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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Nothing costs less, nor is cheaper, than the compliments of civility.—Cervantes.

SENATOR DAY

SENATOR DAY is to be admired for his boldness. He is no mollycoddle. Nor tin horn. Nor milksop.

He is the smashingest legislative boss who ever played the game in Oregon. Whatever he wanted, he went for, and he went under full head of steam. He played the game like a master, and apologized for nothing.

He went to Salem with a scheme that in its audacity and ambition, would have dazzled the craftiest and boldest of the old bosses of other and palmier days. He wanted everything in sight, and but for the resistance of the House, would have gotten it. Had there been a twin Day as masterful and militant in the House, the senator would have been the whole legislative session and the most of the remainder of the government thrown in.

As a captain of contracting and paving, he knew exactly what he wanted, and with a courage and dash that never faltered or hesitated, he proceeded to reach for it. As a contractor and paving man, he wanted no conspiracy bill by which collusion in bidding would be punished. He therefore promptly chloroformed the measure sent over from the House. As a contractor and paving man, he wanted no Bowlby for state highway engineer, and he went for and got him. He held a hearing of charges against Bowlby made by disgruntled contractors and a recalled county judge, then denied a reply hearing to Bowlby, and the next day, Bowlby got his walking papers.

It was beautiful work. It was big and bold work. It was a master's work. It was work that commands respect for its very audacity, an audacity to fill a Herrin or a Croker with green envy.

Bolder and more brilliant still was the manner in which he staged the session in the Senate. No House bill of importance passed the Senate until the master senator said so. He ordered, and about sixteen senators obeyed. They were Boss Day's senators. His will was their will. His thoughts were their thoughts, generally speaking. Many of this sixteen are excellent men, but Senator Day held them in his power by holding their bills, where they could be atrophied by his hand wave. As generalissimo of the ways and means committee and as militant boss of other powerful committees, he knew what to do to force subjection to him, and did it.

It was the mastery of man over man by utter absence of scruples or conscience in the master. It was an arrogance without limit, but what cared the autocrat? Paving had to be conserved. Contracting had to be protected. Big Business had to be guarded against legislation that would drive so-called capital away. Bills for giving the rural communities electric light and power had to be scuttled as a measure of safety to vested power interests and water power exploiters. Bills wanted by workers and by women had to be stamped upon as vicious and poisonous.

And Senator Day was the gladiator to do all these jobs. And he did them. With as bold a front as though champion of a righteous cause, with the mien of a Hercules and the ponderous presence of a pugilist he bestrode the heads of his sixteen subject senators and, one by one, smote and felled every measure objected to by special and entrenched privilege.

It is work for which the senator makes no apology. It was right in his way of viewing things. He is that kind of a man. And there are others like him, who rejoice in his power as a legislative boss while they fatten on his achievements.

Nobody knows yet all that has been accomplished by this evil genius of popular government. Nobody knows yet how far the scandals he created will affect the present administration.

While we wait for knowledge of what he has really seized for his kind, and while in the midst of a generous respect for his audacity and amazing ambition, there is the comforting thought that we escaped this militant senator only because he could not bully the House as effectually as he bullied the Senate.

THE ART OF LIVING

A LOT of good advice on the art of living is given by Dr. Woods Hutchinson in today's Journal. He says it is possible for the average man to add five or ten years to his term of life, and it is one of the striking facts in the realm of medical science and vital statistics that human life has been lengthened during the last half century.

Chief interest in Dr. Hutchinson's article centers in his statement that "It is far better to live 65 years vigorously, daringly, redbloodedly, and then go smash all at once—the more suddenly the better—than to reach 70 or 75 with one foot perpetually in our graves and one finger ever on our pulse."

The strain and distractions of civilization, instead of breaking us down, are the very things that keep us alive, he says. City dwellers, above the level of the slums, live longer than country dwellers. The one path which leads toward the grave with greater rapidity and certainty than any other is a rut, even if that rut consists in what are termed "good habits." Dr. Hutchinson says all habits are bad—under 70 at least. Here is his formula for living:

Eat when you are hungry; drink when you are thirsty; work when you feel like it; stop when you are tired; in biological terms, "respond to your environment." These are the ideal rules for a full, useful, happy life. There are limitations to the principle in actual practice, and you will quickly find these out from experience. But the minute you begin to protect yourself behind a secreted, calcareous shell of so-called habits, you begin to build your coffin.

