directly elected and organized in a great party. It cannot be properly expressed or put in effect by a number of small factions, nor is one man capable of reading it truly unless he hears with open mind and defers to the views of others. This can be done through parties organized under leaders, not under dictators, and by their action progress is made.

The people have suffered and are still suffering such evils through departures from the sound principles of party government that they are ready to return. Senator Harding's declaration of faith in that system, his rejection of one-man government and his promise to restore representative government point to him as the man who will start the nation on an advance from which there will be no retreat—the sort of progress that has no reaction.

NOT THE SAME.

Our excellent democratic contemporary, the Scio Tribune, sternly rebukes The Oregonian "because of its persistent efforts to make Cox a wet candidate" and "because it also tries to attach a stigma by reason of the Tammany support, as if these two factions were to dominate the administration should Mr. Cox be elected."

Do we understand our friend to say that it makes no difference who and what nominate any man for the presidency? Does it say that no conclusions of any kind are to be drawn because Tammany has a candidate and that it is joined by Boss Nugent, Boss Brennan, Boss Taggart and the other bosses and their organizations to procure his nomination? Does it mean nothing to anyone that the several political machines which unite to make a president are also wet? When they succeed in their plans after a long struggle, who has won the victory? Tammany or the enemies of Tammany? Nugent, Brennan, Taggart et al. or their enemies?

If there are to be no inferences or implications of any kind as to a candidate, because of his associations, because he owes his nomination to certain men, certain influences and certain principles for which he is supposed to stand, how shall such a nominee be judged? If it shall be by what he says, what he promises, what he hopes, let the rule be applied to all parties.

It will be interesting to hear whether the judgment the Tribune renders as to the democratic candidate in 1920 is inspired by the same considerations as caused it and others with it to render another kind of judgment as to the republican candidates of 1912 and 1916, and even 1920.

FIXING A HIGHWAY ROUTE.

The Oregonian discovers in the Dallas Itemizer a complaint that a highway map printed in this paper last Wednesday is a "deliberate misrepresentation," and that its purpose was to "prejudice the people of the state at large in favor of the highway commission, making it appear that the demands of Dallas and Independence are unreasonable." The Oregonian is fairly familiar with the geography of Polk county and a reexamination of the map fails to disclose any serious inaccuracy. It has not been suggested here that the demands of Dallas and Independence are unreasonable; but it is evidently feared by the Itemizer that the public may think so. We think it likely.

The highway commission had sought to make the Pacific highway (West Side) an air-line thoroughfare from McMinnville to Corvallis, avoiding a detour to Dallas or Independence, and serving both these live towns by spurs. The legislature of 1917, however, had located the highway by its enactment from McMinnville to Dallas, Independence and Corvallis. The court has upheld the power of the legislature to fix the route and denied the right of the commission to change it.

The principle on which the highway commission sought relocation was that a trunk road serving two points should be placed along the shortest practicable route. It is obvious that the legislature believed that the most serviceable highway or system of highways on the West Side should connect all the principal points. The Oregonian thinks that both policies are sound, and that they may be made compatible.

Now that the Pacific highway is to go by way of Dallas and Independence, as the legislature intended, it is to be assumed that Polk county will place no obstacle in the way of construction of a road—but will help—along the direct route located by the highway commission.

PUBLICITY FOR CAMPAIGN FUNDS.

It is well that both political parties should guard themselves against undue obligation to any men or set of men which might arise from excessively large individual contributions to their campaign funds. At the same time the public demands that the contest be waged in such a way that large sums of money must be spent. The people expect the candidates and many others on their behalf to travel all over the country and to speak on the questions at issue. They expect pamphlets and all manner of printed matter to be liberally circulated. They expect men to be busy getting out the vote. Management of all these activities requires heavy expenditure without payment of a dollar corruptly or wastefully.

Talk of large contributions by interests which are suspected of a desire to influence the policy of the incoming administration, of slush funds and of frying the fat out of beneficiaries of certain laws has made campaign managers extremely careful about whom they accept money from and how much they accept from any one person. Especially since the recent primary campaign they realize that a candidate may actually be defeated by heavy expenditure to elect him. Hence the decision of the republican committee to limit contributions to $1000, and that of the democratic committee that, while it will place no limit on the size of subscriptions, it will scrutinize the source of large ones before accepting them.

