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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Old-Year's sorrow,
Cast off last night, will come
again tomorrow—
Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I
shall borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for
New-Year's sorrow.
—Browning.

1914

IN OREGON, we swing off with the rest of the world into the new year with abounding anticipation.

We are in a state of tranquility and peace. No hostile fleets menace our shores. No ravaging pestilence lays our people low. No famine holds a ruthless sway through the land.

We have material wealth almost beyond that of any other region. We have one fifth the standing timber of the country, worth on the stump $680,000,000, and worth manufactured into lumber $6,822,500,000.

Our standing timber in the finished product would be worth almost as much as the national wealth of Switzerland and The Netherlands combined. We are the fourth lumber producing state in the union.

We have streams capable of developing three and one half times as much hydro-electric energy as is the power now used in all the industries and other agencies in the state and city of New York exclusive of railroad locomotives. They could produce a motive power capable of driving the wheels of nearly all the industries in New England, New York and Pennsylvania.

We have rivers capable of bearing on their bosoms all the marine commerce of the continent, rivers whose depths yield an output of fish worth millions of dollars every year.

In all the essentials that make for human comfort, we are blessed beyond compare. We have free schools, and a generous educational system. We have a distribution of wealth that is probably more equal than that in any other state in the union. We have no boss system in our government and no grasshopper army eating our growing crops. We have no overpowering extremes of cold in winter and no blistering heat in summer.

Best of all, we have a citizenship that is conservative, substantial, intelligent and of rare civic virtue. It is the product of the old pioneer stock whose struggle with nature and the Indian in taming the wild, yielded a militant race that mixed with the blood and commingling in association with new arrivals has produced a body politic of rare powers of mind, body and heart.

It is such people amid such an environment that turn today to 1914 to meet its responsibilities and claim its rewards.

THE PAST GOVERNS

IT HAS been said: "There is no antidote against the opium of time. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories and sadly tell us how we shall be buried in our survivors. Those, into whose possessions their heirs or kindred are entered, are forgotten and lie unregarded as their ashes, without concernment or relation as the turf upon the face of their grave."

While the past in its concrete form is soon forgotten its abstract influence lives on. Though dead the past controls the future. "It is the dead that govern, the living only obey."

Out of the grave of the past comes thought and deed that on the loom of the present weave the warp and woof of the garment of law that clothes the future. Many whose names have with the mists floated away are our legislators, as we in turn will become the law givers of those who follow us. The Madonna of Raphael ever prays and the notes of Beethoven linger in the moonlight still. "Every uttered word that ever stirred the atmosphere makes its impression there and is manifest to God in its vibrations forever."

Out of the visions of the past comes the society of the future. From mountain peak in the realm of the past has been sighted the isle of happiness lying in the course of the future.

The past with its buried illusions and unrealized ambitions has formed us what we are, because through all our gropings in the darkness we have caught glimpses of one of the many gleams from the star of infinite Truth.

In the eternal struggle that life exacts there is progress. While the voyage to the harbor of social equality is long, through calm and storm, there is an advance though the course meanders through many and different waters.

Our vessel can sail only so fast. On the one side are those who would unfurl the sail of reform and revolution. On the other side are those who cling to the masts of precedent and tradition.

We gain a few knots only to fall back again, but our last slackening in speed is not so great as the preceding one. The radical will not be allowed to sail without chart or compass. The conservative will not be permitted to linger in the harbor of stagnation. In all the strife and contention between radical and conservative there is progress and promise.

While progress lives there will be discord among the sailors but through all this the ship will hold its course and in the far away future will be anchored in the haven under the pilotage of the past.

PORTLAND'S REGIONAL BANK

BUSINESS, like water, follows the lines of least resistance.

Portland is the obvious and natural location for one of the regional banks, because it is the city of least resistance.

Portland is at the end of the great drainage basin that sweeps down the Columbia from Montana and Idaho. She is the inexorable point to which transportation and business from Eastern Washington inevitably trend. A chain of mountains, at times deep and dangerous with winter snows for long periods, must be crossed to reach any other important Northwest city, except Spokane.

Portland is at the base of another great drainage basin that sweeps northward from the Siskiyou mountains. It is a region seething with business and banking. It is penetrated with multiplying electric roads and in ten or twenty years will have an enormous population and a vast system of industry.