There are many who will agree with Dr. Hutchinson. There has been a tendency for too much regulation of living. Results have been measured in years rather than in accomplishments. A short life well lived is far preferable to an extended existence of no particular use to anybody.

FANNY CROSBY

WHEREVER hymns of Christian worship are sung in Protestant churches throughout the world there breathes the spirit of the blind hymn writer who died a few days ago at the advanced age of ninety-five years.

In spite of feeble health, especially within the last few months, Miss Crosby, or more properly speaking, Mrs. Frances Jane Van Alstyne, continued composing hymns up to a short time before her death. She was the author of more than six thousand hymns. She was so prolific that publishers more than a quarter of a century ago were forced to give her some two hundred pen names to make it appear that some one beside the famous writer had contributed. No other person outside of Charles Wesley or Isaac Watts has added so much to the world's collection of gospel songs. Her songs were translated into every language and thousands who repeated them did not know that it was through the inspiration of a sightless woman they were expressing their Christian faith and hope.

Miss Crosby did not begin to compose hymns until she was forty years of age. Previous to that time she was known by her popular melodies such as "Hazel Dell," "Goodby, I'm Going Home," and "Never Forget the Dear Ones."

She was also the author of many poems, "The Blind Girl," "Monterey," "Bells at Evening," being included among them.

Six weeks after her birth Miss Crosby was made blind by the application of a hot poultice to her eyes. This destroyed the optic nerve. She never learned to read from raised letters owing to the fact that her fingers became so caloused during her childhood through playing the guitar that they were not sensitive enough to trace the characters.

She acquired her knowledge by memorizing from hearing. After coming to womanhood she married Alexander Van Alstyne, a blind music teacher, who died many years ago.

Among Miss Crosby's best known hymns are "Saved by Grace," "Blessed Assurance," "Rescue the Perishing" and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." This latter hymn was regarded by her as her most successful one. She often said: "I believe it was dictated by the spirit of the Lord and that it was born for a mission."

The story of Miss Crosby's life is best expressed in verses she wrote at the age of eight years:

Oh, what a happy soul am I,
Although I cannot see.
I am resolved that in this world
Contented I will be.
How many blessings I enjoy
That other people don't;
To weep and sigh because I'm blind,
I cannot and I won't.

She lived to realize this philosophy of contentment and to bring solace and contentment to many who have all their faculties.

MORE MISINFORMATION

ANOTHER instance of discrimination against the interests of Oregon by departments of the national government is found in the February farmer's bulletin issued by the department of agriculture.

Notwithstanding that Portland is the big livestock market of the Pacific Northwest and that values of livestock for Oregon, Idaho and Washington are based on the Portland market the bulletin places the value of Idaho cattle at $41.80 a head, Washington $34.90 and Oregon but $36.30. The average price of swine in Oregon is placed at $9.50, Idaho $10 and Washington $11.10 per head. The average price of sheep as given in the bulletin are Oregon, $4.50; Washington, $4.80, and Idaho, $4.75.

If livestock is worth more in Idaho than in Portland how foolish it is for Idaho growers to ship to Portland. The government's figures are ridiculous and show either an utter ignorance of conditions or deliberate intention to misrepresent.

The harm to Oregon lies in the fact that prospective settlers may place dependence upon the figures and make no further investigation.

The fact that Idaho and Washington livestock is brought to Oregon to be sold is proof of the falsity of the government figures.

SAMUEL LANCASTER

SAMUEL LANCASTER left yesterday to install the pictures of the Columbia Highway in place at the Panama Exposition.

No display at the great fair will match these pictures. They are a poem on canvas. They are a great epic of nature. They are a magical story of what God hath wrought, in creating a setting for one of the rarest scenic highways on the globe.

Samuel Lancaster is an engineer. But he is an artist too. The federal government recognized his talents in engineering when it commended him as a fit man for road making in the state of Washington. There are few men in his profession so able.

