ABILITY TO LIVE AS "JUST FOLKS" IS HELD A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT

Learning to Nurture Art of Living Simply and Commonly Declared Worthy of Greatest Sacrifice—Barriers Set Up by Wealthy or Educated Handicap.

BY DR. DAVID H. PENCE.
Pastor of Westminster Presbyterian Church.

"I am glad of the coming of Stephanus and Fortunatus and Achaicus; for that which was lacking on your part they have supplied."

"For they have refreshed my spirit and yours."—I Corinthians, xvi:18.

IT IS ONE of the richly human touches in which a great man reveals his genius for remaining tenderly human. Accused by those to whom his logic is a burden, of being a sort of mental comptometer, Paul refuses ever to be anything but just a sheer human being. He had the character to base an art of human appreciation. A master of every syllogistic apparatus by which immensity of thought could be ground out, yet Paul's chief passion was for what Edgar Guest calls "just folks." That was what those three persons mentioned as "refreshing of spirit," were to Paul—three souls quite forgotten to and unidentified by history, but who fueled and stoked the fires within the person of a man to whom history looks as one of its greatest sources. Neither Stephanus, Fortunatus nor Achaicus would quarrel with the historian for having left them on his pages as no more than merely three names. It was not what the historian was to do with them, but what God did for them in permitting them to discharge the virus of a needed cheer into the spiritual veins of one, whose spirits lagged from weariness, and over-burdening—one back to whom all time would ceaselessly look as one of the human race's greatest benefactors.

Boswell played fool and the clown to Samuel Johnson, whom Macaulay avers to have been king of England in truth far more than the dolt who wore the crown; but we have wondered if, beneath all that we suspect to be pretense on Boswell's part, as to all that he wished to seem to have been to Johnson's happiness—there was not a vast amount of truth. Johnson was deliciously scandalous in the way he made his veritable and adoring slave the butt of his broad wit—but it is to be surmised that, as without the biographer Boswell we should now have no incomparable classic of literature, so, without the companion Boswell, there might have been less of a Johnson of whom to write, a life.

Debts Owed Carpenters.

Few, if any, men have risen sheer to lofty heights, or much above the level of mediocrity, without feeding oft at the fountains of human refreshment. "Just folks" are needful to scaffold up a something inside. They may be just folks, but in that fact is their genius. A walk down the street will show one a lot of workmen putting together what seem to be long, slim boxes straight up into the air, made of the roughest kind of timbers. But concrete is to be poured into those boxes, and, becoming hard by "setting" may remain there, growing more enduring with the passage of time. Just plain, ordinary Italian carpenters built that scaffolding for Michael Angelo in the Sistine chapel at Rome, and the great man, lying there on his back, painted the great cartoons on the ceiling. The scaffolding went; the paintings remain. The carpenters are forgotten; Angelo lives immortally. Without the carpenters, or someone working at the carpenter's task, we would have no paintings on the ceiling in the Sistine chapel.

It would be a worthy task for some competent human "appreciator," to survey the whole field of biography, just to reveal, if not the names, at any rate, the fact of the world's debts to the carpenters—scaffolders, that the world might have its Angeloes. Yes, to hunt out the Stephanuses, the Fortunatuses, the Achaicuses, who shored up to heights where he could keep at his task, the genius of the world's Pauls. "For they have refreshed my spirit and yours."

I am arguing thus, in order that we may recover the greatest thing about Paul, the man himself. I say, "the greatest thing," for it is more and more accepted as a truth, that of the two things, namely, what a man does with his convictions, and, what a man's convictions do with him—the latter is the more enduring. In other words, truth as it emerges in personality and character, is truth emerging in its highest expression.

Enthusiasm Is Outpoured.

We shall see in the way Paul reacted to the crowd which he faced and to the individuals who focused up close as "just folks," how Paul had reacted to the spirit and example of his Master. It was an immense rebound for a man shut up within himself as the smug, supercilious young Pharisee found himself to be, to divert all the centripetal, self-centering passions of a mighty nature, hotly furnaced in self-love, out into the centrifugal—outpoured enthusiasms which were to enrich the world, his own and coming ages.

There is no finer piece of human study in any other biography than that of the joy in this autocratic, aristocratic nature, despising the common herd as he did—the avid joy in discovering in the crowd, once viewed and dealt with as "just folks," that those of the "common herd" were the most thrillingly fascinating things in all the world. And that he learned from Jesus. In the business of living there is no greater art. Jesus was the great commoner; an apt and eager pupil—having vastly much to learn—was Saul of Tarsus.

