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SUNDAY, MAY 21, 1922

HOW IT HAPPENED

The outstanding feature of Friday's primary election is the fact that just a week before the votes were counted Governor Olcott took a spade, went out in the yard and dug a hole and buried himself in it—for that was substantially the result of his anti-Klan proclamation.

Prior to his spectacular denunciation of the Ku Klux Klan, the governor had what the slangily inclined would term a copper-riveted cinch. He possessed at the beginning a certain following and it is probable that this following was still with him a week before the election. Meanwhile an unusually large number of opponents for the nomination had split his opposition into many fragments. But his Klan proclamation changed the whole situation within an hour after its publication. It crowded all the old issues off the stage and raised a new issue in their stead. In so doing, it took from all the aspirants save Mr. Olcott and Mr. Hall their followings and ranged them on one side or the other of the new line of cleavage that had been drawn. The other candidates made hardly a showing in the final figures, but this is not a fair reflection on their real standing under normal circumstances. Their followings were simply stampeded overnight by the new development that followed the governor's proclamation.

The remarkable alignment behind two candidates out of the six that took place in the week preceding the election was due without a doubt to the fact that the governor badly overstated the facts in his now celegrated denunciation of the Ku Klux Klan. He charged that it is a present menace to the peace and tranquility of the state, whereas everyone knows it is not. If there is any menace in the Ku Klux Klan in Oregon, it lies in its face-covering regalia, which tempts outsiders to use the Klan disguise for their own purposes, and not in its membership, which for the most part is composed of earnest and sincere citizens. The public recognized promptly enough the fact that the governor had overdrawn the case, and the result was that thousands of voters rushed to the Hall banners who would otherwise have been found elsewhere on election day.

As for the tax reduction issue which started out so bravely in the beginning, it has been lost in the fog. It was an economic issue, and therefore inclined to be dry and uninteresting. Neither was it a sharply drawn personal issue, for all the candidates were advocating economy. Thus when the issue of the Klan, with all its possibilities for sharp division and strong personal opinion, was thrown suddenly into the primary arena, there was witnessed the phenomenon of a sudden alignment of the partisans of all six cnadidates behind the two foremost figures in the new situation. Oregon politics has witnessed few incidents more surprising and dramatic.

INHERITANCE TAXES

Is there any way to raise more federal income, or to raise a substantial part of the present federal income, without imposing an intolerable burden on the nation? The farm and labor organizations think there is. They see in inheritance taxes an almost untapped governmental resource. Accordingly they are urging action on the La Follette-Fear bill; and the senate and house leaders, though without any enthusiasm, are preparing to consider it.

This bill, its advocates say, would yield at least $1,500,000,000 a year. That looks like an exaggeration but it would certainly produce funds in plenty if adopted as it stands and enforced literally. It provides for a rapidly progressive inheritance tax on large fortunes, with a maximum rate of 50 per cent on those above $50,000,000. Moreover, it seeks to avoid a loophole left by many state inheritance tax laws by levying similar rates on transfers of property among the living. Many a big inheritance has evaded taxation by such transfer before the owner's death.

The rich, of course, will fight this law. The rich, however, are a minority. If it, or some similar measure, is not enacted, it will be because of the indifference or sense of fairness of the majority who, by such a device, might conceivably shift a good deal of their present tax burden onto the wealthy minority. Certainly of all forms of taxation, inheritance taxes are usually found the least unpopular—a fact which may or may not be a conclusive argument for them.

SOFT DRINKS

After reading a lengthy article in the Literary Digest on "The Food Value of Soft Drinks," the average reader comes to the conclusion that "there ain't none." Fruit juices are useful when they are real fruit juices and not artificial concoctions. Sugar has a certain food value. But there doesn't seem to be enough real nutriment in all the soft drinks one might reasonably wish to partake of during a summer to make one square meal.

