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Here's Heroine Work Is Done

By Ada Patterson

On the east coast of these United States they have adopted a new standard of comparison. They are saying "As faithful as Katie Walker."

Managers of mercantile houses use it in putting candidates for work through the third degree. I heard my dressmaker address it to a clock watcher who pouted when she discovered that the timepiece in the workroom had gained a quarter of an hour during the day, and she settled petulantly to finishing a seam. An editor made use of it in trying to convince a new office boy that "I forgot" is not an adequate excuse. It may come as often to tongues as did "A message to Garcia."

Katie Walker is a woman whom the United States government has discharged from its service with honorable mention. She has been mentioned because for 33 years she never failed to perform her duty.

Katie Walker is the little lighthouse keeper, who until March 1 kept the beacon burning at the entrance to New York harbor. The sailors who passed the low, round, brown, cone shaped house on the shoals, called the beacon "Katie's Light." The official of the lighthouse bureau, who told her that the government had decided that she had earned a rest from her vigils, remarked as he sealed and stamped her release: "She has been a faithful worker. She did more than her share and she never complained."

Did Not Like the Work

It is our habit to say of the scientist who spends his life chasing an elusive microbe, or the gardener who looks all his days for a new form of flower, or the pianist who practices six hours a day: "He has found his work. It is the work he is born for. He is doing the thing he likes." But we cannot truthfully say this of Katie Walker.

She didn't like being the only woman in the world who kept a lighthouse entirely surrounded by water. A lighthouse on a tongue of land extending into the water is a different matter. On such a home one may descend to firm ground. She may have the pleasure of keeping a garden. But Katie Walker said to me with an unaccustomed twinkle in her usually calm gray eye used to looking far distances, "We raise vegetables here, with a wave of her firm brown hand at the tumbling blue waters that foamed about her home, "by a rope and basket."

No, Katie didn't like it; when her husband, who had been the lighthouse keeper at Handy Hook, brought her to Robbins Reef she sat down beside one of the little round windows, like the port hole of a steamer, and cried aloud, "I can't stay here," she said. "The water makes me too lonesome." But she did stay. When after he had been keeping the light for a short while, he caught cold and contracted pneumonia and was taken to a hospital on Staten Island, she remained at her wave surrounded home.

She Understood

"Someone must tend the light," she said. When one night a boat loomed gray out of the darkness and a voice called up to her, "I'm sorry to tell you your husband is worse," she answered, "I know he is dead." But she understood. For months and years the government tried to find a male lighthousekeeper to take this post at Robbins Reef. Katie Walker was ready to move at the notice that the post had been filled. But no man would accept the job. "The place is too desolate," they said and stoutly resisted all arguments. So Katie stayed on for 30 years.

She saw awful sights in those 30 years. One was a passenger ship on fire. She and her little children were in the midst of an ice floe that ground against the low built lighthouse. She says she felt that she was living in a valley of stones with mountains of ice about to fall upon them. She packed the bedding and wrapped her children and herself in their warmest clothes. They were ready, when they were sure the lighthouse would be ground to pieces, to step upon a cake of ice. For three days the floe threatened their lives.

In the winter she seemed never to sleep. For three or four hours she seemed to doze but her eyes were never closed. Winter is a time of storms. If she permitted herself to fall into a brief sleep she drifted into a dream in which she heard cries. They were the cries of women and children being shipwrecked because Katie's light had gone out.

Alone at Christmas

Every Christmas for 30 years she spent alone. She sent her son and daughter ashore because "youth is the time for pleasure." But she remained to tend the light. One of the fiercest storms of the winter raged on the bay that day. Her children were unable to return because no rowboat could withstand the force of the black waves. Christmas night she passed alone in the lighthouse.

She left the lighthouse only twice a year to go on land and attend to its business. But many times she left it in the life boat to pick up pleasure seekers who would have gone to death from the overturned boats but for her. Fifty lives were saved in this way by her. How many others, because she never let the light go out, is incalculable.

Now, at 70, her government has rewarded her. On the first day of March she locked the door and stepped smiling into the row boat that was to take her to land.

"I am going to live on land," she said. Over and over she repeated jubilate, "I'm going to live on land."

She had done what she didn't like for 33 years. She had stayed at an unpleasant post of duty for 33 years.

That is the reason a new, current phrase has been born. That is the reason we are saying and hearing, "As faithful as Katie Walker."



Charles Siglin, fraternalist, capitalist and booster, has returned from an extensive trip through California and Oregon to Oregon in preference to California. We may have a little mud and rain, but we have no rowboats could withstand the force of the black waves. Christmas night she passed alone in the lighthouse.

Miss Emma Butler, in charge of the tag day for the Christie Home for blind girls: "We have decided to make our tag day statewide, as we receive girls at the home from all parts of the state. There will be altogether 100 captives and perhaps 1000 workers."

