Sunday Oregonian

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WHERE LIVES SANTA CLAUS.

Of course we believe in Santa Claus, that generous, elfin spirit whose steeds are so light of hoof they tread the northwind itself. Did we not creep forth in the cold, dim, dawn of a distant Christmas—several Christmases—and find the visible evidences of his visit strewn upon the floor or concealed but for tantalizing bumps in stockings hung before the grate? Though long since we ceased to listen for the music of his bells at dead of night, every Christmas, somehow, someway, we get the faint aria of his presence as he comes or goes.

We have just had word of him already from Winifred and Mildred at Hillsboro. From their letter to The Oregonian dropped two one-dollar bills and this is what they wrote:

"Daddy and mother gave us each a dollar for Christmas. But we think Santa Claus will come to our house, so will you please play Santa to a couple of little girls for us, with our love?"

And there is Doris, who lives in Portland. Doris knows Santa Claus and she knows what it means to a little girl to be overlooked by the good saint, who of course cannot find every good little girl or boy in the whole world.

"I am a little girl," says quaint Doris, "helping my mother to earn our living, but I try to spare all I can to do my bit. Please accept this dollar and I will try to do more before Christmas.

"For the unfortunate family I read about in the paper, where a young girl had pneumonia."

There is Margaret, too, who picked out one of her fairest children, dressed her becomingly, kissed her goodbye and with a tear dropped on the flaxen curls, sent her forward to be a comfort and a joy to the motherly heart of another little girl, who, the paper said, had no dollies.

While we are very young Santa Claus lives in a mysterious land somewhere near the north pole. There he toils through spring and summer and fall to make rewards for little children who have been polite and good and generous. He is very real from his fur-topped shoes, to his ruddy face and long, long, snow-white whiskers. He fades out of vision as mature realties give place to childhood poesy, but it is only to take up his abode in the hearts of those who were once true subjects of his kingdom.

Once he was the real being who out of no manner of duty or obligation, and, unlike daddy or mother, was not to be looked to as a matter of course for toys or clothing or sweets, gave bountifully of his store. Now he lives as the spirit of emulation. Just as once we believed in him, red cap, loaded pack, reindeers and all, so now we devoutly believe in him as the Christmas Spirit, the Grace of Charity, the Expression of Brotherly Love.

Now that the period of his brief reign comes on they who know Santa Claus and wherein he abides, have planned relief for the unfortunates of the world—those at home, the starving children of war-torn Europe, the hosts of famine-stricken China. What a chance this year to play Santa Claus!

Mildred and Winifred and Doris and Margaret are real little girls, and the letters are true and very earnest. From their small means they have given more than they know. God bless them all. If those of older and tougher hearts but gave as much, that which Oregon should do for home relief, Near East relief, China relief and European relief would be done in a day.

REVIVING EDGAR SALTUS.

President-elect Harding's recent avowal that his favorite book is Edgar Saltus' "Imperial Purple" invokes strange memories. A long while ago, it seems now, Saltus belonged in the category of those who were highly esteemed but rarely read, like Hawthorne, Browning and Ambrose Bierce. Benjamin Casseres wrote a couple of years ago: "There are three mysteries in American literature—the appearance of Edgar Allan Poe, the disappearance of Ambrose Bierce and the burial alive of Edgar Saltus." This was precipitated by the appearance of a book by Carl van Vechten in which a whole chapter was devoted to Saltus, whom the general public probably did not know was still living. But some seventeen years ago the fame of this American had reached across the Atlantic and an anthology of his writings had been printed in London under the title, "Wit and Wisdom of Edgar Saltus." This author, said the compiler, "assuredly calls for a word of recognition equal at least to that accorded to Maeterlinck, Sudermann, Louys, D'Annunzio, Gorky and several others not Anglo-Saxon for whom so many British altars have lately smoked and flamed in worship."

Undoubtedly the material of which Saltus made his books is not that which is popular with the crowd. He was, or is, a master word-monger, a stylist fit to rank with Stevenson. He will be remembered (by a few) for his "Philosophy of Disenchantment," which has caused him to be described as the "prose laureate of pessimism." "Exotic" describes him as precisely as it does Lafcadio Hearn. His descriptions run riot with oriental imagery. His style is staccato. He wrote many years ago that literary style consists in the absence of the adjective, meaning, his interpreters take it, abstention from misemployment of that overworked part of speech. Almost as much as Flaubert he delved with the laborious pride of a craftsman for the "right word." His fault perhaps was and is emphasis on mechanism.