This is not necessarily any argument against soft drinks. Why should they have food value? That isn't what one takes them for. If they are cool and wet and made of materials which are not in themselves harmful—that is to say, if they quench thirst and taste good and minister to comfort without upsetting the digestion or jangling the nerves or starting any bad habits, isn't that enough?

The ice cream soda or sundae with real fruit and nuts in it, and made of real milk or cream, is in a different class. That is food. But as for ginger ale and sarsaparilla and carbonated grape juice—sufficient are they unto themselves. Nobody wants them to be as nourishing as a beefsteak dinner. A pleasant tinkling sound as they approach, a pleasant taste, a lingering sense of coolness and refreshment—the scientist and dietitian who isn't satisfied with that much doesn't deserve any.

PATENT ABUSES

One of the curious things about the American practice regarding patented inventions is the large number of patents taken out at Washington and never utilized in this country. Foreign inventors evidently seek such patents in order to protect themselves against possible American imitation or competition. The Germans especially have done this. American inventors, after patenting their inventions at home, often obtain duplicate patents in other countries and then do their manufacturing abroad, to get the benefit of cheap foreign labor. In either case the United States loses.

Efforts are being made to remedy the situation. Many American manufacturers, arguing that the United States patent office, being maintained at the expense of the nation, ought to be used for the national benefit, are urging corrective legislation. The measure they favor would give the owner of a patent two years' grace, and then if it were shown that he was manufacturing his invention in a foreign country and not in the United States, would grant a license to somebody else to use it in this country.

It looks like a sensible thing to do. England has been doing it for some years.

RECOGNIZING MEXICO

John Lind, who, says the New York World, "was not conspicuous as a conciliator when former President Wilson sent him to Mexico City during the Huerta regime," is urging now that the United States accept at their face value the assurances of President Obregon and recognize the Obregon government at once.

Mr. Lind says the present impasse is due to conditions for which neither President Obregon nor Secretary Hughes is responsible, and it "requires good common sense and plain good neighborliness rather than any nice application of the points of international law."

It seems that President Carranza gave all sorts of fine verbal assurances that titles of American citizens acquired in Mexico would be respected and their property not confiscated, and then when his government was formally recognized by the United States on those terms, he promptly

TWO—EDITORIAL

repudiated his promises. President Harding has been holding off lest the same thing happen again. Mr. Lind suggests, however, that if Obregon failed to live up to his promises, America could withdraw her recognition and let matters take their course.

Possibly that is the solution. Mexico under Obregon is quite a different country from Mexico under the weak Carranza or the swash-buckling Huerta. Obregon has proved himself a strong man and a capable one. Under these circumstances, it may be safe to take a chance.

IS EDEN A MYTH?

An interesting variation of the Darwin controversy—stirred up recently by Mr. Bryan—is the question of the Garden of Eden raised by a minister who called the Eden story a "fairy tale." A newspaper, undertaking to find out what the ministry in general thinks about the matter, inquired whether or not they considered the Eden story a "myth," and thereby hangs another tale.

"I should interpret the book of Genesis as the statement of early men as to how the world began," says one, "but I don't consider the story a myth."

"I shouldn't call the story a myth," says another, "but rather folklore."

"The Garden of Eden story is a legend," says a third. Another explains:

"'Fairy tale' and 'myth' as applied to Genesis are unfortunate terms. These are sacred stories handed down from an immature period of the world. At one time the Garden of Eden story was a most sacred revelation. But with a larger discovery of the truth has come a larger revelation, so we feel that the old stories do not adequately explain everything." And finally this from another minister:

"The book of Genesis is a mythical and poetical statement of a primitive people of their conception of the origin of the world. I don't think the Garden of Eden story is entirely lacking in historical background. Indeed, I think there is some historical background for all the Genesis stories."

Here at last we find a minister who seems to recognize the real meaning of the word "myth." According to the Century Dictionary, its fundamental meaning is this:

A traditional story in which the operations of natural forces and occurrences in human history are repeated as the actions of individual living beings, especially of men, or of imaginary extra-human beings acting like men; a tale handed down from primitive times, and in form historical, but in reality involving elements of early religious views, as respecting the origin of things, the powers of nature and their workings, the rise of institutions, and the like; a legend of cosmogony, of gods and heroes, and of animals possessing wondrous gifts.

