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A Journal for the People.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Op-
posing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

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THE PRIZE STORY.

In November last, the proprietors of the **NEW NORTHWEST** published this announcement:

Realizing that the proper way to secure an excellent story is to bring contributors into competition, we hereby offer a prize of \$75 00 for the best original serial that shall reach this office by the 15th of February, 1881. To the second choice, we will award \$25 00. We will be the judges of the merits of the stories, and do not desire the names of authors until after we publish the title of the one awarded the first premium. We reserve the right to reject any or all offers. The stories must consist of about twenty-six chapters, of not less than three columns to the chapter. We would prefer them to point a moral, in the direction of the woman movement.

In response to this offer, we have received nine stories. It has been difficult to determine which is the best, but, after carefully canvassing their merits, we have decided to award the first prize to "Reaping the Whirlwind." This story is, properly speaking, a novel, and is particularly noticeable for its literary excellence, its deep-laid plot, its well-maintained characters, and its interesting incidents and situations. Another thing in its favor is that it is neatly written, correctly paragraphed and fairly punctuated—it is the best "copy" of the nine. While it does not "point a moral in the direction of the woman movement" as plainly as we should like, yet it frequently cuts false ideas of woman's privileges and stabs customs that curtail her opportunities in the world of action. The author is requested to call at this office as soon as possible and make herself known (the penmanship is evidently a woman's). Publication of "Reaping the Whirlwind" will be commenced in the **NEW NORTHWEST** on March 24th.

Now, a few words about other stories. One (or the portion received, all has not yet arrived), from a gentleman in Astoria, is of great merit; it bristles with points in favor of the rights of women, its incidents follow one another in rapid succession, and the plot is sufficiently well defined to give it deep interest; but it is not in shape for publication, as it is carelessly written, is not divided into chapters, is marred by many abrupt changes of scene of characters, and in its literary construction betrays too plainly the haste in its preparation. The author should by all means take the time to remedy the defects noted and carefully finish it. Another story, from a well-known lawyer of this city, develops a good plot, has many striking situations, and holds the interest of the reader to its close; but there are numerous ideas advanced in it which do not properly come within the scope of this journal's work. Another, from Eastern Washington, is well written, abounds in faithful picturings of the trials of a sensitive woman in an unappreciative world, and was prepared with considerable care; but it does not fix and hold the mind from week to week, notably in the first half-dozen chapters. Another, from Wasco county, is very good reading and is in good form, but lacks incidents to chain the attention of readers. All manuscripts are held in trust for authors.

The prizes offered by us have developed the fact that there is in this State and Washington Territory much literary ability, which only needs inducement to call it forth, and sometime in the future we hope to be able to offer premiums that will liberally reward successful competitors.

President Garfield nominated the following gentlemen for his Cabinet, and they were confirmed by the Senate: James G. Blaine, of Maine, Secretary of State; William Windom, of Minnesota, Secretary of the Treasury; Wayne McVeagh, of Pennsylvania, Attorney-General; Thomas L. James, of New York, Postmaster-General; Samuel J. Kirkwood, of Iowa, Secretary of the Interior; Robert F. Lincoln, of Illinois, Secretary of War; William H. Hunt, of Louisiana, Secretary of the Navy.

The *Oregonian's* dispatches announce the death at Providence, on Monday last, of Mrs. Elizabeth K. Churchill, "widely known as a speaker and writer in behalf of the rights of women." Mrs. Churchill is another of the noble pioneer workers in the equal rights cause who has gone down to her grave bearing the stigma of disfranchisement as punishment for the crime of being a woman.

From the San Jose (California) *Mercury*: "Assemblyman Wentz's bill for granting women the electoral franchise on all school questions has been adversely reported on. Just as we expected it would be. We haven't got the kind of material in the present Legislature to deal justly with such questions."

Ex-President and Mrs. Hayes have returned to their old home at Fremont, Ohio.

THE SCHOOL ELECTION.

