

THE WEST.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

FLORENCE, LANE COUNTY, OREGON.

THANKSGIVING.

Once a year, when the returns from man's summer partnership with Nature are all well in, we pause for a day on the brink of that other season when Nature rests, and we each wrestle for a share of her bounty, and offer grateful thanks to Nature's God for His abounding goodness. It is seldom enough, indeed, that we remember whence came the good things that fall to our lot. There is more of truth than irreverence in the young fellow's reply to his fiancée, who had asked him whether they should worship God or Mammon. "We will do as our set does," he said, "we will worship Mammon and patronize God." But a custom has grown up amongst us to set apart one day out of the hazy golden weeks of late autumn, on which to recall the loving kindness of Him who giveth us the increase with which we have just filled our barns, our cellars, and our granaries. It is the epitome of the happy drama whereof May-day is the prologue. Under the caressing sunlight of May we welcome the coming of young life to the world all dewy with the silver showers of April and bursting under our feet with purple and red; and then when the autumn air, blowing from the brown woods, or the gray-blue fields of the ocean with the sharp sting of chilly waters on its breath, stirs one's blood like wine, we bid the life that has wrought so well for us through the summer days adieu, and as we prepare for the night of Nature when the world is tucked cozily in under its soft white blanket of brown and yellow leaf for a winter's sleep, we lift grateful eyes to the Giver of all life whose single heart-throb has warmed the earth into summer.

The people of the Siuslaw have much this year wherewith to garnish the house of prayer. Reports from all parts of the country indicate that we shall be able to meet the demands of home consumption and have something to spare for any demand abroad. No frosts or winds or blights have wrought damage and every-where the harvest has been most abundant. This should enable the farmer, the artisan, the store-keeper and, we hope, the editor, to gain a breathing space in the bitter race against the tireless debt gatherer, and, in easing their burden, will reduce the fret and friction of the world's machine generally.

FARMERS—EDUCATION.

As we have written much on this subject, we give the following from the Herald:

It is fashionable today among superficial observers to charge the schools with depleting the farms. The exact meaning of this accusation is seldom set down plainly by even those who have the temerity to make it very boldly. It is a thing better put in vague phrase, especially in a land where the farmer is a ruling force. These skin-deep philosophers do not like to say in bold English that education unfits a man for farming; but the statements that he do make can mean nothing else. It is a "stock" notion—that idea that young men leave the farm because they are educated above (?) it—and hence it is apt to appear in unlikely places. A typical article which appears in a Western paper on "Schools and Farmers" is a fair sample of the kind of argument that this nonsensical idea calls forth. It begins with the general complaint that ambitious young people leave the farm for the city. To deny that there is a drift from the country to the town would be to collide with statistics; though it might be said that necessity drives fully as often as ambition leads, and that it is by no means always the clever son who is crowded off the farm. The question, however, is not "Do the descendants of farmers crowd into the cities?" but, rather, "Why do they do so?"

A part, and a wholesome and legitimate part, of the exodus is explained by the natural redistribution of occupations. Many a capital doctor, lawyer, merchant, railway man and the like is born on the farm; and, under proper social conditions, he will find his way to his natural vocation as water finds its own level. To keep such a man on the farm would be possibly to spoil a good lawyer and spoil a good farm at the same time. Yet—if we may anticipate the argument a little—under present conditions in which the farmer is forbidden to give his boys the fullest chances in the world by his lack of means, such a man is much more apt to be kept on the farm than if he had a better opportunity to walk about the workshop of the world and make his choice. Similarly there

are good farmers born in the cities, and these men sometimes find their way to their proper place and sometimes they do not, making a comparative failure of it in the town, and longing from summer to summer for the calm and quiet of the country. This class, too, is met by no greater barrier in its road than the deplorable but indubitable fact that the profession of farming is woefully underpaid.

This natural redistribution of occupations will not, of course, explain any considerable portion of the steady movement from the farms to the city, which is immensely larger than any movement in the opposite direction. It is only a small brook beside the great river, and we introduce it here, not so much as an explanation as a reminder that there is a legitimate interchange of population—that all men who leave the farm are not violating natural law. The real problem of the farm exodus remains, however, and this is the problem that shallow observers solve by pointing to the schools. "Almost every young man seeks to exchange the monotonous rural life for the excitement and pleasures of the city," says the article. "Some go to trades, and others to professions, but almost all abandon forever that best of all pursuits, agriculture, to their own loss and that of the country. Why is this? Because our schools plant the seeds of such ambition in their breasts."

Here is a plain charge against the schools. Continuing, the writer becomes more specific.

What is the reward held out to the good boys or good girls who pay attention to their lessons? Is it that they shall by their example and influence dignity and elevate farming life, and apply their educated energies to the intelligent cultivation of the soil? Not so,—the prizes held out for their achievements are the prizes of social advancement in the professions,—city life is to be the reward of their diligence.

