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LOUIS H. TURNER'S
BOOK OF CLIPPINGS



**LOUIS H. TURNER'S
BOOK OF CLIPPINGS**



Edited by
C. F. SWANDER

**PRESS OF THE
WILLAMETTE PRINTING CO.
PORTLAND, OREGON**

*This book is affectionately dedicated
to the memory of*

LOUIS H. TURNER

by his sister

MRS. CORNELIA A. DAVIS

LOUIS H. TURNER

Louis H. Turner, in whose memory this volume is prepared, was born at Scio, Ohio, December 28, 1844. He came to Oregon with his parents when only 8 years of age. The family settled in Marion county, where a large tract of Willamette Valley land was acquired. The family home was established at Turner, a village which took its name from this pioneer family.

The last seventeen years of Louis' life were spent as an invalid, confined constantly to his bed. The long, lonesome days were spent with books, papers and magazines. From these he made extensive clippings. A very small portion of these clippings are presented in this volume as a memorial to a brother by his sister, Mrs. Cornelia A. Davis, who cared for him during all the years of his invalidism.

Louis H. Turner, together with his brother George and his sister, Mrs. Davis, gave to the Christian Churches of Oregon a tract of eight acres of land just across the river from the town of Turner, and erected a tabernacle 110 feet by 160 feet as a memorial to their parents, Henry L. and Judith A. Turner. Upon these grounds, and in this tabernacle, the annual conventions of the Christian Churches are held annually. Rest came to the invalid body of Louis Turner on August 25, 1920. This book, made from clippings collected during his long illness, is compiled in his memory by a loving sister.

INTRODUCTORY

While seated at the dinner table in the home of Mrs. Cornelia A. Davis one day in the summer of 1929 I was very much surprised to be informed by her that she had chosen me to perform a very particular task for her. She then explained that her brother Louis had made a heterogeneous collection of clippings during his long illness, and she desired to put a few of them together in a little volume in memory of her brother. In her kind, loving way she simply commissioned me to the work. I tried to protest my inability for the task; I pleaded an already fully occupied time. But she had an answer ready for every excuse, and when I departed for home I carried with me a large box filled to the brim with the clippings.

I have found pleasure in sorting these out and getting them ready for the press. The largest difficulty was in discarding enough so that the volume would not be larger than intended. In making selections I have tried to choose material that would be both useful and interesting. Almost a complete history of Oregon could be reproduced from these clippings, but a history of Oregon was not designed. There was much concerning the World War, but the purpose was not historical, much less martial. With few exceptions the material in this volume deserves to live.

The editor of this book had some personal acquaintance with Mr. Turner. He had one business transaction with him that has always left a favorable impression in his mind concerning him. Before the writer came to the state the State Convention of Christian Churches had bought an additional parcel of land from Mr. Turner, adjoining that on which the tabernacle stands, for the purpose of sheltering teams beneath the shade of trees during convention time. Some considerable payment had been made on the purchase price, a note given for the balance and a mortgage executed to secure the note. Shortly after the writer became Secretary of the Convention the automobile appeared. Very soon people no longer came to convention with horses and there was no longer any need for that parcel of ground. People likewise lost interest in the payment of the note. It became impossible to raise money even for the interest on the note. The State Board authorized the President and Secretary to negotiate with Mr. Turner for terms of release from the contract. It was

our expectation that he would ask us to deed the property back and thus save the expense of foreclosure proceedings. To our amazement he met us on terms we had never thought of. He figured how much we would owe at a monthly rental of \$6.00 per month for the time we had possessed it. Then he figured the total amount we had paid on the note, and—that he would owe us \$115. He gave us his check for that amount and we executed a deed in his favor. He was under no obligation, morally or legally, to give us a penny. Under provision of law he could have taken it back without recompense. This we expected him to do, and without doing us injustice. This act of “going a second mile” has left a most favorable impress upon my mind as to the real character of Louis H. Turner.

I trust that those who read this little volume will derive as much pleasure from it as I have had in compiling it. My appreciation to Mrs. Davis for her confidence in me for the task is hereby expressed. In many ways has she shown kindness to me and to my family, and I take delight in thus publicly expressing it.

C. F. SWANDER,

State Secretary Christian Churches.

Portland, Oregon, July 31, 1931.



Value of "Clippings"

(London Chronicle)

Novelists as well as journalists know the value of newspaper cutting, but few, perhaps "collect" so assiduously as did Charles Reade. Several hours each morning were devoted by Reade to cutting out interesting items—police reports and statistics of all kinds—which he pasted into huge scrapbooks and carefully indexed. To these scrapbooks he turned for the illustrative materials and sometimes the inspiration, of his stories, and it was due to such methods that he could write perhaps the best description of an Australian sunrise ever penned, though he himself had never set foot in the southern continent.

Victor Hugo went beyond newspaper cuttings, and filed all the prospectuses and tradesmen's circulars delivered at his house or given him in the streets. It was thus he gained the minute knowledge of various trades displayed in his books. Whenever any particular trade came in for description in a story, he simply turned up his file of circulars and found there all the technical phraseology of that calling ready to his pen.

Counting Apple Seeds

New York Globe and Commercial

Taking Eugene Wood at his word, when in "Back Home" he says he cannot remember what comes after "eight" in the count of apple seeds, a Bronx "Daily Reader" supplies the missing numbers as follows:

Eight they both love,
Nine he comes,
Ten he tarries,
Eleven he courts,
Twelve they marry,
Thirteen they quarrel,
Fourteen they part,
Fifteen they die of broken heart.

But, luckily, of course, few apples have more than 12 seeds.

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Curious Bits of Information for the Curious

Gleaned from Curious Places

The government of the United States in 1835 made an offer of \$1000 for the most acceptable design to be placed upon the new cent coin soon to be issued. Some Indian chiefs traveled from the Northwest to Washington to visit the Great Father and then journeyed to Philadelphia to see the mint, whose chief engraver was James Barton Longacre, who invited them to his home. The engraver's daughter, Sarah, aged 10, greatly enjoyed the visit of her father's guests and during the evening, to please her, one of the chiefs took off his feathered helmet and war bonnet and placed it on her head. In the company was an artist, who immediately sketched her and handed the picture to her father. Mr. Longacre, knowing of the competition for a likeness to go upon the cent projected, under the inspiration of the hour, resolved to contend for the prize offered by the government. To his delight the officials accepted it, and the face of his daughter appeared upon the coin, which was circulated about the nation for nearly a century. There were more than 100 competitors. The cent bearing the face of Sarah Longacre has gone into more hands than any other American coin.

The Swastika

Few persons know that the Swastika, now worn by the rich and poor, high and low, as a good luck charm, is a very ancient masonic symbol—indeed, one of the most ancient symbols in existence. Brother Albert G. Mackey, in his *History of Freemasonry*, recognized as authority by all masonic readers, devotes twelve pages to this symbol, which is more than he devotes to any of the other masonic symbols.

The origin of the Swastika is lost in the mists of antiquity. It has been found inscribed on vessels in the prehistoric mounds on this continent, as well as in all other parts of the globe, and it is especially revered among the ancient East Indians and Chinese centuries before the Christian era.

So far as known it has always stood as an emblem of good or fortunate, and it is now worn as a good luck charm.

