DIVINE RECLAMATION PROJECT ANTEDATES AND OVERSHADOWS HUMAN ENTERPRISES

Sermon Lesson Drawn From River by Dr. Frank L. Wemett—God's Programme Compasses All Peoples and Spans All Ages—Primarily and Fundamentally Purpose Is to Regenerate Human Heart.

BY DR. FRANK L. WEMETT.
Pastor of Centenary-Wilbur Church.
Text: "And Everything Shall Live Wherever the River Cometh."—Ezekiel, 47:9.

RECLAMATION is one of the foremost subjects of the day. Provision must be made for the oncoming millions of human population. The earth's habitable area is limited, but life is ever enlarging and must have room to grow. Scientists, statesmen, political economists and engineers are at the present moment wrestling with the problem of how to make the waste places of this old earth habitable. Many states of the union are now committed to one or more major enterprises having to do with the development of latent physical resources. The reconstruction projects now being fostered by our national government involve the bringing of millions of acres of land under cultivation and the ultimate outlay of billions of dollars.

The Sahara desert, larger than the United States in area, is gradually being brought under cultivation. Frenchmen are driving artisian wells in Tunis and Algeria and planting orchards and vineyards where no green thing has ever grown before. American capital is conducting the melting snows from the towering Andes out across the plains of Argentina, and populous cities are building where only yesterday wolves and jackals sought their desert prey. Irrigation projects are under way in India and southern China whose magnitude dwarf the projects of our western states. Professor King is authority for the statement that China today has more than 200,000 miles of irrigation canals. Wonderful, indeed, is the daring and resourcefulness of man!

But my purpose now is to remind you that our heavenly father has a reclamation project. It is an ancient project. It is older than the engineering achievements of the Aztecs in Mexico and Peru. It is older than the raising of those wondrous dykes by the Egyptians in the valley of the Nile. It is older than the building of those wondrous canals by the Babylonians across the plains of Mesopotamia. It antedates the Garden of Eden. On that glorious morning, when the stars sang together and this lowly earth assumed its place amid the galaxies of the skies, even then this unexampled project of human redemption burned in the heart of God.

Man's Projects Overshadowed.

It is a great project, by the side of which man's largest enterprises shrink to insignificance. It compasses all peoples; it spans the ages. Thwarted in one generation, it moves steadily onward toward the final consummation at the end of the ages. Disappointed in the leadership of one race, the standard is passed to another. Incidentally, this divine programme contemplates the development of earth's resources for the betterment of men's physical condition. It also contemplates the complete reconstruction of the social order on behalf of man's temporal happiness. Primarily and fundamentally, however, this wondrous divine project proposes to bring about the regeneration of the human heart, and the infinite enlargement and enrichment of man's immortal soul.

And let me remind you, reverently, that this has proved a very expensive project. It has cost the blood of unnumbered martyrs; the agonizing prayers and burning tears of unnumbered saints. To a host of faithful missionaries, both men and women, it has meant renunciation and severance of home ties, living amid uncongenial surroundings, opposition, persecution, hunger, sickness, broken-down constitutions and lonely graves in foreign lands. It has cost the humiliation of divine love. It has cost the blood sweat and the heart break of the Son of God.

Christianity Is Dynamic.

The prophet Ezekiel is particular to indicate the source of the river. He says that it issues from the sanctuary. It has its rise in the Holy of Holies. "And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." Other religions are not without elements of value, but one and all they are fore-ordained to failure because their source is human rather than divine. Confusianism is decadent. Mohamedanism, if we may believe the testimony of those who are in a position to know, has passed the crest of its fanatical career. The disappointed dupes of Brahminism are now flocking by thousands to the cross of Jesus. Earth-born religions and isms are in the very nature of things unstable and evanescent. Man-made systems of religion "have their day and cease to be. And thou, O Christ, art more than they."

Christianity is unique. It has a Christ and a cross. These alone can never be duplicated and these alone are adequate fully to meet the demand of the situation. Our religion is not a human production. It is a revelation; it is an incarnation. It comes from an awful height and it descends to an awful depth. "He who knew no sin became sin for us that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Our religion is not a dream, it is a dynamic. It kindles holy aspirations and it provides strength for their attainment. Would you know the reason for the purity and strength of the river? Then look at its source away up yonder amid eternal snows! Redemption is not an experiment. Christianity is not in doubtful competition with the nondescript religions of the world. Our Lord did not lay down his life on a venture, nor has He died in vain. Redemption is God's undertaking. He is too good to prove unfaithful; He is too wise to be outgeneraled, and what shall defeat Omnipotence? "Verily, He shall not fail nor be discouraged until he has set righteousness in the earth."

