

There are the sudden little scenes of beauty which flash out of the grey commonplace. On a busy crossing in Seattle we saw an old man feeding pigeons, while the traffic divided and circled around him and his flock; a sign over an auto camp "These Cabins are Either Clean or Closed"; a waitress in Portland who was able to serve a whole circle of customers, wiping away the debris with one hand, making out a bill with the other, watching the toast, frying eggs, and carrying on a conversation all at the one time. Only once did she stop, and that was when her wise-crack elicited no comment. Holding everything, she reproved her public with:

"Folks, I'm talking to you!"

And when we had made a suitable apology the wheels of commerce turned once more.

In Oregon we passed chicken houses ablaze with light at night to deceive the hens into believing that this was another day, to the end that more eggs might be produced, and that we felt was an infringement on the private life of the hens, who as a class have never shirked their public duties.

There are critics of our present day tendencies who say that standardization will catch up to all of us sooner or later and lay its icy hand on our individuality. We could see evidences of this in our own way of travelling; here we were contented to let the big motor bus carry us, instead of being independent with our own car, but it was all so pleasant that we refused to be disturbed over anything. We saw Mt. Shasta white with snow, winding and unwinding a scarf of mist around her head and Black Butte standing out clear and majestic and close at hand. When we asked the people of Dunsmuir, where we spent the night, how far away Black Butte really is, we found in their answers much the same spread as there is in the opinions of the Gordon Head people on the