

"MOTHER" DAVIS PLAYED GOOD SAMARITAN



**CATHERINE S. DAVIS
FINEST WOMAN PHYSICIAN
IN SOUTHERN WILLAMETTE
VALLEY**

**MEMORIAL TREES ON
DAVIS FARM NEAR EUGENE**

Memory of Pioneer Woman Physician of Willamette Valley Perpetuated by Fir Trees She Loved

Written for the Journal by Dan Curtis Freeman.

WRITTEN high in the annals of pioneerdom of Lane county is the name of—Davis. Of sturdy stuff is the stock the forties saw transplanted in the southern Willamette valley. Useful citizens and "good neighbors"—every one—were those of the name. There is one—a pioneer mother—whose name makes bright the chapter of the entry of the Davis family into western Oregon. The cherished recollections of Catherine S. Davis, good Samaritan, are grouped around her lifetime of kind deeds and heroic helpfulness among the scattered families of the early settlers.

For many years she was the only physician in the whole southern Willamette valley section. To a generation of boys and girls Catherine S. Davis was not only godmother but doctor, nurse, guide, counselor and friend. And when but a glimpse or two at the pages of her inspiring life story are known, small cause for wonder is it that Mother Davis was revered for her nobility of character and her unselfish devotion to duty.

A little way out of the city of Eugene, on the river road, is the original Davis homestead. It was located in '47 and the fifteenth day of October marked its occupancy. Its claimants, Benjamin Davis and his wife, the first woman doctor, were contemporaneous with Eugene Skinner, for whom the city of Eugene subsequently was named. Skinner had migrated from California and had gotten his log and pole habitation half completed when the caravan from Indiana completed its weary six months' jaunt, via the southern route of the emigrants, to Oregon. The southern route, incidentally, included a tortuous trip through Cow Creek canyon. The trail followed by the ox wagons mostly was the bed of the creek. Trees and drift had to be chopped out of the way in passing. Of this party of homeseekers, Benjamin Davis and his good wife set conspicuous examples of courage and fortitude throughout the undertaking.

They had their full share of experiences with Indians and other difficulties before reaching their new home. Lycurgus Davis, then a boy of eight—now sustaining his burden of years as a vigorous pioneer stock of hale constitutions—tells with pride how he drove two yoke of oxen—part of the time three—across the continent from Plymouth, Marshall county, Indiana.

An Old-Fashioned Practitioner.

To those isolated families, scattered for perhaps one hundred miles around where Lane county's domains are now defined, Mother Davis was a benignant Providence personified. She was one of those rare, old-fashioned practitioners. The merits of her herbs may not be well disputed, nor need they be defended, for they often constituted the only choice in case of illness.

Whether the call for Mother Davis' attentions were for whooping cough, a broken limb, or a case for a midwife, she was infallible. Never was she known to fail or to refuse to go on her errands of mercy. Considering the limited supplies to be had, her resources for assuaging suffering and ministering to the afflicted were—in the light of modern times—little less than marvelous. Portland, or rather Vancouver barracks, which was the supply point, was a two-weeks' journey. Trips for supplies were not frequent. One very bad winter the family ran out of tea, sugar and coffee and they had no fresh meat—excepting venison.

Feet were not often spoken of and sometimes not thought of in those days

when all good neighbors "helped out." Probably more often than otherwise those who needed the services of Mrs. Davis were not able adequately to compensate her. But the good Samaritan never remembered those little things—and she was always prompt in the role of a ministering angel of mercy. No matter how dark or stormy the night, the distance, or from whom the summons came, the doctor's horse was quickly saddled, the saddle bags put on and she was gone. The midnight journeys might be across the paths of wild beasts, along treacherous trails into the foothills of the middle fork, or the McKenzie, or over to Lake Creek; but never was this fearless, stout-hearted woman known to ask or expect escort.