The Western Oregon region is richer in natural assets than almost any other section in the Northwest of ten times the area. It is one of the richest spots on the globe and under the new electric road development will quickly become a trade and banking empire of its own. At Portland, its great business and Puget Sound's business for the regional bank would meet half way and in a natural and obvious spot. It would, under the circumstances, be absurd to locate a regional bank otherwhere, if there is to be one in the Northwest. It would be absurd, because to locate it in any other Northwest claimant than Spokane would be to locate the regional bank in a corner of the region it is to serve.

Why select a corner rather than the middle?

A MENACE TO MOTORING

A SAN FRANCISCO man ran down three children with his automobile Christmas night. Two escaped serious injury, but the third was hurt probably fatally. The man did not stop his machine.

After his arrest the next morning the motorist, a so-called respectable citizen, explained why he did not stop the night before. He said he turned his head, saw two of the children running away and a man picking up the third. The speeder was in a hurry to get home. He assumed that the pedestrian would take care of the injured child.

Fortunately, such occurrences are comparatively rare. But even one incident of the kind is sufficient to sound a warning to automobile owners who wish to be secure in their rights to the streets. Perhaps the San Francisco man was not at fault for the child's injuries, but he was certainly blamable for his own cowardice or inhuman indifference to the result of a speeding automobile and children in the same street.

Reckless driving cannot be condoned, but the reckless driver if he has a heart may in the end be forgiven. Can anything be said for the coward or the man who is utterly indifferent to a child's suffering toward which he was a contributing cause.

The San Francisco man is of a type of automobile drivers who should be taken in hand by the law and punished by a sentence based upon a verdict of guilty returned by automobile owners. He is not only a menace to a community, but also a handicap on automobiling. He and all of his kind should be suppressed. The future of automobiling demands it.

THE TUBERCULOSIS WAR

OUT of nearly $20,000,000 spent last year in the anti-tuberculosis fight in the United States, 69.3 per cent of the money came from public funds. Since 1909 the percentage of public money spent in tuberculosis work has increased from 53.5 to nearly 70.

The National Association for the study and prevention of tuberculosis points to the growing increase in public expenditures for that purpose as one of the most significant facts of its yearly report. The burden of institutional care of consumptives is being shifted from the private purse to the general public purse, where it rightly belongs.

The association's statement is based largely on actual reports received from anti-tuberculosis agencies throughout the country, but where reports were not available the figures were estimated. Treatment of patients in 500 sanitaria and hospitals of the country and the construction of such institutions cost over $18,000,000 of the total expenditure. Care of patients in dispensaries and open air schools cost about $825,000. Anti-tuberculosis associations and committees spent nearly $675,000 in furthering their work of organization and education, while state and local boards of health and special tuberculosis commissions spent over $250,000.

While the report says that increased public expenditures are especially significant, the fact should be noted that these larger amounts were due to a fuller realization of the danger of tuberculosis and a better understanding of efficient methods for combatting it. Nothing is more significant than the present-day knowledge that consumption can be prevented, that its former ravages can be stopped by intelligent care of the person.

Medical science is entitled to its share of credit for placing the facts of tuberculosis before the people. The people themselves are entitled to a large measure of credit for acting upon the facts. The anti-tuberculosis war is another proof of the value of publicity, the absolute necessity of placing the facts before the people.

PORTLAND'S UNEMPLOYED

A LETTER to The Journal from an Oregonian now in the East, has the following:

News dispatches, evidently Associated Press, now appearing in eastern newspapers tell about what Portland is doing for the army of unemployed. I don't see such dispatches from other towns. One would get the impression that Portland is the only city with a large number of unemployed people. It may perhaps discourage people without money from going to Portland, but it leaves a bad impression of the city. In my judgment there is less poverty in Portland than in almost any other city in the United States. I have a feeling, without knowing, that the removal of the Associated Press headquarters to Seattle has something to do with the hard times reports going throughout the country under a Portland date line.

There is no probability that Portland is especially overrun with unemployed. There is not a reason in the world why Portland should be exploited in Eastern newspapers as a workless city while other Coast cities are not so featured.

It is stated by men who claim to know, that many of Portland's present unemployed came from Seattle and Tacoma. Some were driven out of the Sound cities and came to Portland because they had to go somewhere. Others were attracted here by the experience of two years ago when large aid was given them, and by the present efforts to give sustenance to the workless in this city.

