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EDUCATION AND THE PEOPLE.

Up to times pretty recent the American college, like the American public library, was an exclusive institution. Its advantages were offered only to those who came to seek them, and even to them not always very liberally. A student must study, not what he needed to fit him for his life work, but what the faculty had decided, on principles entirely a priori, was good for him. The youth was moulded to fit the theory which was held to be the thing of surpassing value and interest.

Now all this is changing. The public librarians no longer keep their books secluded on guarded shelves. The grimy public are invited to go among the volumes and handle them freely, carrying home as many as they want to read. Nay, the books are thrust out into the hedges and highways. They are given like the bread of life to whomsoever may be hungry. The colleges are following suit, albeit not so rapidly sometimes as one might wish. The University of Wisconsin has gained its power and repute by carrying education to the people. Its professors have long been pilgrims or itinerants sallying forth to almost every village in the state with their treasures of knowledge to be freely rained upon the just and unjust.

As long ago as 1890 this peripatetic method of university teaching began in the West. From the first it aimed at the practical rather than musty theory. Engineers were besought to improve their knowledge of electricity and hydraulics. Political economy was always one of the standbys of the new evangel. What Professor Schafer in his illuminating paper calls "rural sociology" was never forgotten. The Babcock test was one of the early fruits of this missionary zeal in Wisconsin, and Professor Henry's great work in dairying followed very soon. The people learned without delay that the state university was not a mere club for a number of withered pedants to meet in and while away the hours pottering over the fragments of Menander. It was a center of light and leading—a place whence profits flowed for the community. It meant new life for a great commonwealth. Oregon seems now to feel something of the same spirit which has made the Universities of Wisconsin, Minnesota and other central states the intellectual leaders of their communities.

President Kerr, in his report soon to be published, emphasizes what he calls the "extension work" of the Agricultural College. This seems to have attained huge proportions. Some 88,000 persons have been reached directly during the year just passed. A college which numbers so many persons among its active students comes pretty near to genuine democracy. What do severe admission requirements and piled-up examination papers amount to in comparison with this immense utility? It is results which an intelligent community desires from its educational expenditures and assuredly the college at Corvallis is taking the right way to get them. Its courses in agriculture are growing steadily. The increase of students in the regular course has been 242 per cent and in the popular short course 820 per cent in the past year. Now President Kerr asks the Legislature for means to imitate the public librarians and carry his good work to the people everywhere. He is not satisfied with urging them to come to Corvallis. Corvallis will spread all over the State of Oregon if he can accomplish his purpose. It is to be ardently hoped that he can.

Professor Schafer, in his zeal for rural sociology, confronts the normal school with a posing problem. Why does it not prepare teachers to take up the conditions of country life and deal with them intelligently? In his opinion it is the duty of the normal school to fit teachers for "the reflective handling of rural life problems with a view to their rational solution." Irrigation in the Willamette Valley is one of these problems. President Kerr says that it would increase crops from 25 to 240 per cent. What does the normal graduate know about this matter? Is he qualified to teach anything whatever about irrigation? What does he know about road-building? Is he fitted to pierce the Egyptian ignorance of the average road supervisor and point the way to better things? Is he informed upon the fundamental subject of co-operation? Has he studied the transportation question which makes or mars rural prosperity according to the way it is solved? Mere eloquence about the beauties of country life will never repopulate our farms and raise food for the American people. Men and women must be taught how to meet and conquer the terrible difficulties of the farmer's calling.

No class of people in the country needs intelligent instruction so much as the farmer. What he gets from the agricultural colleges is excellent, but as a rule it comes somewhat late in life. The wise Jesuits asked for the child before its seventh year. After that let the devil do his worst, the child was safe. In our country schools abstract mathematics, useless geography, banking, all sorts of futilities, have the child up to his seventh year and long afterward. This is wrong, ruinously wrong. He must listen to the call of the farm in his tender years, and it is through the agency of the normal schools that he must hear it.

