Sunday Oregonian

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WATER LINES HAVE THE PULL.

All things combine to swell the volume of water traffic for Portland and other Pacific ports. Opening of the Panama canal started the diversion of traffic from railroads to ships, and depression of world commerce made tonnage abundant at low rates. Though cheap tonnage has caused much oriental cargo, which would formerly have come overland to be loaded on ships on this coast, to be shipped from Atlantic and gulf ports, it has vastly swollen the total of intercoastal business. Since the strike has impaired the efficiency of railroads, large quantities of goods are sent to the nearest port for movement by sea that would otherwise have come by rail.

The result will be to hasten the redistribution of traffic in the new channels that have been made more economical by the canal and by the availability of cheap tonnage. Shippers who have been slow to break the old habit of patronizing the railroad are driven to the water and, having tried it, will continue to use it. The study of traffic men for large merchants and manufacturers is now to find the shortest and cheapest rail route to the seaboard, the lowest rate and the quickest line of steamships. Railroads are becoming feeders to water lines for domestic as well as foreign traffic.

In this change railroads necessarily lose the bulk of long-haul traffic between the interior and either coast. On the other hand they gain a large increase of short-haul traffic from the coast to the interior. The effect is more rapid development of the regions near the coast, and more local traffic within the field of each line. Time will tell whether they do not gain more in this manner than they lose through capture of the long-haul traffic by the ships.

CABBAGES AND COWSLIPS.

Cabbages, according to Christopher Morley, shall stand before kings. In the day of the vitamine and the decline of monarchs no longer is there ludicrous incongruity in Carroll's phrase of "cabbages and kings." The buxom vegetable, of which it has been said that it responds to friendship more readily than any other in the garden, is manifestly of more importance to us than many a king. The nadir is now the zenith. So it seems to Mr. Morley, who maintained that there was excellent cause to celebrate the humble cabbage by national observance of a day set apart.

Granting that this is well bethought, and that good cabbages deserve homage before they retire to the kettle, one cannot see how the compliment could possibly enhance the present popularity of cabbage. The esteem in which sound dietitians have held it for many generations is greater than ever before, and arises from an understanding that the cabbage really benefits those who partake—through the gentle sorcery of its vitamines. The present has no more than analyzed the vogue of the vegetable in the past. For whether they knew it or not the fact is that cabbage addicts have been always in quest of the health-giving vitamine.

They turned to the cabbage, in the old days, as instinctively as rabbits reject this weed and approve that. And when the cabbage was not in season, they made shift to discover a palatable substitute. Greens, the good dames called them, those vicarious sacrifices to the almighty vitamine. To the uninitiate, to the proud, they were weeds by the wayside. To country folk and rural squire they were nature's supplement to a deficient menu. Given a square inch of bacon and a tub of newly-culled greens the proficient housewife could place upon her board a dish that teased with its odor, pleased with its flavor, and satiated with its sufficiency.

The dandelion, that bane of the garden, little golden harbinger of summer, was one of this choice company. To make greens the dandelion was always taken unawares, when it had no more than effected a vernal rebirth. Then the long leaves were brightly green and passing tender, and though to fill the pot required a great many of them, none objected to the effort. For the succulency of the dandelion is fleeting, and if it be not cut today, then tomorrow may discover it to have grown a bud and taken on the dark hues of maturity, when not even the presence of vitamines will tempt the bucolic epicure.

And there grew, hard by the marshes, without appreciable difficulty, a humble plant called the cowslip. Its mottled leaves in April were thick and fleshy, and fringed the cow-tracks somberly—the cow-tracks that were filled with the amber water of the swamp. Once consigned to the kettle the cowslip, a melancholy weed of the tarn, became within the hour a dish of exceeding gustatory joy—a dish fit to set before a king. Should any king decline it, why, off with his head! He would not be fit to rule. Lamb's-quarters, too, and many another vagrant of the wild, were of this company.

Genial old Dame Nature. When we desert her and take to urban ways, she cannot find us to give succor. Presently we are consulting specialists and embracing diets. But whilst we were with her she had her own way of teaching her children what was best for them, disregarding entirely what cost most, or that which it was fashionable to eat. She knew all about vitamines long before the savants gave a name to the indispensable elements they appreciate but cannot quite identify.

NOW FOR THE HARVEST.

Not all is gloom, and Americans have much to be thankful for, as the usually prosaic crop and market bulletin of the United States department of agriculture attests. This week's figures have even an element of romance in them, for those who are able to read between the lines. For example, a corn crop of 3,017,000,000 bushels is forecast, on the basis of its condition on August 8. This is about thirty bushels for each inhabitant of the country and gives assurance of a plentiful supply of corn meal, hominy, grits and pork. It is almost 200,000,000 bushels larger than the average crop of each of the last five years and is one of the five largest corn crops that the country has ever produced.

