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Choose the company of your superior whenever you can have it; that is the right and true pride.—Chesterfield.

WHOSE SONS?

JAMES L. BLACK, owner of a mine in Mexico, returns to the United States with claims that Mexicans slap the faces of Americans in the streets of the Mexican capital, and that the Americans are laughed at when they protest.

It is a kind of high dive hero story like that recently sprung on Portland. Black's Mexican mine fills him with desire for a United States army in the heart of the Mexican capital.

He is for war. His story is a declaration of war. He wants United States soldiers to march south of the Rio Grande to double or treble the value of his mine and multiply his dividends.

Back of Mr. Black's demand for hostilities, is a large constituency American jingoes and adventurers are with him to a man. The contractors and jobbers are in line behind him.

The corrupt old guard politicians who grew rich out of the crooked transactions of earlier wars are eager in their support. Every trust or monopoly, feverish for the juicy contracts incident to the emergencies and laxatives of war is keen for the march to Mexico.

Rich American syndicates exploiting mineral deposits in Mexico, and the owners of big Mexican plantations gotten through favor of Diaz almost without price, are loud in their demands for a Mexican policy of flying bullets and the tramp of armed men.

But in all this multitudinous and uproarious constituency, not one, in case of war, would go to Mexico as a soldier. Not one would send his son to be shot in the battles for the supremacy of American owned mines in Mexico.

The demand that Mexico be drenched with American blood is by men who expect other folks' sons to do the fighting.

Woodrow Wilson doesn't believe in that kind of Mexican policy.

FELLOWSHIP

PERHAPS the most notable address delivered by Secretary Lane on his western trip was his "fellowship" talk to San Francisco women a week ago. It was at a small dinner of intimates, and the secretary of interior felt free to express his innermost thoughts. Saying that most people are unable to sit down to such meals, the secretary continued:

Do you women, so eagerly accepting new responsibilities, realize that these people on the outside are the ones to whom you should be giving dinners?

The girls of the shops and the stores should be part of all these assemblages—not in condescension but in fellowship.

Are you women working for municipal dance halls for the enjoyment of all? Are you working for music and the opera for all of you—not just for the woman who can pay big prices?

Clothes—just clothes—are the only difference between you and the women outside.

Human sympathy should be the basis of success among you women, welding together women of every class, bettering the institutions men created and lessening human misery.

If you, with your finesse can give to politics this human sympathy, you will have solved a problem and justified yourselves.

Here is the entire philosophy of right living—fellowship, human sympathy untainted by condescension. "We men have always been too selfish." Unselfishness is a feminine trait, and it is through this trait that women will accomplish their greatest achievements in politics. Men are too busy making money—often a selfish occupation—to recognize merit. Women have a finer mind, broader sympathies and better impulses.

Secretary Lane's remarks should not be construed too literally. He did not mean that all dinners such as he attended should be open to all. He did not mean that people cannot choose their intimates. But he did mean that humankind is one and should not be divided into classes.

Girls of the shops and of the stores should not be denied opportunity. The girl who works in the kitchen should not be thrust aside as unworthy because of her occupation. Merit in them should be recognized, and without condescension. The only difference between kitchen and parlor is often "clothes—just clothes."

Men can work for equality of industrial opportunity. Women can work for equality both in this field and in the field of higher things. After all, it is the women, more than the men, who draw artificial dividing lines. Ask the girl who works in an office and the girl who works in a kitchen. Which girl is the menial and which is the equal, depending only upon her ability to establish her standing?

"We want to move on, and move on together, men and women"—all men and all women.

AN EQUAL BURDEN

A HIGH note in the swelling symphony of public conscience was sounded by Mrs. Mary Wood of New York in an address before the recent International Congress of Social Hygiene held in Buffalo, when she declared that "Not only should Caesar's wife be above suspicion but Caesar himself should be above suspicion."

In this assertion is epitomized the whole argument for a single moral standard. The equal responsibility of the husband with the wife in its maintenance cannot be better phrased.

