

LEWIS NIXON, NEW TAMMANY BOSS
MAN WHO DESIGNED THE BATTLESHIP OREGON AT THE HEAD OF THE GREAT POLITICAL MACHINE

LEWIS NIXON, the young man whom Richard Croker appointed for his successor as leader of the Tammany Hall organization of New York, is an interesting object-lesson to any political municipal body in the United States. He has had the amazing courage to take up the defeated elements of a great city (defeated under most violent accusations of dishonesty and demoralization), to rally the scattered forces for future electioneering warfare. In spite of flagrant proof against Tammany Hall, showing the personal audacity of many of its most prominent members, Mr. Nixon has stepped quietly in front of those Crokerites and said: "I will be your leader, I'll take the job, and shut his jaws tight together, committed to a most difficult undertaking—for better or for worse."

that the new Tammany leader, in the face of an independent standing as a business man, with the cumulative interest in his profession of shipbuilding, will be hampered in his obligations by political ambition. Why Did He Take the Job? And yet, why has he assumed these responsibilities, which involve a mass of detailed labor? He said himself that he does not like it. The reasons are such as appeal to the most valuable prospects of the political future of any American city—he is a patriotic believer in the integrity of his party—a staunch Democrat, in this fact he is an object-lesson to the young man who hesitates assuming political office, because he sees only the entanglements, and not the principle. "It is perfectly wonderful to see the number of young men who will develop loyalty to their party, when the principle is shown them, instead of the spoils," said Mr. Nixon warmly. "All they need is a little advice, a suggestion, and they will go into their

districts and work night and day, to accomplish results," he added. "Without self-interest?" I asked. "What is a party principle but self-interest. It acts upon every citizen who votes." Tammany Hall under Mr. Nixon's leadership intends to re-establish its standing upon the platform of Democracy, and, after all, a clean Democrat is as much a reformer against dishonest conditions as a clean Republican, and in expressing this fact by industrious ad-

too, for they don't come around here very often." "You do not absolutely dictate, as Mr. Croker did?" "I define my province here as a chief counselor, a sort of balance wheel on the organization. It is a leader's duty to organize, and the reconstruction plans I am making exclude everything and everyone that can in any way clog the smooth clean running of the machine. It would not be within the principles of democracy to dictate, rather let us say



LEWIS NIXON, SUCCESSOR OF RICHARD CROKER, AS THE BOSS OF TAMMANY.

must follow. Provide for the safety of all by selecting honest political agents." "Young men are more honest in politics than the old?" I asked. "The young man is more likely to have stogleness of purpose, his intelligence develops the advantages of integrity of character, over craft and shrewdness. Young men, I think as a whole, are more temperate too in their habits, than the old." Richard Croker has been a politician all his life, Lewis Nixon has been trained as a shipbuilder. The trend of his mind is constructive, exact, accurate. To make a ship float, she must be built on certain standard lines. There are definite rules to observe, and there is no mystery about them. The older members of Tammany Hall did not take kindly to Mr. Croker's statement that Lewis Nixon would be their chief when he resigned. He had not grown up with the organization, he had not been captain, or a district leader. How could he know anything about the intricacies of the machine? Mr. Nixon did not care anything about previous plans. "The young men are more likely to have stogleness of purpose, his intelligence develops the advantages of integrity of character, over craft and shrewdness. Young men, I think as a whole, are more temperate too in their habits, than the old."