"As large a white potato crop as was ever raised in the country is indicated" by the official forecast of 440,000,000 bushels, or about a pound for each working day for every inhabitant. Hay grows tall and is exceptionally rich in nutriment, the estimated crop of 110,300,000 tons, which is more than 8,000,000 tons above the five-year average, telling only part of the story. There will be more than two bushels of apples for each man, woman and child in the United States, and commercial apple production, 33,400,000 barrels, exceeds by 6,600,000 barrels the average of the preceding five years. The tobacco crop promises to be enormous, being well up among the four largest in the history of the country.

It is assured that we shall eat, despite a generally backward spring that caused the pessimists to despair. In the particular that our primary wants are well taken care of, we are the most fortunate nation on earth.

THE FARMER'S SIDE OF THE CASE.

When railroad men and miners protest against reduction of their wages and make the plea that it will lower their standard of living below that which befits an American, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, who is an aggravatingly practical man, gets down to cold figures. He says that in 1921 the purchasing power of railroad men's wages was 51 per cent greater than in 1913, that of miners' wages 30 per cent greater, but that of farmhands was 4 per cent less and that of the farmers themselves 25 to 45 per cent less. A bulletin of Mr. Wallace's department shows that the purchasing power of farm products fell as low as 62 per cent of the 1913 level in December, 1921. It rose to 76 per cent in March, but has steadily fallen since then, being only 72 per cent in June.

As the farmer ponders over these figures he recognizes that the purchasing power of the railroad man's and miner's wages is in large measure fixed by the price of farm products, rising as farm prices fall and falling as they rise. Then, as the wage worker has fared better, the farmer has fared worse. The farmer would not be as well off as the workman unless the purchasing power of his products was as far above that of 1913 as the workman's wages are. He realizes that if railroad rates and the price of coal were lower, more of the consumer's price for his products would come to him and his lot would be nearer an equality with that of the workman. If wages on railroads were lower, rates would be reduced to the advantage of the farmer, and the railroad man would still pay no more for his living and would be better off than he was in 1913.

Such reflections cause farmers to turn coldly from invitations to join the farmer-labor party. They see in it a scheme to benefit labor at his expense, and, when railroad men striking against lower wages refuse to haul trains carrying his crops, leaving them to rot in the field or orchard, he seeks some other way out.

ALONG THE RIVER.

Often when a man lacks friends or purpose, or when he is plain shiftless, he turns to the easy life of the river. Any river will do, if it be big enough. Something there is about the smooth flow of its deep waters that is anodyne to his spirit, and though the world regards him as a lazy fellow, the hermit of the shore cares little for its opinions. A pervasive and simple philosophy, or the lack of introspection, serves to keep him well content. Though he is not a drifter, being bound by inertia, he is strangely like the driftwood that finds a port in the eddy above his shack and is left to bleach on the gray sand.

In truth, he has little need for friends or purpose. The river answers for both. It is the exemplification of an unhurried and titanic purpose, sufficient to fill the life of a lonely man with vicarious accomplishment. For unnumbered lifetimes it has followed this course to the sea, and the sea has received it, engulfed its offering, but ever the river persists. The thought of the man who dwells on its banks, however unconscious may be that fancy, is the thought of the river's conquest of time, and of its minimizing, by contrast, of human affairs and projects. Quite gradually its flow becomes a part of his being, until sleep were hard to arrive at without that ceaseless murmuring.

He never looks upon it without feeling a pleasurable reminder of freedom. The dank sharp air of morning is good to his nostrils, the smell of aquatic decay is tonic to him. Rupert Brooke captured and etched that memorable sensation in a line, "To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten unforgettable, unforgotten river-smell . . ." His are such sunsets as you dare not paint, for lack of pigment and for dearth of belief—unimaginable sunsets that kindle the dark flood and lay a causeway of rich damascene across the river. You may hold that he pays scant heed to these, yet the river holds him—and its scents and its sunsets are the breath and countenance of the river. The chances are that no pipe, since pipes were stuffed, has drawn sweeter smoke than does his of evenings, when the herons are winging back from the shallows.

The friendship of the river is an actual though unostentatious gift, or series of givings. When he needs a plank for his house, or a seasoned log for his fire, the giant stream lifts it from some distant repose and swims it down to him, to his very doorway. Once in a while it brings him a staunch boat, masterless, and sets it to swing in his eddy until he shall claim the salvage. And always it sends him fish—the chinook in season, the swarms of smelt, the blueback salmon, the steelhead and sea trout, all silver from the ocean. His nets take the sturgeon, armored and brutish and heavy, as it follows the long pilgrimage to the Snake. True, his needs are not many and are of the simplest, but the river never fails to supply them. From the lookout of his shack, perched on rough piling against the freshet and the flood, he watches his river for signs of largess.

