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420 U. S. Nat'l Bank Bldg., Portland, Oregon

Mrs. Maxfield Dispcses

By WILL T. AMES

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Letitia Maxfield smiled the smallest of amused little smiles over her knitting as she stole a covert glance at Albert Crafts across the living room center table. The center table, survival of a period when there must be a center table quite as necessarily as a roof, was exhibit B in the evidence that Letitia Maxfield was not the ruler of that household. Exhibit A consisted of Mrs. Maxfield, who did rule it. No one, no matter how great a stranger, could spend an hour in the presence of Letitia Maxfield and her mother without becoming aware that the latter tyrannized over her daughter unremittingly, shamelessly, by the device of exaggerated self-renunciation. The center table presented a case in point. Albert Crafts, now bestowed uncomfortably in the cane-seated rocker with the curved back, wishing to goodness that Mrs. Maxfield would go to bed, or at least get up from that distressing wretched white-enameled chair in which she was portraying martyrdom, was another.

"Mother," Letitia had said a long time ago, "let's banish this dreadful table and shift things around in this room so as to make it just the least bit like a home."

"Very well, my dear," Mrs. Maxfield had answered, with all the woes of a whole generation of mankind registered in her long-suffering countenance, "whatever you see fit to do, do, of course. It is not to be expected that it would make any great difference to you that this is the way your poor dear father knew our home. You were quite young—" Letitia, as a matter of fact, was in her fourth year when Mr. Maxfield went to his reward—"and changing fashions naturally are more important to you than his memory. Do what you like with the room, but please do not ask me to use it afterward."

So, of course, Letitia being Letitia, the room remained as it was, center table and all, an entirely dreadful latter-Victorian mess.

Likewise in the case of Albert Crafts. Ten years ago, when Letitia was slighter and prettier—if not so handsome—Mrs. Maxfield discerned the imminent likelihood of Albert's suit carrying the girl off her feet. So she began to be unspeakably saddened by the inevitable prospect that some day, of course, her one ewe lamb would be going away out of her life and leaving everything all barren and empty and cold, and so on. All of which, being actuated by no suspicion in the world that such disaster immediately impended, so far as the ewe lamb knew, served to make tender-hearted Letitia feel like something that deserved to be shot at sunrise.

And so it had been. With the result that Letitia Maxfield, in the course of time, came to hold the creed that to think of herself in the very least, or to fail to put her mother not only first but second and third, and all the way down to about tenth, was to be an unworthy, miserable creature.

This is the road that runs through the land of Spinsterhood to the deserted village of Lonely Old Age in nine cases out of every ten. It just happened, however, that the love of Albert Crafts for his self-sacrificing sweetheart was not mere calf love. He was a man, this slow-moving young fellow, and he never gave up. Year after year he kept up the steady, undespairing though not over hopeful pursuit of the particular brand of happiness on which he had set his heart in the beginning.

"It's no use, Albert," Letitia would say, "I shall not marry. I will not leave mother."

"But I've told you a hundred times, dear," Albert would protest, "that there need be no separation."

Always Letitia shook her head at this point. She would not formulate words even to herself, the realization that somehow it would be unfair to subject another life to the same carking influence that had so manacled her own. This was because Letitia's brain knew that her mother was a selfish tyrant, the very while her heart kept insisting that that mother was a rare and tender plant which needed every bit of the daughter's generous young soul for its spiritual sustenance. "She has always missed father so, the poor dear!" Letitia said to herself over and over again.

And so Letitia had come to the point where she could find just a wee bit of amusement in the awkwardly concealed wish of Albert Crafts that Mrs. Maxfield would go to bed, and in the unconcealed determination of Mrs. Crafts to do nothing of the kind. She had an uncanny way of knowing, had that lady, when one of the occasions had arrived upon which Albert just naturally had to propose to Letitia again. Only that very day, with her very best air of martyred abnegation, she had said to her daughter: "Letitia, my child, if your happiness demands that you marry, pray do not consider me. I am only your mother, after all, you know!" And Letitia, in a burst of generous sympathy, had kissed her and made believe' shake her, and said: "Stop it, mumsie. I am perfectly happy with you!" And at the moment she believed it, the goose!

Albert was just on the point of giving up and going home in despair when the door opened and Mr. Stryker entered portentiously. Mr. Stryker was six feet tall, sixty years old, and elaborately bearded. He looked like a tall as well as portly Santa Claus. For more than a month he had been a lodger in the Maxfield home, the only one that establishment had ever entertained. He lectured, being the herald of an amazing theory about the entire unnecessity of ever dying even a physical death. Mr. Stryker beamed on the occupants of the room.

"Ah—er, Mrs. Maxfield," he declaimed, "I have—ah—er—found that particular passage in Isaiah. Shall I bring the book here? It is on the dining room table."

"Oh, I'll come—that great Bible is so heavy!" And Mrs. Maxfield, whose interest in the promise of physical immortality had lately become very keen, incontinently abandoned her obstructive wardenship and preceded the benevolent looking Mr. Stryker out of the room.