SUITABLE FOR THE SCRAP BOOK

The Eternal Goodness. O Friends! with whom my feet have trod The quiet aisles of prayer, Glad witness to your zeal for God And love of man I bear. I trace your lines of argument; Your logic linked and strong, I weigh not fit with fret and rant, And fears no doubt as wrong. But still, my human hands are weak, To move the throne above; Against the words ye bid me speak My heart within me pleads. Who fathoms the Eternal Thought? Who talks of scheme and plan? The Lord is God! He needeth not The poor device of man. I walk, with bare, hushed feet, the ground Ye tread with boldness shod; I bear not fit with fret and bound The love and power of God. Ye praise His Justice; Even such His pitying love I deem; Ye seek a King; I fain would touch The robe that hath no seam. Ye see the curse which overbroods A world of pain and loss; I bear not fit with fret and bound And prayer upon the cross. More than your schoolmen teach, within My heart I know; Too dark ye cannot paint the sin, Too small the merit show. I bow my forehead to the dust, I veil my eyes for shame, And urge, in trembling self-trust, A prayer, without a claim. I see the wrong that round me lies, I feel the guilt within; I bear, with groan and travail-cry, The world's confusion sin. Yet in the maddening mass of things, And tossed by storm and flood, To one fixed trust my spirit clings— I know that God is good! Not mine to look where cherubim And seraphs may not see; Beyond the veil of light and dark, Which evil is to me. The wrong that pains my soul below No work is mine above; I know not of His hate—I know His goodness and His love. I dimly guess, from blessings known, Of greater out of sight, And, with the chastened Psalmist, own His judgments, too, are right. I long for household voices gone, For vanished smiles I long; But God hath led my dear ones on, And He can do no wrong. I know not what the future hath Of marvel, or surprise, Assured alone that life and death His mercy underlies. And if my heart and flesh are weak, To bear an untried plan, The burdened soul I will not break, But strengthen and sustain. No offering of my own I have, No work, my faith to prove; I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love. And so beside the Silent Sea I wait the muffled oar; No harm from Him can come to me On ocean or on shore. I know not where His islands lift Their fringed palms in air; I only know I cannot die, Beyond His love and care. O Brothers! if my faith is vain, If hopes like these betray, Pray for me that my feet may gain The sure and safer way. And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen Thy creatures as they be, New mercies of Thy goodness I lean My human heart on Thee. —J. G. WHITTIER.

Barbara Fritchie. Up from the meadows rich with corn, Clear in the cool September morn, The clustered spires of Frederick stand Green-walled by the hills of Maryland. Round about them orchards sweep, Apple and peach tree fruited deep, Fair as a garden of the Lord To the eyes of the famished rebel horde, On that pleasant morn of the early Fall When Lee marched over the mountain wall— Over the mountains, winding down, Horse and foot into Frederick town, Forty flags with their silver stars, Forty flags with their crimson bars, Flapped in the morning wind; the sun Of noon looked down, and saw no gun, Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then, Bowed with her fourscore years and ten; Her eyes old Barbara Fritchie then, Bowed with her fourscore years and ten; Bravest of all in Frederick town, She took up the flag the men hauled down; In her attic window the staff she set, To show that one heart was loyal yet. Up the street came the rebel tread, Stonewall Jackson riding ahead, Under his slouching hat left and right, He glanced; the old flag met his sight. "Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast; "Fire!"—the old flag met his sight. It shivered the window, pane and sash; It rent the banner with seam and gash, Quick as it fell, from the broken staff, Dame Barbara snatched the silken staff, She leaped far out on the window-sill, And shook it forth with a royal will. "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, But spare your country's flag," she said, A shade of sadness, a blush of shame, Over the face of the leader came; The rebel leader, within him stirred, To life at that woman's deed and word: "Who touches a hair of you gray head Dies like a dog!" March on!" he said. All day long through Frederick street Sounded the tread of marching feet; All day long that free flag tost Over the heads of the rebel host. Ever its torn folds rose and fell, On the loyal winds that loved it well; And through the hill-gaps sunset light Shone over A with a warm good-night. Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er, And the rebel rides on his raids no more. Honor to her! and let a tear Fall for her sake, on Stonewall's bier, Over Barbara Fritchie's grave, Flag of Freedom and Union wave! Peace and order and beauty draw Round the symbol of light and law; And ever the stars above look down On the stars below in Frederick town! —John Greenleaf Whittier.

vice and close perception of the agents of his organization, Mr. Nixon sets an example as a political leader, for any municipal government. "How are you going to purify Tammany Hall?" I asked him. "Well certain men who have done the organization no good, will not be encouraged. I cannot arbitrate the characters of our members, I have no authority over their morals, but when they come to see me, these men who are not wanted, I make my wishes quite clear to them. They seem to understand me

