THE MANUSCRIPT RETURNED.

Poor little wanderer!
Fate was unkind to thee!
Patient hope's squanderer!
Fate has been blind to thee!
Back from rude editors,
Lynx-eyed their scrutiny,
All thy discreditors;
Thine not to mutiny.
Rest in obscurity,
Till, in futurity,
Laws may be passed
Decreeing it jailable
To write "not available,"
"Genius" to blast.
Then, with no stint o' space,
Thou'lt, at a sprinter's pace,
Come from the printer's case
Published—at last!

Mrs. F. F. Victor.

YOUR invitation to put myself on record along with others, is an opportunity of which I somewhat reluctantly avail myself. As a rule I have avoided personalities as being 'bad form,' and evidence of weakness. However, experience has forced upon my observation this truth—that white men, even men of no great intellectual or moral value to society, can create a constituency which will bring them profits of reputation, position, and hard cash by means of which women cannot or will not avail themselves, the woman of no matter how much industry, ability, or moral worth is not recognized because of her refusal to adopt certain of their methods, as well as on account of her inferiority from a political point of view. But since the Statesman, with a sagacity unusual in newspaper practice, has asked for "anything personal" regarding the lives of pioneers in the various callings followed by men, and has included me by addressing me as "Dear Sir," I am persuaded to fall into line and present my reminiscences with the same egotism which is allowed to other members of the body politic.

When I came to the Pacific coast from New York in 1863 my husband, Henry Clay Victor, was first assistant engineer in the United States navy. His ship was at Narragansett, cruising to intercept the confederate pirates which were destroying our whaling fleet in the North. In the following year he resigned on account of ill health and disability, and when he was partially recovered came to Oregon, for which he had a romantic admiration inspired by reading Vancouver's Voyages and other early books about this region; and I, who had been living in San Francisco for a year and a half, joined him at Portland. He was as deeply enamored as ever of this country, and made several efforts to found industries, among which were salt making and coal mining, but which proved abortive for reasons which pioneers in such enterprises can readily understand. He was lost with two hundred other passengers when the steamer Pacific foundered off Cape Flattery in November, 1875.

While in San Francisco I wrote for the Evening Bulletin quite regularly both on inside and outside matters and received liberal pay. Mr. James Nisbel was editor-in-chief at that time. He was a noble man and courteous, and his loss in 1865 by the sinking of the Brother Jonathan off Crescent City made many hearts sad, none more so than my own, for to me he had acted as an elder brother during my connection with the Bulltein. While in San Francisco I wrote a series of papers for the Golden Era, then the literary journal of California, which had for contributors Charles H. Webb, Bret Harte and all the brightest writers then on the coast. Webb and I wrote society articles, in a half mirthful, half satirical vein. His nom de plume was Inigo, mine Florence Faul, and we raced for precedence in the public favor with the result that most people said the two were one—for as usual they decided that no woman could be as "smart" as a man who was an acknowledged wit. But I had my satisfaction when I made a tour of the mining districts, and my husband revealed my identity to the miners, who presented me more stock on the strength of my Florence Faul articles than I knew what to do with. In fact I did nothing with a handful of shares because I did not know on which to pay assessments, and simply let all lapse—which thriftlessness no doubt accounts for my subsequent want of fortune. In the autumn of 1864 I became the editor of the New Era, an Odd Fellows' journal started at that time, and wrote for it a history of Odd Fellowship; but my connection with that paper was broken off by my removal to Portland.

Mr. Victor having preceded me to Oregon I followed in the winter of 1864-65 on the steamer Brother Jonathan. In those times the steamers went alternately to Victoria and Portland for their first landing. On this trip the Jonathan went to Victoria first, giving me a view of the beautiful little harbor, made doubly picturesque by the presence of the Indian canoe with its gaily blanketed paddlers, darting from point to point with the swiftness and silence of winged creatures. At Victoria our passenger list was increased by the party of Charles Kean, the actor, with Mrs. Kean and their niece. But as the weather was exceedingly bad when we came out of the straits on our voyage to Portland and all the way to the mouth of the Columbia, I had no opportunity to become acquainted with any one of the party until we met at our first meal on board the ship which was after we came inside the bar on Christmas evening. As we sat at table, in quiet water, I said to Captain De Wolf, "I suppose we are near our destination now?" "Within a hundred and ten miles of it," he replied, at which I exclaimed wonderingly, and was informed that it was so many miles up the Columbia, and so many more up the Wallamet. (They did not spell it Willamette at that time.) And then I had to confess that I never had heard of the Wallamet, and had always believed Portland was on the Columbia. It was put down so when I studied geography, I said, and all Eastern people thought as I did.

It is a curious fact that this very natural blunder was the cause of my lively interest in the country, for I am nothing if not accurate, when it is possible to know a thing, and I began from that instant to inquire of everybody I met something about the country's physical features first, and then about its history. Among the geographical features which I noted was that the rivers of Oregon, except the Columbia, which bounded it, ran north, and that the Wallamet valley was enclosed on the east, south and west by mountains, forming a vast pouch with its mouth opening on the Columbia. This was an interesting physical fact which afterwards became more interesting when its bearing on the early history of the state came into view.

