

of its ultimate demoralization of the aborigines. After liquor had been gradually withdrawn, affairs settled down to a relatively uneventful routine. With no military force behind them, with the aid of a continent and an ocean between them and their home office, local traders, under the governorship of McLoughlin, were successful in keeping the peace. There were no Indian wars in this period and the few outbreaks of the natives that occurred were promptly and condignly punished. Strong moral force and knowledge of the certainty of justice long kept the natives in hand.

Machinery by this monopoly created a century ago furnished the Oregon country with its first government, which continued in practical force and effect until the arrival of immigrants from the United States compelled the establishment of a democracy after the pattern set by the forefathers of the republic. In the new atmosphere the feudal system of the Hudson's Bay company, however benevolently administered, could not endure.

A HAPPY MEDIUM IN COLONIZATION.

The happy medium in colonization policy advocated by Dr. Peter A. Speck, head of the Russian section of the Library of Congress, is likely to attract attention of students of the immigration problem. Dr. Speck believes that in distribution of newcomers there is danger in either of two extremes. Large groups of a single nationality operate as an obstacle to Americanization; isolated families grow lonesome and sooner or later leave the settlement, especially if they are misunderstood by the neighbors.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

One of the conspicuous characteristics of Cardinal Gibbons, who died on Thursday in the fullness of almost four score years and with a thorough-going Americanism. "One merit I can claim," he said in response to a congratulatory address by William Howard Taft in 1911, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his settlement in this country, "is that I am an ardent lover for my country and her political institutions. I consider the republic of the United States as one of the most precious bequests ever bestowed on mankind."

There was a prelate who was a man of God as befitted his calling, but who labored under no delusions as to the means by which peace might be brought to this sad world. He was active in labor for the allies in the war and when the United States entered the contest he was the whole strength of his moral and spiritual support to the government. A splendid gift for relief of the Belgians was only one of his many benevolences. He early predicted the failure of Germany's bid for conquest. He was nevertheless an earnest advocate of permanent arbitration of international disputes between nations.

The quality of his patriotism was military in its character. It was the duty of a churchman freely to express himself on public questions. His views on political, economic and sociological issues were the product of serious thinking and the weight of his influence was in the line of moral and intellectual education, and for-stimulation of the Christian spirit of neighborliness and fraternity among all Americans. He refused to believe that it was his duty as a clergyman to keep his silence when he believed that the cause of the world was being sacrificed by the people before the people were preservation of the sanctity of the home and perfection of the American system of popular education.

THE AMAZING AUTOMOBILE.

The department of agriculture has made a census of automobiles in the continental United States in 1920, and places the number at 2,311,255. This is a million more than the automobile trade itself estimated. The investment in these eight million cars is probably in excess of nine billion dollars. The number of motor cars in this country is seven times as large as it was at the beginning of the world war in 1914.

able use. New 10,000,000 does not seem unreasonable. But why stop at 10,000,000? Why not keep on until every family has a car, with an extra one for the children, and here and there one in reserve for emergencies?

Annual interest on the investment in automobiles is perhaps half a billion dollars. It is impossible to make an accurate estimate of the sums tied up in garages, accessories and other facilities, but this must be enormous. The automobile has brought good roads, and these cost billions more. The millions of men engaged in making automobiles, and accessories, and roads for them to run on—what were these men doing before the automobile came? Yet if the machine were suddenly to be removed from our midst by a cataclysm, there would be a revolution in the employment situation. It would take as long to adjust ourselves to the new condition as it has taken to arrive at the present stage.

The saturation point where there will be no more automobile makers and road builders, and all the rest. At 10,000,000, there would be required an annual production of at least 2,000,000 to atone for depreciation. And tires wear out every day, and other accessories and parts are replaced more and more expensive accommodations. We are living in a new era of transportation and of social life. Moreover, we are committed to it. The luxuries of yesterday are necessities of today. The wheels do not move backward. It is now perfectly possible to live the simple life without dispensing with the car.

THE YANKEE TWANG.

Dr. Eugene C. Howe, professor of hygiene at Wellesley, thinks that the so-called Yankee twang, or peculiar dialect of the New Englanders, is due to "lazy jawbones." He does not pretend to account for it, but finds by analysis of the laws of vocalization that the words that Yankees slight are those which are properly pronounced by other groups of the lower jaw. The down-easters do not open his mouth wide enough, that is all.