Thus, though the issue is by no means settled, at least the meaning of a common word is made plain, and that is something. It is now in order to hear from Mr. Bryan about it.

Earlier Days in Eugene

(From the Eugene City Weekly Register, May 23, 1888)

The Republican club is booming. Its meetings are enthusiastic and its work effectual.

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The county political campaign began in a satisfactory manner in the Mohawk valley yesterday.

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The most delightful thunder shower of the past five years occurred one day this week.

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A. E. Wheeler, late of Monona county, Iowa, has located in this city and is at work making a set of abstracts of the county.

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Again we hear of talk of an uptown office of the Western Union Telegraph company.

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We understand that Julius Goldsmith contemplates opening a grocery store at Medford, Ore.

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Fred Wagner, who has been attending the university returned to his home at Ashland last week.

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A little child of Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Garrison has been seriously ill for a week with brain trouble.

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Arrangements for Memorial day have been completed. The line of march for the parade will be as follows: Firemen's band, colors and guard, C Company, O. N. G., martial band, J. W. Geary post, G. A. R., W. R. C., Sons of Veterans, Daughters of Veterans, school children, Eugene hook and ladder company, Eugene engine company, hose company, citizens in carriages. Captain J. C. Church will be marshal and his aides will be Lieutenant S. C. Sladden and O. Russell.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

By VIRGINIA PAGE

Poor Little Soul!

"Dear Miss Page: It just seems to me that all my friends are turning me down—I don't know why. There is one boy I especially like and I think he knows it, because every time he sees me coming, he whistles and talks to another girl. Why doesn't he like me? (2) I wanted to bob my hair, and people don't want me to because some people will call me a flapper. Will they? (3) Some girls think I tell things about them that aren't true. But I still have my mother for a friend, don't I? Only, I would like to make other friends too. (4) There is a company that gives a violin for selling seeds. I always wanted one. Are they hard to learn? (5) There is a boy I don't know very well, and he usually smiles at me. Do you think he wants to get acquainted? (6) There is a girl friend of mine whose boy friend doesn't associate with very good people. What shall we do? I love mother and I want to go straight, and I need your help."—Slim E. Shorty.

Get the violin if you can, and don't bother about any of the other things. Let the boy whistle, if he likes; ask your mother about hair-bobbing and take her advice; tell the truth, and let the girls think what they like; smile back at the boy who smiles at you, if he does it nicely. And if the other girls' friend doesn't go with the people that he should, it isn't your problem. I know you'll go straight.

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To Address a College

"Dear Miss Page: If I wanted a catalog of some of the different colleges, to whom should I address my letter? Do you think they would send me a catalog if I asked for one?—H. B. W.

Address your letter, "Office of the Bursar," Smith college, Northampton, Mass., or Bryn Mawr university, Pennsylvania, or whichever the college or university may be.

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Interior Decorating as a Life Work

"Dear Miss Page: I want to study interior decorating. I took one semester at night school, but would like to begin at the beginning, and would like your advice how to go about studying it. I am doing stenography now, but hate it, and know I shall never succeed in it. I am 25, and think I am too old to go to college, as I have never gone to high school, and it would mean eight years' study. I have a little money saved which I think will last a year or two if I am saving. Would you advise me to go to an academy in one of the large cities?—Jean."

It is a pity that you did not go to high school, but I would hardly advise it at your age. It is true, as you say, that you are not likely to succeed in work you hate, so plan to go ahead and take a course in interior decorating. I can give you specific information if you send me an s. a. e.