From time immemorial the burden of conserving the morals of the world has been placed upon woman. That this has been an injustice is slowly coming to general recognition.

Gradually it is being realized that one of the greatest problems of today is a better fatherhood and a better brotherhood.

So deeply has it been imbedded in human conduct that the sins of man and woman should be judged by different judgments that the injunction of the master, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," has fallen on unheeding ears.

The old pagan idea of marriage made woman the slave of man. She was an object of pursuit and when captured was made subservient to his every wish. She was a creature entirely separate and apart from him, a lower order of being created to please man and be the mother of his children. She had no legal existence. Her property and her children were all under the control of her lord and master. In her keeping was placed the honor of the family upon which the husband alone could throw a stain.

In the Hebrew conception man and woman were created by God in his image, male and female created he them, and gave them supremacy over the earth and all things therein contained.

They were not different beings but one was the complement of the other. As expressed by Longfellow "as unto the bow the chord is so unto the man is woman" or as Tennyson sings "nor equal nor unequal each fulfills defect in each." In the Hebrew concept man is not complete without woman, woman is not complete without man. In neither one is there any superiority but the one cannot take the place of the other. Their function in society is not the same.

The Hebrew ideal and the pagan ideal met in Europe and became elements in modern civilization.

Wherever paganism dominated woman was dishonored and wherever true Christianity reigned she was glorified and adored as the holy mother.

Wherever the Hebrew ideal went, went also the idea of complete comradeship, each sharing equal responsibility in the moral code, each one regarding the marriage relation as a sacred sacrament, indissoluble.

A relic of the pagan ideal is yet found in the social sentiment that receives the Diggs and the Caminettis and rejects their companions in transgression.

Another manifestation of the pagan ideal is found among those who proclaim that the difference of sex is but an incident, that with the same education as man, woman has become his competitor, not his comrade, that his place is her place, that she is no longer the conservor and educator of life, but must enter into the field from which nature intended that she should be excluded.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE

ON the athletic field of a Catholic college in Chicago ball games are played regularly on Sundays. Recently the Society of Friends in Flushing, L. I., turned over the grounds surrounding its place of worship for use on Sundays for youthful play.

Catholics and Quakers thus unite in giving Sunday a new aspect. Gradually the old idea of Sabbath observance, which made the day solemn and severe, is giving way to the new idea that play may be innocent, useful and wholesome. Some good people may object to the change, but it is advancing.

Joy is not necessarily sinful, nor is self repression essentially religious. Being good is being normal, and the child cannot be normal unless he is in normal surroundings. The peril of Sunday play lies, not in allowing tired folks to find rest in amusement, but in allowing amusement to overshadow the obligation we should feel toward God.

Only a few years ago warnings went forth from many pulpits against a "continental" Sunday. Fathers and mothers today can remember the time when it was a "sin" to get into a boat on Sunday, when children's exercise was limited to a staid walk around the block. Boat riding was sinful, but buggy riding was not. Running was sinful, but walking was not.

There has been a wonderful change in sin's definition. Helpful, wholesome amusement, in the view of an increasing number, is no longer sinful. We have progressed in our religion; our Christianity has broadened and deepened. The children of Flushing will feel more kindly toward the good Quakers; Chicago boys will better understand Catholicism. Nothing can be very sinful which gladdens the heart and broadens the sympathies.

A main thing to be insisted upon in the change, is that there shall still run through the day a realization that it is the day of rest, and that it is the Sabbath day.

THE ROUND-UP

IN no other year has the Pendleton Round-Up shown such popularity.

In no other year, from all accounts, have the events of the show been so thoroughly the events of the real prairies.

Probably, it is the realism of the performances that makes the Round-Up so widely popular. It is a restaging of the old life of the prairies, a life that is on the border line of extinction.

In the main the great game of the cowboy frontier is gone. The prospector now has evening clothes and belongs to a club. The Indian wears a high hat, and, if he isn't a star baseball player, cultivates a farm.