EXPANSION OF A PIONEER COLLEGE.

The vitality of the missionary spirit of pioneer times in Oregon is recalled by the movement for expansion of the University of Oregon. The oldest institution of higher learning in the Oregon country. The foundation on which Pacific university has been built goes back to the beginning of immigration to Oregon. The Rev. Charles H. Spalding and his wife, who taught the first school in what is now Washington county and who made Pacific university possible, were independent missionaries who came to the Oregon country in 1834. The Rev. H. H. Spalding and his wife, who came to the Oregon country in 1834 and who are the founders of the mission among the Indians within the present boundaries of the state, were not without the support of any home board. Jason Lee and his assistants in 1834 and Dr. Marcus Whitman and the Rev. H. H. Spalding and his wife in 1836, had preceded them, and missionary enthusiasm was running high on the Atlantic seaboard.

Perhaps no more impractical scheme could have been devised than that of Clark, the Rev. A. A. Smith and his wife. Their son, who ventured into an unknown country in an attempt to convert a people of whom almost nothing was known. Failure of their original plans was inherent in the nature of the thing, yet it was the phenomenal intolerance as absurd as it would be to attribute the difference between the English and the French to climate. Bret Harte's westerners, too, had a drawback. He was more open to the charge of being lazy than are the Yankees from whom in large part they descended. We shall need to go deeper to find the root of peculiar mannerisms of speech.

SENDING MONEY FOR EDUCATION.

Dr. P. F. Claxton, federal commissioner of education, will be forgiven for having made a hobby of education, a hobby that has led him to make an analysis of the amounts expended for instruction in the United States and to compare them with other nations that go to make up the budget of personal expenditure. Whether the figures prove anything or not, his comparisons are illuminating. For example, he discovers that in 1918, the last year for which complete reports were compiled, the cost of elementary and secondary education in the country was \$762,259,184; for normal schools for the training of teachers it was \$20,414,889; and for higher education in colleges, universities and professional and technical schools whether publicly or privately endowed, \$137,055,415. The total is \$919,729,258.

These sums include expenditures for buildings and equipment, repairs, heating, lighting and other incidentals as well as expenditures for teachers' salaries. The sum seems large in the aggregate, but the thing that disturbs Dr. Claxton is that it is not so impressive when set along with the cost of certain luxuries in which people, without giving them much thought, indulge. There are face powder, cosmetics and perfumes, for which Americans spent \$750,000,000 in 1920, or only about 15 cents for jewelry. There was spent for public elementary and secondary education, and within \$50,000,000 or twice the total amount of salaries paid teachers in public elementary and secondary schools. The amount paid for jewelry is nearly \$100,000,000 more than the salaries of teachers of elementary and high schools, and is more than the total of all productive funds of the colleges and universities in that year.

reared a family of three sons who afterward became successful men and came to Oregon by ox-team over the ill-fated southern route to be with her sons, who had preceded her. She became a "mother" in 1847 to some twenty orphaned children. One of the most interesting letters in the early annals of Oregon was written by Mrs. Brown, then in her 75th year, in 1854—a letter in which she recounted that in 1851 she had purchased a fine white mare for \$25.00 a week, and "mixed with my own hands 3423 pounds of flour in five months." It is worth while for those who now have the interests of higher education at heart to read a letter which she wrote to the Rev. Charles H. Spalding, the scantiness of her earthly reward she decided to the college before her death a lot in the village and the log house upon it, which afterward were sold for \$500. The sum was used for clothing for the children of the university, has now reached some thing like \$5000. It is doubtful if any gift that is likely to be made to the cause of education in the future will be so worthily rewarded as the one of the Clark family. A number of historic names stand out in connection with the early history of this university. Dr. George H. Atkinson, who will be remembered as the first missionary sent here by the American Home missionary society, and who came to Oregon by way of Cape Horn and the Hawaiian islands in 1848, was one of them. He later became a foremost citizen and teacher in Oregon. The Rev. Cushing Eels was another. He had been a member of the only reinforcement ever sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to the Whitman mission near Walla Walla and spent the winter of 1846-47. Dr. Atkinson secured the future of the institution by obtaining support from the Rev. H. H. Spalding in 1850, then pledged to the institution, seems pitifully small by comparison with sums now being widely expended for education. It was a princely largess then, Dr. Atkinson's influence was also exerted to secure the Rev. Cushing Eels and his wife to emigrate from New England and develop the school into a college.

