HARVESTERS' WHIRR CEASES

Umatilla Has Distributed Her Big Crop of Wheat to Ready Purchasers--Big Returns From Shipments

IN THE LAST FIELD AUG. 7. 08

By Bert Huffman.

THE whirr of the harvester's wheels has ceased in Umatilla county. For many days they have made music that meant dollars and cents to the wheat kings. It has been a successful harvest. From the time many of the wheels started, 30, 35 or 40 days ago, not a stop has been made excepting to eat and sleep.

The crop will crowd 4,000,000 bushels mighty close. No rain fell in the county during the growing season and farmers were extremely pessimistic. They did not believe it was possible for an average yield to grow this dry year. They declared that many fields would not be harvested at all. It looked extremely dubious for a time.

But when the harvesters began to pour out the golden stream and the sack sewers on the combined harvester platforms were kept busy, even pioneer wheat raisers took notice. Fields that were marked down to 18 bushels threshed out 24 and 26. Dry patches that were pronounced too light to harvest yielded 15 bushels. Foothill tracts which had been strangers to rain since early in the spring turned out almost a normal crop and now that the machines have been pulled into the sheds, the tallies counted up and the sacks paid for, farmers are really surprised at the result.

Almost a normal crop has been harvested in Umatilla county. Last year the yield was 6,000,000 bushels, but that was extraordinary. It was a third more than usual. Four million bushels is a normal crop, although that figure has been passed several years within the past decade and in this exceedingly dry year the yield will reach almost to the 4,000,000-bushel mark.

About 300 combined harvesters have been employed in the county for the past 30 days. Wheat hauling will now begin and the teams that have harvested the grain will deliver it to the grain warehouses, the flour mills and the storage platforms.

Already seeding is in progress in many places for next year's crop. The dust from the combined harvesters in this year's crop often mingles with the dust from the seeders on the summer fallow in the next field. It is a continuous process of plowing, cultivating, harvesting, then seeding, cultivating and harvesting again.

A Butter Gag.

From Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Slimdiet—Put plenty of butter on the table.

New Girl (who has worked in boarding-houses before)—Half a pound, mum?

Mrs. Slimdiet—Two or three pounds. If there isn't enough to smell, they may take some.

ENGLISH DISLIKE AMERICAN SHOPPERS

Prejudiced Against Americans Who Insist on Getting What They Want From "Shop Assistant"

From a Staff Correspondent.

LONDON, July 29.—American shoppers are not popular in London. This statement will, perhaps, be a shock to the pride of the Yankee tripper, but it is none the less true. Only the other day the writer came across this sign in a shop-window in Charing Cross road: "American shoppers not invited." I went in and inquired the cause of the extraordinary display. Curiously enough, the shop was at that moment full of Americans, one of whom explained:

"I came in because that sign attracted me. I am going to stay in until I convince the shop-keeper that the attitude is unfair to American visitors."