The limit on republican contributions is nothing but "bunk" prompted by the favorite charge of democrats that the republican party is the party of the rich, which is also "bunk." There is no valid reason why a republican who is able and willing to give more than $1000 to his party should not do so, providing he expects no favors. There are many men to whom $25,000 is no more than $1000 is to another man, and the $1000 man is as likely to claim some return for his money as is the $25,000 man. The motive of the giver, not the amount that he gives, should decide whether his money should be accepted. When a large sum is offered by a man who is known to be interested in having the president or congress take certain action, there is good cause to doubt his motive.

Republicans need not hesitate to accept large sums, for not all the rich men are in their party by any means. There are Charles R. Crane, who gave lavishly for President Wilson's election in 1912 and who has been rewarded with the ministry to China; W. C. Redfield, Edward N. Hurle, Henry Ford, and many others. When democrats turn their guns on Wall street, they shoot at Bernard M. Baruch and they come dangerously near hitting W. G. McAdoo, who was head of a big New York corporation, nor can they open fire on railroad presidents without danger to that good Texas democrat, R. S. Lovett. When the democratic committee publishes its list, it will be found to be plentifully sprinkled with millionaires.

Publicity is the one safeguard against exercise of undue political influence through campaign subscriptions. It will inform the people who gives to each party, and how much. If some man gives an unusually large sum, it will awaken vigilance which should destroy his chance of gaining anything that he should not have. If all those concerned in some special interest that is known to desire action contrary to the general interest should appear as liberal subscribers to one party, publicity will put the people on guard against them and may cause their money to do more harm than good to the candidate for whom it is subscribed.

Not only for these reasons but on general principles there is no good reason why campaign donations should not be published. Men and women desire success of the party in whose principles they believe; why should they not give money to its campaign chest openly and proudly without hope of political reward? Lists of subscriptions to liberty loans, hospital funds and other purposes are published from day to day in the belief that example makes giving contagious. Why not for political funds—for party success?

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

The state of Washington has been building roads on the pay-as-you-go plan for fifteen years, we are reminded by the Chehalis Bee-Nugget. And that observant newspaper remarks that after these fifteen years of effort the state has no completed trunk highway.

In recent years the highway fund raised by taxation has been about $1,000,000 a year. It has been apportioned biennially by the legislature for grading and graveling. In addition in 1919 the legislature appropriated $1,000,000 for annual maintenance and apportioned more than $2,000,000 among thirty-nine counties for construction of state highways in forty places. The latter funds were accumulated from automobile licenses.

The result is that paved roads exist in patches in thickly settled communities, while the graveled roads once built wear out before the sections can be connected. The work has been otherwise found expensive because of the greater comparative cost of completing small contracts.

The observation of the Portland motorist as to the condition of Washington highways runs principally to the Pacific highway north of Clarke county. Through that county it is paved. There was a time, we recall, when it was the narrow vision of the Washington legislature that improvement of this road would be of so much benefit to Portland that the residents of the Columbia river counties ought to do without it. But thereafter it became apparent that Washington was being deprived of tourist travel because of the wretched condition of this highway. For how many years we do not recall, but they have been several in number, work has been under way on the highway between the Clarke county line and Chehalis. It has been going on in spots. Memorably mean detours and rough and muddy main routes have been and still are the burden of the autoist who undertakes to travel the road.

Oregon, which began long after Washington on a system of state-constructed highways, has surmounted far more serious difficulties on its section of the Pacific highway and now has a cross-state highway from north to south that is almost uniformly good.

Here is a practical illustration of the difference between the systems of highway construction adopted by the two states. Oregon began its larger construction work by laying out certain trunk highways. It capitalized its automobile licenses and obtained funds for pushing construction in a large way. It clothed its highway commission with broad powers and secured men for the commission who are not swayed by petty or local considerations. It has not deviated from the programme.

A completed, decent highway between Portland and Seattle would be of vast benefit to the northern state and a lesser asset to the entire coast. There is no stretch of road in the northwest about which there are more inquiries and more complaints than the portion of the Pacific highway herein discussed.

GETTING RID OF MOSQUITOES.

Until the report from Paris that the Pasteur institute has "conferred a new benefit on mankind" by devising a better way of destroying mosquitoes is published in detail, scientists will be inclined to accept with reserve the suggestion that a scheme to poison water to a degree that will prevent the development of insect larvae may not also be dangerous to the health of men. The announcement nevertheless is interesting because of the memories it recalls of the successful fight that has been waged on plagues since it was discovered that vermin of various kinds are their chief distributors.