These pioneers of Oregon education understood its value and were not without the means to secure its price was immensely high, measured in terms of labor and sacrifice, by comparison with any sums now sought for the purpose of carrying on the work that they began.

CURBING THE SPIRIT OF DESTRUCTION.

Viscount Grey made an interesting point recently in the course of an address in support of a bill to prohibit destruction of birds for their plumage when he emphasized the desirability of curbing the spirit of wanton destruction. When men first began to hunt birds for their plumage, the power was small by comparison with that of the present; but so greatly has it been developed that it is now within the power of men to exterminate any species of animal, including birds, in a few days and at some time the line must be drawn. Growth of the movement for preservation of birds and animals has a spiritual and also a biological significance. It is a fair inference that Lord Grey's views on this subject are developing the idea that the protection of animal life is worth while, men will also acquire the notion that the lives of their own species are worth protecting.

The more power man gets over the instrument of destruction, the more necessary it is for him to control the use of them," says Lord Grey. Association of the bird protection principle with the larger issue of humane treatment of animals, is a note as it seems to be unobscured. This appeal to the humane instincts of the race is novel because it furnishes a new motive for self-repression and because it invokes the principles of enlightened self-interest in its highest form. Lord Grey's conclusions as to the instinctive friendliness of wild animals for men and his belief that fear is an acquired instinct will be shared by the lovers of wild animals and a disposition to be according to the variety of their individual experiences. He believes that it is easy to create sanctuaries where birds and animals remain wild but lose their fear of men and that the former, in particular, should be made that they are safe on reserves, will return to them and be tame, though they have been hunted by fear during the entire period of their absence. He holds that new fledglings have no interest in their human benefactors if their parents have been hunted by the parent birds, who have had reason to regard man as their enemy. He relates his own experience in approaching a nest of young birds which showed no fear of him. He notes that he learned from their elders, whereupon they made every effort to evade observation. This has been a not uncommon observation by nature lovers, but it is not universally true. Lord Grey mentions a conspicuous exception in his own outdoor adventures. He once discovered a nest of young wigwags in a garden in which the parent birds had been so long protected that they had become tame. The youngsters were shy and refused to come near him until he was within a few feet of them, though the mother let him feed her from his hand. It took the old wigwag several days to inspire her brood with confidence. This has been the exception in Lord Grey's experience. He holds that a general principle that young things have no fear of men.

The phenomenon of animal appreciation of safety zones is not, however, uncommon. Every hunter knows it. He holds the young birds until the hunting season begins and how even then birds are less wild within the limits of cities where shooting is prohibited than they are outside of them. In a not remote city where there were foxes and hunting was limited to the needs of the family larder, pot-shooting being then uncommon, all birds and most animals were relatively tame. Even wild ducks have been seen

by the pioneers to feed with their barnyard flocks and so wild a species as the blue heron has been known to trust implicitly in men. The instinct if not the intelligence of wild things is one of the marvels of creation. The pending plumage bill represents an effort on the part of the British parliament to carry into effect the provisions of the migratory bird treaty, the effect of which will be to provide perpetual breeding grounds for all non-predatory birds. The economic aspect of the question was widely discussed at the time that the treaty was pending. It was then pointed out that it was not necessary to the success of agriculture and that, but for their presence the balance between vegetable and insect life would soon be destroyed. As destroyers of plant pests the smaller birds which have no value as food, return with unusual interest the value of such food as they may incidentally consume.