So much of the cluttering things of this frustrating life which we live these days accumulate to hide the elemental sentiments which make us all, at heart, just hungrily "folks." Conventionalities, business, a lot of artificial things tend to denature us, dehumanize the essential thing we all are innerly, down at heart.

We were sitting in a well-filled street car. All aboard were apparently strangers to each other; we appeared mutually suspicious of each other; each passenger seemed drawn within himself or herself. A young mother came aboard carrying a baby. A friendly, sociable little rascal, laughing and cooing; within half a minute he had thawed that immobile, self-contained crowd into a bunch of "just folks." I heard a man who had sat with a sour face sunken down into his folded arms remark to his neighbor that he had a cute little grandson at home about the same age as that baby over there. I keenly regretted that the neighbor became so animated that he turned away from me toward the doting old grandfather, and I lost what he said. But that baby had stripped that crowd of the things which segregated them and made them gregariously just folks—all melted into the community of elementary passions.

Living as Folks Fine Art.

It is life's biggest, finest art—that of living "refreshingly" with folks. To some it is a gift; to others it is an attainment.

It is worthy of our utmost zeal, our greatest sacrifice, to nurture the art on into a grace of character.

Paul, as we have noted, had his supreme example in his Master. By common consent Jesus will be placed at the fore and front of all commoners—the one who gave democracy of motive and act its most illustrious precedent.

He passed by every conventional test and gathered about him 12 men, not one of whom had advanced beyond the simplest crudities of personal discipline. But the quality common to them all was this one simple thing: They were "just folks," and we shall boldly coin a word in saying that "folkhood" is the one human strain in the incomparable Jesus himself—sublimated on to the nth degree. "The common people heard him gladly." Just "common people." Folks, stripped of a thin veneer, uncloaked of an affected and often ungracefully-worn garment of conventional mannerism—that's just what all of us are—"common people"—some of us very much so.

The unfolkly things about us are mostly man-made and conceived under the theory that if you can put something different on the outside of a man you make the man different. Let us not forget that it was Paul, the great philosopher, who lists for us the qualities which God wants to bestow on us, and note that they are the human traits which emerge in us essentially as "just folks." "The fruits of the spoil are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control." That list is a mental group portraiture of the good old-fashioned simplicities which most of us can recall out of days not far off, but days sensibly different from our times—days characterized by the poet "high thinking and simple living."

Simplicity Is Keynote.

I beg to plead that we dearticialize things somewhat; that we pursue the conversations which evoke the "folky," the elemental and simple and genuinely good qualities, on lives of which our creator plainly intended we should live our lives most resourcefully, and in the play and action of which we should find our best happiness.

As "just folks" we rise to our highest and go to our deepest and spread to our broadest in terms of friendliness of spirit; as such, we have our contact with the widest stratum of human beings.

There are some lonely souls who crave all of this and know not how to have it; souls who love, but have no facility in showing that love to just humans. They are to be pitied for that unsatisfied yearn, but the one who deliberately uses the conventional and artificial advantages of wealth, social prestige or education to barrier oneself in and to shut "mere folks" out, is a pitiable victim of delusion—the delusion that there is any substitute in life for the human contacts which "refresh the spirit."

Perhaps it is the counsel of a withering selfishness,—the fear that that sheer human contact shall levy the costs of loving, for loving is costly, albeit, it is the tax the lower always pays to the higher.

The smug young Pharisee would have shrunk from the supreme sacrifice had he known that the day would come when, contemplating what at that noon-hour at Damascus would have seemed the off-scouring of earth namely, those Corinthian slaves,—he would have come in a quarter of a century to view them "just folks," and deliberately write to them "I will very gladly spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved."

But Stephanus, Fortunatus and Achaicus were content with the station, dignities, perquisites and appurtenancies of "just folks." In that office they did their great service to humanity; in their mastery of the art of being that, they served the race.

To some of us may fall the privilege of rising to some achievement of note, and mayhap, to be remembered beyond our little day, but it is a trifle disturbing to our vanities to hear the great Lord of life portray the final judgment, and to know that it was in our capacity as "just folks," and in doing and being the things falling to that station, and advantage that our eternal destiny had taken on its goal. Matt xxv:34-46.

Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand: Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and you clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying: Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee or thirsty, and gave three drink?

When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in, or naked and clothed thee?

Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison and came unto thee?

And the king shall answer and say unto them: Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand: Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

Then shall he answer them, saying: Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.

And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.

BOOKS

By Joseph Macqueen.

I Have Only Myself to Blame, by Princess A. Bibesco (Elisabeth Asquith). George A. Doran Co., New York city.

It had better be explained at the outset that the author of this book of English society people is Princess Bibesco, a daughter of Margot Asquith, and the wife of the Rumanian minister now resident in Washington, D. C. Margot Asquith is wife of a former premier of Great Britain.

The book is a collection, apparently, of short stories, and its general text is love and passion. The language used is brilliant, clever, yet extravagant and now and then wearisome. The author evidently has tried to excel her mother in audacity of utterance. Her types chosen for portrayal in this volume of 172 pages are generally those of erotic, hothouse plants of married people who live unhappily with each other, and who are possessed of guilty love for other people of both sexes. In writing about these unhappy, so-called romantic types, the author tries to be as daring in her language as possible. Her book, no doubt, will be one of the talked-about books of the season. Her created types of fiction are English society people who never seem to do anyting for a living, and who seem smart enough to get other people to work for them.

There are 15 chapters in the book, and the title of the first one is: "I Have Only Myself to Blame." The heroine is a young married woman whose name is Catherine, and she fills the position as wife of Horace Little, a member of the British parliament or congress. "She was the first person he had ever loved, and he had trembled when he touched her. His spasms of passion had been like spasms of pain. . . . and then there had followed intervals of wretched shyness. When he had thought of possessing her he had become a saint waiting for a divine manifestation. It was this transforming of an ordinary physiological fact into a miracle that won her. She could see inevitability—in desire, in triumph, in failure. Hers was the man's attitude. He lifted her into the region of the ridiculous and the sublime.

"'Your privacy is sacred,' he said. 'Everything that you give me is divine. But it is a gift. I have no rights.' She could not resist the thought of being married to a monk. He had made no vows concerning her spirit, her mind, her habits. These he was free to violate. Here he must insist on asserting himself. Now she was waiting for him in her charming boudoir. He had come in late from the house (of parliament) and was dressing for dinner—he always dressed for dinner.

Her husband came up to her, and was guilty of a rare fit of tenderness, he "took her hand and kissed it." At dinner he said: "A very good wine, my Catherine." He enjoyed the dinner and his own conversation. By including her in his complacency he did his duty to his wife.

Catherine begins to find fault with a Mrs. Donald, wife of a personal friend of her husband. "Catherine," his voice was firm, "there are certain things that I have the right to exact from my wife; one is that she should keep her bitter tongue off my friends."

Mr. Donald is announced, and the two men drink wine and smoke and talk. It seems that Uncle George (Lord Wrotham), whose wife is an inmate of a lunatic asylum, lives with a Mrs. Gardiner, and his nephew, Horace Little, says of this affinity affair: "Every one knows — why shouldn't he, poor man."

Catherine: "Really, Horace, considering that you don't believe in God, you really have taken on all the intolerance of all the churches in the world." Mr. Donald goes home.

Husband and wife have a spat, and husband says in a tone of finality: "You will please realize that I am master in my own house." Catherine "pushed the arm chair nearer the fire, and got on his knee. With the curling capacity of a cat, she fitted herself into his (her husband's) arms. Suddenly she began to cry. 'Horace,' she said, 'I am so lonely, so terribly lonely.' He kissed her and soothed her and mesmerized her." And so on.

Titles of the other short stories are: "Tomorrow," "The Web," "An Ordinary Man," "The Gesture," "Cyclamen," "The Dream," "The Farewell," "Tout Comprendre," "Three Love Letters," "The Successor," "As It Was in the Beginning," "The Old Story," "The Pilgrimage," "The Ball" and "Fragment of a Correspondence."

The Cornish Penny, by Coulson Cade. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York City.

Opening towards the close of the 18th century, when the "good old Georgian days" occupied men's minds, this delightful story of Cornwall, London and other places will linger long in the memories of appreciative readers—and once the story is known, there will be many such readers. Romance, love, a well-developed plot and fine character studies are present.

Wayfarers in Arcady, by Charles Vince. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

Twenty-seven sketches, written with cultured taste, describing peaceful English scenes in valleys and quiet homes, and also war-scenes in France.