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Took Strong Measures

"Dear Miss Page! Won't you please tell me why the young men of today don't respect a sensible girl? There's so much talk about the modern girl, but no one ever says anything about the opposite sex. I went to a party recently, to which I was invited through a girl friend. Later in the evening a kissing game was started in which I refused to join. One young man insisted he would kiss me, and I got so very angry that I slapped him. Then they all said horrid things to me, until I couldn't stand it any more, and after telling them all what I thought of them I left. The boys all called after me, 'If you give me a kiss, I'll take you home.' My friend said I owed them all an apology, and that if I intend to have a good time, I have to let the boys kiss me. Which I won't do. I am so disgusted with boys, as that is all they look for.—"Just Twenty."

You used rather strong measures, didn't you? But I should think your friend owed you an apology for taking you where a strange girl would be treated so rudely. Read the letter I am printing just after this.

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On Being Popular

So many letters come to me from correspondents who want to know how to become popular. Which of us, I wonder, doesn't want others' liking? It's so good to see eyes brighten when they see you; to have others gather around you when you come in to a room. I don't believe the crossest old "grouch" alive is proof against the wish for such liking. And how much more does a boy or a girl want to be sought after and loved!

But it doesn't come easily to all of us. Sometimes we are so anxious for liking that we run too hard to meet it, and then it runs away from us. Sometimes we get self-conscious; and then we feel awkward, we look stupid or blurt out the untactful remark that we'd give anything in the world to unsay the next minute. Sometimes we do silly things just to attract attention because we don't want to be overlooked all the time, and then we do feel so mean afterwards. And presently we begin wondering what the secret is that these people have, who just seem to draw others to them as sugar does flies.

The big rule to win people, as I see it, never varies. It is: "Like other people, and show it."

I never knew a popular person yet who disliked people, who was critical, irritable, arrogant, or who argued angrily. You who don't get on with others, listen to me: Have the feeling in your heart as you meet each new person, "I like you; and I'm going to find a subject on which we can agree." and you'll be amazed to find how you draw them to you.

Don't let prejudices get you. If you have an instinctive feeling of dislike for anyone, make it a rule not to put that feeling into words to anybody until you've met the disliked person at least ten times. The chances are a thousand to one that by that time your feeling of dislike will be entirely gone, and you'll go so glad, for the other person's sake and for your own, that you never spoke of it.

And here's a funny little rule: "Don't mind being alone, and the chances are you won't be left alone." Get hold of things that interest you, forget that you want people, and presently they'll come to you, like the flies after that sugar, because you won't be interested in yourself, you won't be pushing yourself, and you'll be simple, natural, and unselfish.

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"Peggy."—At 15 you should go very seldom with the boys, if at all. It is not proper to go with boys one doesn't know. You may stop on the road and talk, but for a few minutes only. It is proper to have boy friends spend the evening at your home when your mother is there.

"Clyde."—(1) Around 117 pounds. (2) If a gentleman offers you a seat in a crowded street car, you should most certainly thank him. (3) Generally speaking, you wouldn't let a boy take you home from a party where you have met him for the first time. You'd probably have other arrangements, and you'd say so—thanking him, however. (4) A man who is walking with two ladies, no matter how they are related to him, walks on the outside, never between them. I am glad you like the column so much.

"Gardenia."—By all means, your aunt should discuss the matter with the young man.

The Office Cat

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IN QUESTIONABLE SOCIETY

First Guest—This is a pretty cheap family. Just look at the napkins, all patched and darned.

Second Guest—Yes, and besides that, they borrowed them from me.

THE END OF A PERFECT JAY

Here lies the body of Simon Shinn,
Who would persist in "cutting in."
The day he met a five-ton truck
Poor Simon sure was out of luck.

SHOP BY DAYLIGHT

"Do your drug store shopping early, girlie."

"Huh?"

"I just heard our druggist say nitrates are going up."

F—rivolous,
L—uring,
A—dolescent;
P—rettily
P—ainted,
E—ffeminate
R—ogue.

CLOSE AT WORK

A tailor's duties are always pressing.

Coxie says from the attendance records of lodges, clubs, fraternities, an' other grownup organizations, it looks like the American youngster was a national orphan.