The first person to whom I was introduced was the governor of Oregon, Addison C. Gibbs. In conversation with him I made a laughing allusion to my ignorance concerning the country, which he replied was not remarkable since so few books were written about this part of the Pacific coast, and added that there ought to be something published which would correct false impressions in the minds of people in the East. "Oh," I said, "if that is what is wanted, it is just in my line, and I should enjoy studying the country with the purpose of writing it up." The governor then suggested that the legislature would probably make an appropriation to defray the expense of publishing such a book. Thus encouraged I set out as soon as the spring opened to look up my subject matter, travelling as far south as Yoncalla, stopping at all the towns and interviewing the oldest residents.

Just as a growth-gage in the people's liberality of sentiment I must relate some of my experiences, prefacing the recital with the mention that a woman whose name I cannot recall had been in Oregon a short time before my advent calling herself a writer, and collecting subscriptions for a publication of some sort. She had proven a fraud, whether intentionally or not, and people were, on her account, suspicious of me. Governor Gibbs had recommended me to call on Judge Deady for such books as might aid me in historical research, at the same time telling me that the judge was of a literary turn, and was a correspondent of the San Francisco Evening Bulletin. He also gave me leave to use his name. Armed with this information I called on the judge expecting to be received with favor. To my surprise I was not so received, but was told that Oregon had suffered enough at the hands of itinerant scribblers. This fling was meant not only for the woman before mentioned, but was on account of an article in the Atlantic Monthly by Fritz Hugh Ludlow who had written something which was understood as an impertinence by the Oregonians.

Although somewhat embarrassed by my reception I replied that I could not see how knowledge of a country was to be obtained without itinerancy; that I had been accustomed to travel with such an object; that I was a paid correspondent of the Bulletin to which I had sent several letters about Oregon which I must believe the people would approve if they read them, and that my sole purpose in coming to him was to increase my knowledge of the subject in hand. I had no sooner mentioned the Bulletin than the judge's countenance relaxed, and the interview ended by a cordial permission to use his library as if it were my own, and from that day until his death Judge Deady was the staunchest and most helpful of my Oregon friends. Blessed be his memory!

The next man who had something to do with my work was Hon. J. Quinn Thornton. An Albany lady who knew a little something about me, Mrs. Shepard, now of Santa Cruz, California—invited me to spend a few days with her when I went up the valley, which invitation I accepted. It was she who introduced me to Judge Thornton and wife, who entertained me at their place in Benton county, for two days, during which time the judge told me the early history of Oregon from the Hudson Bay company's point of view. Afterwards he wrote me several letters in the same vein; but when I published my "River of the West," he came out savagely against the very statements he had given me. At Albany I met Judge Baber and the Monteith brothers, from all of whom I received many courtesies. At Corvallis I called on Mrs. Avery, the pioneer woman of that town, and listened to stories of crossing the plains and the early settlement of Oregon. From Corvallis to Yoncalla was one ride, occupying a night and part of the next day, in a stage coach.

I shall never forget my reception by the "Sage of Yoncalla," Jesse Applegate. He stood at the gate when the stage drove up. His philosophical head close shaven, with its large ears standing almost at right angles to his face, his large mouth stretched wide in a cordial yet half quizzical smile, together with his gaunt figure and farmer's garb made altogether a most unexpected picture—for I had heard a great deal about this Oregon statesman, and looked for something different. Ten days were spent at his house, the evenings of which were devoted to historical reminiscences, and of all the minds I have ever come in contact with I think his the most independent; for though stored with learning he did not draw his ideas from other men's stock, but thought for himself. As he liked to talk, in his deliberate, reflective way, I only had to listen. The only subject on which I discovered we were opposed was that of woman's rights. Mr. Applegate had the old-fashioned opinion that all a woman needed of education was enough to make her a good wife according to the same ancient standard. But I succeeded in upsetting some of these notions, and when I came away he said to me, "I should be proud if I could call you my daughter." From that time until he passed to the beyond we were friends and correspondents.

W. L. Adams, at that time collector of the port at Astoria, had a good deal of reputation as a literary, or at least, as a newspaper man. I received an invitation to his house, where I was presented with a file of the first paper published on the Pacific coast, the Oregon Spectator, for 1846 and part of 1849, which I still have. While in Astoria I called on Mrs. W. H. Gray, who kindly allowed me to take for perusal one of two copies of "Hines' Voyage to Oregon;" but a few hours later a messenger came from Mr. Gray withdrawing the book. This did not deter him from asking me a few months later to place in his hands the material for history which I had gathered up. I did not give it to him, and we never were very friendly afterwards. He was publishing a paper at Astoria, chiefly to get his history of Oregon into print in a serial form, and I availed myself of the information it contained. It had not occurred to me to question his facts, and when I wrote my "Rivers of the West" I incorporated in it the now familiar story of Dr. Whitman's journey to Washington in the winter to prevent the Ashburton treaty from being signed; and my hastily written book was in print before more careful research showed me that I had sadly blundered in accepting Gray's statement concerning so important a matter as a treaty between two great powers. Further investigation revealed other errors in his history, the correction of which by me did not increase the entente cordiale between us. One of the most useful authorities I had to refer to was Mr. A. B. Roberts of Cathlamet, who for many years was head clerk of the Hudson Bay company at Vancouver, with whom I corresponded for several years. From his letters and answers to my questions very valuable matter was obtained, as well as from those of other members of the Hudson Bay company.