"Imperial Purple" was written away back in 1893. Before that he had written several novels the titles of which may awaken echoes in the memories of patrons of public libraries about a generation ago. "The Anatomy of Negation," "The Truth About Tristrem Varick" (now probably out of print), "Mr. Incoul's Misadventures" and "The Pace That Kills" were among them.

Saltus' hobby has been the short, simple sentence, the favorite of Victor Hugo. This, from "The Imperial Orgy," his latest novel, is illustrative:

> Ivan the Terrible, born in the early part of the 16th century, and crowned when a lad, for nearly 50 years his scepter was an ax. He killed as haematomaniacs kill, for the joy of it. Before killing he tortured. That also was a joy. It was not only a joy, but it was his right. He possessed, in fee simple, a sovereign monopoly of evil.

Interest in Saltus is likely to be enhanced by news of Mr. Harding's predilection, which the Saltus publishers are hardly likely to overlook. It is even probable that association of the office to which Mr. Harding has been elected and the title of the book will furnish a theme for paragraphic wit. The Saltus cult is in the way of being revived. It will not be the first time a president has been a godsend to publisher and author. Colonel Roosevelt had what amounted to a habit of recommending books that caught his fancy. Pastor Wagner, who wrote "The Simple Life," and Jacob Riis were among the fortunate. And it is pretty certain that the revelation recently made by Dr. Cary T. Grayson, that President Wilson is finding therapeutic value in the novels of Stanley Weyman based on French history, will lead numbers of readers not only to "take up" Weyman, but also to continue their excursions into the field of historical novels in general.

A CHANNEL FOR BIG SHIPS.

A few years ago it would have been considered impossible for a great steamship like the Orca, with a deadweight capacity of 18,200 tons and with a draft of 36 feet 4 inches loaded, to come to Portland, but she now comes, and comment is slight. This marks the progress of Portland as a port, and is the fruit of many years' work in doing away with the Columbia river bar, in improving the channel, in building docks and in securing just railroad rates. Having opened the way for ships to come and having secured cargoes for them, Portland gets the ships.

As a result of the energetic work and co-operation of the United States engineer and the Port of Portland, the channel has been dredged to the full depth of 30 feet earlier than in any former season. A stage of water nine feet above zero, which we now have, would have enabled her to load a full cargo here, but the coming of so large a vessel points to the wisdom of further deepening the channel without reliance on high water. If congress authorizes the diking recommended by the board of engineers, it may go far to maintain the present depth with a greatly reduced amount of dredging. The dredges would then be free to widen the channel to the desired 500 feet and to begin increasing its depth toward 35 feet. This should be one of the purposes borne in mind when the legislature reorganizes the Port of Portland commission and increases its financial resources.

As the Orca is to be converted into a passenger liner, she may return in that capacity, and within a few months the shipping board may send passenger liners to this port. Such vessels will require unremitting work for greater depth, and the port should not rest until the largest vessels on the sea can safely come to Portland at the lowest stage of water.

COMBATTING A CHILDREN'S EPIDEMIC

The statement issued by farm school experts of the University of Minnesota, that they believe they have traced the cause of infantile paralysis to the larvae of the green bottle fly, is a hopeful contribution to the solution of a serious problem. If the conclusions of the experimenters are confirmed, we shall have been furnished with another illustration of the catholicity of scientific inquiry. It appears, according to the report of the university authorities, that research was not conducted exclusively by medical men. Two professors primarily concerned with improving conditions under which farmers live collaborated with two veterinary surgeons and with a poultry expert. It seems probable from the preliminary reports that the discovery which promises so much for children was incidental to two independent investigations, neither directly associated with child welfare. Paralysis in swine and a disease of poultry called limberneck, both of high economic significance, were under inquiry. It now seems probable that these and also infantile paralysis have a common origin.

The classical empirical method of reproducing the disease in different animals was adopted. Experimentally, a cockerel was fed on the larvae of flies which had fed on the head of a pig which had died of paralysis. Limberneck immediately developed. The process was then reversed and paralysis was produced in guinea pigs which had eaten of chicken killed after showing limberneck symptoms. Meager data at hand do not indicate how connection is had between the causative germ in these instances and that in the disease of children, but the experts say they are sure of their ground.

The report shows the importance in any event of the sanitary precautions which the university officials recommend. Farmers are urged to protect their livestock and poultry, "and possibly the health of their children," by waging unrelenting war on flies of every description, including the green bottle. As the truth becomes known, the fly is increasingly revealed as a disease carrier, with no compensating service to humanity to justify its existence. The winter campaign against flies, as has been pointed out repeatedly by authorities on hygiene, is quite as important as that in summer, and should be pressed with resolve to attain as nearly as possible to a flyless world.

