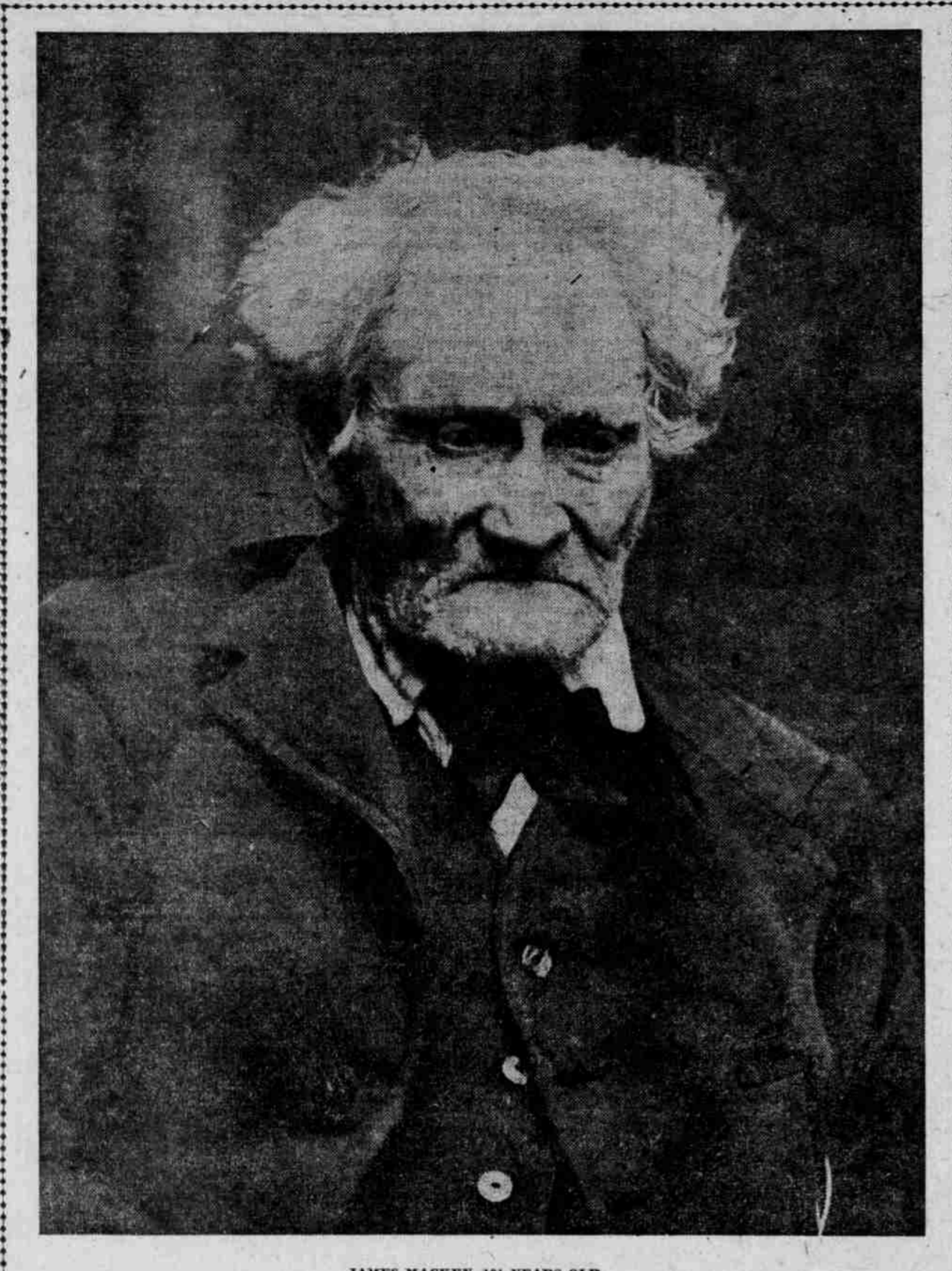


# PROBABLY OLDEST MAN IN STATE

## JAMES MACKEY, A WANDERING, RESTLESS SPIRIT, WHO HAS FINALLY SETTLED DOWN IN A HOME



JAMES MACKEY, 101 YEARS OLD.