If the exact truth were known, it is probable that Portland has fewer unemployed who are legitimately Portland's own people than has any other Pacific Coast city.

THERE AND HERE

IN OREGON, the people of Portland had to pay for a public dock site, $810,000, of which Ferd Reed got a commission of over $20,000 and Attorney Fulton a fee of $18,500. The dock site was in part submerged lands that the Oregon supreme court in 1889 declared were held by the state in its sovereign capacity for the people, but which five members of the present supreme court declared last June are owned by private individuals.

This is the way newspapers talk about such lands in California: The San Francisco Examiner says:

The tidelands decision is strictly in accordance with almost immemorial law. The only wonder is that any applicant ever had the impudence to ask or any legislature the face to grant title to these lands, the sole and inalienable possession of the people in its sovereign capacity.

An appeal to the United States supreme court may delay matters, but we can rest quite confident that the finding of our own tribunals will not be disturbed. So, after many years, the state again comes into possession of its own, and the doors through which free water transportation must come to meet land transportation can never again be shut by private monopoly.

With what pride and hope and optimism the California paper speaks of California people's inalienable title to their submerged lands! With what splendid confidence Californians can face the coming of the merchant fleets of the nations through the new waterway at Panama and realize that no private monopoly of docks can handicap San Francisco, or Los Angeles, or San Diego in their commerce with the world!

Once, the people of Oregon were sovereign over the submerged lands, and were then on equally favorable grounds with California cities in bidding for the world's commerce. In 1889, Justice Thayer and his colleagues in the Oregon supreme court held that the fee title to submerged lands is not in the upland owner. They declared respecting submerged land that the upland owner "certainly cannot recover it in an action to recover the possession of real property."

There could be no stronger statement that the upland owner is not an owner of submerged land as a realty holding, yet by the Oregon court's latest decision he does so hold it, and Portland has been compelled to pay him outright for it with suitable commission to Ferd Reed and suitable fees to Attorney Fulton.

The premiums received by the seventeen British fire insurance companies doing business in the United States total $56,634,390 a year. The losses annually paid are $29,484,500. The losses are fifty-two per cent of the premiums.

A Cincinnati man has brought suit in court to compel his wife to talk to him. Men have stood on the brink and peered down into abysmal depths; they have lounged on the edge of a slumbering but restless crater; they have glared into the eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion and monkeyed with all kinds of buzz saws, but in all history, not one has tempted fate as has the foolish Cincinnatian.

"I am a professor and out of politics," said former President Taft. Without seeming rudeness, it should be added that nothing in this country stands out more clearly than do the advantages of a modern professorship.

The use of automobiles and motor hearses at funerals is swiftly spreading. An exchange suggests that the relatives don't have to wait so long to get back and hear the will read.

What a strange weird feeling must be the part of Copperfield this New Year's Day with a fair young woman approaching on the avowed mission of voting the place dry.

Oregon City went dry this morning. But the present paramount issue is what is going to happen to Copperfield!

Fares the land to hastening ill a prey, with Texas Tommies, Turkey trots and tangos every day.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published, he should so state.)

"Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It rationalizes everything it touches. It robs principles of all false sanctity and throws them back on their reasonableness. If they have no reasonableness, it ruthlessly crushes them out of existence and sets up its own conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

Dancing in the Public Schools.

Portland, Dec. 31.—To the Editor of The Journal—It is time that Christian people were speaking out against this innovation of dancing in the public schools. It is a trespass upon the moral rights of the conscience-producing class of the commonwealth. It is adding insult to injury. Apparently it is not enough for the school board to debar the Bible from the school room; we must now have the consciences of the most virtuous of our citizens ruthlessly overridden and their children qualified for the dance hall, under the guise of providing physical exercise.

Dancing is the popular pastime for voluptuous disreputables, the one expressive entertainment above all others which affords oportunity for indiscriminate commingling of the sexes, and for the stirring of illicit passion. Every inmate of the bawdy house can dance.

Now why do people dance? Segregate the sexes and the dance dies. Dancing masters themselves admit that it is the greatest recruiting station for the red-light district. And are we going to allow those who do not respect the conscientious scruples of good people, to put our children in line with that kind of thing? One of the best safeguards for young people is the elimination from their course of instruction of all red-light district qualifications.