reared a family of three sons who afterward became successful men and came to Oregon by ox-team over the ill-fated southern route to be with her sons, who had preceded her. She became a "mother" in 1847 to some twenty orphaned children. One of the most interesting letters in the early annals of Oregon was written by Mrs. Brown, then in her 75th year, in 1854—a letter in which she recounted that in 1851 she had purchased a fine white mare for \$25.00 a week, and "mixed with my own hands 3423 pounds of flour in five months." It is worth while for those who now have the interests of higher education at heart to read a letter which she wrote to the Rev. Charles H. Spalding, the scantiness of her earthly reward she decided to the college before her death a lot in the village and the log house upon it, which afterward were sold for \$500. The sum was used for clothing for the children of the university, has now reached some thing like \$5000. It is doubtful if any gift that is likely to be made to the cause of education in the future will be so worthily rewarded as the one of the Clark family. A number of historic names stand out in connection with the early history of this university. Dr. George H. Atkinson, who will be remembered as the first missionary sent here by the American Home missionary society, and who came to Oregon by way of Cape Horn and the Hawaiian islands in 1848, was one of them. He later became a foremost citizen and teacher in Oregon. The Rev. Cushing Eels was another. He had been a member of the only reinforcement ever sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to the Whitman mission near Walla Walla and spent the winter of 1846-47. Dr. Atkinson secured the future of the institution by obtaining support from the Rev. H. H. Spalding in 1850, then pledged to the institution, seems pitifully small by comparison with sums now being widely expended for education. It was a princely largess then, Dr. Atkinson's influence was also exerted to secure the Rev. Cushing Eels and his wife to emigrate from New England and develop the school into a college.

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AN ADEQUATE ARMY AND NAVY.

Both the army and navy appropriation bills for the fiscal year beginning July 1 having failed to become law, congress will have to pass new bills at the coming session. The army and navy men will have to be fought again and its result must be influenced by the course of events in our foreign relations while the contest goes on.

The first question to be decided is what policy our armed forces are to execute, for on that point will hang the decision as to the size and character of those forces. If we intend to pursue a policy of isolation we must provide force sufficient to overcome any power or combination of powers that may be arrayed against us. If we intend in case of war to stand on the defensive, we shall need a smaller army than we would need to carry the war to the enemy, but we shall need a large navy to prevent invasion by destroying an enemy's fleet as would be required to gain command of the sea for an expedition across either ocean. If we enter into a general agreement with other nations to disarm and keep peace, we shall need a far smaller force on either sea or land than in either of the contingencies described.

Congress at the last session slashed both army and navy appropriations, but it is not known what policy our forces must support and without regard to any particular military policy. Senator Borah and his associates tried to commit congress to naval disarmament by the three per centum law, powers and to cut the naval bill to suit it, but others cut the number of men, not in accordance with defined foreign policy, but just to save money. They reduced the army to 175,000, then to 100,000, then put it back to 120,000 men without regard to what these men would be expected to do. They reduced the number of officers without thinking that a surplus would be needed to train a great army of drafted citizens in case of war or that officers are not made in a day.

The rational way to decide these questions is first to adopt a foreign policy and put it in effect, then ask what army and navy experts think is needed to maintain it and to provide that force. Its size should be regulated not by congressmen's ideas of economy; solely by its adequacy to support the national purpose.

Chicago will be the farthest inland ocean port in the world when plans mature. Portland is inland, with an open channel all the year, which the lake city will not have when the St. Lawrence is frozen. Portland, therefore, leads.

Coffee at ports of entry is said to have reached the lowest price level since 1908, and when ham and eggs and breakfast food and a few other items follow its example the American breakfast will have returned to normalcy. The attention of a number of prominent liquid fanciers is being occupied at present with a study of the classics, the food of the gods on Olympus, nectar and ambrosia, and the method was the drink of the early civilized nations. It all resulted from a delightful case of elation discovered the other day wherein the cheery individual, pressed for his recipe, told them to get a bee, "Jus' an' ol' buzzy bee, and ferment him."

