Sunday Oregonian

ESTABLISHED BY HENRY L. PITTOCK

Published by The Oregonian Publishing Co., 135 Sixth Street, Portland, Oregon.

C. A. MORDEN, Manager. E. B. PIPER, Editor.

The Oregonian is a member of the Associated Press. The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein. All rights of publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Subscription Rates—Invariably in Advance
(By Mail.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$8.00
Daily, Sunday included, six months	4.25
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	6.00
Daily, without Sunday, six months	3.25
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.65
Weekly, one year	1.00
Sunday, one year	2.50

(By Carrier.)

Daily, Sunday included, one year	$9.00
Daily, Sunday included, three months	2.25
Daily, Sunday included, one month	.75
Daily, without Sunday, one year	7.80
Daily, without Sunday, three months	1.95
Daily, without Sunday, one month	.65

How to Remit—Send postoffice money order, express or personal check on your local bank. Stamps, coin or currency are at owner's risk. Give postoffice address in full, including county and state.

Postage Rates—1 to 16 pages, 1 cent; 18 to 32 pages, 2 cents; 34 to 48 pages, 3 cents; 50 to 64 pages, 4 cents; 66 to 80 pages, 5 cents; 82 to 96 pages, 6 cents. Foreign postage double rate.

Eastern Business Office—Verree & Conklin, 500 Madison avenue, New York; Verree & Conklin, Steger building, Chicago; Verree & Conklin, Free Press building, Detroit, Mich.; Verree & Conklin, Monadnock building, San Francisco, Cal.

THE FIRST NORTH AMERICANS.

"You want to know," replied the old Indian on Crab creek, "how the little salmon get into the stream?" There was a mystery, it seems, about the presence of salmon trout so far from an apparent source of supply. "They didn't get in," he continued. "My people know, and I know, that they have always been there." But modern ethnologists are not so easily satisfied as the old Indian was, and so the quest for knowledge of the beginning of life, and particularly of human life, goes on without abating. It is not practical wisdom, some will say, that these scientists are seeking, but may it not be something even more compelling than that? For the curiosity of intelligent men concerning their fellows, even of a bygone age, is a warrant of their kinship with the eternal and their interest in these profound problems makes us believe more strongly than ever in the immortality of the soul.

Professor William Nixon, American archaeologist, who has been making excavations in the interior of Mexico, where he has unearthed the mines of a large buried city of prehistoric times, only presents in new form a familiar hypothesis when he advances the theory that North America was peopled in a very early day by the Chinese. The impression that this continent may have received its first population from Asia, which, if this be true, was literally the cradle of the race, has prevailed for a long time, although science has been recently unwilling to dogmatize about it. It is held by some geologists and denied by others that the continents were once united at what is now Bering straits and that Asiatics may easily have arrived by land, pushed their way southward by successive stages in search of a more hospitable clime and at length found the ideal surroundings for a high civilization in the region of Tlatelco, where researches are now progressing. But evidence that a few symbols on the walls of a building are of ancient Chinese origin will not, we think, be regarded as conclusive that Asiatics were the first inhabitants. It is even as plausible that they were but visitors, some of whose customs were adopted by the natives, or that they won their way south from the Arctic regions by a series of conquests of the inhabitant tribes. We are as much in the dark as ever as to the origin of the first North American. The issue is as baffling as that of the origin of life itself.

The finding of the bones of a prehistoric man in the silt of the Mississippi delta only a few years ago resulted in the conclusion that human life on this continent was at least 57,000 years old, but it probably far ante-dates even that time. It is at least reasonably certain that men reached North America, if they came from another part of the globe, while the people of the old world were in an exceedingly primitive state. Their highest culture could not then have advanced beyond the spear point and knife of chipped stone, and they probably developed independently, each according to natural conditions. It may be that once planted in the new soil they received few accessions. Modifications of prehistoric conditions are in evidence, but few if any sweeping changes. Carving on wood and ivory, the practice of tattooing and a few other customs suggest Polynesian origin. The notion that men in some manner reached the continent from the islands of the south seas divides honors with the theory that they crossed Bering straits from northern Asia and is supported by about as much evidence. The issue is not for the ethnologist and the archaeologist alone, but for the geologist and the biologist as well.

The vast antiquity of the North Americans, extending far and away beyond the boundaries of recorded time, is attested by differences in the physiological structure of the people—the difference in their hair and the color of their skin being particularly remarkable. They have been isolated at least long enough to have developed a new variety and to have reached a stage in which the native parent stock, if the race was adventitious, is no longer determinable from its living representatives. Language, which is apt to present more conclusive evidence than even physiological resemblances, leaves us only in deeper darkness and without a way out. Some 450 languages in the so-called new world—more than were spoken in all the rest of the earth—have no affinity with those of Teutonic or Semitic stocks. It is evident that the source or sources from which they came far precedes the birth of the oldest people of whom history takes any cognizance.

