Sunday Oregonian

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GROWTH OF THE LIBRARY IDEA.

We have advanced a great way since the time when Franklin and Jefferson first perceived the need of public libraries and a still greater distance in point of time since it was true of John Bunyan that the only books he had opportunity to read were the Bible and a copy of Fox's "Book of Martyrs." Intellectual curiosity is fostered by opportunity for its gratification, and it is measurably true that the marvelous development of the century through which we have just passed has been due to the multiplication, not only of books, but of facilities for obtaining them. The growth of public libraries, one of the significant phenomena of the past hundred years, is likely to have had as much to do with the achievements of Americans as a people as any other single influence, except the public schools.

We are reminded of these facts by an interesting and significant collection of letters in which are summarized the tastes and inclinations, the yearnings and ambitions, of a large number of persons who live in the remoter districts of Oregon. These letters are to be contained in the records of the Oregon state librarian, and in the aggregate they constitute an intensely human document, because of the catholicity of taste which they reveal. We shall do well to remember, in appraising the growth of the movement which now puts the book of his choice into the hand of virtually every resident of the state, that it was not until well toward the middle of the nineteenth century that the free public library had an existence, and that in the days of its beginning it was the practice to surround it with restrictions that make strange reading today.

Even after the idea that easy access to books was an adjunct of education obtained ground, libraries were slow to respond to the administrative needs of the time, and it is only in recent years that the plan of carrying the book to the people has been perfected. The primitive conception of a library as a collection of tomes on shelves had a good deal of inertia to overcome before it was expanded into that of the modern library, which seeks to supplement the work of the schools, and which does more than that, because it contains the process of education beyond the point where the school has ceased to function. If it is not precisely a weapon in the war on illiteracy—for a certain degree of literacy is presupposed by the demand for books—it is at least a stimulant of study, and it feeds the urge for self-development which is so strong a factor in fostering a spirit of individualism and of independence, of which we can hardly have too much.

The demand for informational books is one of the signs of the times. We begrudge no one his recreational reading, but we are right in estimating the seriousness of a people in their efforts to advance by the kind of books to which they incline. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "The Outline of History," and "Growth of the Soil," which appear among those in greatest demand, are moreover something besides pastime books, and the overwhelming trend of reading, as appears from the record, is toward educational works. We discover constantly that the desire for self-improvement is dominant, as in the call from nearly every part of the state for books on vocational topics, and that the commendable spirit of research is reflected in many particulars that betray the inquiring, which is the intelligent, mind. As an illustration of the latter fact, the following specimen letter received by the state librarian is to the point:

> Please send me a book on the life and death of Christopher Columbus. I have read somewhere that he "died in chains," and I wish to know certainly, as I am billed in a dramatic reading, "The Death of Columbus." If his hands were manacled, it will affect my gestures, as I must impersonate him in his last moments.

Those who would contend that the point is one of trivial detail and that it makes little difference, since Columbus has been a long time dead, are reminded that the passion for accuracy is to be encouraged, since it may become a matter of profound moment in the shaping of the character of a people. Information may not be a substitute for logic and reason, but it is at least the material on which sound conclusions are founded, and the habit of slipshod acceptance of fable for fact may even be dangerous to our peace. There is a moral, too, in the circumstance that the request for a book to enable an actor to perfect his art comes from a community far from the beaten track. It is a reminder of the craving for the finer things of life which it is necessary to satisfy if rural life is to be made attractive and the trend of population toward the cities checked. The effort at advancement is visible everywhere, and is a complete answer to the pessimists who hold that people no longer are willing to help themselves. No obstacle will be sufficient, for example, to daunt the author of a letter like this:

> I am confronted with the very difficult problem of getting books from the express station in our district. I live on a by-road, impassable in winter, and with only two neighbors using this road, neither of whom is very obliging about hauling anything. I have my groceries, etc., hauled in in the fall. The last time I ordered a traveling library it remained so long at the express office that they threatened to charge storage; then a pupil and myself had it brought to within a mile of the school on a logging train and carried it in parcels up a steep hill, knee-deep in mud. Then I have to watch my chance to get it back to town, sometimes sending it back long before it is due in order to get it back on time.

Yet it will surprise many citizens of Oregon to be told that there are more than 750 such traveling libraries in Oregon, that the the experience related is not exceptional, and that the demand for books of the predominantly educational type is strong in proportion to difficulties to be overcome. Ten thousand individuals having no access to either local or traveling libraries but who are similarly served, as only a few years ago would have been deemed impossible, are a testimony to the growth of the desire for education, which springs from within, no less than to the development of the idea that the education of all the people is a legitimate function of the state.

THE LIVES OF SOLDIERS.