Again, let me ask you to observe the vitalizing effect of the river. "Everything shall live." Yonder valley of the western empire is today a garden of productiveness; diversified crops bring bountiful harvests; prosperous farms are noted on every hand; populous towns and cities are the center of large and varied enterprises; ribbons of steel stretch away to the horizon. Yesterday that valley was a desert. Sage-brush, cactus and jack rabbits were its products; and the transformation from desolation to productiveness was wrought by the river. This is but a parable of the power of the grace of God. They laughed at William Carey when he insisted upon burying his life in India. They do not laugh now. God laughs! When Robert Morrison was leaving New York City on his long journey from London, England, to Canton, China—for he had been refused passage on the East India company's boats—an acquaintance said, "So then, Mr. Morrison, you really expect to make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese empire?" To which the dauntless missionary replied, "No sir, but I expect God will." And God did!

The presence of such characters as Morrison and Bashford in China; Judson and Thoburn in India, and Livingston and Taylor in Africa, predicate the complete overturning of heathen institutions and the establishment of the kingdom of God. Wherever the Holy Spirit incarnated in human personality comes in contact with idolatry the miracle of the river happens. The gospel works. It works in China, where the people have been looking backward for 4000 years. It works in India where the very corpuscles of the native blood are poisoned with the virus of heathen philosophy. It works in Africa, where superstition blacker than midnight lays like a pall of death upon the souls of those backward children. It even works among the Jews, where an inherited prejudice, more formidable than a modern fortification, blinds the eyes of the sons of Abraham to the matchless beauty of the Christ of Nazareth.

But there is yet a further meaning in our text, a truth as startling as it is simple. The water has to be delivered. The river, after all, is restricted. The water is efficacious and abundant but it is confined to the channel. Along its banks all is verdant and fruitful, but just beyond, the desert is blistering in the sun. Strangely enough, this passage has sometimes been used to support the fateful doctrine of election. God fixed the course of the river. And so it came to pass that some mortals were predestined to be born on its banks to live blessedly, while other mortals were predestined to be born on the desert to die hopelessly. Yet when we stop to think of it, it is evident that the saving of humanity is a divine-human enterprise. God provides the river, you and I must dig the canals.

Ezekiel lived for many years among the captive Hebrews in Babylon, where irrigation was almost a finished art. He knew the wonderful effect produced by water when applied to arid land. He had witnessed the miracle of the river. Doubtless it was here that he found the figure that afterwards blossomed into a marvelous vision of the universal grace of God. Yonder are the dark-skinned toilers, digging away with pick and shovel, leading the water out over the thirsty land. The beautiful law of co-operation was at work in Babylon in the long ago. It is still at work today.

Volunteers Needed Today.

Yonder mountain valley lay sterile and desolate for countless years, but the river was there all the while waiting for man to come and lead it out upon the land. That ancient fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness, is ample for the saving of the whole world. But God is waiting with a patience past understanding for volunteers to deliver the water. And the need is so urgent! Only think of it! More than one-half of the present population of the earth have never yet heard of him who said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." So close is the relation between demand and supply, and so delicate is the adjustment between cause and effect, and very little things are often freighted with a large significance in the economy of God and man.

A pebble has sometimes altered the course of a river, and the weight of a human arm has changed the destiny of a nation. No man can measure the ultimate effect of a single life invested for humanity. Viewed among the mass, your life seems almost insignificant; but baptized with the spirit of heaven, your life becomes a factor in the destiny of a world. The cause of redemption today needs volunteers. Why should you or I withhold that which by every right belongs to God? Or why should we hesitate to throw ourselves with the utmost abandon into an enterprise at once so urgent, so deserving and so glorious?

OREGONIANS HELP HUMBLE PRUSSIA'S FIGHTING MACHINE

How Goliath of German Imperialism Met David of American Democracy in Battle Is Recounted by George A. White.

(Continued From Page 2.)

ing of the battle. It followed the Germans to the Meuse, hammering away at them until the day of the armistice, when its advance P. C. had crossed the Meuse river at Dun-sur-Meuse. In common with the artillerymen of batteries A and B, long service had seasoned the Oregon artillerymen of the 148th until they took combat work coolly and as a matter of course, and there was nothing in their demeanor in the Argonne fight that would have suggested they were not merely at routine target practice rather than in battle.

Approximately 10,000 Oregonians took part in the Argonne affair with one outfit or another. They were to be found everywhere, for by this time the replacements from the old 162d had been supplemented by thousands of casuals that had been furnished by Oregon by many army units. How well they made their weight felt may be judged by General Liggett's communique during a vital stage of the attack, when he mentioned the Oregon men by state. Other states mentioned were Pennsylvania, Missouri, Wisconsin, Ohio and Kansas—all of them with full brigades in the fight. Oregon alone of the states with scattered men, was mentioned in an official army communique. It was a singular tribute to the character of Oregon's fighting men.

Montfeucon Is Taken.

Montfeucon, original American objective in the Argonne, fell in a few days of desperate fighting and the Prussians, desperately striving to stem the olive-drab tidal wave, began to weaken after their finest guard divisions had failed to hold fast on the impregnable Hindenburg line. Tens of thousands of allied lives had been sacrificed in trying to break this line earlier in the war. Here was a new force that shoved through the miles of barbed-wire mazes, strongholds, hornet nests, hidden mines, death traps, poison gas clouds and concentrated artillery bombardments of every caliber. Sedan was quickly threatened and that meant loss of the German armies in the west before they could be withdrawn. No provision had been made by the kaiser's strategists for such a situation as this. Small wonder that the Germans sued for an armistice, and while they gulped at the terms laid down by Foch, it was no time for them to quibble over details. A man with a wildcat at his coattails is not one to drive a smart bargain for a place of refuge.