The vaquero lives in a flat and plays golf and tennis. The stage robbers and other desperadoes are still with us but many of their performances are conducted with a high power automobile.

All these and other figures of the prairie outposts held a popular place in the romantic fiction for more than a generation. The names of the "Buffalo Bills" and the "Moccasin Jims" became as familiar in American homes as those of the chief magistrates of the nation.

It was an era of chivalry, of rough men, of wild scenes and desperate things. It played its part until a relentless civilization, pushing its frontier ever westward, slowly crowded the cowboy and his pony into the narrow confines permitted now by the wire fences that are gradually closing more and more closely around the desert lands of the Pacific slopes.

Truthfully and powerfully, the Round-Up visualizes and revitalizes the passing order. The Indian is again the Indian in his blanket.

The vaquero is the easy, graceful counterpart of the far famed person of the saddle, rope and mustang of the wild prairies.

The Round-Up is the rennaissance of the frontier west at a time when the remnant representatives of the old order are making their last stand against the ominous tramp of an oncoming civilization.

THE AGE OF FIFTY

ARNOLD BENNETT, the English novelist, says the man of 50 has reached the interesting age. Lowell said he hasn't much hope after rounding that cape. Bennett insists that the age of 50 is misunderstood by all who have not reached it. Fifty is a thrilling age; appearances are tragically deceptive.

Both statements are right, if qualified. Fifty years are no handicap to a man who has used them. Thirty years are a disqualification against the man who has not used them. It all depends upon the individual and his use of the years. Illusions are not dead at 50; neither is ambition. Bennett says it is the most romantic and tender age of all, and it may be.

There is much talk these days about age's handicaps. It is said to be an era of young men. But, says the Christian Herald, John Wesley, the preacher, lived and was useful until he was 88 years old. Arnauld, the theologian, translated Josephus in his eightieth year, and Dryden in his sixty-eighth year commenced the translation of the Iliad.

Michael Angelo was painting canvasses at 89 years. Titian at 90 painted with youth's vigor, and he continued painting until he was 99. Franklin commenced his philosophical pursuits at 50, and Newton at 83 worked as hard as he did in middle life.

There is no fixed age at which men or women "round the cape." That incident in life depends upon the individual. Bennett is the better prophet, for he holds out hope. An old lady was reciting her ailments to her physician, who told her he could not make her young again.

"I know that, doctor," she replied, "what I want you to do is to help me grow old a little longer."

THE SUNDAY DINNER

KANSAS university philosophers have started a crusade against the big Sunday dinner. Their slogan is, "Plain living and high thinking for the Sabbath motto of Kansas." Thousands of women have expressed faith in the slogan and are following it.

The women justify their faith and practice by saying that before they saw the light the Sunday dinner was generally the biggest meal of the week, and the least needed. The men did not work on Sunday and naturally required less nourishment. The women say Sunday is a day of rest and should not be set apart for hot and tedious hours in the kitchen. Women, as well as men, need a day of rest.

There is justice in the Kansas women's desire for emancipation from the big Sunday dinner. A man gets up late, reads the paper, lounges about the house, goes to church or a baseball game, eats his hearty meal and wonders why his wife is so busy and tired. She gets breakfast, picks up the papers her husband scattered throughout the house, waits on her liege lord at odd intervals, goes to church, cooks a big dinner, washes the dishes and drops into a chair exhausted.

Sunday dinners should be cooked on Saturday. Women have rights superior even to their right to vote, and one of those rights is to feed their husbands cold victuals Sundays.

IMMORAL PLAYS

TWO plays, "The Lure" and "The Fight," have stirred New York's moral foundation. Both are condemned as immoral; both are commended as educative of morals. The incident revives the issue whether the stage in New York or elsewhere is, in fact, an agent of morality.