He never belonged to a One-Hundred-Year Club, nor has he ever followed the numerous fads of modern hygiene, and yet James Mackey, of Portland, has passed far by the Scriptural three-score and ten years, the natural span of man's life which so few even reach in this age of strenuous living. In fact, Mr. Mackey became a centenarian more than a year ago, and is reputed to be at this time the oldest resident of Oregon. He reached his 101st year the 27th of last August. Mr. Mackey is at present an inmate of the Mount St. Joseph's Home for the Aged at East Thirtieth and East Stark streets. He came there from his former home at Corvallis a little more than a

week ago, and will spend the closing days of his life in this institution of aged people, among whom many are almost as children compared with him. There they are given the best of care by the Catholic sisters, but for him it will be a lonely and eventless close of a life of adventure and stirring incidents. And yet he appears cheerful. He lives not in the present, but in the days gone by, and in spite of his extreme age he is not entirely broken down in health and expects to live several years longer.

**A Wanderer From Childhood.**  
Like many of those who attain remarkable longevity, Mr. Mackey is a native of Ireland. The first 14 years of his life were spent in Ireland, and at that age he emigrated with his family to America, settling near Quebec. But throughout his long life he has been a victim of the "wanderlust." Never contented to remain long in one place, Mackey passed the years of his youth and early manhood going from one place to another, encountering many exciting adventures.

At times he worked as a stonecutter, but when he had money ahead he would travel. In 1852 he came to Oregon, which has since been his home. This, in brief, is the history of the oldest man in Oregon.

The career of his life stretches behind Mr. Mackey like a book from which many pages are gone. Age has blotted many spots in his memory, but others are recalled with striking vividness. He loves to talk of his travels to any one who will listen. His voice grows stronger and he shows real enthusiasm when he talks of the incidents of the past.

When in Canada, Mackey lived in the country with his parents, but he soon tired of the monotony of farm life. He was then a young man in his early twenties and with two companions he left home and spent several years wandering about in search of adventure. The three young men visited Niagara Falls, where they were in the midst of the wilderness. In a small boat they crossed the river just below the falls and then, trapped to Pennsylvania and Virginia.

"Have you been ill much?" was asked of Mr. Mackey "by one of my young friends" he replied. "I was laid up for several months with a fever in Pennsylvania. They treated me kindly there. Then I was injured by an explosion in a quarry. I did not have much money, but they were very kind. Father McKay used to come to see me often."

**Remembers Every Kindness.**  
And so he goes on with his story. It's the little things in his life that stand out most prominently. Particularly the kindnesses shown him. They are the incidents that are lasting. And there are other trivial circumstances of his youth that he still cherishes. "One all our travels were only overcharged at one place," he said. "That was at Harper's Ferry. The landlord of the inn charged us 'three bits' a meal and extra for our beds. At other places it was 'two bits' a meal and nothing for beds."

But those who seek for the secret of longevity will not find it in the life of Mr. Mackey. His whole career has been the opposite of the rules laid out by the advocates of hygienic living. Even while he was talking he took from his pocket a piece of tobacco and chewed it with relish. Nor could his case be seized as a moral by exponents of Prohibition. "I always drank when I wanted to and left it alone when I wanted to," he said.

"Not to wander from one place to another," said the old man, as he concluded his story. "I might have been a rich man by this time if I had settled down. Instead I went from one place to another, and spent all the money that I earned."

Unselfishness is the livery of heaven. It is only worth while in this world to time his hand to the path to this perfection runs through the valley of service. Without a deep, unflinching consecration to a life of sacrifice and ministry it is impossible to grow into Christ's image. Like his Master, the disciple must be among men as one that serveth.

There is a world of practical philosophy in Christ's teachings about losing one's life to save it. Only as a man spends himself in unselfish toil for others does he gain insight into the true secret of existence. Not until he is lifted up on a cross of sacrifice can he obtain the broad vision of life, the clear understanding of brotherhood, and the full perception of truth that are the richest rewards the human soul can know this side of heaven. If you would save your life from smallness, meanness, and the death that then lose it by fearless service.

Christ proved his divinity by his ministry. The disciple of the present time like Jesus Christ, to the world by his deeds of devoted helpfulness that he has been born of God.

The Lord's doctrine of ministrations cannot be exhibited in a moment. He who would be like Christ in this respect must give his life to the task. The mission of unselfishness is a life mission.

The greatness that endures, and that continues to be greatness even in the darkest hour, is the greatness of helplessness. "Whoever would become great among you shall be your minister."

Who goeth in the way that Christ hath gone is much more sure to meet with him than one. That traveleth byways. —GEORGE HERBERT.

What a black, cheerless and hopeless world this would be were it not for the light that streams from the cross! Sin has spread pollution everywhere. The whole world bears the blot of sin. And there is no remedy, no light, in all the philosophies and religions that men have devised. Sin is the stain that no moral teaching can remove. But even sin must be dispelled and disappear before him who is the light of the world.