Major-General Gorgas, who died recently, was an important contributor to the science of disease control through sanitation. It was under his direction that the work was done that gave us the first glimpse of a tropical country habitable by northern whites. The causes of French failure to finish the Panama canal probably were more largely hygienic than financial, and when Americans learned to control the mosquito the canal was built. Yet it will not be forgotten that Louis Pasteur prepared the way for the whole science of hygiene, or that the institute that bears his name has a distinguished place in the scientific world. Opponents of the eighteenth amendment are entitled to such comfort as they are able to extract from the circumstance that we probably owe the discovery of germ causation of certain diseases now well under control to M. Pasteur's original researches into the yeasts that cause fermentation of beer.

The Paris announcement, from the data at hand, appears to be the result of an effort to find a way to combat the mosquito in its breeding place without making the water that it infests unfit for drinking purposes. It is probably more important to communities whose sources of supply are limited than to those like our own which draw from fast-running mountain streams and shun pools and cisterns. It is said to be held that powdered formalin sprinkled on the water in certain quantities will destroy mosquito larvae without detriment to fish and without detracting from the beverage quality of water. Though we do not look forward cheerfully to a prospect of taking formalin with our water, there are communities in the United States which are already consuming without protest small quantities of chlorine administered through filtration plants, and it is to be presumed that others would put up with a good deal to be rid of their mosquitoes.

The classic mosquito-prevention process in this country consists of covering the surface of all still water with a film of crude petroleum. Mosquito larvae, though aquatic, are air-breathers, and if the atmosphere be excluded from them they perish from asphyxiation. Oil, however, not only renders water unfit for drinking but its application sometimes presents mechanical difficulties and must be made thoroughly to be at all effective. It is possible that thoroughness in the treatment of stagnant pools will be enhanced by the French discovery, in which event another step has been made toward our realization of a mosquitoless world.

HAWTHORNE'S PROPHETIC SENSE.

The gift of prophecy that seems sometimes to have been possessed by great imaginative writers has been shown again through the discovery in a magazine printed in 1844 of a little-known work by Nathaniel Hawthorne, a parable entitled "Earth's Holocaust." It is interesting for the light it throws on the proposition that our problems, which we think the most perplexing that any generation has ever known, are by no means new. Each age has its apprehensions of the approaching end of everything worth while. So it was in A. D. 1000, and so it has been periodically before and since. Anxiety as to the future, belief that only in the past was there any culture, the familiar obsession that the world is going to the dogs, that we are sinking to a lower and a lower level—they appear always to have been recurrent.

Hawthorne the mystic, whose notion of diversion in early boyhood was a long, solitary walk, was a genius of the type in whom, while sympathy for his fellow men might not be non-existent, it was apt to be mingled with distrust and hopelessness. The year in which the parable appeared in print was three years after Hawthorne had lent his support to the Brook Farm experiment; which also attracted such philosophers of the period as Amos Bronson Alcott, George W. Curtis, Charles A. Dana and Margaret Fuller. The society represented an attempt, though an impractical one, "effectually to promote the great purposes of human culture, to establish the external relations of life on a basis of wisdom and purity," and especially to establish a substitute for the competitive system. It failed, as is well known, and although it did not formally go out of existence until 1847, the seeds of its disintegration must have been beginning to blossom about the time that the parable was written.

Hawthorne, like his Miles Coverdale in the "Blithedale Romance," was less an active participant than an observer from a distance. It will be remembered also that what was practically Hawthorne's only connection with affairs had terminated in the year of the birth of Brook Farm, when the author lost his position as weigher in the custom house of the port of Boston as a result of practical politics, Hawthorne being a hereditary democrat and the whigs having returned to power. We are justified in believing that he was not influenced by the financial loss involved in dismissal from his place and in the circumstances that the first money he had ever saved was sunk in the Brook Farm venture, but it will be supposed that failure in each instance was not without effect in the shaping of his philosophy. Events at any rate indicate a coincidence between the disillusionment of contact with human nature and the cynicism of the parable.