The annual election of School District No. 1 will be held next Monday, March 14th, when a Director for the term of three years and a Clerk for the term of one year are to be chosen. It is noticeable that there is an entire absence of the violent antagonism to the High School which was manifested during the few weeks preceding the last school election. The opponents are of course no less desirous now than then of abolishing the crowning feature of the free school system; but the result of the last election was such a severe rebuke to them that they have preserved silence this year. This very silence has given rise to the quite general fear that they intend to gain next Monday by discreet and careful plotting what they failed to accomplish last year by open and aggressive warfare. There is perhaps little ground for this fear, as it is almost impossible to carry out such a scheme when two-thirds of the legal voters are opposed to it. Besides, the enemies of the High School would hardly dare attempt to sneakily overcome the will of a large majority of the tax-payers. However, it may be well to keep a sharp watch next Monday. Apathy on the part of the friends of the present system may inspire the opponents with the hope that they can carry their point and lead them to make a fight next year, even if they remain quiet now. "Eternal vigilance" is the price of not only the High School, but of the Grammar Schools, and a large vote should be cast on next Monday. The polling place is at the Clerk's office, on Morrison street, near Fifth, and the hours are from 2 to 6 P. M.

Mr. Charles Hodge is, we believe, the only candidate for School Director; at least, he is the only person prominently mentioned. He is very reticent about giving his views on the High School question, and we cannot positively state whether or not he is in favor of continuing the school on its present basis. However, we have the assurance of a gentleman well-known in connection with the schools that Mr. H. may be relied on to uphold the known will of the great majority of the tax-payers.

For School Clerk, Mr. D. W. Williams should be reflected. He has efficiently and satisfactorily filled the office for three years, and consequently is much better qualified for the place than would be a new and inexperienced man. We believe in rewarding honesty, ability and faithfulness, and therefore hope to see him given another term. The fact that he has held the office three years is urged by some as a reason for defeating him. This is manifestly wrong. No business man would for an instant think of discharging an upright accountant because he had served faithfully and well for a number of years; and as much sense should be displayed by the voters on Monday next in making their selection for Clerk. Meritorious and conscientious service ought to be rewarded in public as well as private life.

Women who have the right to vote in school matters should be out in force on this important occasion. The qualifications for them are the same as for men—they must be tax-payers and twenty-one years of age or upward. A large number voted last year, and we hope more will come out next Monday. The Legislature has been generous and just, and women should vote not only because they are interested in school matters, but because they will show an appreciation of the ballot, and thus encourage the work of those who are striving to secure to them the unrestricted franchise.

QUEER ENCOURAGEMENT.

Much is said by masculine writers and speakers about the lack of inventive genius in women, who are regarded as destitute of originality in any direction; and when they break loose from customs and enter the industrial and creative world, their researches and inquiries are met with sneers and derision. The efforts of men to discover and perfect labor-saving or time-gaining machines are encouraged with kind words and material assistance; but women who make like efforts receive not even respectful consideration from the greater part of the press, much less money from wealthy individuals to aid them in their investigations. For instance, several papers have remarked, on reading the statement that a woman has invented a bedstead which may be converted into a trunk, that "a new mission in life is announced for the benighted female," and have proceeded to ridicule the very useful invention of an original and appreciative mind. This treatment is not calculated to induce women to give the world the benefit of their ideas. Such carping remarks tend to make them wary of entering the Patent Office, and have a direct tendency to confirm men in their assertion that the feminine mind lacks inventive genius.

Apropos of the slurs cast at the woman who invented the interchangeable bed and trunk, we give the following item, which will fitly illustrate the protection accorded by men to women in the inventive world:

Miss Louise McLaughlin, the discoverer of painting under the glass on pottery, realizing that art, like health, is free to all, told her process to other artists, explained it to reporters, and even published a book giving directions. A man has now taken her process and patented it.

The Woman's National Christian Temperance Union has presented President Garfield with a portrait of Mrs. Hayes, to be hung in the White House.

THE WEST SIDE.

MRS. DUNIWAY AT CORVALLIS—BRIGHT AND RACY COMMENTS ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND PARTICULAR.