When time and the great waters cut Columbia gorge through the Cascades, they staged the scene for the coming of a fit man to capitalize nature's handiwork for the delight and profit of civilization. The man came when Mr. Lancaster was selected as engineer for the Columbia Highway. His temperament was attuned to the environment of the route.

The great basalt columns in the rocky precipices were to him more than mere rocks. The colorings and the shadings of the forests and shrubs and water were more than a mere landscape. The deep gorges, the distant snows on the eternal mountains, the azure skies, and the leaping, tumbling waterfalls were more than mere perspective.

They were the beauty of a vast creation illuminated and visualized. They were the sublimity of the Almighty told in basalt, granite, snows, waters and the living green of the ages. It was a sight of nature in all the pomp of beauty reigning over the wild mountains. It was a spot where "brighter suns dispense serener light and milder moons emparadise the night."

The spirit of the view was caught by the engineer. The highway that threads this rarest of wonder spots was built in harmony with the scene. It carries the traveler midway between the two sections of Multnomah Falls with one magnificent plunge of the water above and the other immediately below. Bridges and retaining walls are so fashioned as to be in delightful symmetry with the massive mountains and the deep cut gorges.

No city in the world has a playground so near and so sublime. There is not a great city in the world but would pay millions for Portland's wonderland. There is not a city in the world with an asset so enticing, so helpful and so delighting to its people and its visitors.

Samuel Lancaster, engineer, with the support of those who have aided him, has builded mightily for those who dwell in the city and state of roses.

THE CHURCHES IN 1914

STATISTICS prepared for the Federal Council of Churches show a gain of 763,087 members of religious organizations in the United States last year. This includes not only Christian, but other sects. The total number of church members is now 38,708,149.

The gains, while large, are little more than half of what they were in 1913, when 1,320,604 new members were taken in. But, on the other hand, the increase in the number of ministers was more than twice as large as in 1913, while the number of additional churches fell off less than half.

All the larger denominations made gains. The largest was made by the Methodists, who added 231,460 new members. The Roman Catholics gained 136,850, the Baptists 122,125, the Lutherans 56,248, the Presbyterians 56,019, the Eastern Orthodox churches 36,500, the German Evangelical synod, representing the state church of Prussia, 29,315, and the Protestant Episcopal church 28,641.

The Roman Catholics have gained, according to the figures, nearly a million and a quarter since 1910, and more than five and a half millions since 1900. The second largest denomination, the Methodists, have gained nearly 700,000 since 1900. The figures also show that the Episcopalians now have more than a million members. They gained 86,468 since 1910, and more than 300,000 since 1900. There are nine religious bodies which have a million or more members. They are:

Roman Catholic	13,794,637
Methodist Episcopal	3,603,265
Southern Baptist	2,592,217
National Baptist (colored)	2,018,868
Methodist Episcopal (South)	2,005,707
Presbyterian (North)	1,442,498
Disciples of Christ	1,383,163
Northern Baptist Convention	1,238,323
Protestant Episcopal	1,015,238

While the 1914 gain in membership was only two per cent as compared with four in 1913, the grand total shows that two fifths of the country's entire population are allied with organizations committed to the spiritual and ethical betterment of mankind.

The potential power of the churches can be realized when thought is given to the fact that forty per cent of all the people in the United States profess to obey all the commandments, to love their neighbors as themselves, to respect the laws, to be charitable, kind and just.

A MAN'S WORLD

THIS is a world in which a man must do a man's work and must take what comes for weal or woe. It is a world of give and take, of weak and strong, of good and bad. It does not belong to any one man or set of men. All who come into it have equal rights and responsibilities.

Every man should burn it into his conscience that everything he consumes is made by labor, some one's labor. If he does not in return render productive, constructive work to offset the consumption of the products of others' labor, he is a social thief.

There are many of these social thieves in the world, those who are continually striving to get something for nothing, profit grabbers, office seekers, office holders who render no social service, squanderers of the public substance, those who prey upon the weak, time servers and parasites.