As rumors of an impending end to the war spread over the lines the men hardly dared hope that the end was really at hand. Dame rumor had gotten herself thoroughly discredited in the army. In the Argonne a report got started on the night of November 8 that the Germans had quit and there was a great celebration among thousands of troops. Hills in every direction from Dun-sur-Meuse, the advanced American position, were lighted with fires. Not so much in celebration as to give some warmth to the thoroughly chilled men, who could not have fires so long as German artillery and airmen were operating. Miles of trucks and ambulances jamming the dark roads with wounded men and supplies turned on their headlights for the first time. Only low hanging clouds and fogs prevented heavy casualties as a result. The celebration continued for more than two hours before the word could be gotten about that the Germans, while very groggy, had not yet been counted out.

Attack on Metz Is Started.

Small need to recall at length the occurrences and emotions of November 11, 1918. It was on that day that the new Second army, now formed in front of Metz and including only a few Oregonians, went over the top in the first stage of a great American battle that was to engulf Metz. The wisdom of this charge which cost hundreds of American lives has been challenged by many observers. At any event there ended at 11 o'clock a new battle that would have been one of the hardest of the war, and into which thousands of Oregonians from camps at home would have been drawn had the war continued. It is safe to say that thousands of Oregon men, now safely home, would have fallen in the frightful task of reducing the fortress of Metz, Germany's greatest stronghold.

Possibly the most amazing and remarkable circumstance that followed the armistice was the wave of acute depression that swept over the army. In a day when men shouted outwardly and should have been overjoyed, there was a general inward feeling of deep gloom. It took the division psychiatrists, more commonly known as "nut specialists," to fathom this odd disorder as being simply the inevitable nervous reaction following the let-down on nerves that had been keyed up to high pitch for many months.

In the superhuman task of reducing Germany to military ruin in a few short months, Oregon had given more than 1000 lives. Six per cent of all her sons in the war had been killed, taken by disease or wounded in battle. Thirty-five thousand Oregonians had lost an average of ten months' precious time per man from home and civil pursuits. The war had been won, but great problems were yet to be met. Two million men, every one of them rarin' to start, must be returned to America and restored to the productive life of the country. Tens of thousands of disabled must be cared for and rehabilitated by a grateful nation. In strange contrast with the brilliant pages these men had written into American history was to be the black page that would record the reception of the disabled by a grateful nation upon their ultimate arrival home.

(To be concluded next Sunday.)

THE LITERARY PERISCOPE

BY ETHEL R. SAWYER.
Director of Training Class Library Association of Portland.

A FORTHCOMING book which should be of great interest and will doubtless provoke much discussion is the autobiography of Henry Morgenthau, United States ambassador to Turkey during the war. The work will add one more to the already imposing list of lives of Americans who have signally achieved successes, yet who came to us from foreign shores. A self-made man, from plain stock, and an immigrant, Mr. Morgenthau is announced as the author whose book will be, in a sense, a reply to "The Education of Henry Adams," the story of "the more or less self-confessed uselessness of the career of an American aristocrat." Here will be a record of struggle against obvious odds which culminates in equally obvious success and an optimistic belief in the opportunities for service and worthy accomplishment which the author concludes are limitless for the person of education and ambition. The two books should furnish stimulating fields for speculation in the subtleties and the undercurrents in contrast with the broad surfaces and onward rush of more obvious events.

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Rudyard Kipling, his wife and daughter, are motoring this spring in Algeria. Excellent roads and picturesque inns are a part of the Algerian landscape, report has it, and the tourists are flocking to northern Africa from war devastated Europe. If we can only get behind the African good-roads programme in time, there seems to be no valid reason why we may not arrange for Africa as the scene of the next great war to which certain press agents and various statesmen seem to be so eagerly looking forward.

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"We admire the witty line of our colleague, T. K. H., to the effect that Lansing may go down to history as Mr. Wilson's great fired man, like the centurion who was proud of having been kicked by Caesar.

"It may complete T. K. H.'s parallel if we point out to him that the satisfaction of said centurion (T. Pachydermus Tuffo) was secretly based on the fact that Caesar stubbed his toe when he kicked him."—Keith Preston, Chicago Daily News.

The wise men of the east have apparently not been decoyed by this new literary star as it is reported that "the Atlantic legislates it ("The Peace Negotiations") out of existence in its March number."

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Walter B. Pitkin's "Must We Fight Japan?" seems to be the sort of book we ought to have more of if we are using the above title not merely as a rhetorical question but as a genuine query. A book which endeavors to examine all angles of this discussion fairly may perhaps justly be characterized as a "well-rounded treatment." Perhaps there is even something here that could smooth off that Yap corner.