So many people are asking the meaning of the word "Swastika" and what the figure indicates, that a few words of explanation may be welcome to the unenlightened. This quaint character is found under different names in nearly all countries and tribes. It is supposed to be an East Indian mystic symbol of good luck and is employed by Brahman and Buddhist. The word is Sanskrit, and means "wealmaking." Scholars have had many theories regarding the Swastika, but no definite conclusion has ever been reached. It is indelibly engraved upon the rocks of India; it was the sign of Jupiter and Pluvius of the Latins, of Thor of the far North and it has been found engraved on the images of many of the goddesses. In our own country it has been found upon prehistoric objects which have been excavated in Tennessee, Arkansas, New Jersey and Alabama.

The consensus of opinion is that the figure always meant "good luck," or "happiness," and as such it has become a favorite design. A well known magazine, has it in gold with a diamond setting as the emblem of a club to which its members belong and it is made by the Indians in rough workmanship and coin silver, to be sold to tourists at the Grand Canyon.

True art is always simple in detail and this design, with the cross and fleur-de-lis, will endure as long as time and art exist. On Chinese articles this figure is called

"Wan." To them it signifies good fortune. The Japanese call it "Manji" and inclose the Swastika in a circle, meaning "ten thousand virtues."

In Thibet this symbol is reverently placed upon the dead. It was known during the Anglo-Saxon period and is still found in English heraldry.

Pronounce it with the accent upon the first syllable, so, "Swas-ti-ka."

It is an appropriate gift for the sweet graduate, and made in small size it would make a unique scarf pin set with the birth stone of the wearer. In fact, there is no limit to the adaptability of the curious figure.—Masonic News.

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The origin and primitive meaning of this almost universal, curious and interesting symbol is lost in antiquity. Nor is there any authentic information as to its transmission from one country to another, if such were the case. It is found in our Western prehistoric ruins, in the temples of Central America and Mexico, in the burial ruins of the East, in Persian and in Navajo Indian rugs, and in the baskets of Pima and Apache Indians of Arizona. With the Buddhists much religious significance is attached to it, and it is found over the heart and on the soles of every authentic statue of Buddha. In Asia it is the symbol of good luck, good fortune, long life, pleasure, success, and as it is not found in this country in connection with any religious ceremonies, only upon objects of daily use, it is fair to presume our Indians use it for the same significance.

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Some Epigrams By a Clever Frenchwoman

Here are a few thoughts culled at random by Mme. Dieulafoy from two books by Mme. Barratin, which the former considers worthy of La Rochefoucauld:

The one thing we can give without possessing is happiness.

Nothing rejuvenates us like gladly growing old.

Honor obliges us not only to be honorable, but not to live with those who are not.

Love does not see; friendship cannot see.

A fine morning is a promise; a fine evening a benediction.

To avoid a scene, make it.

Vanity is small in stature, but she has heels that make a clatter.

Happiness grows selfish; that is its way of withering.

Once is not a habit, but it is a debut.

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Is Friday an Unlucky Day?

Perhaps the world will never get over the idea that Friday is an unlucky day. That the crucifixion occurred on Friday is more than can be proved, for even the year of that event is by no means determined. But admitting all that is claimed, there have been many events occurring on that unlucky day that were decidedly the reverse of unlucky. Of course, a long list might be given, but a few connected with American history will do. On Friday, August 3, 1492, Columbus sailed from Palos on his memorable voyage of discovery, and on Friday, October 12, he discovered the first land, the island which he called San Salvador. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VIII commissioned John Cabot, and this commission is the first English State paper on record concerning America. On Friday, September 7, 1505, St. Augustine was founded, the oldest town in the United States. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower made land at Princetown, and on the same day the Pilgrims signed the compact, which was the forerunner of our constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, 1832, Washington was born. On Friday, June 16, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 8, 1777, occurred the surrender of Saratoga. On Friday, September 22, 1780, Arnold's treason was discovered. On Friday, October 19, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and the war for independence ended in complete victory. Other events might be named. In the war with Mexico the battle of Palo Alto began on Friday. The northwestern boundary question which threatened war with England, was settled on Friday of the same year. On Friday the Confederates captured Fort Sumpter, and precipitated the war for the Union. The Port Royal forts were taken by the Union forces on Friday; the battle of Pea Ridge closed on Friday; slavery was abolished in the district of Columbia on Friday. Fort Pulaski was taken, Memphis was taken, Fredericksburg bombarded, the battle of Gettysburg was ended, Lee defeated at Five Forks, the Union Flag restored to Fort Sumpter, all on Friday.

Interesting Old Document

*In 1828 School Board Referred to Railroads
as "a Device of Satan"*

Alexander Wells, an old citizen of Wellsville, O., has a copy of an interesting and novel document issued by the school board of the town of Lancaster, O., in 1828, says the Illinois Central Employes' Magazine. The question of steam railroads was then in its incipient stage, and a club of young men had been formed for the purpose of discussing the points at issue. They desired the use of the schoolhouse for purposes of debate. This was looked upon by the members of the School Board as an innovation bordering upon sacrilege, as indicated by the reply of the Board to the request, which is the document in the possession of Mr. Wells. It reads as follows:

"You are welcome to the use of the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions in, but such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossibilities and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the word of God about them. If God had designed that His intelligent creatures should travel at the frightful speed of 15 miles an hour, by steam, he would clearly have foretold it through his holy prophets. It is a device of Satan to lead immortal souls down to hell."

Such sentiments possibly reflected the feeling to some extent in the days of 65 years ago, but they sound strange at the present time, when the "device of Satan" is daily carrying people over the land at the rate of 60 or 70 miles an hour. The world has progressed somewhat since 1828.

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Stories Told About Good St. Patrick

Although England, Scotland, France and Wales each lays claim to have been the country of St. Patrick's birth, he belongs to the Irish and no one else, for all his good works were accomplished among them, and all his traditions are associated with them. He loved Ireland, and Ireland loved him and still adores everything connected with his name. He has done more for the spiritual uplift of the country than any other one who has ministered spiritually to it, and, while there may be many myths and legends associated with him in which he had no part, yet they go to add to the romance and beauty of his character and charm and veneration to his name.

St. Patrick was born about the year 372. When he was sixteen years of age he was stolen by pirates, who sold him into slavery in Ireland, where his master employed him as a swineherd in the mountains of Celeamish, in the county of Omstreth. Being warned in a dream by God to run away, Patrick set out for a town on the continent.

ADVANCEMENT IN THE CHURCH

Having already passed seven years in Ireland, where he had become perfectly familiar with its language, its manners, habits and customs, he was, of course, well qualified to become a sattart or theologian abroad, which he did and was ordained deacon, priest and bishop, and then once more by the authority of the pope, he returned to Ireland to preach the gospel to the people he had come to love so well.

A popular legend relates that the saint and his followers found themselves one cold morning on a mountain without a fire to cook their breakfast or warm their frozen limbs. On heeding their complaints Patrick desired them to collect a pile of ice and snowballs, which having been done he breathed upon it, and instantaneously it became a pleasant fire—a fire that long after served to point a poet's conceit in these lines:

St. Patrick, as in legends told,
The morning being very cold,
In order to assuage the weather,
Collected bits of ice together,
Then gently breathed upon the pyre,
When every fragment blazed on fire.
"Oh, if the saint had been so kind
As to have left the gift behind
To such a lovelorn wretch as me,
Who daily struggles to be free,
I'd be content—content with part—
I'd only ask to thaw the heart,
The frozen heart of Polly Roe!"