We would like to be loyal to our public school system. We have deplored the establishing of parochial schools. But if we are to have the Bible barred from the public school and our children fitted to take a hand with the most immoral element of society, there will be more church schools. Several new ones have been started this year in Portland, and the number will increase. We can not afford to thus advertise the immorality of our city.

It will not do to say, as was said recently in The Journal, "One thing is certain, it can not be taught under better auspices." This assumes that it must be taught. To this we reply it must not be taught in our public schools.

If poison is given by a genteel hand, is it any the less poison? It would not help the matter any to say, "Well, it remains a fact that the person couldn't have been killed under any better auspices."

It is time we elected people to our school board who reverence the word of God and respect the consciences of men. It is high time we dismissed our self-constituted and insistent dancing master and employed someone who will be content with being a physical director. Already the children in the grades of Portland's schools have been put through the Finnish reel and the ace of diamonds and kindred steps.

The bottom of this whole thing is an attempt on the part of designing men to recruit the ranks of the patrons of the ballroom, and if school boards and teachers have not discovered it, it is time they did. As taxpayers, school patrons and Christians we protest against being sold and delivered to dance promoters.

WILBUR N. COFFEE.

From One Who Can Sympathize.

Forest Grove, Or., Dec. 31.—To the Editor of The Journal—My husband and I have read with great pleasure, in The Journal, how many different organizations on Christmas fed the poor and unemployed men and provided baskets for families by the hundreds. The most remarkable of all, though, is the act of a great railroad company that fed over 1800 hungry people, and even gave them a sandwich and other things to take along. The kind interest of the officials in mingling with the unfortunate, and throwing rules aside instead of letting anyone go away hungry, as I have known charity organizations to do in some cases, is remarkable.

The old man with the little boy who had no fuel and almost no bedclothes at home, will never forget the kind man who is president of the road and who handed him a $20 goldpiece. It shows that not all the rich are selfish. Some people will be hateful enough to say it was done for the effect. But just so it was done, and some one made very happy, is enough for me. Let the people who have means do such things, and not care a bit for criticism, for that never comes from noble people. Portland can be proud of its men and women who have made such a happy Christmas for the hungry and needy, because poverty is more bitter on that day, if it is not relieved, than on any other day in the year. We have been in the worst luck for years, through sickness and misfortune, until relief came, so I feel for every person in need.

A SICK MOTHER.

Schoolhouses' Community Use.

Image, Wash., Dec. 31.—To the Editor of The Journal—Please give through your paper the law governing the use of public schools for community purposes. How about heat, light and janitor service? Are there any restrictions as to what they shall be used for?

A SUBSCRIBER.

[The following was enacted by the legislature of the state of Washington in 1913:

"Section 1—That school boards in each district of the second and third class may provide for the free, comfortable and convenient use of the school property to promote and facilitate frequent meetings and association of the people in discussion, study, improvement, recreation and other community purposes, and may acquire, assemble and house material for the dissemination of information of use and interest to the farm, the home and the community, and facilities for experiment and study, especially in matters pertaining to the growing of crops, the improvement and handling of livestock, the marketing of farm products, the planning and construction of farm buildings, the subject of household economies, home industries, good roads and community vocations and industries; and may call meetings for the consideration and discussion of any such matters, employ a special supervisor, or leader, if need be, and provide suitable dwellings and accommodations for teachers, supervisors and necessary assistants.

"Section 2—That each school district of the second and third class, by itself or in combination with any other district or districts, shall have power, when in the judgment of the school board it shall be deemed expedient, to reconstruct, remodel or build school houses, and to erect, purchase, lease or otherwise acquire other improvements and real and personal property, and establish a communal assembly place and appurtenances, and supply the same with suitable furnishings and facilities for the uses mentioned in section 1 of this act."]

Tennyson's New Year Hymn.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky—
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out slowly dying cause
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right;
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrow lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the age that is to be.

Pointed Paragraphs

Many a poor tune is played on a good horn.

It takes a brave man to do a mean thing in the open.

You can expect your business to run itself—after perpetual motion has been discovered.

Our idea of a cheap sport is a chap who is always trying to make a "mash" on some waitress in a restaurant.

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

SMALL CHANGE

Some people prefer popular songs to real music.