Seventy-six years ago the same problems vexed us are are pressing for solution today. Hawthorne tells how "this wide world had become so overburdened with an accumulation of wornout trumpery that the inhabitants determined to rid themselves of it by a general bonfire." The site chosen was a broad prairie of the west, "where no human habitation might be endangered by the flames, but where a vast assemblage of spectators might commodiously admire the show. First—"

> Here were consumed all the rubbish of the herald's office; the blazonry of coat of armor, the crests and devices of illustrious families; pedigrees that extended back, like lines of light, into the midst of the dark ages. And, besides, there were the patents of nobility of German barons, Spanish grandees and English peers, from the worm-eaten instrument signed by William the Conqueror down to the brand-new parchment of the latest lord who has received his honors from the fair hand of Victoria.

There were protests, of course, but they were received with jeers. One exile was observed "stirring up the bonfire with the czar of Russia's sceptre, which he afterward flung into the flames." A vast procession of the Washingtonians—as the votaries of temperance then called themselves—accompanied by thousands of the Irish disciples of Father Mathew, brought a rich contribution to the bonfire, being nothing else than all the hogsheads and barrels of liquor in the world. "And now, my children," cried Father Mathew, "one shove more, and the work is done! And now let us stand off and see Satan deal with his own liquor."

> But the joy was not universal. Many deemed that human life would be gloomier than ever, when that brief illumination should sink down. While the reformers were at work, I overheard muttered expostulations from several respectable gentlemen.
>
> "What is this world good for," said the last toper, "now that we can never be jolly any more? What is to comfort the poor man in sorrow and perplexity?—how is he to keep his heart warm against the cold winds of this cheerless earth?—and what do you propose to give him in exchange for the solace that you take away? How are old friends to sit together by the fireside, without a cheerful glass between them? A plague upon your reformation! It is a sad world, a cold world, a selfish world, now that good fellowship's gone forever!"

Then follow the tobacco planters, casting their crops "upon the heap of inutility" and aggregating it to the size of a mountain, whereat there is more wailing. "Now that they have kindled the bonfire," cries an old gentleman, "if these nonsensical reformers would fling themselves into it, all would be well enough!" "Be patient," responds a staunch conservative, "it will come to that in the end. They will first fling us in and then themselves." Munitions are added to the flames. The hopeful philanthrophist esteems this as a token that the millennium is already come. "while persons of another stamp, in whose view mankind was a race of bulldogs, prophesied that all the stoutness, fervor, nobleness, generosity and magnanimity of the race would disappear, these qualities, they affirmed, requiring blood for their nourishment. They comforted themselves, however, in the belief that the proposed abolition of war was impracticable, for any length of time together." But there are more protests, as for example:

> "We shall see," replied the veteran commander. "If I am mistaken, so much the better; but, in my opinion—without pretending to philosophize about the matter—the necessity of war lies far deeper than these honest gentlemen suppose. What! Is there a field for all the petty disputes of individuals, and shall there be no great law-court for the settlement of national difficulties? The battlefield is the only court where such suits can be tried."
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> "You forget, general," responded I, "that in this advanced stage of civilization, reason and philanthropy combined will constitute just such a tribunal as is requisite."
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> "Ah, I had forgotten that, indeed!" said the old warrior, as he limped away.

Whether from the excitement of the scene, or "whether the good people around the bonfire were growing more enlightened every instant," the congregation proceeded to unexpected lengths. Some threw their marriage certificates into the fire and declared themselves "candidates for a higher, holier and more comprehensive union than that which had subsisted from the birth of time." Others opened the bank vaults and began casting money into the blaze. Henceforth, they said, universal benevolence was to be the golden currency of the world. At this intelligence, the bankers and speculators in stocks grew pale; and a pickpocket fell down in a deadly faint. There was then a "cry that the period was arrived when the title deeds of landed property should be given to the flames and the whole soil of the earth revert to the public, from whom it had been wrongfully abstracted and most unequally divided among individuals."

Yet the bonfire has not consumed everything. "Come hither tomorrow morning," says the observer's friend, "and you will find among the ashes everything really valuable that you have seen me cast into the flames. Trust me, the world of tomorrow will again enrich itself with the gold and diamonds which have been cast off by the world of today."

"Earth's Holocaust" is a strange, if a cynical, prophecy, one that it will be hard to match in the fanciful literature of the past.

THE RIGHT JOB.