J. Frank Darlington, clerk of Rosa City camp, Modern Woodmen of America: "I have known M. W. A. in my time, but the returned veterans M. W. A., who says he wasn't anywhere near the front line, didn't see anything worth mentioning and is glad to get home where there is something stirring every minute, is the kind that

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A NY PERSON who isn't interested in kiddies isn't interested in anything worth while. To interest you for a moment, then, we offer this layout of little fellows—not all of your color, maybe, if you happen to be white, but nevertheless little American born boys and girls, out enjoying the first balmy days of spring. Their thoughts and ideas all run along just about the same groove—Portland's public playgrounds are a boon to the youngsters, and especially to those who live in down-town apartments and in west side districts where the "yards" are pitifully small and bounded by concrete and asphalt.



High Lights

WE RATHER agree with the clergy-men who maintain that there should be more men in the churches.

And we contend further that next to church the best place for a man on Sunday morning is on the end of a spade out in the fresh air and the sunshine.

Both places are good for the soul. Pittsburg had a big fire. There's so much smoke there must be some fire.

So Queen Mary is going to clean up the slums. "Slum queen."

More Spring Stuff

While we were digging in the Victory garden yesterday evening we disturbed a snake that was enjoying the extra hour of daylight, and on a stump nearby a gray squirrel sat on its haunches and whistled at us.

Another reason we hope for warm weather is because it will give the women folks an opportunity to wear their furs.

We wondered where the back of our vest had gone until we noticed the patch in the lining of our coat.

If there's anything in a namé, this man Hawker is surely the chap to make that transatlantic airplane flight.

Men, while you're in the spring clean-up mood, don't forget the favorite pipe that pulled you through the long winter evenings.

"I'm going to New York Monday and would like to have a return load, or part."—Adv. in Baltimore paper.

Wonder if he drove his car straight on the return trip?

We read on this page that the Jack London club is striving to prevent animal acts on the stage.

Now if some other good club will do as much for strong women and slack-wire numbers, the lot of the savadille show reviewer will be made much happier.

"Lights out."

Jack London Club Plans to Prohibit All Animal Acts

"Every dog has his day," but we hate to see them have their nights and afternoons on the stage where nature never intended them to hold forth.

The Jack London club, 30,000 strong, has started a nationwide campaign to abolish trained animal acts. The members of this club have pledged themselves to express their disapproval by leaving theatres where animal acts are being shown.

The war has proven that animals have died by the hundreds of thousands during the war for our sake, and not at all for their own, and this is one way in which the club thinks human beings can make some slight return.

Some De Luxe Typewriters

The most elaborate typewriter machine ever built was made for the former czarina of Russia by an American contractor. It was fitted with 29 sets of Chinese characters, comprising a collection of no fewer than 1500 keys; no dies were available, so the engraving of the type had to be done by hand.

A gold-plated typewriter with ivory keys was presented by its manufacturer to Queen Victoria, but she, it is said, could never be induced to make use of any substitute for a pen.

Neither of the above typewriters can, however, compare with the extralux dinary machine built by an American firm for Li Hung Chang, the Chinese ambassador. It was fitted with 29 sets of Chinese characters, comprising a collection of no fewer than 1500 keys; no dies were available, so the engraving of the type had to be done by hand.

Wilhelm's Art Collection

The former German emperor owned hundreds of paintings from brushes of the world's greatest masters. They hang upon the walls of 55 palaces. Included in the collection are no fewer than 15 wonderful "Holy Family," now in the palace of Sans Souci, near Berlin.

"Mars and Venus," which hangs on a wall at Koenigsberg. The galleries are rich, too, in examples of the French Romantic school, many of these works having been collected by Frederick the Great. Some rare examples of the older German art, and many of the Netherlands and Italian masters fill spaces on the walls of the various palaces. What is to become of all this art treasure?

Wives Worried War Is Cause

By Beatrice Fairfax

SEVERAL letters have come to me from women who have their soldier sweethearts and husbands safely back from "Over There," but who are sorely puzzled by the change that has come over them.

In every case, the men in question have been in the front line trenches, and have gone through the shot, and shell of those terrible fighting days. They felt, rather than heard, the numbing silence—more awful than the din—that began at 11 o'clock, that fateful November morning when the order to "cease firing" was given.

"It was the silence that got me—I could stand everything but that," one woman quoted her husband as saying, and she went on to say that after the first enthusiasm of homecoming was over, he seemed to care for nothing but to sit quietly and think. The old amusements about which he had been so keen before he went to France now fell flat, and even the especial interest of a garden, that formerly occupied every spare moment, failed to exercise any charm.

There seems to be nothing else to suggest to these women but to wait and let time, the all-healing unguent, work its habitual miracle. Some men are preeminently fitted to be soldiers, men of rugged fibre, iron nerve, slow sensibilities, such are capable of shedding the harrowing specter of war by reason of their temperament.

Others, more sensitive, are obsessed by their experiences, and find it impossible to eradicate war impressions immediately. They live over and over these scenes, until something more compelling comes along to replace them, or until time gets in its handiwork.