# THE GOSPEL IS A GONEMENT

## THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR TODAY, IS "JESUS ON THE CROSS." LUKE 23: 33-46.

The key to Christianity is a cross. Without the event on Mount Calvary the religion of Jesus is inexplicable. Take away the cross and you have all the other things left, but without vitality. The gospel of Christ is the story of a crucifixion. That simple message is the hammer which breaks down all the walls of opposition. Men may merely admire the philosophy of Jesus, but it is His broken heart that breaks their stony hearts.

The characteristic phase of the life of Jesus is the scene of the crucifixion, which the Sunday-schools study next Sunday. It is typical of his whole career, for He was being crucified all through His Mission; and into the few terrible days when the gentle, submissive Son of Mary hung upon the rough beams set up on "the pile of a skull" was crowded for the world to see, the significance of all His thirty-three years.

**The Road to Power.**  
All roads to helplessness lead over a rocky road called in the Hebrew, "Golgotha." Sacrifice must precede service. The Scripture truly says that Jesus "must needs have suffered," only so could He have become a Saviour. Sorrow is the one universally comprehended experience, the common lot of mankind. No man escapes into the depths of human nature, except through his own broken heart. Only he who is lifted up on some cross draws men unto him as a recent magazine is for the artistically called "Credentiales" puts it thus:

"I preach the Word. Why then that hast? Any why God's message laughed to scorn? Your cheek has known no Judas kiss, And your brow no crown of thorns."

It was only shame that the rabble saw in the dreadful spectacle upon the central one of those three crosses, had their eyes been open they would have beheld sovereignty there. Pilate might well say—though all comprehendingly—"What I have written I have written." "This is Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." For this supreme act of sacrifice and service, this ultimate pouring out of His soul unto death, is the true scepter of Christ's kingdom. And this mark of the Lord Jesus must be upon His church, if she is to prevail over the world. Not a cross on her steeple, but the cross in her spirit, is the true sign of a church's serviceableness.

**A Tragedy's Saddest Side.**  
What was the keenest suffering of the Man who hung suspended there? His agony until His heart broke? Not His own pain; physical pain cannot crush a great soul. Not the shame of it; He was above the power of men's opinion. Not the end-

ing of His life, though life was sweet to this young man, as to every other. Not defeat, for He knew that He was not the first to a victory, greater enough to satisfy His all-embracing love.

The pang which fairly rent His heart was that His people whom He had lavishly served, and passionately loved, could do such a deed. Not for Himself, but for the state of heart that could make possible so foul an act, and in the name of religion, did He grieve. Therein, then, was the significance of the cry, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." He is truly Christ-like who grieves less over a wrong done to himself, than over the sin of the wrongdoer. Such was the magnanimous spirit of the Crucified. Man's sin was the Redeemer's sorrow.

Even crude souls catch the pathos of the plight of hapless men on the Island of St. Helena, when subjected to the petty indignities and insults and slights of small-souled officials. The littleness and coarseness of the jailer is the worst punishment of the great soldier with a world conquering spirit. Pilate, the politician, the petty-fogging Pharisee, the ruthless priests, the cunning populace—these were the setting of the tragedy of Calvary. Of such are these the great and sensitive Jesus was made the spy, by the rough and ribald soldiers, his delicate flesh was beaten. To the accomplishment of his fears and coarse laughter and taunts He was driven forth beneath the heavy load of the crossed timbers that finally crushed him to earth. Truly, it was the refinement of cruelty, the very ingenuity of the pitiless men, that made the tragedy of Calvary a tragedy of the world.

Wherever a fine spirit is the victim of this experience of the Saviour. When the cross, with its heavy burden of sin, is cast upon the soul, it is as if it were dropped into its socket, with a wrench that must have racked every nerve fiber in the sensitive body, a squad of soldiers kept watch before it. Literally blind to the significance of the world's supreme tragedy which was being enacted before their eyes, they gambled over the spoils of the victims. They were witnesses of a scene that shook heaven and earth, and that stopped all the world's clocks, destroyed its old calendars, and gave a new birth to time. Yet these men gambled away, with rude jest and laughter and quarrelsomeness. So does the ruling passion of a life intrude itself into the most sacred scenes. Who does not know how, even when on his knees in prayer, there intrudes into his mind thoughts that engrossed him at other hours and that are the most alien to the spirit of devotion.

