GET A HOBBY and Keep Bigger Than Your Work

By George L. Knapp.

DOWN in Boston there lives a notable old gentleman named Higginson. He is a colonel in his own right, though he wasn't born in Kentucky, and he has accumulated a fortune which consumes seven figures in the writing. These are very nice things to say about any man, but the best is yet to come. He has a hobby. His hobby is music. We don't happen to remember whether he plays any instrument himself; probably not. But he has for years been the mainstay of the Boston Symphony orchestra. With all its boasted culture, Boston did not support the orchestra, but Colonel Higginson did. He has spent from $35,000 to $50,000 per year on it year after year, and, though the orchestra is now rated as self-supporting, it is probably so in virtue of Colonel Higginson's quiet subscription. One day a millionaire friend of the colonel's quizzed him about his musical expenses. Higginson replied:

"You spend as much money on your yacht as I do on the orchestra. Just consider that the orchestra is my yacht."

Now, between a hobby that gratifies half a dozen persons and a hobby that gratifies tens of thousands, I certainly prefer the latter. I prefer the orchestra to the yacht. But the point to emphasize is that almost any hobby is good. There are exceptions, of course; but, broadly speaking, the person without a hobby is missing a good share of the life that lies waiting for him.

For what is a hobby? Simply the work a man does for love, rather than for money or for duty. That is all. It is the work one does for the joy of the working and it helps to make all work joyful. One may and should enjoy the work by which he earns his daily bread. But if that is his only serious activity, he gets into a rut which wears deeper and deeper with the passing years, until at last he has ceased to be a man and becomes a mere working machine. He has burrowed so deeply into his work that the work shuts him off from the sunlight of the world.

From a fate like this a good, sizable hobby is the surest safeguard. And there are worlds of hobbies waiting ready to hand. Not many of us can afford Colonel Higginson's hobby and support an orchestra. There are men in every large city, however, who could do even that with ease, and who would get more pleasure out of the money thus spent than they will ever get from that wasted in the conventional lines of social striving. For millionaires there could hardly be a better hobby than encouraging and providing the best modern music.

But few of us are millionaires, and those who are not must have hobbies suited to their pocketbooks. There is no difficulty in finding such.

You can breed animals, for one thing. Pigeons, or collies, or terriers, or if you have plenty of money you can tackle the problem of developing the American carriage horse. And it will take but a few years of this sort of work to show you what a world of unsuspected wonders we live in. The life that seemed so fixed and changeless when you looked at it from a distance is as plastic under your hands as wet clay. An English writer—Youatt, we believe—said of some breeds of sheep that it seemed as if the breeders had chalked on a blackboard the model they wanted, and then produced it in the flesh. Any real pigeon fancier will tell you that no man lives long enough to master all the fine points of pigeon-breeding, though a close application for 20 or 30 years will help some. And the point is that the work is so well worth while, entirely aside from the result.

That is a hobby that takes a little room, and usually a little money. But there are self-supporting hobbies that one can ride in a flat. Woodwork, for instance. How many who read this can saw a board straight? About half. Yet almost anyone, by a little application, can learn to make a number of simple things in hard wood—things which will be well worth having, and whose making will have been a joy and an education in one. The tools needed are few and cheap—a brace and a few bits, a couple of wood chisels, a hammer, a saw, a rasp and a supply of sandpaper will suffice to turn out half the articles of household furniture that are made of wood. You can buy enough oak or walnut for the price of a shoddy chair to make a chair that will hold your grown-up grandchildren, and the things you make will often be handsomer, because more simple than those you buy.

Then there is music-making music, not endowing it. Of course, this is a hobby that requires more patience than most of us possess, and sometimes needs a little room as well. If your soul lusteth to play the cornet, do so—but move out in the country first. The man who would practice a cornet in a flat (pun not intentional) would steal a widow's pig or set fire to an orphan asylum. But there are plenty of instruments which give no offense to the neighbors, even when mauled by a beginner. You may or may not become a pleasing musician, but this is sure—after a year's practice on any instrument you will be ready to take off your hat and make three low bows to any good professional musician, for you will have some idea of the work—the colossal work—he has done to acquire his skill.