The Monmouth school should begin to send out graduates who are aflame with zeal for "rural sociology." Then it will become a power in the state. Then students in the country schools will be prepared to attack the higher work at the Agricultural College with multiplied benefits. This will bring the normal school into close touch with popular life. The masses will begin to understand that it has a real work ahead and has undertaken to do it. It should send out emissaries to the schools carrying inspiration for real education with them, education in the things of current life. One good normal school can fill the State of Oregon with its uplifting work. We no more need two than we need two state universities. When its work is made thoroughly worthy its support will be ample. The taxpayers like to see results from the outlay of their money. Furnish the results, however, and they seldom grumble about the outlay.

POTATOES AND FREEDOM.

Potatoes sell for $1.50 a sack. Year after year they yield handsomely to growers. They are perhaps the best crop for the "poor man." They grow in "wild" land where other crops cannot. They are the poor man's cheapest and best food. They require but little capital for planting. Many owners of raw land would be glad to allow their acres to be used for this purpose at nominal rates. Much land suitable for this crop can be bought cheap. Many land owners would rejoice to hire men to "put in" potatoes.

Yet we are told that there are many men in Portland who have nothing to do. They pace the streets, seeking work. They are mistaken and are in the wrong place. There is no money in the streets of Portland. But there is money in the soil in the country. A stock of courage and determination will start any man in the country.

These men need to declare their independence of the towns and to maintain it. If candidates for fortune lack the necessary fortitude, be it said that there is no other asset than fortitude within their reach that will make them success or prosperity. Those who work only for today or for an aimless existence in the city will do little or nothing. But they who build a foundation for the future in the country where their opportunities are, and stick to business, will win.

This is not only the way to secure freedom but is freedom itself. These men who insist upon staying in the city and eking out a precarious life are scourged by their necessities; many of them throng street corners, listening to harangues about "wage slavery." They ought to learn that there is no freedom and no comfort for them in the towns. At work in the country, they will not need socialism's schemes for living off property that others have accumulated.

Potatoes are one item of a long list of food products that are scarce in the city but that can be produced in the country in abundance. The farmer knows. Every one of them says that he could do a great deal more and raise a great deal more if he could get working hands.

FRANCIS BACON AND MODERN SCIENCE.

It was 350 years on January 22 since the birth of Francis Bacon. His anniversary does not seem to have been celebrated with nearly so much pomp as those of many inferior men, but his fame will increase with the centuries whether his birthday is made brilliant or not.

In the opinion of many good judges Francis Bacon was the most useful man to the world who ever lived and possibly his intellect surpassed all others in power. The question whether he wrote the Shakespearian plays we need not discuss. The arguments in favor of that hypothesis have no doubt a certain cogency, but scholars have not yet attributed any great weight to them. The various cryptograms and ciphers which are supposed to prove his authorship of Hamlet and Lear have the fatal defect of proving a good many other things not so pleasant to the innovators.

When Ignatius Donnelly was exploiting his famous cryptogram the Milwaukee Sentinel had only slight difficulty in deriving by its aid the marvelous truth that Bacon wrote "Beautiful Snow." This is fairly consistent with the verses of his which we know to be authentic, but it adds little to the strength of the claim that he was Shakespeare. Mark Twain declared that there was but a single stanza of which we were absolutely certain that it was the traditional Shakespeare's. That was the doggerel inscribed on his tombstone, "Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear," and so on. In the opinion of the great humorist this settled Shakespeare's poetical merit. But these perplexed questions are beyond the capacity of a modest critic.

Bacon deserves the gratitude of mankind for two great undertakings. In one of them he failed almost completely. In the other he succeeded. Luckily it was the more important of the two which turned out well. The one which failed was his effort to implant the Roman civil law in England in place of the barbaric common law. Bacon being a man of vast attainments and profound intelligence understood perfectly well how defective the common law was both in its fundamental principles and in its practical applications. His wish was to weed out its savagery and introduce the humane ideas of the Justinian code. Since his day the change he desired has gone on more or less speedily. One after another the cruelties and anomalies which his splendid intellect deplored have been pruned off and Roman scions grafted upon British jurisprudence in their place. This has been done much faster in England than in America.