NEW DEFINITION

Professor (in engineering class)—"What is a drydock?"

Stude (in rear)—"A physician who won't give out prescriptions."

Pittsburg is planning 500 tennis courts on vacant lots.

Wonder what has become of the vacant lot gardeners?

NOT MADE

"My!" said the drug department clerk as he laid down the morning paper. "Hasn't this prohibition law made a lot of crooks?"

"No," said the chance customer, "not made them, merely showed us who they are."

We hope the next few months will see the invention of a device for running the lawn mower by radio.

GETTING ALL SET

"Anything else?" inquired the druggist, after filling a prescription.

"If this is not the real stuff," replied the customer, "you might as well let me have a package of headache powders."

An actress suggests that men wear corsets. Does she mean to insinuate that men are not straight-laced enough, or that they need lacing? Or is she merely trying to get men in a tight place?

Teacher—What is the Order of the Bath?

Johnny—Well, Harry comes first, then me, then Willie, and then the baby.

Tobacco was taken to England from America, and declared by society leaders a luxury—now look at it.

One-half of the world does not know where the other half gets its liquor.

ABOUT THE SAME

North—"Do you let your wife have her own way?"

West—"Absolutely. And when it comes to rain I let it rain, and when it wants to snow I let it snow."

Principles of Safe Investment

By C. D. Rorer

This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Rorer on the principles of safe investment of money. The third will appear in next Sunday's Register.

It is not a question to decide whether or not first lien, well secured farm mortgage loans on improved farm land made on a basis of from 33 1-3 per cent to 40 per cent of their appraised cash value should be included in any well selected list of primary investments. It is rather a question to decide what relative postion they should occupy in the list. There are many who take the position that first mortgage farm loans are based on the very base of all values—the earth itself—and are a form of securiyt with the minimum of fluctuation and practically nondestructible. Taking into consideration strength of the unedrlying value and interest return they are therefore undoubtedly one of the premier investment securities.

Let us again consider the fundamental requirements laid down in my previous article as to what constitute the pre-requisites of a primary investment should possess all of the following requirements:

1.—Safety of Principal.
2.—Certainty of Income.
3.—Rate of Income.
4.—Legality of Issue.
5.—Stability of Market Price.
6.—Marketability.
7.—Appreciation.
8.—Diversification.

The equalness in which farm mortgages possess these requirements as compared with other invesment securities, heretofore mentioned in this series of articles would naturally fix the relative position of this type of investment in any diversified list of investments well toward the top. At any rate, there can be no question as to the value of first lien well secured mortgages on improved farm land as a primary investment for the idle funds of individuals and for the employment of funds left in trust; as for instance, the money belonging to minors, incompetent persons and other trust estates, and a few securities of this type of investments should be found in the safety deposit box of every person having the care and custody of funds of this nature or, for that matter, idle money belonging to any individual. One of the objections might, of course, be where the trusteeship extended over a long period of years and as farm mortgages are generally made on a three to five year basis it would necessitate reinvestment of the funds at the maturity of the loans so purchased. However, in most cases this would not be any very considerable inconvenience.

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Analyzing the second requirement with reference to certainty of income, I believe that the certainty of income from farm loans will compare very favorably with any other investment yielding a rate of income comparable with the return from this type of securities. It is true, however, that occasionally, due to bad roads which might prevent a farmer from hauling his grain to market, or due to a temporary drop in the market and by reason thereof making it not desirable to market fat cattle or hogs, a farmer might sometimes be a few days late in meeting his annual or semi-annual interest on his farm loans.

But it has been my experience more often than otherwise that the farmer has paid his interest a few days ahead of time more often than a few days late. Serios preparation is usually made by the farmer, his wife and his family to have the interest on the farm loan ready to pay over the day the amount falls due. The certainty of income might not be quite so pronounced as in the case of municipal bonds but the inconvenience occasioned thereby would in most cases be negligible.