So get a hobby—get almost any sort of a hobby. Get anything that looks like a hobby, if only it will keep you sweet. If you have too much money, get a hobby that will distribute your surplus cash. If you have too little money, get a hobby that will save your coin by keeping you home o' nights. Spoil hard wood making furniture, raise collies, raise flowers, graft trees—we know of people who graf everything but trees; practice music. If you are a woman, there is a whole list of hobbies ready-made for your selection, which perhaps is one reason why a woman endures a lingering illness so much better than does a man. Anyhow, do something that neither duty nor hunger compels you to do. Keep bigger than your work by having more than one work. Train your hands, your ears, your eyes to exactness of work and observation, to get out of life everything there is in it. Get a hobby.

Uncle Billy Finney.

Uncle Billy Finney was a funny sort o' feller,
Mightn't be a cabbage or a tater in the cellar;
Seasons goin' crooked an' the crops forever failing,
"What's the use o' tellin' everybody all your woes?
Plenty of their own," he says, "the Lord A'mighty knows."
Never heard him liftin' up his voice condemnin' when
Others were disparagin' their errin' fellermen;
Smoked his pipe in silence till the argument was through,
"Ain't no call to kick about the things the neighbors do.
Tell you what," he says, "it keeps me humpin' every day
To keep my own feet treadin' in the straight an' narrow way."

Never talked religions; but he acted it so well
He might have been a Methodist as far as you could tell.
Never called the world a place o' sorrow an' o' sin.
"Pretty fine ole world," says he, "that we're a-livin' in.
Want to go on livin' so that when I die, maybe,
Neighbors new an' then will think a kindly thought o' me."

Uncle Bill Finney died a dozen years ago;
Not a dog or child but hated to see him go.
'Peared as though he left a place nobody else could fill;
World was not the same when Uncle Billy went, but still
Seemed to hear the welcome of the joyous angel throng—
"Why, Uncle Billy Finney! What's been keepin' you so long?"

—Lowell Otus Reese in Leslie's Weekly.

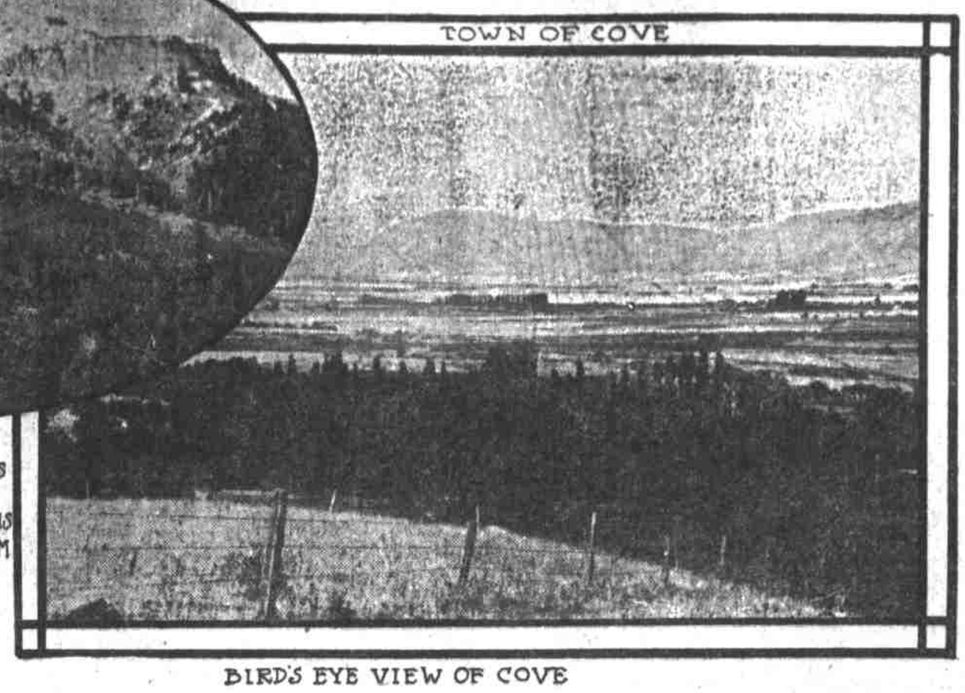
An unsuccessful attempt has been made to give the Indian city of Delhi electric lighting and street car service.

