Sunday Oregonian

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HOW TO PREVENT MURDER.

Did not The Oregonian tell us last year that capital punishment is a preventive of murder? What does The Oregonian think about it now, after a season of the most cruel and bloody murders in the history of the state?

Thus is The Oregonian reminded of what one of its more or less satisfied readers thinks is its sins, because it favored in 1920 restoration of the death penalty for murder.

The Oregonian did not tell anybody, last year or ever, that mere enactment of law authorizing capital punishment would put an end, or even tend to put an end, to the deliberate taking of human life. But it said, and it now repeats, that rigid enforcement of law tends to prevent crime, including murder, and will prevent it. It said, and it repeats, that the principal justification for the death penalty is its even and exact justice; but whether there was imposed the death penalty or life imprisonment for murder, neither would be effective as a deterrent unless juries found men guilty of capital crimes, and did not set them free upon false pleas of self-defense, or insanity, or any other evasive and emotional excuse for defeating justice.

Who will say that there is capital punishment in Oregon? Since May 21, 1920, when the sovereign people sought to retrieve their error of 1914 in abolishing the death penalty, and after six years of failure to stop murder or to punish it adequately, put the death penalty again in the constitution, there has been a horrible succession of fearful homicides, and one man has been execued—Neil Hart, for the killing of Sheriff Taylor. It is a sad record.

The general attitude toward murder is a reproach to the American people. Every capital crime, involving the taking of human life, is succeeded by a legal game to defeat justice through technical procedure, through judicial tolerance, through soft-hearted juries. The machinery of the courts, so far as murder is concerned, is utilized to free men who kill their fellows, not to make them pay the price of their wrongdoing. The whole system is a shame and a mock, and not one voice, from the highest to the lowest, can be found to excuse it; yet it is always expected, in every instance where life is taken, that the perpetrator will exhaust every device of obstruction, every possible plea of justification or nonaccountability, to go free; and usually he does.

An innocent man or woman is killed in revenge, or malice, or passion, and the public is sadly shocked; but it quickly forgets its indignation at wanton crime and its sympathy for the sorrowing relatives of the victim, in an awakened compassion for the murderer. It is no mere joke that maudlin men and foolish women shower a murderer with tokens of interest and flowers of sentiment. It is literally and horribly true. It should not be true.

Until there is a wholly changed attitude toward murder—an expressed and efficient determination to punish it—scorn and detestation for the perpetrator—men will kill, lawyers will trifle with the courts, juries will forget their duty, and justice willl not be done.

TEACHING THE TRUTH IN HISTORY.

The new United States commissioner of education is not alone in his desire that history shall be taught truthfully and that it shall be made free from the kind of chauvinism, for example, which long fostered the impression in the minds of school children that the war of 1812 was a series of unbroken victories for the raw troops of the United States over the seasoned veterans of the enemy. Similarly the disposition to gloss over the mistakes of contemporary politicians and to mention only the achievements of statesmen has given currency to the myth that the past was far more glorious than the present and that mankind is progressively degenerating. Not only international misunderstandings, but more serious domestic misapprehensions have grown out of the practice of unwisely suppressing the unpleasant episodes of history.

It would be worth something to young students of today, for example, to know that in various periods of reconstruction and recovery from domestic crises Americans have not only made mistakes, but have also undone them; that our ancestors were not gods and goddesses, but only men and women none the less lovable on that account, and in particular that what they did we ourselves may expect to do. A good deal of the pessimism of the present is due to the false notion that all the people of long ago were 100 per cent virtuous, and that they set a mark that we can never hope to attain.

Recent textbooks of history sin less commonly in this regard than did those of a generation ago. The real difficulty will be encountered, however, when the necessity arises for distinguishing between liberty and license in history writing. Once restrictions have been removed we may expect a flood of ill-considered propaganda of every sort in the guise of "truth in history." It will be well if in recounting the errors of the past we are able also to interpret both wisely and sympathetically. However much we may insist on truth, we need not discard our patriotism, and American history written from the viewpoint of Americans still will be consistent with the sound ethics of education. There is a field for a school historian whose Americanism is reflected in the common sense for which, above all other characteristics, our forefathers, with their mistakes and all, were distinguished.

A MILLION AUTO TOURISTS.

A Portland citizen who is interested in the subject has been gathering statistics on the number of automobile owners who take to the long road in summer. He has derived the more or less authentic estimate that no less than 1,000,000 automobiles set out in America in summer on trips varying in length of time from a few weeks to three months.

In Portland the car from another state has ceased to attract the old-time attention. It is no longer unusual. But in comparison with the total number on tour the few thousand automobiles that now reach Oregon are inconsequential in number. In short, we have witnessed only the beginning of a great annual pilgrimage, provided we make our attractions and roads sufficiently known.