An idle life and aimless. Quite probably he is the lazy fellow they charge him with being. He is a non-resident, moored in the backwaters of life. Yet while so many of his betters are scrambling in a turmoil with the design to capture and retain happiness, and are preaching new isms and recruiting new cults, this rather humble and entirely unpretentious riverman has attained content.

THE CRUISE OF THE DINGBAT.

It is the common ailment to fret for wider horizons. Forever we fancy that we grow no such flowers here as they grow there, that somehow the waters must be more cerulean over yonder, the clouds more sun-shot and fantastical, adventure more often to be met with. Yet we live within ourselves, and find that which we seek to discover, and if we do not seek we miss much of the zest of life. No reader of "The Dingbat of Arcady" can fail to agree with these conclusions, for in the writing of that charming little narrative Marguerite Wilkinson teaches that beauty is various and everywhere.

As for Marguerite, she is a writer of poems. As for the "Dingbat," it was an ungainly flat-bottomed boat. As for Arcady, why that was Oregon, her home port. The book itself chronicles the cruise of the "Dingbat" down the Willamette from Albany and into the wide embrace of the Columbia river. Tourists fare into far countries to capture the pleasure, the happiness, so easily overhauled by Mrs. Wilkinson and her husband in their brief cruise through a land that, to its residents, is not usually perceived to be idyllic.

Where most books of the out-of-doors are content with most specific detail as to incident, this author regards the spiritual adventure as of higher importance, and though we follow the stream with her craft, and are properly aware of its location and ports of call, the truth is that we follow Mrs. Wilkinson with all our heart. For, as she says, having lived to be thirty years of age without Arcadian adventure, and having but recently committed herself to the true enjoyment of life, the river is peculiarly her own. Hers are rights that no other may gainsay or contest. "Nobody else has traveled on it with my body, my mind, my heart." The cruise began at a sawmill, a whirring, strumming, practical sawmill, on the outskirts of Albany. There she and her husband fashioned their boat, aided by the advice of tall men addicted to strong tobacco, painted it such a blue as was never on land or sea, and consigned it to the breast of the river. And the river caught it and carried it out to mid-channel, and slowly began to unfold the panorama of green banks and musing cattle.

"That very night," wrote Mrs. Wilkinson, "we were to sleep on the ground. I wondered what it would be like."

Now many men have bedded on the ground, perforce or by choice, and though at the first they may have been lamed in every joint always there was the feeling that in some manner the earth-mother had filled their veins with strength. It was as though they remembered, through many lives until this last one, the ancestral host that had found the ground good and acknowledged its maternity. Those who have observed this singular truth will smile tolerantly to witness the conversion of our author. She writes:

> Our peace is in reality. This thought I have found growing near the gnarled roots of trees that have sheltered me when I have slept in the woods at night. Whenever and wherever I have found this thought growing I have found rest. The ground, the underlying reality for our bodies, that from which there is no falling away, is the best of all beds. It is the bed of heroes before they die in battle, and find rest in it forever; it is the bed of hermits who keep vigil for the soul's sake; it is the bed of the quaint company of poets who wander up and down the highways of the world forever, seeking the tunes that will echo longest in the minds of men and the images that men's tears will never wash away. The ground is the bed on which Christ slept in the wilderness. It is the clean refuge of the poor. Resting on it makes the body firm, the mind joyful.

They spent their first night on the ground, beneath titanic maples, the craft rocking at her anchorage, to an accompaniment of murmurous river. Yet ere they composed themselves they scooped out hollows for their hips, a trick well worth the remembering. The earth is not especially unfriendly if you know its ways. There came, of course, a night when the skies opened and the deluge descended. For a time the heavily-verdured trees above them denied the downpour, but its insistence wrought a minor dripping that increased to a major. It were well then for any wayfarer to be a true philosopher, such as Marguerite. For, so she says, she was at once reminded of Davies' lyric, "The Rain," which recites:

> I hear leaves drinking rain;
> I hear rich leaves on top
> Giving the poor beneath
> Drop after drop;
> 'Tis a sweet noise to hear
> Those green leaves drinking near.

Those who house themselves well, and are forever aware of draughts and chary of wet feet, will marvel to learn that neither the author nor her attendant husband suffered the least infirmity from their wetting—a protracted wetting, such as Oregon affords. They had, she assures us, "not a twinge of rheumatism, not a hint of a cold, though we traveled all day in the 'Dingbat' and slept at night in blankets that finally got somewhat damp since there was never any sun in which to sun them."