Letitia kept on knitting.

"How did you ever come to take that old bird in?" asked Albert, who in all these years had never gotten over a vast difficulty in saying what he wanted to say to Letitia. He didn't care anything about the reason for Stryker's presence. He only asked.

"Why, you know, Al," replied Letitia in pretended surprise; she knew well enough that Albert didn't care, "Mrs. Whipple induced her to. Mr. Stryker cannot abide hotels and rooming houses, and mother is keen about his theory."

"Well," said Albert, getting a grip on himself, "Stryker be blowed. What I want to say to you, Letitia, is—won't you, won't you please, dear, reconsider? Bring mother along. I'm ready to build now and we can make it a perfect home for her."

But Letitia shook her head. And when after a half hour's arguing, pleading, beseechment, Albert Crafts disconsolately took his hat and went home he was no nearer to winning Letitia's consent than he had been any time these last ten years.

In the usual course of events it would have been a week before Albert came to see Letitia again, but the second day after his latest disappointment he had the extremely rare experience of hearing Letitia's voice over the telephone wire. "I wish you would come up this evening," it said, and there was no keeping from Albert the fact that this was not the old, self-controlled Letitia who was speaking, but a woman with what the chemists call a "trace" of hysteria in her vocal machiney. He shot out of his little builder's office and into his runabout and was at Letitia's in four minutes.

Letitia's eyes were round and they looked at Albert in the strangest way. Then she grabbed the lapel of his coat and buried her head against his shirt front, and first she laughed and then she cried, and then she laughed again.

"Oh, oh!" she laugh-cried. "It's mother! What do you think she has done? She—she has eloped!"

"Stryker!" shouted Albert.

Betty nodded, laughing with her eyes full of tears. "And she's fifty-three, and she took every cent of her money. Oh, dear! Oh, ha, ha ha!"

"Three mighty cheers!" exclaimed Albert.

But Letitia only clung to his lapels and laughed and cried when he kissed the top of her head.

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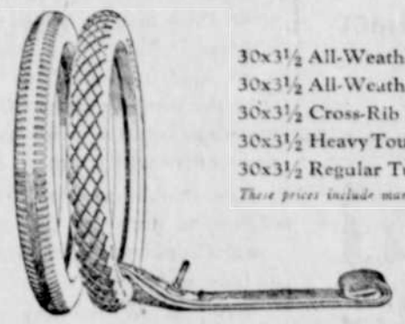

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HAVE MANY GOOD QUALITIES

Wasps Are by No Means Merely the Annoying Stinging Creatures So Commonly Supposed.

The human view of wasps seems to be lacking in breadth. Because they are given to stinging us we fail to do justice to their virtues. One scientist who has given much study to the matter says that the main doctrines of the wasp are: "If any wasp will not work, neither shall he eat;" and "Every wasp to labor according to his capacity, and receive according to his needs in a free community."

Division of labor, it is believed, goes a long way in the nest. Some of the workers seem to be specially employed as foragers and soldiers; others appear to be told off as nurses and guardians; while yet others are engaged as paper-makers and masons.

Wasps are at all times particularly fond of honey. Indeed they have a very sweet tooth for sugar in any form, toward the end of summer, therefore, as beekeepers well know, they will force their way into beehives as open robbers and carry off by main force as much as they can gorge of their winged neighbors' honey.

The drones of the race, instead of being idle and luxurious creatures, are sober, industrious and well behaved members of the community. They clean the streets of their own town with exemplary diligence; they act as public scavengers or sanitary officers. And they have their reward; for, unlike the doomed bee drones, they live their allotted life in peace and quietness, till winter involves both them and their spinster sisters in one common cataclysm of death and destruction.

Egyptian Vase 5,000 Years Old.

Five thousand years old and it looks like new. Just about 3,000 B. C. a stone vase, now on exhibition in the primitive room of the Boston Art museum, was buried with the remains of King Khasekhemuwy, who ruled Egypt in the second dynasty. The vase has a solid gold cover.

The vase is one of the many exhibits of pottery, weapons, implements, slate palettes, ornaments and amulets of bone and ivory that mark the highly developed state of the arts and craft in the Nile valley 5,000 years ago, and reveal the racial traits of appreciation of form and of mastery of obdurate materials inherent in Egyptian art.

Indian God's Many Names.

India, according to W. G. Sibley in the Chicago Journal of Commerce, has 30,000,000 man-made gods existing in the Hindu pantheon. They are all given shape and substance in images. Garnesh, god of plenty and mirth, has an enormous paunch and the head and trunk of an elephant. Hunooman, the holy monkey god, is the patron of home life.

"Grateful and Comforting."

William Webster Ellsworth, grandson of Daniel Webster, tells this on Edmund Gosse, the English critic. Mr. Gosse married the mature heiress of Epps, the cocoa merchant, whose commercial slogan is "Grateful and Comforting." His witty friends immediately christened Mr. Gosse "grateful" and the bride "comforting."