Only a very little while left to help the 1913 record.

Many people would not enjoy a sane New Year's at all.

Of course the winter swimmers will all chatter, "The water is fine."

It is not right to load mail carriers with post parcels and not pay them more.

Rockefeller gave away a little gold on Christmas to a few people who didn't need it.

Notwithstanding their long spell of work, the Oregon senators are sticking to it through the holidays.

Liberal charity is good, but what is needed is to get rid of the causes of poverty and the need of charity.

Some fellows who think of swearing off on New Year's seem to be trying to get rid of all the booze by that date.

It is beautiful snow all right to the farmers, and even to the stock-raisers; means abundance of grain and grass next summer.

The express companies may not have quite as merry and happy a season as heretofore, but they have waxed very fat through many years.

Anti-suffragists seem to have been right in one of their predictions—that after being enfranchised, the majority of women wouldn't vote. But men voters don't do much better.

Shouldn't city and state employment of otherwise jobless men during the season when there is little other demand for labor be a regular, systematized, matter-of-course policy?

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

Coquille expended nearly $67,000 in public improvements during 1913, or approximately 19 percent of assessed valuation.

Medford Sun: In heralding a lecture on "White Slavers and How They are Trapped," the Baker Herald announces the lecturer will talk from "personal experience." Yo' ho! Yo! ho!

On Christmas day the Eugene Guard put the whole thing up to its readers, where it belongs, by saying editorially: "If you are not enjoying Christmas it is more or less your own fault."

The Democrat says Baker's payroll in South Baker is its own best argument why taxpayers should vote the bond issue on January 7 providing better fire protection for that part of the city.

Dufur Dispatch: J. T. Harper was here from Tygh Valley Thursday to attend a meeting of the Masonic lodge. Mr Harper has been a Mason almost since he was a boy but this was the first time he has attended a meeting of the order for more than 33 years.

Salem Statesman: The poor of Salem were well taken care of on Christmas day. But one day's rations will not last all winter. There should be organization along this line. The proposed coffee club would do the work, or provide a better substitute for the charity part of it.

Whatever is is right, in the way of weather, according to the philosophical Burns Times Herald, which says: "Christmas day brought us more snow and now we have about 12 inches and the sleighing is fine. It has caused feeding of stock generally but this is expected at this season of the year and the white covering is a benefit to feed yards. It is also nice for hauling as now the stages should make good time on runners when the road is once broken and teamsters can haul heavy loads."

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

By Dr. Frank Crane.

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank Crane.)

The New Year is here. It is inventory time. Let us look over the stock of habits, ideas and relationships we have accumulated the past 12 months and clean up.

The New Year's resolution is a good thing. Why drift along, the slave and plaything of our unmanaged desires and of our accidental circumstances? Why not be our own master and live one year like an intelligent human being?

Examine your habits. Lop off the bad ones. Free yourself from any ways you have fallen into that make you lazy, unhealthy, miserable and disagreeable to other people.

Determine this year to be master of self; that you will control your thoughts, regulate your passions and guide your own deeds; that you will not let events lead you by the nose.

Resolve to be happy. Remember Lincoln's saying that "folks are usually about as happy as they make up their minds to be."

This year you shall not neglect your friends. They are too valuable, as life assets, to lose.

You will adopt some system and stick to it, knowing that nine-tenths of our irritation comes from lack of system.

Lay out a course of study. No one is too old to learn. Resolve to give some time each day to reading some helpful book. Cut out the trash.

Resolve to keep an account of all the money you get and of all you spend. You may have tried this many times and failed. Never mind; you are still alive and have the chance to try it again.

Save. Put a certain fraction by of all you make. There's no friend like money in the bank.

Don't spend any money till you get it. Don't go in debt. Beware of buying all those things you "must have," for you mustn't have anything until you can pay for it.

No alcohol this year. Let your body rest 365 days from this poison and see how you feel. Don't get into a moral fever over this. Don't "try" not to drink. Just don't drink.

Resolve to take that daily exercise.

Eliminate worry. This year make up your mind to fret over nothing. Adjust yourself to facts instead of getting into a stew over them. If a matter can be helped, help it; if it cannot be helped, forget it.