The report of the juvenile placement bureau of the state industrial commission of New York is an illuminating description of effort given to prevent youngsters from taking any kind of work that happens to be offered as soon as they have left the public schools. The work is of the nature of an experiment, but an experiment that the value of the raw material amply justifies. It is founded on the theory that a poorly placed workman is likely to be a dissatisfied one and that discontent with the job may often exist in the case of a potentially excellent worker. It also takes account of the fact, well known to thoughtful educators, that workers who are unhappy because badly placed in their employments often blame other conditions than the true ones for their unhappiness and live in a constant state of unrest.

Vocational guidance, however, is something more than an attempt to avoid the juxtaposition of round pegs and square holes, and it seeks to foster the desire for improvement for its own sake by furnishing what Dr. Eliot of Harvard some years ago aptly called "the internal motive of interest in the work." It is not by accident, for example, that, as Dr. Eliot says, "in general professional students exhibit keen interest in their studies, work hard, advance rapidly and avail themselves of their knowledge and skill to the utmost limit of their strength and capacity, no matter whether the profession for which they are preparing be divinity, law, medicine, architecture, engineering, forestry, teaching, business or corporation service." It is found that in secondary education the high schools of commerce have a decided advantage as regards the motive power within the pupil over ordinary high schools. The industrial schools, the night schools and the business colleges show a large proportion of strongly interested pupils. The difference undoubtedly is due to the fact that the pupil has a definite purpose in life, that he has chosen what he believes to be a vocation that will be agreeable to him, and that promises reward for his effort. As Dr. Eliot says:

> The journeyman who has chosen one of the fundamental trades enlists in a public or an endowed evening school or a Y. M. C. A. class with the purpose of improving himself in his trade or art, and believes that good work in the school will increase his earning capacity. The negro or Indian student at Hampton sees clearly that the studies of the place will make him a better farmer, or a carpenter mason or wheelwright, with good earning capacity; and he has decided to fit himself as well as he possibly can for one of these gainful occupations. The apprenticeship method in education, though slow and liable to great abuses, produced for many centuries highly skilled craftsmen, who acquired all the accumulated skill of preceding generations and transmitted it with additions to the next. When, under the factory system, apprenticeship almost disappeared, it turned out that a successful method of education on a large scale had been well-nigh lost. Its success was due to the continuous play of the motive of the life-career.

The contrast here is as sharply defined as possible between the interest shown by future workmen in their studies and experiences related by the juvenile placement bureau. Parents do not always assume the responsibility that belongs to them and youths of both sexes are only dimly aware of their fitness for any kind of work. Too much is left to chance. The president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology found that of a thousand young men earnestly seeking light and believing themselves to have aptitude for science, "not one appreciates what an enormous number of openings there are to a man who really masters a small field of science and is alert enough to be conscious of its practical applications." Few have even a conception of the enormous variety of callings to which a scientific training may lead. The problem encountered by educators dealing only with what may fairly be regarded as select material is intensified many fold where the youth has had the benefit neither of family tradition nor of early though vague desire for general advancement. The placement bureau finds that the ideas of those whom it is called on to advise are highly nebulous. To the question, "What kind of work do you want?" the commonest answer is, "Anything I can get." It is on this principle that a large proportion of unguided youths obtain their first employment and where they drift into callings for which they are unfitted, either by temperament or ability, time is lost in experiment and in aimless effort to find the right niche which cannot be atoned for in later life.

Emphasis is placed, as it ought to be, on choosing a job that shall be "above all the beginning, the opening, of a path that shall lead to practical accomplishment." It is regarded as more important that the work shall be such as will awaken the internal motive to advance than that it shall be primarily the most remunerative that may be offered. It is found in a large proportion of instances those who have rather definite aspirations toward a certain occupation are without the foundational preparation for it. This is particularly true of girls, of whom it is said:

> One of the discouraging factors in the placement of girls is the allurement of business colleges which offer for a fixed sum to complete a commercial education in a short time and to secure a position as stenographer. No matter how great the manual dexterity or the conscientious application of the child, her lack of education, her immaturity, her inexperience, all unfit her to take any worth-while position. She is persona non grata in any business office and she discovers after the money is paid and the time given that she has no chance of securing the coveted job after all. Yet she is dissatisfied to begin all over again at some other occupation.