COVE, A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF OREGON'S BUSTLING OPPORTUNITIES

PACKING APPLES AT COVE

TOWN OF COVE

MT. FANNIE 7126 FT.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF COVE

PHOTOS BY STEARNS FELLBAUM

COVE, OREGON, in Union county, is one of the thriving towns of Oregon that is noted for its fruit industry. Cove is a short distance northeast of Union and is going to become one of the best centers in the state. That the town is growing has often been demonstrated. Strangers are continually inquiring about Cove and its surrounding country. The pictures above show what the Cove people are doing for the progress and prosperity of Oregon.

Much Worry Is a Menace to Your Life

IT IS as natural for intelligent men to think concerning days as it is for them to remember the past.

Man is so constructed that he has both the prospective and the retrospective glance.

Man is a traveler, who, having reached the summit of a high hill, sees stretching before him the winding road of new journeys and behind him past paths that have led to his present position.

Happy that man who can look forward to the future with confidence and over the past with pleasant recollections.

Unfortunately, however, most men dread the future while they fear the past.

For many, too many, there have been entanglements in the past that may work disastrously against their welfare in the coming years.

Many a man knows that he has spent much precious time "buying the merry madness of an hour with the penitence of later years," and is therefore fearful of the things that the future may reveal. Fear is born not only of the unknown, but also of the known.

In the books of childhood we read of enemies reckoning with remarkable precision the moment a man would pass a certain point, and running ahead to that point would swoop down with sudden swiftness and unsuspecting alacrity upon the defenceless one.

Today the telephone, the telegraph and the argus-eyed newspaper measure a man's tracks and bring them to his remembrance when he is far from the place where they were made. "It always snows," says Emerson, "when a man commits a crime." Many a man in life's today is afraid of the snowstorms of his youth.

Hence the worry that dogs man's life and makes it bitter. Worry, too, is born of financial difficulty, sickness in the home, failure to achieve the thing desired, and consciousness that while there is in the spirit the dream of an Angelo or the vision of an Eads, there is but the strength of a "Hewer of wood and a drawer of water." Because a man cannot be that which he would like to be, he worries and makes himself most miserable.

Worry, therefore, becomes the enemy of contentment, the robber of peace and the destroyer of happiness. As rust eats away the strongest of steels, so worry breaks down the stoutest of hearts, and like a moth cuts into the "precious threads of thought and character."

Worrying over the unalterable, the unattainable, many a man has brought himself to abysses of despair and chasms of darkness from which the gloom never lifts and into which the sun never shines. More mental and physical wrecks are attributable to worry than doctors dream of and hospitals know. When a man is worried nothing suits him. His food does not digest well, neither does it give to him strength for the heat and burden of the day. His intellect warps and his judgment is weakened. His spirit withers and his soul sours. His hand is against every man and every man's hand is against him.

Yet if a man stops to think relative to his worries of the past he will conclude, with Thomas Jefferson, that "most men spend their lives in apprehending the dangers that never come to pass." Most men know that their hardest trials are the ones that never happened. Yet they worry relative to the things of today, forgetful of the fact that having gotten thus far on the journey of life is the proof that they will have the strength to take the next step.

How often do you read in the papers of a suicide going to his death and then the words, "There was nothing known in his life that should worry him." The fact is that fear has taken possession of his soul, had become an obsession of his mind, and stinging like a scorpion and tormented like a scourge had driven him to his untimely end. For, as Dr. Hillis has well pointed out: Fear is an enemy that sits in the window of the soul and manufactures lies and listens for troubles.

It's Saturday night once more. It's been a hard week and you are tired and dispirited. You can count mistakes of the past by the thousand. The horizons of the future are lined with clouds. The song of the nightingale has turned to the croak of the crow. The lily of the valley to rag weed and dandelion. The merry prattle of the child to the mocking laughing of an imbecile. Sweet songs of life, once pitched in melodious majors are dolorously drow out in minors that are full of discord and grate harshly and hardly upon the soul. Worried, blue, tired, weary and dejected you are. It's Saturday night. After the action of the week has come the reaction of the physical and the mental. Six days you have been toiling with life's tasks or worrying over life's problems. You are a second Elijah under a juniper tree, knowing nothing only that you are tired and wearied of it all.