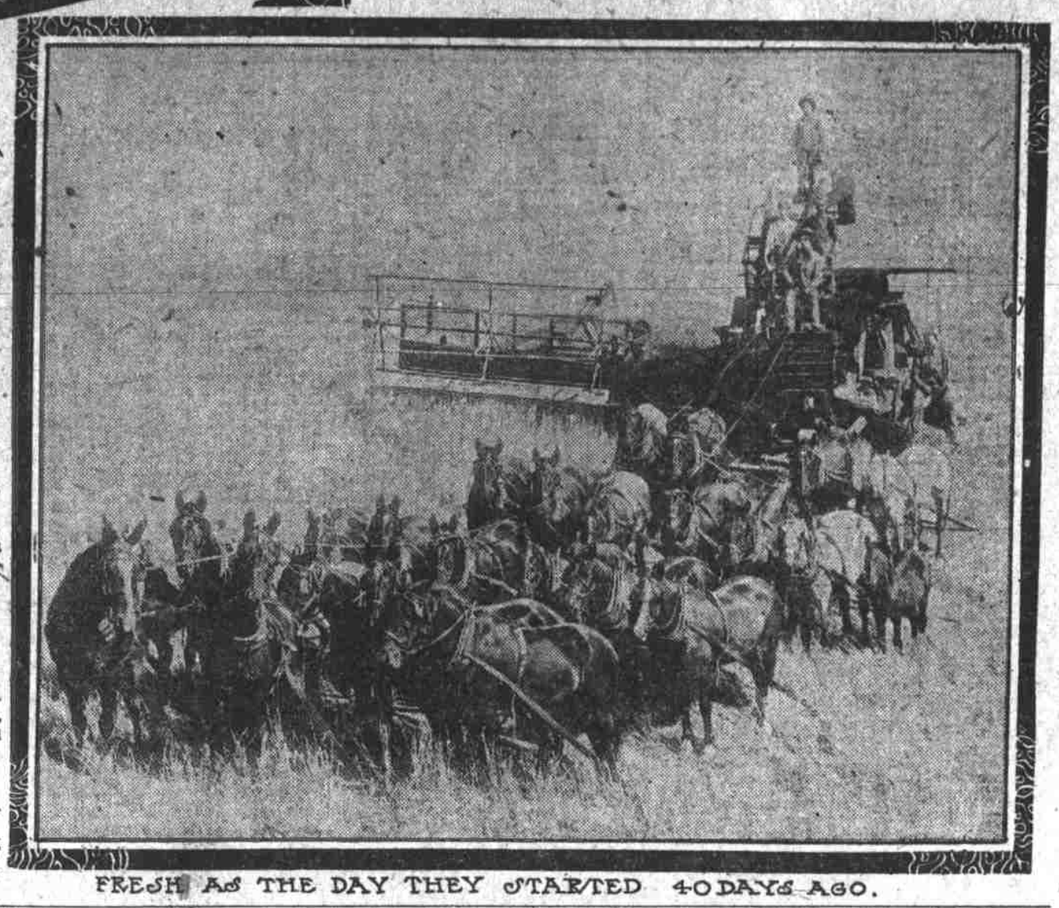
The particular shop was a second-hand furniture dealer's near Trafalgar square. The Americans were in there buying antique English bedsteads dating back to Queen Anne's time and paying big prices for them, just as if the beds were not "made in Germany." They were paying huge prices for Spode china dishes turned out last month at Doulton's London Potteries; and investing good American dollars in worm-eaten chests of drawers, worm holes of which were made by firing bird-shot into prepared "antique" wood just arrived from Nova Scotia.

And yet, the American in London—so the London shop-keepers say—is not wanted. Why? Simply because you cannot fool them all the time. Occasionally an American visitor knows a thing or two, and he points out, in the good old "quiet," incisive American way that this, that, or the other article is a "fake," and the average British shop-keeper resents being found out. A recent consular report issued by the American government, warning traveling Americans against being "taken in" by European dealers, is looked upon by the shop-keeping world of Europe as extremely "bad taste." Despite all consular warnings, however, an immense amount of furniture faking goes on, and a rushing trade is being done in the latest "antique."

Not only is the prejudice against Americans in the antique furniture business very pronounced, but it extends to nearly all other trades—particularly the drygoods business. When an American woman goes into a big West End London store, she expects the same kind of treatment she would find in one of the big stores in any large American city. She feels privileged to look at five or six miles of dress material, and then order a paper of pins "to be sent home." In England, it's different. Woe betide the American innocent who goes into a big London shop and fails to buy something. The clerks in the London shops are reprimanded by the floor-walkers if a shopper escapes from the place without making a purchase. If you wish half a yard of chiffon, for instance, of a certain shade, and the shop hasn't got it, you are expected to buy a blue-knobbed umbrella, or an opera-cloak instead. You are not allowed to "just have a look" at anything. You are not expected to examine fifteen different fabrics without definitely deciding upon one of them. You are expected to buy something whether you want it or not. It is mainly owing to this attitude on the part of he London stores in general that American visitors have such a disagreeable time; and it is just on account of this friction that Americans are so unpopular. The writer recently made a canvass of several large dress-goods establishments in London and tried to find out the reason for the prejudice against the American shopper. At a big emporium in Regent street the manager kindly tried to explain matters.