If Oregon desires to entertain a fair share of the visitors to the Pacific coast it will find it necessary to do more than build good roads. Other states are doing that. The benefits we have so far received are due principally to the good advertising the visitors who have already been here have given. It has been noted by a correspondent that the official guide book of the American Automobile association ignores the main route to Portland down the Columbia highway in favor of the cross-state roads of Washington. That travelers from the east have not religiously followed this guide book is due to the habit motorists have of swapping road experiences with each other.

The Columbia highway as such has received more or less national advertising. But it has not been made sufficiently clear that it is an east and westbound trunk line as well as a scenic highway.

Tourists make one complaint concerning Oregon. Its highways are not sufficiently marked. California and Washington are far ahead of Oregon in that particular. We are providing the good roads, but are letting the tourist hunt for them. We have been so busy building that we have neglected other essentials.

Oregon roads, and particularly the routes through the towns, ought to be plainly signed before another summer comes. There are businesses that directly profit from tourist travel. They or some of them have their own organizations formed for mutual betterment. They could improve their own affairs vastly by acting on the matter of road signs and by vigilant watchfulness that Oregon is properly represented in tourist literature.

"MUSCLE" OR "MUSSEL."

The controversy over the right way to spell the name of the water-power site in Tennessee which Henry Ford is trying to lease from the United States government will be interesting to those who set store by historical origins and regard meticulous accuracy in minute particulars as important. Such an issue was once seriously disputed, and has been for all practical purposes settled, in the case of the "Willamette" river, which even to this day jars the sensitive inner ears of those pioneers who know that "Wallamet," or preferably "Wallamut," approaches much nearer to the noble and sonorous sound which the Indians gave it, and which is only belittled by the French terminal which has been undeservedly thrust upon it. Who knows now what the correct spelling of the "Hancheuke," or "Hancheke," or "Anchiyuke," or "Hanchiyouk," river would have been if some of our forefathers had not cautiously sidestepped the issue long ago by accepting the name "Pudding," with the not-altogether appetizing legend which it recalls?

Our ancestors were careless about those matters, being more busily engaged in overcoming obstacles than in bothering about the spelling of the names of them. Undoubtedly the "Muscle" shoals, or "Mussel" shoals, whichever they may be, presented an early obstacle to travel in the days before they were looked on as potential assets in nitrate manufacture; wherefor there is a certain reasonableness in the theory advanced by an Alabaman that these hardy backwoodsmen intended that the place should be called "Muscle" shoals, because it required much muscle to ascend them in a canoe. Yet we have our doubts, especially after having examined a map of the Rocky mountain country printed in the early '40s, on which the name "Muscle Shell" river, in Montana, appears as plain as daylight. We take it that there is here no association between "muscle" and "shell" which will bear investigation. The early cartographers were apt to have been outdoor men, not greatly concerned with orthographical niceties, though usually muscular and frequently, according to report, hard-shelled. But the known geological facts concerning the Musselshell river in Montana justify the revision of the spelling which has taken place on later maps.

It is as probable that if the folks in Alabama and Tennessee will summon the geologists to their assistance they will find the secret of the way that Muscle shoals ought to be spelled in the lore of the Devonian, or the Jurassic, or the Tertiary period, rather than in the time of the North American Indians, or even the first voyageurs. But the fresh-water mussel is even yet indigenous to the streams of the Allegheny watershed, which permits a modern interpretation even more plausible than the ingenious and as yet unsupported "muscle" theory to which allusion has been made.

Nevertheless there has grown up a custom of accepting official statutes and documents as final authority in matters of this kind. The legislative error by which the misspelling of the name of our sister county of Clarke in Washington was perpetuated, and another by which old Pierre Chouteau's name was handed down as "Choteau" in Montana are familiar examples, but not the only ones. A name may be legally one thing and to the student quite another. According to all the acts of congress and the reports of committees and of engineers touching on the subject, the name is "Muscle" shoals, just as the official name of Clark county is "Clarke." Not all the facts of paleontology, or of geology, or of mythology, or of history, are sufficient to upset the acts of congress and of legislatures.

AN AUTHOR OF AN EARLIER SCHOOL.

The name of Harriet Prescott Spofford will mean little or nothing to the present generation of readers, but it recalls that about the time of the civil war or soon afterward she was almost as widely known as, say, Harriet Beecher Stowe. She belonged to the period of Rose Terry Cooke, Gail Hamilton and Louise Chandler Moulton, and she achieved the distinction of having one of her short stories, "Circumstances," included in William Dean Howells' best twenty American tales. Our mothers and fathers who were reading the "Atlantic" in the sixties and seventies will remember her, and some will now vaguely wonder what had become of her in all the years since she ceased to write and her books came to be less and less frequently called for in public libraries.