Charles Vince, born in Middlesex in 1887, was, previous to the outbreak of the recent world war, on the staff of the London Globe. He was a frequent contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette, the Outlook, the Academy, the Spectator and the New Statesman. When war was declared, he joined the Royal Sussex regiment, and served with his battalion until 1917, when he was appointed to the staff, serving in the military intelligence directorate. His other books are "The Street of Faces" and "England in France."

The Rich Little Poor Boy, by Eleanor Gates. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Eleanor Gates' "The Poor Little Rich Girl" is a famous story that was accepted by the reading world as a treasure.

Much of the same author's magic is found in "The Rich Little Poor Boy," a delightful story of boyville. It depicts the adventures of Johnnie Smith, an 11-year-old boy, who lives in the New York slums on a street down which the elevated railroad runs like a dragon on stilts. Johnnie is busy stringing a saucersful of beads for a customer, and about him are the people he knows as family—his foster-father, "Big Tim" Barber, a stevedore; Barber's old father, grandpa, who spends his days in a wheeled chair, and 16-year-old "Sis," Barber's stepdaughter, who pastes paper boxes in a factory from morning till night.

Johnnie Smith is poor. He never has seen "the country," nor run in its woods, nor fished in its brooks, nor done any of the things he would like to do. Yet he is a "Rich Little Poor Boy," for he can even up things by the magic of his own mind. With the power of his imagination he is able to forget the drabness of his surroundings and be off on adventures that never stale nor disappoint. Johnnie becomes a Boy Scout; also a plain every-day hero.

The Stock Market, by S. S. Huebner, Ph. D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

Dr. Huebner is professor of insurance and commerce, Wharton school of finance and commerce, University of Pennsylvania, and the author of several admirable books on financial subjects.

—E. O. Hoppe.

Princess Bibesco, author of "I Have Only Myself to Blame."

Within the scope of 496 pages, our author presents well-arranged facts concerning the services of the stock market to the investor, together with its organization and operation, the factors determining the prices of securities, and the legal principles and usages governing the stock and bond market.

The language used is non-technical, and is easily understood, so that the reader is provided with a working understanding—as far as printed words go—of the field of his investment activities.

The discussion is under these heads: Services rendered by the organized stock market; organization and operation of the market; factors affecting security prices and values, and legal principles governing the stock exchange business.

The Blue Dragoon Ballads, by Alfred James Fritchey. 523 San Julian street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Twenty-two ballads, tender and beautiful in literary structure. Several of the poems especially will please children old enough to read.

The City in the Clouds, by C. Ranger Gull. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York City.

An astonishing, impossible, weird novel of adventure and love in a palace supposed to be located 2000 feet above London, England.

The Whistler Journal, by Elizabeth R. and Joseph Pennell. Illustrated. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

A valuable appreciation of a great artist, one of the greatest of our generation. It has an intimate, friendly tone. The illustrations mirror Whistler and his creations and are excellent and artistic in quality. The pages are 339, including index.

Since the day Whistler arranged with the two Pennells that they should write his "Life," they have kept a personal record of the Whistler they knew—a record of what he said and when with them, of what he told them he had done during his life. He also told them much of his contemporaries, artists, authors, men and women well known in London—for Whistler knew every one worth knowing of his generation. The Pennells have, for the first time and at first hand, recorded his real sayings and doings. In the Whistler journal, and not previously published, are intimate revelations of Whistler, his friends, his views on art and artists, notes of his talk, much of it witty, for Whistler was a great wit, much of it serious, for he was more serious than most of his contemporaries; and much that is pathetic and sad, for though he triumphed his triumph was the outcome of great tribulations.

As for the illustrations, many are sketches and studies which are in the possession of the authors and their friends, or in the Pennell collection in the library of congress, and are now reproduced for the first time.

Working With the Working Woman, by Cornelia Stratton Parker. Harper & Brothers, New York city.

Cheerful and filled with a love for fellow-employes, this book is a thoughtful, chatty story of "Connie" Parker, an educated young woman, who went out to work as a working woman because she wanted to portray the daily life of the women factory worker as nearly as possible, as seen through the average worker's own eyes.