"You see, the American woman comes into the shop," he said, "with a definite idea of getting a particular thing—a particular shade of cloth, for instance; and, if she cannot get exactly what she wishes to the very letter, she is not like the Englishwoman—she does not take something that will 'do just as well.' She goes to another shop. Sometimes she will cause one of our shop-assistants (the name given to women clerks in English drygoods stores) to take down hundreds of rolls of goods and then she will walk out without buying anything. It seems to us that if she does not get what she wishes, she could certainly buy something else, something useful that we have got simply for the trouble we have taken in showing her our goods. But the American woman walks out, and, to make matters worse, coolly informs you that she 'thinks she will try somewhere else and then, perhaps, come back some other day.' We do not like that sort of shopping in England."

There is no doubt that this is the general feeling of all London shop-keepers against the American shopper. It is on account of this feeling, however, that one or two big American concerns are opening up business in London. They expect to do an enormous trade as they feel that even Englishwomen would like to do their shopping on American lines.



FRESH AS THE DAY THEY STARTED 40 DAYS AGO.

Shortcomings of Science

By Camille Flammarion.

WHAT is what we call science? What is not scientific in nature? Where are the limits of positive study? Is the body of a bird really a more scientific thing than its lustrous colored plumage and its song? Is the skeleton of a pretty woman more worthy of admiration than her structure of flesh and her living form? Is not the analysis of the mind's emotion scientific? Is it not scientific to try to find out whether the mind can see to a distance and in what manner? And then, how much reason is there in this strange vanity? That we imagine that science has told us all, that we know all there is to know, that our five senses are sufficient to approve the nature of the universe?

From what we can make out among the forces acting about us—attraction, heat, light, electricity—does it follow that there may not be other forces which escape us, because we have no senses to perceive them?

It is not this hypothesis which is absurd; it is the simplest of pedants. We smile at the idea of the astronomers, philosophers and theologians of three centuries ago. Three centuries from now will not our successors laugh in turn at the affirmation of those who pretend to know everything now?

The distance from Paris to London is great for a man who can only walk, and was even insurmountable before boats were invented; it is nothing to electricity. The distance from the earth to the mon is great with our present ways of locomotion; it is nothing to attraction—in fact, from an absolute point of view the space which separates us from Sirius is not a greater part of infinity than the distance from Paris to Versailles, or from your left eye to your right.

The separate which seems to exist between the earth and the moon, or between the earth and Mars, or even between the earth and Sirius, is only an illusion, though to the insufficiency of our perceptions the moon acts constantly upon the earth and moves it perpetually; the attraction of Mars for our planet is equally acquit, and we in our turn disturb Mars in its course in submitting to the influence of the moon. We act upon the sun itself and make it move as if we touched it.

By virtue of attraction the moon causes the earth to turn every month around the common center of gravity, a point which travels 1,700 kilometers below the surface of the globe. The earth causes the sun to turn annually around its common center of gravity, situated 456 kilometers from the center of the sun. All the worlds act upon each other perpetually, so that there is no isolation no real separate between them. Instead of being a void separating the worlds from one another, space is rather a connecting link.

Now, if attraction thus establishes a real perpetual, active and indisputable communication between the earth and its sisters in emencity, as proved by the exactness of astronomical observance, I do not see by what right pretended positivists can declare that no communication can be possible between two beings more or less distant from each other, either on the earth or in two different worlds.

Cannot two brains that vibrate in unison at a distance of many kilometers be moved by the same psychic forces? Cannot the emotion which starts from a brain reach a brain vibrating it, no matter what distance, just as sound crosses a room making the strings of a piano or violin vibrate?

I insist that it can and that also in this case it will be proven that the unknown of today is the truth of tomorrow.

Postmaster of Nola Chucky.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Postmaster-General Meyer, discussing the new 2-cent letter rate to Great Britain, said that it would enormously increase the postal business.

"The mail bags will fill quickly when this rate goes into effect," said Mr. Meyer. He smiled. "If such a rush of business had attended on the Nola Chucky postoffice the old Nola Chucky postmaster's ways would have escaped notice.

"Some years ago an old fellow was appointed postmaster of the small village of Nola Chucky. A number of weeks passed and the Nola Chuckians and their friends began to complain about the mails. And no wonder. The postmaster, it seemed, had sent out no mail since his entrance into office.

"An inspector investigating the matter pointed to the hundred or more dusty letters that the postmaster had kept by him and said sternly.

"'Why on earth, sir, didn't you let these go?'