I could go on giving incidents at great length of the manner in which I studied Oregon from every side, but it would occupy to much space. Let me return to my book making. The work about the country, chiefly descriptive, which I prepared I offered to several Eastern publishers, but they invariably replied that there was no market for such a book; the Eastern people were not interested in Oregon. While I was trying to find a publisher the "Colfax party," as it was termed, which included A. D. Richardson, the famous war correspondent of the New York Times, who suffered in Andersonville prison, and who died by assassination, not long after his visit to the coast, came to Portland, and to Mr. Richardson I related my trouble about getting into print. With his usual generous and helpful spirit he offered to carry the manuscript to New York and get some publisher to take it. He did so, but was no more successful than I had been. The book I afterwards published at my own expense in San Francisco, under the title of "All Over Oregon and Washington," and the sale being limited to this coast gave me no profits. It was then about 1872 I tried to interest the legislature in the matter, but they had soldiers' bounties to pay, and would vote no money to advertise the state. In this effort I was opposed, too, by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, who was punishing me for saying something not radical enough on the suffrage question. I felt this to be more than "a rose-leaf on the beaker's brim," because I had contributed a large amount of unpaid matter to the New Northwest for the good of her undertakings. All the same, when I came to write the history of Oregon and Washington I gave her the credits she deserved for her work in the field of woman's rights.

It was during my first year in Oregon that I met Joseph L. Meek. I think it was Judge Deady who brought about the meeting, and Meek sent me a batch of notes in pencil every little while for a year or more. On one occasion he came to town to have a photograph taken by Mr. Joseph Buchtel, from which an engraving was to be made, but did not come near me. By chance I met him as he came down the stairs from Buchtel's, and he was looking dissipated enough—limp and white from drinking. When he recognized me the gentleman in him asserted itself, and he said with a deeply apologetic air: "Punish me any way you please, Mrs. Victor, I know I am unworthy to speak to you; and I promise on my sacred honor not to be seen by you in this condition again." Nor did I ever see him really intoxicated afterwards—perhaps because when he came to town he usually reported to me, and I took measures to prevent him from meeting too many of his acquaintances on the street. For this and because he was made the hero of "The River of the West," he entertained for me a profound respect and affection, as refined and loyal as one could wish for from the most cultured of men. When his eyes were blind with approaching death he called upon my name; but I, in San Francisco, was ignorant of his dying wish to bid me farewell. Many persons said, and probably believed, that Meek paid me several thousand dollars for writing his adventures. He had nothing to give me but his farm, and that belonged to his children. I made no money, or at best very little above the expense of publication from this very popular book. It was a year or two after its appearance that I published the work already mentioned—"All Over Oregon and Washington."

In the meantime I had been writing for the Overland Monthly, both descriptive and historical articles, over my own name, and without any signature at all, quite a number of short stories of Western life. For these latter I received no credit, and few persons were aware that I ever indulged in imaginative writing. A Portland lady suggested to me that it would be well to republish them in book form with my name on the title page. This I did in 1877, adding a small collection of poems, all under the title of "The New Penelope." This book was not stereotyped, and only one thousand was printed, which were readily sold, and netted me a small profit.

It had always been my practice to go to San Francisco often, as being a better point for my sort of work than Portland. And in that connection I will state that one hundred dollars would cover all the pay I ever received from Oregon newspapers in the thirty years I have given to writing up Oregon. This ignoring of my value as a writer naturally forced me towards California, where I could get pay. In 1875 I was writing for the S. F. Call over the pen name of "Dorothy D.," and the papers I furnished on social subjects would make a respectable volume. Soon after the publication of "The New Penelope," Mr. H. H. Bancroft of San Francisco advertised his plan of publishing a series of Pacific coast histories. As I had prepared by a long study of my subject to write a history of Oregon which should be standard, I felt a good deal cut up by having my field invaded by another, not so well prepared, but who had a plump exchequer and an army of assistants. It was useless to compete with such superior forces, and on being solicited by Mr. Bancroft to become one of his collaborators, rather than have my previous work lost I consented to join his corps of writers, taking as my division Oregon history. Into this I put all that I could of my material, doing my work as conscientiously as if I had been writing with the hope of making fame and fortune for myself, though at first in the ardor of my occupation thinking little about that matter. After I had been at work for a few months Mr. Bancroft, who occasionally dropped into my room to have a talk, said to me, "I expect to father everything produced in this library." The remark surprised me, having thought so little about this rather distant subject, and having been used to being connected with my writings as author. "Why, Mr. Bancroft," I replied, "do you not intend to give the names of your helpers on the title pages?" "That is just what I wish to avoid," said he. "I expect to give each one a mention with my estimate of them, at the end of the series, in a volume which I shall call 'Literary Industries.'" This avowal of his intentions towards the writers in the library troubled me considerably. I did not know him well enough to judge how much or how little justice we should receive at his hands, nor could I learn until the work had been all done. But as I was in the midst of an undertaking which I had planned and was executing, and in which I took pleasure, the troubling question was finally cast aside, and the history of Oregon completed.