The greatest of St. Patrick miracles was that of driving the venomous reptiles out of Ireland and rendering the soil forever after so obnoxious to the serpents that they instantaneously die on touching it. Colgan seriously relates that St. Patrick accomplished this feat by beating a drum, which he struck with such fervor that he knocked a hole in it, thereby endangering the success of the miracle. But an angel appeared, mended the drum, and the patched instrument was long exhibited as a holy relic.

LEGEND OF THE SHAMROCK

The shamrock, or small white clover, is almost universally worn in the hat over all Ireland on St. Patrick's day. The popular notion is that when St. Patrick was preaching the doctrine of the trinity to the pagan Irish he used this plant, bearing three leaves upon one stem, as a symbol or illustration of the great mystery. To suppose, as some absurdly hold, that he used it as an argument would be derogatory to the saint's high reputation for orthodoxy and good sense. But it is certainly a curious coincidence, if nothing more, that the trefoil, in Arabic, is called "shamrath" and was held secret in Iran as emblematic of the Persian triads. Pliny, too, in his natural history says that serpents are never seen upon trefoil, and it prevails against the stings of snakes and scorpions.

It is said that in the Galtee or Galtic mountains, situated between the counties of Cork and Tipperary, there are seven lakes, in one of which, called Lough Dilveen, it is said St. Patrick when banishing the snakes and toads from Ireland chained a monster serpent, telling him to remain there till Monday.

The serpent every Monday morning calls out in Irish, "It is a long Monday, Patrick."

That St. Patrick chained the serpent in Lough Dilveen and that the serpent calls out to him every Monday morning are firmly believed by the lower orders who live in the neighborhood of the lough.

St. Patrick is commonly stated to have died at Saul on the 17th of March, 493, in the one hundred and twenty-first year of his age.

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Nicknames of Presidents

Father of His Country—George Washington.

The Colossus of Independence—John Adams.

The Sage of Monticello—Thomas Jefferson.

The Father of the Constitution—James Madison.

The Poor but Spotless President—James Monroe.

Old Hickory—Andrew Jackson.

The Old Man Eloquent—John Quincy Adams.

The Shrewd Statesman—Martin Van Buren.

Hero of Tippecanoe—William H. Harrison.

The First Accidental President—John Tyler.

Young Hickory—James K. Polk.

Old Rough and Ready—Zachary Taylor.

Second Accidental President—Millard Fillmore.

The Yankee President—Franklin Pierce.

The Bachelor President—James Buchanan.

Honest Abe—Abraham Lincoln.

The Silent President—Ulysses S. Grant.

The Teacher President—James A. Garfield.

The Chesterfield of the White House—Chester A. Arthur.

The Man of Destiny—Grover Cleveland.

The Conservative President—Benjamin Harrison.

The Little Major—William McKinley.

Teddy the Terrible—Theodore Roosevelt.

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Religions of the Presidents

From the Washington Star.

The religions of the presidents of the United States, as officially given, show that George Washington, James Madison, James Monroe, William Henry Harrison, John Taylor, Franklin Pierce and Chester A. Arthur were Episcopalians; Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison were Presbyterians; John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Millard Fillmore and William Howard Taft were Unitarians; Martin Van Buren and Theodore Roosevelt, Reformed Dutch, and Andrew Johnson, Ulysses S. Grant and William McKinley, Methodists. James A. Garfield's faith was that of the Disciples, and Thomas Jefferson's religious connection is set down as "liberal." Randall, biographer of Jefferson, having written that though he was a believer in Christianity, he was not a sectarian. President Johnson also was not a church member, though a Christian believer, and his wife, whose name was Eliza McCardle, was a member of the Methodist church.

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Deaths of Presidents

George Washington died from a cold which brought on laryngitis; John Adams died of senile debility; Thomas Jefferson died from chronic diarrhea; James Madison died of old age; James Monroe died of general debility; John Quincy Adams died of paralysis, the fatal attack overtaking him in the House of Representatives.

Andrew Jackson died of consumption and dropsy; Martin Van Buren died of catarrh of the throat and lungs; William Henry Harrison died of pleurisy, induced by a cold taken on the day of his inauguration; John Tyler died of old age; James Monroe died of general debility; James K. Polk died from weakness caused by cholera.

Zachary Taylor died from cholera morbus, induced by improper diet; Millard Fillmore died from paralysis; Franklin Pierce died of inflammation of the stomach; James Buchanan died of rheumatism and gout; Abraham Lincoln assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth; Andrew Johnson died from paralysis; Ulysses S. Grant died from cancer of the throat; Rutherford B. Hayes died from paralysis of the heart; James A. Garfield assassinated by Charles J. Guiteau; Chester A. Arthur died from bright's disease.

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Halloween, With All Its Quaint Superstitions and Customs, Is Tonight

By Lilian Tingle

Judging from the innumerable Jack o' lantern luncheon favors, lamps, pins and ice cream cups displayed in shop windows everywhere, Halloween celebrations are likely to be on a large and sociable scale this year. Moreover the circulation department of the Public Library tells of a demand for books dealing with ghosts, spells and witches that seems almost enough to make Cotton Mather turn in his grave and wonder whether he ought not to investigate matters here in Portland. For surely there will be all kinds of uncanny doings here when the clocks strike 12 tonight.

I think it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who declared that one of the best tests of the youth or age of any person is to offer the suspected one a large plumbun just before dinner. The old person will refuse it, but the youthful will seize and devour it regardless of consequences. Halloween is another test of age—as apart from years. If you can no longer feel enjoyable shudders on going upstairs backwards in the dark, or any desire to solve important problems with the aid of mirrors, applepips, winding clews and other fearful delights, and if you no longer love and dread your old friend the Jack o'lantern, then you are old, old, old—hopelessly middle-aged and stodgy, no matter how few birthdays stand to your account.

Of course there are modern educators who tell you of the wickedness and folly of letting children know and act out these dead or dying superstitions and will bar out all our old friends and ghosts, witches and warlocks along with fairies, elves, giants and mermaids and other creatures that give interest to early literary studies. Certainly nothing could be worse for young and nervous children than some of the horrible stories of apparitions and the terrifying bogies told by ignorant nurses or bullying playmates; but do what we will, childhood will have its superstitions, and our best part seems to be to see that it gets the poetry and enjoyment of tradition and folklore without its harmful effects.

Indeed an old custom properly explained is often a stimulus to further, and beneficial study of history or literature on the part of an otherwise uninterested child. Personally I am profoundly thankful for the inheritance of old tales and traditions, ballads, songs and charms that were a part of my own childhood.

Here is a portion of that inheritance, a recipe for a certain cake which is proper to this season, and which may possibly be unknown to many people here, though general enough in the northern parts of England. It is properly (so I am informed by an English archeologist) an ancient "Soul Mass" cake, the direct descendant of the harvest offerings to dead made in heathen times, modified, as many heathen customs were, upon the introduction of Christianity. Then it was eaten on All Souls day (November 2) and during the Advent fast, but it has fallen in Protestant days to form part of the loyal celebrations on November 5 of that Thanksgiving (to use the language of the old common prayer book) "for the happy deliverance of King James I and the Three Estates of England from the most traitorous and bloody-intended massacre by gunpowder," when, in 1605, Guy Fawkes, one of the chief conspirators, was caught among his powder barrels in the cellar beneath the House of Parliament.