What a world it would be if it were given over to these! Suppose everybody should begin taking from one another without giving anything back, grabbing from one another, grafting from one another, profiting from one another, without any regard to the service exchanged, in short, stealing from one another.

What would happen? Eventually there would be nothing left to take, grab, graft or steal. There would be depression, distress, disease, death. Existence would be impossible.

Much is said of the law of the survival of the fit, but who are the fit? They are those who work, who return an equal value for all they receive and consume, who are honest and just, efficient and fair, loving and hopeful, constructive and productive.

They are those who have days when the taste of bread is bitter and nights when they have no joy in the coming dawn, yet they do not lose faith and courage that the "smooth shall bloom from the rough" and cast their downcast mood into the living, working day.

YEARS AND WORK

ON HIS sixty-eighth birthday Thomas A. Edison said he was planning seventeen years of work. He had been examined by an expert, who pronounced Mr. Edison's parts "young parts."

In the great European war nearly every important commander is past sixty years of age. Lord Kitchener is 64, General Sir John French is 62, and the French leaders Joffre and Pau are both approaching 70. Germany's generals are mostly men who served in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. General von Kluck is 68, General von Hindenberg 67, General von Moltke 66 and General von Buelow 68.

This reign of white-haired commanders has been explained by the fact that generals are no longer expected personally to lead their men into battle, as did the warriors of old. Their place is now the headquarters base, several miles behind the fighting line, where they keep in touch with the troops by means of telephone, telegraph, wireless and the aeroplane.

It is said that for this reason the modern commander is more often than not gray-headed and well on in years, mature judgment and experience taking the place of the great energy supposed to be the distinguishing mark of military leaders. In support of this theory it is pointed out that Napoleon, Hannibal and Alexander the Great won their largest successes when young men with all the physical activity of their troops.

Undoubtedly this theory is supported by facts, but there is reason to believe that it does not include all the facts. The telephone, telegraph, wireless and aeroplane could not make up a deficiency caused by years improperly lived. It is because Europe's gray-haired generals lived lives always with "seventeen years of work" ahead that they are now equal to their tasks.

Mr. Edison explains his vitality at 68 by saying he has lived the simple life. "Give me mechanic's grub for mine," is his program for working until he is 85.

There is an old story about the peasant whose cow died. When he reported his loss to the village priest the spiritual guide consoled him with the thought: "It might have been worse." The peasant's barn was destroyed by fire. Again the priest said to him: "It might have been worse." Next death invaded the home of the peasant and took away his wife. Once more the solacing words of the priest: "It might have been worse." There is no calamity, however great, that might not have been worse. It is safe to assume that if the peasant had reported to the priest that the Oregon legislature had adjourned he would have been consoled with the assurance: "It might have been worse."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S PROPHETIC VISION

From the Philadelphia North American.

THE peoples of the north and the south, of America and Europe, pay honor now to the memory of Lincoln. Patriots and lovers of liberty the world around venerate his great souled devotion. But why is it that each year intensifies admiration for his wisdom and adds serener luster to his fame? He was a great statesman; he conducted a great war to a successful conclusion; he freed a race and saved a nation from disintegrating. Yet there is a reason deeper than these for the veneration of his name.

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From March 4, 1861, to April 15, 1865, John Hay was in daily companionship with Abraham Lincoln. On that first day he stood with him on the inauguration platform at the capitol; on the morning of the later day he looked down upon the bed of death, saw "a look of unspeakable peace come upon the worn features" and heard the prophetic whisper of Stanton, "Now he belongs to the ages." It is fortunate for the American people that during the four most pregnant years of their history so sympathetic an observer and so gifted a writer should have been associated with the greatest of our leaders. The Lincoln biography which he wrote with Nicolay will always be one of our chief historical records. Few pages in it, however, are so fascinating as the fragmentary notes set down from day to day in the young secretary's diary, extracts from which are receiving their first publication.

William Roscoe Thayer, who has compiled the quotations, reminds the reader that for a long time Lincoln was considered, even by his cabinet officers, a presidential accident, an example of mediocrity elevated by chance and that he was deemed fortunate in having wise easterners to give him counsel. But even then Hay revealed the keen judgment that was to win him high honors at a later period by recording his admiration for the greatness of Lincoln.