Tonight you are in danger. Your physical depression will react on your mentality if you are not careful. Your mental broodings will break down your physical life if you do not guard yourself. Now is the time to rest. To take a long walk into the country. Find some restful, relaxing amusement. Talk with some trusted friend. Remember that the longest lanes have turnings. That the darkest days break into light. That worriment can be conquered. That you can conquer it. That you must conquer it. That the sun shines. That the winds blow. That seedtimes and harvest never fail. Now is the time to throw yourself with unreserved initiative and splendid confidence into the truth that what most men call evil is nothing more or less than essential good. That evil is not a conqueror, that good wins. That though wickedness and trouble spread themselves like a green bay tree, they soon pass away. That they who are true to duty, truth and honor come in the eventuation of life to summits of character and plateaus of peace.

PERFUMES--*The Origin and Usages of Many Odors*

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE influence of perfumes, or, to use a more comprehensive term—odors—in the world, is unknown to the majority of human beings.

The average individual will tell you that a scent is a scent and nothing more.

It is pleasant or obnoxious, agreeable or disagreeable, as the case may be, or as the temperament or lack of temperament of the individual may determine.

Highly intellectual development—the development of mere brain, to the neglect of the emotional and affectional qualities, seems invariably to be accompanied by a distaste for subtle odors. The man or woman who has been reared in an atmosphere of cold intellectuality will be rendered ill by a perfume which charms and fascinates the more physical and natural being.

But there is something deeper than education or training underlying this sentiment.

I have known two sisters, born and bred under the same conditions, to illustrate the marked difference of taste and to demonstrate the large part which that vague word, "temperament," so full of wonderful meaning, plays in the little and big things of life.

One sister was repelled and disgusted by a perfume which awoke in the other most exquisite sensations, dreams and reveries.

A brother in the family was made physically ill by the same perfume.

In olden times and in oriental countries today perfumes have played, and now do play, a more important and recognized role, than here and now, in modern civilization.

The Old Testament is full of references to myrrh and frankincense—and sweet-scented oils.

The Arabs are said to be the founders of the art of perfumery; and the Arabic physician, Avicenna, in the tenth century, taught the art of preparing fragrant water from leaves, and Sultan Saladin, in 1157, on his triumphal entry had the walls of the mosque of Omar washed with rose water.

The Greeks and Romans carried the use of perfumes to excess. A patrician in Rome annointed himself three times a day with sweet-scented oils, and during the games in the amphitheatre the air was filled with sweet odors ascending from censers arranged in a circle.

Mohammed promises in the Koran to the faithful a Paradise filled with houris whose bodies are composed of pure musk.

In more ancient religions the sense of smell has seemed to be considered as worthy of consideration as that of sight or hearing.

Queen Elizabeth used perfumes with great extravagance; she regarded them as among the necessities of life. Louis XV of France demanded a different odor every day for his apartments. In that age a lover used the same perfume that his lady chose.

Just as our early Christian fathers turned against becoming apparel, and frequent baths, because of the extravagance to which both dressing and bathing were carried by the decadent Romans, so, doubtless, they turned against perfumes, and this distaste for one of the subtle refinements of life was a marked peculiarity of the Puritans.

Whenever there is a decidedly unemotional nature, or a nature which has been repressed until its emotions are dwarfed, a distaste for perfumery usually exists.

Without question the love of perfumes is more closely allied to our animal natures than to our divine kinship. Our spirits are immortal, ever-existing, everlasting, coming straight from the source. Our bodies have evolved from lower orders, and through these various evolutions we retain our relationship to the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdom.

Animals, insects and birds are keenly susceptible to scents.

It is by an odor that the male attracts or is attracted to its mate.

I once visited a large manufactory where perfumes are made. In one small room there was stored over one quarter of a million dollars' worth of rare oils and powers, used in the production of extracts and toilet waters. They came from every part of the world.

One ounce bottle of powerful oil was valued at $150. Its odor was rank and offensive; yet a half drop, used with a gallon of other ingredients, produced the most delicate and delicious of perfumes. Tons of rare flowers had been pressed and distilled to obtain this ounce bottle of oil.

In this same establishment, the largest probably in America, I saw more than a thousand musk pods, each pod valued at $22. Each represents the death of a deer.