I wish to say here that only those who have done such work can estimate the labor that goes into the writing of original history. I had no example before me of a complete history of Oregon. I had a mass of undigested material of all kinds—books of early travel and adventure, newspaper clippings, letters from pioneers, dictations hurriedly taken and "recollections" of men and women who had been "from the beginning" in the Oregon country. Some of this was undoubtedly authority, but some had to be proven. I had constantly to correspond with people whom I knew or did not know; and it did not take me long to find out that memory, like the human heart, was "deceitful" if not "desperately wicked."

It was my plan to give a faithful study of the Oregon people, their character, their motives and their achievements. How faithfully this was done the first volume of "Oregon" shows for itself. I undertook to settle the ever-recurring question of the origin of the word Oregon, and this I am satisfied I did. It was done so well, at all events, that Mr. Scott of the Oregonian, adopted my explanation and made an address out of it which was delivered before the Pioneer association, in the city of Portland, about 1890. There was only one subject on which any portion of the people of Oregon were at variance with me; that was concerning the Whitman journey to the East and its object. That I gave the true history I still maintain, the other side having no proofs of their position to amount to anything, while I have many—much more than I could incorporate in general history. These proofs, when I get time, I hope to put into a form which can be read by all. In the meantime capital is being made by the opposition by engaging pulpit orators in their service.

My most thorough study and my material covered the period from 1832 to 1847 inclusive. The second volume on Oregon was made up more from matter in the Bancroft library and newspaper files, and is not quite the perfect work I would have made it if I had prepared for it as I did for the first volume. Its errors, however, are not numerous or important. It happened that sometimes when Mr. Bancroft was reading manuscript he altered what I had said to make it suit some opinion of his own, or for some other reason. For instance, he frequently changed my account of Indian affairs in some part making the narrative contradict itself in other parts. This he did, as he said, "to be consistent" as in his Spanish histories he had taken a stand against the white man as opposed to the Indian. No allowance was made for the advance of civilization in the white man in several centuries. Again if he was displeased with a certain man for a purely personal reason, he seized the opportunity to punish him by leaving him out of history or by making him obnoxious. To the general reader of today these blemishes may not appear, nor will the future reader have any knowledge of them; still I regret their existence. The institutional part of Oregon history is most deficient, for the reason that Mr. Bancroft was unwilling by the time we had arrived at that part of the work, to give any more time or expense to gathering these facts. As a whole I am willing to let my work stand, though I had not always had my way about it. I would have had at the close of the first volume only the biographies of actual pioneers, but to please subscribers who had more wealth than the pioneers, Mr. Bancroft insisted in giving them the place. This partial explanation of the manner in which the history of Oregon was written is due to myself, and is made by myself because no one else could make it.

Before I had completed "Oregon" it was arranged that I should go on until I had covered Washington, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, Wyoming and Nevada, all of which I did with the exception of the introduction to "Nevada," which Mr. Bancroft had sometime written. After finishing this part of the series, I was given the political and transportation chapters of "California" VI and VII to write. I wrote the "Oregon Question," which I wished placed in the first Oregon volume. But Mr. Bancroft allowed Mr. H. L. Oak, who wrote most of the "Native Races," to alter my version and give an English coloring to the subject, as also to place it in one of the Northwest volumes. It was a sort of fad with Oak to see matters from an English standpoint, and he convinced Mr. Bancroft that it would please people in England and be for his benefit to deny the right of the United States to this portion of the coast. Accordingly a piece of work on which I had put a great deal of careful study was perverted in sentiment, and my credits lost.

I wrote the "San Juan Boundary Question" for "Washington," and that too was turned over to be used in "British Columbia." A complete history of the Modoc war, which was written by me from authorities gathered on the ground, was placed among other matter in the "Inter Pocula" volume. Thus my work on the Bancroft histories aggregates six full volumes of from 700 to 800 pages each. If I had been able to place my name where it properly belongs on these six volumes I should have made an international reputation. But what Mr. Bancroft said of me in his Literary Industries covered just eight lines. It is true he inserted a brief biography written by myself, which had no connection whatever with his opinion of me as a historian. What I wrote is nowhere stated.