The cake still retains an Anglo-Saxon name, for it is known as Tharf cake; but the honey that was one of the main ingredients in the Anglo-Saxon times has in these degenerate days a cheaper substitute in "dark treacle" (molasses) and brown sugar.

This is the recipe as given by a very old lady who had inherited it from ever so many grandmothers:

| | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Take fine oatmeal..... | 1 lb. |
| Dark treacle..... | 1 lb. |
| Dark Sugar..... | $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. |
| Fine wheaten flour..... | 6 oz. |
| Home-rendered lard..... | $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. |

Ground ginger, 2 teaspoonfuls; 1 fresh egg (from a black hen if possible); milk, 1 cupful; baking powder, 2 level teaspoonsful. (The baking powder was admittedly a modern improvement, "leaven" being formerly used.)

Melt the lard and treacle (molasses) together. Mix together the oatmeal flour, sugar, baking powder and spice. Make a hole in the middle, pour in the lard and treacle, then the milk and egg beaten together. Stir all well "with the sun." Bake in loaf pans or in square pans in a rather slow oven.

An old gentleman who was present when I received my instructions said that no one nowadays could bake Tharf cake properly. He promised to give me "half a sovereign" if I baked it without burning the first time. But then he did not know the comfort and convenience of gas ovens and oven thermometers, sandbaths and hot water pans.

If you serve Tharf cake at your Halloween party, you may be quite sure that you have something absolutely correct and historical.

In a recent very charming magazine article on "How to Give a Halloween Party," I was somewhat astonished to find "sowans" suggested as a part of the bill of fare, and to see it explained that "the sowan is a Scotch oatcake baked hard," which "might be modernized as follows"—and what followed was a very modern American sweet cooky. I have not the privilege of being Scotch, but my suspicions were promptly aroused by that "sowans" statement and I appealed to a wise Scotswoman, who could speak with authority. She told me that so far from being hard-baked cakes, "sowans" (no singular form) was the name for a concoction made from the outer part of the wheat or oat grain. It was steeped and allowed to sour a little, then boiled until the sour taste vanished. There were "drinking sowans" and "eating sowans," the latter poured into plates and eaten like mush, the former drunk from a bowl. Sugar was rarely added. Moreover, sowans,

though a thrifty and popular supper dish, had nothing particular to do with Halloween.

By the way, I wonder whether the marketmen and the police are aware of the number of Halloween charms that call for a stolen cabbage and of the fact that if a young woman steals a red herring and eats it in silence (both difficult feats), the man she dreams of will marry her? It is only fair to give fair warning to every one; to let intending cabbage thieves take heed that the charmbook marks these doing as "not to be lightly undertaken by fair maids that have a care for their eternal welfare."

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Epitaphs in Salem Cemetery and in Other Noted Burial Grounds

(Fred Lockley in Oregon Daily Journal)

Some time ago I spent a leisure hour wandering among the older graves in the cemetery at Salem, Oregon. I stopped at one grave covered with a mass of sweet briar and myrtle and with some difficulty read the deeply-carved lettering on the weather-worn oak head board. The inscription read: "Angelica Roe was born the year 1825. Died February 11, 1859. She was shamefully murdered by her husband."

Not far from the road was the grave of Dr. W. H. Wilson, one of Oregon's well known pioneers, who died in 1856. Here, too, was the grave of Captain Charles Bennett. Beneath his name on the stone is the following inscription: "Died December 7, 1855, aged 44 years. Captain Charles Bennett was the discoverer of gold in California and fell in defense of his country at Walla Walla."

On a white marble shaft not far distant the following inscription has been graven by the iron pen that perpetuates our names on stone. "Thurston, erected by the people of Oregon. Here rests Oregon's first delegate. A man of genius and learning, a lawyer and statesman. His Christian virtues equalled his wide philanthropy. His public acts are his best eulogium. Hon. Samuel R. Thurston, born in Maine, April 17, 1815. Died off Acapulco, April 9, 1851."

I have visited many of the old graveyards and in my notebook I find inscriptions I have copied from the ancient headstones in the cemeteries at Portland, Maine; Salem and Boston, Massachusetts; Philadelphia, the Trin-

ity church yard in New York City, Arlington, New Orleans, as well as many other southern graveyards.

In the Copp's Hill burying ground in Boston I found many quaint and old-fashioned epitaphs. On a slab of brown stone two squares of slate are inserted, on which are chiseled these words: "The Reverend Doctors Increase, Cotton and Samuel Mather were interred in this vault. I. died Aug. 27, 1723, at 84; C. Died Feb. 13, 1727 at 65; S. Died June 27, 1785 at 79." Not far distant, near the Snowhill street side is this inscription: "In memory of Betsy, wife of David Darling, died March 23, 1809, at 43. She was the mother of 17 children, and around her lies 12 of them and two were lost at sea. Brother Sextons, please leave a clear berth for me near by this stone." Unfortunately his request was not heeded and no room was left to bury him near his wife and children.

Nearby is a stone on which is the name Mrs. Ammey Hunt, Died 1769, and beneath the name is this peculiar verse:

"A sister of Sarah Lucas lieth here
Whom I did love most dear;
And now her soul hath took its flight
And bid her spiteful foes good night."

Nearby is the grave of Mary Huntley with this verse:

"Stop here my friends and cast an eye,
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me."

The old sexton who was showing me about said that some irreverent person had once written in chalk beneath it:

"To follow you I'm not content,
Unless I know which way you went."

He also told me of a minister who had lost his wife and who had placed on her tombstone these words: "The light of my life has gone out." A few months later the minister led another bride to the altar. When he went out to visit the grave of his first wife he found someone had scratched with a nail beneath the inscription "The light of my life has gone out" the following words: "But I have struck another match."

Those who have made a study of epitaphs have collected many strange inscriptions. In the graveyard of an English work house is this terse inscription: "Thorp's corpse." In the grave yard at Augusta, Maine, is this inscription: "After life's scarlet fever I sleep well."

One of the oddest inscriptions is to be found in a Wiltshire graveyard in England. It reads:

"Beneath this stone in hopes of Zion
Is laid the landlord of the Lion
Resigned unto the Heavenly will
His son keeps up the business still."

In St. Andrews in Plymouth is the inscription: "Here lies the body of James Vernon, Esq., only surviving son of Admiral Vernon. Died 23rd July, 1753."

That inscription on the monument to the Earl of Kildare was written by Dean Swift and is as follows:

"Who killed Kildare?
Who dared Kildare to kill?
Death killed Kildare
Who dare kill whom he will."

When Sternhold Oakes, a rather eccentric character, died he left instructions as to his burial and ordered the following inscription put upon his tombstone.

"Here lies the body of
Sternhold Oakes
Who lived and died
Like other folks."

It was not thought amiss a hundred years or more ago to hint at the truth on a tombstone and in an old English church yard is this inscription:

"Here lies the body of Doctor Chard,
Who filled the half of this church yard."

I have never been able to determine whether the man who put this inscription on his wife's grave loved her sincerely or was more than resigned to his loss. The inscription reads:

"This hallowed spot is the joy of my life;
These flowers mark the grave of my wife."

Sometimes there is unconscious humor on a grave stone. In the Oswego, New York burying ground is this inscription on a stone:

"Here lie my two children dear
One in Ireland and the other here."

Another peculiar inscription is the one for a man lost at sea. It reads:

"Here lies the body of John W. Mound.
He was lost at sea and never found."