There you have it. He was "methyglating" his batter word than "stewed." Had indulged not wisely but too well in the fermented product of honey and water, the mead of the ancients, sometimes called methiglin. A number of those who heard of the new port immediately set forth to charm a bee in the home and may cause that individual who will take rank with breakfast nook. Madame Curie attributes the world's heat to radium, which will be a blow to those who have thought it was the fervor of their ideas that kept the globe from becoming a solid mass of ice. The King of Spain in providing funds for repatriation of those of his subjects who may wish to return home shows that there is one country in Europe that is not afraid of its own people. One trouble about some folks' gardening operations at this time of year is that the first angworm turned up inspires them with an irresistible desire to go fishing. The stage character who began by seeking a cabinet position and wound up with a campaign for the job as minister to Dahomey is a reality in Washington these days. The allies suspect that the German uprising was only a stage-managed affair. "Made in Germany" doesn't seem to be a label to inspire confidence any more. Without having seen the book, we venture the guess that Mr. Langens' latest "now it can be told" story contains no foreword by Woodrow Wilson. It is a pleasing reflection that spring, however long delayed, is bound to come some time, even in Oregon in 1921. Comrade Lenin seems to be beginning to understand that there are worse things than the horrors of "capitalism." The drive for slackers, now about to begin, is a reminder that the hyphenates too are still keeping in their heels.

The Listening Post.

Masculine Follies, Prison Poetry and Useful Bess Draw Comment.

EVENING gowns are becoming a familiar sight at the ring-side when New York professional fight and scientists are commenting on the latest phase of modern life. One professional who has written a learned book on "suppression, repression and complexes" holds that women go to these battles for the same reason that men buy front row seats at "ballet shows." I.e. to view the physically perfect and beautiful.

Now comes Dr. Tom Ross of Portland, peculiarly qualified to speak on the subject for the reason that he is one of the city boxing commission's judges. "The argument that eastern women attend professional fights because here are no masculine 'follies' seems to me rather far-fetched," commented this expert. "In the older days the Greeks encouraged their women to attend the fights in athletic for the reason that it gave all a thorough knowledge of physical perfection and encouraged the development of a hardy race. You can hardly say that professional pugilism as practiced today does this for the paid pug is no like the amateur, who is a clean-cut young fellow with a mind and fight with his head. The professional is in to win and therefore necessarily is of the brute type and the influence of this type on a delicate feminine mind is far from ideal."

If the 50 or more women who attend nearly every Milwaukee commission fight go to get a thrill out of the pulchritude, in the minds of many male fans, they manage well to hit their admiration. The Portland commission does not permit women fans, though some have slipped in dressed as men and rumor has it that women who did not wish their presence known have donned male attire to camouflage their attentances at Milwaukee.

However, they all admit that amateur bouts are different and on March 21 the Army Athletic club will hold the Pacific Northwest boxing and wrestling championships and the chances are that some of the fair sex will be there.

A. W. ("Doctor") Frank Woods is preparing a "metrical" narrative of the "golden rule" during his sojourn in penitentiary. He began the series in the Oregon state prison at Salem a few years ago and is said to be working on it at Walla Walla, where he is now serving from one to 15 years for forgery committed at Tacoma. He has served previous terms in Walla Walla and Wyoming in addition to Oregon and could have been prosecuted under the habitual criminal act this time in Washington and sentenced for life when found guilty. However he is also wanted in Vancouver, B. C., for a similar offense and will likely be turned over to the Canadian authorities as soon as he completes his present term.

He is a talented man, but has turned his efforts to "hanging paper," which is argot for forgery. He is a barrister and a British subject, but the major portion of his operations have been in the United States. Three stanzas from his nine-volume "A Song of the British Land," quoted in "The Listening Post" on February 1, were the first to be published.

R. P. Bonham, immigration inspector, member of the Suez Quong club, whose deliberations are reported in this column, has a complete file on the Woods case, including Wood's recent arrest in Portland and a number of his poems. If you will call on Mr. Bonham at his office in 1023 postoffice building he might give you the information you desire.

Each effort spent to bring content. Each thought to 'd Zenith climbing. Each sacrifice for paradise. Keep happy joy-bells chiming. All add at last to hold us fast. To seek an end of blackbirds living: Master or slave of things we crave. There's slant won without giving. —MILDRED C. ARMSTRONG.

Visions of Men.

By Grace E. Hall.

The fields are fragrant with the odor of a earth, In sun-burned furrows that are glistening black; The larks pipe roundlays of cheer, each north A pot of gold; upon the robin's back. The sunlight glints in mellow tones of brown, Along the old rail fence the blades of green Are streamers fastened to a sower, And modest flower metallions have a sheen Unlike the art of man; the trees are dressed In robes of real flit, most deftly made; And every breeze of secrets is possessed. Caught from the lips of spring within the glade.