So roved the "Dingbat" down the Willamette, and met with children, grave-faced and gentle, who traded Oregon wild blackberries for poetry, and with farmers who offered a treasure of hay wherewith to make their beds, and asked no price, and with gardeners who parted with vegetables for no consideration whatever save a thank-you, and with any number of amazing people who seemed to have no other thought than pleasantly to expedite the "Dingbat" on its wanderings through Arcadia. The vegetables were very, very essential, for a low-slung bough swept into the river all cooking utensils save a tin pail, and it was in this pail that the voyagers were taught by that master chef, Necessity, to make lucky stew. Would you have the formula?

> Put anything you like into a very deep pail
> And pour on it anything you please;
> Stir it all up with anything you find
> Under the anywhere trees.
>
> If anybody comes asking for dinner,
> Serve it with anything you wish;
> But never, never, never, never, never
> forget
> To put a four-leaved clover in the dish.

The "Dingbat" docked at length to Oregon City, after divers amusing adventures and mishaps, was aided through the locks by some very genuine sportsmen in overalls, and so came down the river to Willamette slough and the profitable catching of palatable catfish. There they met the fisher of crayfish, who had been flouted by fate, and learned that folk are much the same wherever you find them. And there, presently, they sold the "Dingbat" for a number of cans of tinned salmon and abandoned the cruise, having not neglected to test the courage of the salmon trout of Lewis river.

Having read "The Dingbat of Arcady," one is first surprised to learn that such adventurers as her crew have passed without note through our very midst, and secondly to be reminded that the land of romance and adventure, together with its quaint and kindly characters, is at our door. Do you recall the wight who rounded the world in his quest of the four-leaved clover, and who found it at his own doorstep?

THE FUTURE OF THE ARTICHOKE.

Representative Sibley of Pennsylvania tells nothing that a few farmers have not all along known concerning the great value of the Jerusalem artichoke as a food plant, particularly for livestock, but he contributes to a much-to-be-desired propaganda on the subject the weight of a well-known name and the convincing assurance of a series of carefully-conducted experiments. The demonstrations made on a farm of which the congressman is proprietor would seem to give promise that the artichoke has greater possibilities than are now credited to it as a staple food for human beings.

French agriculturalists are in advance of those of the United States in this particular. While the rest of the world has been neglecting this succulent tuber, the French have developed it—with no very great trouble, it would seem, since it is highly amenable to the customary processes of selection and cultivation—so that it has a better flavor, size and color than the original. As to yield, there has been no question that it excels its rival, the potato, conditions being approximately equal. The common artichoke with which some of us are familiar and which our grandfathers raised sparingly as a soup vegetable has been known to produce a thousand or more bushels to the acre. It is not finical as to soil and bears rigors of climate well. "Perhaps," says an encyclopedia writer, "no vegetable is easier of cultivation."

We suspect that therein may repose some of the secret of its neglect. The thing that is too easy to do may suffer from having too much taken for granted, and even an artichoke may deteriorate if left to the mercies of chance and the unfriendly elements. It was so with the potato, the improvement of which was probably delayed a century or two by the circumstance that almost any potato planting was apt to be rewarded by results of some kind. But the artichoke also has been the victim of certain misconceptions. The notion that it contained a larger percentage of water than most other vegetables has militated against it. The truth is that it is rather less watery than the potato itself.

Pound for pound and ton for ton gross the Jerusalem artichoke contains more nutrients than the potato which has received approximately equal care. Its carbohydrate content, as Mr. Sibley points out, is slightly higher—18.65 per cent, as compared with 18.4 per cent for the potato. It contains more than twice as much protein, however, (5.3 per cent, as compared with 2.2 per cent.) The percentage of water is but 72.4, to 78.3 for the potato. It is richer in mineral salts, a not-negligible consideration. The minerals may include some of the essential vitamines, Mr. Sibley concludes that they do, offering as evidence the fact that sheep on his farm were in better general physical condition after having been wintered on artichokes than they had previously been, and in better shape than animals which had not received them.

With the average potato crop of the country at about ninety-five bushels to the acre and artichokes reported as yielding from 300 to 400 bushels (Mr. Sibley says that he achieved a thousand), the Helianthus tuberosus starts out with a strong claim to further consideration. Obviously the ultimate purpose of agriculture is to produce on a large scale the greatest possible results in proportion to land and labor involved. We do not omit to take into account the well-known principle that every element in a food is taken from the soil itself by the cunning chemistry of nature, but it is true also that certain plants are better equipped than others are to do this without at the same time reducing the land to poverty. That the artichoke is not a "soil robber" any more than the potato is, while it probably gives greater returns in its manufactured constituents, must be due to refinements of nature's ways with which not many laymen are familiar but which withstand the test of empiricism. The thing "works," which is as much as the average grower will be interested in knowing.