Our author did not go out as an investigator, eager to work up an expose, or to experience sensations. She wanted working impressions, and got them. She worked for pay, generally around $14 per week, in a chocolate cream factory, a brass shop, a laundry, a dress factory, a pillow-case shop, and as pantry girl in a hotel. Frank and blunt records of conversations which took place among help are presented, with examples of profanity, etc. One of the favorite words used by the help apparently was h—l, with one other swear word added. All the girls met with spoke freely about "fellahs" and the chances a girl had to get married. Some girls said they were afraid of marriage.

One conviction met with in the book is that the worker must come to have a word in the management in determining the conditions under which he labors five and a half to seven days per week.

The Body in the Blue Room, by Sidney Williams. The Penn Publishing company, Philadelphia.

Various people—society and otherwise—meet at the country house of the Carrington's, and two of the notable guests are Richard Marston, lawyer, and Carlotta Hamlin, who are sweethearts.

Mrs. Fanny Cutshaw, a pretty woman with a past, is another guest, and on page 56 she is depicted as being found murdered by a stab or blow at the base of her skull. A letter is found near her body, a note addressed to "Dear Jim," and stating that she must have $5000. Hunting for the murderer ensues. An aeroplane is observed to be in the neighborhood. Different people in the recital are abducted, and bad Indians are near.

The murder of Mrs. Cutshaw is shrouded in mystery. The interest is well sustained and the plot is a

The Marriage of Patricia Pefferday, by Grace Miller White. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Patricia is a girl heroine who will be loved by readers lucky enough to make her acquaintence in this interesting American novel. Associated with her in her theater work and social activities are: Martin Brewer, the big-hearted dramatist, and his idolized, crippled son, Benny; Milly and Billy Foster, true exponents of a certain type of vaudevillists; O'Kelleron, the forceful district attorney, whose paths cross Patricia's in strange fashion; Fancy, a mentally undeveloped girl whom Patricia befriends, and a host of other people, some lovable and some quite the opposite, such as occur in any group from real life.

The Disobedient Kids, by Bozena Nemcova. Harper Brothers, New York city.

Illustrated in charming colors, these agreeable and well-told Czecho-Slovak fairy tales are interpreted from that language by William H. Tolman, Ph. D., and Professor V. Smetanka, from stories selected by Professor V. Tille. The illustrations are by Artus Scheiner, academican.

There are ten of these fairy stories and they are of an unusual, interesting nature. Several of them, naturally, reflect the doings of children and animals, and also the beauties of nature. The book measures nine and a half inches by 12 inches.

The Tragedy at the Beach Club, by William Johnston. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A mystery story around Long Island, N. Y., featuring the murder of a physician and the search for the guilty party. Well told, and keeps the reader guessing.

The Life of Florence L. Barclay, by one of her daughters. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city.

The late Mrs. Barclay is sincerely remembered as an esteemed English novelist whose books have the atmosphere of true service and religion. She died in March, 1921, and is remembered as the author of about a dozen stories, among them "The Rosary." It is calculated that about 1,000,000 copies of the latter novel have been sold.

This present batch which contains intimate viewpoints of Mrs. Barclay's life, mirrors her many activities—mother, singer, lecturer, mission worker and author. The entire message is an inspiration, and good to hear about.

DUST FROM MANY PRODUCTS CAUSES DESTRUCTIVE BLASTS

Raw Foodstuffs Possess All Potentialities of TNT, While Many Other Materials Cause Fatal and Costly Explosions.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 11.—That loaf of bread you cut last night for your dinner at one time in its career possessed all the dangerous characteristics of TNT. The spices in the apple dumpling you ate for dessert once boasted an equally strong claim to dangerous propensities. The sugar you put on it to add to its tastiness had, and still has, the potentialities of dynamite.

Experts of the bureau of chemistry of the United States department of agriculture are authorities for these strong statements. But they say they might go further and add that the rice in your pudding was just as "flighty"; that the napkin you use, if of cotton, the shirt on your back, if also made of cotton, the shoes on your feet and the rubbers over them, and finally, the coal with which you cook your meal, were all at one time in their processes of manufacture or preparation for your use, equally death dealing.

Dust Secret of Destructiveness.

However, there's no need now to back away from any of them—they're tamed, the agriculture department chemists assert. The secret of their destructiveness is dust — the dust which is produced in their manufacture.

For a number of years department experts have been studying the explosibility of carbonaceous dusts, mostly for the education of manufacturers and workers in materials which produce such conditions, and surprising disclosures of general interest have been made.