After a life of domestic discord a widow named Mary Ford had the following inscription chiseled on her tombstone which was put over her grave at her death: It read:

"Here lies the body of Mary Ford

Whose soul we trust is with the Lord.

But if for hell she's changed this life

'Tis better than being John Ford's wife."

In an old mining camp in California there formerly could be seen a wooden head board with this odd inscription:

"Here lies the body of J. Hendricks, who was accidentally shot with an old fashioned Colt's revolver, brass bound, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

In a country church yard in Tennessee under the name and date of birth and death is this inscription on the tombstone: "She lived a life of virtue and died eating green fruit in the hope of a blessed immortality at the early age of 21 years, 7 months and 16 days. Go thou and do likewise."

In an eastern grave yard life has been summed up in this terse but true inscription: "What I have given I have. What I have left I have lost."

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Memaloose Island

Memaloose Island, situated in the Columbia River a few miles below The Dalles, was fittingly chosen by the sages of the wild tribes that in ages past inhabited the great plains of the Upper Columbia Basin. Memaloose is an Indian word signifying dead, hence dead island or island of the dead. This island was neutral ground and was used in common as a burial place by all the tribes inhabiting either side of the river from the Cascades to and beyond the Blue Mountains, among them being the Cascades, Klickitats, Wascos, Snakes, Bannocks and Umatillas.

The river furnished easy means of transportation and they could float the precious freight down their beloved river, or paddle up from the Cascades to this water-guarded ground, where the dead would be safe from the ravages of carnivorous beasts. Weapons, trinkets and apparel were usually buried with the bodies and many were deposited in houses built of cedar bark.

There was also a Little Memaloose island, just above the Cascades and one just below The Dalles of the Columbia, which were used as temporary burying grounds, it being intended that the bodies be in time removed to Memaloose Island.

When the white man had settled the country in considerable numbers and had begun to pillage this Indian city of the dead, it was soon discontinued as a burial place and many bodies and trinkets were removed and buried elsewhere.

Many years ago a few citizens of The Dalles and vicinity organized into a company for the purpose of purchasing the island, but it being found that the river flowed in two channels here, one on either side of the island and that it would likely be claimed jointly by the State of Oregon and the then Territory of Washington, the company became discouraged and the venture was dropped.

The great flood of 1894 completely overflowed the smaller burial islands and swept them clear of everything. It overswept a large portion of Memaloose, washing away everything in its path except the heavier materials and after the waters had subsided, bushels of relics were gathered up by curiosity hunters and practically nothing is to be found there now but decaying skeletons.

Among the curiosities mentioned were tomahawks, knives, flintlock guns, arrowheads, beads of stone and glass beads of all sizes and colors; silver and copper coins and brass ornaments; coins used by the old Hudson's Bay Company; coins with the log cabin stamped on one side and the beaver on the other; elk teeth, some of them colored permanently green from long contact with corrosive metals. One of these can be seen occasionally worn as a charm, and other relics of various kinds may be seen in curiosity shops and among citizens from The Dalles to Portland and elsewhere.

Major Victor Trevitt, an Oregon pioneer, member of the Legislature and friend of the Indians, was buried here in accordance with his request that he be buried with honest people. A monument marks his grave.

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New England "Clove Apple" *Ancient Confection Stood on "Whatnot" With* *Shells From All Lands*

From the New York Times

Not many people in this part of the country seem to know what a "clove apple" is or ever heard of that peculiar combination of fruit and spice. Yet the "clove apple" was a common possession forty or fifty years ago in some parts of New England, and that they still know about them in what used to be the Western reserve is proved

by the fact that the Cleveland Plain Dealer has been printing letters from readers, each of whom thinks that he or she has the oldest specimen. Thus an Akron correspondent writes:

"You tell of a man who has a clove apple made in 1871. I have one that antedates this by possibly ten years. It was made of an apple picked from a tree which had been planted by Johnny Appleseed, and stood on the banks of the Maumee river at Fort Defiance. The tree was blown down quite a number of years ago. The clove apple must have been made in the early '60s, before or during the civil war."

The manufacture of clove apples is very simple. You take an apple, the rounder and sounder and bigger the better, and into it stick cloves as thickly as possible, with only the heads showing and forming a close, continuous surface all over. Put it in a drawer or on a mantelpiece or "what-not," and time will do the rest.

The clove apple becomes dry and curiously hard, maintains an approximation of immortality—if carefully protected, of course, from accidents and children. The latter, if memory serves, were wont to annoy the grandmothers of clove apple days by decapitating the cloves or, if especially mischievous, by working at one of them till it came out whole. Either achievement, when discovered, as it always was soon, caused indignant oratory always, and "wrong stories" not infrequently.

The exact purpose of the clove apple—whether it was valued as a curio or as the source of a pleasant, spicy odor—the present commentator does not remember, if he ever knew. In value, however, they ranked well up with the shells brought from foreign strands by seafaring husbands and sons, and they were about equally durable.

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Origin of the Loganberry

The story of the loganberry's origin as told by the man who produced it is here recorded by Mr. Lockley, with details of the earlier life of this fortunate innovator.

Judge J. H. Logan, who originated the loganberry, was a recent guest of the Salem Commercial club.

"In 1880 I purchased six acres on what is now called Logan Heights and began indulging my love of gardening and experimenting with shrubs and vines. I held the position of superior judge 12 years, when I retired on account of impaired health. While living on Logan Heights I de-

cided to try to produce a new blackberry by crossing the Texas Early, a domestic early blooming blackberry, with the wild blackberry. I planted a row of Texas Early blackberries, and next to them a row of wild blackberries, and in the third row red Antwerp raspberries. This was in the winter of 1880. When the fruit came, in 1882, I found to my delight, that I had originated a new and improved blackberry, which I named the Mammoth blackberry. In the first row I found a single plant unlike any other berries I had ever seen. I discovered that nature had produced a new fruit by crossing the red Antwerp raspberry with the wild blackberry. I gave it to Prof. Wickson of the University of California for free distribution to anyone who wanted it; so I have never received a cent of profit from my discovery. The honor of having it named for me is sufficient compensation. The naming of it for me was also an accident. James Waters, a nurseryman of Watsonville, propagated and sold these plants, and not knowing what to term them he called them 'Logan's berries,' and soon they became known by their present name. Say for me that I am very grateful for the appreciation of Oregon, and I have been deeply touched by the tributes paid me by the men engaged in the loganberry industry."

Origin of the Pigtail

Japanese Mail

The report that the Chinese Department of State Affairs contemplates issuing an order directing officials, soldiers and police to give up their queue and to wear their hair short recalls that the queue was introduced into China by the Manchu dynasty nearly three centuries ago. It is said to have been originally suggested to the Manchus by their sense of gratitude to the horse, that animal having played a great part in the Tartar conquests. In short, the "pigtail" was a method of establishing a relationship between human beings and horses.

Fruits Originating in Oregon

More fruit men of Oregon should become interested in originating new varieties, but much has already been accomplished, according to Professor C. I. Lewis, head of the horticultural department of the Agricultural College.

They would find the practice a pleasant relaxation from the routine work, and possibly financially profitable as well. An improved variety of currant is said to have brought the originator \$30,000.

Among the fruit varieties originated in Oregon are a cherry of the Royal Anne type, a cherry of the Lambert type, a prune of the Italian type, and a peach from the seed of the Early Crawford. The first of these matures two or three weeks later than the Royal Anne and thus becomes a good canning and shipping fruit, since it will usually escape rain cracking. The other cherry is rather larger than the Lambert and is more acid. The prune matures earlier than the Italian prune, and is larger and sweeter than its progenitor. It is said to dry better, and if this is true in connection with the other qualities it should prove to be worth a million dollars to the State of Oregon. The Portland peach seems to be superior to the Early Crawford, and a better shipper.