The diary pictures convincingly the unconscious simplicity of the president's life in the White House; his invincible habit of remaining accessible, so that the corridors of the mansion fairly swarmed with office hunters, idlers and curiosity seekers; his unruffled calmness in times of stress; his whimsical humor, his modesty and his forbearing kindliness of disposition.

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But there is an entry on a day in 1861, which is a new and vital contribution to American history. It reveals the Lincoln whose moral stature grows steadily with the passing years, and it explains why, as his living presence recedes and his acts lose their sharp outlines in the mists of tradition, his greatness of soul excites wider veneration. Most Americans, if asked to name the great issue of the Civil war, probably would reply that it was the abolition of slavery. Deeper students would cite Lincoln's famous letter to Greeley, and would answer that the basic cause was the preservation of the Union. Slavery was, in truth, a great issue, but its roots went deep into the tremendous question of the unity of the nation. And yet beneath even this there lay the fundamental principle. Unrecognized by millions then, unrealized by many now, it was clear to the vision of Lincoln; and he stated it in strong, plain words long before his deathless declaration at Gettysburg. The day was May 7, 1861—less than a month after the attack on Sumter had heralded the mighty conflict and only four days after the second call for volunteers. Hay writes that he had gone into the president's room to give him some political news and had mentioned some wild northern threats about exterminating the southern whites and setting up a black republic. Lincoln remarked that some of them seemed "bewildered by the excitement of the hour." He continued:

"Doolittle seems inclined to think that this war is to result in the entire abolition of slavery. • • • For my own part, I consider the central idea pervading this struggle is the necessity that is upon us of proving that popular government is not an absurdity.

"We must settle this question now, whether in a free government the minority have the right to break up the government whenever they choose. If we fail, it will go far to prove the incapability of the people to govern themselves. • • • Taking the government as we found it, we will see if the majority can preserve it."

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Mr. Thayer emphasizes the importance of this declaration, uttered two years and a half before the Gettysburg address. He says:

"It reveals the foundation of Lincoln's judgment of the war of the rebellion; there was at stake something more precious than the preservation of the Union, something more urgent than the abolition of slavery—and that was democracy."

The time came when the wrong of human slavery had been overcome, when the peril to the Union had been averted and when victory for freedom and national security was in sight. Standing on the battlefield consecrated by "brave men living and dead," Lincoln voiced in a few imperishable words the meaning of the great struggle—sentences so simple in form and so sublime in strength that while the language of men endures they will be studied and revered. "Government of the people, by the people and for the people"—this was the cause which he saw at stake in the war then drawing to its close. But we know now that it was no new vision he had gained. In the very first shadow of the coming conflict he discerned the truth; the germ of the immortal oration lay in the musing words he spoke to John Hay a few days after Sumter fell.

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While others recognized the surface issues, his wisdom penetrated to the essential heart of the matter. He perceived that upon the outcome of the war hung the justification of majority rule, the perpetuation of democracy. And to that cause he dedicated himself, because he foresaw that in democracy alone lay the hope of mankind of solving the age old problem of the rights of men, which he himself had stated:

"That is the real issue. That is the issue which will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles, right and wrong, throughout the world. They are the two principles which have stood face to face from the beginning of time. The one is the common right of humanity, the other the divine right of kings.

"It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, 'You toil and work and earn bread and I'll eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who destroys the people of his own nation and lives by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."

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Immortality is his because he searched out the hidden truths of existence; because he voiced with authentic prophecy the aspirations of mankind; because in his life and his death he uttered forth the fundamental principles of the rights of humanity, which will inspire men when the noblest monuments raised to his memory have crumbled into dust.

PATRIOTISM . . . . By Sir Walter Scott

BREATHES there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall do down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

THOUGHTS ON WASHINGTON

By Dr. Frank Crane.

(Copyright, 1915, by Frank Crane.)

Among the mountains you cannot tell the highest peak; you are too near; only when you are at a distance away does it loom above the others in your eyes. At Chamouni many mountains rival Mont Blanc; at Geneva it towers supreme. As time bears us away from the birth date of our country one figure is seen to overtop all men. It is George Washington.