An advertiser in a London newspaper who says that he is addicted to cigarettes but wishes to give up smoking touches an old chord in human experience by adding: "Finding it difficult, he would appreciate any helpful experience." Judging by the responses he is receiving, there have been many in the same boat, but their counsel is so various as to be confusing rather than helpful. The "strong effort of the will" which many bid him invoke is precisely that which he needs to fortify a concrete remedy, and it is evident that he is in no mood to deal with abstractions. The historic example of M. Clemenceau is a case of the other kind. The Frenchman challenged his own stamina by keeping a box of the best cigars he could find constantly before him, and when he discovered at the end of a fortnight that he was still able to resist temptation, he discharged himself as cured. It is, however, to be doubted that the plan would succeed in many other instances.

EDUCATION AND HAPPINESS.

In the same week in which Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia universitiy, delivered his annual address, in which he deplored the tendency of modern education to destroy worthwhile standards, and to make us a "widely instructed but uncultivated and undisciplined people," Dr. Charles F. Thwing, secretary of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, was writing in School and Society his impressions of social conditions in the Antipodes, whither he had journeyed on a mission of social exploration. While Dr. Butler was saying, in allusion to matters in America, that "the ruling passion just now is not to know and to understand, but to get ahead, to overturn something, to apply in ways that bring material advantage some bit of information or some acquired skill," Dr. Thwing was delivering himself as follows concerning a similar failure of our neighbors on the opposite face of the globe:

> The whole labor situation in Australia is fraught with very peculiar difficulties. Australia is called the "paradise of the working man." It is a paradise in respect to his receiving high wages, having great political power, and seeming to be the most controlling force in the whole commonwealth. But it is not a paradise in respect to his contentment. Although his wages are high, his working hours short and his working conditions good, he seems to be dissatisfied. He is ever struggling for more and more of money, and in the struggle even though the struggle is so often immediately successful, he is not happy.

Dr. Butler's position as the head of a leading American university commands for him a hearing whether or not it impels agreement with his views. His objection to the present system is that "both school and college have in large part taken their minds off the true business of education, which is to prepare youth to live, and have fixed them upon something which is very subordinate, namely, how to prepare youth to make a living." And "an educational system based on self-interest," he also says, "is not worthy the support and the sacrifice of a civilized people." Plainly, demand for the exclusively practical in education, for something designed to enable the boy immediately to "make a living," which has been so clamant recently, is beginning to stimulate doubts as to the effectiveness of the projected method. Indeed, Dr. Butler discovers dissatisfaction and distrust on every hand. "More criticism," he declares, "than was ever leveled against the study of Latin, Greek and mathematics, based on the meager practical results obtained, can be repeated with equal force against those newer subjects of school and college study which have so largely replaced Latin, Greek and mathematics."

Now the conflict between the cultural and the utilitarian in education is not new, nor is it likely to be settled without going to the root of the matter, which is suggested by Dr. Butler's definition of the purpose for which education is primarily intended. It is conceivable that either would achieve greater success than it has been credited with if a way could be found also to inculcate the sense of joy in achievement, which the classics did not always do in the manner in which they were commonly taught and which the vocational curriculum fails to do when it makes of the student no more than a profiteer in his chosen trade. The spirit of sacrifice, the notion that nothing worth having is attainable without paying a price, willingness to study even those branches which may not fit into the pupil's conception of entertainment, have been abating steadily, in the belief of educators who are not mere alarmists. The short cut is the inevitable sequel to the system that demands "results" as speedily as possible, and superficiality, or lack of thoroughness in everything that is undertaken, would be as certain if we had clung to the old Latin and Greek as it now is under the system that, broadly speaking, tends to appraise education by the earning power that it commands, and by no other standard.

Yet there is at least comfort in knowledge that the present is not the only era in which there has been belief that the motives of those seeking education were not as lofty as they ought to be—comfort, because since we can survey the past and realize that we survive it, it seems probable that we shall weather the present storm and even extract some spiritual benefit from our experience. Fifty-six years ago this month John Ruskin in a lecture delivered at Manchester, bemoaned the "precedence which the idea of a 'position in life' takes above all other thoughts in the parents—more especially in the mothers'—minds." He continued:

> They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself; even the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached. But, an education "which shall keep a good coat on my son's back—which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors' bell at double-belled doors; which shall result ultimately in establishment of a double-belled door to his own house—in a word which shall lead to advancement in life—this we pray for on bent knees, and this is all we pray for." It never seems to occur to parents that there may be an education which, in itself, is advancement in life—that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in death; and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way; while it is for no price, and by no favor, to be got if they set about it in the wrong.

