

conscious of its future, unconscious of its destiny. Had even one of those who had vision and dreamed of its greatness to be, ventured a prediction, vaguely depicting America of one hundred years in the future, as we know it today, his compatriots would have considered him a victim of a dangerous form of hallucination.

The City of New York, with its six million inhabitants today, was only a modest little town, one hundred years ago. Columbia College, with its magnificent buildings, monuments to our age of learning, spreading out over several acres of ground at sub-station One Hundred and Fifteenth street, was then located at the foot of Park Place, a little school of unpretentious proportions and no one at that time dreamed of its educational influence in 1925 or its dynamic leader, the matchless Nicolas Murray Butler. Greenwich Village, one hundred years ago, was only a small section of "little ole" New York. The "Village" is now noticeable, shall we say, mostly for its antiquated buildings and some freak inhabitants. At that time it was the northernmost section—the Bronx (pronounced in the dialect of its Yiddish residents, the Bronx) of that day. And Alexander Hamilton, the lawyer, whose residential home was at No. 26 Broadway, where now stands the new giant home-office building of the Standard Oil Company, right at the foot of Broadway, had not yet fought his famous duel with Aaron Burr, another legal light of that day.

The New York City directory of 1921 shows that Cornelius Vanderbilt was a cartman at Renwick Street, corner of Greenwich, and John Jacob Astor & Son were just plain merchants with an unpretentious shop. The governor of New York, who at that time happened to be De Witt Clinton, had "offices in the City Hall." The present publishing house of Harper, was at that time J. & J. Harper, known only as plain job printers. Duncan Phyfe was at that time a well known cabinetmaker, who carved his name so well in America's early furniture history that the 1925 collectors of antiques in furniture are raving over every article that bears his name. The advertisements of that day tell much of the value of waterproof beaver hats, walking canes, with or without swords, but there are no glowing tales of the values in silk hosiery or silk underwear, with attractive pictures to draw the attention. The wigs must have been very popular in those days for the advertisers of 1825 offer them this special inducement: "Measure your own head and send in your order from anywhere." Daniel Klauberg advertised that he "sharpened edged blades equal to any in Europe." He was probably an artist in his line. Toothpaste was evidently not an essential article at that time and the manufacturers were most likely not producing the very best grades, for one manufacturer advertised: "Toothpaste—genuine, efficacious and innocent. All orders thankfully received."

Thirty-eight hours was required for the mail coach to reach Boston from New York, and traveling on "the main line" from New York one would have to leave at five o'clock in the morning in order to reach Philadelphia by night. The postal rates were somewhat complicated, something like our present second class mail rates—some sort of zoning arrangement.

One sheet of paper, we are told, cost two cents through the mails a distance of thirty miles, and two sheets required four cents.

The letter carriers must have been very prominent persons in those days. New York had four of them, and they are specially listed in the New York city directory of that illustrious age of early beginning. "Them were the days" of professional callings. Among other indications sustaining this point, the record notes that Henry Pine was a scavenger; Adam Dolmage tallow chandler; P. Byrne, pen cutter and wafer maker; and Rebecca Demarest, mantuamaker.

The product now advertised extensively in an abbreviated form on huge signboards all over New York, as "SOCONY," (it's another crossword puzzle which stands for a well-known brand of flivver fuel) was evidently unknown in those days, for it is not mentioned in the directory, and "service" stations and garages are not listed.

Ad infinitum we may quote records which tell the story of the beginning of our development as a nation, only going back one hundred years to make the marvel more pronounced.

Give sorrow words; the grief that does speak.

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

—Shakespeare.

The man who's afraid to do too much for people he does business with, needn't be afraid of having too much business to do.

The radiant sun sends from above ten thousand blessings down,
Nor is he set so high for show alone.

—Granville.

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