No king or emperor of Europe can compare in personal greatness with the first ruler of the United States.

Although party spirit had already begun to rage in his time Washington kept free from it. He warned his fellow countrymen against it. He was the president of the United States, not the leader of his party. Let other presidents think on this.

The lines that best describe the character of Washington are these, from Oliver Goldsmith's "Deserted Village:"

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm—
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Washington exemplified in a most marked degree the most essential characteristic of a really great man—humility.

Do conditions make the great man, or does he make conditions? Neither. The great man is the one who is there when conditions call for him.

No nation in history can show too such perfect adaptations of man to place as Washington and Lincoln.

The presidents of this latter day measure up well with those of former days. In personal integrity, in undoubted sincerity, and in devotion to what they conceive to be the best interests of the citizenship, the presidents of our generation are worthy of all praise. On the whole, we have reason to be proud of McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson. They are yet too close to us and our estimate of them too mixed with partisanship for us to do them justice.

The most efficient leaders are those that are not too far advanced in their ideas beyond the mass of the people. There was nothing radical in Washington. He was not a man of far-flung theories. He was conservative. He was not a reformer. He served his times. Nobility depends on how one believes, not on what he believes.

Lincoln is more typically American than Washington. The latter was too close to England; he was an English gentleman. Lincoln was entirely American, a pure product of this new soil.

We do not realize the extent to which our national, even our personal character is moulded by a hero, here

"Where Washington hath left
His awful memory,
A light for after times."

Washington is a good example of what Bishop Potter called "the dignity of ascent," as distinguished from "the dignity of descent." He speaks of his character as "so fine and high and pure that as men come within the circle of its influence they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction, the royalty of virtue."

After all, the net contribution of a nation to the world is its heroes. "If America had done nothing else than furnish to the world the character of Washington," said Daniel Webster, "that alone would have entitled our country to the respect of mankind."

Washington was rich, Lincoln was poor, Grant was a soldier, Wilson a college professor—I do not see that such things make any difference.

HISTORIAN'S ANALYSIS OF WASHINGTON

From Lecky's "History of England During the Eighteenth Century."

To the appointment of Washington, far more than to any other single circumstance, is due the ultimate success of the American Revolution. Punctual, methodical, and exact in the highest degree, he excelled in managing those minute details which are so essential to the efficiency of an army, and he possessed to an eminent degree not only the common courage of a soldier, but also that much rarer form of courage which can endure long continued suspense, bear the weight of great responsibility, and encounter the risks of misrepresentation and unpopularity. For several years, and usually in the neighborhood of superior forces, he commanded a perpetually fluctuating army, almost wholly destitute of discipline and respect for authority, torn by the most violent personal and provincial jealousies, wretchedly armed, wretchedly clothed, and sometimes in imminent danger of starvation. Unsupported for the most part by the population among whom he was quartered, and incessantly thwarted by the jealousy of congress, he kept his army together by a combination of skill, firmness, patience, and judgment which has rarely been surpassed, and he led it at last to a signal triumph.

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In civil as in military life he was pre-eminent among his contemporaries for the clearness and soundness of his judgment, for his perfect moderation and self control, for the quiet dignity and the indomitable firmness with which he pursued every path which he had deliberately chosen. Of all the great men in history he was the most invariably judicious, and there is scarcely a rash word or action or judgment recorded of him. Those who knew him well noticed that he had keen sensibilities and strong passions; but his power of self command never failed him, and no act of his public life can be traced to personal caprice, ambition or resentment.

In the despondency of long continued failure, in the elation of sudden success, at times when his soldiers were deserting by hundreds and when malignant plots were formed against his reputation, amid the constant quarrels, rivalries, and jealousies of his subordinates, in the dark hour of national ingratitude, and in the midst of the most universal and intoxicating flattery, he was always the same calm, wise, just, and single minded man, pursuing the course which he believed to be right without fear or favor or fanaticism; equally free from the passions that spring from interest and from the passions that spring from imagination. He never acted on impulse of an absorbing or uncalculating enthusiasm, and he valued very highly fortune, position, and reputation; but at the command of duty he was ready to risk and sacrifice them all. He was, in the highest sense of the words, a gentleman and a man of honor, and he carried into public life the severest standard of private morals.

