

The West.

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THE division of Lane and Douglas counties is being agitated by the citizens of Cottage Grove, Drain and vicinities. It is proposed to take a part from Lane on the south, and a portion from Douglas on the north, and form this territory into a county.

NEARLY all the people here may flatter themselves on the financial condition of this part of Lane county. After visiting the valley, and hearing the complaints of the business men regarding the "hard times" there, it gives us an additional and more exalted regard for the Great Siuslaw country.

THE famous locomotive that rolled along the Pennsylvania tracks from Conemaugh to Johnstown, shrieking its whistle and giving the alarm before the oncoming flood, was wrecked near Altoona recently. After the flood the engine was found buried beneath a great bank of sand near where the engineer had abandoned it.

MOST of the citizens are agreed that Florence shall be incorporated at the next session of the Legislature, and we are now engaged in drafting a charter to be submitted to the people for their approval so soon as the writing is done. Notice will be given for a meeting at the school-house in the near future, and it is hoped all interested parties will be present and express their views.

MISS KENEALY, the well known nurse, in a recent lecture before the health society of London, made a most startling statement regarding the mortality during the recent cholera epidemic at Hamburg. She said that the statistics officially given out were wholly incorrect, and that while according to them the deaths numbered about 9000, as a matter of fact the victims of the disease numbered fully 18,000.

A HULKING piece of humanity was recently sent to jail in San Francisco for three months for choking his foster-mother, a woman of seventy years. The novelty of his defense, that he was merely caressing the old lady and that her strangling was but incidental to the exuberance of his affections, might have touched some hearts to the very quick. Few old ladies have to appeal to the police to keep them from being petted to death.

ONE excellent feature of the World's Fair will be the opportunities afforded for study. No one can "do" the great exposition in one day, nor in two days. The expense of a trip to Chicago, living while there and daily admission to the grounds will be beyond the reach of many deserving persons, particularly women. Mrs. F. B. Clarke, of St. Paul, a member of the Board of Lady Managers, has proposed a plan that reflects much honor on herself as it promises profit for the beneficiaries. "Scholarships" will be sold to wealthy persons or societies, and will be by them confer-

red on women who could and would use the splendid opportunities for study, but whose limited fortunes would compel them to stay at home. The "scholarships" entitle holders to fare to and from the city, board while here, and the freedom of the grounds. Much good will thus be done those who most need it and whose added knowledge will be one of America's most lasting and valued profits from the fair.

PRUNE culture, the skeptic would have us believe is a mistaken pathway to the land of wealth, yet when we read that a sixteen-acre orchard of German prunes in Sonoma county, California, from five to eight years old, yielded 90,000 pounds of dried fruit this year and gave its owner a net profit of \$7500, we are still of the opinion that there is money to be made in this line of fruit culture, and our opinion is so strong that we are going to urge our farmer friends to get in and drill on prune growing.

SIX or seven men and boys have been either killed or permanently disabled by the fool gunner in the Oregon woods lately, and the people are asking, "What is to be done about it—can't this thing be stopped?" Well, no, it can't be completely stopped so long as there are any idiots left with sporting proclivities, but perhaps if one or two of the men who think a man's hat is a deer's head were to be arrested upon a charge of manslaughter, it might discourage their brethren for a time and create a lull in the slaughter.

LE MARS, IOWA, was christened in a curious way. The completion of a railroad to that point in the wilderness gave birth to the town, and the few inhabitants succeeded in having a post-office established there. When the question of naming it came up the men very chivalrously decided to call it by the given name of one of the young ladies of the community. But which one? That could not be agreed upon, and it was finally decided to take the initial letter of the names of the six most popular. Their names were Lily, Evelyn, Maude, Annie, Ruth and Susan.

WE DESIRE a petition from the people of this river, addressed to the Legislature, requesting the establishing of a salmon hatchery at some point on the river near Seaton. The location should be agreed upon, and all other details arranged, so no contention could possibly arise to endanger the passage of the Act. As our river is the most important salmon producing stream, on this part of the coast, other than the Columbia, and as other localities are making an effort in this direction, it is hard to understand why the Siuslaw should be behind in the race.

