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VACCINATION IN CAMBODIA.

Vaccination has succeeded the devil-dancing medicine man in Cambodia, says an exchange. The plague has proved mightier than the Buddhist belief in fate and custom for turning the Khmer mind to modern ways and means. We read that King Sisavath, in the fervor of his conversion, offered both legs and arms to the surgeon's quill and was persuaded with difficulty that inoculation in one place was sufficient.

The account of this matter suggests a comic opera theme. Yet in the plague is no spirit of burlesque; and Cambodia was rewarded once as a seat of learning, civilization and wealth. It had an architecture which eventually furnished ruins that today's archaeologists study with respect. Phumma Survivong was a king of the fifth century, and at about that time the Chinese had a saying, "Rich as China," based on the prosperity of Cambodia.

The glory passed long ago from this ancient Asiatic monarchy. With it were lost territory and precedence. The present king, when he wishes to indulge in particular acts of state, must say "If you please" to the French. However, Sisavath was permitted to accept vaccination of his own accord and after his son and one of his son's wives had stubbornly resisted the quill and died.

Vaccination is therefore now the rage in the Cambodian court. It has acquired the dignity of a royal function. The king is sore, the ministers are sore and the household of the palace is sore. But the plague is stayed. Pathologic advance has waited upon the degenerate days of a dynasty.

FIFTY YEARS OLD.

This winter the state of Oregon will be 50 years old and it has been suggested by the Oregon Daily Journal that some kind of a semi-centennial celebration be held.

Oregon was admitted to the union as a state on February 14, 1859, says the Journal, hence on that day next year, 1909, will occur the fiftieth anniversary or semi-centennial of the birth of Oregon as one of the states of the great American union. The population of Oregon the next year, 1860, was 52,465, having increased from 12,294 in 1850. These numbers include only white population. When admitted, therefore, Oregon had about 50,000 white people. Its growth has been slow, but it has grown some, enough to celebrate.

Most if not all states that have passed the semi-centennial mark have celebrated the event, studied and recounted their development, rejoiced in their progress and portrayed the victories of the future. Why should not Oregon follow this example? The time is short, only five months, but it is sufficient to prepare some sort of a celebration for the fiftieth anniversary of this splendid state.

The Journal has seen no mention made of this matter yet, and so brings forward the suggestion. The anniversary will come at a time of year when nothing else in particular is doing, and when people of all sorts can take a little time for this affair. Would it not be well for the commercial organizations and development leagues to take this matter up and make the necessary initial movements?

THE FERTILE DESERT.

The desert is the most fertile area in the United States, says Walter E. Weigel in Success Magazine. That sounds like a paradox, yet it is true, where did the great civilizations of antiquity arise? Where but in the fertile deserts? Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Persia, Arabia, Northern India, the north coast of Africa, were all arid lands. The Incas in Peru, the Toltecs and Aztecs in Mexico, reared

their civilizations upon desert plateaus. The history of the Jews is a history of a desert folk. It was within the encircling walls of the desert that they evolved their national and their religious consciousness. Out of the desert sprang all these things as the water gushed from the rock at the blow of Moses.

The desert is most fertile because it is a savings bank without any withdrawals. Plants need potash, magnesia, lime and other foodstuffs, just as we need animals and plants. Now in the humid lands, such as in our eastern states, the rains have fallen for tens of thousands of centuries, and they have washed out the food of the plants. But in the arid lands the rains have fallen sparingly or not at all. Some of the desert lands of our west contain three times as much potash, six times as much magnesia, 14 times as much lime, as the humid lands of the east. The desert is an inexhaustible store house of food for the plants of thousands of years to come, a storehouse to be drawn upon as soon as the land is irrigated.

JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE.

The New York Herald last week again showed remarkable enterprise in sending news from home to the American battleship fleet in the Australian seas while steaming south from Sydney on the way to Melbourne, says the Fourth Estate. The warships when more than half way around the world and about 40 degrees south of the equator received a budget of news sent by the Herald on board Rear Admiral Sperry's flagship and thence distributed by wireless throughout the fleet.

The news was flashed across the continent by land wires, traversing the South Pacific by cable from island to island until Sydney, New South Wales, was reached, and thence by wireless to the ships more than a hundred miles at sea.

Only those who have been far away from home, thousands of miles from their dear ones, plowing the ocean and daily getting further from the land of their birth, can appreciate the feelings with which our sailors received the Herald's news, which must have made them feel that after all they were not so far away from "God's country."

LARGER WHEAT YIELDS.

The department of agriculture in the course of comment on the new wheat which is said to yield 100 to 200 bushels to the acre, reminds the farmers of government work which promises better than this doubtful hope.

Results at the University of Minnesota experiment station show that there may be a very large gain realized by methods of cultivation learned by experiment. In Minnesota where the farmers have followed the government work, the yield last year netted some \$2,000,000 more than normal, the gain being due to greater production under the new ideas.