Bacon's aspiration for legal reform was resisted by the whole body of common lawyers, in particular by Coke, whose monstrous book on English law still enjoys some authority in this country. The rivalry between Coke and Bacon was bitter and deadly. Bacon obtained some advantage at first but the final result was his downfall after he became Lord Chancellor. Historians, meekly subservient to the common lawyers, have usually said that Lord Bacon was deposed for bribery. The bribes he took were a convenient pretext for ruining him. The true cause of his conviction was his effort to introduce the enlightened principles of the Roman law. He was a victim of the barbarous practitioners of a barbarous system and, aping the theologians, his enemies have pursued their fallen foe with calumny even into the tomb. All judges took bribes in Bacon's day. But for Coke's venomous enmity there was no especial reason why he should have been singled out for an example.

Bacon's other great undertaking for the welfare of the human race was the warfare he waged upon the medieval misinterpretation of Aristotle's philosophy. The theologians of the centuries before Dante had seized upon Aristotle's notion that matter and form made up the universe. They had grafted upon it the Zoroastrian principle that good and evil powers are at war for the control of the world. Matter was identified with evil, form with good and thus transformed, Aristotle was made the high priest of education. No truth of science not found in Aristotle was to be credited. No blunder found in his books was ever to be corrected. The great apostle of Greek enlightenment was grotesquely metamorphosed into the jailer of the human intelligence. The name of Aristotle became synonymous with arid medievalism. His perverted philosophy mingled with the Zoroastrian superstition became medieval Christianity. His vast bulk was imposed upon the world very much as Milton's Satan lay stretched out in hell on the burning lake.

Bacon undertook to cast off Aristotle and all his works and he succeeded. Others had tried to do it before him. His great predecessor, Roger Bacon, the glory and the shame of Oxford University, began the herculean task, but the priesthood hushed his voice and killed his genius in prison. Not far from Dante's time there was almost a renaissance of intelligence throughout Europe but it aborted. Superstition blighted it. Something had been accomplished when Francis Bacon took up the task, but not much comparatively. By the power of his supreme intellect he brought back its rightful inheritance to the human race. He made man the possessor of the world he lives in. By the books he wrote modern science was given livery of seizin to its lawful estate. He scourged the demon of superstition howling down to the place where it belongs. Greatest and most unfortunate of men he reversed the sentence of damnation which theology had pronounced upon joy and knowledge and blazed the way to the new Eden where our happier race is building the kingdom of God.

There is nothing in the world worth having which has not been gained through the activity of the human intelligence. The prayers of a thousand centuries have brought down not a single substantial gift from the sky. Intelligence finds its potent implements in science and science flows from the philosophy of Francis Bacon as springs run from the eternal hills.

COMMON SENSE IN THE COURTS.

The invasion of the upper courts by common sense progresses slowly, perhaps, but the ground once gained is seldom lost. The news from the Supreme Court of Kansas continues cheerful. No murderers have lately been set free by that tribunal because some official forgot to give proper weight to a flyspeck on the indictment. It has reversed no verdicts because the prosecuting attorney omitted some all-important gesture at a certain stage of the incantation.

Good news comes from other courts also. There has been some encouraging advance in Wisconsin, to mention but a single instance. From an indictment against a certain criminal in that state the magic formula "against the peace and dignity of the state" was inadvertently left out. After the man had been convicted he asked the Supreme Court for a new trial on this ground. The judges, with amazing boldness, replied that the formula was nothing more than a rhetorical flourish. He had suffered no injury by its omission and he must be satisfied with the result of his trial.

Wisconsin has a statute which forbids the Supreme Court to reverse verdicts and grant new trials unless an error has been committed which really injures the prisoner. Other states have similar statutes, but the interpretation of them is often fantastic. In Wisconsin the Court seems to accept the situation frankly and do its best to act as a law-abiding tribunal should. Instead of "getting around the law," it applies the law and obeys it. In another case in that state the accused was not asked at the opening of his trial whether he was guilty or not. His lawyer noticed the frightful omission, but cannily said nothing about it until his client had been convicted. Then he made it a plea for a new trial. The Supreme Court told him very sensibly that he ought to have asked for the privilege at the proper time. If he thought it was so important for his client to answer the question, "Are you guilty or not guilty"? why had he said nothing about it at the beginning of the trial? "The accused should have all his constitutional rights," said the Supreme Court, "but he should not be allowed to juggle with them."