Styles change in literature as well as in clothes, it appears. It would be difficult to put a finger on the precise reason why Mrs. Spofford's stories seem alien to us today, yet they undoubtedly do. Not in the essentials of rhetorical form, nor in the details of grammar and syntax do these differences exist, but in the more elusive particular which makes the files of literary periodicals of half a century ago seem as if they had been written in another tongue. She caught the spirit of the time in which she lived, but only its contemporary spirit. She reminds one how hard it is to seize on and hold fast to the elements which are common to all time.

The death of Mrs. Spofford at the age of eighty-seven, which occurred recently, already has provoked discussion of the reason why she did not hold the stage longer, since there is no doubt of her wide popularity for a time. For this each reader will have his own explanation. The suggestion that it was because in her later years she did not feel the spur of financial necessity is interesting at least, in view of the action of the University of Michigan only the other day in inviting a poet to accept a fellowship which is to be a sinecure, in the hope, perhaps, that his muse will be inspired by the absence of the wolf, and also in connection with a popular outcry for the endowment of promising writers generally. Here at least was one who ceased doing her best work after all her economic apprehensions had been dispelled.

AMERICAN HUMANITARIANS IN CHINA.

The outstanding feature of the report of the Rockefeller Foundation for 1920 will seem to many persons to be its review of the work it has accomplished toward establishing medical education on a sound basis in the orient. By medical education is meant not only the introduction of certain methods of healing and hygiene which are generally accepted as a part of western science, but also a better understanding by the great masses of the people of the nature of plagues and epidemics and of the old maxim that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. In pursuance of an ambitious programme which seeks, apparently, to unite east and west in the bonds of a common interest and understanding, Mr. Rockefeller's agents have here been less handicapped than they are at home by the undercurrent of hostility to so-called tainted money, but they have been subject to prejudices prevailing against foreigners in general. But these to the true pioneer represent obstacles which were created only to be overcome.

That the education of the Rockefeller almoners themselves is advanced by this undertaking will appear from the statement made in another section of the report that "men rather than money insure efficiency in social effort." Millions of dollars might palliate temporarily but could not permanently cure the situation in which the Chinese find themselves, menaced by diseases which they are unable to combat because of want of widespread popular education. The chief function of the new college therefore will be to train new leaders rather than to force American physicians upon oriental communities. Greatest reliance will be placed on the native practitioner of the future, and he will be the product solely of the Foundation college only until China has been awakened to the need for colleges of its own. Nor will it be contended that the new movement has borne fruit until this has been accomplished. But the programme is even larger than is shown by its present scope. It is proposed to make the Pekin college in the course of time a rallying point for scientific training and research for the entire east, the most densely populated region on the globe. If it does only a small part of what is hoped for it, it will exercise a profound influence in directing the destinies of more people than now reside on the continent of North America.

This attack on the exclusiveness of the orient by means of education in the fundamentals of right living in the physical sense promises to discover the vulnerable point in its armor, as the missionaries have been some time finding out. The latter have succeeded in proportion as they have coupled their efforts as preachers with their establishment of schools and hospitals, and as they have been able to spread the gospel of health with the doctrine of salvation. How much they had done when the Rockefeller medical college in China was conceived is indicated by the support by the missions in China of some 400 hospitals and, in addition, numerous dispensaries. The influence of Chinese physicians who have been trained in occidental schools, however, has recently been found to be even more effective than the personal work of alien missionaries, and the proposal to put the orient on its own feet, medically speaking, gives promise of effecting a sweeping change both in its mode of living and its manner of thought.

It is the last named factor, indeed, which is going to prove to be the most serious obstacle. The ancient oriental culture is a bar to progress, which would not be met with, for illustration, if westerners were dealing with a people who possessed no background of civilization of their own. Not only inertia but obstinacy of a positive sort must be combated. It will be necessary, perhaps, to instill an entirely new sense of social co-operation among orientals, and realization that the health of the individual is the concern of all the people—a problem that has not been wholly solved in our own country, but in the solution of which we have made an encouraging advance.

Centuries of quackery stand in the way of the introduction of modern ideas. It will be many years before scientific standards will be publicly enforced, and other years before faith in substances which western scientists know to be inert is overcome. The temptation to compromise with ethics will exist as in other communities, and demands for quick commercial returns will present even greater difficulties in China than they do in America. It is the task of American leaders to do all these things patiently and without anxiety to do too much in a day; and in doing them they will discover that the Rockefeller millions are only a starting point. Upon the consecration of the pioneers and their steadfastness to duty in the face of many certain discouragements will depend the outcome of the vast work in Asia of which the new Rockefeller medical school is but the outward and visible sign.