How many people who use musk know whence it comes? Musk is a scent sac—growing on the wild deer in Asia. It is given the male animal to attract the female, who follows where the odor leads. The sac is as large as an English walnut, and its contents permeate a hogshead of alcohol with the rank and violent odor of musk. The first human beings to bring this scent into use were the courtesans of olden times, who employed it as do the deers—to attract followers.

Its use today, save when hidden and blended with other ingredients, is wholly inconsistent with any degree of refinement.

There are exquisite perfumes which, with some temperaments, awaken the best and highest impulses; there are others which increase the emotional nature; other stir the appetites and passions, and still others resurrect memories, of times here, and heretofore, of old incarnations, as well as departed years on earth.

Personally speaking, perfumes are a source of exquisite delight to me. I have frequently found a dull day of commonplace cares and anxieties changed into a season of beauty and reverence by a waft of perfume. A task which seemed impossible became easy of accomplishment, and a duty which was dreaded, turned into a pleasure, by the same subtle necromancy of a scent.

Faces forgotten, experiences outlived, joys and sorrows outgrown, have all risen again to new life and expression through a subtle odor wafted from the laces of a stranger on the street—or rising from an old chest, or a long, closed drawer.

The vegetable, floral and animal kingdom all enter into perfumes, but the floral kingdom lends the greater influence.

There was a renowned perfumer who claimed that odors formed harmonic scale; that they were in a sense as "musical" as sound waves, and that the olfactory nerve had the same organization as the acoustic nerve.

More than 200 different substances are now known and used in the preparation of perfumes and new odiferous plants are discovered each year.

As our country grows older, its taste for rare perfumes will develop, and the day may come when the American man will select his lady's perfume as his own—and when he will burn incense from swinging censers during football and baseball games.

Since we are drifting into so many of the coarser and more obnoxious habits of Greece and Rome and France before the revolution, why not cultivate some of their subtle refinements.

Yet of one fact we must remain aware—the man who uses perfumes to any marked degree is degenerating from virile, aggressive masculinity to weakness and effeminacy.

However, he may love sweet odors, man must employ them with great subtleness—in vases, lamps and sconces, in walls and hangings—never in his apparel.

For, unlike the wild deer of Asia, the man who leaves a trail of strong perfume in his wake, instead of attracting repels.

Beware of him.

The Tickets.

The good old names hang on,
Nor does their luster fade.
One ticket is Bill and John,
The other, Bill and Jim.

—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Simple Life in Finland

From the Ladies' Pictorial.

In Finland everybody lives the simple life in summer time. They camp out on islands, in the forests, and always somewhere near the water, for everybody swims and bathes. Almost all classes sleep and eat al fresco at this time of year, and the town councils in the towns of this progressive and altogether delightful little country provide public fireplaces and public bathing sheds in all places where the working classes go in search of fresh air.

But the simple life is by no means dull with the frisky Finns. They combine it with a surprising amount of gayety. They eat, drink and are merry in their picturesque little log cabins outside the cities.

When they are tired of bathing and splashing they dance, they sing, they watch fireworks and practice gymnastics, they all become like children and are the very happiest, merriest, most good natured, most easily pleased and most healthy holiday makers in the world. We might take many leaves from the Finns' book.

WITH JOAQUIN MILLER ON THE HEIGHTS

Visit to the Poet of the Sierras in His Home in the Berkeley Hills--Many Acres in Trees Planted by the Bard

By J. B. Horner.

BEFORE the days of books, pilgrimages were common. Men, young and old, traveled long distances on slow beasts of burden that they might see strange lands or sit at the feet of some sage who had spent his life in thinking. Then the pilgrims returned to their homes where they repeated these words of wisdom to their children, and afterward to their children's children.

Nor has this custom gone entirely into disuse. Now and then there is one among the gifted and generous wise enough to set some of his time apart for others. He makes it his business to be a sage. He overflows with wisdom until his mind becomes a fountain of knowledge. And contemporaneous with him are those who have labored so faithfully during the busy days that they feel they are entitled to sit at the feet of this aged man, who perchance, like Joaquin Miller, has spoken and penned some of the finest sentiments written in English. Such was recently my pleasure; and I know the luxury of this enjoyment.