And in closing he declares again that "it is to the schools that we must go, to remedy the disease that is sapping the roots of agricultural life! When the children are taught better," he says, "they will be less likely to desire a change, which may possibly be for their good, but is much more likely to be to their detriment." This charge against the schools is imbedded—and for argumentative purposes necessarily so—in a mass of statement intended to show that farming is a profitable occupation. The moment it is admitted that present conditions press cruelly upon the farmer, returning him meagre pay for good work, a sufficient cause for the farm exodus is at once found here, and it is not necessary to go to the schools or anywhere else in search of one. So to get grounds on which to attack the spread of education, the prosperity of the farmer must be assured. Yet, so stupid is the crusade against the schools, this assumption of agricultural prosperity compels the critic of education to seriously argue, in effect, that the result of education is to make an ambitious young man turn his back on an obvious ly prosperous calling to follow one not nearly so promising! Surely, here is refutation of the charge lying in its own bosom.

This assumption of farm prosperity is patent enough in all articles of this class. In the one in question, for instance, we are told that "there is no trade or profession which is so sure to yield a comfortable livelihood, and something more in reserve, than farming when intelligently and diligently pursued," and again:

But though, during the farming season, the farmer's hours are long, the city worker experiences no cessation from daily toil—summer or winter his hours are the same—and the average period of labor is greater than that of the farmer. And the town-dweller has to purchase, at high rates, that which costs a farmer little or nothing, so that the savings in the one case more than counter-balance the higher rate of wage in the other. Accumulation is easier to the farmer than the city dweller, for each year adds to the increase of his stock, and to the value of his farm, if he is thrifty and industrious; while the citizen finds his expenses increase as he advances in the social scale. Altogether the balance of advantage is on the side of the farmer if he can be induced to think so.

There are, of course, prosperous farmers. But there are also millionaires and semi-millionaires in cities. The contention is not that no one prospers at farming; but that, taking the average case, industry, thrift, economy and brains are not paid on the farm as well as they should be. Men give up reluctantly the agricultural calling they understand and try to learn new ones in the mills, the factories and the offices, because they feel that the rewards in the latter case are apt to be larger. It is nonsense to argue that the effect of education is to blind a man to the relative value of different occupations. It is not only nonsensical, it is futile, for the farmers will not believe it. No farming community can be persuaded in this day that its children will be better off if

they burned down their school houses. The thing to do is to make farming a better paying occupation; and one way to do it is to reduce taxation on the consuming classes. Education helps a farmer—not technical training merely, but a broad education that makes a reading and a thinking man of him. He who feeds us all has as much right to have a library and to have time to spend in it as the best of us; and a policy which gives him that will refill the deserted farms of the east and people the north-west.

With every swing of the pendulum Time is measured with the eternity of forgotten years, and the present best welfare of our farmers in this country is shortened, because they delay building a creamery.

It is reported that the Bandon woolen mill is the direct cause of an advance of three cents a pound on wool in that locality. A creamery here would probably have the same stimulating effect in the price of better.

Everybody has read General Schofield's claim of having an army sufficient to enforce federal law in all possible circumstances. The United States is quite safe from invasions from without and must only guard against invasions from within.

NONE should feel more pride than the citizens of Lane county in the election of Major Geo. O. Yoran, of Eugene, to the Colonelship of the Second Regiment, O. N. G. Colonel Yoran is acknowledged to be an excellent soldier as he is a gentleman, and his promotion is a credit to the regiment, himself and Lane county. Accompanying our congratulations is the wish that Col. Yoran may be further advanced in the line of military elevations.

It is the merest of platitudes to repeat over and over again that the Oregon Legislature ought not to override the will of the people. Who says that it ought? Those who indulge in this language forget to ask themselves how the will of the people is to be ascertained. That it is expressed by the majority of the Legislature all history teaches us. This being true, there is no other course for the next session of the Legislature to pursue but favor, in every way, the free coinage of silver. Any other course would be diametrically opposite to the wishes of the people.

NATURALLY in a country like this, where newspapers are constantly enlightening the public regarding home achievements in productions, manufactures and the results of disposing of products, we are perpetually being brought into contact with other people's experiences, and it would be against all we know of human nature if we did not profit by such experiences. When viewing the extent to which creameries have been profitably used by the farmers in other parts of our domain and dating, as it were, only from yesterday, it gives us a keener reason for persistently urging the building of like establishments here. There is an intense sentiment in us of local pride in having the dairy product of the Siuslaw taking its place in the markets of other towns, and our farmers reap the rewards of such a condition of affairs.