OREGON AND MISSOURI.

The names of Benton and Linn on the county map of Oregon are in themselves a token of the sentimental interest which Oregon now has in the centennial of the admission of her sister commonwealth to full statehood. In still other particulars the two states are bound by ties of history. In a very early time—with respect to the annals of both of them—Missouri was the center of enterprises which resulted in the exploration and the exploitation of the way to Oregon, as when the first overland fur traders issued forth from St. Louis and from Franklin, and a little later, in 1819, it was the Missourian, Thomas H. Benton, then editor of the Missouri Enquirer, who first advocated, in the columns of his newspaper, the taking over of the great Pacific northwest, then practically without a name, by the United States. Representative John Floyd of Virginia, who was the first to press the Oregon question in congress, got his inspiration from Benton, according to the latter's own account. "I had written some and published some essays on the subject which he had seen," says Benton in his "Thirty Years' View," in allusion to the source of Floyd's early determination that the Columbia, or Oregon, region should become part of the republic.

Benton's opposition to the expedient of joint occupancy in 1818, which he reiterated when the treaty came up for renewal in 1827, was probably visionary, as events have proved, but it served a very practical purpose in keeping the patriotic fires burning for later use when his colleague, Dr. Lewis F. Linn, fanned them with bills and resolutions calling for congressional inquiry into the condition of Oregon's defenses, for exclusion of the British interests from the territory and for designation of the entire region west of the Rocky mountains and north of parallel 42 degrees as Oregon territory. If Linn had had his way a fort would have been built at the mouth of the Columbia river, a port of entry established there and the revenue laws of the United States extended to Oregon in 1838. Linn sounded the warning that if the issue were longer neglected the country would be lost to Americans. And whereas mere drum-beating would have accomplished nothing, this practical and far-seeing Missouri statesman followed up his warning with a bill which did far more than any other measure could have accomplished to encourage the settlement of this region.

On March 31, 1840, Linn offered the first of the donation land bills which link his name forever with Oregon, in which it was proposed to give 1000 acres to each white male over the age of 18 years who should make his home on the land. Again, on August 2, 1842, he renewed his Sisyphean labor by introducing a resolution empowering the president to give notice of the abrogation of the joint occupancy arrangement, in accordance with the terms of the treaty of 1827; on December 16, 1841, almost eighty years ago now, he reintroduced his settlement bill, this time with a provision for giving 640 acres of land to each person who should cultivate and use it for five consecutive years. Although Linn died in 1843, before his work for Oregon had been completed, the final and epochal donation land act of 1850 was substantially the bill urged by him, although another was its nominal author.

The Linn land bills of 1840 and 1841, particularly the latter, which passed the senate in February, 1843, undoubtedly motivated the immigrations of 1842 and 1843, and those great movements forever determined the American title to the Oregon country. The haziness of our claim on technical grounds was dispelled by the spontaneous movement of settlers from contiguous territory to occupy and hold the soil. Where international lawyers and diplomats versed in the science of tweedledee and tweedledum had failed, the forces set in motion through Linn's comprehension of the land hunger of the American people accomplished the definite result.

Linn's famous speech on August 31, 1842, in support of his proposal to establish a chain of military posts across the plains on the way to Oregon resulted in the dispatch of John C. Fremont, a son-in-law of Senator Benton, on the first of the latter's expeditions, the second of which brought him to Oregon and further strengthened the American claim to the region on the ground of exploration and occupancy. Benton's service to Oregon, though less conspicuous in the closing years of the territorial dispute, was nevertheless practical, and it is possible to appraise it more clearly in the perspective of time. His steadfast opposition to the "fifty-four-forty or fight" buncombe, which was the spectacular feature of the Polk campaign, was measurably instrumental in effecting a final adjustment without war, which the country was not in condition to enter upon at that time.

When the tide had turned toward Oregon, Independence, St. Joseph and Westport, now Kansas City, Mo., were the outfitting points for western immigrants. There were in all probability more blacksmiths' forges and anvils in those three towns on the Missouri frontier in the early '40s devoted to the manufacture and repair of emigrant conveyances than there are in all of Oregon today serving all purposes. Independence, standing on the road which diverged to north and south and long the headquarters of travelers over the Oregon and Santa Fe trails, and St. Joseph and Westport are almost as rife with Oregon memories as the Oregon trail itself. "This," said an advertisement of the period, published by the enterprising Independence citizens, "is the great starting point for all the westward-bound, whether their destination be Santa Fe, Chihuahua, the Rocky mountains, Oregon or California." Prior to the California gold excitement of 1849 the major portion of the travel was toward the Willamette valley in Oregon. The town of Independence, in Polk county, took its name from Independence, Mo.