Recently an Oakland electric car was sweeping through Fruitvale, a suburban village. One of the passengers, a woman of religious turn of mind, requested the conductor to stop at the Pilgrimage, which she believed to be a shrine connected with the churches, colleges and convents we had left on our journey. Upon coming to the Pilgrimage, the car halted and soon the lady was in the cool shade of the arbors in a frame of mind almost devotional. Presently a polite waiter appeared and inquired what refreshments she would prefer—wine or beer. This one question came like a thundershock, disrupting her serious state of mind so suddenly that she denounced the obliging waiter as impertinent and insolent and condemned the place as hilarious. Being the captain of our company she commanded the party to leave the town of Dimit and start up the Heights, our point of destination. As I was camera bearer, I obeyed orders.

Our ascent of the winding way—gradual and somewhat measured—was shaded by rows of the eucalyptus. The Greek word Eucalyptus means a beautiful cover; and it is so applicable to this tree that it must have been introduced by some ancient artist who knew the precious weight of meaning belonging to good words. When we were hot in the shade we were in full view of the sun and the sea, both of which were gleaming. It looked like a Sunday afternoon; and looks were not deceptive in California that day.

The road is lined with fruit ranches. Here and there interspersed were poultry yards of chickens, pigeons and turkeys that would do credit to the suburbs of any city. Some pretty winding ways lure the party onward until we catch a glimpse of the poet's woodland, which a few years ago was a barren rocky ledge. The poet, who believes that man should literally earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, has planted his acres of upland in eucalyptus, cedar and cypress until his home is surrounded with a forest that would have been as delightful to Dean Swift as were the elm groves of Ireland.

We may find the poet somewhere in his merry woods which are chiming with the songs of birds. He believes that tree and bird and everything else is either beautiful or trying to be beautiful. Upon seeing us he ceases his meditations to greet his friends. He greets all men—rich and poor alike; for he believes that every one with the breath of God in his nostrils is good or trying in his poor blind way as best he may to be good. Millionaire or tramp, the poet remembers every one he has met or known.

After a few words of kindly welcome we are escorted to his Theseum, where he thinks out many of his best themes. Here at present he is revising his works—refining what he has written, so to speak, as the miner with his gold pan washes and washes the wealth he has found, then takes it through the ordeal of the gold dust pan. Now and then perchance he employs the crucible that the gold he selects may pass anywhere and everywhere in the mints of the world. He says books rarely enter this place. In fact, he believes there are too many books, for books are merely glasses through which folks may look. Lamps and candles are not in evidence, for the poet rises and retires with the birds. He never believed in the special gift of poetic genius. He says:

"Let us call genius a devout and all-pervading love for the sublime, the beautiful and the good. Genius is love that is born of this truth, leading ever by plain and simple ways, and true toil and care—as all nature toils and cares, and God toils and cares * * * and when your great poet comes, as surely he will and soon, do not mock because he goes apart from folly or trade to meditate. Ever from the first the prophets went up into the mountain to pray. A poet need not be eccentric to turn apart from getting and getting. In truth he would be no real poet if he did not. A good poet need not be a bad man. He may not be a better man than yourself, but he is not necessarily worse for being a poet. I repeat he is merely a sincere plain human being in love with the beautiful world 'and all that is His.'"

A few kind words about his deceased mother and his loving daughter, and the bard calls to mind his acquaintance with Phil Metschan, Senator Nesmith, the Applegates and some more of the first sons of Oregon. Then the party dines with him in his comfortable but unpretentious apartments where all are reminded by what they see that his is the simple life. If you are an Oregonian, Oregon folk lore will be the topic of the conversation till a late hour bids you homeward.

But you must see the poet's last resting place before you leave. After you have followed a zigzag road a short distance you come to a rustic gate approached by a wall of stone which the Sierran bard has put in place. Then up the summit where we face the pyre he erected for his cremation in fulfillment of his song:

"When the first quarter of my race is run,
Let me ascend in clouds up to the sun."

It is a credit to a country and an honor to a man that he may live three score years and ten; but it requires bravery leading up to complete self-possession for a man to survey the future, build his own pyre and then stand on the same mountain as did Joaquin Miller and serenely say of death:

"With folded hands I wait and welcome him."

Dante might say as much; but who, since the days of the prophets, hath spoken greater things?