It seems impossible that the Siuslaw country should not come into competitive contact in various markets of the world, with other parts of this coast in timber supplies. To secure this it needs tact, judgment and firmness. The main cause of our embarrassment in taking our unsurpassed fir and cedar timber into native and foreign markets, is the ill-will of Government officials who have an antipathy to the improvement of our harbor, and a lamentably apparent personal financial policy in the improvement of other parts. This is a very explicable and inexcusable position, but since it exists, we must turn our attention more devotedly to the growth and expansion of our timber output. We cannot hope to get rid of our enemies altogether, but we may temper their baleful influence by showing that we are resolutely determined to maintain the rights and advantages of our country.

There is always a cheaper postage movement. Recently we read an article in the *North American Review*, by Mr. J. Hanniker Heaton, a member of the English Parliament, in which he endeavors to persuade the Americans that they should enter into a penny postage arrangement with England. The inevitable reply to any proposal to lower the postage in this country is that at the present figure the service does not pay; and it is as regularly retorted that this by no means proves that it would not pay at a lower rate. Experience has taught us to a certainty that a cheaper stamp will augment the use of the mails in a greater proportion than the loss per stamp would reduce the revenue. Cheap

postage is a thing that will be difficult to bring down to a basis that will satisfy all concerned. To-day we have a letter carried across the continent for two cents, and if it is carried a mile the same rate is charged, which is a kind of travesty on the theory of "long and short haul" discrimination in railroad rates and fares. A party in our own country is vigorously agitating a one cent postage rate. It would certainly be pleasing to us all to have a penny postage system in our own country and a special postage rate with the Empire, and if Mr. Heaton and our own American friend succeed in bringing this about, they will undoubtedly confer a benefit upon their fellow men.

HONORS FOR PROF. MCELROY.

The board of regents of the Oregon state university held a meeting in Portland last week and created a chair of English literature and elected E. B. McElroy, superintendent of public instruction, to the professorship. Prof. McElroy will assume the duties and dignities of the position in February, upon his retirement from the state superintendency, and will thus fill out the remaining half of the present school year. To that end he will remove his family from Salem to Eugene in the early part of 1895.

The growth of the state university has been great during the past few years, and the needs of the institution required an increase in the faculty. The coming retirement from state office suggested to the board of regents that an educator of fine attainments and ripe experience might be secured, and the opportunity has been taken. The professor, who is in Portland, has already signified his acceptance, and the regents are congratulating themselves upon their great good fortune in being able to secure such a notable addition to the teaching force.

Professor McElroy has been state superintendent of public instruction for 12 years, having been first elected in 1882. He came to Oregon from Pennsylvania in 1873, and became a member of the old Corvallis agricultural college faculty. He was elected superintendent of Benton county three terms, and while the incumbent of that office was elevated to the state superintendency. His tireless energy and exceptional capacity soon became known to educators and people throughout the state, and, as a consequence, he was re-nominated and re-elected in 1886 and again in 1892. He was the only Oregon state officer who was ever re-elected twice, and it is said the only superintendent of public instruction in any state who was elected three times. No one previous to his time was ever even re-elected to this office in this state. Professor McElroy is known personally to more teachers and those interested in educational subjects than any other person in Oregon. In his twelve years at the head of the state public schools, his duties called him constantly to all parts of the state. No teachers' institute was complete without him, and few important gatherings of educators were ever held without his presence.

Professor McElroy is a classical scholar being a master of arts, and doctor of philosophy. Various other scholastic degrees have been conferred upon him. Teachers and others throughout the state will be gratified to learn that he is to remain employed in educational work.

Oregonian.

The populists in congress have introduced bills for the appropriation of \$96,000,000,000. Can the people be blamed for ridiculing and looking with suspicion upon the ideas of the third party? Ninety-six billions of dollars! Just think of it. This proposed expenditure for the United States alone is nearly ten times more than all the money in all the nations of the earth, including gold, silver, paper and every other form of currency. This will be independent of all expenditures which would be incurred in running all the bureaus and other machinery created by these bills. These propositions illustrate populist ideas of finance. If they had been in control of the last congress they would have bankrupted the government and the country twenty times over.—*Cool Bay News.*

An interesting statement is that made by the Coquille creamery for the month of September. It shows that the amount of butter fat in the milk delivered there is constantly increasing, and now reaches 4.43 per cent, while the price paid for butter fat has increased to an average of 22 1/2 cents per pound, thus bringing in the dairymen \$1 per hundred pounds of milk, which is a money-making process.

When the beet sugar factory at Chino, California, is in operation it gives employment to 350 hands. The daily consumption of crude petroleum for fuel averages 476 barrels. The factory also uses daily 100 tons of limestone, and 30 tons of coke. It is expected that the output of sugar this season will nearly reach 20,000,000 pounds. The amount paid by the factory for beets will exceed \$400,000.—*Union Republican.*

Literary.