This year resolve to keep discord out of the house. Nobody can quarrel with you if you do not quarrel with him. Say to yourself that you will not once in 1914 speak crossly to your children; that you will not say one unkind word to your wife, and that you will keep agreeable if it takes a leg.

This may be the last year you will have. Make it a good one.

You know how you ought to live. At least, you think you do. And if you do as well as your own judgment tells you, it will be an advance.

This is old fashioned advice. But happiness is old fashioned, and life. There is no new fangled way to be content.

And learn this of wise Marcus Aurelius:

"To change thy mind and follow him that sets thee right is to be none the less the free agent that thou wast before."

Also: "The happiness and unhappiness of the rational social animal depends not on what he feels but on what he does; just as virtue and vice consist not in feeling but in doing."

What Cheer For 1914?

By John M. Oskison.

When the speculator is idle the real investor gets busy. The past year, with its record of falling markets, its exaggerated concern over a few such incidents as the bankruptcy of the "Frisco" and the passing of the New Haven dividend, illustrates the truth of that axiom.

The state of Pennsylvania has, perhaps, more real investors of the level headed type than any other. An account of what they have done in the way of increasing their holdings of securities during the past year came to me the other day. The report was official—from the auditor general's office.

I learned that the total assessed personal property in Pennsylvania last year increased to more than $1,402,000,000. That was $76,406,657 more than the year before.

Further, I learned that the present law taxing personal property in Pennsylvania has been in effect for 24 years; and in that time the average yearly increase has been $35,647,723. So when Wall street was wailing in the market place, when financial political prophets were predicting ruin for the industries of the country through unfriendly legislation, and when the railroads were protesting that they were headed for bankruptcy if they were not given rate increases, the most level headed and successful investors in the country were more than doubling their usual addition to holdings.

And what is shown by the personal tax law of Pennsylvania to have taken place in that state has doubtless been paralleled in other states. While the speculators have wondered despondently where all the buyers and sellers have hidden the real investors have been quietly picking up securities at reasonable prices.

Not actual wealth, but "paper" fortunes have suffered through the stagnation which has fallen upon the stock markets. It is possible that the particular bond you own, or the particular 10 shares of stock which stand in your name, have lost a certain proportion of quoted value. But—

The security chosen by the level headed, sane investor, which has been paid for and put away, retains its intrinsic value—continues to pay interest and dividends. For it is based on the growth of the country, which goes on steadily.

To My Son or Daughter.

By E. M. K.

You know that your soul is of my soul a part,
And that you seem fiber and core of my heart.
No other can pain me as you, son or daughter, can do;
No other can please me or praise me as you, son or daughter.

Remember, the world will be quick with its blame
If shadow or stain ever darkens your name.
"Like mother like child," is a saying most true,
The world will judge largely of mother, by you.

Be this, then, your task (if a task it must be)
To make this proud world pay its homage to me.
Be sure it will say, when the verdict you've won,
"She reaps as she sows, for this child is her own."

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

"After returning from my prospecting trip to Alaska, in 1852," said Cy Mulkey, of Roseburg, "I became restless and wanted some excitement. "Living with me on a ranch midway between Corvallis and King's Valley, was a young German named Dave Myers. I said to him one day, 'Dave, farming is pretty slow. What do you say to spending this summer east of the mountains buying horses from the Indians?'

"In '52 and '53 there was a very heavy immigration coming to Oregon. We figured that we could take some trade goods along and sell to the immigrants and also trade them to the Indians for horses. We gathered our saddle horses and pack horses and started for Portland. We purchased our goods from the Hudson's Bay company and shipped them up the Columbia river to The Dalles by boat, Dave going with the goods, while I drove the horses across the Cascade mountains and met him at The Dalles.

"A friend of mine named Lige Humason was at The Dalles, in charge of a real estate office. White men were not allowed to trade with the Indians without a permit. I had come away without securing the permit, so I went to Humason to secure some sort of a legal-looking paper to serve in place of a permit. He took a deed, folded it up, put a red seal on it, in the shape of a star, fastened it up with blue ribbons of different widths and made it look very official.

"I had a suit made of buckskin, the coat and vest fixed up very ornamental and the buckskin trousers being fringed and beaded. My moccasins were also beaded. At The Dalles I hired a squaw to bead my saddle cover. We laid in several bolts of fine English cloth in different colors, red, blue, green and yellow. We also had 300 pounds of the finest beads we could buy, in all colors. The squaw made my saddle cover out of red cloth and did the handsomest job of beading on it I have ever seen.