After meditating upon such reflections as the crematory suggests and observing the scenery that environs the Heights, we descend to the home of the poet, and discover that he grows tender as we linger on the lawn that approaches his gateway. The common brotherhood of man is the theme of his monologue as we are about to depart. This has been the burden of his life song; and since he pronounced it in substance as a benediction upon our departure, we now give it in full:

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other
In blackness of heart? that we war to the knife?
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

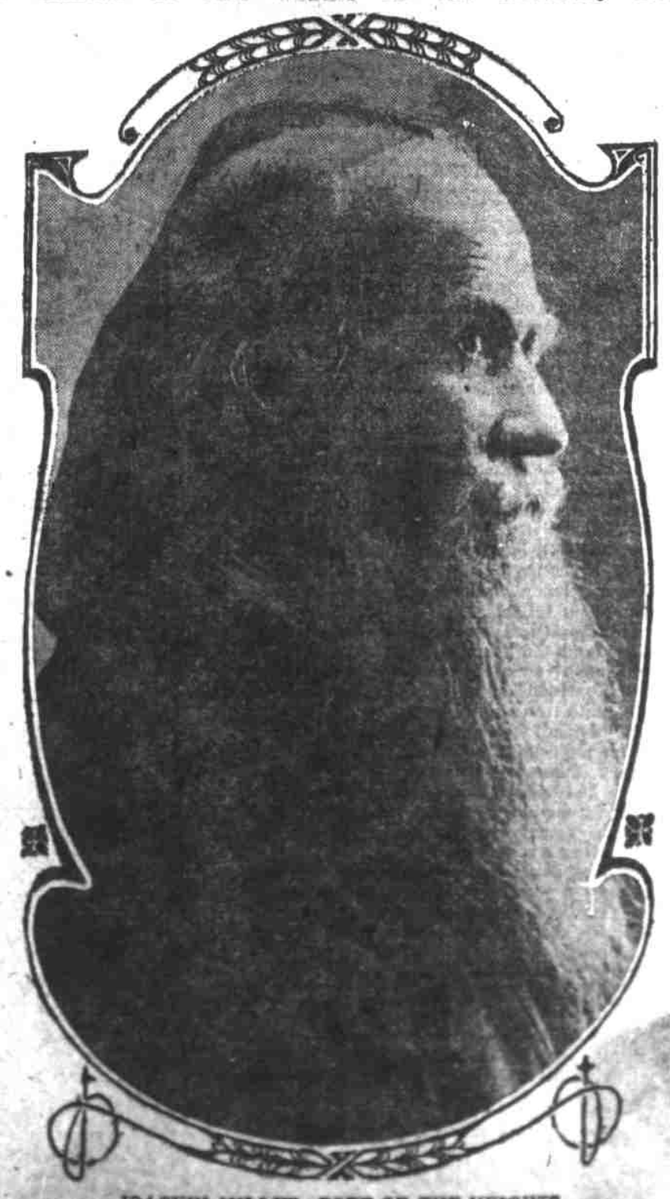
God pity us all as we jostle each other;
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel
When a fellow goes down; poor heart-broken brother,
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,
And migthier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey
On over the isthmus down into the tide,
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,
Ere folding the hands to be and abide
For ever and aye in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain—
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,
And dotes in his heart on his peril and pain,
Shamed by the brutes that go down on the plain.

Why should you envy a moment of pleasure
Some poor fellow mortal has wrung from it all?
Oh! could you look into his life's broken measure—
Look at the dregs—at the wormwood and gall—
Look at his heart hung with crape like a pall—

Look at the skeletons by his hearthstone—
Look at his cares in their merciless sway,
I know you would go and say tenderly, lowly,
Brother, my brother, for aye and a day,
Lo! Lethe is washing the blackness away.



JOAQUIN MILLER, POET OF THE HEIGHTS.

Bound to Come.

From the Scio News.

Compulsory bank insurance is sure to in time become the policy of every state in the union as well as the union itself. And the source whence springs the bitter attack of the Oregonian against the guaranty deposits plan is attributable to its hatred of Mr. Bryan rather than to the plan itself. It knows the guaranty principle is right and, when fairly understood, will be overwhelmingly adopted by the people. The Oregonian will do well to get out of the way of the steam roller of progress.