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It was at first the constant dread of large sections of the American people that if the old government were overthrown they would fall into the hands of military adventurers and undergo the yoke of military despotism. It was mainly the transparent integrity of the character of Washington that dispelled the fear. It was always known by his friends, and it was soon acknowledged by the whole nation, and by the English themselves, that in Washington America had found a leader who could be induced by no earthly motive to tell a falsehood or to break an engagement or to commit any dishonorable act. Men of this moral type are happily not rare, and we have all met them in our experience; but there is scarcely another instance in history of such a man having reached and maintained the highest position in the convulsions of civil war and of a great popular agitation.

Another Tradition Wrecked.

From the Oakland Tribune.

For half a century common belief has been that Horace Greeley, founder and once editor of the New York Tribune, was the author of the expression: "Go west, young man, go west." Certain it is that Greeley used it, not once, but many times in editorials urging easterners to avoid the congestion in states on the other side of the Mississippi, and it was due to his efforts that the expression became a sort of slogan.

But now comes a writer in the Missouri valley, the editor of the St. Joseph News-Press, with the assertion that not only did Greeley not coin the phrase, but he admitted that he did not, and the author was John B. L. Soule, editor of a Terre Haute, Ind., paper, who wrote it as a caption for an editorial at the suggestion of a friend who had just returned some time in the early fifties, from a tour of the great area between the river and the Rockies.

In connection with this it is stated also that Greeley's first use of the expression was in copying the Soule editorial, which he afterward discussed at some length in succeeding issues and emphasized following his trip to the coast, so nicely described in Al D. Richardson's "Beyond the Mississippi," book long since out of print, more's the pity, for it was a wonderful revelation of the possibilities of the great empire referred to as its author found it.

However, even if all of us or many of us have been mistaken as to the authorship, it matters little, for the advice was good, and is still good, for the west yet represents to enterprising Americans the land of opportunity, and while the placers are not so prolific as in the days of forty-nine and a few years following, there is plenty of gold for those who seek, for in the grain fields and the orchards, the vineyards and the gardens, the timber tracts and the waiting farms may be found a plentitude for all who seek it.

Too Busy.

From Judge.

Teacher—Have you ever seen bananas growing?

Archibald—No, ma'am; I never had time to stand and watch them.

OREGON

THE OREGON COUNTRY.

"IN EARLY DAYS"

By Fred Lockley, Special Staff Writer of The Journal.

We sometimes shake our heads and sigh for the good old times—and yet, when we turn the time-stained leaves of history back to the days of our forefathers, we find that they, in turn, were regretting the degeneracy of their times and sighing for the good old times of their forefathers. We find that graft, political intrigue and domestic infelicity are not new developments, and that, after all, this old world, in spite of many relapses and halts, is getting better, instead of worse. A day or two ago Mrs. C. J. Wright, who lives at 231 Bancroft street, in this city, brought in a yellowed copy of the Ulster County Gazette, dated January 4, 1800, and published at Kingston, in Ulster county, New York state. The first page is devoted to the proceedings of congress and the late news of the war in Europe. The "good ship Factor" had just arrived, bringing copies of the London Gazette and other newspapers as late as October 20, 1799. The second and third pages are bordered in black and give an account of the death of General George Washington on December 14, 1799, and of his burial. Interesting as are the accounts of the European war and the death and burial of the Father of his Country, yet it is in the advertising pages we get the best view of the every day life of the men and women of that time.

Luther Andres announces he has just opened several bales of dry goods. "both fresh and gay." He announces that he has decided not to extend credit hereafter, and, in consequence, he can retail the goods much lower than in the past. In closing his announcement, he says: "We will receive in payment for our wares wheat, rye, buckwheat, oats, corn, butter, flax, ashes and rawhides—and cash will not be refused."