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

What Constitutes Classical Writing? What authors of poetry and prose are called classical, and why are they so called? Are any of the modern authors called classical? Is the Bible considered classical? And isn't any and all kinds of writing considered literature? D. James Russell Lowell says "a classic is properly a book which can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new and incapable of growing old." This means that a classic is any book or work of art that is a standard or model, any author, ancient or modern, whose work is accepted as a standard of excellence. If a book holds its own firmly as part of the world's permanent literature, standing at the top of its class, it may justly be called a classic. The Bible, that is, the King James translation, might be called a classic because of the admirable English, but all the Bible is not noble literature. Job, Isaiah, the Psalms, are noble literature, but some of the Bible is mere annals or fable or Hebrew ritualism, and is not noble literature at all, as tested as literature. Any and all kinds of writing are not considered literature. Literature is defined to mean such productions of the human mind as are marked by elevation, vigor, catholicity of thought, by fitness, purity and grace of style and by artistic construction. Literature in this sense, of course, does not include merely scientific writings or technical writings or those prepared for a class, a trade, profession, or writings which violate the principles of correct taste, or writings that are shapeless and without essential and organic unity. Newspaper articles are not in a strict sense literature. Literature, includes orations, representative discourse and poetry. Literature rises above professional or commonplace writings. Creamery vs. Dairy Butter. First—What difference is there in the process for manufacturing creamery and dairy butter, to settle an argument of the same. Second—Is it lawful for a dairyman to sell dairy butter and state that it is creamery butter? Third—A man has made application

to join a secret society and is rejected by ballot. Can he bring a civil suit against the order to find why he was rejected? Fourth—Did President Roosevelt order an appeal to a higher court in behalf of the settlers of Clark County, Washington, against the Northern Pacific Railroad Company overlap indemnity? D. H. P. 1. Dairy butter is made in the ordinary manner and generally the milk is skimmed by hand. Creamery butter is made by modern machinery under the separator process. 2. It is, if the dairyman makes it under the separator process, and in less quantities than 25 pounds a week. 3. He may bring suit, but it will remain with the court and the lodge to determine whether the reason shall be made public. Try it, if you like. The Oregonian will take pleasure in publishing a report of the trial and the result. 4. Yes. Rules of the National Guard. The National Guard is at present under the jurisdiction of the state and the present members joined under conditions made by the state. If the guard is transferred to the jurisdiction of the United States and thereby comes under further obligations and more stringent rules, have not the members who joined under Oregon rules, the power to withdraw if they choose? Yes. But there is no intention of making such a change. Where men are in the service of the United States they have to conform to United States regulations. When Oregon National Guardsmen are sworn in, they make oath that they will not only sustain the constitution of this state, but also of the United States. How to Secure Surveys. 1. A man lives on unsurveyed land. How would he get at it to have it surveyed? 2. Has he the right to fence the same before it is surveyed? 3. Has he the right to sell timber for improvements and his living on the land. L. N. R. 1. Apply to United States Surveyor-General, Portland, and he will furnish free blank applications for surveys. Not less than three bona fide settlers on a township must apply for its survey. It is generally from 1/2 to two years after the

Washington's Oleomargarine Law. What is the law of the State of Washington in regard to oleomargarine, and to what extent is it enforced? C. C. A. Washougal, Wash. Its sale and its use in hotels, restaurants and boarding-houses is allowed where it is free from coloration that causes it to resemble butter. But signs must be displayed announcing that it is oleomargarine. Greyhound vs. Horse. The correctness of this statement, clipped from The Oregonian, is questioned: "The greyhound, which can cover a mile in 1:28, is the fastest quadruped." Is the greyhound faster than the horse for one mile? McM. Did you ever know of a horse who could run a mile in 1:28? Breed such a one and you may name your own price. Woman's Inheritance Rights. If the husband owns the lot, and a building is erected, using the wife's money, how can it be arranged so that, in case of the husband's death, the wife would have the property, without recourse to law, there being no children? He could make his will in her favor, but if he made no will, the law of Oregon would give her all the property. Sadie B. What was the first steamer to pass through Cascade Locks on opening of same November 5, 1897? A. M. To Various Correspondents. B. J. Salem, Or.—Write to the Massachusetts State Historical Society, Boston. Subscriber, Roseburg.—This is the third time you have asked the question. When names do not accompany inquiries the letter goes to the waste basket. M. E. H.—A letter addressed to James J. Hill, St. Paul, Minn., would reach the railroad magnate. M. W.—Consult your family physician. Puppi—There are 1000 thousands in a million.