I might interpose what would amount to this slight variation in income from farm loans by saying that there are a few cases on record where perfectly solvent cities have allowed their interest coupons to be returned with the notation thereon "Not sufficient funds," due in most cases to the failure of the city treasurer of the city in question in not placing the money in the hands of the fiscal agent in time to meet interest payments on the bonds, or from some other slight oversight. It is a rare case, however, where a city allows the interest on its bonded indebtedness to default.

The other elements of weakness in farm loans when considered as a primary investment is their lack of ready marketability as compared with government or municipal bonds. In a measure this is one of the elements which causes the yield on farm mortgages to show a slightly higher rate than government or municipal bonds. To many investors, this is not a serious defect and the difference in the net yield return to the investor is sufficiently large to more than compensate for the slight difference in the marketability.

While it is true that farm mortgages not not have the same wide sale as do government and municipal bonds, still they con stitute one of the highest classes of collateral on which to borrow money. Most banks and trust companies are glad to lend on collateral of this nature when immediate cash is needed by the investor. Therefore, aside from a slight weakness in certainty of income and ready marketability, mortgages on well improved farm loans have all the essential requirements necessary to place them in the class of primary investments.

It was my original intention to confine my statements to dogmatic rather than argumnetative statements and I feel sure most of my readers will excuse me if I presume to present arguments in favor of farm mortgages. Farm mortgages are one of the few investments that originate at home, and I feel I will be pardoned in calling attention of the investor to this particular class of investment on the grounds of paronizing a home product. Then again it is one of the few investments that the investor may exercise his right and privilege of seeing in its completeness. In other words, the prospective investor may see his security spread out before him. The investor may exercise at least two of his six senses, that of seeing and feeling, the sense of feeling being ability to actually walk over the security itself. On the other hand, in the case of most bonds we get oly the sense of seeing in the abstract rather than in reality. Like many others, I handled farm mortgages long before I knew what a bond was and my early training and knowledge on the subject makes it hard for me to pass them by without more than a word in their especial commendation.

The world covets above everything else temporal, a portion of the soil on which all stand, and will continue to do so as long as time has mortal measurements. All other forms of security have more or less of the direct or reflected strength of the soil, and all are more or less dependent upon it. The foreign foe may invade our land; fire and flood may destroy our cities, factories and mines; our government may collapse, but the land will remain intact, a thing sought after and continually increasing in value and importance to mankind.

However, even in investing in farm mortgages, careful and sound business judgment must be exercised, as well as investing in other securities. If you are not familiar with values of farm lands and the legal procedure of seeing to it that the note and the mortgage securing the note are properly and legally drawn and that the title to the land sdpporing the loan is free and clear of defects and shows vested title in the mortgagors, I would then most certainly advise that you turn these details over to experienced and trained persons who are familiar with this particular and exacting procedure. In almost every community there are persons who specialize in making and selling farm mortgages to investors.

When it is convenient and possible, the investor should personally view the property which is to be pledged to secure the payment of the note. Among the things to take into consideraion in considering the security offered might be mentioned the following: The number of acres in cultivation in proportion to the total acreage to be covered by the mortgage; quality and depth of the soil; value and condition of the improvements; injurious and noxious weed growths; number of acres of waste land unfit for cultivation, including rough and stony land, low wet and seepy land; danger of change in river channel likely to destroy all or part of the land; accessability to public road, including a deeded roadway to the land in question.

These are thing to be considered. If the loan is bought from a concern or corporation that makes a business of making and selling farm loans, either over their endorsement or otherwise, this information should be furnished to the investor before the loan is purchased. Do not under any circumstances purchase a loan secured by a mortgage on real property without a written opinion signed by some attorney or firm of attorneys in whom you have the utmost confidence in which they certify that the title has been examined, and furthermore recommending the acceptance of the title by you.