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If in the pursuit of culture you have tripped ignominously over the Einstein theory, be not discouraged. There still remains psychoanalysis. Up and at 'em! And better luck next time! In this latter venture it may be well to avail yourself of the helping hand of Andre Tridon, and the fruits of his pen. "Psychoanalysis: Sleep and Dreams" is believed to be the simplest explanatory work on this very important subject, and certain aspect of the theory over which many students gag are not overemphasized. It is evident that M. Tridon insists on restoring to a ranking place in dream causation the pie crust complex as well as the sex repression.

A well-known writer has likened a good book to these five things:

1. "An intellectual dynamo. The engine that furnishes the current that runs the factory that turns out ideas."

Therefore criticism should pause before saying, "I don't like it." Maybe you don't like it because it compelled you to turn out a new idea, and that is always a painful job till you get the hang of it.

2. "An intellectual shower bath of icy water early in the morning—makes you gasp, but is good for the mental nerves and muscles." If you have fatty degeneration of the heart this shock may kill you—but it's better to know the worst.

3. "An open window somewhere, letting in gusts of fresh air. No matter where, just so some new stars and sun shine in, and some new breezes blow." Of course, breezes are dangerous to very sick people and those who are susceptible to illness.

4. "An uphill road into the mountains and the solitudes, where it is good for everyone to go at times, and where all the great prophets of music, hope and ideals have often gone." For the old and feeble an uphill road is discouraging, and the solitudes are very lonely—and dangerous to the timid.

5. "A tonic for the soul." But a healthy soul is a constant goad to the flesh—and some prefer to let it decline into comfortable ill-health.

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Now, here's an admirer worth having. Will Levington Comfort's books have so pleased Rev. John T. Wilds, a Presbyterian pastor of New York city, that the reverend gentleman wants others to enjoy the books, also. He has, therefore, printed and pasted in a corner of his envelopes labels which read:

"Have you read Will Levington Comfort's books? They have done me so much good, so lifted my thought, brought courage and hope into glow, that I wish others would get the blessing."

Then follows a list of Mr. Comfort's works, with the pastor's signature added. And G. K. Chesterton says this is an age without the courage of its enthusiasms, or words to that effect!

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In Louis Untermeyer's new volume of poetry, "The New Adam," occurs the following stanza:

Your kiss a wine that has no dregs;
Your love a bird that seldom perches.
And I must add your lyric legs—
Two dancing birches.

Anent which William S. Braithwaite, anthologist, has severe things to say, such as that the last line is dragged in only for the rhyme. A more broad-minded, or open-eyed, commentator thereupon reminds us of the changed conventions in poetry. "In the old poets birches shimmer; in the new poets they shimmy," and he adduces in support of L. U.'s stanza the biblical cedars of Lebanon, which "skip like calves." Points of view—they differ so!

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Did you ever stop to think that of the real sensational best-sellers (not just the "repeaters" that go on of their own momentum like H. B. W. and E. H. P. and G. S. P. and Z. G., etc.), the recent genuine, original publishing-bank-busters are just the things that any magazine editor will tell you won't sell? That "depressing" "Main Street"; Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," a queer sort of "little theater" stuff, and "The Education of Henry Adams" now, what thrills or he-man action did the public get out of that? It's too bad that the commercial world lacks the "pep" and progressiveness of the art world. They are so often left behind in sizing up what the public wants. Sort of like some pioneer reformers who get so busy shouting for progress that they don't see the rest of the world catching up with them and even going a bit ahead.

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Roland Holt in an address before the Illinois Woman's Press association gave advice to young writers as follows:

"Don't have your first novel over 60,000 or 80,000 words long.

"Select catchy chapter titles.

"Practice writing telegrams for conciseness.

"The intimate study of the garbage can is on the wane. The matter of taste, however, governs the treatment of any subject.

"Until he is well established, every author should have a grubstake.

"Only about 2 per cent of all the books written are ever published."

VOLCANO HEAT UTILIZED

Great Possibilities Seen in Nature's Forces Now Going to Waste.

HONOLULU, T. H., April 30.—The heat of Kilauea volcano, whose great, perpetually active crater 32 miles from Hilo on the island of Hawaii daily provides an awe-inspiring spectacle for crowds of tourists, is to be utilized to provide electric light and power for every town, hamlet and industry on the island, if the purposes of a memorial recently addressed to the legislature of Hawaii are worked out.

The memorial asks the territory to appropriate $25,000, to be matched by a similar amount from the Hawaiian Volcanic Research association, for borings and other preliminary work.

The memorial cites the fact that volcanic heat already is being used on a large scale for the production of power in Italy. The Kilauea project has been indorsed as feasible by the Pan-Pacific scientific congress, which met here last August.

The possibility of recovering sulphur, copper and, perhaps, other minerals from the gases of the crater, as well as using the power generated to extract nitrogen from the air also is pointed out in the memorial.

Women Jurors for Alberta Court.

CALGARY, Alta.—A bill has been introduced in the legislature of Alberta by Attorney-General Boyle allowing women to be drawn for jury duty. However, their services are not to be made compulsory. The women already have the franchise. There are at present women magistrates in the province and the drawing of women for jury duty is welcomed by all women's societies. The bill exempts women being drawn who have family ties and also from serving on criminal cases. It provides that women on trial shall have the right to ask for women jurors. The minimum age for serving as a juror, according to the bill, is 25 years.