The word "juggle" is excellent in this connection. It describes exactly what criminals, through the help of their lawyers have been doing with their rights. They know perfectly well that the omission of many of these ceremonial performances does them no injury whatever, so they say nothing about it when it happens and let the trial proceed. If it goes against them then they try to make the omission a ground for overturning the verdict. It is an ingenious way of eating their cake and keeping it too. What surprises one is that the appellate courts should have allowed themselves to be imposed upon so long and so frequently by such a shallow trick.

GOD-GIVEN THINGS.

Land is God-given, say our single-taxers, therefore land should belong to all the people. And they enthuse over a scheme that would take land away from individual owners, through high taxes concentrated on land.

Water is also God-given, yet we have to pay for it. The heat of the sun, stored up in fuel, is God-given, yet we have to buy it. Electricity is God-given, yet we have to pay out of the wages of our toil for light and telegraph service and streetcar rides. Gold is God-given, yet we have to buy what we get of it, while those appropriate it who first find it and give their toil for it.

Truly and indeed, things are sadly out of joint in this world of ours, wherein our blessings are God-given yet are chiefly "monopolized" by members of the social body. Land is one of the heavenly gifts—in wild and raw state. Labor and capital render it worth owning. Our single-taxers never see the difference between wild land and tame. They would confiscate the land and along with it the fruits of the owner's toil.

Mr. U'Ren, who engages in no productive labor and owns no land that anybody knows about, thinks this scheme of exclusive taxation of landowners very fine. He praises Mr. Fels, rich soapmaker, for having spent $16,000 in Oregon "last campaign" and looks to Mr. Fels for more.

Industry is supposed to be God-given, also, yet large numbers lack it. But those who have industry and use it to acquire and improve land do not wish themselves to be the only taxpaying class. They prefer to have owners of buildings and of factories and of steamboats and of railroads and of orchards and of livestock and of merchandise help carry tax burdens.

Socialism is a plan to take away from thrifty members of society and bestow upon others. Single tax, a branch of socialism, aims to do this with land.

Even God-given things are not "free." Nor will they be in any society based on individual justice. Mr. Fels' great wealth, God-given as anything else, is monopolized by himself. If any "reform" is needed in distribution of God-given things, it should not begin with the land owners of Oregon, but rather with Mr. Fels.

DICK TURPIN AND BLACK BESS.

The publication of a new life of William Harrison Ainsworth has reawakened for the moment public interest in this half-forgotten novelist of the last century. The popular novel, Rookwood, in which he invented Dick Turpin, finds an occasional reader at the Portland public library, but not many. It is too big a book for the up-to-date lover of fiction to tackle, while it deals with scenes and deeds of which most of us are tired. Romantic and historic fiction has had its day and must give way to something else for a while. No doubt it will be popular again in the course of time, for the taste of novel readers is a periodic function. It moves in cycles. In the future, then, "Rookwood" may perhaps become as much of a fad as it was in 1820, when it was newly published. It enjoyed among the less literary class of readers the same vogue which Scott gained with the more cultivated. The hero, Dick Turpin, and still more his mare Black Bess, took hold of the imagination of the British people vigorously. Turpin indeed has passed on into a sort of mythical existence. He has developed into an epic hero. His name belongs to the common stock of literature and fancy, and few know or care who his father was.

The neglect into which Ainsworth and his books have fallen Turpin has escaped. As a bold, and in the main a successful, outlaw, he is perennially interesting. The public always loves a magnificent criminal. Even our local Tracy, sordid as his career was in some particulars, nevertheless had romance enough about him to appeal to the hungry soul of the public, and while he was fleeing through the forests of Oregon and Washington nine men out of ten secretly hoped that he would get away safely, though they knew that the hope was wrongful. It is the charm of outlawry which gives immortality to some of the most beloved characters of poetry and history.