"'I was waitin',' said the old man, 'till the bag got full.'"

Great Timber Tract.

Port Angels Corr. Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Nine million feet of standing timber on one 40-acre tract in western Clallam county is the record disclosed by a cruise just filed with the county authorities. This remarkable tract of timber land is a part of a quarter section included in the holdings of the corporations represented by the J. D. Lacey company of Chicago and New Orleans. The tract contains, according to the owners' figures turned in to the county for assessment purposes, 8,541,000 feet of fir, 303,000 feet of spruce and 181,000 feet of hemlock. The entire quarter section of which this 40 is a part has upon it 19,378,000 feet of fir, 2,079,000 feet of spruce and 760,000 feet of hemlock, a total of 22,217,000 feet of merchantable timber on 160 acres.

NEGRO'S BEST FRIEND IS HIMSELF

By Mrs. John A. Logan

IN THE magazine "The World Today," for May, 1908, appears an article written by Osceola Madden, who, if not a negro, is assuredly a true friend of the colored race. Under the caption of "A Colored Phase of Washington," is set forth the achievements of the negro in the capital of the nation, not through amalgamation and a struggle for social equality, but through wisely improving opportunities given the race to elevate themselves to a high standard of refinement, prosperity, education, religion and morality as a race distinctly apart from the whites.

Of the 329,591 population of the District of Columbia (comprising only 10 miles square), 96,188 are colored people. The total value of taxed property is $382,989,251. Of this amount $23,000,000 is owned by colored people. It includes churches, businesses, places of amusement, and industrial imposing edifices, and thousands of homes, some of them quite as pretentious as those of their white neighbors.

Of the 1,459 registered physicians, 78 are colored graduates of medical colleges. In the legal profession there are many more licensed colored lawyers.

The whites have 11 and the colored 65 of the school buildings; in the buildings for the whites there were, last year, 1,058 teachers and 35,356 white pupils. In the schoolhouses for the colored there were 517 colored teachers, who taught 17,382 colored pupils. In each of the schools the same curriculum has been used. Each has had its military cadets, athletic teams with their own coaches. No difference was made in the advantages offered for a thorough public school education.

The corps of professors and instructors has included graduates of Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Oxford and many men from the universities of France and Germany, as well as those who have studied in Italy and Spain, the colored schools having added to the list of their professors graduates of Harvard and Tuskegee.

The son of the late Senator and Register of the Treasury Bruce of Mississippi, Roscoe Conkling Bruce, has been and is now superintendent of the colored schools. He has discharged his duties with marked ability. A colored woman is a member of the school board.

There is also a colored register and assistant register of the treasury, recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia, an assistant United States attorney, one police magistrate of the six of the district, the auditor for the navy department, two or three chiefs of divisions in the departments, 38 policemen, 55 mail carriers and nine men in the fire department. A plan is on foot to organize a fire company of colored men. In the nine departments there are 1,450 colored employes, of which number 300 are clerks.

The colored people have 114 churches of the various denominations, whose pulpits are filled by scholarly ministers of their own race, while the congregations are made up of a majority of the colored population. They have many benevolent societies, social clubs and young men's and young women's Christian associations, hospitals, training schools of domestic science, millinery, dressmaking and such industrial institutions as it is possible to establish and maintain in the District of Columbia, where there are no manufactories, trades or manual training schools, except the limited provisions for these departments in the public schools. Colored architects have done some good work here.

As a matter of fact, the colored people of the District of Columbia have their representatives in all the professions and vocations that are practiced by white men and women. They build their own houses, support their families, take care of their own sick, bury their own dead, and are, in all respects, worthy of the opportunities given them to carry out the provisions of the declaration of independence, which guarantees to them the right under the law "to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

The patriotism of the colored race is attested by the record they have made in defense of this country during and since the days of the Civil war. The colored regiments of the regular army have as good standing for bravery, discipline and faithfulness as the white regiments, and the records of the war department will probably show that the colored degiments are nearer up to the maximum number of men than the white regiments and battalions. At the breaking out of the Spanish-American war the colored regiments of the District of Columbia were among the first to be recruited. Many of the lieutenants and non-commissioned officers of these regiments were from the colored cadet corps of the public schools at Washington. The white colonels and regimental officers of the regular army have long since placed on file the highest commendations of these colored officers and men.