Advancement in life then meant to young men, as Ruskin interpreted their motives, "becoming conspicuous in life, or obtaining position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable and honorable." It did not then mean, and it has not now come to mean, except as possession of wealth has become a more conspicuous standard of honor and respectability, advancement by the mere making of money. It was not then, said Ruskin, the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it, that constituted the ruling passion, and he continued:

> In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. This thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones; and, on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity; the greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to love of praise, as its greatest catastrophe to the love of pleasure.

Dr. Butler doubtless feels strongly that there is something wrong with the schools of today; he differs with Ruskin chiefly in that he blames the schools and teachers, while the latter thought parents and pupils were chiefly culpable. Demand for training that would "prepare the youth to make a living" did not originate with the colleges, which, indeed, suffered considerably under the implication that they were behind the times. It is probably to their credit, and as Dr. Butler in another mood would have it, that they have moved reluctantly away from the education for its own sake which Ruskin regarded as the essence of all schooling. The charge that curricula have been amended in response to irresistible pressure from without is hardly a serious one. Implication that whatever is taught is taught superficially and as a concession to the student's desire to get by with as little effort as possible is more worth looking into. It was long suspected that revulsion from the classics was due to difficulty in mastering them rather than to serious belief that they had no mission to fulfill, and it probably is true that the youth who systematically avoids close application and hard work is standing in his own light, whatever course he takes. Dr. Butler is inclined to put emphasis on thoroughness and on understanding. If he succeeds in instilling into the student body the valuable idea that there is something in mere achievement that is worth while for its own sake, he will have solved the issue for the vocational as well as the classical student, and the details can be left to take care of themselves.

The problem is and has been common to other times and other countries. That which Ruskin discovered in England in 1864, and which the "paradise of the workingman" in the Antipodes is finding out now, and which Dr. Butler mentions as a shortcoming of our own system, resolves itself into the same thing—that education of any kind that omits an ethical foundation does not promote the happiness—though it may enhance the earning power—of its accipients.

PIPES AS JEWELRY.

It is possible to moralize at almost any length on the ruling just made by the department of internal revenue that tobacco pipes are subject to a dealer's tax of 5 per cent, collectible at the time of sale to the customer, "when mounted or fitted with precious stones."

Not so very long ago the pipe was esteemed chiefly as an article of prime utility. The ancient literature on pipes reveals that, except in creation of ceremonial pipes, the art and ingenuity of men have been centered on obtaining a "pleasing smoke." The gentle pastime of coloring one's meerschaum was a concession to estheticism and necessity for a hobby, but the universal and final test has been the pipe's contribution to the comfort of the user. The plebeian corncob held its own in rivalry with more costly bowls for the sole reason, it may be, that smokers fancied that it enhanced their enjoyment of the nicotinious weed. Mark Twain, who could afford more expensive things, clung to his Missouri meerschaum because it improved the taste of the tobacco he smoked.

But it seems that the pipe has succumbed to the passion for ornament, for style, in everything. It would be interesting to know just what there is in a ruby or diamond-studded briar root, for example, that makes it worth its price to any smoker. The answer probably is that a lot of people have money that they don't know what to do with, and that they think they are having a good time so long as they are spending it. It is a philosophy, by the way, that is not exclusively embraced by smokers, but it might have been supposed that this emblem of democracy, at least, would be immune.

Anyway, we suppose that the men who are putting pipes in the jewelry class have money to pay the tax on them. Here is one war impost that ought not to be greeted by public clamor for repeal.

TRAINING CITY MEN FOR FARMING.

The founder of a farm school in an eastern state says that the time is again propitious for a real back-to-the-land movement. High wages in cities, being in many instances more apparent than real when costs of living are taken into account, are just beginning to lose their power of attraction. He has interviewed numbers whose view is that the "eternal bondage of the treadmill of the town" offers little or no prospect of escape. There is concrete evidence of a landward drift, where formerly there was only talk about it. The number of abandoned farms listed with the state authorities of New York has been reduced more than 25 per cent in five years. Others, although not all, of the older states have similar experiences to relate. Inquiries for free land or cheap land have reached a new high mark in the departments of agriculture and the interior of the federal government. The fires of desire are flaming up. This is the situation that has given the Rev. Mr. Joseph Krauskopf of Philadelphia the idea that something may be accomplished by taking a leaf from the book of the past.