CORVALLIS, March 7, 1881.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

It was Inauguration Day. All over the Atlantic Coast "Old Probabilities" was at work, stirring up the weather and inciting alike the apprehension of expectant tens of thousands of people and the activities of a million rain-changed currents of air. A new President was coming in; an old one was going out. Disappointed office-seekers were numbered by thousands, and happy recipients of Federal favor by tens. The whole East was in a tumult of excitement. Not so the placid Pacific Coast, nor the yet more apathetic Northwest. Here Inauguration Day was very much like other days. Here the usual routine of everyday business went the even tenor of its way as of yore, and the quiescent Weather King was on his best behavior as if in mockery of the storms his Atlantic brother was mustering for the direct discomfort of a hundred thousand mortals on parade.

The morning of the 4th of March gave early promise of a delightful day in Oregon, as the undersigned took a seat in a West-Side railway car and set her face southward, her destination Corvallis. All day long, in spite of the excitement in Washington and the lowering elements there, our iron horse toiled through the glorious sunlight, dragging behind him an enormous train of obedient cars, freighted with bipeds, quadrupeds and merchandise, and passing countless farmers busy at their work, all apparently unconscious of the ceremonies of inauguration or the fate of men whose service to their party was destined to receive no financial recognition.

The West Side is busily engaged in donning her Spring attire. From the Coast Range on our right to the Yam Hills upon the left the boom of the earth is green. Daffodils and crocuses peep from cosy door-yards, rose buds are swelling, willows are in leaf, peach blows show a tinge of pink, and cherry buds and apple blossoms are struggling to peep from their russet coats and scatter redolence upon the sunlight air.

The West Side route runs through a score or more of towns and villages, all elated with the suburban prospects that bring them in close relationship with their big sister, Portland. They have not yet learned that a railroad is an artery that carries the circulating medium past the intermediate points of interest and precipitates it in bulk upon the metropolis. However, they realize that something is depleting their pockets, and the wisest of them are turning longingly toward Yaquina Bay and hoping, working and planning for an outlet to the seaboard there that will divert a part, at least, of the financial current into other channels.

Corvallis lies ninety-one miles from Portland, in the heart of the beautiful valley from which it derives its appropriate name. Nearly three years have elapsed since our last visit, but we are prepared for the improvements, everywhere apparent, that greet us as we take a seat in the Occidental coach and go bounding through the muddy streets to the new and commodious hotel. We are weary with the long ride, and are soon off into dreamland, from whence we emerge after an hour to write a dozen letters that have been awaiting our busy conscience for a week. Then we accept a standing invitation, and take up temporary abode in the well-ordered home of Judge Chenoweth and family, prior to beginning a course of lectures, the first of which is to be given at the Court House this (Monday) evening.

Mr. Wallis Nash, one of Benton county's most prominent citizens, an Englishman by birth, and a gentleman of culture, gave a lecture on Friday evening, entitled "Something about Novels," which was quite a treat. Mr. Nash offered a variety of selections to illustrate the different styles of landscape painting, tragic incident, historic reminiscence, sporting experience and sentimental display of Scott, Dickens, De Foe, George Elliot and others; and we accepted it as a fact, which goes to corroborate our well-known theory that this is woman's era, when he pronounced George Elliot the greatest of novelists, and proved it by lengthy selections from "The Mill on the Floss." The audience accorded this part of the entertainment the most serious attention. The lecturer was evidently the most at home in the works of Dickens, but expressed great admiration for a number of comparatively unknown authors, whose names and books have alike escaped our attention hitherto. The audience was good, and the proceeds of the lecture, which was for the benefit of the college, were quite considerable. A song by a quartette of young gentlemen, which would have been encored in Portland, was passively received by the Corvallisites, as was also a solo by Mrs. Johnson, an able professor of music, who is a general favorite with the young folks.

On Sunday we attended church, and heard a dilated sermon, addressed to a thin house. In the evening we visited another chapel, where there was a yet thinner house and more diluted service, and returned to the home of our friends in a thoughtful mood. Few clergymen can be satisfied with such slow progress in a matter of such vital importance as that of everlasting life or death to the human family, is to our mind more and more a mystery. Yet we know scores of them (there are many honorable exceptions) who gather

a little handful of believers about them, receive an annual stipend for their Sunday services, and go on year after year in their profession (it can hardly be called work), falling even to secure the grown-up children of their pastorate as members, and appearing totally oblivious to the Divine command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." This is spiritual ossification, and its outgrowth is infidelity. The genius of the age demands live preaching, including demonstration, logic, proof. The day of blind belief in simple or complex dogmas is almost dead.