Robert Bruce is not half so interesting securely seated on his throne as he is in flight with the hated Saxons at his heels. As a fugitive, myth and romantic incident cluster around him. As a king he is merely wise and good, immensely useful but far less lovable. The best story we have about King Arthur clings to his days of peril and flight. As a powerful monarch he makes an instructive but rather insipid character in Tennyson's Idylls. As a defeated outlaw he watches the old woman's cake and gets a box on the ear for letting it burn. It is this tale and not his wise legislation or saintly devoutness which the people remember of their half legendary king. The Scotch will always love William Wallace because of his splendid defiance to British law and military power, just as the English themselves cherish Robin Hood to the neglect of the astute and virtuous Henry VII. Much of the charm of "As You Like It" really inheres in the band of outlaws among whom Rosalind and Orlando work out the story of their love. The most charming of dramas would be far less potent if the setting were in an orderly court. With apologies to Emerson we are bound to confess that the world loves a rebel almost as much as it does a lover.

Dick Turpin was a rebel only in the sense of being a highwayman. He lived in bold and fascinating defiance of the law of the land. He took purses most becomingly from wealthy travelers and divided his plunder with the poor as courteously as any Bayard. Everybody who had the pleasure of his acquaintance was fond of him, for he was not only a courageous thief but kindly nature had also made him a gentleman at heart. As the lamented Rosina Vokes used to sing so alluringly, "No matter what you do if your heart be true," and Dick Turpin's heart was true, as true to all things grand and beautiful as Captain Kidd's was to his Poll.

No doubt another reason why the unforgetful masses love Dick Turpin so well is because of Black Bess. This noble steed runs through all the subsequent literature of adventure. Who does not know how well she carried her master from London to York and when the great deed was done fell dead almost at the door of the minster? Many an English Yorkshireman expects to see Black Bess in heaven and pat her shoulder of high degree in the verdant pastures beside the river of life.

Dick was a gallant horseman, vastly superior to most of his time. Ainsworth tells us that he "anticinpated a later age. He rode wonderfully lightly, yet sat his saddle to perfection, distributing the weight so exquisitely that Black Bess scarcely felt him. He took care that Bess should neither be strained nor wrung. Freely and lightly as a feather was she borne along. Beautiful was it to see her action." Thus gally did they set out along the Enfield highway, not caring "to ride away from their pursuers," the sordid minions of British law, caring only "for the fun of the chase." Black Bess was sired by a desert Arab and her dam was a coal black English racer.

Ainsworth delicately evades telling us just how Turpin got hold of her. It suffices to say that "he paid no heavy price." What does it matter? In the eternal fitness of things horse and rider belonged to each other. The man-made rules of property formed but a feeble obstacle to their union. Hour after hour through the glorious English night they "rattled along" until after a run of eighty miles they came to an inn in Northampton. Here Dick refreshed his mare. "He scraped, chafed and dried her, sounded each muscle, traced each sinew, examined the state of her feet." Well might he be particular for Bess was his only hope and by this time the chase had grown serious. The hounds were at his heels. As he mounted again she pawed the ground and snorted for the road, after eighty miles. When they heard the minster tolling at York she fell and died. "Dick lifted up his courser's head and kissed her lips covered with blood-flecked foam. 'I have killed the best steed that was ever crossed,' he cried, 'and for what? For what?'"

GOOD ROADS AND MONEY.

The Oregonian is for good roads, but it wants to be shown that any scheme of state aid shall be practicable or fair to all the counties of Oregon. It is proposed at Salem, in the new road code being urged with such diligence, that the rich and populous counties shall help out the less sparsely settled counties. A "substitute" appropriates $10,000 annually from the state treasury for each county that will contribute a like sum. This would impose a heavy burden of roadbuilding on certain counties, particularly on Multnomah, of building roads in distant places.

Good highways are badly needed in Oregon; but the task of obtaining them cannot be accomplished in a jiffy. Our enthusiasts who think Oregon should have roads the equal of those of older Eastern States and of countries in Europe are quite right in their opinion; only they should remember that roads in those countries have been building through many generations and in Europe through many centuries.

Here is Multnomah County, that has been straining its finances through, say, twenty years for good roads, yet finds the work only started. Here is a business that will launch the state upon heavy appropriation of money. It should be considered in the light of the public needs and of the public ability to pay. This is not an affair in which a few counties should be "squeezed" for benefit of others.

IMPROVING THE CONSULAR SERVICE.