They mistake the purpose of the study of history who would eliminate, as certain extremists are now proposing to do, the biographies of great soldiers from the reading of young students. It is forgotten by these that soldiers have fought for a noble purpose which consecrated their calling, and that even now we may derive inspiration from their lives.

A recently published library list is therefore timely and to the point. The great soldiers presented for review are George Washington, the Marquis de Lafayette, King Alfred, Oliver Cromwell, Lord Nelson, Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant. The dignity, the chivalry and the nobility of Washington, the liberty-loving soul of Lafayette, the spirit of Lee in defeat, the facility with which Alfred turned his military victories to peaceful uses, the insistence of Cromwell upon the people's rights, the rugged simplicity and honesty of Grant and the vast patriotism and devotion to duty of Nelson are not mere incidents in the development of the world. To blot them from the curriculum would be to ignore the valuable and essential fact that even in war the stage has sometimes been dominated by high-minded men.

Any of these soldiers, we think, would have been as clearly at home in a disarmament conference as on a battlefield. There is among them not one who waged war for the sake of war.

FICTION IN HISTORY.

The will of Colonel Charles W. Whittlesey, who commanded the "lost battalion" in an historic ordeal in the forest of the Argonne, and the testimony of a soldier of his command discredit the popular version of that historic episode—a version nevertheless which it is safe to predict will persist regardless of the verities. Like the "Up, guards, and at them!" of the duke of Wellington and Napoleon's "All is lost save honor," the retort popularly attributed to Whittlesey to the German commander's demand for surrender is of the type that people would much rather believe.

The message of the German commander, by whose troops Whittlesey's men were surrounded, was not a verbal one, as has been supposed, but was written in good English and delivered by an American soldier who had been taken prisoner and who was sent through the American lines blindfolded. He handed the message to Colonel, then Major, Whittlesey, who upon reading it simply ordered the soldier to return to his company, and put the paper in his pocket. Whittlesey preserved the message, however, and bequeathed it to a brother officer. The circumstances as now revealed clearly indicate that no reply, profane or otherwise, was sent to the German commander. Whittlesey's sole answer was to resume fighting, with the sequel which is now known.

It is revealed also that the German captain who sent the surrender message was so irritated by the silent contempt displayed by the lost battalion that he decided to wipe out the entire command with liquid fire. The chemicals were brought up and were to have been showered on the ravine in which the battalion lay on October 7, 1918. It happened, however, that this was the day when the American advance crashed through the German lines and drove the enemy out of their own positions. The German message, the text of which has never been made public, said in substance that the cries of the American wounded could be heard within the enemy's lines, and demanded that Whittlesey surrender in the name of humanity. The ground of the appeal and the subsequent preparations to use liquid fire in retaliation upon a brave foe present a curious study in the psychology of the German command.

The entire episode illustrates, too, the fashion in which the substance, if not always the letter, of historical accuracy is likely to be preserved. It now appears settled that Whittlesey was silent—but events have proved it a silence fairly translatable in the words which popular legend has associated with the event.

POET OR POETESS?

Is Amy Lowell a poet or poetess? The question, running less to the merit of Miss Lowell's work than to the broader issue of the propriety of employing the mark of sex distinction, was raised recently on the occasion of a "brotherhood" dinner given by the New York Society of Arts and Sciences, on which Miss Lowell's name appeared on the programme as "a poetess of distinction." But the discriminating eye of a reporter discovered that Miss Lowell was not the only woman on the official list, "singing" being represented by Alma Gluck, and "dancing" by Margaret Severn. Owing to the poverty of our language, no noun of femininity was employed to describe the latter. Whereupon it occurred to certain critics that inasmuch as art is universal, there ought to be no distinction in any case. Science already has declined to draw a dividing line. We still have "sculptress" and, occasionally, "authoress," but the opening of the professions to women has not yet afflicted us with "doctoress" or "lawyeress" or any of their possible equivalents.

The members of the Society of Arts and Sciences, as would be expected of them, were inclined to take the matter seriously. We take the following summary of their feelings from the news columns of the New York Evening Post:

> Many contended that a slight had been done. They argued that if Miss Lowell was to be designated as a "poetess" then the Society of Arts and Sciences should have described Miss Severn as the "creatress of the Benda character dances," and Mme. Gluck as "a brilliant female artist (or artiste)." Some even went so far as to say that the topic for discussion ought to be "the brother and sisterhood of art" and that Thomas Hastings, George B. Luks, Walter Damrosch, Norman B. Geddes, Joseph Urban, Howard Chandler Christy, Albert Sterner and Channing Pollock, others on the speakers' list, should have been described as he-architect, he-painter, he-musician, he-scene painters, he-illustrators and he-playwright.