It is just about a year since the largest grain elevator in the world, the North Western, at South Chicago, Ill., was destroyed by the explosion of grain dust in work rooms and storage bins. Six workmen lost their lives in the disaster, which wrought property damage estimated at $3,000,000. While there have been many other similar explosions in elevators, flour mills and plants producing a variety of articles, that one was the factor that brought the subject most strongly to public attention, the department says.

Friction Creates Deadly Dust.

When wheat grains or other cereals are handled in bulk, friction produces quantities of fine dust, and when train and carloads are handled daily, the amount of this dust that accumulates about the plant, on floors and projections, is enormous. Dust clouds long hang in the air. It has been determined by the experts that this dust produces with the air a mixture as fickle and explosive as that formed in the carburetor of an automobile. It can generate gas explosions as powerful as those in rifle and gun barrels. All that is needed to start the destructive work is a spark. The spark on flames may start a slow fire, the flash traveling from dust grain to dust grain. It may travel through dust conveyors, corridors or blowers to distant parts of the plant, where, if sufficient pressure is built up, the explosion occurs.

Dust explosions, government records show, have wrecked well-built plants, thrown bodily loaded freight cars, turned into twisted skeins of scrap strongly built steel structures, moved heavy bins from their foundations, and in the case of the North western, blown out concrete bin walls seven inches thick.

Many Explosions Are Listed.

A long list of similar disasters is in the hands of the government investigators and not all are from cereal dust explosions.

An explosion of ordinary powdered table spices in a spice factory wrecked the factory, recently, exacted toll of six lives, injury to twice as many others and high property loss.

An explosion of powdered or confectioners' sugar, in an eastern refinery, wrought damage estimated at $1,000,000 and cost four lives.

Breakfast cocoa precipitated in a thick cloud from burning bins in a factory fire exploded, adding to the wreckage of the plant and to the loss of lives and money.

Six girls working in a factory producing aluminum articles were burned to death when fine aluminum dust from their buffing machines exploded in their faces with a concussion heard two miles distant.

Starch exploding in another factory resulted in 43 deaths and damages estimated at $3,000,000.

While handling cotton seed meal a Wisconsin plant was damaged by an explosion in that product and three workmen were killed.

Other Dusts Cause Explosions.

Any number of explosions of light wood dust in wood-working plants have been reported to the department. Leather dust, formed in process of manufacture, has also caused explosions; dust from various processes in paper and cotton mills, rice meal dust, feed dust and other grain dusts have all caused terrific explosions resulting in loss of life and property. Explosion of coal dust in mines has long been the bane of engineers and operators.

The government's study of dust explosions has resulted in the formulation of a series of safety rules. These include recommendations that the dust be prevented so far as possible and be quickly removed; machinery producing frictions be kept in repair and lubricated; machines generating static electricity be grounded, to be drained of electricity, and open flames such as matches, lights and fires be eliminated.

Enterprise Postmaster Holds Job Under 5 Presidents.

Ben Weathers Again Appointed and Confirmed by Senate.

ENTERPRISE, Or., March 11.—(Special.)—A record without a parallel in Oregon has been made, it is believed, by Ben Weathers, postmaster of Enterprise. He has just been reappointed by the president and confirmed by the senate. The office is now under civil service rules, so that he will retain it as long as his services are satisfactory.

Mr. Weathers was appointed postmaster October 15, 1908, by President Roosevelt. He has held the office, by reappointment, under President Taft, President Wilson and now under President Harding. Thus he has been postmaster under five administrations.

Even more notable is the fact that last fall when announcement was made that the civil service commission would hold an examination for the office of postmaster in Enterprise, as in other cities all over the land, only one applicant asked to take the test. That was Mr. Weathers. He had the civil service examination all to himself and he passed with flying colors.

Mr. Weathers was appointed first by a republican. After he had served out the remainder of the Roosevelt administration and all of the Taft regime, and a democratic president had come into office, aspirants of that party began to eye the post, but the postmaster's friends persuaded them he was a good enough democrat to be left on the job. When Wilson was elected to his second term there was talk again of replacing Weathers, but Sam F. Pace, democratic county chairman and for years a close friend of Mr. Weathers, sent word to Washington that he himself did not care for the office and the old postmaster might as well be retained.

Then Harding was elected and the republicans who wanted jobs cast envious eyes at the postoffice, arguing that since Mr. Weathers had held through eight years of democratic rule, he was entitled to no consideration from the republicans.