The trouble with other back-to-the-land movements has been that they were sponsored either by persons with land to sell or by theorists who had small capacity for directing real agricultural enterprise. Farm colony schemes have a history of failure because of this. The notion that because farming is a primitive vocation any primitive people can succeed in it has sent many a colony on the rocks. Dr. Krauskopf tells how the commonest of mistakes are made:

> The sin has not always been on the heads of them that failed. A good-sized volume might be written, and even that would not contain the whole story of the blunders that have attended past efforts in colonizing ghetto people—in sending them far away without leadership of trained agriculturists; in trying to keep them there without necessities of life until self-supporting; in expecting immediate golden returns from colonists who before their coming had never seen a plow, much less handled one; in settling people wholly unfitted for pioneer work in an uncleared wilderness, purchased because cheap, and abandoned because worthless; lands so sandy, or swampy, or sterile that their only assured crops were mosquitoes, malaria and misery.

By contrast, Dr. Krauskopf calls attention to a few noteworthy exceptions—the cases of families who were given a fair chance for success and who have demonstrated that incapacity for farm work is not inherent in city workers, even from the sweatshops and slums. He says that investigation has shown that in nearly every instance these have succeeded because training in some form was given them before they were trusted to strike out on their own account. Leadership is essential to the most industrious, but the latter soon develop into leaders of their own kind. The Salt Lake Tribune relates the example of a pioneer colony of this class in Utah, composed of 150 families recruited from the congested districts of New York and Philadelphia. Most of them are under thirty-five years old and few are over forty and they are prospering because they received preliminary training before they acquired land of their own and because they are still working under the efficient leadership of a farm school graduate.

The dominion government of Canada was among the first to recognize the principle that modern agriculture is a profession requiring a considerable degree of technical knowledge as well as manual skill. In its provision for farm homes for discharged service men it made previous experience or subsequent training prerequisite to donations of land or advances of equipment and money for farming operations. Experience in dumping numbers of untrained city dwellers on remote vacant tracts and leaving them to their own resources has been attended by failure nearly reaching the proportions of tragedy; the newer plan promises better results, as is evidenced by the plaint of the scion of one of the old families of a New England state, quoted by Dr. Krauskopf, that the "people of the slums are fast filling the farms which for some two centuries were owned and tilled by the founders of the republic."

No effort to increase the number of producing farmers by recruiting city workers will make progress that does not take this lesson into account. Free or cheap land itself is not as important as training in the rudiments of the modern science that agriculture has become. This is well known to students and faculties of agricultural colleges, but it seems yet to be only dimly apprehended by the great body who preach that convenient access to the land is the chief thing to be desired.

THE PILGRIM MOTIVE.

The Pilgrims who landed three hundred years ago this month on the shores of Massachusetts bay were a company ruled by mixed motives, as historians have pointed out often enough, but there is plenty of evidence that they were dominated by desire for orderly progress. Longing both for greater religious liberty than had been permitted them at home and for improvement of their material condition was strong. Notwithstanding the inhospitality of the government of their mother country to their new ideas of freedom of worship, they had no thought of severing the ties that bound them as patriots to the home soil. The historic compact under which the voyage was made they signed as "loyal subjects of our dread sovereign, Lord King James." They burned no bridges behind them; they dreamed of no new state in which license should usurp liberty. Those of them who were members of the Leyden congregation had definitely decided to establish a colony embodying their own religious views, but others were admitted as partners in the fellowship of adventure. Meanwhile they did not disregard the prospect of improving their material condition in an alien land.

An impressive fact about them, and one that causes them to stand out in contrast to the bands of tatterdemalion soldiers of fortune who had crossed the sea in the interval since Columbus had discovered America, is that from the beginning they had a definite scheme of democratic government. The voyage of the Mayflower was the outcome of long and thrifty haggling between the members of Pastor Robinson's congregation on one side and a Dutch colonizing company and the Merchant Adventurers of England on the other. The term "adventurer" was commonly attached to speculative enterprises in that time, as was illustrated fifty years later when the "Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay" was organized to play subsequently a historic part in the opening of the Pacific northwest. The Pilgrims bargained as well as prayed, and there is record of a definite understanding had in advance as to division of the profits of the venture.

It was an experiment in promotion, tinctured with communism. The Merchant Adventurers bound themselves to supply transportation, to equip the colony and to provide means for trade with the mother country. The Pilgrims pledged themselves to furnish men, women and children for the colony, and certain funds accumulated by much toil and sacrifice during their stay in Holland. The agreement covered seven years, at the end of which period all accumulated property of the colony was to be divided into two equal parts, of which the backers were to receive one part for division among the shareholders, and the colonists were to retain the other. At Southampton, which the Mayflower and her consort, the Speedwell, reached in August, there was disagreement over two stipulations which the colonists insisted on. The Pilgrims wished to reserve two days a week for labor on their own account, and at the end of the seven-year period to possess their homes exempt from division with the promoters. Robert Cushman was openly criticised for failure to obtain these concessions, but the differences were finally composed and the vessels set sail.