"The Lure" was written by a man who took part in an investigation of the white slave traffic. It gives a vivid picture of the luring of girls away from their homes to disorderly resorts and shows the workings of the traffic in which politicians and others figure. "The Fight" tells of a woman who wants to become mayor, and has one act showing a disorderly resort, where a father finds his daughter held prisoner.

Whether a play is moral or immoral depends upon its subject matter and the manner of presentation. If a play attempts to commercialize public curiosity concerning vice, it is immoral, and no amount of arguing will make it moral.

The stage will never be wholly successful as an agent of morality until it wisely makes its appeal to youth before youth goes wrong. Of what earthly use is knowledge of the brothel to a young woman or young man? What they need is knowledge of themselves which will keep them away from such places. If the theatre wishes to undertake a moral work, it has a fruitful field in normal amusement that builds character and helps make healthful bodies. People so equipped stand in no danger of the brothel.

The immoral play is the bane of civilization. The theatre blithely undertakes a task that parents enter upon with prayer. How many mothers would think of taking their daughters to a brothel? What father would not shoot the young man who took the parent's daughter to such a place, even if only to satisfy her curiosity? And what is the essential difference between the real thing and a stage reproduction?

The fact is, theatrical box offices are not safe censors of morals. The box office has a tendency to commercialize everything. It places filth on the stage, if filth will attract dollars. Some of the managers are engaged upon a competition of the survival of the nastiest—all because of greed for the dollar.

Yet withal, there are pure sparkling plays more powerful for moral uplift than the noblest sermon, more effective for the upbuild of character than a dozen of the best books, the Bible not included.

PORTLAND AND THE ORIENT

THE Hamburg-American steamship Brisgavia, which docked in Portland harbor yesterday, has a capacity of 10,500 tons. She brought 500 tons of cargo to Portland.

Former oriental steamship lines disappeared from Portland for lack of patronage. The American-Hawaiian line took away its direct liners because Portland would not supply sufficient cargo.

The Brisgavia will clear from Portland for the orient with a full cargo, and so will the next Hamburg-American liner. The problem yet to be solved to make our oriental lines permanent, is how to get a greater Portland bound cargo.

Doubtless, our merchants will more and more have oriental shippers route Portland shipments to Portland direct, instead of via Puget sound. Old shipping contracts will gradually expire and the volume of direct Portland business constantly increase.

This, at least, is the rule that ought to come into vogue. It is one splendid way to help build up permanent oriental lines which will mean a growing industry throughout a zone of several hundred miles contiguous to Portland, a growth whose stimulating effect on Portland will be enormous.

Nor is this the only way. Portlanders can more and more study the raw materials of the orient, and more and more engage in the manufacture in this city of those materials into finished products. Huge fortunes are going to be built up on such industries, and they might as well be made in Portland as in other cities with citizens of greater initiative.

The establishment of such industries will go a long way in providing Portland bound cargo, which, in turn, will help solve the problem of sustaining our oriental lines.

Swinburne on Tobacco.

From the London Chronicle.

Tennyson was the smoking poet of the Victorian era. His two great contemporaries—Browning and Swinburne—hated tobacco. Especially Swinburne. He expressed himself with characteristic vehemence. He had wandered into the Arts club, where he sought, and sought in vain, a room that was free from the fumes of tobacco smoke. At length his fury overcame him. "James the First," he exclaimed, "was a knave, a tyrant, a fool, a liar, a coward; but I love him. I worship him, because he slit the throat of that filthy blackguard Raleigh, who invented this filthy smoking!"

A GENTLEMAN NATION

By Dr. Frank Crane.

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The nations of Europe still labor under the error that they are the leaders of civilization. Bound with the senseless precedents of centuries, half-risen from the slime of medieval ignorance and violence, and accursed with all the conceit of them that are fattened upon ancient fraud and housed in moribund institutions, they view America through their monocle and regard plain, sensible manhood as "extrawnry."

There never was a more subtle pernicious doctrine introduced into this country than that brought here several administrations ago, about the time of the Spanish war, to the effect that "we are now a world power and must assume our responsibilities as such."