When the last day for making application to take the civil service examination for the office passed without any opposition in sight, Mr. Weathers had scored again. He had the place cinched.

The postmaster took office in Enterprise before the railroad was finished into the county, and for a month received the mail from stage drivers. When the railroad was finished and the first train arrived, the department had made no arrangements for carrying the mail from the depot to the postoffice. Mr. Weathers was authorized to give the job temporarily to L. W. Riley, who then was running a dray line, and he carried the first mail from the railroad to the office.

RESCUE HOME TO OPEN

Salvation Army Building in Spokane Near Completion.

SPOKANE, Wash., March 11.—"Put the down-and-outer in an atmosphere which will make him ashamed to stay down and out," is to be the motto of the Salvation Army's new $120,000 social and industrial home, which is to be finished and opened here some time this month.

It will not be a spoken motto, but it will be a psychological condition. The building represents the latest ideas in social work of this type. When thrown open it will become the men's center of the Salvation Army in Spokane, and in an emergency a thousand or more people can be cared for in it.

The big fresh-air basement will house a number of dormitories, showers and a reading and writing room. Then there will be a gymnasium, a soup kitchen for emergencies, an employment bureau and hotel rooms for those able to pay. The auditorium and officers' quarters complete the building.

THE LITERARY PERISCOPE

BY JEANNETTE KENNEDY,
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APROPOS of Max Eastman's recent work on "The Sense of Humor," George Bernard Shaw is reported to have advised that he go to a sanitarium when Mr. Eastman told him he was writing this book. "There is," he added, "no more dangerous literary symptom than a temptation to write about wit and humor. It indicates the total loss of both."

People who have read Mr. Eastman's analysis are not worried by such a suggestion, however.

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Frederick O'Brien, whose "White Shadows in the South Seas" has been one of the most widely read books in this country ever since its publication, has lived a varied life, according to a recent magazine article. He is reported to have been educated in a Jesuit school, to have shipped before the mast at 18, to have wandered over Brazil, Venezuela and Trinidad. Also it is recorded that he read a little law in his father's Baltimore office; that he roamed about England and the continent in the performance of very minor tasks; that he was once a reporter on the Marion Star, President Harding's Ohio paper. He was, too, a writer on the Japanese-Russian war and as a beachcomber in the Society, Marquesan and other isles of the Pacific he gathered material for his first book, "White Shadows in the South Seas."

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Richard Washburn Child is just publishing a new novel dealing with the occult, entitled "he Hands of Nara." It is said to be the "most powerful and significant of all the fiction that has come from Mr. Child's pen."

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"Life and Some Letters" of Mrs. Patrick Campbell is promised for early publication, and doubtless will contain many matters of interest to the admirers of her artistic interpretations of characters on the stage.

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In an attempt to gain a consensus of opinion from many American leaders in different walks of life as to who was the "greatest American," Arthur Hendrick Vandenburg recently wrote letters asking for nominations. Lincoln was chosen first, Washington second, and Franklin, Jefferson, Webster, Roosevelt, Hamilton and Wilson "also ran." But Mr. Vandenburg himself voted for Alexander Hamilton, and following his convictions, has published a very eulogistic biography of "The Greatest American: Alexander Hamilton."

The Hamilton biography by J. C. Oliver is considered a far better one, and indeed one of the best American political biographies.

A story of the stone age in Great Britain in "Drifa's Curse," by Blue Wolf. The action takes place at a period when the earlier Neolithic people were coming in contact with the slightly more civilized folk of the later stone age who were provided with crude weapons. The book is illustrated appropriately for the text.

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"Justice," Mr. Galsworthy's noteworthy play which has long been read with interest in America, is now being produced on the London stage at the Court theatre.

A comment in the Spectator contains a bit of information which should have as wide circulation as the drama itself, viz.: "Mr. Galsworthy's dramatic tract retains our interest in spite of the fact that what is probably the cause of its existence, a certain evil in our prison system, has been largely removed. It is a singularly depressing play, but those who are unfamiliar with it will not regret a visit to the Court theater."

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A fresh biography of Lenine by a Russian socialist, M. A. Landau Aldanov, predicts the ultimate downfall of the Lenine rule. He says, "nothing permanent can be built on hatred alone," and "sooner or later Lenine will become the victim of the Frankenstein whose parts he assembled in order to master Russia."