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But the will of God was done, as it must always be done, despite all the machinations of men. For the will of God is not outside of himself can really shame or injure a man. It was no humiliation to Jesus to die with the malefactors on either side of him. He was not such a petty thought; and even so dying he was given an opportunity to minister, which was the ruling passion of his life. He willingly makes himself a comrade of every man on a cross, or of every man bearing a cross. For the sake of being best Brother to men, he is willing to pay any price; suffering is not too high a price for sympathy. Jesus is history's great Sharer.

And he still covets comradeship. The women at the foot of the cross were a comfort unspeakable to the dying Saviour. Then, as is always the case, it was woman who was man's support in his extremity. Paradoxically, God has made the weaker sex to be the stronger's final strength and support. Womanhood's queenliest crown came to her that dark day, amid noontide blackness and rending skies, when the little band of women stood loyally by their crucified Friend.

Jesus still wants comrades of the cross—disciples who know the fellowship of suffering. No sorrow, no sacrifice, no shame can be too great to bring into a comprehending communion with the crucified Christ. The exceeding great reward of all who suffer in any degree as he suffered is that they come to know him and to know of him. All who are closest to the crucified Christ, and who irradiate his power, have been with him on Calvary.

Few events are final, most are but means to an end. The cross was not Christ's extinction but his coronation. In itself its endurance would not have been justifiable, the "penitents" of Mexico, who suffer voluntarily, have not entered deeply into the true meaning of the cross. The symbolism of the cross is sacrifice as a means of service. The Lord's ministry to his master, the significance of the world's supreme tragedy which was being enacted before their eyes, they gambled over the spoils of the victims. They were witnesses of a scene that shook heaven and earth, and that stopped all the world's clocks, destroyed its old calendars, and gave a new birth to time. Yet these men gambled away, with rude jest and laughter and quarrelsomeness. So does the ruling passion of a life intrude itself into the most sacred scenes. Who does not know how, even when on his knees in prayer, there intrudes into his mind thoughts that engrossed him at other hours and that are the most alien to the spirit of devotion.

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# A RUNNING REVIEW OF EUROPEAN POLITICS

## Dr. George Cressey Points Out That Folks Across the Atlantic Are Trying to Solve Same Problems We Have

THREE tendencies of an economic character are apparent in Europe at the present time. First, a subsidence of the furor for protectionism, which has prevailed during recent years; second, the rise of Socialism and socialistic theories, or of their advocates, into a distinctly recognized, and, from a certain point of view, a respectable, political factor in many of the leading nations; and third, especially in England, the question of land taxation and other problems relating to the occupancy of the soil.

It is claimed that free trade vs. protection forms an intricate problem, and this is doubtless true in its details and application. Certain general principles, however, are clear enough. If an infant industry need assistance it is proper, provided that, as it grows older and stronger, it should demand more, and if it were really necessary, it would simply show the futility of the enterprise, except, possibly, in case of a few manufactures necessary to a nation's defense. It is obvious, too, that protection, as a system, is a means, not an end, and is not the ideal in any federation of the world in which peace and concord shall permanently abide.

With the inauguration of the new German Empire, Germany has inclined more and more to high tariffs till it has approached in some avenues of trade to the breaking point. The price of meat today in Germany is absurdly higher than in any other European country. This has come about largely through concessions by the Government to the agrarian party for purposes of political alliance, and prices are still rising. Official journals are now conceding the necessity for relaxation, and the Government evidently realizes that measures for the relief of the people, which will result in the admission of foreign products, must be taken in the immediate future. In England the prospects of any change from the established policy of free-trade grows more remote. Owing in part, perhaps, to the prolonged illness of Mr. Chamberlain, the agitation on the subject has subsided into comparative quiescence, and naturally the immense liberal majority, which will have none of it, brings other questions prominently to the front. In general, one is led to remark that in no question is the simultaneous occurrence of events or conditions more often mistaken for cause and effect. Protection and free trade are much like medicine to which the sick man ascribes his recovery, which is generally due to his constitutional energies. Prosperity attributed to economic policies is sometimes attained in spite of them, and is usually due for the most part to other causes.

**Socialists in French Cabinet.**  
The formation of the new French cabinet is an event in the history of Socialism. M. Clemenceau has socialistic tendencies; two of the Ministers are independent Socialists, while others are sympathetic with Clemenceau's kind. The Premier, M. Clemenceau, has called

span of man's life which so few even reach in this age of strenuous living. In fact, Mr. Mackey became a centenarian more than a year ago, and is reputed to be at this time the oldest resident of Oregon. He reached his 101st year the 27th of last August. Mr. Mackey is at present an inmate of the Mount St. Joseph's Home for the Aged at East Thirtieth and East Stark streets. He came there from his former home at Corvallis a little more than a

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**A Wanderer From Childhood.**  
Like many of those who attain remarkable longevity, Mr. Mackey is a native of Ireland. The first 14 years of his life were spent in Ireland, and at that age he emigrated with his family to America, settling near Quebec. But throughout his long life he has been a victim of the "wanderlust." Never contented to remain long in one place, Mackey passed the years of his youth and early manhood going from one place to another, encountering many exciting adventures.