Yet those who have not vision pass each day Upon a stolid round; no magic seen. The plowman plods a dreary, earthy way. And, but brown birds on a rotting fence. The trees are leafing and the winds do blow— The thoughts of men who do not see: While all the earth is wrapped in wonder-glow. Of sweet, spring planning joys that are to be: They go their devious ways and are content. Though none may build his castles to the sky. The other keeps his blind eyes ever shut. On things material that pass him by.

I wonder—do the weavers work in vain? And are the rolling fields but broken sod? Ah! wonder—do the stars that one whose magic brain Beholds, in all his work, the skill of God.

EASTER.

Winter has gone, I know. In spite of mist and rain and flying snow. Come singing birds to the still leafless tree. Come hand in hand the blossoms and the bees. And from their winter camps in waving mass March with set appears the armies of the grass.

Let the old sorrows die. Out of their grave-clothes shall rise by and by. A grace beyond all dreams, above all hope. Not away shall the wanderer climb and the best. Godward, unhelped. Oh, he shall soon or late Hold intimate high converse with the great.

To love, to give, to grow, This is the best unfolding that I know. To wear life proudly as one wears a crown. Greatly to love and give, and when outgrown This human shell lies shattered at the bars. Pass singing on to one's place among the stars. —EVA B. PILLSBURY.

HOME-BREWED HAPPINESS.

Our greatest wealth is rugged health. No ampler gift than being well; Keys were given us to heaven. Alone—the way is found to hell. The joy of health comes not by stealth. Man must obey Dame Nature's law— It's been defined, she is most kind And free from every partial flaw.

The pessimist may shake his fist. At Fate and Luck and all their kin. But the optimist turns out the grist To feed the soul that's sure to win. The thoughts we think, the deeds we do, Are all that count. Have a tendency to harm us. Or it may be they will agree And elevate and charm us. Each effort spent to bring content. Each thought to 'd Zenith climbing. Each sacrifice for paradise. Keep happy joy-bells chiming. All add at last to hold us fast. To seek an end of blackbirds living: Master or slave of things we crave. There's slant won without giving. —MILDRED C. ARMSTRONG.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

Oh! the dearest, quaintest music, Sweeter far than anything. It is the song of blackbirds, playing harmonies of spring. First, the leader, glossy coated, Moves on the highest tree. Gives a signal, and, full throated, Throbs the joyful symphony. Shrill their voices, hoarse and brazen, Pading slow, to scattered notes; Then, to mounting diapason, Shrieks swart, the chorus floats—"Hope with lovely spring is wed: (in wed) Rainbows of somebome days have come. Hours of sombre gloom are fled. (are fled) Winter's angry voice is dumb. "Death assaults with terrors strong! (So strong!) Life, the conqueror, prevails. Grief's unhidden stay is long! (in long!) Heavy lidded sorrow falls. —MARY ALTHEA WOODWARD.

GETHESEMENE.

There are degrees of sorrow, Light sorrow like an April cloud— Dispelled upon the morrow; And deeper sorrow known and shared— Thus strongest ties are oft prepared. And none escape, for all must know Some touch of sorrow as they go. But O, that sorrow deep that clings. And through the very soul it wrings. No easing tears will flow; 'Twas known upon GetheSEMENE— Deep, lonely sorrow's last degree That mortals seldom know. Yet sorrow's shaft that sinketh deep Awakens a soul asleep. And yields a touch divine. It seems God's plan that some degree Of sorrow shall included be To season and refine. —JANETTE MARTIN.

SPRINGTIME MEMORIES.

'Tis spring, baby mine, and I miss you. For spring ever whispers of you. And the days when we gathered here, And strolled through the fields—just we two. I see round the stem of each daisy In her quibly ring of rosy hue. I hear in the songs of the spring birds— "See, mudder, pity flowers for you!" 'Tis spring, baby mine, and I want to Hear you say, as you did long ago, "Muddy dear, please tone and pick away" fingers of rosy hue. I know where the be-a-uty ones grow! —MINA M. GATENS.