The mounting costs of meat and milk make a strong bid for a better, at least a supplementary, forage crop. There would seem to be a field for improvement of the artichoke, which ought not to be more difficult than the improvement of the potato, but the argument that it saves labor should by itself be strongly appealing. We shall be slow to predict that it will soon become extensively popular as a table vegetable, knowing as we do that people are extremely conservative in their tastes; yet it should not be forgotten that the potato, now a staple, was regarded with suspicion, if not downright distrust, less than two hundred years ago.

FITTING THE HANDICAPPED TO WORK.

Undoubtedly the course of charity is rife with blunders, not alone unfair to society but often unfair to the recipient. Such a conclusion is strengthened by Henry Ford's successful experiment with the physically handicapped—in the common usage of that term—as workmen in his factory. Mr. Ford has there demonstrated a truth that is of great significance to the world—namely, that nothing save almost complete physical incapacity warrants the support of a subphysical individual by the state or by charity.

"We are too ready," declared Mr. Ford, "to assume without investigation that the full possession of faculties is a condition requisite to the best performance of all jobs."

The assumption he alluded to is that kindly error which for time immemorial has condoned beggary and rallied well-meaning philanthropists to the rescue by charity of those who required nothing more than understanding aid and a chance to do battle for themselves. The tendency so created has been two-fold in its erroneous effect. It has instilled self-pity in those who, more than anything else, needed courage and self-respect. It has provoked a mawkish and supersentimental attitude that has not been creative of contentment and progress. The system was productive of cowardice, dead-weight and inefficiency. Not that we are yet ready to dispense with charity, but that it is time we understood the more practical needs of those cases which are not properly the objectives of charity.

In 1914 the Ford factory policy was adapted to the employment of sub-standard workmen. It was held that none applying for work should be refused work, if work there was, on account of physical condition. In his narrative, "My Life and Work," now appearing in McClure's magazine, Mr. Ford sketches the development and attainments of this plan and without qualification declares its success. The cripple has demonstrated that he can earn full wages, if but the employer will so classify his jobs as to discover that to which the cripple is best fitted. On his payroll at the last analysis of employed, there were 9563 sub-standard men. He relates:

> Of these 123 had crippled or amputated arms, forearms or hands. One had both hands off. There were four totally blind men, 257 blind in one eye, 258 with one eye nearly blind, 37 deaf and dumb, 60 epileptics, four with both legs or feet missing, 234 with one foot or leg missing. The others had minor impediments. Those who are below the ordinary physical standards are just as good workers, rightly placed, as those who are above.

In dreaming his dreams of Utopia it appears that Mr. Ford has occasionally dreamed and wrought to some effect. Certainly he has here both expounded and demonstrated a truth of tremendous moment to a world in which there should be, if ever it is to become Utopian, no drones. He has proved a fact that is vital to the workaday world, for that matter. Sub-standard men, by his theory and proof, have an equal right with their physical betters to useful happiness. Only a defective vision in economics has hitherto prevented them, all save the most courageous and indomitable, from realizing such circumstances. When a man is down he is never out while his own spirit refuses to admit defeat. The soundest sentiment is the sentiment which lends a hand rather than gives a dollar.

LAST OF THE THREE BLOODY PASHAS.

Death of Enver Pasha in battle in central Asia is an appropriate end for the last of the bloody triumvirate which dragged Turkey into the world war, led the rotten old empire to defeat and to the loss of almost all its territory, then fled to escape richly merited vengeance. His partners, Talaat and Djemal Pashas, both died at the hands of assassins avenging the wrongs of their peoples, but Enver fled into Mohammedan lands, where, at first in alliance with, lately in war upon, the bolshevists, he strove to realize his dream of an Ottoman empire restored to its ancient greatness and splendor.

Enver was one of the military chiefs of that army of mutinous Turks which in 1908 marched from Salonica to Constantinople, deposed Sultan Abdul Hamid—well named Abdul the Damned—and raised false hopes of a regenerated, democratic Turkey by establishing a parliament dominated by the committee of union and progress. Hope that the Turk had changed was soon dashed by the massacre of Armenians at Adana, and belief that he had regained his military power was dispelled by his disastrous defeat in the Balkan wars, by which all of his remaining dominions in Europe except Thrace were lost and which proved to be the prelude to the world war.