Under the old spoils system, our diplomatic and consular service was regarded as a select dumping ground to which could be shunted attaches of the party in power who had to be taken care of between elections. By this system the United States gradually succeeded in filling up its consular pay rolls with an assortment of misfits that were a positive detriment to the country. About five years ago the necessity of sending abroad men selected because of fitness for the place became so apparent that an executive order was issued requiring examinations of applicants regardless of political affiliations or influence. The original order of President Roosevelt was issued in June, 1906, and in November, 1909, President Taft issued a similar order.

With the inducement of having merit and ability regarded as qualifications that would insure permanency in the service, many really eligible applicants were attracted, and through their work a great improvement was noted in the service. For the purpose of perpetuating this system, a bill has been introduced in Congress designed to give sanction of law to the system which is now dependent for continuance on mere executive order. The new law will not curtail the President's constitutional right to name diplomatic and consular officials, or the right of the Senate to confirm or reject such nominations. It simply submits records of efficency and ability to guide the President in making the appointments. As it will still further strengthen the merit system, the service will become still more attractive to men of ability and ambition.

Our foreign trade is increasing. The competition which we must meet abroad is also increasing. Accordingly it becomes necessary that we send abroad to look after our trade and diplomatic interests the most efficient men that can be secured. There should be no more paying of political debts with places in the consular service. The Lowden bill will make it more difficult than ever to discharge such obligations through consular appointments.

HORACE GREELEY'S CENTENARY.

Horace Greeley said in his autobiography that he wanted the words "Founder of the New York Tribune" inscribed on his tombstone. He could have had no more appropriate epitaph for it is by the Tribune that he will be remembered. Although he was writing constantly for almost forty years, little came from his pen which posterity will care to read. Though opinions upon politics flowed incessantly from his office, few of them had more than temporary value, and most of them were unfortunate. He had no political philosophy except the passing preference of the moment. The advice he gave to Lincoln during the Rebellion was abundant but it was always bad. Had he been heeded the war never would have been fought to the end and some shameful compromise would have been made with the rebels. At one time he was eager for foreign intervention, actually opening negotiations with the French Minister for that purpose in defiance of Lincoln's wishes. On social topics he was more of a sentimentalist than a thoughtful philosopher. Certainly he sided with the anti-slavery men, but he also sided with the disciples of Fourier.

Fourierism was abandoned long ago, even by the Socialists, but to Greeley it appeared to be a promising solution of the problems of wealth and poverty and he inclined to favor it until the day of his death. Other fads of the first half of the last century found in him a receptive friend. It was an age of isms and he was in that respect a child of his time. All through his brilliant career in New York we behold him surrounded by a fringe of cranks and fakers to whom, in the extreme kindness of his heart, if not from sympathy, he gave aid and comfort. His opinions upon practical affairs never had much value. Perpetually meddling with the conduct of the war, there is not a single valuable suggestion which can be traced to him.

While Lincoln was trying to lick the raw volunteers into shape, Greeley kept "Forward to Richmond" at the head of the Tribune's editorial columns. His was one of the principal voices which hounded the President into pushing a detachment on to Manassas Junction and fighting the disastrous battle of Bull Run. After the defeat and slaughter, of which much of the responsibility belonged to him, Greeley's futile despair was equal to his previous foolhardiness. In the depths of his misery he wrote Lincoln one of the strangest letters ever penned. "This is my seventh sleepless night," he began, "yours, too, doubtless, yet I think I shall not die because I have no right to die. You are not considered a great man and I am a hopelessly broken one. . . . I do not consider myself at present a judge of anything but the public sentiment. That seems to me everywhere gathering and deepening against a prosecution of the war." And so on. Throughout the struggle Greeley misinterpreted public sentiment as completely as he misunderstood Lincoln.

Greeley was born February 3, 1811, on a New Hampshire farm, one of those abominations of desolation which puritanism combined with thriftlessness had given the Yankee farmers for homes. The house stared disconsolately on the public road without even a "front yard." There was nothing near it to soften the harsh aspect of unkindly nature, not a rosebush, not a vine, not a flower. In this dwelling the precocious boy read the Bible through before he was five years old and learned to spell so well that he was the terror of all the spelling bees. Not a book in the neighborhood escaped his noble rage for borrowing and devouring. When he went to the district school a little afterward there was hardly anything in the curriculum for him to learn. He regrets in his "Busy Life" that he was not put to study such "homely sciences" as chemistry and geology, but it was not till long after Greeley's death that these branches were thought worthy of a place in our education.

