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REFOREST OREGON

Forests vitally affect human happiness. They insure moisture supply and crop production. They guarantee abundant food. Therefore, if we would avoid misery, drought, crop failure, and lack of food, we must conserve the wooded areas.

How can forests play any part in man's happiness and prosperity? How can woods insure crop production?

Forests husband moisture. Trees and other vegetation such as shrubs and vines and grass reach out and pull the rain into the soil. Where trees grow the soil is loose. Rain can and does penetrate. Checked in its race to the sea, due to the impeding methods of wooded areas, the moisture runs off slowly, most of it remaining until crops need it.

China serves as an example of what denuding forest areas will bring about. In the provinces of Honan, Shensi and Chihli, China, an area of some 100,000 square miles, several millions of persons are starving.

In desperate efforts to save their children parents have killed themselves in order that they would not eat the food required by their offspring. But despite this sacrifice of life, the children have died and are dying.

The crops of this region have failed three successive years.

Had China her forests, millions of Chinese would not be starving to death, crops would not have failed successive seasons.

When history first begins to record events, the great plains of eastern China were tree covered. The mountain plateaus of central China were covered with verdant forests.

Crop production went well with China then. There was sufficient food for the dwellers in the land. The forests were working day and night to safeguard the crops and the peoples whom the crops fed. Eventually the Chinese turned to agriculture and cut down the forests to make way for fields.

Rains fall now, but they do not seep into the ground. No trees and plants and grass reach out and take the water and draw it into the soil to conserve it against the season of no rain and hot sun when it slowly trickles down to irrigate the thirsty land.

When rains fall now they run wildly down the slopes to the river. The hill sides are gullied by torrents. The rich soil is carried to the sea.

The rainfall formerly conserved by the forests is wasted. Consequently crops die of thirst. Famine ensues. Death comes.

The Pacific Northwest may well ponder the facts. China so long as her forests were conserved had ample water supply to bring up and mature crops. There was abundant food for her teeming peoples. Famine never came near China. Then China destroyed her forests. Lack of moisture, crop failures, famine and death by starvation resulted from the folly.

In the Pacific Northwest are many valuable forests. Rapidly they are being destroyed. The destruction by fire alone is tremendous. Industry

requires the timber of the woods. From the example of China we learn that when we denude our Oregon hillsides and valleys of forests, we must put back the trees, else Oregon rich agriculturally may find herself in the sad fix China is now in.

Forests guarantee crops. Lack of forests dooms them.

Let us insure moisture and crops and human happiness by reforesting the wooded areas of Oregon as we cut them down.

CHILDHOOD FANCIES

If we could have one wish fulfilled by the obliging fairies, it would be that our childhood dreams and fancies be not destroyed. Disillusionment it seems, brings sadness with fuller understanding. It is not always pleasant to know too much.

The child who believes that a benign old gentleman on Christmas Eve comes from the far north with presents for the world is happy in that belief, erroneous though it is. The child, too, learns through this myth that there is much that is worthwhile and comforting to be found in giving to make others happy.

A stroll through the woods in childhood meant more than it does now. Every tree was inhabited by a wood nymph. Every flower was the home of a good intentioned fairy. Elfs and goblins were all about. One only had to possess very sharp eyes to see them.

And in childhood everything was good. There was no evil. Kindness and friendship and love—these things were real and constantly operative. You remark the frankness of childhood now that you are older. It seems rather queer that a child should trust without any reason for so doing. Reasons for so doing. Yes, the child has a very good reason. He has never been disillusioned. His dreams and fancies have not as yet come to wreck against stern reality. The myths have not been exploded. He still lives in a wondrous world of make believe.

It we could have one wish fulfilled by the obliging fairies, it would be that our childhood dreams and fancies be not destroyed. God help a man when is thoroughly disillusioned. Then, forsooth, he becomes world weary.

World weariness is an incurable malady.

NO-MAN'S-LAND CONVERTED

What's become of No-Man's-Land? That tangle of barbed wire, exploded shells, dead and dying, blood soaked soil, is today a rich farming section. The barbed wire is torn down. The shells have been removed, the dead have disintegrated into the soil or have been taken to quiet cemeteries for formal interment. Smiling fields have replaced the wreck of war.

The change has been almost miraculous. You remember that men said: "No-Man's-Land will remain a waste until the end of time." But men, as in many other conjectures, were wrong.

Men forgot to reckon in the urge of hunger.