From Frederick Douglass down, the colored people of the District of Columbia have labored for the advancement of their race. Though many of them have occupied high positions, very few have ever manifested the slightest disposition to demand social equality with the white race, but have, on the contrary, maintained their own dignity with their own race. There is just as much difference in the grades of society among the colored as there is among the white people. These distinctions are unchangeable, it resting absolutely with individuals the place they shall occupy with their own race. Washington negroes feel that they have nothing to gain by trying to force social equality. They are self-respecting and proud of themselves, and are ambitious to lead their own race to higher ambitions than social equality with the class of white people who are willing to receive them.

From the defiant attitude of the members of the Cosmopolitan club, it seems it may be necessary to demand interference on the part of the officers of the law to stop the demoralizing influence of such offenders against decency and society. Surely there is on the statute books of New York laws against the marriage of black and white people. Miscegenation in slavery days was assuredly the greatest curse of the south and is probably the cause of the intensity of feeling in this country against amalgamation of races.

The Cosmopolitan club having avowed their intention of encouraging defiance and violation of the law, the authorities should proceed against them and dissolve the club as a menace to society. It is regrettable that through the baneful influence of Socialism, such a disgusting event should have occurred as the banquet of the "Cosmopolitan club of New York" at Peck's restaurant, 140 Fulton street, when white women made themselves conspicuous by their association with colored men, and when speakers, of whom better things might have been expected, openly advocated intermarriages between negroes and whites, especially recommending colored men to marry white women. It was admitted that white men would not be inclined to marry colored women. Think of such a revolting suggestion for the future of the colored race! What could be expected from such alliances? Evil begets evil and the children of such marriages would inherit the baser instincts of their mongrel parentage and would never in any way elevate the negro race.

The report that the preposterous declaration that "a continuance of the negroe man marrying the white woman until the dark race would gradually "bleach" was greeted with cheers by the motley crowd should arouse every right-minded negro in the whole country to a righteous resentment and condemnation of such an unholy theory. North and south, negroes should stand firmly against such debauchery of the negro race.

No greater harm could be done to the colored people than to allow speakers or writers to promulgate the pernicious doctrine of social equality.

The foregoing proves that the future development and well being of the colored people depends absolutely upon themselves and that if they will only follow such leaders as Booker T. Washington and his coworkers who are urging the negro to strive for the development of character and the acquirement of knowledge for the welfare of their race, they will one day have a place of their own among the races of mankind which they can never attain through the revolting channels of amalgamation.

Queer Wedding Effigy.

From the London Standard.

There is a curious custom still prevalent in the Bellary district of India in connection with the wedding ceremonies among certain Brahmin families.

Just prior to the close of the feasting, a hideous effigy of a male figure, fantastically robed in rags, supposed to represent the bridegroom's father, is carried along the streets in procession, under the shade of a sieve adorned with tassels of onions and margosa leaves.

Every few yards during the procession the feet of the effigy have to be reverently washed and its forehead decorated with a caste mark by its living spouse, the bridegroom's mother. The bridegroom's other female relatives have several mock attentions paid to them by the women of the bride's party.

YOUNG WOMAN'S SUCCESS--By John A. Jayne

THIS is the story of a young woman, who, against great odds and tremendous difficulty has reached out and over unfavorable environment and has made a good success of her life; the story of a young woman who has made for herself a good name that is better than great riches, and has won for herself loving favor that is worth more than fine gold.

This young woman was not born with the proverbial silver spoon in her mouth. Her father, an old soldier, was broken in health, while her mother, to a greater or less extent all the days of her life, was an invalid. Father and mother, however, with the help of other brothers and sisters in the home, contrived to give this young girl the education of the public schools and by dint of great sacrifice were enabled to send her through the commercial course in the high school.

Early in life the girl gave great promise of being a most remarkable writer with the pen. While she was not good in composition, she was remarkable for her mathematical ability. Hence, it came that when she graduated from the high school, because of the beauty of her penmanship and the facility with which she handled long columns of figures and did intricate problems in mathematics, she had no trouble in finding a situation with a large corporation giving employment to a host of young women.