Men must therefore have set foot on American soil before the sprouting of the linguistic twig which, after millenniums, produced the cuneiform inscriptions of ancient Persia and Assyria. When Columbus came, the ox, sheep, goats and fowls had long been domesticated in the old world, but were absent in the new; the llama and turkey, indigenous to the new world, were unknown in Europe. That there was no commerce between the continents for uncounted millenniums seems proved, and that the means of commerce existed is improbable. Those who accept this conclusion doubt the Polynesian origin of North Americans, while conceding that occasional and accidental accretions to the population may have been driven across the ocean in frail canoes, leaving traces in the form of new artifacts but making little or no impression upon the racial characteristics of the people. The Asiatic theory is superficially more plausible, but is also unsupported by conclusive racial or linguistic resemblances.

Within our own time, and so in all probability for many centuries before the coming of the white men to the country, vessels from Asia have been wrecked on American shores—a warrant sufficient for the belief that Asiatics in relatively small numbers might have arrived to impart the rudiments of their culture to the aborigines. The historically celebrated "beeswax ship," presumed to have been cast away on the coast of Oregon in 1820, may have come unwillingly from the Philippines, and Japanese junks are known to have been lost on the shores of Oregon and Washington in 1830, 1831 and 1833. There were Japanese castaways in the first school ever taught west of the Rocky mountains, at old Fort Vancouver. These were adventurers whose lines chanced to fall in pleasant places. In a prehistoric time it is conceivable that similar events occurred, and that the hapless sailors, lacking the means ever to return to their native land, were absorbed into the population—a theory which would account for certain evidences of foreign culture, while it yet left unsolved the riddle of the real origin of the North American races.

WOMAN'S SPUNK.

It is a healthy sign of progress that the farm housewives of the country are beginning to weary of being called overworked and downtrodden and that a committee of them has resolved to call public attention to the fact that women can be happy in the country under conditions that exist today. The spokesman of a proposed national organization of women, an auxiliary to the American Farm Bureau federation, says that farm women want neither to be pitied nor patronized, but only to be idealized a little, if people must do something. They are awakening to the value of organization in improving rural conditions and purpose to go about the work in their own way.

Farm women are impatient with so-called uplift from without because they believe it ought to come from within. There is a distinct rebellion against downtrodden publicity which augurs well for the farm home of the future, for when a woman's spunk is aroused the possibilities of performance are prodigious and something is sure to be done.

WIND AND STORM MOVEMENTS.

The general direction of the wind in and around Portland yesterday was from the south, while the movement of the storm was from west to east, a fact which shows the widespread nature of the information required in order to make weather predictions with any degree of accuracy. A prevalent idea is that our storms mostly come from the south because as likely as not they are accompanied by southerly winds, but in fact the north Pacific ocean is the breeding place of most of them. The direction of local winds depends upon the quadrant in which the particular locality happens to be situated with reference to the great cyclonic disturbance as a whole. Localized air movements may appear to come from any of the points of the compass while the storm as a whole moves steadily in a single direction.

The amazing genius of Benjamin Franklin for investigation and sound scientific deduction is illustrated by his discovery about a century and three-quarters ago that the direction of the "wind" is not necessarily an indication of the direction of the "storm." This is so well known to meteorologists of the present day that we are apt to forget that meteorology is a development of comparatively recent years. The people relied wholly on their goosebone weather prophets in 1747, when Franklin, then a man of 41, wrote to a friend setting forth his conclusions. "I have had a very singular opinion for some years," he wrote; "viz, that though the course of the wind is from northeast to southwest, the course of the storm is from southwest to northeast; the air is in violent motion in Virginia before it moves in Connecticut, and in Connecticut before it moves at Cape Sable, etc." The occasion for the letter was a storm marked by northerly winds, from which the inhabitants had concluded that it had "come from the north." The north got a good deal of undeserved blame in those times for unpleasant weather which as a matter of fact arose in the supposedly balmy region of the West Indies.

Franklin's habit of seizing upon every opportunity to increase his knowledge was at the foundation of this first enunciation of a principle of weather forecasting. He was also a student of astronomy, a science then also in comparative infancy, and one night had planned to observe an eclipse of the moon from his home in Philadelphia. A storm attended by wind from the northeast set in just before the hour of the eclipse and prevented him from seeing the heavenly phenomenon. A few days later he read in a Boston newspaper an account of the eclipse, which had been plainly visible there. He learned from his brother that the eclipse had been over more than an hour in Boston before the storm began. From this he drew the conclusion, since proved correct, that the local wind direction was misleading as to the general course of the storm, and that the latter reached Philadelphia from precisely the opposite direction from which the wind was blowing.