That sounds good, but, being translated out of its high-soundingness into plain speech, it means that America is to follow the example of the mad nations of Europe, arm herself to the teeth and go about bullying her neighbors. It means that we are to set up here the same insane and ruinous armaments they have in Germany, France, and England.

In his message to congress relative to Mexico President Wilson gave one of the noblest uterances of modern statesmanship.

It is amusing to note the comments of the European press. The English papers particularly, with characteristically upturned noses, speak of our "amateur" diplomacy and of the absurdity of one nation's using "moral suasion" upon another.

We shall see. It would be difficult for us to do worse by Mexico, by any policy, than the Powers have done in the Balkan Peninsula.

If anything more stupid, barbaric, and uncivilized has taken place in history since the days of the duke of Alva than the revolting scenes of the Balkan war, it is not recorded.

The greatest "statesmen" of Europe were trying their hand. Pompous councils sat in London. Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, and France, with millions of fighting men under arms, stood by and allowed the wrestling belligerents to engage in unspeakable atrocities.

Military preparedness is as brainless as the giants Fafner and Fasolt.

The Mailed Hand policy goes with the Moral Impotence policy.

The program of Citizen Woodrow Wilson saves 10,000 lives and millions of dollars worth of the products of human labor. That of the royal dubs of Europe wastes men and money, sown in the battle-plowed field and poured into the sea.

The American congress in supporting the president's plan has risen to a height of intelligence and sober manhood which the English parliament and German reichstag have never dared to attain.

When this great and puissant nation, the richest and most powerful on earth, can with majestic self-restraint follow a course of simple, dignified reason, and prove itself the Gentleman Among Nations, it is no wonder that the war-deluded nations of the old world, who still know no way of precedence but fire and sword, should sneer.

Low-browed bouncers, with no arguments but fists, ever find it difficult to understand the decent restraint of a gentleman.

Is Criminality Hereditary?

H. Fielding-Hall, in Atlantic Monthly.

There are few subjects on which so much "scientific" nonsense is talked and written as on heredity. Not very much is known of it as regards plants, less of animals, and almost nothing as regards humanity. To read books on heredity, especially those of the Eugenic society, is to read a mass of suppositions and hazardous inductions where most of the facts are negative, and only the exceptions are positive. The very meaning of "heredity" is not understood. If any quality is truly hereditary, then it is always hereditary. It never occurs except as the results of heredity, and it is constant, that is to say, it invariably follows. But there is no quality of which this can be said. That genius is not hereditary is known. Even talent is not. Nor is any aptitude. A lawyer's son more often wants to be a soldier or an artist than a lawyer, notwithstanding the environment, and it is so with most professions. The exceptions seem to be due to training and influence, not to any hereditary transmission. A superficial likeness to parents seems hereditary, but that is all that we can assert, and that outward likeness by means infers an inward likeness. There is nothing so easy and nothing so fatal as this tendency to attribute to heredity what is due to training or want of training. It excuses supineness in governments and professions.

NEWS FORECAST FOR THE COMING WEEK

Washington, D. C., Sept. 13.—The high court of impeachment, composed of the judges of the court of appeals and the members of the state senate, will meet Thursday for the trial of Governor William Sulzer of New York. The actual beginning of the trial is not expected to come until the Monday following, but the Sulzer demurrer to the impeachment, based on the alleged illegality of the assembly taking such action in extra session, will have to be fought out before the trial itself proceeds. It is already certain that the entire proceeding will be one of the most bitterly contested in the history of the United States. Both sides promise sensational disclosures.

The never-ending Thaw case will continue to engage public attention during the week. According to present plans, Thaw is to be brought before the full bench of the court of appeals at Montreal on Monday for a hearing on the question of the right of the immigration department to reject him.

Important developments in the Mexican situation are not improbable. Tuesday will be the Mexican national independence day and it is rumored that the people of the southern republic have selected it as an appropriate occasion for a nation-wide anti-American demonstration.