After leaving the Bancroft library I wrote and published "Atlantis Arisen," a book of 400 pages on Oregon and Washington, which was brought out by the Lippincott firm of Philadelphia in 1891. Subsequently I wrote the "Early Indian Wars of Oregon," printed in the state printing office at Salem. These various works excepting the latter were in the literary exhibit of Oregon at the Columbian World's fair, Chicago, and were retained to have a place in the library to be erected by Potter Palmer in that city. As so much of my historical writing was scattered through several volumes only four could be claimed as entirely mine; but into those I introduced a preface declaring the reason why I had placed my name on the backs of the volumes, and the action so far as I have heard has been approved. If this matter had been a strictly personal one it might have been omitted from this article. The people of Oregon, as I regard it, have a right to know whatever is of interest concerning their written history, and the historian of the future who uses the Bancroft series for reference should know in just what measure his authorities are trustworthy.

To conclude, the New Atlantis, whose sub-title is Tourist Talks About Oregon and Washington, is the last of my books, except Early Indian Wars, and was written from actual observation, and in the hope of directing attention to the Northwest.

FRANCES FULLER VICTOR.

Is Teaching a Profession?

RESPONDING to a request sent me, I will write a few words on the above subject, with an earnest hope that they will be of some worth to your readers.

During the school year ending June 1, 1895, there were employed in the public schools of this state about three thousand teachers. Of this number it is safe to say that not more than one thousand are professional educators. But can this be possible, and if so what name shall we give to the other two thousand? To answer this, let us carefully investigate the past, present and future of the teaching fraternity. Here is a bright young man who, by his consummate skill and labor, has triumphed over the common school studies, successfully undergoes the ordeal of the examination, and launches himself out upon the sea of pedagogy. He is perceptibly intelligent, winning in his manner, and soon wins for himself a prominent position in the schools. This young personage is destined to become a bright star in the crown of education. Do you think so? A year later he is reading law in some law office, engaged in the dissecting room, selling goods from behind the counter or is into some other vocation. Teaching was his avocation and something else his vocation. It is a well known fact among observers, that but few of those who enter the profession (?) of teaching, remain long in the work. The case of this young teacher just described, is the exact counterpart of a vast majority of those who enter the rank of teachers. Why is this? The answer is easily given. A young man who has enough intelligence and vim to make of himself a teacher, rarely stops there. And why? First, it is an easy matter, under the present licensing law, for one to obtain a teacher's certificate. It was an easy thing for him, and equally simple for those who follow him. He wants something higher; some point that shall be more difficult to gain. The conquest of Blackstone, the laws of surgery and therapeutics, the school of theology or even a position with some of the great corporate bodies, now so general, have greater charms for him. It is a strange fact that, in most cases, he makes the change. Is it not so? Stop and reflect. Count the cases under your own observation and you will quickly find that the assertion is correct.

Secondly, after teaching a few years, at most, he learns that a teacher's life is not a "bed of roses." He soon learns that the work requires more nerve force (if he is a good teacher, and if he isn't, he must needs drop out anyhow) than any other business known to man. He soon learns that, after his day's work is ended, he is much more tired than when he made two hundred rails on his father's farm. He soon learns that Dr. —— or Lawyer —— makes more money in a month than he receives for the year. He soon learns that he is wearing out at a rapid rate, and, worse than all else, his good work does not seem to be appreciated among his patrons. Now what? The result is as I have just given; and, soon, this young teacher, one who was only beginning to know the real underlying principles of scientific didactics, forever leaves his once chosen profession to others who only follow him through the same circumstances and conditions.

And now for the fair sex, those who make up about sixty-one per cent of all the teachers in the state. What becomes of all the young women that receive teachers license? They are not in the work; for if they were, we should, today, have an army of more than ten thousand female teachers in Oregon. This is also easily explained. The most of them marry, at which time their work in the schoolroom generally, forever ceases. Others so break down in health that they are qualified for neither the school nor a wife.

A retrospective glance will prove that the average number of years' service in the work, for females, is a little less than three, and for males, 4 1-3. It is impossible for one to become a professional educator in so short a time. In other trades and vocations one is never recognized as an adept till many years have been spent in the business. Hence, where are our professional educators today? Well, as I have said, there are perhaps one thousand men and women in the state who have been ten years or more in the work, and who have decided to make it a life's calling.

But, is teaching a profession? I answer it is one of the greatest professions. To be a successful educator, one must be accomplished in more points than are necessary for any other profession. He must be gentlemanly, honest, pure, refined, healthful, good-natured, well learned in, at least, thirty different branches of knowledge. He must be able to read the child as he would read a book. He must be both active and passive. He must be able to quickly yet perfectly demonstrate all theories advanced by him. Above all, he must be able to discipline his school, which by the way, is the greatest work imposed on the American teacher.