There is an interesting contrast in the methods by which Missouri and Oregon achieved admission to statehood. Missourians in 1820 were strongly committed to the principle of representative democracy, and the people had no voice, nor did they demand any, in the adoption of their constitution, except as participants in the election of the officers who framed it. It became effective as soon as adopted by the convention, and included a clause prohibiting free negroes and mulattoes from entering the state. Being required by congress to give a pledge that this provision would never be enforced, the people gave that pledge through their general assembly, presenting a curious example of legislative action overriding an organic act. The voters of Oregon, on the other hand, when their constitution was framed in 1857, not only ratified it as a whole at the polls, but voted separately on the issues of slavery and of exclusion of free negroes and mulattoes from the state. They voted against slavery and also in favor of the exclusion of free negroes. The latter provision, although nullified by the fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States, is still part of the Oregon constitution. It will be wondered by many whether, under such a purely representative system as that which prevailed when the Missouri constitution and the subsequent nullification compact were adopted, the result would have been the same.

ANCIENT AMERICAN CIVILIZATION.

It will increase our interest in the history of the western hemisphere to be told, as the archaeologists of the homecoming Carnegie Central American expedition are able to affirm after a most successful expedition to Central America, that there did actually exist, in a period probably antedating the beginning of the Christian era, a western civilization surpassing in some respects that of the so-called old world. Only lately have scientists renewed their efforts to uncover the secrets buried in the ruins of Pompeii and in the tombs and the buried cities of Asia Minor. Why should not America have historical romances of its own?

In Yucatan to this day there are families of white blood who know no Spanish, but use the Mayan dialects exclusively, so vital has been the tongue which has survived the very people with whom it originated, and yet it is one of the mysteries of the world that a language and even a literature, such as exist in some parts of Central America, should fail to furnish the clew that the scientists seek. As long ago as 1840 the ruins of Chichen-Itza were described by travelers as containing evidence of an advanced civilization, and there are records in the Spanish archives which indicate that a people possessing a deep sense of art and a highly developed system of engineering lived in the region of Mexico even in the times of the Aztecs. Yet their disappearance has been complete. Nothing remains of them but their traditions—and fragments of the language which they probably spoke, and the ruins which the antiquarians have now set themselves to explore.

Long before the Spaniards landed on those shores in quest of gold and laid a land in waste in their war upon a proud people, there lived in North America a race which had attained a high degree of culture. There is historical and traditional evidence that they emigrated there from the far north, probably in flight before a ruder set of barbarians who had usurped their land. Advancing along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, they left colonies along the way, and they probably arrived in Yucatan about the middle of the fifth century. The ruined city of Uxmal may be fourteen centuries old; Chichen-Itza is about the same age and Palenque is even older. Their people are now known to have had a system of agriculture superior to that of the races which succeeded them, and to have fostered manufactures. They domesticated bees for their honey and wax, spun and wove cotton into fabrics of indescribable delicacy and carried on trade with the islands of the Caribbean sea in large ocean-going canoes. A curious fact about them seems to have been that they had no metal tools, contrary to the rules of contemporary societies, which we have been wont to judge by their progress in the use of metals. It may be that this brought about their downfall in the end.

Yet the relationship between the art and architecture of the Mayas and that of certain oriental peoples, such as the East Indians of Burmah and Hindustan, was so remarkable as to excite curiosity half a century ago, when interest was newly aroused in the study of comparative archaeology. It has since been ascertained that the Mayan hiegroglyphics bear a family resemblance to those of Asiatic countries, and that this vanished people had a cosmography and a mythology in which figures familiar to students of our own civilization appear. The Garden of Eden, for illustration, is unmistakably alluded to, and the Deluge, the Tower of Babel and the tragedy of Cain and Abel would appear to have been among the tales told to youthful Mayans at the parental knee.

The story of these peoples is significant for the light it may throw on the pre-Columbian history of our own land. Taken in connection with studies made of the early peoples of the southwest, they confirm the theory of the Asiatic origin of early Americans. If it is true, as some suppose, that the Mayans first lived in the northern part of the continent, perhaps in the vicinity of what is now northern British Columbia, it is a plausible theory that there was a migration which before it could have reached the Russian coast in the vicinity of Bering strait must have consumed centuries in its progress through western Asia. There are other clews in the Mongolian and Indian characteristics of some of the tribes of Alaska. But meanwhile the southwestern early peoples appear to have had certain traits in common with the Malayans and the islanders of the south seas, so that it is quite probable that there was more than one migration from the continent of Asia across the Pacific ocean. These must have flourished quite independently of one another, although they may have sprung from common stock.