The Alberta legislature will convene Tuesday for what is expected to be an important session. The two big issues to be brought up for consideration and action are the cooperative elevator question and the Alberta and Great Waterways matter.

Meeting for the first time in the old south, veterans of the G. A. R. and members of numerous affiliated bodies with assemble in Chattanooga for the forty-seventh annual national encampment. Confederate veterans will entertain their former foes, and altogether the reunion is expected to furnish a remarkable demonstration of patriotism.

Another large gathering of the week will be the annual communication of the Sovereign Grand lodge of Odd Fellows, which will assemble in Minneapolis. It is expected that about 75,000 members of the order from all parts of the United States, Canada and Mexico will be in attendance.

Delegates from 42 countries will assemble in Chicago for the Third International Congress of Refrigeration, which is to begin its sessions Wednesday. Leading scientists of the world will be on hand to address the delegates on the problems of cold storage.

Among other gatherings of the week will be the annual meeting of the National Association of Life Underwriters, at Atlantic City; the annual convention of the National Spiritualists' association, at Chicago; the annual meeting of the Canadian Public Health association, at Regina, and the annual convention of the Canadian Manufacturers' association, at Halifax.

SECRETARY LANE AND THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

By Honore Willsie in Harper's Weekly.

There is a renaissance in Washington. It has to do with a number of things, but mostly it touches the rebirth of simplicity.

One spring morning Mr. Lane's office attendant opened the door softly and bowed profoundly.

"The president, Mr. Secretary!" he said.

"President of what?" inquired Mr. Lane casually.

"The president of the United States of America, sir!" replied the attendant, and he swung the door wide for Mr. Wilson.

It was the first time that a president had been known to visit the department of the interior!

Washington does not approve of informality like this. Washington prefers forms and functions. It likes bowing and scraping and pulling of the forelock.

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One evening, a very hot one in July, Mr. Houston, the secretary of agriculture, might have been seen on the Raleigh Roof Garden in Washington. He was dining with some friends, in a quiet, contented sort of a way, quite a human way, in fact.

A man belonging to the species known in Washington as government employe—that is, his salary is less than $3000 a year—eyed Secretary Houston with a mixture of awe and disgust.

"Isn't that awful!" he groaned. "You could tell that he belongs to Bryan's party! How can an official of the cabinet expect to keep his influence and dignity, when he lets the public see him eat and walk?"

"And yet, the president," said Mr. Lane wearily, as if the comment were old, when told of this incident, "is pleased when he hears just that sort of thing about the members of the cabinet. How can the new freedom come, unless it brings with it entire simplicity."

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There is nothing new or revolutionary about the ideas. It is their renaissance in Washington that is remarkable. The principle of individualism is as old as government. It proposes the non-interference of the state in the affairs of the individual. It is the doctrine of "Let 'em go it." It is the doctrine of utterly free competition. Washington calls Mr. Lane an individualist. It is extremely interesting to sit in Mr. Lane's office and try to correlate the things Mr. Lane says with the things that Washington says. If the secretary is an individualist, he is of a modified variety, with a new vocabulary and a large social conscience.

"So great has been our physical endowment in America," he said, "that until the most recent years we have been indifferent to the share that each received of the wealth produced. We could then accept cheerfully the coldest and most logical of economic series. But now men are wondering as to the future. There may be much of envy and more of malice in current thought; but underneath it all is the feeling that if a nation is to have a full life it must devise methods by which its citizens will be insured against monopoly of opportunity. This is the meaning of many policies, the full philosophy of which is not fully grasped—the regulation of railroads and other public-service corporations, the conservation of natural resources, the leasing of public lands and water powers, the control of great combinations of wealth. How these movements will express themselves eventually none can foretell; but in the process there will be some who will dogmatically contend that "Whatever is, is right," and others who will march under the red flag of revenge and exploitation. And in that day we must look for men to meet the false cry of both sides—'gentlemen unafraid,' who will be neither the money-hired butlers of the rich nor power-loving panderers to the poor."