(ORIGINAL AND SELECTED)

In moral improvement it is often expected that resolves can be instantly and thoroughly put into practice, that virtues can be developed, and long habit eradicated, and temptation resisted, and obstacles overcome suddenly and without one backward step. Those who make such enthusiastic resolves simply expect impossibilities; they suppose that they are able at once and completely to accomplish what really takes much time, much patience and much persistent effort. They imagine that they have only to make up their minds in order to subdue an evil passion, to put down a hasty temper, to change a cruel disposition into a kind one, to control nervous irritability, to cultivate industry, or thrift, or justice, or mercy, to strengthen a weak will or direct a strong one. But any of these or similar undertakings are at least as difficult and complicated as any manual or mental requirement. They demand much time and effort and patience, they are as slow and gradual in their growth, they are as certain to involve as many mistakes and failures, and to require as constant and untiring an energy to retrieve and avoid them. Those who suppose that such things can be done at once overrate their powers and anticipate what is utterly impracticable.

Much human suffering is dark, gloomy and painful. When communicated and diffused, it spreads abroad a useless sadness; but when silently and courageously borne, it is capable of evolving strength of character, patience, fortitude, tenderness. A man meets with a bereavement, or a loss of fortune, or some cherished plan is defeated, or some bright hope is extinguished. His present sorrow is inevitable; but he can deal with it in two ways. He can loudly mourn and lament, detailing his grievance to friends and neighbors, claiming their utmost sympathy, painting his woes in vivid colors, thereby producing much needless and useless sadness, while at the same time only intensifying his trouble by thus dilating upon it. On the other hand, he can school himself to bear the inevitable and to learn whatever lessons it has in store; he can abstain from marring the happiness of others by intruding his personal woes; he can cultivate a brave spirit and a cheerful aspect; in a word, he can "consume his own smoke," and in time he will have in its place the ruddy glow and warmth of a nobler character and a firmer grasp of the future.

Life is a fountain that overflows only at dawn and early morning. As it gets older, it still has pleasures, but they are sober and staid, tinged with a darker green or autumn brown. Spring leaves have a tint we miss in July or October; their freshness and soft transparency pass. The brook sings as it runs; the river glides quickly; the sea moans. Poets always paint the gods young, and half our heaven is in the thought of youth returning. Every thing young is happy. There is an universal morning gladness before the heat of the day. We spend boyhood and youth in an enchanted world, with fountains of joy scattering rainbows; it is a delight simply to live in these years. As we get older, happiness gets daintier and needs more catering; but in our springtime it laughs and thrives on the poorest fare.



Sara I. Griffin.

Only a Scar Remains

Scrofula Cured—Blood Purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. It is with pleasure that I send a testimonial concerning what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for my daughter. It is a wonderful medicine and I cannot recommend it too highly. Sarah, who is fourteen years old, has been afflicted with Scrofula ever since she was one year old. For five years she has had a running sore on one side of her face. We tried every remedy recommended, but nothing did her any good until we commenced using Hood's Sarsaparilla. My married daughter advised me to use Hood's Sarsaparilla because it had cured her of dyspepsia. She had been troubled with that complaint since childhood, and since her cure she has never been without a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla in the house. We commenced giving it to Sarah about one year ago, and it has conquered the running sore, as a trace of the dreadful disease. Previous to taking the medicine her eyesight was affected, but now she can see perfectly. In connection with Hood's Sarsaparilla we have used Hood's Vegetable Pills, and find them the best." Miss MARIA GRIFFIN, New York, N.Y.

Only a Scar Remaining

As a trace of the dreadful disease. Previous to taking the medicine her eyesight was affected, but now she can see perfectly. In connection with Hood's Sarsaparilla we have used Hood's Vegetable Pills, and find them the best." Mrs. MARIA GRIFFIN, New York, N.Y.

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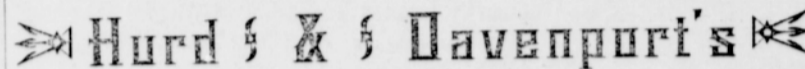
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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I hereby certify that I was the original owner of the property known as Frasier and Ber's part of Florence, which E. J. Frasier is now offering for sale. That the same is level and free from drifting sand. That fruit trees and shrubbery do well upon said land and the same is desirable for residence property. J. G. STEVENSON, Supt. Public Schools, Lane county.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of March, 1892. JOSEPH A. MORRIS, Notary Public.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Being first duly sworn I depose and say: That I have been a resident of Florence, Lane County, Oregon, for the past twelve years; that I am familiar and well acquainted with the property known as "Frasier and Ber's part of Florence," that the same is admirably suited for residence property, being perfectly level and free from drifting sand. That fruit trees and shrubbery grow well in the soil and that pure well water is found on the same at a depth of from ten to fifteen feet. JOSEPH A. MORRIS, Merchant.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of March, 1892. L. BRUCE, Notary Public.