It is interesting to learn that the most of the officials of the Poetry Society of America who were consulted on the subject favored the elimination of the word "poetess" from our lexicons. That they happened to be men only intensified, we think, the compliment to Miss Lowell by indicating that they were willing without reserve to admit her to the fellowship of art on equal terms. A curious survival of the ancient prejudice against women in any sphere outside the home is reflected in the criticism of one of them that "in the case of poetess, there is a suggestion of the amateur, which of course Miss Lowell is not." We pass over the confusion of "amateur" with "novice" in this instance to comment on the circumstance that the point is historical rather than etymological. The termination "ess" has ancient warrant as a designation of femininity, and none at all for the implication of inefficient craftsmanship, yet the latter has survived the age when the inferiority of women was popularly assumed. "Poet" at least avoids the sense of disparagement, however slight, which an unnecessarily particular term might contain.

It will surprise no one to be told that Harry Kemp dissented from the general judgment. "I would call Miss Lowell neither a poet nor a poetess," said Kemp. "If I were speaking of Edna St. Vincent Millay or Sarah Teasdale, I should say poet, not poetess, but in the case of Miss Lowell, I honestly don't think either term is correct." But this precipitates an issue which we shall leave to others to decide. The question is whether art shall keep pace with science, and recognize the equality of women by the peculiar though effective process of depriving them of a distinctive designation.

WILD AND WOOLLY.

The description "wild and woolly" is relative, as we are reminded by reading the words of a circuit rider of the Methodist church, who says that one must now go to the east and not the west for excitement, that the west is sedate and law-abiding by comparison with the older settlements, that conventions are respected by westerners to a degree not known in the eastern states. It is indeed precisely by the matter of conventions that wild-and-woolliness is to be judged. The cowboy and the gambler, both quick on the trigger, are not necessarily wilder or woollier than the citizen of the metropolis who has cast restraint aside. They are but symbols in either case, the real point being their defiance of rule.

Curiously, though we put a good deal of emphasis on the respect for laws and conventions in other associations than mere obedience to criminal laws, it is doubtful whether the world would have made much progress but for the unconventionalists. The wild and woolly character of the west in the days of the pioneers was only superficially displayed by card sharps and two-gun men; it was in fact a protest against excessive restrictions which society is sure to breed if it is not careful of itself. The staid and long-settled community, for illustration, is apt to put too much stress on non-essentials, such as family connections and association with a particular "set," and to divide into cliques which in turn are held together by bonds of conventionality differing only in kind but not at all in degree. Caste, the inevitable product of too-long association, is fostered, and finally becomes highly unpopular, especially with the outs. The safety valve used to be emigration with its chance to start life over again. Wildness and woolliness followed as a matter of course, since the new country was peopled with folks who had been surfeited by restrictive rules.

But it became apparent presently that laws—not only laws against crime but certain reasonable customs which we call conventionalities—also have their purpose in the scheme of things. The spirit of social anarchy runs its course and the fever dies out. The happy custom of accepting every man at so-called face value, not asking him what his name was "in the states," suffers a number of jolts. Benevolence is imposed on and the black sheep are just numerous enough to warrant misgivings that there may be something worth while in conservatism after all. People grow more careful in choosing their acquaintances, put locks on their doors, quit lending money to strangers, and matters are again pretty much where they were. A life of protest too long drawn out is as irksome as convention itself. It is finally realized that the rules of the older societies were not accidental, that they were the result of slow growth and that they are founded on the experience of the mass.

But it is a truism that every generation must learn certain lessons for itself. The old idea of protest persists until it finds outlet and until the victims of conventions have opportunity to experiment for themselves. Deprived of their once-obvious recourse to emigration to a new country, people have nothing to do but protest at home. The east would never have become wild and woolly if the west had remained so. We presume that presently there will be an efflux of westerners, weary with comparative western restraints, to the disorderly, tumultuous and liberty-loving communities of the east.

This explains, no doubt, why it is that anarchy in fashions reigns in the old communities—which is what the Methodist circuit rider is complaining about—and not in the west. In the west, he observes, children of twelve months still cling to their mothers' skirts; he thinks that the eastern child would have to be three or four years old before he could reach that high. Western modes are (comparatively) sedate, domestic life is (again comparatively) idyllic and uneventful. It is to the eastern date lines that we turn for sensational news while the west pursues the noiseless tenor of its way. These, however, are the passing phenomena of ever-changing time. Wildness and woolliness are but sporadic manifestations of the human tendency to kick over the traces, and always are followed by that other reaction which comes with understanding that a certain amount of convention, which in its essence is respect for the rights and feelings of others, is necessary in any well-ordered state.