When Germany proclaimed "the day" for its war for world dominion, Enver was minister of war, Djemal was governor of Syria, and Talaat was prefect of Constantinople. Enver, who had been half Germanized by military education in Germany, became master of the cabinet and forced the grand vizier to do his will. At his instigation the Goeben and Breslau, in Turkish service though with German crews, bombarded Russian ports on the Black sea, provoking the allies to declare war after they had striven three months for Turkey's neutrality by offering to guarantee its integrity, but threatening its destruction if it joined Germany. Enver believed Germany to be invincible and, with visions of a great empire to extend from the Mediterranean sea, all around the Black sea and into the heart of central Asia, he led an army into trans-Caucasia. He made flattering offers to the Armenians for their help, but they knew the value of Turkish promises and cast their lot with the Russians, though the latter's rule was only less oppressive than that of the Turks. By a desperate battle in a mountain pass they delayed Enver's advance until Russian reserves came up and routed the Turks at Sarikamish. Though the war continued with varying fortune in that region, this defeat blasted Enver's hopes.

He and his confederates took a typically Turkish revenge. They ordered the extirpation of the Armenians by massacre, deportation and starvation, only the women being saved to become slaves in Turkish harems. About a million of the unhappy race perished in the spring and summer of 1915 and, though the Germans were accustoming the world to deeds of barbarity, a shudder of horror was felt in every civilized land.

Djemal led an army to defeat on the Suez canal, carried a reign of terror through Syria, was routed again there and gave command to the German, Liman von Sander, under whom his army was utterly destroyed. When Turkey was granted an armistice, Enver fled to Germany, where he was reported to have met Talaat and Djemal and to have plotted with the German war lords, Hindenburg and Ludendorff, but soon wandered to Moscow, and was reported to have been placed in command of the bolshevist army in Turkestan. When the soviet formed an alliance with Mustapha Kemal Pasha, head of the nationalist Turks and his deadly enemy, Enver broke with it and led the Turkoman rebellion against the reds in which he met his death.

Every one of the sovereigns and ministers of the league which the kaiser led in attack on the world's peace is dead or in exile. The kaiser and his heir are refugees in Holland, Bethmann-Hollweg is dead, Francis Joseph and his successor, Charles, of Austria-Hungary, are dead, Andrassy, the premier who prompted the attack on Serbia, was assassinated, Ferdinand of Bulgaria and his premier Radoslavoff, are fugitives, and the sultan who reigned in 1914 is dead and his three bloody pashas have died by violence. Turkey has shrunk to the limits of its capital, now occupied by the allies, and of Anatolia, the home land, where Mustapha Kemal holds out. So much for Enver's dream.

A CONVERT TO BLACKBIRDS.

A critic of the stage, writing in the London Times, recommends that all who have wearied themselves too greatly with the study of mankind—and particularly does he cite George Bernard Shaw—should turn to the contemplation of blackbirds. As for himself he confesses that he had no acquaintance with blackbirds until quite recently. He had regarded them as—well, as blackbirds. On a happy day one came to his orchard, and perched in a pear tree, and outpoured its soul in song.

"It seems childish," he wrote, "to record so simple a fact, but the truth is I am quite proud to have noticed it. I have read reams of poetry in my time about the songs and the ways of birds, but have taken it all as 'common form,' and generally yawned. Yet here is this persistent fellow stirring a new life, a new curiosity, in me, and prompting me to envy the placid tribe of ornithologists."

The blackbird is a sweet singer, for all that his lay is simplicity itself. "Like water bubbling from a silver jar" was not written of him, and yet the simile is quite truthful of the song of the redwing, swaying on the rushes. "O-ka-lee!" he cries, and there is a triumph of joy in the notes. "O-ka-lee!" The flock swirls down about him, its epaulets bright against the ebon feathers and the green verdure of the swamp. Something wistful wells in the listener. Scant wonder that the "placid tribe of ornithologists" will tramp a long mile to hear a bird song.

There is very sound philosophy in the suggestion that we spend too much time, or at least spend it too wholly, in the pursuit of practicalities. Once in a while we ought, we really should, pause to listen to the birds.

As a study in mixed motives, the act of the man who stole money from his sweetheart with which to pay alimony to an ex-wife ought not to escape the notice of the psychologists. There are problems in our civilization that Solomon himself couldn't solve.

Another treasure hunt in Oregon has been abandoned. Every incident of the kind illustrates anew the fact that the time spent chasing will o' the wisps is better employed looking after the real treasure that is sure to reward consistent and well directed hard work.

It might save time in the long run to perfect an accident proof airplane before setting out on one of those sensational air jaunts. Nothing seems to surpass the regularity with which the machines fail in the pinch.

It takes more than a few days of summer rain to make the forests safe from fire. Recent showers furnish no excuse for carelessness during the remainder of the season—a fact that all campers must bear in mind.

An Indiana farmer is said to have crossed an Arabian horse with a zebra, producing what he calls a zebroid. His next job will be to discover in what particular the animal is superior to the horse.

Putting the ban on prohibition jokes in vaudeville may be a recognition of the fact that prohibition is no joke, but more probably it is due to the inferior quality of the jokes themselves.

No settlement of the coal strike at this late date will be so complete that a mild winter will not be welcome as a help to restoring normalcy of output and price.