A new sort of individualism, this; the fine growth of an industrial idealism.

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"The prime achievement of our time," Mr. Lane went on, "has been the assertion by the whole people of their supreme authority. Underneath all else, whether it be the consideration of conservation policies, pure food laws, ballot reform, or railway regulation, there is evident the determination by the people that this government shall be their government, that its policies shall be their policies, and that there shall be no one group, class or interest whose will shall be permitted to override the sober judgment of the people, and their own estimate as to what is most beneficial to the community.

"Mr. Sydney Brooks, perhaps the greatest of present writers on economics, thinks that Europe would not have taken to government ownership if the plan of regulating by commission as we have it in America had been earlier discovered. It must be remembered by those who advocate government operation that they do not by this means escape governmental regulations. The control of rates must rest somewhere, and those rates cannot be fixed by some merely mechanical rule. Under government ownership, as under private ownership, there must be rate regulation; personal judgment must have its play, as well as economic law."

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"American civilization," concluded Mr. Lane, "is new in the sense that it is the blend of many, and yet it is as old as the Egyptians. Surely the real tradition of such a people is not any one way of doing a certain thing; not even any one fixed phrase, expressive of a general philosophy, unless it comes from the universal heart of this strange, new people. * * * Is there any other tradition so sacred as this—so much a part of ourselves as the hatred of injustice?"

Many people have thought Mr. Wilson unwise in bringing men untried in administrative work into his cabinet. This does not seem so to one who watches the cumbersome workings of our great bureaus. The great hope of the New Freedom lies in the unsophisticated eyes these men can turn on the machinery of government. They are not blinded by habit, made narrow by routine. If they are able to trust their subordinates, who know the details of the business at hand, the combination of "new head and old hands" is a good one.

Washington has its own reasons for being cynical. For many years it has watched the captains and the kings depart. And yet, the new regime is there, and, because its tenets are so simple and so human, one may hope that it is there to stay for some time. A man who takes office under the New Freedom does not find his compensation in the thing seen by the eye. Greatness is not always its own reward. One gets a little tightening of the throat from the hint of sacrifice in President Wilson's remark to a friend the other day.

"It's a lonely life," said the president, wistfully—"a lonely, lonely life!"

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

"You often hear people nowadays talk about what a good time the pioneers had," said Mrs. Mary Stewart at her home in Corvallis. "The women of today have no conception of the amount of work that the pioneer women had to do. The first wheat crop we put in we cut with cradles, tramped out with oxen and cleaned by throwing it up in the air to let the chaff blow away. When we built our house there wasn't a nail in the whole country. Fortunately, when we left for the west, I had put a brace and bit in the wagon box. I used to spend my evenings making buckskin moccasins or knitting stockings while my husband whittled oak pegs for our house. There wasn't a nail in our whole house. We used pegs throughout. The doors were split out of straight grained wood, planed and pegged together. Our floor was a puncheon floor and I did most of the work in the making of our fireplace. My husband split the boards and made a frame for the fireplace. I had a copper kettle and brought clay from a clay bank on the river. I put the clay in the wooden frame and pounded it in. I made a hearth of clay and by wetting it and smoothing it I made it as smooth as if it had been laid of brick. We built a little fire in the fireplace and gradually baked the clay until it was like one solid brick. The chimney was made of clay and sticks. For years I did all my cooking over this fireplace. A few copper kettles and an iron spider were all my cooking utensils. Nowadays women have beautiful aluminum kitchen utensils, ranges, gas and every facility to make their work light. I used that dirt fireplace to cook in until 1851. I was one of the first women in this whole district to have a regular stove. Two stoves had been brought to Oregon City. A friend of mine who was there immediately bought them both, one for herself and one for me. You have no idea, after you have stooped down over a fireplace for years, what a comfort it is to be able to stand up to do your cooking over a stove. I remember I used to think if the day ever came when I could have bread made of wheat flour and a stove to cook on, I would be perfectly happy.