And now I ask again, why are so many of our bright young people taking up the work, only to abandon it after a short service? I think I can make the answer plain. Hear what a great educator says: "Teaching is, of all the professions, the most useful for the public welfare, as it is one of the most laborious and skilled, and should be paid according to its desects. * * * The wages for the rank and file of public school teachers averages less than those of skilled mechanics." Then again as I have said, it is too easy to become a teacher. Is it reasonable, in any degree, to suppose real educators can and will remain long in the field while young boys and girls, who answer only 70 per cent of a list of easy questions in only ten branches of study, are turned out as teachers to compete with them? Of course not. The professional teachers of long years' service (for they cannot be professional otherwise) are in the schoolroom from a natural love for the work and not for their health. A few are working for the "almighty dollar," but such are rarely successful. Therefore, we find the schoolroom is not the place to acquire health, but rather to lose it, for a convention of teachers is readily known by their pallid faces and quick, nervous glances. It is not the place to make money, for a careful investigation will prove that not twenty per cent of those engaged are accumulating wealth. It is not the place for honor and glory, for the true teacher always recognizes in himself simply a servant of the people. It is not the place for an "easy job," for there is no labor so wearing on mind and body as that of teaching. It is not the place for freedom from anxiety and worry, for, of all classes of bread earners, there is not one that carries with it such a load of responsibility and care as that of the teacher's. But it is the place for those who would "love God and serve his fellowman." It is the place for all who have a natural desire to make the world better. It is the place for those who love children and who truly realize that the child is but the future man or woman of this great world that we love so dearly.

Hence, of all those who take up the work, few, very few, make it a profession, but rather a stepping stone to some vocation.

Now, I want to emphatically impress this fact: So long as the "70 per cent" gate is open to all, Oregon is not going to have a full crop of professional teachers. It is an impossibility. No less than 60 per cent of our instructors, today, are composed of those who are simply making an experiment rather than a profession of the work, and drop out long before they have learned the art thereof. Oregon is not the only state that fosters so imperfect a law; there are many that have worse. But let us hope to rectify the wrong at an early date.

There are many other points, Mr. Editor, that I would like to bring out in this article, but prudence suggests that they be reserved for a future date.

LOUIS BARZEE.

MRS. KUHN GETS A VERDICT.

The Jury Returns $7735 in the Loewenberg Case.

In the suit at Portland of Louise Kuhn vs. Julius Loewenberg for $10,000 on a note of the California Vineyard company the jury Friday found in favor of Mrs. Kuhn in the sum of $7135.54, with interest. In the defense, there was some claim that Mrs. Kuhn had already received some of the $10,000 consideration for the sale of the interest of her husband in the business of the California Vineyard company.

The basis of Mrs. Kuhn's action against Mr. Loewenberg was that he guaranteed the payment of the Vineyard company's note, if she would not sue the company upon it.

A FOOL AT COURT.

The American Minister to Germany Must Be Crazy.

Washington, June 17.—Complaints have reached there from the American colony in Berlin concerning the conduct of General Theodore Runyon, the United States ambassador to Berlin. It is said that the New Jersey statesman has not only violated the rules of the service and the principles of Jeffersonian simplicity, but has gone so far as to make the embassy the laughing-stock not only of the American colony but of the Germans as well. His latest innovation has been a regal court carriage, which he had expressly built. He drives through the streets of Berlin with two flunkies balancing their anatomies on a limited footboard, the driver on a tripod, seated on the American flag, ostentatiously spread over his seat, with all sorts of mysterious crests and emblems, the meaning of which must remain a Chinese mystery to the American voter.

The general has also resurrected an old uniform which he uses instead of the traditional evening dress, and the German officials are in a ferment over the discovery that it does not represent his present rank in the regular army of the United States.

GRAND GOOD NEWS.

Wages Increased Ten per Cent in the Iron Industries.

Cleveland, June 17.—National Malleable Casting Co. today notified their 900 employes that a general increase of 10 per cent will take effect immediately. At the big works of the Eberhardt Manufacturing Co. notices were also posted notifying their 1,000 employes of a 10 per cent increase. It is understood other big iron concerns of the city will follow the example set by the two industries named.

ORIGIN AND DOCTRINE OF THE CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

(By Rev. J. C. Templeton.)

The Cumberland Presbyterian church is a child of the Presbyterian church, which was born on February 4, 1810, hence is now in its 86th year. The very able paper read before this association two weeks ago, from the pen of Rev. A. L. Hutchison, shows the long line of ancestry, through which we take pride in tracing our historical steps back to the church that God himself organized in the house of Abraham. Not that we claim to be the stalk from which other churches have sprung, but that we are one of the many denominations into which the divinely organized body has divided.

The origin and doctrine of the Cumberland Presbyterian church must begin with the time when the Presbyterian church, conceived, travailed in pain, and brought forth a child which she was pleased to name "Cumberland."