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Nicknames of the States

Alabama, Cotton State; Arkansas, Bear State; California, Golden State; Colorado, Centennial State; Connecticut, Nutmeg State; Delaware, Blue Hen State; Florida, Peninsular State; Georgia, Cracker State; Illinois, Sucker State; Indiana, Hoosier State; Iowa, Hawkeye State; Kansas, Sunflower State; Kentucky, Blue Grass State; Louisiana, Pelican State; Maine, Pine Tree State; Maryland, Old Line State; Massachusetts, Bay State; Michigan, Wolverine State; Minnesota, Gopher State; Mississippi, Bayou State; Montana, Stub Toe State; Nebraska, Black Water State; Nevada, Silver State; New Hampshire, Granite State; New Jersey, Jersey Blue State; New York, Empire State; North Carolina, Old North State; North Dakota, Flickertail State; Ohio, Buckeye State; Oregon, Beaver State; Pennsylvania, Keystone State; Rhode Island, Little Rhody; South Carolina, Palmetto State; South Dakota, Swing Cat State; Tennessee, Big Bend State; Texas, Lone Star State; Vermont, Green Mountain State; Virginia, the Old Dominion; Washington, Chinook State; West Virginia, the Panhandle; Wisconsin, Badger State.

Homer Davenport Comes to Town

Oregon's Favorite Son Once More on His

Native Heath

By Arthur A. Greene

A big, husky man, long in the legs and arms, long in the body, was at our Oregonian office for an hour yesterday. He had on a brown suit and a brown felt hat worn with a slight list to port, and he brought a breeze with him. He is not a stranger to the establishment and he knows most of us, from the office-boy up, by his front name. And all of us who know him, no matter the manner of our address, think of him as Homer and his other name is Davenport.

Whitcomb Riley tells in verse of a certain man the Lord made and then sat around all day chuckling to himself at the excellence of his handiwork. Riley's hero must have been pretty much such a fellow as Homer Davenport, for there's only one of him and the Creator broke the mold because he was afraid of spurious imitations.

This man is a National character. Even the school kids in the Hardpan district of Southern Indiana recognize his pictures before they are able to decipher his scrawling signature at the bottom. For almost 12 years his cartoons, as published in the leading daily prints of the country, have had a significance as wide as our boundaries. Every time an Oregonian sees one of these drawings, sometimes trenchant, sometimes benign, he swells with pride just a little because "Homer" was born and grew to man's estate down there amidst the tall timber of the Waldo Hills.

Had Homer Davenport lived three centuries ago he would have been a swashbuckler to escalate a rampart with d'Artagnan and a shoulder-fellow of Francois Villon to sing brave songs of braver deeds. Had he lived in the beginnings he would have been a leader of the cave-dwellers, for somehow he impresses one as a wilderness-man. His years of association with the masters of our civilization have veneered him somewhat, but through this coat is still visible the primitive son of far forests, of wide seas and endless deserts.

He must have breathed deeply the breath of the fir-woods, for always we who know him must picture the man with a background of the great out-of-doors. With it all he is a gentle savage with a woman's heart and the thoughtful tenderness of a benevolent old man. This isn't to mean that Homer is in his adolescence, nor yet in the

sere and yellow. He's very decidedly one of those now on earth and is in the midst of things up to his neck. But this is an anaemic age, and as a survival of the old order with modern annotations he is unique.

At intervals he returns to Oregon to range his old stamping ground, for New York and its environs are too congested for a nature like his to flourish in for long at a time. At such intervals the people of Oregon are right glad to see him and up at Silverton, where they remember him as a devil-of-a-boy with stone-bruises on his feet, they metaphorically set beacon-lights on the hilltops in honor of his coming.

The occasion of his present visit is to spend Christmas with his father, Timothy Davenport, known to all Oregon pioneers and most of their progeny as a maker of the State. Davenport pere has been ill, critically so, with pneumonia for two weeks past, and when a man's 82, as he is, pneumonia is no light incident. There is a remarkable affinity between this father and this son and the coming of the latter seemed more potent than medical science, for rare old "Tim" Davenport is on his feet again and convalescent. All since Saturday, when the son reached his bedside at Silverton.

Up in those parts there are still giants. The hardy pioneer generation is still dominant, and unless a man "came across in the '50s" he's considered almost an inter-loper.

All but Homer, who understands and long since qualified into their good graces. Ai Coolidge, who at 86 is still active as the Silverton banker and man of affairs, is Davenport senior's pal from early days and Davenport junior's guide, philosopher and friend because of many bonds of sympathy. On Monday the latter called upon his old compatriot and found him lamenting the fact that rheumatism in his leg had compelled him to lay off digging a certain ditch of vast importance, after he had already set two gateposts and built a section of rail fence, all on the same day. Not bad for 86.

Homer Davenport sat in the managing editor's office yesterday and told us of Ai Coolidge, who can't quit, and philosophized on the later generation, who can quit even before rheumatism swells their legs. He told us of his expedition into the Arabian desert last year, when he was adopted as a brother by the mighty sheiks and their wild-riding retainers. How he penetrated regions where never before had a white man been seen and by permission of

the Sultan of Turkey, was permitted to buy and export to the United States the first shipment of Arabian horses ever brought out of that desert. How the great Sheik Ahmut Haffez, the most learned man and mightiest warrior in all the Sultan's dominions, is to visit him in America in 1909. Of the prayers to Allah he heard offered in the Arab tents; and his simple, conversational tale of those far lands was as engrossing as a reading from the Arabian Nights. To listen to Homer Davenport in an informal visit with friends is a privilege worth remembering.

Returning to things present and to come he vouched the prediction that a large man would cut loose the name of Roosevelt in a bass voice in Chicago next Summer and stampede the Republican National Convention. Harking back, he told of how the village of Silverton spread banners on the walls and hung garlands on the doorposts when, as a green boy, he left for Portland to take a job on the art staff of The Oregonian and how, failing to "make good," he returned home before the garlands had had time to wither, drinking the gall of failure. He talked of many things, always in that inimitable way of his, and it was vastly entertaining and not a little edifying. There's a probability that he'll lecture here on his Arabian experiences before he returns to New York, but it is certain he won't say anything better than he said to us in the managing editor's room yesterday afternoon.

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Small Beginnings of Famous Men

Pandex.

Jay Gould was a book agent.

Henry Villard was a reporter.

Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith.

Benjamin Franklin was a printer.

A. T. Stewart was a school teacher.

James J. Hill began as a roustabout.

Abraham Lincoln was a railsplitter.

Daniel Drew began as a cattle trader.

Cornelius Vanderbilt ferried his own boat.

William Lloyd Garrison was a printer's devil.

John Wanamaker began life at \$1.25 a week.

Andrew Carnegie began life at \$2.50 a week.

William A. Clark as a young man was a miner.

John Jacob Astor sold apples in the streets.

Thomas Edison began as a telegraph operator.

Henry H. Rogers was a grocer's delivery boy.

John D. Rockefeller worked in a machine shop.