There were too few men possessed of Franklin's inquiring bent of mind to take up the work where he left it at that point and Franklin himself was engaged in a multitude of other matters, so that weather forecasting did not make much progress for almost a century after he had made the observations in question. About 1850 the world began to awake to the importance of accurate knowledge of general weather movements, but it was not until about the beginning of the present century that stations were established at a sufficient number of points on the globe to furnish data on which to base worth-while generalizations. It has proved impossible, of course, to control the weather, but the next best thing was done when forecasting was brought to the plane of an approximately exact science. The recent storm movements, occurring both on the Pacific coast and in the eastern states, came to pass precisely as it had been predicted they would do. For mariners it proved particularly timely; but warnings are valuable in many other fields as well. Every industry that is likely to be affected by the weather now profits by the discoveries that Franklin made in 1747.

CHURCHES NOT UNDERMANNED.

The summary of the recent nation-wide census conducted by the Federal Council of Churches will prove misleading in its showing of a greater number of congregations than of ministers in the United States, unless it is studied in the light of previous figures. There are, for example, 236,588 church congregations in the United States and only 201,280 ministers, which would indicate a "shortage" of 35,308 ministers, and from which there has been a tendency to make the deduction that young men no longer are willing to consecrate themselves to lives of service as they used to do. But it appears that the deficiency in this regard is even smaller than was shown by a census taken five years ago, when there were 227,487 congregations and only 191,296 ministers, a shortage of 36,191. The number of ministers has increased by more than 10,000, while in the same period the apparent shortage has been reduced.

But it is not shown on the face of the returns, as is pointed out by an official of the church council, that the difference between the number of congregations and the number of ministers in fact represent a real deficiency. Many congregations in country places, for example, share ministers with other congregations. In some denominations, like the Friends, there are congregations but no ministers. In many sections of the country churches are four or five miles from the nearest town, while the minister lives in town because it is a convenient and central point, and in such cases the census figures return the country as without a minister. But the knowledge that there are 201,280 ministers, and that this is 10,000 more than the number only five years ago, is regarded as on the whole an encouraging sign.

The census of membership, soon to be made public, will show that there are more persons actively affiliated with church organizations than ever before in the history of the country. This will go a long way toward refuting the charge that Christianity has been proved a failure. The assertion was made not only in the United States but in Europe during the war, and it has been reiterated since the armistice, coupled with the charge that materialism is rife throughout the world. Upon this heading the statistics of a growing active church membership will prove valuable. It will be possible to show, too, that church benevolences have reached new and hitherto unrecorded heights during the past half decade. It is a mistake to conclude too hastily that the influence of the church is declining, upon the basis of incomplete and misleading returns.

A DATE IN NORTHWEST HISTORY.

A correspondent's inquiry concerning the precise date of the Monticello convention, which embodied the first organized effort to secure a separate territorial government for the part of Oregon lying north of the Columbia river, is suggestive of the difficulties that constantly confront historians who concern themselves with the minutiae of their profession. It will not be contended, in view of the superior claims of the philosophical history of the period, that a few days one way or the other in the date of meeting makes very much difference; yet the annalist knows that errors grow by reiteration, as it were, and that a certain respect even for such minor matters as dates is desirable for the reputation of the writer if not always essential to the interpretation of events.

Now the determination of so trivial a fact as the month and the day of the month on which some forty-four sturdy pioneers of the present state of Washington met at the home of a neighbor near the mouth of the Cowlitz, and there resolved to declare their independence of the Willamette valley, derives added interest from the circumstance that the historical writers who have touched the topic do not agree. The dignity which accrues to a subject when it becomes a matter of controversy—of which historians are apt to be very fond—is enhanced by the spirit of research which the occasion invokes, and the formerly insignificant is elevated to the plane of the consequential. The greater the obstacles, the more obscure the original sources of data, the more important precision becomes.

It is a curious illustration of the frequency of pitfalls in this connection that at least two writers of authority should have fixed the time of the convention in question as October 25, 1852, while others give it as November 25 of the same year. A mere numerical preponderance one way or the other would of course prove nothing, in view of the practice of historical writers of leaning upon one another in matters of detail. But in this instance it is possible to conclude that November, and not October, was the month by furnishing a plausible explanation of how the error occurred. There was confusion, it seems, of conventions. The October date in all probability refers to a preliminary meeting held in Lewis county at which it was resolved to call another meeting a month later at Monticello. On the latter occasion, "on the fourth Thursday in November," which corresponds to the 25th, as our ready reckoner's calendar shows, the movement for a new territory was formally launched.

The newspapers of the territory which published the resolutions there adopted are in agreement that the month was November. News, however, traveled slowly in that time. The account of the convention did not appear in the Columbian, published at Olympia in the particular interest of territorial division, until December 11, 1852, and did not reach the capital of the territory, where it was printed in the Oregon Statesman at Salem, until January 1, 1853. In both newspapers the date appears as November 25.