One of her "boys," Lycurgus, says he was the hostler for his mother's mount. Often, late at night, the family would hear the clatter of a hard-pressed horse's hoofs on the "big road." They knew it was a messenger after the good Samaritan, and even before the rider had reached the door one of the boys was saddling up the mare that Mrs. Davis rode for many years. This horse was a mixture of Indian oxeye with some high grade breed of animal and she could easily outdistance anything in the country. "Ride on ahead, I'll catch you," was one of Mrs. Davis' sayings to the messenger, "but you'll not see me again." And it is vouched for

at a recent gathering of Lane county pioneers, the incalculable services of this grand pioneer woman were discussed and appreciated and it has since been suggested by Col. W. G. D. Mercer that, with the consent of the present owners, the pioneer society might well distinguish its existence and express a well-deserved tribute by erecting a memorial tablet on the big tree nearest the highway in commemoration of this woman's faithful service to her countrymen.

She passed away at the age of 87. She was a native of Pennsylvania, her family name being Shuyter. Her father lived to be 107 years old.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. Davis numbered seven. There yet survive her: L. E. Davis, of Yaquina, Mrs. Huddleston, Lycurgus and Dr. M. M. Davis, all of Eugene.

"We made our home right among the Calapooyias," said Lycurgus Davis, telling of their coming into the Willamette valley. "We built our cabin in a settlement of Indians and made friends with them. My father was a fine peacemaker, and if it had not been for him more than once we would have had most serious trouble. One of our closest calls was among the Rogue River Indians. Two braves were hanging around our camp. Our women folks were cooking supper when the bucks spit in the frying pan just for meanness. Two of our men were not tampered. They wanted to punish the bucks. The first thing our boys laid their eyes on were two coal or ash shovels, which we used to start the camp fires on. Each man seized a shovel—they were under the coals, and red hot, and spanked each of the braves on their bare skins. They let out a warwhoop of pain and rage. In a few minutes we were surrounded by five hundred warriors. We thought we were done for. But, by dint of much persuasion and talk and offers of peace, my father negotiated peace with the chief and we were allowed to go of our way."

In Time of Need.
At one time the valley settlers were scourged by an epidemic of erysipelas or something akin to this disease. It did not seem to be understood just what the affliction was, but in this trying period Mrs. Davis was begged to go everywhere. She scarcely slept or ate. Day and night she made the rounds from one cabin to another, doing all within her power to bring the disease under subjection. Her ministrations were most effective, and finally the epidemic was quelled.

The Davis home was for almost a lifetime an attractive white house of the I type, surmounting the crest of a slightly knoll set back a short quarter of a mile from the main highway. Once a mere Indian trail, this avenue became the "big road" now it is the "river road." These splendid specimens of the Indians made friends with these settlers and deer swarmed, the Davis family remained and the world with all its wonders have come along the "big road" to their yard gates.

As one turns in at the big gate the vista of the old homestead is framed between two giant fir trees that mark either side of the drive to the house. They are the only reminders of the thick grove of firs that once marked this spot. In her lifetime Mrs. Davis conceived a great natural affection for these splendid specimens of the primeval forest. When the time came the old farmer should not cut down or otherwise destroy or mar those trees as long as she lived. It is pleasant to note that although Mrs. Davis passed away about fourteen years ago, her wishes have been respected, and in all probability sentiment will decree that the trees shall remain as a memorial to her as long as they survive.

At a recent gathering of Lane county

The Harder Task.
From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Senator Root at a luncheon at a Washington country club, said of war: "Our arbitration treaties come none too soon. The world is getting tired of war. This fact was well brought home to me the other day by the remark of an English diplomat. 'He said that at the end of the Boer war two Unionists were wrangling at a dinner. 'I said the first Unionist, a lieutenant of volunteers, I went to the war and defended my country.' 'Pshaw, what of that?' the other retorted. 'I stayed in my country and defended the war.'"

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STOPPING THE SLAUGHTER IN TIME OF PEACE—Continued from Page 1 This Section

gestions, or a failure to carry out improvement work, the officials at the home office know that fresh blood is needed.

At the home office of the company, at Baltimore, the weekly reports are carefully filed and tabulated. "Safety suggestions" have been arriving at the rate of about 1000 for every seven days. Astonishingly practical the majority of them are, too, and veritable revelations of the reasons why accidents have so long been considered inseparable from railroading.

Perhaps, however, the most practical manner of checking the efficiency of the local committees is the decrease in accidents. The first month the system was tried out proved an eye-opener. At the Riverside shops, in Baltimore, the accidents fell from an average of 20 to an average of four during the last three months.