With these thoughts, we fell asleep and dreamed that one, like unto the Son of Man, came into the churches—as of old, bearing glad tidings and breaking anew the bread of the old gospel of innovation upon time-honored creeds; but the Scribes and the Pharisees snubbed him and sneered at him as aforetime, and went on in their old way, for pretence making long prayers, and disfiguring their faces that they might appear unto men to fast; and he that was like unto the Son of Man went away sorrowing, and entered the abodes of poverty and made himself known to the lowly.

Good reader, we beg your pardon; but we cannot help these fancyings, and when we write for your eye we cannot repress our own ideas.

On Monday, accompanied by Judge Chenoweth, who kindly volunteered the introduction, we visited the Corvallis college, where we found President Arnold in one wing of the second story of a rambling wooden edifice, engaged in instructing an intelligent class of young ladies and gentlemen in some sort of inductive philosophy which proved exceedingly interesting. The class was well up in its work, and as we listened we longed to "come to school" too. In the opposite wing of the same story are two large recitation rooms, in one of which we found Professor Emory and in the other Professor Hawthorne, each engaged in shooting the young ideas of many students through the mazes of mathematics, Greek and Latin. In another pleasant room, looking out upon a broad expanse of plain and mountain scenery, we found Miss McFadden, sister of the late Judge McFadden of Washington Territory, who is engaged in teaching a class in sketching and painting. Some of the paintings evinced a goodly degree of painstaking and talent on the part of pupils, and all exhibit the untiring and conscientious care of the able teacher. In a large room on the first floor of the college, whither we were next conducted, Professor McElroy was engaged with a multitude of Young Americans, who at the time of our visit were elucidating, on the blackboard, several problems of interest and present worth. A primary department opens from this room, which is crowded by a younger grade of juveniles. We saw order without friction everywhere, and left the school with a strong desire to visit it again.

But it is lecture time, and this letter is long. Full particulars of our mission here will be forthcoming next week. A. S. D.

McDonald of Indiana is perhaps the firmest friend the Woman Suffrage cause has in the national Senate. Donn Piatt, in one of his letters to the *Washington Capital*, says of him: "Joe McDonald, a large, handsome man, with a massive head and queer, bushy eye-brows, has a quiet, paternal way about him that half amuses his associates, but wins with all. This is because it is honest. He is as fair to his opponents as he is true to his friends. He is self-made, and not spoiled in the making. The son of a widow too poor to clothe and feed him comfortably, he had none of the so-called advantages of education. Bound apprentice to a saddler, he not only mastered his trade, but when his time was out made one saddle and then walked over to the Court House, and, after an examination, was admitted to the bar. The hard-working, sober, steady son of the widow had given all his spare hours to hard study, and, while learning his trade, had qualified himself for the practice of law. The traits that marked his youth have made a great success of his manhood. He stands to-day not only at the head of his profession, but is so true to his political convictions that no force of popular impulse can affect his force of character, or make him swerve a hair's breadth from what he regards as truth and worships as principle."

The *Pacific*, the Congregational journal of San Francisco, has been considering the large and increasing number of single ladies from nineteen to twenty-nine years old, particularly in cities, who are in need of a calling, a career, a safe occupation, and makes these sensible remarks: "From choice or necessity, one-fourth of our young women seem not likely to marry. Some of our young men enter on a roving life, as traders, prospectors, or travelers, and can make no homes. Some of them can find none who are willing to share with them their humble and toiling condition. And some of them will not marry till they are able to live in a good degree of elegance, and that time rarely comes. The results are now observable in relatively few marriages. Already the younger are crowding the older and the married ladies out of the schools as teachers. And it is manifest that new spheres of life, new occupations, must open to them, if they are not to be dependent, and are to be real factors in the advancement of society."

The attention of the post office authorities is called to the fact that one of the **NEW NORTHWEST'S** subscribers at Nord, Butte county, California, fails to receive his paper, though it is regularly mailed.