Indian Cotton Cloth.

Indian cotton cloth is mentioned by Herodotus and was known in Arabia in the seventh century. In Spain cotton was quite extensively grown and manufactured in the Tenth century, but its manufacture was not introduced into other countries until some centuries later.

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum
When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

Careful Listeners.

"When the eyes are shut, the hearing becomes more acute," says a medical authority. We have noticed people trying this experiment in church.—London Opinion.

Dig for Your Vitamines.

There is something about bread we have earned that puts vim into our bodies and fire into our hearts. If you are looking for vitamines in your rations, step out and dig for them.

Poet and Plowman.

Poets in all ages have sung of the plowman. And there is much poetry in plowing, if the poet can sit under a tree at a sufficient distance from the plowman to make the latter's language to the mule inaudible.—Houston Post.

The Air We Breathe.

Every time we breathe we draw 30 cubic inches of air into our lungs; supposing that we take 15 breaths in a minute for a whole day, we use 648,000 cubic inches of air, weighing over 30 pounds.

Oriental Cynicism.

"Music," says the Times of India, "is now declared to have great curative values. Yet many attribute much of their pain and anguish to Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.'"—Boston Transcript.

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YOUNG MOTHER NOW STRONG

Her Mother's Faith in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Led Her To Try It

Kenosha, Wisconsin.—"I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My mother had great faith in it as she had taken so much of it and when I had trouble after my baby was born she gave it to me. It helped me so much more than anything else had done that I advise all women with female trouble to give it a fair trial and I am sure they will feel as I do about it.—Mrs. FRED. P. HANSEN, 562 Symmonds St., Kenosha, Wisconsin.

A medicine that has been in use nearly fifty years and that receives the praise and commendation of mothers and grandmothers is worth your consideration.

If you are suffering from troubles that sometimes follow child-birth bear in mind that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a woman's medicine. It is especially adapted to correct such troubles.

The letters we publish ought to convince you; ask some of your women friends or neighbors — they know its worth. You will, too, if you give it a fair trial.

Island of New Caledonia.

New Caledonia is a mountainous island in the South Pacific ocean, entirely surrounded by a large coral reef which lies from five to fifteen miles from the shore. It is the southernmost of the Melanesian islands and is 850 miles east of Australia.

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says the reason we see the worst side of so many people is that a man is liable to keep silent when he's happy instead of when he loses his temper.

Physiological Fact.

There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms—George Eliot.

Microbes and Disease.

Microbes in connection with disease were first written about by a German scientist in the Seventeenth century.

Decidedly Blue.

The blue and the gray—a woman with her first white hair.

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is needed in every department of housekeeping. Equally good for towels, table linen, sheets and pillow cases. *Grocers*

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WAS FAMED AS GREAT AMERICAN

John Winthrop Figures in History as the "Father of Massachusetts"—Leader in All Things.

John Winthrop, rightly called the Father of Massachusetts, for 19 years the guiding spirit of the colony, and for 12 of those 19 years its governor, died at his home in Boston, March 26, 1649.

The passing of Winthrop marked the end of a distinct era in the history of the Massachusetts Bay colony. The era of Winthrop was an era of progress, of construction; an era of Puritanical intolerance held constantly in check by the moderation and kindly spirit of the chief magistrate himself. It is told that when Winthrop was on his death bed he was visited by Thomas Dudley, then deputy governor, and pressed to sign an order of banishment against a person holding false religious opinions. "No," said Winthrop, putting the paper aside. "I have done too much of that work already."

Originally one of the wealthy men of the colony, Winthrop had been robbed some ten years before by a rascally steward of an estate worth, in present terms of money, several hundred thousand dollars. All that remained Winthrop had disposed of for the benefit of his living children and his creditors.

Gastronomic Affinities.

The reason for ham and eggs, frankfurters and kraut, corned beef and cabbage and other kitchen couples is directly traceable to Yuan Mei, ancient Chinese philosopher, who wrote, centuries ago: "Cookery is like matrimony—two things served together should match."

For Bucket-Shop Victims.

Sign in Store Window—"Fleeced Men's Underwear, Greatly Reduced." Very properly, too. After being fleeced the poor fellows can't pay much.—Boston Transcript.

ENVOY IS BIG HIT WITH DANES

Doctor Prince, American Minister, Talks 20 Languages and Is Skilled Musician.

Copenhagen.—John Dyneley Prince, America's new minister to Denmark, has made a hit with the Danish people by his versatility.

Soon after his arrival here the Copenhagen newspaper men swooped down on him for an interview, having previously brushed up on their English, but Doctor Prince took them off their feet by speaking fluent Danish. They learned that the new minister, formerly a professor at Columbia university, had 20 languages at his tongue's end.

Soon afterward Doctor Prince delivered a lecture on oriental music and illustrated ancient musical technicalities by playing various instruments.