The demands of precision having been thus fully met, it is worth while to suggest that the event, regardless of its chronological aspect, set in motion a series of circumstances quite out of the ordinary. It was not only a bloodless revolution, but it even lacked acrimony. It was probably true, as the Monticello petitioners intimated, that the citizens of the southern section had been wont to neglect the interests of their neighbors in the north, but the latter required only the evidence of the petition to awaken them to the justice of the secessionist movement. The Oregon legislature of 1852-3, convening at Salem, assented to the plan of division, but meanwhile bestirred itself to remove causes of grievance in the north. Among other things, it created new counties near Puget sound and established additional courts and memorialized congress in behalf of a road from Fort Boise to the Pacific coast. The Oregon delegate to congress, with the assent of all his constituents, introduced and pushed to a successful conclusion the bill creating the new territory.

The area of all Oregon in 1852 was about 341,000 square miles. There was a coast line of 650 miles. North and south were rivals in commerce, and the seat of government was more than 400 miles from a large part of the inhabited northern region. The Monticello petitioners asked only for a new government for the country lying north and west of the Columbia river, which would have left all of what is now eastern Washington and Idaho and western Montana in Oregon. Congress gave them more than they asked for, a grant that was not wholly pleasing at the time. If the petitioners had had their way, too, the territory would have been named Columbia. The name Washington was another congressional afterthought, the felicity of which, however, would seem to have been justified by events.

ON BEING CONQUERED BY AN EGG.

A thought suggested by the selection of Sherwood Anderson as the recipient of the Dial's prize of $2000, presumably for his service to American literature, is that there was confusion between morbidity and realism in the minds of the committee on awards. Anderson, whose pecuniary good fortune in this instance is founded on a book of short stories which he calls "The Triumph of the Egg," is one of those so-called moderns who seem to believe that they have not painted life truly unless they have shown only its drab side. The ghosts of disappointed souls stalk through tale after tale. There are no rose-embowered paths in "real life"; no happy couples; no domestic relations that breed contentment; nobody that is quite fitted to his environment. We are all crippled—inwardly, at least—all suffering from some dread malady for which there is no cure. The shade of psychoanalysis, of which we sometimes think we have already had too much for one generation, is the dominating spirit of the work.

The book takes its title from one of the stories it contains, which will serve as well as any other to illustrate the morbid introspection which novelists of the Russian, and the Sherwood Anderson, school seem to regard as essential to depth in character analysis. It is a commonplace tale enough in its outward trappings. Inwardly it seeks apparently to convey the idea of the utter futility of even trying to struggle against fate. The two chief characters in the story are a husband and wife, who married rather late in the lives of both of them, and who set up housekeeping on a chicken ranch. As a story of adventure in poultry raising, its first episode is unobjectionable. "Most philosophers," says the author, "must have been raised on a chicken farm. One hopes for so much from a chicken and is so dreadfully disillusioned." So much for the bare fact, which a million people, more or less, who have tried chicken farming will be able to attest. But the bent of the author is shown when he adds: "Small chickens, just setting out on the journey of life, look so bright and alert and they are in fact so dreadfully stupid. They are so much like people that they mix one up in one's judgments of life." One is reminded too, of the axiom that every utterance of an author is in a sense autobiographical. There are people who really think that most folks—meet other folks—are "dreadfully stupid." It is to this class of egoists that the morbid and the sordid are most likely to appeal. But there are, fortunately, sunnier souls who, if they do not do well at chicken-farming, are not thereby soured upon the world.

The husband in the story is a failure, not only in this and another enterprise, but in the more important capacity for adjusting himself to life as it must be lived, whether he wills it or not. This incapacity, which some people overcome by sheer force of developed character, remains in those who weakly prefer to do nothing but blame others for their shortcomings, and they turn to "realism" for confirmation of their own belief that it is futile to battle against that which is foreordained.

The world, it is the theme of the author, is what it is and cannot be changed. It is peopled with misfits, who have no hope. On every side there is despair. Each man and woman seems to be repeating constantly: "The sun is shining and the birds are singing, but not for me." The theme of conflicting desire runs through it all—a theme much wrought upon by amateur psychologists. It is true that young folks sometimes fall in love—or think they do—but when they marry they are always disillusioned. In "Out of Nowhere Into Nothing," the longest story of the book, there is a character, the father of the heroine, who goes down to the store every evening merely to escape from the society of his wife, the mother of his children. We are led to infer that all husbands are like that. The heroine goes to the city to escape the deadening monotony of the small town, but cannot evade her own thoughts. For example:

> Now often, there in the city, in the midst of the great noises, she had fought to escape the little noises! Her father's feet were on the steps leading into the kitchen. Now he was putting the pail of water on the box by the kitchen sink. Upstairs her mother's body fell heavily into bed. . . . There was a little slap of water on the kitchen floor. It was like a child's foot striking the floor. Rosalind wanted to cry out. Her father closed the kitchen door. Now he was winding the kitchen clock. In a moment his feet would be on the stairs—.