Nothing, says a noted educator, is more likely to prevent the selection and elevation of able character than that a considerable section of the population should for one reason and another regard themselves as "counted out" of the running for positions of honor and responsibility. The result in a democracy is measurably the same as the fixed positions of the classes in monarchical or stratified societies. The fluidity of American society, of which we were able to boast truthfully a generation or two ago, suffers in proportion to the degree in which this mental attitude prevails. We are not as safely assured now as we were then that any process of selection in operation will promise the "detection and utilization of the abilities with which our citizens may be endowed."

The difference between a placement bureau and an employment agency is the difference between finding a job and a vocation. The importance of the vocational guidance movement is greater than appears on the surface. It is partly an alliance with the schools to persuade pupils to fit themselves better in the preliminaries of their life work. It also serves as an antidote for unrest, on the theory that a worker who can find inspiration in a job for which he is fitted is apt to make a better citizen than one who has left the choice to chance and has discovered his mistake too late or not at all.

More of the humbug in the prewar claims of the Germans to superefficiency in medicine and surgery seems to have been exposed in the Paris Weekly Review, a writer in which summarizes the work of medical staffs attached to the armies of various nations during the war. Mortality from chest wounds was from 10 to 12 per cent in French surgical operations; German statistics report as high as 32 per cent of deaths. Wounds of the knee were 6 per cent fatal in the French army, and as high as 20 per cent in German hospitals. The writer, a French surgeon of note, finds that the enemy doctors were ruthless in experiment, clever in adaptation, but lacking in the art of healing in an emergency. And the war doubtless was an emergency, in which it appears that the physicians of the allies, notably those of America, succeeded beyond their own expectations, while those of the central powers failed to make good the expectations of the world.

The gain in outstanding life insurance written by the "old line" companies in 1919, which is estimated at $5,695,000,000, indicates that some of the people are inclined to make provision for the future while times are good, and it is an encouraging offset to stories of lack of thrift and of extravagance which seem to predominate in the current literature of the day. Another remarkable phase of the showing is that it was made in the face of the government's campaign to persuade service men to retain the insurance they took out while the war was in progress. Government insurance, instead of acting as a competitor of the standard companies, stimulated the whole industry and made life insurance more popular than it has ever been. The total of new policies written during the year was more than $8,700,000,000, of which about two-thirds was clear gain, and the aggregate insurance in force at the close of the year is estimated at $33,500,000,000.

Superintendent Keyser of the park bureau, resenting criticism of poorly built Terwilliger boulevard, says he can go over it at 25 miles per hour by automobile, even on a wet day. We hope he makes all funeral arrangements before he starts.

Mr. Christensen says that if elected he "will move the capital of the United States from Wall street to Washington, where the constitution placed it." What section of what article of the constitution placed the capital at Washington?

The Esperantists claim that their language has been made compulsory in the schools of Russia, Hungary, Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia. There are several nations left, however, for the press agent of Ido to claim, and he has the last say.

Ever see the machine that mixes a pound of butter with a quart of milk and makes two pounds of butter? It gives hope to the man who would put a quart of something with a pound of sawdust and make a breakfast food.

They are beginning to criticise the literary style of the presidential candidates. We expect to hear a good deal about "newspaper English" before the campaign ends.

The experience of that Missouri couple with Jamestown weed coffee will discourage search among the flowers of the field for a beverage with a "kick."

A Philadelphia man has been arrested for blockading traffic. It seems that he pulled out a flask and cried: "Everybody have one with me."

The new motto of the country is: "Millions for filling stations and motion-picture theaters, but not a cent for dwelling houses."

The prohibitionists at least gave Mr. Bryan the chance to say truthfully that he once declined a nomination for president.

One by one the Bergdoll accomplices are dropping in, and Grover's turn will come in the course of time.

Anyhow, the soviet government hasn't yet tried to adopt the old French device of the ten-day week.

The butterfat buyers are getting the cream of the business.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE TIMES

Conditions in Germany Pictured by Want Ads in Berlin Papers.

You can learn much of a country by reading its "want ads." In Berlin under the armistice the last pages of the daily journals gave a more exact cross section of local conditions than the more intentional news columns, writes Harry A. Franck in Harpers

There were, of course, countless pleas for labor of any description, the majority by ex-soldiers. Then came offers to sell or exchange all manner of wearing apparel, "a real silk hat, still in good condition"; "a black suit of real peace time cloth"; "a second-hand pair of boots or shoes, such a size, of real leather"; "four dress shirts, no war wares, will be exchanged for a working man's blouse and jumper," was followed by the enticement (here, no doubt, was the trail of the war profiteer), "a pair of cowhide boots will be swapped for a dachshund of established pedigree."