The golfer who plays 144 holes in a day is the modern imitator of the cyclist who used to delight in making a century run.

In a nutshell, President Harding is determined that the business of making the public the goat has got to come to an end.

The prospect of a bountiful fruit crop suggests that there is still merit in the canning club idea.

The Listening Post.

By DeWitt Harry.

MARK TWAIN undoubtedly would have found much romance in the Coulmbia river traffic of the old steamboat days, like that he immortalized on the Mississippi. Take the races between the Telephone and the T. J. Potter, the crack craft of their time. Ed Sullivan, now one of the river pilots, was master of the Potter and the Telephone was commanded by Captain McCarthy. Of course, racing was discouraged both by owners and federal officials, but it persisted, nevertheless. It is nearly impossible to ban anything that men take a sporting interest in.

On excursion days the boats would pull out about 3 o'clock in the afternoon from nearby docks. They seldom failed to have capacity crowds aboard and it meant quite a feather in either captain's cap to be first to Astoria and Ilwaco. In those days most of the vacation crowd went to North beach, Washington. If anything, the Telephone was the faster and usually would get away a trifle later and overhaul the Potter on the way down. The boats kept fairly close company and it was an inspiring sight to see the two fine vessels plowing through the water together. The feeling of a race was often kept up, even though the boats were not actually in competition, and neither master was averse to a little sport.

One time the two boats approached Kalama together, the Telephone in the lead and the Potter close to shore on the Washington side. The Telephone pilot began jockeying to force the Potter closer to shore so that she would have to slow up and take the leader's wash in crossing out. The passengers lined the rail and there was much bandying of remarks between the rival boats, for each had its loyal followers who would ride no other.

Just when things looked blackest for the Potter, her pilot managed to call up an additional burst of speed from the engine room, and as the Telephone swung in sharp for the Kalama landing the Potter's prow came in contact with her stern and the additional impulse, coming on top of the turn already under way, completed the movement and left the Telephone with her nose pointed upstream. To the accompaniment of vociferous cheering, the Potter majestically swept into the dock and the Telephone missed her landing completely.

* * *

Use 'Em for Bait! Use 'Em for Bait!

WHITE SALMON, Wash., Aug. 16.—(Special.)—Mosquitoes are so thick at Goose lake, in the Mount Adams country, that parties of anglers from Seattle found it necessary to seek refuge in the ice caves in that famous district.

It is, therefore, a good idea for the tourist, who is not hard-boiled, to stock up on muss-skee-dough dope to rub on the eppy-der-muss, or take something pow-ful strong inwardly and let it leak out through the pores of the skin to poison these woodpeckers before they get a chance to sit down and become acquainted. One verse-e-tile young woman from Bingen recently met the sit-you-ate-shun by wearing a fish net draped over her bobbed cascade locks (shining ripples), and over her beautiful neck and—bust me if it didn't work out to perfection.

But-it was a knee-z job for the skeeters to find on the tenderfoot a suss-septable spot to punk-sure and draw first blood, swell up and bust. The girls up here have so much iron in their blood that skeeters cannot take a drink without getting so rusty that they squeak.

BILBATES.

* * *

Sharp practices of the old-fashioned grocer, the sanded sugar and the ever-heavy thumb on the scales, have just about gone out of action, yet alleged humorists continue to use them as properties. Out Montavilla way is a feed merchant who is fond of a jest. One of his steadiest customers is a stolid sort of a chap who has a couple of cows. The feed merchant, with many an inward chuckle, had been in the habit of slipping one over on this sleepy sort of hombre when he came for his hay.

The salesman would whirl out a bale and make it roll along by means of the big hook used for handling, and then dextrously flip it on the scales and weigh the hay, hook and all, and then would charge the seemingly unsuspecting customer the top weight.

That hook is not figuring in any more deals. Temptation has been removed. One day last week the apparently drowsy customer called for his usual bale and the merchant went through the customary system, hook in bale, through the shop, onto the scales and then the call-off of the weight, hay, hook and all. Then the sleepy one stepped in and took charge of the hay, managing it with the big hook that had furnished so much amusement for the owner. He whirled the bale out to his waiting wagon and lifted it aboard and started to drive away, hook, hay and all.

"Hay there, throw back my hook!" shouted the fellow who had been having all the fun.

"It's my hook, I guess," the sleepy one replied. "I've paid for it enough times." He drove off, hook and all.

* * *

Signs observed in Portland places of business, mostly in the north end:

At a restaurant: "Eat here and you'll never eat anywhere else."

At another: "Two good places to eat—at home and here."

At a cleaning shop:

"I live to dye,
I dye to live;
The more I dye,
The better I live."

At a shoe-repair shop: "I live on old shoes."