THROUGHOUT nearly all our exchanges we notice the article, published by the *Guard*, that the schooner Danielson had gone to pieces on the spit at the mouth

of the Great Siuslaw, and that a United States deputy marshal was on his way to Florence to libel the craft. There never was a particle of truth in the report as published by our worthy contemporary, and we are "getting tired" of such sensational stories which are of too frequent occurrence in the *Guard* about this country. That journal would do well to guard its news items about this place with at least a shadow of the truth.

GO AS far east as New York state and we find floating the rounds of newspapers the announcement that "the discovery of immense fields of coal in Washington has already caused an enormous influx of capital into that state, and the output next year is expected to be more than 3,000,000 tons." While these and many other pleasing things are being said of our sister state, Oregon still retains her reputation as being "the state just north of California and south of Washington," and here ends our state's chapter so far as it is known to eastern people, except that every four years she casts four electoral votes for president.

THE LESSON OF A LIFE.

No life lived in the glare of publicity is without its wide-spreading lesson. The lesson of Jay Gould's life is for the generation that follows him. Posterity will not know him and his contemporaries take nothing from him. He lived in vain, except for the lesson his life conveys to the youth in whose character building it exerts some of the influence of environment. This has a value not to be despised.

The ethical value of Jay Gould's life lies in the fact that it ran its course without honor and ended without regret. The man has lived for a quarter of a century in the very eye of the public; not willingly, for no man ever coveted privacy and obscurity more than he; but necessarily, because the work to which he devoted himself and the methods he chose to employ could not but attract the widest public notice. No name has been better known than his for this quarter of a century. Its annals are filled with the names of statesmen, jurists, men of letters and science, pulpit orators and inventors, each known during life to a smaller circle than that of this man, who did nothing worth remembering for an hour after he died, except that he achieved the widest notoriety without honor, and a monstrous material success without public respect.

This is the lesson of Jay Gould's life for the generation that follows him. It teaches the barrenness of mere material success. It reveals the impotence of wealth to command respect. It emphasizes the pricelessness of honor. It betrays the unchangeable price of cynical indifference to common ethical standards. Few young men can fail to see that the success Jay Gould won was

not worth the price he paid for it. No American life has made so plain the lesson that mere wealth can be too dearly bought. None has set in brighter light the inexorable law of compensation, by which wealth won through disregard of common morality recoils in lasting obloquy.

The lesson of Jay Gould's life is doubly plain and wholesome, when it is compared with that drawn from the career and memory of other wealthy men. There is no support in it for the crazy socialist theory that wealth itself is a crime; that "property is theft;" that the rich man is necessarily and justly without honor. It is not because he was rich that Jay Gould lived unrespected and died unregretted. It is not even because he used his wealth selfishly, employing it neither in charity, nor in industry, nor in public enterprise, nor in that private extravagance and luxury which confers an indirect benefit by employing labor. The mere miser is an object of public contempt; but not of the aggressive and acrid detestation which Jay Gould inspired. He lived and died in dishonor, not because he was rich, but because his riches were ill-gotten. He was hated because he took money from others, by means not the less immoral because the law cannot reach and punish them. He was detested because his exceptional case demonstrated the French paradox; because his property was theft. The public judgment that held him unworthy of honor was none the less true, in its discrimination between him and other men no less wealthy, than in the estimate it made of himself. Riches are not immoral in themselves. Selfish use of riches is contemptible, but not detestable. The only rich man held in just and lasting dishonor is he who gets his riches dishonorably.

Demonstration of these truths is of inestimable value to young men, whose life work is before them; whose inspirations are taking form out of the void of undeveloped character; whose natures are crystallizing under the influence of inherited impulse and accidental environment. The lessons of every life are the rightful inheritance of lives that come after. When a life has but one lesson, and that a profound and valuable one, it would be treason to the truth and humanity to cover it up through mistaken sentiment. Jay Gould served only one useful purpose alive. His brief memory has only one ethical value now that he is dead. Living and dead, he makes this truth plain: that while wealth well gotten and wisely used is honorable, and wealth selfishly used is wasted, wealth acquired in cynical contempt of moral standards, however used, can buy nothing but public detestation. This demonstration is a public service. It ought not to be defeated by mawkish sentimentality about the sham respect thought to be due to the dead.—*Sunday Oregonian*.