"From The Dalles we went to the John Day river. After we had traded for seven head of horses, one of them got away. While chasing it I met an Indian. He told me that I had no right to trade among the Indians. I told him to go to our camp and stay until I returned and I would show him my authority. When I got back to camp the Indian was very sulky. I got the Indian a drink of whiskey and Dave, my partner, cooked a particularly good dinner. After dinner I got out my bogus permit. I handed it to him and I saw he was very much impressed. He said: "What is this?" I told him that it was a permit from the governor to trade with the Indians. I told him that I was in constant touch with the governor through the pony express and that the governor knew where I was all the time. I told him I kept the governor informed how many horses I had. I told him the Indians nearest my camp were held responsible for any loss or damage done to my stock. The Indian asked me to read the permit. When I read my permit I put in all the frills I wanted to. The Indian went to his horse, got out his pipe and tobacco. He lit it, took three whiffs and then passed it to me. When the pipe was empty he knocked out the ashes and said: 'What's your name?' I told him Cy Mulkey. He told me that my permit was big medicine—that I could stay and trade with the Indians and he would see that no harm came to me.

"I told him I wanted two young men to help me take my horses and goods to Butter Creek, in what is now Umatilla county. There was a big camp of Indians there. He picked out two responsible young men and we went to Butter Creek. It took us two days to make the trip. There were about 50 teepees on Butter Creek. I called for the chief, told him what my business was and read him my permit from the governor. I told him that I would hold him responsible for all of my goods and horses. Every time I bought a horse I turned it over to the chief.

"From there I decided to go to Cayuse Springs, at the foot of Blue mountains, not far from the present city of Pendleton. The night before I left I told the chief I wanted my horses gathered together early in the morning and that I would have to have two of his young men to go with me. The horses and the Indians were there shortly after sunrise.

"At Cayuse Springs I told the Umatilla Indians the same thing, and it worked equally well. I would brand my horses and turn them over to the chief, who took care of them until I was ready to leave. From there I went to a camp of the Indians on the Walla Walla river. I traveled all summer long, making my imitation permit do duty for a special protection from the government.

"I finally reached the mouth of the Snake river, near where Spalding's old mission stood. There I met Major Craig. I had a very satisfactory trade with the Nez Perce Indians and, as I was nearly out of trade goods, I decided to go back to where I had left my partner. I went from camp to camp, in each case requiring the Indians to furnish me two or three young men to help me drive my horses and see that I was not molested. I came into camp with 103 head of horses.

"Near where Pendleton now is, on the Umatilla river, there was a big camp of Indians. A Cayuse chief, named Otterskin, could hardly keep his eyes off my beaded saddle cover. He was willing to give me almost anything I wanted for it. However, I was through with it, so I told him he could have it for nothing. An hour or two later he came back to my camp, bringing an Indian boy with him. He told me: 'This Modoc boy. You can have him.' He said the Nez Perce and Cayuse Indians used to go down into California, traveling up the Deschutes river by way of Klamath and Tule lakes and thence down Pitt river to the Sacramento river. While returning from California, Otterskin said he had killed two buck Indians at Tule lake and had taken three squaws and a boy prisoners.

"It would have been a gross discourtesy to have refused to accept the boy, so I took him with me. I called him 'Scarface Charley.'

"I took him with me to my stock ranch near Spencer's Butte, not far from Eugene City. He stayed with me two years and was very useful to me. One time when I was away from the ranch for a few days he took French leave and returned to his own people.

"At the time that General Canby was killed by the Modocs, Scarface Charley was the third chief in authority among the Modocs. He tried to dissuade the Indians from killing General Canby. When they insisted, he took no part in it.

"When I got back to our camp on John Day river, my partner was there all right, and had bought 40 head of cattle and five head of American horses from the immigrants. At Olney's Creek I used the official-looking document for the last time and got two young Indians to go with me to help drive our stock clear to Barlow's Toll Gate. From there we went on to Foster's and thence to Marysville. We had a delightful summer, sold our stock at a good figure, so you see it was a pleasant and profitable experience."

The old fashioned woman who used to cry for what she wanted probably acquired as much happiness as the modern militant suffragette.