Big Order for Eggs Placed.

VALPARAISO, Chile.—Officers of the supply ships which accompanied the United States Pacific fleet on its recent South American cruise struck a staggering blow to the pride of local produce merchants when 1,000,000 eggs were ordered for the 15,000 bluejackets on the return voyage to American waters. Egg laying is not at high tide in these latitudes at this season and it is doubtful whether the Valparaiso merchants were able to fill one-third of the big order.

BOOKS

By Joseph MacQueen.

Princess Salome, by Burris Jenkins. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

In the matter of comparison, it may be stated that this novel, "Princess Salome," reminds one of the style of "Ben Hur."

"Princess Salome" has much to commend it. Bold and sweeping in recital, dramatic in plot and powerful in character construction, it is one of the principal religious stories of the year. It contains faithful wood-pictures of the Holy Land, in the days of Jesus Christ, who is one of the characters and an actual personage.

The Princess Salome, daughter of Herad, makes a dramatic heroine, and she is represented as having a pure love for the hero, Stephanas, who afterward is Stephen, stoned to death for his faith.

At first Stephanas is a Greek athlete, a runner of races, and a youth beautiful to look upon. Journeying to Antioch, in Syria, then the second city of the world, Stephanas—who was accompanied by Shaoul (Paul) and a gladiator named Gomar—hears the Princess Salome lamenting that she cannot find a champion to run one mile against Salazar of Damascus. Salazar was vouched for by Marcus Curtius, who loves the princess.

This race event is the best written chapter in the book, and it pulses with excitement. Stephanas looks like a winner during the last lap, and Salome drives alongside to encourage him, when suddenly there is an earthquake and runners and others fall to the ground, sick and confused. The horses in Salome's car start to run away, but Stephanas stops them and saves the princess, probably from death, and carries her to her mother.

Stephanas comes under the sway of Belthazar, a mystic who tells him of the near approach of the King of the Jews, and predicts that he, Stephanas, will win a wondrous crown."

As one Eleazar and his party approach Nazareth (p. 128), a young man, barefoot and bareheaded, and with an adze over his shoulder, comes walking along.

"In the name of Israel, peace," said Eleazar.

"Peace be to you who come in the name of the highest," answered the carpenter. It was a voice of music.

"I am Eleazar of Jerusalem," said the merchant.

"I am Jeshua (Jesus), the Nazarene," responded the young man.

Shaone and Maria are members of Eleazor's party. A little maid, who says she is Mary of Bethany, is also present.

Jeshua tells Stephanas that a greater love than his love for Salome will come into his, Stephanas', life.

Jeshua is pictured as a preacher, a gentleman, a friend of all and a man of quiet and peace.

It is shown that Salome's mother prevented her from marrying Stephanas, the man she loved, and that the balance of her life was dedicated to recklessness and unbridled rage. Salome, nearly nude, does the dance of death (p. 217) at a drunken scene at Herod's court, and as payment and for revenge, she demands and gets the head of John the Baptist.

The arrest, conviction and sentence of Jesus are described. Jesus is led to the cross. Stephanas wishes to rescue him, but is held back by Eleazar. The file of Roman soldiers at the cross is commanded by Marcus Curtius. The actual scene at the crucifixion is not described, but the scene afterward is (p. 299).

Stephanas, who is now Stephen, becomes chief deacon of the Nazarenes.

Oriental pictures, and reverent, emotional scenes and incidents of the days of Christ and his disciples, lend wonder and awe to the general narrative.

Principles of Human Geography, by Professor Ellsworth Huntingdon, of Yale, and Sumner W. Cushing, of Mass. Illustrated. John Wiley & Sons, Inc., New York city.

Quite different from the usual school book of geography and dealing rather with the great principles of geography in its human aspects. The book is ably written, is the fruit of much research and information, and has a distinct educative message.

The pages are 430, with index. The book instructs not only ordinary students but normal school students and teachers in elementary schools. One is impressed by such a clearly-presented exposition of the subject.

The point is made by our author that "teachers do not know our world" and are not sufficiently instructed. This book is helpful to them and is a new step in imparting education.

The chapter heads are: Man's Relation to Physical Environment—Human Geography; Man's Relation to Location—The Effect of the Earth's Form and Motions; Man's Relation to Land Forms—The Continents and Man and Human Activities in Mountains and Plains; Man's Relation to Bodies of Water—The Influence of the Oceans and The Use of Inland Waters; Man's Relation to Soil and Minerals—Soil and the Farmer, Metals and Civilization and The Sources of Power; Man's Relation to Climate—Climate and the Climatic Zones, The Climate of Continents and Oceans, and Climate and Human Energy; Man's Relation to Vegetation and Animals—The Earth's Garment of Vegetation, Vegetation and Man in the Warmest Regions, Life in Subtropical and Monsoon Regions, Modes of Life in Deserts and Polar Regions, Irrigation, Man's Work in Regions of Cyclonic Storms, The World's Diet, and Man's Changing Surrounding; Man's Relation to Man—Political Geography, International Relations, and Index.