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

The groundwork of the modern history of California, of which we are reminded by the recent sale of a collection of Fort Sutter papers to the library of Congress for $8450, extends across the boundary line of that state into Oregon. It was to Fort Sutter that John C. Fremont turned back from the Klamath Lake country in May, 1846, when overtaken by the messenger, Lieutenant Gillespie of the United States marines, with a message the precise import of which may never be known. A good many of the occurrences of those stirring times are still enveloped in mystery, and the inner statecraft that may conceivably have furnished the reason for Fremont's sudden move is one of them. If there are documents among the Fort Sutter papers that throw light on the incident, they are valuable indeed.

Fremont was as good as driven out of California by the Mexican authorities early in 1846. He had traveled west on his third great reconnoissance and had entered the region from the south; he obtained permission from the Mexican governor to explore the country, but that permission was later rescinded and Fremont was told to take himself and his expedition out of Mexican territory by the shortest possible way. He remained just long enough to preserve his military dignity and then set out for Oregon, with the professed purpose of prospecting for a new route to the settlements in the Willamette valley, which Senator Benton called the "Wah-lah-math," then the only populated American country of consequence west of the Rocky mountains. But it is now known that the administration at Washington had decided early in 1846 upon a policy in California. Orders in fact had been dispatched in 1845 to the commander of the Pacific squadron telling him how to proceed in the event of war.

Fremont's association with the administration and his opportunities for obtaining confidential information as to its intentions were exceptional. As the son-in-law of Senator Benton, chairman of the senate committee on military affairs, he will be presumed to have known a good deal of what was going on. It is known that Commodore Stockton of the Pacific squadron had been instructed to "maintain as friendly relations with the inhabitants as possible," and this was the tenor of every message sent openly from Washington. The existence of war with Mexico was recognized by congress on May 13, 1846, and only a short while afterward Gillespie found Fremont at Klamath Lake and delivered the message to which allusion has been made. That Fremont's subsequent action in fomenting the uprising of California settlers, or at least in giving it the encouragement of his official presence, was thought out in advance now seems probable. The "bear flag republic" was no accidental affair. Fremont's appearance on the scene at a critical moment, his known contacts with the Polk administration, the fact that he had been officially recalled, made him a pre-eminent figure among the Americans in California. His influence was unlimited there.

Even then Fremont left a carefully prepared loophole in the event that the government's policy should change. In his "Memoirs" he says:

> In order to place it in the power of my government to disavow my action, should it become expedient to do so, I drew up my resignation from the army, to be sent by the first opportunity to Senator Benton, for transmission to the war department, in the event of such a contingency.

Gillespie carried no written orders to Fremont that help to solve the puzzle. His papers consisted of only such official letters of instruction as would identify him, and included nothing that would embarrass him if they should fall into the hands of enemies. For the rest, all interchanges between the men were wholly verbal. But, says Senator Benton, in his "Thirty Years' View," "It is not to be supposed that Lieutenant Gillespie had been sent that far, and through so many dangers, merely to deliver a letter of introduction on the shores of Tlamath Lake." It is said that the Polk administration, fresh from its diplomatic victory in the matter of the northwestern boundary, by the summer of 1846 was fearful lest California should fall into the hands of Great Britain. A European nation, not the American republic, was the bete noir of the Polk cabinet, and the diplomacy which had won the ports of the Columbia and Puget sound was fearful lest San Francisco should fall into alien hands. Published history says only that Gillespie communicated to Fremont the desire of his government that the region "should not come under the direction of any foreign power," and the testimony of Fremont, given in a suit for remuneration for his outlay, before the United States court of claims, is not much more illuminating. Fremont then said:

> He (Gillespie) informed me that he had been directed by the secretary of state to find me and acquaint me with his instructions, which had for their principal object to ascertain the disposition of the California people, to concentrate their feelings in favor of the United States, and find out, with a design of counteracting, the design of the British government upon the country.

The vast remoteness of the Pacific coast country from the centers of population is illustrated by a number of incidents. News of the settlement of the northern boundary issue was months reaching the Columbia river. The bear flag republic in California was established without knowledge that a state of war with Mexico actually prevailed. When the army of the west was organized, with General Stephen W. Kearny in command, and sent to "take the earliest possible possession of upper California," it was not known that Fremont already had assumed control of affairs. Kearny, meeting Kit Carson at Albuquerque on the way, obtained an account of the incident in so exaggerated a form that he diverted all but fifty of his expedition of 300 men to Mexico, marched with only fifty to complete the formal subjugation of California, and paid for his mistake by being defeated in an engagement near San Diego in which he was saved from complete rout only by timely rescue by sailors and marines. Meanwhile Fremont, as the result of his quick return from his Oregon trip, had the situation in the north in hand and was acting as governor of the territory under warrant of appointment by the fleet commodore. The conflict of authority which ensued, and which resulted in the trial by court-martial of Fremont and his resignation from the army, belongs to the history of our neighboring state.