It is now a moot point with historians whether the Pilgrims were not tricked into settling on the inhospitable northern shore on which the Mayflower after many reverses found itself. Guiana, from which Sir Walter Raleigh had recently returned, is known to have been considered by the Leyden congregation, and if this plan had been matured the whole history of the western hemisphere would have been written differently. The Dutch colonizers sought to influence them to choose New Amsterdam. Final decision probably was to settle in the northern part of the Virginia grant, south of the mouth of the Hudson river.

Azell Ames, who compiled "The Mayflower and Her Log," thinks that the Pilgrims were misled by the skipper of the Mayflower, who he says was one Thomas Jones, a practical seafaring man not without guile. Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who was then governor of Plymouth, England, and who had been one of the unsuccessful founders of the Popham colony in Maine in 1607, may have been a party to the conspiracy. Gorges obtained in the same year that the Pilgrim venture was launched a new charter covering all the territory from the fortieth to the forty-eighth parallels of latitude and from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. This included practically all of what was later known as the "Oregon country." The charter was subsequently amended, but meanwhile a motive was furnished for Gorges' possible theft of the Pilgrim colony from the London Virginia company. Thomas Weston, who was one of the promoters of the joint stock company which financed the Mayflower, and who two years later brought over a colony of his own which proved thriftless and was rescued from annihilation by Captain Miles Standish, is mentioned in this version as a third plotter. The maneuvering about Cape Cod which preceded the landing on Plymouth Rock is suggested as part of the scheme to discourage the Pilgrims from landing south of the Hudson, as they intended to do when they left Holland.

It is on such slender threads of fate that the history of peoples depends. How greatly the character of the original movement was influenced by plot and counterplot, in which the Pilgrims themselves seem to have been only pawns of the game, it is not possible to estimate. Yet bleak New England winters, frustration of their plans for betterment of their physical fortunes and necessity for a high degree of self-reliance, cultivation of thrift and, somewhat later, of the spirit of tolerance, may well have altered the whole current of affairs—of a continent if not of a hemisphere. The Pilgrims founded the first democratic government that endured, the Virginia assembly of July 30, 1619, to the contrary notwithstanding. Undoubtedly development of the New England idea owed much to the fundamental character of the followers of John Robinson, who came on the Mayflower; yet it probably is also indebted to the spiritual beneficence of an infertile soil and an inhospitable climate. The chastening value of these factors in our destiny would furnish an interesting topic for further discussion by those who believe that highest civilization is not the product of a life of ease under perpetually smiling skies.

The role played by soil fertilizers in the political history of the world is brought again to attention by the potash deposits which France receives with the return of Alsace-Lorraine. It is now estimated that these beds contain 1,472,000,000 tons of potassium chloride, whereas the United States imported 250,000 tons, all from Germany, in 1913, and requirements of the rest of the world are estimated at about an equal amount. On this basis, there would be a supply sufficient for 2000 years in the new French fields, without drawing on the Stassfutt deposits retained by Germany. Scientists estimate that one year's crop removes from the soil in a given area a quantity of potash varying from thirty pounds to the acre in the case of wheat to 100 pounds for beets. Use of it in abundance enabled Germany before the war to produce crops which were in some instances double the quantity per acre of those in France.

With another gas gusher just struck near Prosser, Wash., it's proposed to pipe the gas to Portland. Natural gas would come in mighty handy now that artificial gas rates may be increased fifty per cent.

This is the time of year when the head of the house begins to consider whether he ought to buy something useful for his wife or whether he can afford to throw something away on mere sentiment.

Portland is shown to be one of the healthiest cities in the country by the report of the city health bureau. The only real casualties of the year were a few political candidates, mainly democrats.

A New York publisher says that so many books are being published that it is impossible to advertise them all properly. What has become of the old saying about good wine needing no bush?

It is not at all surprising that soviet agents should be charged with burning school houses. A school house is about the last thing that a bolshevik would want to encourage.

The Volstead act according to a ruling applies to American ships at sea, and the difficulties of making home brew on shipboard are practically insurmountable.

A new social order having been created by the war, as some authorities contend, would it not be in order for the waiter to tip the customer for a change?

The old "Wolf! wolf!" fable is aptly illustrated by the incident in Eugene, where the false alarm jokers nearly cost a prisoner in the city jail his life.

Albania has been taken into the league, which is about the first time in all history that Albania has shown willingness at all to recognize authority.

The United States treasury is down to its last $160,000,000. But after all the wonder is that this really tidy sum was overlooked by the raiders.

A woman automobile owner asks a divorce from her husband on the ground of non-support. Which didn't he support, her or the automobile?