After the war peasants began trekking back to the homes from which they were driven by war's desolation. They were almost penniless. They had no roof to shelter them. But they had their two hands and a great desire to live. Hunger prodded them mercilessly. The ache in their stomachs suggested that if they were to appease this craving for food they must till the soil and raise crops as in the days before madness engulfed the world.

So these peasants, spurred on by hunger converted No-Man's-Land into peaceful fields again. They sowed crops.

And when we are reckoning the human qualities that make for progress, when we assess urges that further civilization's march, we must give hunger a place high up in the list.

Hunger converted the hell of No Man's-Land into a quiet farming

community where men live in peace and raise food for the millions.



NEW YORK, April 30.—The most interesting events in New York, if one only has time to stick through them are the Pawnbrokers' auction sales, held annually, down on the Bowery. One was on last week, and I went in for half an hour, listening to the beauties of horse-shoe diamond scarf-pins and monogrammed cigarette cases. Then I got my thrill. A square picture frame was put up, containing a wood carving of the Lord's prayer. And the auctioneer told its history. On a cold, blizzard night, twelve years ago, Julius Michaels was just about to close his pawnshop on Second Avenue, when a poorly dressed man came in with this carving and its frame. Michaels lent him \$2 on it, and he told the pawnbroker that he had made it in prison, devoting several years to the work. Every year the interest came on the day it was due. Once a letter accompanied it, apologizing for its being late and explaining that the sender was in Joliet prison. Then two-years' silence; and then a letter from Sing Sing asking that it be kept for him until he could redeem it. That was seven years ago, and no further word had been received from the man who thought so much of this one thing in his life that he tried to cling to it through everything. At last the pawnbroker could not wait any longer and it was auctioned off.

There is a motley looking crowd on Broadway around Times Square these days. Some movie director gave out the suggestion that "character" people could make a more convincing impression if they created "atmosphere" for themselves by dressing their chosen parts all the time. They'd get in the habit then of really being a "rube" or a sailor or whatever else they chose. So along the Rialto they stroll, and in the white-tabled restaurants of the district they abound; long whiskered, big-hatted farmers; monocled, cane-carrying "Englishmen," and all the rest of the stock character parts. Let this be mentioned, though; it's only men you see in such regalia and make-up. Never does a character woman step upon the street without looking as every other woman does—her very best and a la mode—est.

Mrs. Evelyn Ide has answered a \$100,000 suit brought against her by one Mrs. Margaret McEwan, for alleged alienation of her husband's affections, by the statement that Mrs. McEwan never had a husband. Whether Mr. McEwan is a myth or whether it is one of the more sor did situations where Mrs. McEwan considered him her husband and the rest of the world did not, has not been brought out. But just as a simple, sweeping, answer to a charge, it was what the best-sellers of the moment call "intriguing."

Speaking of best-sellers — sixty persons come to the desk of New York's public libraries to get a book of fiction to one individual who wants to carry a book on religion. This is one of the facts brought out by the annual library report just issued. The figures show further that fiction is the most popular and religion the least. Philosophy is almost as far down on the list, while the fine arts get twice as many readers as do religious subjects; "useful arts" and history, each three times as much, and most amazing of all, to me, anyway, who can barely remember what the word means, nearly as many are interested in philosophy as in history. And in these days of wars!

Spring breezes that reach even the most sluggish of city hearts drifted into a class-room on the lower East Side the other day, where for four hours daily a young and spring-loving teacher struggles to teach English to adult foreigners. The breezes reminded her of the world out-

doors, and she wrote the word, "seasons" on the board, and asked the class, "Now, can anyone tell me how many seasons there are and what they are called?" In unison the class promptly responded, "Two — busy and slack."

The movement to extend the usefulness of the Navy club of this city, by making it national in charter

has been officially launched. The plan is to have each state represented in the enlisted personnel of the navy to subscribe \$10,000 for endowment of dormitories to be used as shore quarters by visiting sailors.

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- Humming—Medley Fox Trot.....Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra—.85
- 18738—Maze—Fox Trot.....All Star Trio and their Orchestra—.85
- Answer—Medley Fox Trot.....All Star Trio and their Orchestra—.85
- 18739—Kiss a Miss—Waltz.....Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra—.85
- Romance—Waltz.....Joseph C. Smith's Orchestra—.85
- 18740—Wyoming (Lullaby).....Charles Hart-Elliott Shaw—.85
- Blue Jeans.....Peerless Quartet
- 18741—Rose I Call Sweetheart.....William Robyn—.85
- Mother in the Straw.....William Robyn
- 18743—Turkey in the Straw.....Pietro
- Russian Rag.....Pietro

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