Curiously, the Mayans had a calendar system not unlike that of more modern times. Their year had 365 days, divided into eighteen months of twenty days each, the days being grouped into weeks of five days each. At the end of the year there was an interval of five nameless days, remindful of a recent proposal to amend our own calendar by equalizing the lengths of the months and creating a series of holidays to take care of the odd days. But the Mayan reckoning did not stop with the year, being more complex than that even of the Aztecs. The years were assorted into groups of twenty, and the completion of each cycle was signalized by the placing of a commemorative tablet in the principal temple of each city. These tablets now serve as guides to scientists in the chronology of the distant past.

The burning of the Alexandrian library has its counterpart in the vandalism of the conquerors of Mexico, who not only sacked every temple they could find but destroyed every object of culture which in their benighted ignorance they could not understand. Except for this, it is conceivable that the key to the secret which the Carnegie scientists are now seeking would long ago have been found.

The handicap of a great name may be as real as the scionship of a great family, as those who have labored under it will understand but as a judge in New York did not when he rebuked one George Washington for wishing to make a change. It is an honored designation, to be sure, but the citizen who wishes to put it aside may not be wanting in patriotism in the slightest degree. Another George Washington than the original is certain to suffer by inevitable comparison, and even to invite ridicule which would be the reverse of helpful to him in his career. The uncomprehending judge is called on only to rectify a mistake that the young man's parents made—a mistake that is common enough to remind us that there ought to be special provision for rectifying it. Why a parent named Washington will name his son George, or a family named Emerson will hit on Ralph Waldo, when there are so many other names to choose from must always be incomprehensible to those who know that one of the highest privileges that can be conferred on an American is the right to make a name for himself.

The outline for the study of agriculture in secondary schools, issued recently by the United States bureau of education, places a definite requirement of especial competency on the teacher which will go a long way toward making rural school teaching a profession of its own, as distinguished from teaching in city schools. It is advised, for instance, that local projects be studied in every instance and that farms near the school be employed for demonstration purposes. "The instructor must first show," says the bureau, "in the teaching of his pupils that he is competent to extend his instruction to the patrons of the school." And "extension efforts should be the result of work rather than the beginning of work." An ambitious programme, truly, and one that make rural school patrons willing to bid for teachers if it is substantially carried out.

A French scientist has been trying to show that there is a connection between the cigarette-smoking habit among women and growth of hair on the upper lip, but it is not yet certain whether it will have the effect of creating skepticism or making the feminine mustache more popular.

There is something in the contention that we would be better off if we would imitate the conceded French virtues of industry and thrift and pay less attention to the fashions that, except for export purposes, most of the French people themselves do not take seriously.

It will be news to many who do not gaze beyond the old orchard that Washington will have one-third of the apple crop of the nation this year. There is only one better than the Washington apple, and it grows in Oregon.

Probably the Los Angeles bank looters will be able to show that they were poor and needed the money, which will cause a good many persons to overlook the incidental fact that they are thieves.

The season is just beginning when we are reminded that probably not one man in a million knows the first name of Mr. Bartlett, to whom we are indebted for a most luscious variety of fruit.

We get the impression from the home-brew provision of the liquor bill that a man's home is still his castle, provided it is not garrisoned by mercenaries.

A mystery ship "rigged in the fashion of twenty years ago" is reported to have been seen. She won't get far if one of our modern chasers gets after her.

The salmon pack is the smallest in years, but pink catfish from the "Mis-sip" will help out for people not particular beyond a label.

The school boy trudging unwillingly to school is not a circumstance to the vacationist who will soon be returning to his work.

What the bolsheviki left, the grasshoppers are trying to get. But it must be poor picking for the grasshoppers.

The question seems to be how long people will love their liquor well enough to pay the prevailing price for it.

New York harbor can no longer boast that it has no bar at its mouth.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE PRESS

4000 Years Ago Daughter of Nile Discovered Lipstick.

Lipsticks aren't new, finds the Kansas City Star.

The best lipstick historians seem to agree that the usage goes back some 4000 years ago when a lovely daughter of the Nile discovered one day that a bit of weed she found on the banks of the river furnished a substance that made her face glow the same lovely color as the rubies about her neck. She was so pleased she had her slaves gather more of the weed, prepare and bottle the dye. One day over the clear waters of the courtyard pool, she gave her ladies in waiting their first lessons in making up.