Excellent as his style was, Greeley had the most singular opinions upon English literature. Of other literatures he knew nothing for he scorned the colleges and never attended one. He said the "Faery Queen" was "an insufferable bore." To him Shakespeare was a "literary hack." He preferred Mrs. Hemans to any other author. This reminds one of Tolstoi's amazing admiration for "Adin Ballou."

Greeley had many hideous experiences as a farm boy before he finally left home to make his own way but his love for the calling was not killed. Late in life he collected his agricultural editorials into a book, "What I Know of Farming," which excited some ridicule but was really of much value. He was the pioneer of scientific agriculture in this country. The farm which he lived on at Chappaqua was one of the enduring satisfactions of his life. He learned the printer's trade in the office of the Northern Spectator at East Poultney in Vermont where he received a salary of $40 a year until the paper finally expired in 1830. After that he drifted about for a year or two and then landed in New York, where his true career began.

The young man who has difficulty in finding a job today may seek consolation in Horace Greeley's experiences. New York was not very big in 1831 but it was big enough to drive the lad of 20 years almost to despair. To the normal troubles of the unknown job-hunter were added in his case a personal appearance which utterly belied his merits. He had a shock of towy hair, his face proclaimed the greenhorn, his clothes were scant and uncouth. One employer after another called him a fool and shut the door in his face until he gave up and decided to leave New York. At the last moment the long lane turned. He got a job of putting an edition of the New Testament in type and by working night and day managed to earn enough to pay his board bill. From that time his progress was certain, though a little slow perhaps. By 1841 he had accumulated enough capital and influence to make it possible to establish the Tribune, which was successful from the outset and soon developed into the most influential newspaper in the United States. Greeley made it the organ of the moderate anti-slavery men and the protectionists. No doubt up to 1861 it was the most substantial force in the country, not only in creating the sentiment which waged the war for the Union, but also in teaching the people the philosophy of the tariff.

In the opinion of Thomas A. Edison, as expressed before a meeting of the American Civic Federation in New York recently, the producers of the world are becoming desperate over the constantly increasing burdens imposed by war preparations and will compel universal peace, even if it is necessary to revolutionize existing governments to bring it about. That is to say, the world is going to have peace even if it has to be turned into one great battlefield to secure it. We may shudderingly conclude that some furious fighting will precede the climax which makes the world one great solitude under the name of peace.

The Government irrigation scheme devised by Captain O. C. Applegate in Klamath County promises, it is said, to reclaim 10,000 acres of land to agriculture, and make the Indians on the Klamath reservation self-supporting. If this promise is fulfilled one Government irrigation project will go on record as having made valuable returns on the investment. This depends, of course, upon the possibility of making the Indians rise to meet the opportunity afforded.

Oh, well, Arizona may serve roast ostrich and ostrich egg omelet at the Roosevelt breakfast if it likes. When the Colonel comes to Portland we shall try to give him something new. He tells in "African Game Tales" of eating ostrich livers, hearts and eggs.

The law providing the whipping post for wife-beaters has practically, from the first, been inoperative as any law is more than likely to be that goes in advance of, or is not indorsed by public opinion.

The new potato king's name is not Murphy. He promises, however, to keep the small fry in a stew and mash the consumer who dares chip in a remonstrance.

President Taft may appoint a ball-player private secretary. If this makes him solid with the fans of the country there will be nothing to the next election.

A headline artist says: "Law will watch Danville polls." All of the pictures we have ever seen of Justice have displayed her with a blindfold on.

The daughter of a wealthy New York perfumer has been kidnaped, but the sleuths have not obtained a scent.

Roosevelt will be given an ostrich dinner in Arizona in March. There will be no tips for the waiters.

We are all crazy in our anxiety to learn of the conditions at the State Insane Asylum.

And now it is the hydroplane. It will be no trouble to keep a date with a mermaid.