France and Belgium have been awarded 25,216 goats, to be delivered by Germany. Which answers a question that has been often asked.

The government proposes to make a survey of the unemployment situation, but it should wait until after the change in administration.

Then again, if Mr. Hohenzollern should fail to recover his property in Germany, he will have the woodsawing to fall back on.

The difficulty is that by the time sugar gets back to the old-time level, the ancient art of canning may have been forgotten.

Wholesale prices are declared to be the lowest since the war. But mighty few of us can buy things at wholesale.

Charity may begin at home, as the proverb has it, but it has a way of spreading that tests its genuineness.

If it isn't in the ads, you can't get it.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE PRESS

"Working Girl" Tells Why She Uses Rouge and Powder.

The storm of criticism which has been swirling alarmingly about the scanty folds of the short skirts now the mode has had an origin in such dignified persons as the president-emeritus of Harvard. But ask the girl who wears one, a letter to the New York World advises. The writer expresses herself over the signature, "A Working Girl."

"Many illustrious persons," she said, "have expressed their opinions in your paper about the present day costumes and paint and powder used by so many girls of today, but as yet I have not read the opinion direct from the girl herself as to what she thinks about it, so therefore I venture to write the following:

"We girls who use paint and powder and wear short skirts and transparent waists do not do so to attract men or arouse the envy of other women. We do so for our own personal satisfaction.

"Have you illustrious people, ever studied the condition of a girl working in a lighted office with no window near enough to catch a breath of fresh air, pounding on a typewriter all day, or the condition of a girl working in a factory?

"Don't you think she is a little too weary to walk a couple of miles after work to get rosy cheeks? And that she cannot possibly eat the right stuff to develop in a right way with a limited purse?

"That the only way for her not to worry continually about her looks is to apply a little rogue and powder and to wear clothes looking like those of her richer sister who can afford to wear fine clothes without any criticisms?

"Many girls of today are hating themselves for using paint, but that it is the only way to rid themselves of that terrible ogre 'worry' about her looks?"

* * *

It is a popular idea that the girlhood of our grandmothers was marked by a modesty of manner, dress and deportment which the girls of today might emulate with advantage.

Judging, however, from the description of the girl of 50 years ago in "Fifty Years of London Society" by Eveleigh Nash, it would seem that our grandmothers were not always models of decorum.

The book is by an anonymous author, who quotes a Mrs. Lynn Linton as writing in 1868:

"The girl of the period is a creature who dyes her hair and paints her face . . . . Whose sole idea of life is plenty of fun and luxury, and whose dress is the object of such thought and intellect as she possesses. Her main endeavor in this is to outlive her neighbors in the extravagance of fashion.

"The girl of the period has done away with such moral muffishness as consideration for others, or regard for counsel and rebuke. . . . If some fashionable woman comes out with her dress below her shoulder-blades, and a gold strap for all the sleeve thought necessary, the girl of the period follows suit next day. The imitation of the demimonde in dress . . . leads to slang, bold talk and fastness."

* * *

Does the flying fish really fly? Or does it merely leap out of the water and glide through the air?

This is a question that has been much disputed; which is rather odd, considering how many people have had opportunities to watch at leisure the aerial "stunts" of the finny species in question.

The fact, as asserted by eminent naturalists, is that the flying fish does fly. In flight it will sometimes turn at right angle. Nay, more, it is occasionally observed to turn about swiftly and come back in a direction opposite to that in which its course was begun.

From the bow of a ship one may see the wings of flying fishes flap as they hurry to get out of the way. When in full flight the outlines of their "wings" are blurred to the eye, so rapidly are the flappings.

They sometimes fly 150 or 200 yards without rising more than a couple of feet above the surface of the sea. Often they are observed to rise over the crests of waves and sink into the hollows. These performances could not be accomplished by mere leaping and gliding.

Flying fishes are able to rise to a considerable height and often come on board of large steamers. Such a vessel is as high above the water as a tall house. When they arrive upon the deck they cannot rise and fly away; but the same is true of many seabirds.

* * *

A large crowd had halted and all were looking up at a fourth-story window. The lower sash was open and a child leaned far out over the sill, trying to catch a sparrow.

Exclamations of horror broke out as the infant reached further and further over the sill.

At length a woman spectator cried out:

"What idiots you men are! Why don't you go and tell the child's mother?"

Three or four started, but they had not crossed the street before the child lost its balance and pitched out head first.

There was shriek, which was suddenly checked, as the child stopped short in his headlong drop and hung squalling two feet below the window, with a stout cord tied round his waist. His howls brought a woman to the window. She pulled him up into his room again and then shouted to the gasping crowd below:

"Think I don't know my business, eh? Well, I just do; and you can move on, please!

