



ARROWS *from the* LONG BOW

(FROM THE QUIVER OF BARUCH SPINOZA)

What greater misfortune for a state can be conceived than that honorable men should be sent like criminals into exile, because they hold diverse opinions which they cannot disguise.

How many evils spring from luxury, envy, avarice, drunkenness, and the like, yet these are tolerated—vices as they are—because they cannot be prevented by legal enactments.

I do not deny that there are some doctrines which, while they are apparently only concerned with abstract truths and falsehoods, are yet propounded and published with unworthy motives.

Not even the most experienced, to say nothing of the multitude, know how to keep silence. Men's common failing is to confide their plans to others, though there be need for secrecy.

Moses, not by fraud, but by Divine virtue, gained hold over the popular judgment that he was accounted superhuman, and believed to speak and act through the inspirations of the Deity: nevertheless he could not escape murmurs and evil interpretations.

He that knows himself to be upright does not fear the death of a criminal, and shrinks from no punishment; his mind is not wrung with remorse for any disgraceful deed; he holds that death in a good cause is no punishment, but an honor, and that death for freedom is glory.

If men's minds were as easily controlled as their tongues, every king would sit safely on his throne, and government by compulsion would cease. For every subject would shape his life according to the intentions of his rulers, and would esteem a thing true or false, good or evil, just or unjust, in obedience to their dictates.

The object for government is not to change men from rational beings into beasts or puppets, but to enable them to develop their minds and bodies in security, and to employ their reason unshackled; neither showing hatred, anger, or deceit, nor watched with the eyes of jealousy and injustice. In fact, the true aim of government is liberty.

TRUE PROPORTIONS

An inferiority complex is not by any means a desirable state of mind, but in many instances it is better than a superiority complex. To under estimate one's powers is to chain one-self to a certain level from which it is difficult or impossible to rise, whereas, on the other hand over-estimation of one's powers or importance may lead to many a hard knock and much humiliation. It scarcely matters what the project is it seems wise to pursue the middle course—to keep in the middle of the road. Make haste slowly but surely, step by step, and then one is safe. It is a commendable thing to be known as a "plodder."

The world turns instinctively from an egotistical person. For many reasons he is persona non grata—he does not mix. His egotism is a handicap to him. On the other hand true modesty keeps one within bounds, shields him from ridicule, and renders him companionable, and gains for him the respect and confidence of all. Whenever we see a fellow who sizes himself up by the shadow he casts on a late afternoon we are reminded of one of Aesop's fables, "The Wolf and the Lion." It runs as follows:

"A Wolf, roaming by the mountain's side, saw his own shadow, as the sun was setting, become greatly extended and magnified, and he said to himself, 'Why should I, being of such immense size, and extending nearly an acre in length, be afraid of Lions? Ought I not be acknowledged as King of all the collected beasts? While he was indulging in these proud thoughts, a Lion fell upon him and killed him. He exclaimed with a too late repentance, 'Wretched me! This over-estimation of myself is the cause of destruction.'"

ORIGIN OF CHEHALIS

The following little "Indian Story" was written for us by Lucy Billy, a member of our 10th grade class, but she says that she does not know positively the origin of the story:

It was in the days when the Indians had no particular boundaries to places, although the places had names. There was a man who came down from Canada and inter-married. His bride was from what is now called the State of Washington.

After several years they had a son. The man felt lonesome and he told his wife that he wished to visit his homeland for awhile. His wife consented, so one day they started on their journey toward the north. The baby refused to go and he cried so that they couldn't stop him. As was customary with the Indians, the mother rocked him on her back from side to side, but he wouldn't stop. He finally gave up when his parents wouldn't turn back.

After a few years' visit they started for their Washington home and took the very same path by which they had left it. They found a river that they had crossed some years before. This river they called the tear river, which I suppose is the translation of Chehalis.