Farther down were extraordinary opportunities to buy leberwurst, blutwurst, jagdwurst, bruhwurtchen and a host of other appetizing garbage, without meat tickets.

But the most persistent advertisers were those bent on recouping their fortunes by marrying money. It is strange if any new war millionaire in Germany has not had his opportunity to link his family with that of some impoverished one of noble lineage. In a single page of the Berliner Tageblatt, which carries about one-tenth of type of the same space in our own metropolitan dailies, there were 87 offers of marriage, some of them double or more, bringing the total up to at least a hundred.

Many of them were efforts, more pathetic than amusing, of small merchants or tradesmen just returned from five years in uniform to find mates who would be of real assistance in re-establishing their business. But a considerable number aroused amazement that the wares offered had not been snapped up long before

I translate a few taken at random:

> Merchant, 38 years old, Christian, bachelor, idealist, lover of nature and sports, fortune of 200,000 marks, wishes to meet a like minded, agreeable young lady with corresponding wealth which is safely invested. Purpose marriage.
>
> Factory owner, Ph. D., Evangelical, 31, 1 meter 75, fine appearance, reserve officer, sound, lover of sports, humorous and musical, 400,000 marks property, seeks a life companion of like gifts and property in safe investments.

Now and then a man and the women always were offered by third parties, at least ostensibly, half the insertions beginning "For my sister"; "For my daughter"; "For my beautiful niece of 22"; and so on. Some looked like the opportunity of a lifetime. For instance:

> For a baroness of 23, orphan, $750,000 property, later heiress of big real estate.
>
> If the demands of my calling had not kept me so busy I should have looked into that splendid opportunity myself. But, after all, come to think of it, what is a mere million marks nowadays?

* * *

Surely it is never too late for a Ham Lewis story. This happened when balloting in the democratic convention had reached the tenth poll of the state and W. G. McAdoo still held a goodly lead over Cox and Palmer. Miss Frances Joliffe met the one and only J. Hamilton Lewis in the lunch room and over a sandwich and a glass of milk she asked him:

"Senator, do you think McAdoo will refuse if he is nominated?"

"My dear Miss Joliffe," answered the former senator from Illinois, "there are two things no gentleman ever refuses—the presidency and a lady's kiss."—The Clubman in Oakland Enquirer.

* * *

One of the first musical instruments made by an American was a mouth harmonica, made by Benjamin Franklin at the time when he was minister at the court of Louis in France, where he played it with considerable skill before Marie Antoinette and her court ladies.

The queen was so delighted and interested that Franklin presented the little instrument to her. After Marie Antoinette was beheaded in the great French revolution this mouth harmonica had many sensational experiences till finally it came into the possession of a wealthy musical amateur and collector in this country, who has it, I believe, to this day.—Musical America.

* * *

Cleveland man tells of a motoring experience that was rather unusual at the time, but which had a very pleasing aftemath.

During the old days of the right-hand drive cars he was driving in another city where traffic signals were similar to those now in vogue in Cleveland. He was in the act of making a turn at a street intersection and held out his right hand as a signal.

"Imagine my surprise," he says, "when I felt my hand seized and shaken by an attractive young woman who evidently mistook my signal for a salutation. The woman was a perfect stranger to me—then—but we both joined in hearty laughter. The strangest part of it is, she is my wife now."—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

* * *

Mr. Higginson had been away from home for a week and on his return found that burglars had visited the house during his absence and, although one had been wounded, they had succeeded in getting away.

"And so you shot a burglar while alone and unprotected?" he said to his wife. "You are a brave little woman! What became of him?"

"The other man carried him off," she replied.

"The other man?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "the one I aimed at."—Pittsburg Sun.

* * *

The only way you can get a doll in Turkey is to make it yourself. The "Big Sisters club" of Armenian girls in Harpoot decided that the little girls in the Cripples' home of that city must have dolls. To be sure, these "Big Sisters" aren't much past the doll age themselves—perhaps that's why they realized the importance of this need. They talked the matter over with Miss Helen Jones, a Y. W. C. A. secretary, who is the leader of their club, and decided that since there was no better way to get the dolls, they'd have to make them.