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In considering farm loans, therefore, as an investment, you are advised not to rely on your own judgment as to the value or the security or the goodness and soundness of the title to the land securing the payment of the note you are about to purchase. Consult your attorney and have him pass on the title, consult your banker or some reliable real esate broker, or some experienced successful farmer as to the value of the land in question which constitutes the security back of the note which you contemplate purchasing. If you are buying first mortgage farm loans from some concern or organization that does an interstate business along this line you should have your banker look up the financial standing and business integrity of such concern before investing in the securities they offer. A safe rule to follow always before making an investment is: Proceed slowly and cautiously. Investigate and be sure. "Better be safe than sorry."

DANGER IN BORING FOR OIL

Fluid Frequently Comes with Force That Workers Find Hard to Control

Fuel oil, as a meant of propulsion, has been gadually coming into favor for a number of years. The war increased its use in many ways, and the coal strike gave a fillip that may only be overcome when the comparative cost between coal and fuel oil gives the former the advantage. Boring for oil is often accomplished with danger to the men from the pent-up force which is released. The first indication that oil has been reached is a rush of gas and then comes oil, sometimes with such terrific force that it has been known to carry tools, gear and loose stones and earth to a great height. Large quantities of oil are often lost before a valve can be placed over the hole and a check put upon the gusher. So great is the pressure—it varies from 200 pounds to 1000 pounds—that oil may spout hundreds of feet into the air. In Mexico, a few years ago, a column of oil reached 600 measured feet. It is unsuitable for use when first gotten out of the ground, owing to the mud it contains, but when this has settled to the bottom of the settling tank it is refined. First petrol and benzine are extracted by distillation before it is sent to the storage tanks to be used as crude oil. So far the method which finds most favor for burning oil in furnaces is known as the low-pressure furnace, and is forced through pipes to the burner under the boiler in the form of a fine spray.

RAP AT MODERN PREACHERS

Bishop Denny Tells Good Story in Which Moral Is Not Hidden

Bishop Collins Denny said in an address in Richmond:

"I heard a story the other day that hits a good many preachers. It seems that the janitor of a fashionable church was showing his wife through the edifice. At the end of the inspection he said to her:

"'Would you like to hear me preach?'

"'Go on! You can't preach!' she objected.

"'Can't I, though?' said the janitor, and he went up into the pulpit and ranted and roared and raged a good 20 minues or more about the vile sins committed daily by the heathen in equatorial Africa.

"Then when he finished, he said, as he came down, wiping his hot face:

"'There; how was that for a sermon?'

"'It was mighty fine,' said his wife. 'But you told all about the sins of the natives away off in Africa and never a word about the sins of the folks right here at home.'

"The janitor chuckled.

"'Ha! Ha!' he said. 'I know the tricks of preachin' too well for that'."—Los Angeles Times.

New Home Brew Recipe

EUGENE, Ore., May 9.—(To the Editor)—Here is a new home brew recipe that has just come into my possession. Thinking that possibly your readers might be interested in such things, I am passing it on to them:

Chase a bullfrog three miles and gather up the hops; add 10 gallons hemlock tanbark, 2 quarts of turnpentine, a pint of shellac and 2 bars of laundry soap. Simmer gently for thirty hours; then strain through an I. W. W. sock to keep it from working. Pour into brown bottles; drop a live grasshopper into each bottle to furnish the kick. Select pallbearers.

U. L. BRIGGS.

Safe in His Arms

By Flora Beal Berisch

The poem that follows was written some weeks before her death by Mrs. Flora Beal Berisch, of Thurston. Mrs. Berisch died on May 10.

Safe when the shadows gather,
Safe when the earth-lights dim,
Safe when our night is darkest,
Safe evermore with Him.
Safe when the morn is breaking,
Doubtings and shadows flee—
Safe when the suns glad radiance
Glimmers o'er land and sea.

Safe in the vernal springtime,
Safe when we turn the sod,
Safe in the blasts of winter,
Safe in the heart of God.
Safe when the shadows deepen,
Safe, for He hears our call,
Safe in His wondrous wholeness,
Safe in His all-in-all.