At the dawning of the nineteenth century the states of Kentucky and Tennessee were mostly inhabited by wild and warlike Indians. A large district lying on the Cumberland river, part in Kentucky and part in Tennessee, had been bought from the Indians and settled by the whites. This was known as Cumberland county. The Rev. Thomas B. Craighead, of the Presbyterian church was the first pastor to begin work in this new field, though he was followed very closely by the Rev. Benjamin Ogden of the Methodist church. When the Presbyterian church divided one of its large Presbyteries, assigning one portion thereof to the Cumberland it gave the name of the county to the Presbytery, calling it "Cumberland Presbytery." Some of the ministers of this Presbytery were truly men called of God and sent forth to preach the everlasting gospel of His son, and who labored hard to win souls for Christ, but, according to the testimony of the Rev. David Rice, the first Presbyterian minister who settled in Kentucky, and of the Rev. Dr. Davidson, the historian of the Presbyterian church in that country, most of them were bad men. Drunkenness, wrangling, licentiousness and heresy brought many to grief sooner or later. Dr. McDonald in his church history says, "the lives of unconverted preachers, elders and members make a woeful chapter in the history of this period."

Such was the condition of the church when the revival of 1800 swept over the country like a wildfire. There was a division among the ministers of Cumberland Presbytery. One faction joining heartily with the revival spirit and preaching a Bible doctrine on the basis of "whosoever will" may be saved. The other faction denied that Christ died alike for all men and argued from the third chapter of the Westminster Confession of Faith, that some men were to be saved and others to be lost, and that no effort that man could put forth would in any way effect the matter. They quoted from the book of discipline the following, (which, by the way, has never been changed and is the plain unvarnished doctrine of the Presbyterian church today), Westminister Confession of Faith, Chapter 3, section 1: "God from all eternity did, by the most wise and holy counsel of his own will, freely and unchangeably ordain whatsoever comes to pass." From the same chapter, section 3, "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels, are predestined unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death." Section 4, of the same chapter: "These angels and men, thus predestined and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite, that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

The revival party claimed that the Bible did not warrant such statements as here quoted from the Confession of Faith, while the anti-revival party claimed them to be Biblical.

As bad matters usually grow worse instead of better until they are thoroughly probed so they did in this case, for just at this point of history another difficulty arose, viz.: there was a vast field almost destitute of the means of grace. Hundreds, all over the country, had been lead to Christ through the influence of the great revival, and now they were as sheep without a shepherd. It was impossible for the few ministers in this new country to meet the demand for the preached word. There were three men who felt that God had called them to the work of the ministry, and although they had obtained what might be called a good education, yet they had not reached the educational standard required by the book of discipline for those who entered the ministry. They were encouraged by the revival party to present themselves to the Presbytery as candidates for the ministry. Here was the second ground for complaint, the revival party favoring and the anti-revival party opposing the reception of these men. A majority voted to receive them and accordingly they were sent out as lay workers. At the end of six months one of them had proven to be so successful that he was licensed to preach, and in one year they had all been licensed, and proved themselves to be heroes in the great battle of life.

The two parties in Cumberland Presbytery got further and further apart. The anti-revival party was in a hopeless minority in the Presbytery but in the Kentucky synod had a good majority. That synod in 1805 appointed a commission with full power to investigate and act on matters of a questionable nature in Cumberland Presbytery. This commission was composed of anti-revival men. Without going into detail I may say that a constitutional fight was waged between the commission and the presbytery, which finally resulted in dissolving Cumberland Presbytery.

The revival party now being thrown out without any official relation with an organized body, organized themselves into a council and for four years earnestly endeavored to bring about reconciliation, but with no success. Dr. McDonald says in his Church History, page 83, "In August, 1809, the council decided to make one final effort at reconciliation with the synod, and if that failed, then to organize an independent Presbytery. This council submitted to the synod its ultimatum, the chief point of which was that those who choose to do so should be allowed to make reservation about fatality. To this the synod would not agree." Revs. Hodge and McGready being strict Calvinists withdrew from the council and made special terms with the synod. Rev. McGee drew back from organizing a new presbytery, so that there were only three of the regular ordained ministers left in the council; they were Ewing, King and McAdow.

On the 4th day of Feb., 1810, these three men, who were all regularly ordained ministers in the Presbyterian church, and against whom the pages of history are defied to show that any presbytery ever preferred even the slightest charges, met at the home of Samuel McAdow in Dickson county, Tennessee, and organized, or rather reorganized the old Cumberland Presbytery. Thus after these long years of travailing in pain, the pregnant mother—the Presbyterian church—brought forth her child, and named it Cumberland Presbyterian. The child never repudiated the name and hence we have the denomination belonging to the family of churches known the world over as the Cumberland Presbyterian church.

So much for the historic origin of this church. As for her polity, or government, she is in every sense strictly Presbyterian, believing this to be the only biblical church government. Dr. Hodge's church polity is the text book used in her theological seminary. When the question of admitting the Cumberland Presbyterian church to membership in the "Alliance of Reformed Churches Holding the Presbyterian System" was under discussion, Dr. E. D. Morris of Lane seminary said: "This church has stood for eighty years in the position of an independent section of American Presbyterianism, and has never once sought organic union with an Armenian body, but from the first has been seeking fellowship with other Presbyterian churches in this alliance." The church was admitted and hence acknowledged as strictly Presbyterian in polity. Her missionaries in Japan have cast their lot with the United Church of Christ which now consists of all Presbyterian churches in that country.