The practice reddened England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Italian grand dames had known the use of cosmetics hundreds of years; they blamed their knowledge of the "crime" on the Asiatic Ionians. The classic ladies of Rome, we are led to believe, not only applied lip salve and "bloom," but also painted the veins of their temples a bright blue, and applied soot under, over and around their eyes and eyelids.

In Queen Anne's time there were so many different kinds to put on that an English lady could have any shade or manner of complexion she desired. But then, the beau-brummels were using paint and powder and the ladies approved. Little powder balls, called "wash balls," were rubbed on the face. Most of these contained white lead, but were popular nevertheless. One expensive "bloom" was advertised as "the famous Bavarian Red Liquor."

And so it comes about that nowadays rouge boxes and lipsticks in gold or silver, some of them set with jewels, are shown in American shops for as much as $150.

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The boomerang of the Australians is an uncanny instrument, between 30 and 40 inches long, pointed on both ends and curved to the shape of a crescent. This strange weapon is thrown directly forward; it sails swiftly to about 40 feet out, skimming three or four feet above the ground, twisting and flying with a hissing sound. Suddenly it darts upward to the height of 50 or 60 feet; it begins to curve back toward the thrower and, hurtling through the air at a tremendous speed, finally falls at his feet. In an expert hand, it can be thrown around a corner and will return to the spot from which it was thrown, so that the attacked party is unable to locate the assailant. But this boomerang is used solely for sport and amusement and not for fighting, as is generally supposed.

Such tales as the one which says that a boomerang can be made to sail into a flock of birds, chase them, kill a dozen, then return to the hand of the thrower, are absolutely erroneous, avers the London Notes and Queries. Stories of the necessity of the thrower turning his back to his target also are wrong. But the boomerang described, capable of such surprising twists and quirks, cannot be used in warfare.

The war boomerang is a totally different instrument. It is not so curved as the other. It is thrown directly at its target and it flies, hopping and skipping like a hoop, directly straight forward without curving or rising in the air. When it hits its mark, its terrific force is great enough either to kill or severely wound, but the boomerang does not then return. Having collided with its target it loses its motion and falls to the ground.

* * *

All the world pays homage to America, as the country of invention, and probably many patriotic Americans have also laid claim for their country for the invention of the safety pin. Little do most Americans know, however, that a well-developed safety pin was in use among the ancient Romans.

Signor Celestino de Santo returned to Rome recently from his home in the province of the Abruzzi, and brought two heavily incrusted, almost petrified, safety pins which a "contadino," or farm laborer, had given him, having found them in the field while plowing. In shape they are like the half of a jewsharp, or a very diminutive sickle, or rather a crescent moon with a handle. From the end of the moon away from the handle would project the pin part of the safety, which continues along like the diameter of a circle and fastens itself into the handle, whose upper edge is curved for this purpose. The pins are of bronze and are roughly filigreed, probably to satisfy the coquettishness of some pre-Roman village belle. They were found near the town of Palombaro-Cleti, which, long before the time of imperial Rome, was the home of the warlike tribe of the Arnienses.

Who knows but what Julius Caesar's mantle, held up before the eyes of the Roman mob by Mark Anthony, had not such a safety pin tucked away in one of its folds?

* * *

A recent Sunday 455,000 persons visited Coney Island and yet statistics show that the army of visitors parted with less money for entertainment than would have been extracted from a third of that number three or four years ago, says a New York observer. The Coney visitor now buys one "hot dog" whereas he formerly bought three. The dance palaces without beer are not patronized to any great extent. Soft drinks used to be 5 cents each and now they are 15 and 20 cents. So Coney drinks water and carries his own lunch and seems to find that he is having just as good time. The bath house profiteer has tried to double the rates, but has not been successful. Coney is stubborn about paying extortionate charges. It just won't do it.

* * *

Haley Fiske, the life insurance magnate of New York, said in a Rotary club address:

"Some young men erroneously think that up-to-date methods are always mean, sordid, crooked methods. They are like the junior partner.

"'Everybody's profiteering now,' said the senior partner in a grape juice firm. 'Shall we raise our price, cut down the size of our bottle, or adulterate our grape juice?'

"'Gee, you're a back number,' the junior partner sneered. 'We'll do all three, of course. Why can't you be up to date?'"—New York Times.

* * *

The fashion for love tokens was at its height about the middle of the 18th century, when engraved tokens were exchanged between lovers, says an exchange. Some of these tokens were engraved with initials, others had two hearts joined and a date, and many were inscribed with mottoes.

Strength.

By Grace E. Hall.