Safe in the mind Eternal,
Safe in His ceaseless care,
Safe in His joys supernal,
Safe with Him everywhere.

THE RICH POOR MAN

This is the song of the poor man
Who walks where the meek have trod,
He passes along with a merry song
And places his trust in God.

Close by the fireplace sitting,
In its cheery gleam and glare,
As winter blasts go raging past,
I sit in the old arm chair.

My house is small, my family large,
But where there's a will there's a way,
I gladly work, while others shirk,
And my heart is light and gay.

My winter's stores are running short,
I have many mouths to feed,
But I worry not for it's been my lot
To receive the things I need.

I till the soil from early morn
Till drops the summer sun,
Then home at night, to my delight
I go when the day is done.

My fields will soon be looking green,
The trees will be in bloom,
For in the spring, all things must sing,
The sun will allay the gloom.

A table for me is waiting
When my daily work is o'er,
And my family will greet with glee
When I open the cottage door.

Though hard I toil to eke our fare
Yet such is his lot who farms,
But I have the smile, of a wife the while,
And the clasp of my children's arms.

—IRA TRIPP.
Eugene, Ore., May 10, 1922.

OUR BEACH TREE

I remember when I carried Peggy's books to school,
Ah, but that was many years ago,
She was then a dainty little girl of eight,
And I was then her beau.
She had golden curls, and she wore a pink sun bonnet,
She had a winsome face with smiles upon it,
She wore a ruffled dress with roses on it,
Ah, that was Peggy!
And when we reached the big beech tree,
I did so endeavor painfully,
To carve our names so all could see,
Mine and Peggy's.

Still again I wait beside that tree,
Yet proud I ween,
For Peggy's quite grown-up you see,
For she is now just eighteen,
She has eyes of blue, with the sweetest glances,
A gown of white that charms so so much enhances,
Her steps so swift she fairly dances,
My darling Peggy,
I'm so glad that summer's almost dead,
Glad that the leaves will soon be turning red,
For, don't you see, that in October we'll be wed,
I and Peggy.

Years have gone by and the quiet seasons pass,
For in our cozy home, I still cherish,
My sweet lass.
Life's true lessons we are learning,
Yet love has kept our home fires burning,
While I in haste to home returning,
To my Peggy,
And quite often to our beech tree we do go,
With all of our treasurers, for as you must know,
Our children's names we write below,
Mine and Peggy's.
Eugene, Ore., May 11, 1922.

MOTHER LOVE

My Mother dear is now not here:
She's in the Great Beyond.
It seems to me her face I see
With smiles so sweet and fond.
As from life's harms, her living arms
Would guard her wayward one,
She gave her life thru joy and strife
That God's will might be done.

My mind drifts back along life's track
To when I was a child.
'Twas at her knee that she taught me
Of Jesus, meek and mild.
Oh, Mother mine, that blessed shrine,
'Tis something I have missed.
In weary woe, nowhere to go—
Nor are my wounds now kissed.

I knew not then of that day when
Into the vale of Death,
She wandered nigh and without sigh,
Gave me my living breath.
Those days now past I've learned at last
She shared her all with me;
And all the while her mother smile
A vision seemed to see.

A mother's love—gift from above—
It is, like God, Divine;
Mere man will fight for what is right,
She will her love align—
And burdens bear, or take up care—
Thru her God reigns on earth—
O, man so wise (?) you live for prize,
A mother lives for birth.
Eugene, Ore., May 12, 1922.

AS CHILDREN SEE

Girlie gazed at fragrant calla
Brought to Mother, her own day,
Gift of love and loyalty
Told in the sweet blossom way.
Stood entranced at creamy bloom,
Conelike and of waxen fairness,
"Mother, is it" then she paused—
While I wondered was she fearing
To call such queenly beauty wrong;
Her next words revealed its charm;
"Is it an ice cream flower."

LOLA IRENE MORGAN.
Harrisburg, Ore., May 19, 1922.