Quiet Is Best Restorer

This period of adjustment is the time for a conscientious wife to be what Sir Walter Scott calls "a ministering angel." Produce pipe, slippers and house coat, and be prepared to cultivate a sympathetic silence. If that is what is demanded by the lacerated nerves of your man. Don't expect one who has just escaped death—and has seen his friends drop around him by the score—to call for his dancing pumps and betake himself to the nearest cabaret as soon as he has hung up his trench helmet.

However, it is all a question of nerves and their sensitiveness to receiving and retaining impressions. The cabaret may be exactly the medicine that will work wonders in restoring a certain type, it may give the necessary stimulus craved, or again, it may be an added horror. So if you are a wife, or a sweetheart, and are puzzled by having a soldier man given to long, deep reflection, don't despair, it may be only nature's way of restoring the balance. It is hardly fair to expect a sensitive man who has been through the hell of the trenches to come back to you as if he had returned from a jolly weekend, and is feeling particularly fit after the experience.

In the first enthusiasm of getting back it may even seem that way, but the energy for frivolity is more than art to flag, and a pipe and slippers to win the day.

Case of "Louise"

A correspondent who signs herself "Louise" is feeling particularly discouraged at this state of affairs. She was married just before her husband sailed for France, and she has taken great pride in her loyalty, stoic declining to attend any of the meetings of the dancing club, of which they were both enthusiastic members before the war began.

She had fully expected to find her young husband quite as keen on dancing after he got back as he was before he sailed. And I think, in spite of all her determination to be a model wife, she is beginning to feel just a little sorry for herself.

Louise tells me that she is just 18, so it is not difficult to understand why she expects her man to display the customary ardor for dancing and musical comedy that he had before he went marching off. He has been through an experience that is likely to exercise a sobering influence for years, if not for life.

No man can have been through the hell and glory of Chateau-Thierry and not have reached the climax of human emotion. He has taken part in the greatest conflict the world has ever known. He has drunk his coffee in the gray of early morning with his comrades, and at night he has come back without them. He has made a crony of death, weak in and weak out in the trenches, and there have been times when death would have been easier than living.

Whatever life has to offer in the way of emotion, keyed to the utmost limit, the man who fought during those last days experienced to the full. And a man cannot drain the cup to the dregs and in a few weeks accommodate himself to the peace of a suburban husband, interested in his former dancing club and the lawn mower.

He can easily manage to drop back into his old place if he went over there and got no further than one of the big training camps, but it is not quite reasonable to expect it if he went "over the top" and has come back to you either gassed or wounded.

Long Distance Marriages

A Boer in Pretoria was married not long ago, to a girl in Amsterdam, the ceremony constituting what the Dutch call handeschoen or glove marriage. In spite of the fact that a distance of 4000 miles separated the bride in the Netherlands from the bridegroom in the Transvaal, they were just as effectually married under the Dutch law, as if both had been present in the same church. The bridegroom sent to his friend or best man in Amsterdam a power of attorney together with a glove from his right hand. This glove was sold during the ceremony by both the girl and the proxy.

Yankee Satisfied That King Albert Is Regular Fellow

Kings are getting more and more human and democratic. A big airplane landed the other day in the war zone and a big, handsome fellow got out and walked up to a New York soldier serving as a machinist.

"I had heard about Albert's air chariot, and the man's manner was somehow impressive."

"You're King Albert," I said.

"I'm Albert," he said, grinning cheerfully.

Wise and Otherwise BY THE STROLLER

Try These Sometime

LIE down on your back full-length on the carpet, cross your arms, and endeavor to get up again without using your hands.

Fold a newspaper so that when made to stand up on the floor it is about a foot high; then, holding your right ear with your left hand and your right foot with your right hand, pick up the newspaper with your teeth.

Place a bottle lengthwise on the floor; sit upon it with both legs straight out, and ankles crossed, and endeavor to pick up a box of matches on your left hand side and light a candle with them on your right hand side, without losing your balance on the bottle.

Lie on your back on the floor, fold your arms, and keeping the knees stiff, raise your body to a sitting position. Then cross your legs, tailor fashion,

And when you have done this, you are not entitled to eat the fruit on the several branches. You must hand it back to your neighbor.

Tradition has it that sneezing was at first a fatal sign; that every human being sneezed but once, and then died. But Jacob petitioned the Creator to remove the ban, and his petition was heard. Thence arose the once universal custom of saluting a sneezer with "God bless you" or "May you live long!" a custom which still obtains in some parts of the world.

In England not only was a sneezer blessed, but friends raised their hats to him as well. In an old book, "The Code of Conduct," it is directed that "if his lordship sneezes ye are not to bawl out 'God bless you,' but to bow to him handsomely."

All over the world the sneeze has received recognition. Whole nations have been under orders to make exclamations when their king sneezed.

From a letter written by Abraham Lincoln to his half-brother: "If you intend to go to work, there is no better place than right where you are; if you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere."