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A most intriguing novel written by Walter De la Mare, the poet, is "Memoirs of a Midget." This deals with the exciting adventures in the life of an elfin-like little creature who tries to solve the mystery of what makes the differences between midgets and the normal-sized. She ponders over the question of what the world would be like if reduced to her scale. When she relates that she stumbled and fell over a hairbrush on her father's dressing table when startled by a robin who "picked" at her through the window, one appreciates some of the disadvantages of being the size of a marionette. The work is full of a suspensive interest which holds one enthralled to the last page, for every incident is an event.

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In Mr. Richard Henry Dana's diary of his visit to England and Europe in 1875-6, called "Hospitable England in the Seventies," he tells of his impressions of many famous men and women of the day, for he was well provided with introductions and graciously received.

In Edinburgh he visited Lord Young, famous for his wit, and cites an example of his repartee. Alfred Austin had modestly remarked that he was writing a few verses to keep the wolf from the door. "Do you read them to the wolf?" was Lord Young's retort.

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A volume of literary criticism soon to appear under the title, "Friday Nights," is by the English author, Edward Garnett, and is to be published in New York by A. A. Knopf.

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At a discreet distance—Australia—James James wrote a "Guide Book to Women," which has been described as a book "of a million masculine chuckles," and the Boston Herald describes the author as an "irrepressible and irresponsible gentleman" who now has put out a new book in a similar vein of humor. It is called "Honeymoon Dialogues," and it is recommended for the "tired business man," but not for the serious-minded.

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When the great meet, the bystanders are often disappointed. John Luther Long, who was responsible for the beautiful story and play which gave "Madam Butterfly" to the world, had long wished to meet Puccini, the composer of the opera, says the Etude. The meeting took place in Philadelphia after hundreds of performances of the opera had been given in all parts of the world. Puccini does not speak English and Long does not speak Italian. Puccini, however, boasted one word in English and this was "Piffer," which being a little better Anglicized means "fever." Conversing by means of an interpreter is about as interesting as talking to our friends through a wet blanket. Consequently this historic meeting was reduced to a dialogue like this: Puccini (much excited and exceedingly warm, gesticulating with both hands to indicate his temperature)—"Piffer!" Long (confused)—"Piffer? Oh, you mean fever, heat—very hot." Puccini—"Si, piffer." That's all.

Oddfellows to Meet in May.

EUGENE Or., March 11.—Three thousand visitors are expected in Eugene during the meetings here of the grand lodge of Oddfellows during the early part of May. Committees are already working on arrangements for the convention, and preparing to house the visitors by opening the homes of the city to the delegates and their families.

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Books reviewed on this page may be procured at GILL'S Third & Alder Sts.

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A Successful Man.

Among the notable professional men of this country who achieved great success along strictly legitimate lines was Dr. R. V. Pierce. Devoting his attention to the specialty of women's diseases, he became a recognized authority in that line.

Over 50 years ago this noted physician gave to the world a Prescription which has never been equaled for the weaknesses of women. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found out what is naturally best for women's diseases. He learned it all through treating thousands of cases. The result of his studies was a medicine called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which is made of vegetable growths that nature surely intended for backache, headache, weakening pains, and for the many disorders common to women in all ages of life. Women who take this standard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting a safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it in tablets or fluid.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. Write for free medical advice.—Adv.

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Don't drug kidneys but get a bottle of old reliable St. Jacobs Oil

St. Jacob's Oil stops any pain and rheumatism is pain only.

Not one case in 50 requires internal treatment. Stop drugging! Rub soothing, penetrating St. Jacob's Oil right into your sore, stiff, aching joints and relief comes instantly. St. Jacob's Oil is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappoints and can not burn the skin.

Limber up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest St. Jacob's Oil at any drug store, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic pain, soreness and stiffness. Don't suffer! Relief awaits you. St. Jacob's Oil is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains.—Adv.

Weak Eyes? Try This Simple Mixture

People with weak, aching eyes should try simple camphor, hydrastis, witchhazel, etc., as mixed in Lavoptik eye wash. They will be surprised at the QUICK results. One man with weak, near-sighted eyes reports just a few days greatly improved them. Another case of weak and aching eyes was helped by the first treatment. One small bottle Lavoptik usually helps ANY CASE weak, strained or inflamed eyes. Skidmore Drug Co. and all leading druggists.—Adv.