"J. C. Avery used to board with me before his family came in 1847. I fastened a good, strong coffee mill to a tree out in our yard and for every bit of bread I made I ground the wheat in that coffee mill. We didn't know in those days that whole wheat bread was going to become popular some day, so we didn't appreciate it as we might have done.

"We didn't have any postoffice. If we wanted to send word back east to our folks we gave a letter to someone who was going back there. We wouldn't get an answer until the following year, so that it took from one to two years to get word from the folks we had left back east. We didn't learn about the Mexican war until the war had been over for some time.

"My husband went, in the spring of 1849, to the mines in California. He had dug out a log and made a canoe of it, or a dug-out as we used to call it in those days. In the early spring of 1847 we had very high water in the river. At our place and for some distance below the river was very swift. There were some bad riffles down the river a short distance. Just about dusk a man hailed me from the other side of the river and asked me to come over and get him. He was riding a mule. The water was ice cold and he didn't want to swim the mule across and get himself soaking wet. I told him that the men folks were all gone and that the river was too swift for me to attempt to come across. He finally called across to me and said: 'My wife is all alone on your side of the river and she will be worried if I don't come. I am on my way home from Brownsville and I promised her I would be home tonight. I will give you $5 if you will come over and get me.'

"Five dollars in 1847 was a lot of money. Wheat and beaver skins were the currency of the country and money was scarcer than hen's teeth. By paddling hard on the lower side of the boat only, and keeping it headed upstream I got across all right. He said he would paddle back and for me to handle the steering oar and lead the mule. When we got out into the deep, swift water the mule got scared and tried to climb in the dug-out. I hit him a good lick on the head with the steering oar and he went out of sight under the water. The man stopped paddling and said: 'See what you have done, woman. You have killed my mule!' I told him it was better to kill his mule than for his mule to drown both of us. The mule came up puffing and snorting and kept at the end of the rope the rest of the way across. We landed some distance below my place, so we had to pull the boat up the stream. He reached in his pocket and pulled out a $5 gold piece and said: 'This will pay you for the risk you have taken.' I told him I wasn't risking my life for a $5 gold piece; that I only went across and got him because his wife would be anxious if he didn't return; that I knew how it was myself from personal experience, and I had brought him across only on account of his wife.

"When the gold was discovered in California times were very good in the valley. Every pound of butter I could make and every bit of kraut I made I was able to sell at a big figure. Between keeping my husband and the six children in buckskin clothes and all of us in moccasins, making kraut, milking the cows, making the butter, dipping the candles, making soap and cooking for ourselves and all of the travelers who came through the valley, I kept mighty busy. Many and many a time I have gone to bed so tired I could hardly move and then had someone come at 11 o'clock at night, rouse us up and want me to get them something hot for supper. I used to do it too because when a person had traveled all day in the rain and is chilled through he needed some coffee and some hot food.

"There used to be just as much rain in those days as there is now and yet I never saw such a thing as a rain coat or an umbrella until I had lived in Oregon for many years. That is one of the explanations for the old-fashioned fireplace. When people came in soaking wet they wanted to be able to sit in front of the fire and get dry. Another explanation is that the bigger the fireplace was, the less work to chop up the wood. It would take big logs. Wood was about the cheapest thing there was.

"My husband came back from the mines and decided we could do better by raising onions, beans, potatoes, wheat and selling butter and kraut, than he could in mining. Pack trains used to come here and lay in supplies. The Indians used to be awfully eager to get potatoes. I told them that they should raise potatoes. I gave them a start so they would have some potatoes next year. They planted them all right but after waiting nearly a week for them to come up they got discouraged and dug them all up and ate them."

The Dalles will soon be manufacturing cultivators at the rate of 40 machines a day, states The Dalles Optimist. Machinery for the manufacture of this product is being installed and active work will be started soon.