Fremont was a long distance, as communication went, from the seat of authority when, apparently acting on his own initiative, he set the wheels of government in motion at Sutter's fort. As has been said, he left a way by which his acts might be repudiated if the government desired to do so. Nothing in his subsequent writings, or in those of his father-in-law, is inconsistent with the presumption that he may have received and acted on orders which have never been revealed. The true story of what took place on a certain night in 1846, on the shores of Upper Klamath lake, in Oregon, is needed to complete the chain of circumstances, both military and diplomatic, which resulted in adding California to the galaxy of states.

DEATH OF AN APOSTLE OF GOOD COOKING.

The recent death in Boston of Mrs. Mary Johnson Lincoln at the age of seventy-seven is a reminder that the modern science of cookery is the development of a relatively recent time. We do not lose sight of the great antiquity of the use of fire in the preparation of food, but we are mindful that it has been only as the result of a series of painfully laborious steps that the art has been developed to its present high standard, in which it is universally recognized as a science as well. Nor do we forget that cooking of sorts—many of them exceedingly good—has been practiced for a great many years. The Greeks had a glimpse of the principles of cookery, and the art attained a very high place during the Attic age—an age in which, however, nothing was known of the underlying principles of the preparation of food and nothing at all of the chemistry of diet. The high dignity which attached to the cook's position in olden times was apt to have been the result as much of the confidential nature of his position as of his skill in the preparation of food for the table.

Mrs. Lincoln was a contemporary of Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rohrer, of Christine Terhune Herrick and others still remembered for the fine wholesomeness as well as the appetizing vigor of their teaching. It is not forgotten that until recently nothing much was known of the value of foods as such, and that less attention was given to the scientific method of their preparation than to their appeal to the palate in itself. The greasy frying of all meats and some other foodstuffs, which contributed largely to the once widespread malady of indigestion, was not long ago a national practice. Who knows how greatly the practice of eating food that had been prepared by swimming it in boiling fat may have influenced national health, or to what extent it might not have gone if the new school of cooking reformers had not come into being about the time that Mrs. Lincoln was in the heyday of her powers? We now remember her as the author of cook books in which sane and wholesome methods of food preparation were advocated, but she was more than that. She taught the principles of cookery, of nutrition, of food combination, in the beginning of the era when so-called "scientific cookery" was only dimly understood and was much ridiculed. It will have been forgotten by many persons that the cook books which Mrs. Lincoln prepared, and on which the ordinary conception of her work is founded, constituted only a small part of her mission. She was the apostle of popular knowledge of the sound principles of diet. That which a few professional cooks dimly conceived in an older day she made popular with the rank and file.

The importance of good—by which is meant wholesome—cookery was first recognized by a department of the United States government in Mrs. Lincoln's time. Schools for scientific popular instruction in cooking were not opened anywhere until the latter half of the nineteenth century, and it is not forgotten that they were widely ridiculed at first. The desirability of weighing and measuring the ingredients of the dish was scoffed at by cooks who knew things, or thought they did, by instinct, but who did not realize that cookery was in fact an exact science. The chemistry of cooking is a relatively modern discovery. The great value of the development of cooking on a scale of precision has lain in its effect in making really good cooking more nearly universal than it was a few years ago.

We still remember how cooks used to scoff at novices who used the measuring cup, but we now know that measure and rule and knowledge of underlying principles have greatly improved our national table, to say nothing of our health. We still have cooks who are instinctively good cooks, as some of our grandmothers were, but study of underlying principles and the practice of cooking by accurate rule and knowledge of the chemistry of the processes involved has contributed, in an extent that can hardly be overestimated, to the universality of the art. It may be that the professional chef still blooms to best advantage in foreign lands, but it is probably true that in no country is wholesome and healthful food preparation so widespread as it is in the United States.

Our own grandmothers were apt to scoff at those who brought measuring cup and scales to their aid in cooking; it was supposed that the so-called natural appetites of men were a sufficient guide to food selection; the instinctive cook was long a bar to the development of methods of precision. The idea that girls might learn something of cooking in a school was a long time taking root. The application of chemistry to cookery was long regarded as nonsense, and the use of scales and measuring cup as the mark of the tyro. The dyspeptic New Englander, who was no more afflicted, it can be said, incidentally, than those of other sections, fell back slowly before the inexorable fact that scientific cookery was a national necessity as well as a gustatory delight. The idea that the business of the school was done when the three 'R's had been taught was a long time dying out. Domestic science, of which the preparation of food wholesomely is but a part, had an uphill fight before it gained the recognition that it deserved.