The agricultural department is doing a most beneficial work. It is not political or legal, but purely economic in its purpose and activities. In the reports sent out the farmer can be sure of getting perfectly correct information and hints for improving his methods which probably cannot be surpassed for practical value by any university in the world. The department is in fact a great agricultural university and it is proving its worth every day in the year.

A CAMPAIGN IDYL.

(About 10 years after Kipling.)
A fool there was and he sought a job.
Even as you and I.
His rashness would make the angels sob,
We called him a few things, but never a snob,
Even as you and I.

Oh, the pledges he got, and the lies he got.
Even as you and I.
Sometimes he was cold, and sometimes he was hot;
At times he was certain; at times he was not;
And now we know he was always "not"—
Even as you and I.

Oh, the babes he kissed and the babes he kissed—
Even as you and I.
And the votes that he counted upon, but missed
Ere time for the balloting made him desist.
He surely was jolly well glad to desist—
Even as you and I.

Then the words he spake and the drought he broke—
Even as you and I.
And the cure that he took for the bite of the snake,
And the thirst he attempted in vain to slake—
We'd known all the time what a fallure he'd make—
Even as you and I.
—Chicago News.

Every man ought to be the sole proprietor of the shoes he wears.

ARE YOU YOU?

Are you a traitor or are you a trolley?
Are you tagged to a leader through wisdom and folly?
Are you Somebody Else or You?
Do you vote by the symbol and swallow it "straight"?
Do you pray by the book, do you pay by the rate?
Do you tie your cravat by the calendar's date?
Do you follow a cue?

Are you a writer, or that which is worded?
Are you a shepherd, or one of the herded?
Which are you—A What or a Who?
It sounds well to call yourself "one of the flock."
But a sheep is a sheep, after all. At the block
You're nothing but mutton, or possibly stock;
Would you flavor a stew?

Are you a being and boss of your soul?
Or are you a mummy to carry a scroll?
Are you Somebody Else or You?
When you finally pass to the heavenly wicket,
Where Peter the Scrutinious stands on his picket,
Do you think it will do?
—Edmund Vance Cooke.

LIKE HE WAS A KID.

I've been out a-counthin' rosebuds
An' a-bradin' up the vines,
An' a fixin' up some benches
Where the mornin' glory twines;
An' I picked some glory blossoms
That was twisted shut on top,
An' I blowed 'em like I use 'em.
When a kid, an' heard 'em pop!

An' I took some ribbon grasses
An' I fairly made 'em talk;
As I bowed 'em 'twixt my fingers
You could hear the chickens squawk
Like they do when hawks have got 'em.
An' the mockbird's lovin' call
Seemed just saturatin' round me.
An' I made the catbirds squall.

An' I plum forgot the blinss
I was out there on, I did;
An' my soul jest bubbled up 'ard
Like when I was just a kid!
Till my heart was beatin' ragtime
Thinkin' of the times I'd had,
An' I ketchin' myself a-laughin'
Right out loud, I was so glad!

Just a-laughin' an' a-chucklin'—
You remember how you'd do
Swingin' on the gate o' mornin's
When the sky was drenched in dew
An' you was a kid and happy—
Spose I acted like I'm daft,
But my soul was singin' "glory."
An' I can't sing, so I laughed.
—J. M. Louis, in Houston Post.

When you start out to show a man the error of his way you would better begin by taking a course in boxing.

Some people always seem just naturally suspicious, but that may be partly your fault.

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MY CREED.

I think that many a soul has God within,
Yet knows no church, nor creed, no word of prayer.
No law of life save that which seems most fair
And true and just, and helpful to its kin
And kind; and holds that act alone as sin
That lays upon another soul its share
Of human pain, of sorrow, or of care.
Or plants a doubt where faith has ever been
In every other heart it meets, the way
Has found to make its own condition blessed
To love God is to strive through life's short day
To comfort grief, to give the weary rest,
To hope and love—that, surely, is to pray.
—Alice Binney.

THE MAN WHO WINS.

The fellow who can whistle when the world is going wrong
Is the fellow who will make the most of life;
No matter what may happen you will find him brave and strong—
He's the fellow who will conquer in the strife.
The fellow who can whistle when the whole world seems to frown
Is the kind of man to stand the battle's brunt;
He's got the proper mettle and you can not keep him down,
For he's the sort that's needed at the front.
The fellow who can whistle is the fellow who can work,
With a note of cheer to vanquish plodding care.
His soul is filled with music and no evil shadows lurk,
In his active brain to foster grim despair.
The easiest way not to settle a dispute is to go to law about it.

"BABY MINE"

Becoming a mother should be a source of joy, but the suffering incident to the ordeal makes its anticipation one of dread. Mother's Friend is the only remedy which relieves women of much of the pain of maternity; this hour, dreaded as woman's severest trial, is not only made less painful, but danger is avoided by its use. Those who use this remedy are no longer despondent or gloomy; nervousness, nausea and other distressing conditions are overcome, and the system is prepared for the coming event. "It is worth its weight in gold," say many who have used it.

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