Too Old for Dolls, by Anthony M. Ludovici. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city.

So-called fashionable English society before the days of the recent world war, and the formative emotions of young women as to love and marriage are ably visioned in this attractive novel.

Few of the many characters appear to do any work to earn their living, and they exist on inherited wealth. They lead placid existences, unless passion stirs them.

The leading characters are: Mrs. Delarayne, the wealthy widow of a Canadian lawyer, her beautiful daughters, Cleopatra and Leonetta; Sir Joseph Bullion, millionaire; Denis Malster, secretary, at $3200 per year, to Sir Joseph, and Lord Henry Highborn, a leading nerve specialist.

There are several love stories in the novel, and all in operation at the same time.

The Dude Wrangler, by Caroline Lockhart. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

Readers who like joyous stories of the west, and from a new point of view, are under a debt of gratitude to our author for this delightful romance. It is a genuine settler's story of the west, and something different from other stories of that sort.

The hero is Wallace or Wallie MacPherson, at first dude, idler, and a dependant on the good will of his rich Aunt Mary. Wallie was also a bit of a "sissy," and deserved the name "Gentle Annie" scornfully bestowed on him by Miss Helene Spenceley. A former western cowboy, Pinkey Fripp, demobilized from the recent war in Europe, calls at the hotel where Wallie, his aunt, Miss Spenceley and others are boarding, and urges Wallie to be a man and to earn his living.

Eugene G. O'Neill, author of "The Emperor Jones" and other plays.

Pinkey goes back to his native Wyoming, and Wallie—after quarreling with his aunt—also goes to Wyoming, with his savings of $2100.

As a tenderfoot, Wallie makes ludicrous mistakes, but he learns fast the free, easy and rapid ways of the west. He files on a homestead, and lives there in spite of enemies who try to scare him away. Miss Spenceley is in the neighborhood, and from contempt she feels friendly interest in him.

Wallie, former dude, has uproarious adventures. One of his best schemes is when he manages a dude's ranch, to attract the dollars of rich eastern tourists.

Three Plays, by Eugene G. O'Neill. Boni & Liveright, New York city.

No less a dramatic critic than William Archer has said, in the New York Evening Post, that plays of Mr. O'Neill "are the most original and significant things that have been done in dramatic form on this side of the Atlantic."

The three plays contained in these 285 pages are "The Emperor Jones," "The Straw" and "Diff'rent."

The most striking play of the trio is "The Emperor Jones," a play in which Charles S. Gilpen has won a big success in the east. There are four principal characters in this play and the action takes place on an island in the West Indies as yet not self-determined by the world big powers. It is governed by a self-styled emperor, Brutus Jones, colored, and formerly from the United States of America. His chief councilor in the island is Henry Smithers, a London cockney trader. The character of Emperor Jones dominates all the play and is virile, strong, yet pathetic. Jones is a powerfully built negro of middle age, and he wears a light-blue uniform coat, sprayed with brass buttons, heavy gold chevrons on his shoulders, gold braid on the collar, cuffs, etc. It appears from conversation between Jones and Smithers that the former had prospered from stowaway to emperor in two years, and that he had grafted liberally. He admits that one day the natives may rebel against his too strict rule, and boasts he has money shipped in his name to a distant port, for safety, to await him in case of a revolt on the island.

Smithers tells Jones that the native court, generals and prime minister had gone to a nearby hill for a pow-wow, and that Jones' reign as emperor is about to end. Smithers is sure that the revolt is widespread. While the two men are yet talking the distant beat of tomtoms is heard, coming nearer.

Jones realizes that his reign of graft has collapsed, and he prepares to escape into the depths of the jungle, hoping to reach the coast. He has a revolver, loaded, and one of the bullets is of silver. Jones says this silver bullet is for himself, if need be, to escape death at the hands of the revolutionists.

Jones plunges into the jungle and is pursued by the infuriated rebels. Here the real Jones is evolved, in succession brave, boastful, cringing, repentant and fearful. The inference is that he had committed murder, as a Pullman porter, in this country, and had escaped from jail. Jones has no sweetheart and no love affair. What happens to him in the jungle is tragic.

"The Straw" shows splendid workmanship, is a literary gem and shines in constructive work, building up the different characters. The heroine is Miss Eileen Carmody, eldest daughter of Bill Carmody, a brutal, drunken father. Eileen, a stenographer, is engaged to marry Fred Nicholls, a worthless, selfish young man. Eileen develops tuberculosis and is sent to a sanitarium for treatment, in spite of the furious protests of Bill Carmody, who says he can't pay the bills. Nicholls, whose father is well off and a factory superintendent, wishes to break off his engagement with Eileen, as he is afraid he might contract tuberculosis from her.

At the Hill Farm sanitarium Eileen meets a patient, Stephen Murray, a newspaper reporter, who has nearly recovered from tuberculosis. Murray has an ambition to write stories for the magazines, and Eileen urges him to begin. From the rough draft of one story Eileen makes a typed copy. The story sells, and the editor wants more.