It will not be forgotten by those who knew of Mrs. Lincoln's work that she was among the pioneers in bringing exact methods to the kitchen, and that she and others who followed along the trail that she helped to blaze were scientists in the truest sense of the word. They have made good cooking well nigh universal in America and it is perhaps not too much to say that they have largely increased our national efficiency by developing understanding of the relation between cookery and individual health.

When the nation was at war and it was desired to save wheat for shipment to the armies overseas, the people at home were urged to eat corn as a substitute for the other grain. Now the motive for eating corn comes from another source — the shortage of potatoes. The potato crop this year is found by the federal bureau of crop estimates to be 356,074,000 bushels, which is more than 15,000,000 bushels below the figure of 371,280,000 bushels, representing the average of five years from 1915 to 1920, and more than 72,000,000 bushels less than the bumper crop of 1920, which was not only remarkable for a single year, but also helped materially to increase the five-year average. But corn may also come in handy as a substitute for both rice and beans, for both these commodities also show a short yield for 1921. There is no discounting the theoretical mission of Indian corn in the premises; the practical difficulty lies in persuading people to change their habits to fit an emergency.

Plans now under way in many of the colleges of the country to pledge 250,000 students to help the poverty-stricken students of Europe are founded on a sound principle. In pointing out that the reconstruction of Europe, which may be the work of years, depends on trained and informed leadership, the proponents of the movement also indicate a fact upon which the welfare of the entire world may depend. It seems to have been overlooked that unless the institutions of higher learning are maintained, there will in a few years be no engineers, no physicians, no competent health officers, and no teachers in any of these professions. More fortunate peoples who are inclined to view the troubles of others without alarm will realize, on a little reflection, that the period which would thus be created is real and warrants any reasonable sacrifice by which it may be forestalled.

In a list of twenty-five authors compiled for a referendum of readers, Kipling leads and Harold Bell Wright is twentieth. Kipling has ability and Wright has a good publisher. This is not to infer that the latter lacks ability to write a good story; he can, but it is like the sunshine of a day—gone at night, while Kipling's is reflected in a glow.

Why do the total disarmament people always ask the United States to disarm first, as though this were the most heavily armed and belligerent nation, when it took Germany two years to drive us into war? Why don't they pick on some really militarist nation like the republic of San Marino?

There seems to be opposition to establishment of a line of motor buses to run between Portland and Puget sound cities. There is little demand for them. One may ride once for the novelty of it, but after that it's the train for him. There is comfort in a coach.

We of this coast should dress up a big fish after the manner of the Thanksgiving turkey and make it the piece of resistance for the Christmas dinner. It would lack drumsticks and wishbone, of course, but have enough others and someone might find a lucky bone.

Hungary is grateful to the United States for disinterestedness in making peace, apparently because we did not take anything from the proud Magyars. One good reason is that Hungary has been so severely trimmed that nothing worth taking remained.

"It comes high but we must have it" seems peculiarly applicable to the feeling of the Chinese toward the western civilization. But they must wonder, sometimes, whether it is worth the price.

The Leavenworth prison authorities are put on their mettle by Gardner's threat to escape, which is not likely to make it any pleasanter for that self-assertive young man.

Now someone has taken the trouble to add them up, and has found that 5-5-3 totals thirteen. Not, however, an unlucky number, as almost everyone will agree.

Only a few days more to buy Christmas seals and by doing so not only help tuberculosis sufferers but diminish the danger to the rest of the people.

A French mechanic has invented an automobile that can fly, so that even the pedestrian who goes straight up in the air will no longer be safe.

There is still time before Christmas for a good snow storm, but we never did subscribe to the green Christmas makes a fat graveyard idea.

Perhaps it is natural that the disarmament conference bombshell should come from the country in which the word sabotage was coined.

It is nearly time to substitute "better late than never" for "do your Christmas shopping early" on the line at the top of the copy book page.

When more jail sentences are substituted for fines, which are only a tax on the profits, bootlegging will be less popular than it is now.

The original Peeping Tom lost an eye; his modern imitator only loses his job, for peeping at a whole roomful of Lady Godivas, at that.

It is said to cost $750,000 to feed the rat population of the United States, and obviously it is not worth the price.

Winter, according to the calendar, begins next Wednesday. According to the thermometer, it is already here.

Charlie Chaplin denies that he is going to play Hamlet. He must have heard of the experience of Eddie Foy.

REMARKS ON MEN AND EVENTS

Pointo Hill Philosopher Discovers a Few Facts and Foibles.

(E. W. Howe in Howe's Monthly).

I find the devil never bothers me so long as I keep out of his territory.

When a man is hungry, should he go to work, or engage in rioting? That is the great question now being argued.