As to Cumberland Presbyterian doctrine, I may say in a nut shell, that this church is again strictly Presbyterian, but with every vestige of predestination and infant damnation squeezed out. She believes that all men are born in sin; that Christ died alike for all; that only the truly regenerated are saved; that all infants dying in infancy are regenerated and saved, and one of her most precious doctrines is, "the preservation of all believers," etc. The fact is, the cause of the organization of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, (as shown from the above history) the thing that stands between her and the mother today, and the thing that will ever separate them until the Westminster Confession of Faith is either rejected or revised, is the doctrine of fatality, commonly known as Calvinism.

In the paper above referred from Rev. Hutchison, which so ably gives the history and polity of the Presbyterian church, he, in harmony with many other Presbyterians, attempts an apology for their Calvinistic doctrine. He says, "Calvinism has been grossly misinterpreted;" again, "Calvinism has been denounced as fatalism." If it is true that "Calvinism has been grossly misrepresented" in being "denounced as fatalism," then the Cumberland Presbyterian church rejoices in being responsible for the heresy, for on this ground and this alone, was the church organized, and this same ground has always separated the two bodies, and is the doctrinal bone of contention today. Cumberland Presbyterians believe, as they always have, that the above quotation from the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, teach that fatalism is as clearly set forth therein as the English language can be made to state it. If the Cumberland Presbyterian church is wrong in "denouncing Calvinism as fatalism," then certainly many of the brightest lights of the mother church are also partakers in the "gross misrepresentation" of this doctrine. Let us listen to what Presbyterians themselves say on the question:

"We want to get reprobation, or absolute forcordination to be damned, out of the confession. It is superfluous, unscriptural, unevangelical, a horrible doctrine." (Dr. Van Dyke.) "My soul revolts against continuing upon the pages of the confession the doctrine of preterition, which I consider fearful and fatalistic." (Dr. Crosby.) "The confession claims to represent the word of God. I am one of those who challenge this claim and declare that in my opinion there are important features in which the confession does not properly represent the Word of God, and that these features ought to be modified or expunged. The third chapter declares that some men and angels are foreordained unto everlasting death, and that their number is so certain that it cannot be either increased or diminished. As a teacher of the New Testament Scriptures in one of the church's theological schools I declare my belief that that doctrine is not taught in the Word of God." (Dr. M. R. Vincent.) "It is the logic of fatalism. To explain away the passages quoted, showing God's wish and will that all men should be saved, by drawing the hyper-Calvinistic distinction between his secret and revealed will is an insult to God's sincerity; it makes the blessed 'whosoever' utterly worthless and meaningless, turns the gracious invitation of the gospel to all men into a hollow mockery." (Dr. Richard M. Harlan.) "The doctrine of divine decrees should be so restated as to preclude the inference that God forcordains any man to death, irrespective of character." (Report on Revision in North River Presbytery.) "I wish to have removed from the confession every trace and tinge of the following: 1. Decree of reprobation; 2. Damnation of non-elect infants, which is undoubtedly taught by implication in the confession, although not believed by the Presbyterian church; 3. Limited atonement; Christ died for all men, not merely for the elect. I desire these changes, not because the doctrines are unpopular but because to my mind they are unscriptural, having more of cold, heartless logic in them than of the teaching and spirit of Jesus Christ." (Rev. H. O. Scott, of Kansas.) "The question is, Shall we remove the preterition phrases from the confession, or remove the living preachers from the church?" (The Interior, of Chicago.) "There is a want in our confession of a clear and prominent utterance such as we have in the Scriptures everywhere of the love of God to all men and of the free gift of Jesus Christ and of salvation to all men, not to the elect alone." (Dr. James McCosh, ex-president of Princeton college, New Jersey.) "I sympathize deeply with that Presbyterian elder and director of Princeton Theological seminary who is quoted to have said recently, 'It always gives a cold chill when I read the third chapter of the confession on predestination; it ought to be changed.' Imagine a sermon on the decree of reprobation or 'passing over' the rest of mankind. The most intelligent and best informed of our laymen would not listen to it, and what cannot be preached in our pulpits ought not to be in our confession." (Dr. Philip Schaff, of Union Theological seminary.)

Rev. Dr. Calderwood, professor of philosophy in Edinburgh university, and occupant of the chair once filled by Sir William Hamilton, said, as he held the Cumberland Presbyterian confession in his hand: "This church suprung up in a season of revival from opposition to a hyper-Calvinistic form of teaching which many brethren and which I myself could not follow or adopt, and which I should ask to be delivered from, if I were held responsible for it in the church to which I belong."

Dr. Parkhurst, of Madison Square Presbyterian church, New York: "The love of God stands out on the face of the gospel. In the confession you have to hunt for it in order to find it. The center of gravity of the confession does not coincide with the center of gravity of the gospel. If now we are going to retain this preterition idea