Thus it ran all along the line. The success of the "Safety First" campaign was assured, because the men began to see what they could accomplish. More than that, they took pride in avoiding the thoughtless practices that had been making their work dangerous.

It mattered little with what branch of the service a man was connected, he realized that he was much safer when he looked warning before he got hurt, and when he helped to guard a pitfall before someone fell into it. And it is to inculcate just this lesson that one of the most effective departments of the general safety committee is conducted. This is the record and investigation of all accidents along these lines, whether in shops, on cars or tracks.

For instance, a brakeman is seen kicking a coupler. He may be approached about it and told that it is dangerous. The information is not news to him. He knows that it's dangerous—has known it ever since he has been on a railroad. But he keeps on doing it because he's never the one that's going to get hurt.

But his confidence is somewhat jarred if his informant produces an accident list and remarks:

"So-and-so lost his leg at Wheeling the other day doing the very same thing. I don't suppose he thought he was going to get hurt, either. You don't imagine he deliberately let his leg get cut off, do you?"

It's the same thing with the practice, just as universal on all railroads, of general safety committees in being done about it and told that it is dangerous. They know there are rules against it—that it's dangerous. But what railroad man hasn't thought it his natural born right to ride on pilots?

Yet, if he is caught doing it and told, quietly, that there is a homeless family somewhere out in Illinois because a man refused to take a friendly warning, he is likely to think of his wife and children the next time he steps on a pilot and to get off again as soon as possible.

There's no difference, in the yards or the shops. For years a great many of the largest manufacturing plants of the country have been trying to have their men wear goggles when in danger from chips of metal, wood, etc. Will they do it? Not much. In some shops the greater percentage of accidents is in damage to the eyes, yet the workmen will allow their very livelihood to be imperiled rather than protect themselves.

In this respect the Baltimore & Ohio officials hope that at least a start has been made. They are getting the best kinds of goggles for the various classes of work, and they are showing the men how much safer they are when their eyes are protected.

Out in an Illinois shop, by the way, there is most effective argument for the use of goggles. A pair covered by once molten metal is nailed up where all can see it. One man's eyes were saved because he wore those goggles.

So it goes all along the line. In the shops the machinery is being entirely inclosed wherever possible. Dangerous gears, cogs, belts, shafting, etc., are boxed up so that neither hands nor clothes will get caught in them.

Then, again, signs are posted warning the men not to oil or otherwise "monkey" around the machinery until it is stopped. For there have been few more fruitful sources of injury than tampering with wheels that were running.

In fact, a catalogue of considerable length might be made out from the 4000 or 5000 suggestions that are received every month by the general safety committee; but it is hardly necessary to go to such extremes.

In fact, the Baltimore & Ohio officials feel that the manner in which their 65,000 employes have entered into the spirit of the campaign is indeed epoch-making, and that this, with their distinctive organization for keeping up the interest and carrying out such suggestions as are approved, places their movement in a class by itself.

QUIT RENTS PAID TO THE KING

From the Morning Post.
THE quit-rent services due to the King by the tenants of the city of London were rendered the other day with all the formality of a practice which has lasted now for 700 years. The ceremony is associated in the popular mind with the cutting of fagots in the park, a piece of waste ground called the Moors in the county of Salop, and with the counting of horse shoes and horse nails in respect of a forge in the Parish of St. Clement Danes.

There is a legend in the exchequer office that Henry VIII, being present at a great tilting match held by the Knight Templars on land where the embankment now stands, noticed an itinerant blacksmith who had set up his booth there. The blacksmith distinguished himself during the tournament by his readiness in repairing the arms of the combatants and in reshoeing their horses, and the king was so pleased with his activity that he granted to him the piece of land on which his temporary booth had been erected, on condition that he made six horse shoes and 40 horse nails every year. The other quit-rent was in respect of a piece of land in Shropshire, covered with underwood, the quit-rent service of which was the presentation of two "knives," one blunt and the other sharp. The blunt knife was blunt and the sharp was sharp. The grantee had to present these instruments to the king and cut up a couple of fagots. A lease is recalled under which, in addition to the regular payment of rent, the tenant just before Christmas time had to provide all the ingredients for a plum pudding. Another quit-rent was a snowball made of snow taken from the top of Snowdon every year.