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"Have you been ill much?" was asked of Mr. Mackey "by one of my young friends" he replied. "I was laid up for several months with a fever in Pennsylvania. They treated me kindly there. Then I was injured by an explosion in a quarry. I did not have much money, but they were very kind. Father McKay used to come to see me often."

**Remembers Every Kindness.**  
And so he goes on with his story. It's the little things in his life that stand out most prominently. Particularly the kindnesses shown him. They are the incidents that are lasting. And there are other trivial circumstances of his youth that he still cherishes. "One all our travels were only overcharged at one place," he said. "That was at Harper's Ferry. The landlord of the inn charged us 'three bits' a meal and extra for our beds. At other places it was 'two bits' a meal and nothing for beds."

But those who seek for the secret of longevity will not find it in the life of Mr. Mackey. His whole career has been the opposite of the rules laid out by the advocates of hygienic living. Even while he was talking he took from his pocket a piece of tobacco and chewed it with relish. Nor could his case be seized as a moral by exponents of Prohibition. "I always drank when I wanted to and left it alone when I wanted to," he said.

My observation on Municipal Ownership leads me to the rather commonplace conclusion that it is neither the universal panacea nor the social menace which extremists, according to their proclivities, are wont to claim. In several London boroughs where public utilities under control of the municipality have proved expensive, the people have promptly made it an issue and elected new officials with economically gratifying results. This illustrates, I think, one advantage of the system; it permits a speedy rectification of wrongdoing or extravagance of administration which, under private ownership, must be usually slow and indirect. The telephone service in London, which was at first altogether a private enterprise, is now largely under control of the Government, having arranged a mutual operating system with the postal telephone service, and in all probability will soon be entirely under such control. The service is satisfactory in character and cheap in price. Whatever one may think of Municipal Ownership in general, it may be said that if such administration is to be extended beyond the postal service, there is no place where the principle would apply more to the advantage of the community than in the use of the telephone, simply because competition which is usually relied upon to curb prices, involves so much inconvenience, or expense, or both, to the public that the remedy is worse than the disease.

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**Unjust Taxation.**  
No problem strains the ingenuity of civilization like that of taxation. In fact, inequalities and cumbersome methods are sometimes in vogue which are astonishing, in view of the general progress of nations. On no subject are men more suspicious of change in general, or keener to agent a possible increase of individual liability. Despite, however, the violent opposition to the principles of Henry George, the tendency nearly everywhere is toward increased taxation of land and natural opportunities, whether the latter be purely natural or created by the people and granted by municipal franchise. In London and England generally there exists a system peculiar, and it would seem inequitable. The imperial taxes fall on all

real estate, i. e., on the owner, while the rates or municipal taxes, on the other hand, are levied on the tenant. Thus vacant land and unoccupied buildings escape the latter. A large number of tenanted buildings in a borough increase the rates—which sometimes reach the high figure of 12 shillings to the pound, more than half the amount of rent paid—in all at the same time the increase tends to augment the number of vacant houses through the inclination of people to move to localities where the rates are less. The liberal majority in Parliament proposes in due season to take up the question of land and land taxation with vigor, and sooner or later this unfair and unprofitable method of taxation will be rectified.

**The Preferential Ballot.**  
A plan has been proposed, unique at least, to secure majority representation in all cases, and at the same time to avoid the expense of a second election. It requires the voter to indicate his second and even third choice on the ballot as well as his first. Then, instead of placing the whole question of the choice of candidates before the voters, the candidate for whom he desires to vote he places the figure "1"; before the name of his second choice, the figure "2," etc. Thus, if at a given election A received 8000 votes, B 7000 and C 5000, no candidate is elected, and the choice narrows itself to A and B. The ballots for C are examined to determine the second choice of the voters. If the result here is found to be 1000 marks of second choice for A, and 3000 for B, 1000 having been cast blank, then A receives as a total in this second count 9000 votes, and B 3000. B is thus elected, represents in a certain way a majority of the constituents, and the expense and agitation of a second general election are avoided. The experiment has been tried in Queensland with satisfactory results.