At the age of 17 or thereabouts she met a young man of good appearance and glib tongue—a young man whose romantic disposition was not held in check or bound to the post of common sense by steadiness of life and determination in character. To this young man, in spite of all pleadings, she gave her young heart. He bewitched her; he ensnared her. Then, while they were both under age he married her, leaving the state in which both were born and going to an adjoining state where marital laws are less stringent than in the state that gave them birth.

For three or four months love's young dream was delicious. No clouds appeared on the sky of their life. Then came a sudden change, a sudden shock.

And after the birth of their son about a year after marriage, the husband led the wife a veritable devil's dance. He failed to provide proper food, clothing or habitation. They separated, she going to her home, he to his. After a few weeks they patched up their difficulties, but it was the same old story, until, after a long spell of sickness, in which she wore herself to a shadow nursing him back to health and strength, he deserted her and the babe. In her trouble she sued him for support. She won her case. Then he left the city. That was five or more years ago. Today he is a wanderer on the face of the earth. If he be living or dead, she knows not, neither does his family know.

After he had departed for parts unknown, the problem of self-support came to her; also the problem of support for her child. She made application to the corporation by which she had been employed before her marriage, and with a full understanding of all the circumstances she was given her old position again. There she made good. She has been promoted and advanced, until today she holds a responsible position at a good salary, while her boy is a delight to look upon.

After consultation with her employers, family and friends, she asked that she be released in a legal way from the obligation of the marriage bond. She knew, had the proof of it, that the husband had been unfaithful. That release was granted. Today she bears her maiden name. Today she has won the respect and confidence of all who know her.

She is now about 25 years of age. Her troubles have purified her. She is living for her son. She has had opportunities for remarriage, but to all suitors she returns a gentle but positive negative. She says that one experience is enough, that she wishes to live for her son and her son alone. She has been welcomed to the old circle of friends. Not one has cast a contumelious stone. Seeing her one knows that he is in the presence of a young woman of culture, refinement and character.

It is a genuine success story, and illustrates the principle that truth, honor, character, will win even under the most adverse circumstances. She might have sat down bathing her soul out in sorrow. She might have gone traveling the gilded path. But she chose the harder road, the rougher path. Today her position in society, the recognition of her friends, the approval of her conscience, give her her reward.

From her life distills perfume even as roses crushed distill the sweetest of odors. Though her life has been marred, it has not been permanently scarred. She has made of her wounds stepping stones to better things.

To those who are bruised and in trouble, perhaps suffering as she has suffered, the story of her accomplishment should be an inspiration. For through patience, persistence and hard work she has risen to splendid heights and a truly noble womanhood.

Just Like Being Away.

Cates—Are you going away with your family this summer?

Clemens—I should say not. We've taken the screens off the house, put in a couple of smelly oil lamps, and are tipping the iceman, milkman, mailman, laundryman and the grocery boy. We're having the trip of our lives.

THORNS *and* THISTLES

By Cara Reese.

THORNS, also, and thistles shall the earth bring forth; so do not be in too big a hurry investing all your savings in a "little farm."

Because some acquaintance of yours has a 10-acre patch and henhouse and is making a "living" these dull times is no guarantee that you could raise an edible crop, either in potatoes and pork, or whole wheat and spring chicken, and to be stranded on a farm after you have lived in the city all your life would be the limit.

Buy your farm in prosperous times, when your friends might be willing to aid you in case the returns fell short of your respectable living. Buy your farm with an attachment in the shape of a farmer of the old school—one who studies the weather, and not too many books, and who has learned through lifelong experience that no two years are ever alike, and the treatment of soil and stock must in consequence be different and varied.

No two years are alike on a farm, no two crops correspond, no two yields are the same, but time and chance to them all. There are the rains, the frosts, the dry spells, the early springs, the late springs, the open winters and the hard winters; there are the drought, the mildew, the potato bugs, the ills pertaining to poultry, to pigs and cattle. Don't you be in a hurry. You know about as much about farming this instant as an infant in arms.

The first season might be all you expected in handsome yield and living and a few cents profit, and the next year and the year after that, and so indefinitely might chronicle only failure. You might be a dyed-in-the-wool prognosticator of weather and crops, a respectable medium between the material world and the plow, the reaping and the threshing machines, the implements of man.