At a shine stand: "Shoes shined inside."

At another with an inner room: "Ladies shined inside."

* * *

What's become of the gauntlet? Not so long ago it was considered impossible to drive an automobile without a pair of gloves with long wrist guards. Look them over as close as you may, you'll not find any gauntlets these days; the windshield and closed cars have driven them to the discard.

Disappointed.

By Grace E. Hall.

Ah! you are disappointed, I can see,
In meeting with this mortal self of me;
That is because you've known my spirit first
And judged me otherwise; but at my worst
I am no other than this spirit-thing
That urges me to humbly strive to sing.

No one, however great or good or wise,
Drags forth his soul before another's eyes,
Or sings with real abandon in a crowd,
Though, quite alone, he shouts his songs aloud;
And if you like my singing, please believe
My songs are real, nor sung but to deceive.

We mortals all are of one general cast
In outline, though through separate thoughts at last
We build a self that stands alone, apart,
Though few can trace the outlines of a heart;
And when the soul speaks first across the space,
Perhaps 'tis better not to see the face!

I could not sing, if my songs were deceit,
For all my notes would falter, incomplete,
And though I may, in passing, not appeal,
The truth within my singing still is real.
For I am but an instrument, and mute
Unless God tunes the strings and wakes the lute.

AT SUNSET.

The sun as a bridegroom cometh,
The wedding hour draweth nigh,
I haste to my western window
For an invited guest am I.
On high in all his splendor,
Oh, glorious crested sun!
And I watch him woo the colors
'Till he wins them one by one.
First he makes his own the clouds of gray,
With petticoats of rose,
Then amber and faint, glimmering blue
And crimson flecked with gold.
He woos them and he coaxes
Until they yield him all their charms,
He draws them nearer, nearer,
At last enfolds them in his arms.
And even the shadows on the snow
Take on a warmer hue,
And all the glorious shades of heaven
Seem marshaled in the pew.
Softly yet swiftly the vision fades,
The day with a jewel is crowned,
And I sigh as I think, "One could travel the earth;
One like it can never be found."

Time passes, I linger in wooded paths,
In the springtime month of May,
It seems as though creation's new
With the hills and fields so gay;
And here in every flower that grows
I find the sunset's radiant hue,
The mauve is in the violet, the crimson in the rose;
The gray is 'neath the birdling's wing,
In shady dells and towering trees
My eyes see wonders there,
And then wee son comes toddling out—
And the gold is in his hair!

"L'encore, oh, L'encore!"
With a happy heart I cry,
For springtime sings an encore
To the winter's sunset sky.

—RUTH WOOLLEY LAWS.

ENEMIES.

Distressing to admit—we all have enemies;
What though we aim and wish all men to please,
Still—enemies in human guise await
And meet us on life's pathway soon or late.

When we have truly striven and fairly won—
Some height have gained—some worthy deed have done,
'Mid well-earned plaudits, envy cold is born
And covetous hands reach out—of treachery warn.

Yet, if no opposition came, no foes
To goad us on, would we arrive, who knows?
The Son of God was nailed upon the cross
By bitter enemies. His gain, their loss.

The one who claims he has no enemy
Merely exists nor truly strives to be;
For every worth-while triumph ever wrought
Some enemy to undermine it, sought.

Then, undismayed, strive on, accept the plan;
Believing good comes out of ill to man.
The beckoning heights above earth's gray defeat
Are gained by conquering the foes we meet.

—JANETTE MARTIN.

TREES.

Like a drooping woman
That sits in black,
With pearl drops dripping between waxy fingers—
The cypress.
And the wind blows,
Swaying somewhat a shattered wailing
That even now moans
Into nothingness.

A deep cavern and the sound
Of pouring waters, dashing waves,
Where bird-cries stab the clouds;
The whirl of hurricanes—
The gloomy mystery of a dream,
All gather to tumultuous birth
In thy ominous grandeur,
Mighty Fir.

Yet what is human in a leaf,
An emerald leaf, or slender twig
That stretches into coolness—
Or in a pungent fir bow
That can prickle like a sneering smile?
Only that, like humanity,
Must they weep and roar their way
Into the gray gulf
Of all-forgetting Time.

—KATHRYN EASTHAM.

SUMMER VOICES.

The day speaks!
With a voice that the dew-drops fear.
So they hasten away to the blue-trimmed clouds—
The only friend that's near.

The day speaks!
A million sunbeams strong,
And the sombre grasshoppers flip-flop-quirk
Adds to the summer song.

The day speaks!
Until, in the hour of death, comes
Not a dirge, but a triumph note,
'Tis cool night's answering breath

—FLOYD H. WILKINSON.

MEMORY.

You loved me for a few brief days,
And then you went along your way,
Not knowing that