It does not appear that Rosalind's father was much worried over the hardness of his lot, wherein he exhibited a strain of common sense quite uncommon in Anderson's characters, but Rosalind, the heroine, is quite beside herself over the commonplaceness of it all, especially the horror of that little slap of water on the kitchen floor. It is not an unheard-of phenomenon, but the mistake is in supposing that neurotics are the predominating class. The attempt to standardize human reactions, to convey the impression that monotony is wholly a question of externals, that toil is always "deadening to the soul," and that life has no compensations because a few individuals believe that they have been born out of their spheres results in a twisted conception that is not necessarily realism and in all certainty does not reflect the attitude of healthy minds that dwell in healthy bodies. Even if all people in ordinary situations had the sensibilities of esthetes, it does not follow that all would give up the effort to make the world worth living in.

There are at least two classes that the new realism patently ignores—those who cheerfully accept their situations and make the most of them (and they are by no means a negligible number), and those who think it worth while to fight to better them and find genuine joy in the endeavor. Since these two constitute a very large proportion of the people of this part of the world, and since nothing is proved by the exceptional, the book that attempts to present an altogether gloomy picture of life in the guise of an unfolding of the "inner passages of the heart and mind" is not likely to pass muster as a work of realism, much less of art.

That which the author leaves in his inkwell no less than that which he sets down on paper is essential to the fullness of the whole. One of the troubles with the new school is that all the joy and happiness are in the ink pot, only the picture of misery appears. The impression one obtains from characters like those which Anderson conceives is that most if not all of them, especially the heroines, ought to be spanked with a slipper and sent to bed. Neurasthenia is not life, and no autocratic assumption of the finality and universality of human misery can make it realism in any true sense of the term.

TOO LATE.

The attempt of the Belgian government to change the name of the battlefield of Waterloo to Loncin will not extend, it may be supposed, to revision of the lexicons in which it appears with the definition, "An overwhelming defeat, a complete reverse."

Not even a government decree can alter the significance of the adoption of a word like Waterloo into the language of a people or dim the memories of the event that it recalls, for the common noun survives, whether the name of the field is changed or not. No politician is ever going to meet his "loncin," we may depend on that. It may well be doubted, too, whether the French care very much about the change which is said to have been made to avoid wounding their sensibilities.

After all it was Napoleon who was defeated at Waterloo and an idea which we would not perpetuate if we could met its setback, and the lesson that the name perpetuates will do no harm by being suggested whenever one has occasion to look at a map.

The strong individuality that marks Americans is the reason for the development of the mechanics of flying at a far greater rate than the laws governing it. The same factor accounts for the relatively minor interest which the government takes in its future. It is true that army and navy have furnished a courageous and able personnel, but by comparison with other nations, we spend trifling amounts officially. We have no air laws worth while. There is no national law at all requiring that pilots shall be competent, a few local ordinances protecting the interests of local citizens. No one is authorized to pass upon the safety of a design before the machine is put into public service. Yet such has been the probity of those engaged in the industry, and so farsighted have they been, that almost without aid and in the face of grave uncertainties they have proceeded on their own account to build up a business that may rival automobiling before the decade has passed.

After releasing Debs, Harding can not help grant the request of the mother of a boy who was gassed in the Argonne and furloughed, but outstayed and frightened, probably, but patriotic still, enlisted in the coast artillery under another name. Law calls that desertion and he is in Leavenworth for two years.

A diet expert who holds that baldness can be prevented by proper eating includes prunes among the things one should eat to keep the hair from falling out. After this when we see a baldheaded man in Oregon we shall know that he isn't upholding home industry as he should.

General Wood's attempt to cure the Igorrotes of the habit of eating their dogs would be helped if he could furnish them a substitute. Not having eaten them, Americans will not be in a position to say what would be a good substitute for dog on the bill of fare.

With an increase of 100 per cent in illness in Germany ascribed to over-indulgence in alcohol, the opponents of prohibition enforcement are about due to revise their claims as to the health-giving properties of "good old German beer."

Another thing the country wants to know is the percentage of cures wrought by the two million prescriptions for liquor written by Chicago physicians in 1921.

It ought not to be forgotten that one who gives a job to an idle man not only relieves distress but gets his money's worth at the same time.

News that the Bonin islands are a sticking point in the negotiations with Japan will send a lot of people to their geographies again.

Dr. Cook has verified the finding of a notebook left by him in the Arctic regions. But who is going to verify Dr. Cook?

There seems to be general agreement that from the fuel dealer's standpoint the present winter is a complete success.

The Listening Post.

By DeWitt Harry.

FRIDAY an introductory Paul Bunyan article was published, in which a little of this legendary hero's history was revealed. There is a remarkable quality of exaggeration in the Bunyan fables. It smacks of the American's love for the "long-drawn bow." This is interesting to analyze for the reason that it reveals a universal tendency and exposes the basis of what may be regarded as typical American humor.