In the recent repetition of the ceremony the registrar proclaimed: "Tenants and occupiers of a piece of waste ground called the Moors, in the county of Salop, come forth and do your service." The city solicitor, who has performed the duty for 25 years, thereupon cut up one of the fagots with the hatchet and the other with the bill hook. Proclamation was then made as follows: "Tenants and occupiers of a certain tenement called 'The Forge,' in the Parish of Saint Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex, come forth and do your service." Whereupon the city solicitor counted out six horse shoes and the dainty shoes that a Derby winner might wear, but three-quarter circles of iron large enough for the Flemish horses which the Knights Templar were to ride.

"Good number," said the king's remembrancer.

It is said that the identical horse shoes have been in the office of the king's remembrancer for 800 years. Sixty-one nails were also counted out, in ten, "hand one over."

"Good number," said the king's remembrancer again.

"Has his majesty any commands in respect of the bill hook and the hatchet?" asked the city solicitor, and the king's remembrancer replied: "They will be subject to his majesty's pleasure." And so the ceremony ended.

You Can Carry Your Own 'Hello' Line Around In Your Pocket Now



A VEST pocket telephone has been invented for general use. It was invented by a German concern and has been thoroughly tried out in Berlin, where it has been found to work satisfactorily.

A compact receiver and transmitter fit into a small circular nickel case two and a half inches in diameter and three-quarters of an inch thick. The whole contrivance weighs only seven ounces and may be carried in a lady's handbag or attached to her chestplate.

It will be understood, of course, that this device does not in itself enable one to telephone without first connecting it with the general telephone system.

On every street, however, contact places have been provided at very short distances. They are fastened to walls, doors, trees, lampposts or other convenient places. They are tightly enclosed, so that neither humidity nor storms can damage them, and they are thoroughly insulated.

The advantage of the contrivance as far as the telephone user is concerned lies in the fact that one can now telephone wherever one happens to be. It is no longer necessary to enter a busy drug store or other pay station and wait one's turn or to walk a great distance, in sparsely populated sections, to find such a station at all. There are so many of these contact places that it is now as easy to telephone as it is to mail a letter. Indeed, in the busy portions of Berlin there are two or three of these contact places to every block.

Of course, one misses the privacy of the telephone booth, although the pocket telephone is so delicately constructed that one need speak in only a very low tone of voice.

ates the telephone system, as the contrivance means a great saving, as the pay station operators are thus made unnecessary.

Every person equipped with one of these pocket telephones has a simple and speedy means of reaching the police, the fire houses, the hospitals or other institutions needed on an emergency, for the telephone central operators are directed to be particularly prompt in giving the desired connection in such cases.

In consequence of the enormous expansion of the German capital, there are many outlying districts which are rendered unsafe through insufficient policing, and the pocket telephone was readily adopted as a partial solution of this problem. The new system is greatly favored as an adjunct to the police system generally, however, for every policeman is provided with a pocket phone and can communicate with headquarters or other city departments whenever he finds it necessary.

In the parks and forests the contact stations are located on convenient trees, and one may now take a long walk through the woods and still be in touch of city at all times. The pocket telephone has not yet found its way across the ocean, but it seems to be so satisfactory that there is little doubt that before long we, too, will be using it. The police in many American cities have, of course, already adopted a somewhat similar system for communication between their posts and station houses, but they are simply provided with keys to boxes in which ordinary telephones are kept. The portable telephone will be of far greater application and would do away with the exasperating experiences which we so frequently have to endure in out drug store pay stations. Even the slot machines are not entirely solved, the difficulty, for one is not always provided with the particular coin required and it is not always an easy matter to obtain change.



The Vest-Pocket Telephone, Which Can Be Carried in a Lady's Hand-Bag.

A Walk in the Park No Longer Places One Out of Reach of the Town. The Pocket Telephone Solves the Difficulty.

Contact-Places Are Located on Walls and Posts in Every Street and the Woman Who Carries a Pocket Telephone Need Never Look for a Drug Store.