Buy your little farm for fun, if you please, or to make the first start at a race of farmer boys and girls, and leaving the future generations to garner the successes. But do not invest all of your hard-earned savings and expect that you are now settled for aye, your living assured from mother earth. Leastways, if you do, keep close to the city line, a trolley ride distance from where the golden grain sprouts for times of emergency; an hour's journey from the source of food supply that never fails as the crops of earth—namely, the market; or a place where you may sell after you have toiled and planted and reaped.

There is nothing like wholesome farm life for the amateur when the purse is full, when there are no hungry mouths to feed, no family to educate. There is nothing more laudable than "back to the soil" when the yearnings have always been in that direction, when the training is inborn and when the mind is free to indulge in a certain tranquillity. But you have children to educate, you have no reserve funds for the days of emergency, the long waits in between the crops, the unexpected sickness; and you and yours will wither in the loneliness of a life apart from the throbbing life of the big city you have unceremoniously quitted.

Hard times? Aye, and the hearded fund is growing smaller. But this is not the time to pull up stakes, to make a wild dash for the life of a farmer, thinking solely of the "living." It is wise to keep with the crowd in times of stress. The city schools for the children, the patient corner grocery, the multiplied opportunities for picking up small jobs, the hospitals and helpful agencies. Keep close to the crowd, "Anxious Inquirer," when the skies are brighter pull out and buy your little farm.

INERTIA IS A STRONG WEAPON

By Cara Reese.

BAFFLE your enemies by your inertia, man!

Baffle all the fault finders and those who kick and those who throw mud and do their best to tarnish your good name; defeat them all by an appearance of limpness, or of being at rest, or in equilibrium, or a sort of condition as though pending a decision.

Do not tangle the situation for it is rather interesting at best to see the enemy stand at attention with bated breath, nerves on a strain and making calculations on your next move and how to meet every possible contingency!

Aye, it is a rare sport when the victim of this survey is tranquil in mind and bent on obtaining as much enjoyment as the attitude and occasion warrant.

The enemy cannot butt against a green cheese without coming off in somewhat of a mess, and the enemy cannot hit very hard against implacable armor plate without bruising the head; and the enemy makes but slight headway against a springy surface that yields and absorbs the shock intended to crush and jar; the enemy has but small chance at your expense, if you are of the right stuff and you have yourself in hand.

Not that holding yourself in hand means frenzy simply under powerful check, or anger controlled beyond a surface appearance, or expression of wrath and vituperation curbed out of respect to your own ears. There is but little gained if while you are outwardly self-possessed yet still you are boiling inwardly and foaming and raging like a maniac in a tranquil cage of flesh; but little gained by hatred and temper in the head, while a smile is on the face for the crowd.

No, real inertia is what is meant; in other words, do not care one rap! Relax yourself and let the stings and hard knocks and bits of mud come; brush off wherever you can without offense somewhat after the nonchalent manner of flipping an ash from the end of a cigar, or tossing a cent to a mendicant monkey; or give a twinkle of the eye and have a laugh to yourself over all the trouble the enemy is putting itself to, and all for nothing.

A tranquil indifference outwardly and inwardly is one of the best rebuffs you can give to a mean and envious crowd; to keep the enemy on the tension, expecting to see you show your hand and make a move of some sort is as keen a misery as the enemy is inflicting on you; yes, it is a greater misery, for the enemy is suffering, and he is spending bad days and sleepless nights, while you have dismissed the subject and are in mental and bodily repose.

There is nothing that saps the life quicker or breaks down the system or undermines health, than to allow the "flings and arrows" to hurt you or to rankle; if the dart finds the "quick," and there is a sting, pull it out speedily, and then forget; forget, that is the best possible thing; forget and go on with what you were doing before the interruption came. You can always encourage a sore spot in your flesh, sometimes to the point of poisonous festering.

And you can always encourage wrath and meditate on vengeance, and plan mean returns; you can always "pay up" in the coin of the realm and sometimes with interest.

But you will not find pleasure, nor repose, nor relief from suffering in so doing. And you will not have any fun after all the rough usage, no laugh, no sport, no merriment at the expense of the enemy. Try the other plan this once. Baffle your enemies by inertia, man!