The tendency in all these stories is to make the physical strength or craft of the hero much greater than normal. In classical romance this exaggeration is a thing of slow growth, but not in America, where a hot house process of fostering it may be said to prevail. It happens naturally in the mouths of the story-tellers around the camp fires in their destre to make the deeds of the hero seem more wonderful.

It is doubtful if there is murh deliberation in this license, for the aim seems to be to arouse amusement by gross amplification and the result is much different from that in classical legend. The narrator usually has two motives. First, he wants to excite wonder, and, second, to amuse. In their wonder motive the Bunyan tales belong to that numerous class of travelers' tales typified by the fabulous accounts of Mandeville and Hakluyt. These are tales designed to be swallowed by camp followers and tenderfeet for the entertainment of hardened dwellers in the woods.

Bunyan's nearly inseparable companion was a great blue ox. This beast, by all accounts, had the strength of nine horses and measured seven feet from tip to tip of his horns—just his master's height. The ox weighed anywhere from 5000 to 10,000 pounds, according to the audience and the tale. In some stories the ox's size is given as seven feet between the eyes with a 14-foot spread of horns. Originally the ox was pure white, but one winter (the winter of the snow-snakes) it snowed blue snow for seven days and Bunyan's ox, from lying out in the snow all winter, became and remained a brilliant blue.

Bunyan and his ox made a wonderful pair for the woods' romancers, and the stories they spun are strictly American. They are mostly known today from fireside telling in camp and home. As the farmer is now replacing the logger, Bunyan's history is continually being increased and new tales on his prowess are springing up. Rumor has it that he even has been a city visitor. Be that as it may, the chances are that some reports of his new activities will soon be known.

* * *

Cardroom scenes in the movies, with the bad men in action and deft sharks manipulating the pasteboards, are intriguing to say the least, but there is just as much kick in watching the real thing. Since the demise of the saloon and the banishment of that sort of club life, numberless cardrooms have sprung up where men loaf and kill time as they toy with the decks furnished by the house. The standard game is solo, although freezeout and pinochle are also favorites. Frequently there is actual gambling under the semblance of playing for trade checks, the players arranging for the exchange of counters and tokens on a cash basis by agreement.

The games are permitted in soft drink parlors and lunch rooms and hundreds of men congregate there. The atmosphere is similar to that of the old-time gambling hell, with the exception that alcohol fumes are not so dominant. The crowd does not seem to differ greatly from that encountered in the "palmy days" and the competition seems just as brisk. The faces have the same leer and the well-known gamblers' mask, that visage schooled to repression so as not to telegraph the strength of the hand, is always in evidence.

* * *

The woman on the street car was indignant as she told of the system in vogue at an outside town.

"It's a shame the way they shift their unemployed," she informed her escort. "We have been assisting a man who came from there with his family in December—six children. As soon as work gets scarce they offer the men a pass to Portland, and the chances are that the man grabs at it. He knows that work is scarce where he is and the offer seems to hold out hope of a better chance. The result is that as work ceases the unemployed are sent away and the community has no unemployed troubles as do other cities.

"They just refuse their responsibilities, and ship their unemployed to some other place and let them suffer away from those who have any duty to assist them. A free ride is a great inducement, and far too many men do not appreciate the reason for the apparent generosity."

* * *

It's difficult to keep from answering a question when it is put point-blank. Make a test. Go up to any person on the street and demand, in firm tones, "What is your name?" and the chances are 100 to 1 that you'll get the correct answer at once. It will not make any material difference whether you have any right to the information, the chances are that you'll get it.

It was at Sixth and Washington streets. A fine-looking young woman was waiting for her car, a woman friend talking with her. Up stepped a brisk young fellow and raised his hat. It was easy to see that he was unknown to either, and he asked, "Are you waiting for a Twenty-third street car?"

"Yes," came the answer, without hesitation.

"Take this transfer; I don't need it," he said, and, turning, walked away, leaving two very embarrassed women gazing after him.

* * *

It's disconcerting to lose a tooth right out of the center of your smile. The ever-busy tongue seeks the vacant space and an exaggerated idea of the hole is the result. This is why a local newspaper man has been keeping his mouth shut in grim determination the past few days. His tooth left home in company with a sandwich at noon Friday, and no mention was made of the fact in the press for the reason that the name of the lunchroom would have to be mentioned and this might lead to libel. By resorting to cigars and gripping them firmly in his face the loser in this case has managed to keep his shame from public view.

OBSERVATIONS OF KANSAS SAGE

Men and Events as Estimated by Potato Hill Philosopher.

Ed Howe's Monthly.

In England, Lloyd George is becoming more socialistic; in Russia, Lenine is becoming more capitalistic.