All this luck business is largely bunk. The real thing is to earn money in fair competition with others, and save some of it.

The new thought gentlemen are always demanding new conditions. There will be no new conditions; we must make better use of old conditions.

Do you know what the trouble is with most disagreeable people? They eat too much, and do not properly get rid of waste matter; what they need is not greater opportunity, or more liberty, but a dose of castor oil.

No man can amount to a great deal without being somewhat stingy. It is the stingy men who combine their savings and invest it in useful and necessary enterprises. If we had only Sunny Jims and Johnny Greathearts, we should have no big institutions.

Find a banker who has crippled his institution by making loans on insufficient security, and you will usually find he has been driven into the dangerous course by boomers screaming that he should be broad minded and help the town. Every really capable banker is a little unpopular because he is safe.

Be a gentleman; a home owner, a good mechanic, an agreeable neighbor, a good citizen, a good and successful farmer, foreman, superintendent, business man, or millionaire, instead of a poor man howling for help. The help the poor get from the government and their neighbors is scanty. It is always easier to make a living than it is to beg it.

Had there ever been men who lived forever, and without work; had there ever been men who sincerely loved each other, and generously divided with those less fortunate; if, in short, conditions had ever been better than they are now, I could understand present thundering human protests. But conditions are now actually better than they ever were before.

The chief of police of Chicago says half of the policemen under him engage in bootlegging. Prohibition may prove a very good method of dividing party spoils. I don't say it is done, but a man appointed to enforce prohibition in New York city would certainly have a very great opportunity to make money on the side, providing he lacked nobility of character.

Capital has been abused since the world began, although actually as respectable as the old flag. There is occasionally a mean capitalist; also, there is the red flag. Occasionally a Smile-Smile, Dam-You-Smile man robs those who have confidence in him; I once saw a book of 200 pages devoted to preachers who had gone wrong. There is evil in everything, but as a steady thing, capital is considerably above the average.

Charles G. Dawes has been appointed head of a budget bureau recently created by congress. Mr. Dawes seems to have proper realization of the difficulties before him. He says the implements placed in his hands to curtail the expenses of government are equal only to what a toothpick would be were it used in tunneling Pike's peak. The bureau is impotent unless congress eliminates many of the numerous departments, bureaus and commissions now existing under national law.

The fact that one man has money and another has not is precisely the same sort of injustice as that existing when one has youth and strength and another miserable old age. God made that rule and man cannot change it. Old men may hold conventions and make a row, but will inevitably waste their time and the money they paid for half-rate tickets to the conventions; the undertaker will get them at the appointed time, just the same. This is gloomy, but it is often necessary to admit the truth of disagreeable things.

What sort of "stories" do rich men tell? I lately heard the owner of a two-million-dollar yacht tell this: A farmer and his wife were out milking. The farmer was busy doing the evening chores, and his wife was milking a cow. Suddenly a huge bull started for them. The farmer promptly jumped the fence and yelled to his wife to run. But she calmly went on milking. The bull charged up to within a few feet of the woman, stopped, looked at her, and then, moving away, began nibbling grass. The farmer came back, and said to his wife: 'Why didn't you run? Wasn't you afraid?' She replied that she was not. 'Why?' the farmer asked, in astonishment. 'Because,' his wife replied, as she proceeded with the stripping, 'I was milking the bull's mother-in-law.'"

The president of a large corporation which employs many men lately said: "We never have any places to offer. A man has to make his own place. All that we ardently desire to do for a man, and all that we think we should ever do, for his own good and for the good of the company, is to offer him a foothold, an opportunity to prove his value. If we give him a foothold he should be able to climb the rest of the way himself. And if he wants more than a foothold, then we take it for granted that he has no confidence in his own ability, but hopes to be promoted by making himself agreeable." This is excellent sense, from a man of wide experience and unusual intelligence. Better cut it out and refer to it frequently.

Elihu Root is said to be a very intelligent man; Theodore Roosevelt once told me Root was the smartest man then living. Have not the writers of slush not observed that Root never writes or talks it? You never saw anything from Root's pen that was not worth preserving as an example of common sense. You may recall his controversy with William R. Hearst, who had been abusing him for years. Root finally wrote 20 or 30 lines in reply, and has never spoken of Hearst since. But that was enough. In 20 or 30 lines he disposed of Hearst. E. H. Gary is another very intelligent man, by common consent, and no one ever heard of his writing or talking slush. But once a year he makes a report to the steel corporation, of which he is chairman, and talks more good sense than has been heard during the twelve months his report covers.