Made of cloth and stuffed with anything soft that presents itself, these dolls may not be much like the haughty beauties of our American toy shops, but the devotion of their little crippled mothers is nevertheless assured. They will have the distinction too, of being the only ones of their kind in Turkey.

'Twas Ever Thus.

By Grace E. Hall.

A maiden sat on a throne of gold,
A scepter within her hand.
Life's jester came with his jokes of old,
But she did not understand.
So she called her counselors, brave and bold,
Even as fate had planned.

Said Folly: "'Tis well you list to me;
I know all the ways of mirth,
And all the baubles you ought to see
That brighten the paths of earth;
And all the follies that needs must be
To render your days of worth."

Said Wisdom: "I know the hidden thought
That lives in each fragrant flower;
I grasp the wonders of things God-wrought,
Here in his earthly bower:
And I can show you the marvels brought
To form his magic power."

"I wait for another," the maiden cried,
Impatient at his delay.
"I'll heed not Folly, whate'er betide,
Nor Wisdom's too solemn lay;
Comes one with experience deep and wide—
I'll hear what he has to say."

But the maiden trembled when Love drew near,
Chief of her counselors bold.
"Follow," he said, and without fear
She stepped from her throne of gold.
And the jester laughed with a gurgle queer—
Thinking of queens of old!

HIDDEN TREASURES.

There are jewels in the ocean
That would rival gems of mart;
There are tender words unspoken,
Burning ever in the heart.

There is gold within the mountain,
That awaits the miner's glean;
There are tints within the fountain,
That the eye has never seen.

Birds are mating in the wildwood
Of the very brightest hue;
There is genius in young childhood
That the old world never knew.

There are forces yet unshackeled
That await the subtle brain;
Projects, man has never tackled
Seeming futile and in vain.

There are histories unwritten
That would chill the hottest blood,
While many hearts with pain were smitten,
That did still the anguish flood.

There are elements yet hidden,
Having functions to perform,
And to light may come unbidden,
Like the sunshine after storm.

There's a work of art and beauty
For the unborn hand to mould,
Not by cold, stern voice of duty,
But as budding leaves unfold.

There's a path that leads to glory
Tho' no footprints show the way;
And each day tells a new story,
Of the progress yesterday.

Every year new spheres are numbered
To the orbs that glow above;
And each night the brain that slumbered
May some new invention prove.

Those who aim to high endeavor,
Will achieve their soul's desire,
For the mind is king, forever
To the WILL is that would aspire.

MILTON C. ARMSTRONG.

THE MAPLE TREE.

The night my mother passed beyond,
and left
Me here alone, a boat at sea, bereft,
In dark distress to wind and wave the sport,
By tempest tossed and with no seeming port,
I stumbled out to this old maple tree.
It stood with arms out-stretched to welcome me.
And sitting here on this worn bench beneath
I looked up to the stars with bated breath.
It seemed as though my mother came and sat
Beside me on the bench. I noticed that
She had a gracious power of strength and rest
That never comes to mortals at their best.
And all my doubts and questionings were done.
Perhaps they would return at dawn of sun,
But for the time were lost in love divine—
A moment rare—such moments are sublime.
And so I love this dear old maple tree;
'Twas here in life my mother loved to be;
'Twas here in love my mother came to me.

EMEROI STACY.

THE SEA OF SLEEP.

There is a sea, a quiet sea,
Which borders on this earthly main.
And oh, 'tis fair, so fair to me,
For those who sail come back again.

And often when my heart grows sore,
My feet a-weary on the way,
I softly breathe my pilot's name,
And in our boat we sail away.

I leave beside the shore my load,
Each bitter sigh and cruel pain;
My pilot tells me, "All is well,"
And then my heart grows still again.

And thus we sail, and sail away,
Beneath the stars through all the night.
And when we reach the shore again,
The sky is fair with morning light.

Somehow my cares have taken wings,
With happy heart I lift a song;
I tread the stony path with joy,
My faith exults, my hopes grow strong.

Oh, blessed, blessed sea of sleep!
And blessed pilot, in whose hand
I nightly leave each anxious care,
And sail with him to morning land.

—ELIZABETH E. SHREWOOD.
Salem, Or.

TRACKS LEADING OUT.

They quarreled one day as lovers do;
She gave him back his ring;
He threw it in the green mesquite,
A hated, worthless