I hear so much said to be vital and important and then learn later it isn't true. I have heard all my life that physic is ruinous. The healthiest, best-looking man I know takes physic every day.

I hear many compliments for women; there are many honest compliments to pay them, but I give you my word I have never heard a woman honestly commended for "suffrage" or "club" work.

In walking behind women I have observed that some have seams in their stockings and others have not. I asked a dry goods clerk about it. He says seamless stockings are the cheap kind; that all good stockings have seams in the back.

I once made a trade with a man, and after everything had been closed up he said to me: "I've robbed you." And he had. It greatly humiliated me that I had thought, and thought, and thought, and come to a wrong conclusion. Ever since I have had less respect for what I call my mind.

Anatole France, said by many to be the best writing man now living, has made an appeal for Sacco and Vanzetti, and says these men were condemned for "a crime of opinion." The facts are, the men were condemned for murdering a paymaster and robbing him of $25,000. Is not the writing game becoming absurd?

The women know how nice they are, and how worthless the men are, having heard it so often. Well, I saw this happen at a dinner lately: Champagne was served. The wife, a dear little thing, drank hers. Her husband never touched his. Here is another dinner note: The hostess ate butter on her celery.

I do not like his looks—he looks more like a big life insurance agent than a statesman—but regards George Harvey as the smartest American minister we have sent abroad in a good many years. It is too bad there is general disapproval of his public utterances, since he is saying a good many things we should think seriously about.

Progress is still progressing. There was lately a fight in an Alabama town, and five women are under arrest for beating up two men. A girl of 22 is mayor of a town in Oklahoma, one of our most progressive states. Investigation will reveal that this girl was elected mayor as a "joke" on some man. This sort of humor has caused a great deal of trouble in the United States.

W. J. Bryan is quoted as saying lately: "The world today needs more heart and less brains." That is an absurd statement; Mr. Bryan is making a good many absurd statements as he approaches old age. A man with a good head is more apt to have a good heart than a fool. Mr. Bryan walked into a Baptist convention the other day, captured it, and succeeded in securing the adoption of a resolution that the teaching of our best scientists be thrown out of the public schools. It was a tremendous absurdity, but delegates to a convention will do anything a clever speaker suggests.

The other day I read a good book, and resolved to do better. My intention was to say nothing about my reform, as the book suggested, but go quietly about it, in order that my friends might joyfully remark the change. I have forgotten now whether my good intentions continued an hour, two hours, or three; but it was no longer than the last estimate. If you have bad habits many years old, you cannot overcome them so easily. When I finish a cigar it is easy for me to resolve not to smoke again, but when the time comes for poisoning myself again with nicotine I am lamentably weak.

I read of a Russian who came to this country a good many years ago and taught socialism. When the revolution broke out in his own country, and the socialists gained control, he went back, expecting to find a perfect government. Instead he found a government worse than he had complained of in America. This broke his heart and he died of shame. For many years he had been teaching socialism as a great blessing. Finding he had been teaching a fallacy and that what he had been teaching was the worst thing that could happen to the human family, he died of shame. It is time, I should say, for teachers of other false doctrines to begin dying of shame.

The doctrine we call socialism is no more foolish than many other popular things; there is nothing to be had from socialism except the talk, the indignation, the pretense, the imaginary feast. This is equally true of our love stories. We attend plays where all sorts of wicked scenes are enacted, and revel in them, in our imaginations—but in the end return to the same old tiresome realities; to the same old bachelor's apartments where there are fleas and dirt, or to a wife busy with children. The love plays don't help us to engage in more desirable love affairs; they only excite our imaginations. Socialism gives us nothing except a chance to dream of heaven, angels and mercy; we don't actually accomplish any of these things. And all the time we are paying out good money to actors, preachers and leaders who actually do nothing for us.

I am a homely man, and I confess enjoying the domestic troubles of Lou Tellegen, a handsome actor. In spite of my advice to men generally not to marry a rich woman, a noted woman, or a very beautiful woman, Mr. Tellegen married Geraldine Farrar, who is not only noted and beautiful, but rich. Mr. Tellegen, poor devil, is now asking the courts for a divorce. He says in his petition: "I was not only locked out of my home, but continually beaten and slapped." The plaintiff also alleges that his wife woke him at all hours of the night to read poetry to him. A man manages a woman with difficulty under the most favorable circumstances, but if she is rich, noted, or very beautiful, she'll boss him, or know the reason why.

Suppose the German kaiser, eight years ago, had issued a proclamation to the world, and made the following statements: "After long experience with militarism, the Germans have decided against it. Therefore Germany will disarm and devote its energies in future to the arts of peace. Its citizens hope to behave so well that it will have no controversies with other nations, but in case controversies should arise they will be referred to accepted forms of arbitration," etc. Had the kaiser adopted this plan he would today be the world's best-loved man, instead of occupying the position of the world's greatest scoundrel and fool. And why should not the kaiser have thought of this simple plan of helping his country, himself and the world? Should it not occur to anyone? All great things are simple and obvious.