Life at the sanitarium is sketched with dramatic fidelity. Murray loves Eileen, and when she sees that Nicholls looks on her with aversion, a pretty romance develops. Vulgar, drunken Bill Carmody is a powerful characterization.

"Diff'rent" is a play depicting seafaring folk in a seaport village of New England, and commencing in the spring of 1890. The men in the play are engaged in the whale-fishing trade of the South seas, and are at home on vacation. Captain Caleb Williams is engaged to marry Miss Emma Crosby. Jack, her brother, who is a notorious practical joker, spreads a story that Captain Williams had been tenderly attentive last voyage to a native girl whom he met on an island near the equator. Emma jumps to the conclusion that Williams had guilty relations with this girl—an allegation which Williams denies—and she breaks off her engagement with him. Her female relatives remonstrate with her and say what has happened before her marriage to Williams is none of her business. Emma is obdurate and says she will be an old maid. Williams is faithful and says he will wait 30 years for her. The other men in the play swear and use bad language generally.

Captain Williams resumes his whaling voyages.

Thirty years pass. Emma is painted and powdered and silly, in a desperate attempt to look young. She still detests Williams, who is as true to her as ever.

Benny Rodgers, Williams' nephew, comes home from France, where he has been a soldier. He is vulgar, covetous and heartless. He calls Emma Aunt Emmer. She longs for male admiration and makes unblushing love to Benny—who, for a joke, says he loves her and offers to marry her.

Suddenly home comes Captain Williams, and he reminds Emma, tenderly, that the 30-year term of waiting has expired. She says, coquettishly, that she is to marry worthless young Benny.

The end has a tremendous thrill.

A PORTLAND POET NOTICED.

A magazine called Poetry, of Chicago, says: Miss Hazel Hall of Portland, Or., a contributor of verse to many magazines, has a group of poems in the May number of Poetry, a magazine of verse. Miss Hall's first book of verse soon is to be published by John Lane & Co. Among her poems in Poetry are several songs for sewing, one of which, entitled "Instruction," reads as follows:

My hands that guide a needle
In their turn are led
Relentlessly and deftly,
As a needle leads a thread.

Other hands are teaching
My needle; when I sew
I feel the cool, thin fingers
Of hands I do not know.

They urge my needle onward,
They smooth my seams, until
The worry of my stitches
Smothers in their skill.

All the tired women,
Who sewed their lives away,
Speak in my deft fingers
As I sew today.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

American Business Methods, by Floyd W. Parsons, 373 pages, an expert, valuable book for increasing production and reducing costs in factory, store and office; and The Big Year, by Meade Minnigerode, a manly, sparkling and entertaining American novel of glad college days (Putnam's, N. Y.).

Islands and Their Mysteries, by A. Hyatt Verrill, a sensible, non-technical book showing how islands are formed, assemble, become covered with vegetation, are inhabited by animal life, etc. (Duffield & Co., N. Y.).

A Soul's Faring, by Muriel Strode, 91 unusual, daring, finely written "free" verse messages—on creation, life, soul, etc.; The Evolution of Revolution, by H. M. Hyndman, a famous English economist and expert in sociology—expert and excellent studies in the rise and fall of slavery, exchange and usuary, economic backwaters, modern social life, bourgeois revolution and capitalism and socialism; and Jake, by Eunice Tietjens, a fine, soulful novel—told in the first person—about a Mississippi valley hero (Boni & Liveright, N. Y.).

My Orient-Pearl, by Charles Colton, a splendid, well-written novel in which an Englishman visiting in Japan, falls in love with and marries a Japanese girl—and they live happily ever after (John Lane Co., N. Y.).

Queenie, by Wilbur Finley Fauley, a lively novel of New York city life (Macauley Co., N. Y.).

Hope Farm Notes, by Herbert W. Collingwood, 29 finely-written sketches, depicting the brighter, cheerful side of farm life in the east (Harcourt, Brace & Co., N. Y.).

The Life Beyond the Veil, being spirit messages said to be received and written into narrative form, by Rev. G. Vale Owen, vicar of Oxford, England, 2 vols. (Doran Co., N. Y.).

Great Men and Great Days, by Stephane Lauzanne, Frenchman, one dozen graphically written, valuable chapters on: Marshal Joffre, Declasse, Poincare, Former President Wilson, Colonel Roosevelt, Colonel House, Lloyd George and other notables (D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.).

The Pagan Madonna, by Harold MacGrath—one of the best of American novelists—a wonderful, thrilling romance of a mysterious Chinese pearl, and bringing in a charming love story (Doubleday, Page & Co., N. Y.).

Europe's Morning After, by Kenneth L. Roberts, 410 pages, an unusual, able book, presenting a fair review of economic and political conditions of several European nations and peoples, changed by the recent world war; and, The People of Mexico, by Wallace Thompson, new and first-hand information as to the three classes of Mexican people—white, half-breed and Indian—and an appeal to educate the Indian so that he really can govern Mexico (Harper's, N. Y.).