Pay Tribute to Joaquin Miller

If Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, has for many years secretly cherished an ill feeling toward the people of Portland and Oregon because he was not appreciated in his early days, the memories of those bitter hours were completely wiped out yesterday afternoon, when several thousands of his admirers assembled in and out of the Oregon building at the Exposition to participate in "Joaquin Miller" day. And they were nearly all Oregonians, who gathered at the state building yesterday afternoon, anxious to admit by their attendance that the Oregon people had made a grievous mistake and that they were trying to do their part in assuring Joaquin Miller that they were repentant for their oversight of former years.

TRIBUTE TO THE POET

Joaquin Miller is not vindictive, or yesterday he would not have consented to appear in public. The very nature of the man, broadened by the years lived in the shadow of the lofty peaks of the Sierras, shuddered at the thought of taking advantage of the Oregonians when they were so humbly begging his pardon, and he likewise did his part in more firmly cementing the bonds of friendship existing between him and the people of this state. He talked and recited poetry, verse which has made him famed, to them as an audience. He met them personally, grasping the hand of the old and young, with equal fervor, and many an elderly lady, a pioneer of Oregon, was honored by the pressing of his lips upon her hands.

Long before the hour set for the appearance of Joaquin Miller, they began to gather at the Oregon building. By 3 o'clock, when he delivered his address, the building was crowded to its fullest capacity, hundreds being unable to gain admission, owing to the large crowd. The appearance of Joaquin Miller was the signal for an enthusiastic outburst of applause, and it was several minutes before it subsided. Several old pioneers could not restrain their feelings and insisted upon breaking through the crowds and grasping his hand. Miller was attired in a long frock coat, and wore the high top boots without which he would be at a loss. On his head, partially covering his great growth of grey hair, sat his little red cap. He was introduced by President Jefferson Myers, of the Oregon State Commission, who referred to him as one of the most brilliant poets and writers the world had ever known. In delivering his address, Joaquin Miller stood on the

threshold of the main entrance to the building, so the people inside could hear his words as distinctly as those on the porch.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S ADDRESS

"There are in Oregon and Washington more than a hundred wild grasses and many sorts of delicious wild fruits," said Joaquin Miller, after congratulating the people of the Northwest on the erection and successful operation of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. "I can conceive of no better, nobler, richer life than to live in a cabin of some dimple of this eternal verdure, with a song in the heart, and the hands at work developing these grasses and strange fruits.

"And I conjure you to let us cherish the true and significant names of our mountains, valleys and rivers. There is no Rogue River in Oregon. There never was. The French explorers, who left beautiful names of Indian tribes, mountains and rivers from St. Louis to Chasti Butte, called this flashing, sweet stream Red River, or Rouge River, because of the red color of the hills that crowd its bank. There is no Rickreall. There never was. The French, remembering the rich, black soil of the Creole section of Louisiana, named this pretty river and rich valley La Creal, or The Creole.

OBJECTS TO WORD WEBFOOT

"Now, I don't advise you to knock a man down who implies that your mother, sister or sweetheart is a dirty, wobbling duck or a webfooted goose of the marsh and mud. for we are a patient, Christian people," he continued, "but I do advise that when you hear a man apply that nasty term, 'Webfoot,' to this great state and people, to look him squarely and severely in the face and kick him hard."

Following the recital of several of his poems, including the "Mourning Dove" and the "Bravest Battle of All," he stood in the receiving line with Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, of Oregon City, and Robertus Love, of the Lewis and Clark Press Bureau. It was fully an hour before the last of the visitors grasped his hand. It has been estimated that he shook hands with nearly 2000 persons.

BANQUET TO MILLER

The Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition last night gave Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, a banquet at the American Inn. There were about 50 guests at the banquet, consisting of Exposition officials, prominent visitors to the Fair and members of the Portland press. The

dining-room, in which the banquet was held, was tastily but not elaborately decorated with flowers and evergreens. The guests took their seats at the table about 9 o'clock.

Robertus Love, of the Exposition Press Bureau, presided as toastmaster, introducing as the first speaker, D. C. Freeman, secretary to the president. He made an address of welcome to Joaquin Miller, and the other visitors to the Exposition present at the banquet, on behalf of the Exposition management. He was followed by George H. Himes, of Portland, publisher of Joaquin Miller's first book of poems.

The Oregon Apple

O, I love to grapple
With a big red apple,
That's grown on an Oregon tree,
And bless the good Madam
Who gave to Old Adam
That apple now smiling at me.
You may wail the old story—
The fall of man's glory—
And even that story believe;
I'll join in a revel
And 'rah for the devil
For grafting that apple for Eve.

The Word Easter

Easter to the French is known as Paques; to the Scotch, Pasch; the Danes, Paaske, and the Dutch, Paschen. St. Paul calls Christ "our Pasch." The English name is derived from that of the old German or Saxon goddess of spring, Ostera or Eastre, whose festival occurred about the same time of the year as the celebration of Easter. When the early missionaries went to Britain they found the people worshipping this goddess, to whom the month of April, which they called Easturmonath, was dedicated. The missionaries substituted the Christian feast for the old heathen one, but they allowed the people to give it the name of their goddess, and so the word Easter came to be used.

The Story of McLoughlin

By Eva Emery Dye

The grandest flotilla that had yet appeared at Fort Astoria came down the Columbia in 1824, bearing the new Pacific commander of the Hudson's Bay Company, Dr. John McLoughlin.

Far to the northeast McLoughlin was born, just north of the Maine border, in the days of our Revolution. When his father was drowned his young mother returned with her children to the home of her father, Malcolm Fraser. These are the Frasers who named Fraser River in British Columbia: the Frasers whose daring captains have led Scotch Highlanders over half the world. The old stone mansion stands yet, overlooking the St. Lawrence, the home of McLoughlin's boyhood.

John McLoughlin's brother, David, went into the wars against Napoleon, but John himself studied medicine and joined the Northwest Fur Company. Very soon his talents led to posts of command. The very year that his friend, Alexander McKay, went away to join his fortunes with Astor, Dr. McLoughlin was in command at Sault Ste. Marie. In common with his company, he had met Astor, faced him, fought him in the fur trade on the Lakes; now, no Northwester watched more eagerly the Oregon adventure.

News came of McKay's death in that far Northwest, but another foe had risen, nearer and harder to meet, a foe that could not be bought out, as Astor's men had been. It was the Hudson's Bay Company. In real feudal fashion these rival fur companies, the Northwest and the Hudson's Bay, fought on the plains of North America, and besieged each other's castellated forts. The old, aristocratic Hudson's Bay Company claimed the earth. Did they not date back to King Charles in 1670, who gave to his "be-loved cousin," Prince Rupert, a monopoly of all the furs of Hudson's Bay? And who were these upstarts, the Northwestern, that dared to set their traps on Hudson's Bay preserves? But Mackenzie, the greatest of the North-westers, had even followed a great river to the Arctic and given to it his name. He had crossed to the Pacific, opening up a whole new world of fur-land. The King had knighted Mackenzie. The Northwesterns, proud of their laurels, bold in exploits, defied the Hudson's Bay.

PARLIAMENT TAKES HAND

But when Parliament, over in England, heard that the two British fur companies in North America were fight-

ing, they put a stop to it. Peace must reign in Britain's dominion. The rival fur companies were persuaded to compromise, to unite; and so John McLoughlin, the Northwest, became a chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and was sent to Oregon.