Midwinter.

By Grace E. Hall.

The pathway through the park is
hemmed with snow,
And all the shrubbery stoops, like old
old men
In soft white coats, close-muffled
from the cold.
The trees—in spring the temples of
the birds,
From which they lift their songs of
sacred love—
Are gaunt and restless frames with
swinging arms,
And creaking joints—age, robbed of
elasticity of youth.

There is a faint, low sound throughout the place—
Echoes perhaps of words that cannot
die—
And footprints, that the storm king
blindly overlooked,
Outline a slim, dim trail against the
hill.
There is no sign of life. The squirrels
now
Keep homing habits, deep within the
wood;
And over all the scene a melancholy
gray
Hangs, like a screen, between the
earth and sky;
While memories of the sunshine filtering through
The green lace boughs, in golden arabesques,
Is like to laughter ending in a sob,
Or promises made null by sudden
death.

Oh, mellow sunshine on the cool, gray
walk!
You'll fall again across that path,
soft gold,
And lovers, lingering 'neath the
trees, shall mock,
By their mere presence, all that was
—of old;
For spring shall drive the stooped
old men away,
And lift the screen that hangs against
the sky,
But Time brings back no more a vanished day,
Nor lights dead fires again within the
eye.

OLD AGE AND MEMORY.

Old age has little to look forward to
down here;
Ambition's dead and there is nothing
new
To cheer;
So, earthly joys ahead are very few
'Tis clear.

But, still, there is much pleasure for
old age
Down here;
The retrospects in which the old
engage
Are dear
And tend to brighten well life's daily
page
With cheer.

At mem'ry's wish the old home place
comes nigh
To cheer;
Loved ones of early years for whom
we sigh
Draw near
And playmates of the happy days
gone by
Appear.

There, too, come back events of life
at prime;
So dear
To age because they resurrect the
time
When fear
Was foreign to the heart and hope
sublime
Gave cheer.

Old age; give thanks, that thus fond
memory
Can cheer;
Give thanks this festive time, especially,
And hear
"Thy loved long since and lost awhile"
bid thee
Happy New Year.
—T. J. O'CONNOR.

ASIA TO AMERICA.

Two great needs confront a troubled world today, which it is largely your mission to supply; these are light and faith.—Prince Tokugawa at the disarmament conference.

From age-long sleep we wake,
To feel the rush of wings,
The secret whisperings
Of dawn winds, striving blindly with
the night;
Of life that leaps toward heaven in
its quest;
Oh, mighty kingdom of the west,
We look to you for faith, for light!

You broke the prison bars
Of slaves—and tyranny
Of despots over sea;
And triumphed in the strength of
truth and right;
The stars of peace upon your banner's
fold,
The stripes of justice wide unrolled,
Reveal our prayer for faith, for light!

You are God's cup he brims
With wine of strength and youth;
Oh, guard the sacred truth!
And follow virtue's ever-widening
flights;
And heed the clarion voice within the
heart
That cries: "Come, choose the better
part,"
And win the world to faith, to light!
—MARY ALETHEA WOODWARD.

FRIENDS.

A friend is worth his weight in gold
Wherever we may roam;
More valued far than wealth untold
The sunshine of a home.

A hand-clasp firm, a cheering word,
May light a dreary day;
A steel-true friend's a gift of God
To help us on life's way.

So let us be to one-another
As we would have each be to us;
Try treat a tramp more like a
brother;
Perhaps he's not such a bad "ole
cuss."

If we would only do our share,
Do just one kind act every day,
Make someone's pain less hard to
bear,
Why, in the end we'd find it pay.

For if we lighten someone's load,
Make someone smile whose life was
gray,
Maybe he'll help us on our road
When we are "down and out" some
day.

In all the petty things of life
Be more considerate. In the end,
If you stop nagging at your wife
Perhaps even she will be your
friend. —FORDE ARTHUR.

AFTER THE STORM.

A gentle wind but softly chides
The raindrops as they glisten there.
Outstretched upon the ground they lie
Or shivvering on branches bare,
As with the thought of tempest tired.
Like one who with a great rage
spent
Feels shame, despair, with anger
faint
To know his fury found no vent.

And in the sky a vacancy,
A crowded emptiness that breathes
Of conflict that has been and gone.
So does a room long empty seethe
With half-heard echoes of the past—
Of deeds undone, and songs unsung,
An atmosphere of things essayed
That perished ere they were begun.

Thus nature rests, yet resting stirs
To inner consciousness of truth:
The sage is not atune to storm,
As conflict is the mark of youth;
And opposition like a breath
Blows into space. So it were well
To court repose upon the wave,
And let it cast us where it will.
—KATHRYN EASTHAM.