TOPICAL VERSE

The Fireside Hero.

Oh, father's a wonderful man
When he comes home at night
All the children delight
So mighty a creature to scan.
They believe he is lofty and great,
Quite fit to be king
Or any old thing
That holds a high place in the state.

Of course when he's striving downtown
He may scratch, kick and bite
And avoid a fair fight,
Or be but a blustering crown;
And his fellows may scoff his plan.
But nature is kind
And at home he will find
He is always a wonderful man.

—Washington, D. C. Star.

Mere Man.

These suffragettes are quite a bore,
They'd make us all believe
That Adam wasn't any more
Than merely "Mr. Eve."

—Catholic Standard.

Dreaming.

"I'll wake up some day and find myself noted,"
Quoth he.
"And all of my words then extensively quoted
Will be."
The girl laughed a laugh that was rippling and mellow
And gay,
Said she: "I've no doubt you'll wake up, old fellow,
Some day."

—Kansas City Journal.

Keeping Cool.

Some fellows in a losing game
Are worried gruff or glum,
But Roland Hill is just the same,
No matter what may come.

He faces toward the pitcher's box
And smiles a friendly smile.
And then, the chances are, he knocks
The ball about a mile.

He says "We'll lick 'em if we try.
Play up! You're doing fine!"
And maybe that's the reason why
He's captain of the nine.

Some fellows when they miss a shot
In tennis grunt and frown.
Or twist their faces in a knot
And smash their rackets down.

And some are sure the court is bad
Or rough; and some will say,
"What rotten luck!" while some will add,
"I'm off my game today."

But Roland simply plays ahead;
He doesn't sulk, but grins;
And that is why, I've heard it said,
He almost always wins.

—Youth's Companion.

Tipping.

His bath was prepared when he rose in the morn,
So he gave up a tip.
He got his shoes shined, and the boy struck his corn—
But he gave up a tip.
He went to be shaved, and the man cut his chin
And talked to him, too, with an onion-breath grin
While telling which ball team next season would win—
But he gave up a tip.

The waiter was slow and his coffee was cold,
But he gave up a tip.
The boy brushed his hat till it looked worn and old,
But he gave up a tip.
The cabby almost made him miss the last train,
And if this had happened his trip had been vain;
The thoughts that he had almost curdled his brain—
But he gave up a tip.

O, why go ahead with the tale of his life?
Why go on with each tip?
He got so each time he was kissed by his wife
He would give up a tip.
His children, likewise, knew if they would be good
They could work their poor dad as they properly should—
It was perfectly, absolutely understood
He would give up a tip.

He lay down in bed and was sick unto death,
But he thought of the tip.
The doctor and nurse measured every breath—
And he gave up a tip.
His funeral hadn't gone more than a mile
Till he lifted the lid with a pardon-me smile
And called the embalmer, and stopped things the while
He produced his last tip.

—Chicago Post.

Modes of Travel.

Muddy and wet
Somewhat profane;
Seeks to forget
The hay and the grain
That he must buy,
Facing the loss
Still piling high—
Driving a hoss.

Dusty and glum,
Flat on his back;
Smashing a thumb;
Wailing the lack
Of gas or of oil;
Broke on the wheel
With worry and toil—
Automobile.

Nervous and slight,
Brave and alert;
Bandaged up tight,
Shaken and hurt;
Hearing the cheers
From the crowd at the scene.
Triumphs and tears—
Flying machine.

—Boston Herald.

Weary Work.

Almost twenty hours a day
Did he grub.
Nearly wore his nerves away,
Poor old dub!
Struggled with a greedy mob
In the ditch;
Found it a terrific job
Getting rich.

Now that he would ladle out
Coin, you know,
People sneer and yelp about
Tainted dough.
He, depicted as a slob
And a boor,
Finds it a terrific job
Getting poor.

—Exchange.

Philosophy.

Ever see a buzzsaw
Walk into your house?
Ever see the cheese bait
Walk to catch a mouse?

Ever see an ice hole
Open up on land?
Ever see the powder
Walk to meet the brand?

Point of observation
Must be plain to view
Don't you trouble trouble,
It won't trouble you.

—New York Sun.