Great Polar Exploration Undertaken by Japan.

Dash Into Antarctic Regions Is Planned for Next July.

TOKIO, April 30.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—As the United States has had its Peary and England its Scott, so Japan hopes to produce its Shirase as a great polar explorer. Lieutenant N. Shirase, a retired officer of the Japanes army who made a trip towards the south pole beginning November, 1910, and advanced as far as 80:5 S., is planning to make another dash into the Antarctic regions starting in July of this year.

Finding the necessary funds remains a problem for the Japanese officer, but he hopes to get a government subsidy. The principal object of the new expedition will be to find a means of working the coal and other precious material and to devise methods for their exportation. In Lieutenant Shirase's first trip the main object was geographical, but the object of the coming expedition is to determine more definitely the localities of the natural resources in which this region is said to be very rich.

Talking about his proposed trip, Mr. Shirase said he hoped to find coal in the region about Mount Erebus, which he says resembles the sacred mount, Fuji, of Japan in volcanic structure. A sensational feature of the forthcoming expedition is Shirase's proposal to fly over the ice barriers by airplane. Some of the barriers which his party encountered before were more than 300 feet high and the party found these almost insurmountable. To conquer this difficulty an aeroplane is to be used.

The expedition will include 14 people including an astronomer, a geographer, a physician, a moving-picture operator, a journalist and also the commander's son, Captain Tomo Shirase of the Japanese navy.

Two years are expected to be spent on the trip. The party expects to sail first to the coast of south Argentina and then, rounding Cape Horn, to land somewhere in the neighborhood of the South Shetlands.

Lieutenant Shirase's first expedition party was supported largely by Marquis Okuma and other members of the Japanese Antarctic exploring party. The voyagers sailed from the gulf of Shinagawa on November 29, 1910, and passing the Bonin, Mariana and Caroline islands finally reached New Zealand. They voyaged in a small steamer called "Open South," a ship of only 200 tons displacement and one of the smallest ever used on such an expedition. Eventually the party erected a wooden monument in the eastern part of Edward VII Land and at latitude 80:5 S. they buried a list of the names of the patrons of the party in a copper box, crying "banzai!" as it was lowered beneath the snow. On its return the party left Hale gulf on February 4 and arrived at Yokohama June 19, 1912, shortly before the death of the late Emperor Mitsuhito.

Stoolpigeon Work Frowned Upon.

HONOLULU, T. H.—Warning that prohibition officers must not urge or induce persons suspected of violating the national prohibition law to sell liquor or to otherwise obtain evidence against them was sounded in the district court here by one of the federal judges. The case of a Japanese who had been persuaded to make a sale was before the jurist and, instead of giving, as is usual, a jail sentence, he let the accused off with a fine.

Boy Scouts Camp in First Brewery.

BUTTE, Mont.—All that remains of Montana's first brewery, built in 1866, in the town of Highlands is a one-story log cabin, which is now used by the Boy Scouts of Butte as a summer camp. The town of Highlands enjoyed but brief prosperity during the early Montana boom days.

NATIONAL BABY WEEK

is a recognition of the importance of proper care of the baby. On this, more than on any other one thing, depends the well-being of our future citizens. There are few books of greater importance than books dealing with the care of the baby. We take pleasure in recommending the following list:

THE BABY'S FOOT
Isaac Abt, M. D.
THE HOME CARE OF SICK CHILDREN.
Emelyn Lincoln Coolidge, M. D.
CARE AND FEEDING OF INFANTS AND CHILDREN.
Walter Reeve Ramsey, M. D.
THE BABY'S PHYSICAL CULTURE GUIDE.
Edith V. Hart.
THE CARE AND FEEDING OF CHILDREN.
L. Emmett Holt, M. D.
THE BABY—HIS CARE AND TRAINING.
Marianna Wheeler.
HOME NURSING AND INFANT CARE.
Marsh.
THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER.
J. Morris Slemons, M. D.
Care of the baby begins with the care of the expectant mother. Dr. Slemons' book is recommended by leading physicians.
THE CARE OF THE BABY.
J. P. Crozer Griffith.

The J. K. Gill Co.
Third and Alder Streets

BOOKS YOU WANT
Burton Arabian Nights, Benare's 3d....$75
Lane's Arabian Nights, 13 vols..$30
American Encyclopedia....$30
Kipling's Works, 10 vols....$8.50
De Maupassant, 17 vols....$15
Muhlback, 18 vols....$9
Thousands of other second-hand Books of every kind: Mechanical, Medical, Historical, etc. School Books bought, sold and exchanged.
Hyland's Old Book Store
204-206 Fourth St., Between Taylor and Salmon—The Red Front.

The Oregon Book and Tract Depot
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THREE GOOD BOOKS
"Ballads of a Bohemian"—
By Robert W. Service. Price, regular edition $1.60, flexible $2.
"The History and Power of Mind"—
By Richard Ingalese. Price $2.50.
"Successful Salesmanship"—
By Theron Q. Dumont. Price $2.
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