There is a test for every human soul,
And as 'tis met, so is the real strength shown;
Sometimes a shadow falls on life-time goal,
And seeks to wring from out the heart a moan;
Sometimes 'tis but a yielding of one's will
To meet the needs of other lives nearby;
Sometimes a mortal struggle to be still,
To hush upon the lips a bitter cry.

Oh, men there are who seek to grandly play
The gladiator's part where all may see,
Make much ado of strength in every way,
Are judged supreme in their mentality;
Yet deep within its pettiness withal,
Self-love so great it will not yield its place,
Though every sense of justice loudly call
For humbleness, some error to erase.

The ego is a strange and morbid thing
That feeds upon the best of human traits;
Grows rapidly until it brooks no fling
At any of its little estimates;
This germ lays hold of many a brilliant brain
And weakens principles that once were strong,
When that same soul could make a splendid gain
By sometimes humbly saying, "I was wrong."

THE SIGN PAINTER.

Sign painters are a seemly lot, judged from my point of view,
With camel brush and ochre pot just see what they can do.
New panoramic scenes attend each effort of their clan,
As dexterously they execute their advertising plan.

High overhead a gilded board swings in the stiff'ning breeze,
Announcing 'tis the place to get "Hills Bros.' Blended Teas."
And frescoed on a restaurant across on yonder street,
My casual glance rests on these words: "This Is the Plaice to Ete."

In mountain pass, and e'en defile—basaltic sides of hills,
The carmine pigment paves the way for Peter's tasteless pills.
Each intersecting street is graced with decorative art,
The craftman's handiwork applied to gladden every heart.

Note Ghirardelli's polly bird arrayed in green shellac.
Or Albers Bros.' kneeling scout impaling the flap jack;
Or wending 'long the thoroughfares with measured tread we go,
And pause with reverential mein "furninst" old Velvet Joe.

Sign painters are a seemly lot, we all will quite agree.
As day by day we witness the disportive pageantry;
No one e'er doubts who's scanned the boards that they configure well,
But what I wish to say is this—their spelling looks like something the pup found.

—ORR O. SMITH.

THE LIMIT.

I'm not of the complaining kind;
My fortitude is high.
I am not vexed by trifling woes;
A patient man am I.
Though many storms have rocked my boat,
No lines of grief and care
Are written on my physiog,
No silver in my hair.
When many, many woes assail,
And troubles seem to pile,
I do not weakly wail and whine;
I grit my teeth and smile;
But now I feel my courage slip;
I have not smiled this week.
My outlook, which was kind and broad,
Is now a narrow streak.
Now anguish sits upon my brow;
My eyes with murder gleam;
No mirth or joy lights up my way;
I walk as in a dream.
The trouble is—please do not laugh—
My neck is red and rare,
And very, very stiff because
A boil is parking there.
It's not the pain that makes me glum,
That fills my heart with crime;
It seems unfair to have a neck
So stiff in summer time.
In summer, when soft breezes blow,
There is so much to see;
And now I know the men at least
Will weep in sympathy.
How well they know my awful plight!
They know I'll be a wreck
Unless I have restored at once
The rubber in my neck.

—WILLIAM VAN GROOS.

THE REWARD.

Through misty langours of the autumn day
The mountain path, before us, winding, lay,
With distant beckoning that seemed to say:
"Here lies a rich reward; come, follow me!
Treasure I have, for valiant souls to see!"
Yet we mused upon our way.

For, like a mendicant who hawks his wares,
A gentler slope along the upland fares;
And seems to softly plead with subtle prayers:
"Here lies a sweetly spreading, sinuous slope!
No rocks, rude shouldered, stare with muffled cope;
No thorn the footing tears!"

But (by the spirit's secret scourge swift driven),
When wayward will and impulse sharp seemed riven,
We chose the path where weary feet had striven,
The steep, we won. We fed our farthest vision,
The while Truth whispered from those heights Elysian:
"Most gained where most is given!"

—MARY ALETHEA WOODWARD.

HOC LOCO.

(In This Place).

The lights grow dim and misty as the graying dusk steals near,
And mirth dies down to silence, while joy merges to fear;
The flowers that thronged the vases, and the flags that decked the stage
Droop in the leaning gloaming as the great hand cleans the page.

The flutes die in the silence and the players fade to dust,
The viols sob to echoes and a film creeps o'er the must,
The dancers pass as softly as shriveled leaflets fall,
And where before was laughter only shadows fill the hall.

Now the hall is dark and empty and the long night closes down;
Gone is the tinseled glamor and vanished is life's crown;
But beyond, in the outer darkness, where the shadow people plod,
Murmur the flutes and viols as the dancers pass to God.

—A. R. WETJEN, Harrisburg.