One of the principal advertisers is Peter Ten Broek, the sheriff. He advertises 10 sheriff sales. Here is one, and the rest are very much like it: "By virtue of a writ of testatum fieri facias, issued out of the supreme court of judicature of the people of the state of New York, I have levied and taken the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Cornelius Benham, which I shall expose to sale as the law directs on Saturday, the 12th day of February, 1800, at the house of the said Benham, in the town of Windham, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Dated December 28, 1799."

Lodewyck Hoornbeek Junior, a real estate agent, inserts a two inch display advertisement, in which he says:

"Indisputable titles will be given to a number of choice lots containing from 50 to 550 acres each and lying in the Military Tract. Also at a very moderate price a quarter township containing 1000 acres in the Connecticut purchase."

Samuel Freer, the publisher of the paper, announces he has received a new and late assortment of goods to exchange for cash, country produce, or ashes. He also announces he has a choice assortment for sale of writing or wrapping paper, and also bonnet paper, and that he will pay cash for rags. As an afterthought, he announces that "On Wednesdy last a watch was lost, and the person who may find it will meet with a suitable reward by handing it to the printers," and that "If any one will give information to the printers as to the whereabouts of a red bull, branded P. T. B. on both horns, he also shall be suitably rewarded."

William Peters advertises he will take an active, diligent, healthy and suitable boy, 14 to 18 years old, as an apprentice to his clothiers' business. John Shoonmacher, of Rochester, N. Y., in his advertisement, says, "For sale, the one half of a sawmill and a stout, healthy, active negro wench."

Benjamin Demyer tells his troubles in a want ad, in which he says that his red heifer, "with a small star in her forehead, white under her belly, a little white to her tail, and a piece out of her left ear," is gone, and whoever finds them shall be "handsomely rewarded."

Matys Van Steenbergh, of Saugertiesi, in Kingston precinct, is very much peeved by his wife, Hannah, and publishes the following: "Second notice of my wife, Hannah, is hereby given forbidding all persons whatsoever from harboring her, and from trusting her, as I am determined to pay no debts of her contracting."

John Hasbrouck announces he has decided to sell his "neat, elegant, well-finished pleasure sleigh," and John Weist, of Kline-Esopus, says that "a year since" some one took out of the store of Abraham Hasbrouck an excellent gun, marked "S. B.," and if they will return it, he will pay them $2 reward.

John Tremper announces that he is long on peas and short on wheat, and will exchange "a quantity of Schohary peas for wheat."

Johannis L. Jansen announces the death of his relative, Johannis Jansen, and says all persons are earnestly requested to settle without delay any accounts owing the deceased. He closes with this rather striking statement: "All those that will not comply with this request must expect trouble without any further notice."

The reporter closes his description of the burial of Washington as follows: "Three discharges by the infantry—the cavalry and 11 pieces of artillery which lined the banks of the Potomac, back of the vault—paid the last tribute to the entombed commander in chief of the armies of the United States, and to the departed hero. The sun was now setting. Alas! the 'Son of Glory' was set forever. No—the name of Washington—the American President and General—will triumph over death! The unclouded brightness of his glory will illuminate the future ages!"

The Lot of the Minister's Wife.

Frances Frear in Leslie's.

One often hears a woman say, "Well, I wouldn't be the wife of a minister for anything in the world." The semi-official position that the minister's wife holds gives her a degree of publicity that few women have, and at the same time makes her the target of criticism, the sort of criticism that is not always discriminating or kind. The Rev. Dr. Robert Watson, in assuming the pastorate of the Scotch Presbyterian church in New York city, took occasion to say in a newspaper interview that "the mistress of the manse has more to do with the success of a pastorate than the pastor." Coming from a minister who had been conspicuously successful, this statement is in effect a fine tribute to his wife for her part in making that success. Without doubt all other ministers would testify to the helpful part their wives had in their work. Nevertheless women generally doubt the desirability of the position. To be neither too grave nor too frivolous; to be active in parish activities without being too active; to call just enough without calling too much; to be friendly with everybody in general without being too friendly with any one in particular; to steer a middle course in all things, and yet at the same time, to be a force in the parish and community life—this calls for a rare combination of qualities.