H. G. Wells is unquestionably an intelligent and well-informed man. In a recent newspaper article he says: "The czarist government (in Russia) treated elementary education as an offense against the state." This, of course, is a monstrous falsehood. A peculiar thing about Russia under the czars is that nobody told the truth about it. The czarist government was bad enough, but everyone who wrote about it lied atrociously. I am amazed that a man like H. G. Wells should declare that under the czars elementary education was treated as an offense against the state. He is a tremendous man; I have been reading and admiring him, but shall wash my hands of him. He does not seem to be any more reliable than our own tremendous writers.

A Wasted Day

By Grace E. Hall.

I kept a dream for you, a splendid dream,
And in it life and hope were very sweet;
We drifted in the sunshine down a stream
Where fringing pine-tops lean across and greet;
And o'er the heart peace lingered like a mist,
And tender as the lips you one-time kissed—
You left the dream untold—its meaning lies,
A darkening shadow, ever, in my eyes.

I kept a day for you, a gladsome day,
With all it held of mirth and joy and thought;
It's spirit with the throb of life was gay,
It held rare promises that love had brought
From out the treasure-house of sacred things,
And words to thread like pearls on silver strings—
Words that were just for you—and songs, unsung—
You left the heart-strings silent, the pearls unstrung.

THE TRUTH IS HARD TO BEAR.

We're not ashamed of the uniform
and, if you are a friend,
You will never say against it any
word that will offend;
It has covered honored bodies, and by
heroes has been worn,
Since the birth of the Republic and
the Stars and Stripes were born.
Uniforms have many patterns, some
are khaki, some are blue,
And the men who choose to wear
them are of many patterns, too;
Some are sons of wealthy parents,
some are college graduates,
Some have many manly virtues, some
are simply reprobates,
We have many skilled mechanics,
men of brains and letters, who
Loyally have served the country that
they are a credit to.
No, indeed, they're not all angels.
Blackguards? Yes, we've some of
these,
When they came into the army they
all wore civilian clothes.
Men of all kinds, when they're drinking,
misbehave, act rough and
swear;
Drunken soldiers or civilians are disgusting anywhere.
We have sat with you in public,
smelled your whisky-laden breath,
Heard remarks inane and silly, nearly
boring us to death;
Though we offered no objections
when these deadly bores we met,
Yet you think you should exclude us
from the most exclusive set.
If you meet us out in public, on the
streets or anywhere,
We don't merit sneering glances or a
patronizing stare,
For we have an honored calling, as
our garments plainly show;
You may be a thief or parson; how on
earth are we to know?
I don't care for your profession, occupation, what you do,
When your gazing at a soldier and
he's looking back at you,
Who is there to judge between you,
as you stand there, man to man?
Only one—the God Almighty; name
another if you can.
Drop your proud and haughty bearing
and your egotistic pride,
Get acquainted with the soldier and
the heart and soul inside;
Test and try to analyze him, criticise
him through and through,
And you'll very likely find him just
as good a man as you.

ARTHUR N. SALINGER,
Staff Sgt., D. E. M. L., U. S. A.

POOR MAN!

Have you heard people say, in a
cynical way,
Of men whom the world has deemed
great:
"Oh, he is not much! His folks—they
are Dutch!
Why, I am acquainted with him!"

It may be a tutor—or mayhap a suitor
Of some winsome lass in the town:
"Oh, he's of the prigs! His father sells
pigs!
Why, I am acquainted with him!"

It might chance that Fate, though it
be a bit late,
Gives one honored seat in "the
house":
"Oh, he's on old fool! His name
should be mule!
Why, I am acquainted with him!"

Suppose it's a preacher—it might be
a teacher—
Whom good luck has given high
place:
"My stars. He's a mutt! Was born
in a hut!
Why, I am acquainted with him!"

While cynics thus rant, in my presence I grant,
My thoughts chant a different refrain:
"How came it that Fame gave the
man any name,
Since you are acquainted with him!"

—PEARL GREGORY CARTLIDGE.

RUNNING WITH THE FOOTMEN.

"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou run with the horses!" Jer. xii:5.

Shall I tell you of the footmen
I am running with today?
While the horsemen with their glittering arms,
Their shouting, and their glad alarms
Long have sped upon their way?

There's patience with his plodding feet,
That swerve not from the right—
Hope, joyous, with some glad surmise,
And faith in steadfast, wistful eyes
Far reaching toward the light.

And there is pain, with piercing dart
And fear, with furtive glance;
And doubt, that stumbles on the road,
And self, deep weighted with his load
And lost in gloomy trance.

And there are surely, sullen cares,
And anger, like a thief;
And irksome little things that wait,
Impatient of my lagging gait;
And heavy clouded grief.

My captain! must I run with these?
The horsemen gain so fast!
Faint soldier, follow my behest;
Obedience is my only test;
The first may yet be last!

—MARY ALETHEA WOODWARD.

EVERGREEN TIME.