* * *

What is genius? William Duffy, 3 years old, supplied a complete answer on Friday. He crossed the most crowded street, at the most crowded moment, ignoring police and automobiles, and checking traffic. When a policeman picked him up, stopping his career, William Duffy hit the policeman in the eye.—Arthur Brisbane, in N. Y. American.

* * *

"That sailor over there somehow reminds me of an old hen hovering a bunch of chickens."

"I suppose you naturally mean the one brooding over there by the companionway."

"Oh, no, I mean the one sitting on the hatch."—Judge.

O, Haste Not On, Impetuous Youth.

By Grace E. Hall.

Youth walked upon a sunlit path in
May, the skies were clear,
The robins and the thrushes piped a
roundelay of cheer;
An open road was calling, calling, on
and ever on,
And pastel tints were mingled in the
gauzy gown of Dawn;
And Youth, entranced, made hasty
strides to gain that road ahead,
With thoughts not on the present, but
on future paths instead,
And many ran beside him when the
sunrise shone, blood-red.

When autumn leaves were bronze and
gold along the woodland way,
A man walked briskly where the
mold was touching with decay;
His eyes were on the future still,
with many a plan and scheme—
No time had he for foliaged hill, no
leisure for a dream;
The beauties of the wondrous fall
displayed to tempt his view,
Were wasted vainly one and all, for
he had much to do,
And few friends walked beside him
now, for they were hurried, too!

Old Age, upon a chilly night, close
huddled o'er the fire,
Dozed dully in the cheery light as
flames leaped high and higher;
No more the call of trails afar could
lure or lead astray,
No more the god of Mammon mar the
useless, empty day;
His thoughts were of a by-gone
spring, when blood ran warm
as wine,
When birds were ever near to sing
and ripe grapes trimmed the
vine;
And "Ah!" he sighs with tear-dimmed
eyes, "would God those days
were mine!"

O haste not on, impetuous Youth, to
reach that open road,
For burden-bearers wait in truth to
buckle on your load;
Age also takes the path at dawn—
you two shall surely meet,
So loiter, do not hurry on, for she
will not retreat!
She sees you coming, never fear, and
marks you for her own,
Delay the greeting—it is drear and
has a somber tone;
Then spring will call and you shall
hear—and answer with a moan.

THE CHRISTMAS INFLUENCE.

Glad Christmas time; we hail it with
delight;
Its coming to our hearts brings
hope and cheer
As heaven's message did that wondrous night
To shepherds when love's herald
did appear.

"Behold, glad tidings of great joy
I bring;
To you today in Bethlehem is born
A savior—Christ." The heavenly angels sing
And dawns in glory the first
Christmas morn.

This message still, with heaven's
power is rife
To strengthen and encourage day
by day;
But men forget and in the eager
strife
For earthly gain, self-interest holds
sway.

But Christmas time arrives and once
again
The spirit of the gladsome season
woos;
Our hearts respond; we're lifted from
the plane
Material and joyously we choose.

The better way; the way the star of
love
Directs; the way of kindly words
and deeds;
The way once trod by Him who from
above
Came down to minister to human
needs.

Glad Christmas time; we hail it with
delight;
Its coming to our hearts brings
hope and cheer
As heaven's message did that wondrous night
To shepherds when love's herald
did appear.

—T. J. O'CONNOR.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Dear Christmas bells, ah sweetest
bells,
You bring again the olden time,
When youth and joy ran hand in
hand,
And life was one bright, gladsome
rhyme.

Glad Christmas bells, oh hopeful bells,
Give cheer to those upon life's way,
Who wander weary, far, alone,
Ring love to them, this Christmas
day.

Ring, Christmas bells, cheer weary
hearts,
Give hope again to those who fall,
Across the world, through darkest
night,
Sweet peace ring out and gladness
call.

Oh! joyous bells, o'er poorest homes,
In saddest hearts, where hope has
died,
New courage shall come back once
more,
Where e'er you ring this Christmastide.

—JUNE MacMILLAN ORDWAY.

MOVIES.

Before the screen I sit and see
The world in dumb epitome!
Kings and counsellors—trolley cars—
Soldiers on the field of Mars—
Tropic islands—poplar trees
Silently swaying in the breeze—
A crowded street—a market place—
A glimpse of a familiar face—
A millionaire in his limousine—
A child maimed by the big machine—
Ships out of China and Hindustan—
A plodding desert caravan—
The Taj Mahal—a Ganges flood—
A statue of the great god Budd—
A little cabin in the hills
Where a snowy torrent spills
Over