In that Oregon of the olden time McLoughlin had an empire. Alaska touched it on the north, and California on the south. Its eastern wall was the Rocky Mountains, its western boundary the Pacific. When McLoughlin reached Astoria it was in sorry decay. A recent fire had destroyed most of Astor's stronghold. So, up the Columbia, 100 miles, just beyond the mouth of the Willamette, on a beautiful sloping plain facing Mount Hood and the blue sweep of the river, a new fort was built, Vancouver.

Fancy can picture old Fort Vancouver as a medieval castle beside the blue Columbia. The moated wall was the lofty palisade, 20 feet high, with great chained gates and padlocks.

What, warder, ho! let the portcullis fall! rings in the ear as we think of that guarded gate, cautiously opened to let the trader in. In a little room, close by that gate, slept old Bruce, the porter, who sometimes was roused from his slumbers at midnight by a signal gun and thumping on the portal. It might be a belated voyageur, but, as a rule, everyone was within when the gates were locked at sunset. Within the great gate there was a small one, just large enough to admit one person; this was a precaution in the case of Indians, who might take advantage and crowd in and seize the fort.

The donjons were log bastions at the corners, watch towers and arsenals, where a few old guns and a sentinel guarded the forest fortress.

Within this strong inclosure extended a broad, green, grassy court, where the Indians came to do their trading. The Governor's residence loomed grandly beside it, the house of Dr. McLoughlin. There are people living yet who saw it, a grim old structure, built Canadian fashion, with an ample porch in front. Tradition says it was weather-boarded once and painted white, but to the memory of the oldest immigrant it was weather-stained and gray.

FAMOUS MEN IN SET

In the center of the residence was a spacious dining hall, a sort of council chamber, where all the Pacific fur traders met for annual consultation. Around its oaken board high dignitaries sat and royal banquets were spread

in the palmy days of the Hudson's Bay Company. McLoughlin was always at the head of the table, a sort of monarch, a survival of the medieval baron. At his right sat Douglas, chief aid, afterward Sir James Douglas, the first Governor of British Columbia, knighted by Queen Victoria. And with them, in various years, were Peter Skeen Ogden, afterward chief factor; Drs. Barclay and Tolmie, Hudson's Bay physicians; William Glen Rae, the doctor's son-in-law; Finlayson, Allen John Dunn, Ermatinger and others famous in Oregon history.

In a vast kitchen connected with the residence Basil, the baker, held sway, who sent to his master's table the rarest canvasback ducks, chinook salmon and daily venison. In a great oven, built of fire bricks brought from England, he baked bread for the brigades and sea biscuit for ships going home to England or up to Sitka; for McLoughlin carried out Astor's old scheme of trade with the Russians in Alaska.

Around the Governor's residence clustered quite a village of storehouses for merchandise, furrooms, blacksmith shops and barrack rooms for the employes. One of these, Bachelors' Hall, was the scene of many a backwoods carnival. Here the gentlemen retired to smoke, and with trophies of the chase adorning the walls, these knights of primeval time discussed the day's adventure.

In time other cabins grew up outside the stockaded wall, the homes of voyageurs and their halfbreed families, close under the guns of Fort Vancouver.

Then from this central emporium went the annual brigades north to Fraser River, south to the Spanish land of California, northeast to Fort Hall, to the Yellowstone and to Great Salt Lake; some followed the Cowlitz to Nisqually and the Sound. And when these returning brigades came home with the fruits of a season's hunt, how the hospitable old portals opened to receive the returning caravans! For days their advent was waited. With glass in hand, Dr. McLoughlin would scan the Columbia for the first glimpse of the swinging boats. Sometimes an Indian would come to the post with word that they had been sighted far up. Forthwith the fort put on its gala dress, the British flag fluttered from the pole, the old chimneys roared with bigger fires than ever and Basil piled his ovens for the coming banquet. And when the long line of bateaux came in sight, what shrill music broke the forest silence! With every paddle dipping in time to some quaint melody, with every voyageur dressed in his gayest bonnet,

with the chief trader's flag flying, down they swept to Fort Vancouver. It was the great carnival of the year. Rough, weather-beaten voyageurs leaped to greet their Indian wives and kiss their Indian babies. Many a treasure from the far Canadian land was pulled from pouch and pocket for these little dark-eyed cherubs of the forest. Night brought the great banquet and floors ringing to the tread of dancers. Over all, through all, and in all vibrated the violin, for every French Canadian was an artist with the bow. Scarcely could his faithful squaw believe him home until she heard the violin.

LEAVE-TAKING IMPRESSIVE

Then came the day of departure, with new outfits, new goods and new festivity. The bales that brought home furs went out with beads and blankets and all the thousand bright-hued fabrics that delight the savage. Dashing away a tear, Jean and Gabriel and Francois kissed their babes, and, leaping to the rowlocks, struck up the resounding song of old Canada—

Fly away, my heart, away,
and with fluttering pennons and flashing oars the boat brigade went gliding out of sight.

Some of the Columbia Indians were treacherous. Robber tribes dogged the white man, fought and made him pay tribute at every portage. In very early days, when the Northwesters were here, some traders wore leather armor and fur brigades brought the Cascade tribes to terms by firing the small brass cannon. They even demanded tribute when McLoughlin came and attacked him once at Fort Vancouver, with whoops and yells, at midnight. McLoughlin armed his men and called the chieftains in. Striding through the narrow gate, no doubt they expected gifts and bribes to buy them off. McLoughlin had a wiser plan. He summoned old Colin Fraser, in Highland kilt and plume, to play the bagpipes. Strutting up and down, the old Scot played his wildest. So charmed were the savages that they forgot their warlike errand, and while the painted warriors surged outside their chiefs within signed a treaty, drawn up by McLoughlin, to never more molest Vancouver.

DIPLOMACY USED ON SAVAGE

McLoughlin was a diplomat. Very well he knew the effect of pomp and color on the savage heart; never did his barge float on the stream without the insignia of power—flags and pennants and royal music. McLoughlin had a daughter, just a tinge of Indian in her cheek, that, clad

like a princess, rode by her father's side when the gay brigades of Autumn wound up the Willamette on their way to California. Only a few miles he accompanied those horse brigades of Autumn, but all the Indian world trooped out to see the state and splendor of the White-headed Chief who ruled so grandly at Vancouver. And on the waters the best voyageurs in the world were his, the most skilled at the paddle and the shrillest singers. Oregon was vocal with their chansons in the forest, ringing at moonlight in the valley and startling daylight up the Columbia in the shadow of Mount Hood.

No Indian dared defy the magnate at Vancouver. His arm was swift and terrible; the disobedient slunk away before those fiery eyes as from a wrathful god. McLoughlin had a quick and passionate temper, perhaps even exaggerated for effect upon his savage subjects. A consummate actor, his very hair seemed to spread and swell like a halo in his fits of wrath. A cane in his hand was more to be dreaded than a gun in any other. But oh! how mild and sweet and fatherly he was when pleased and calm. The Indians consulted him, brought him gifts; the first salmon of the season was brought to Fort Vancouver, the choicest otter, the blackest beaver. He settled all their difficulties, forbade their waging war, put a stop to many a barbarous practice and sold them guns and traps until they forgot the use of the arrow.

The French voyageurs feared and loved McLoughlin, though he ruled them with a rod of iron. "Eef man haf more nor one wife, 'e old Dogtor would 'ang eem," said the old voyageurs. And very good wives the Indian women made for those happy-go-lucky Frenchmen, whose chief aim in life was to have a good time. But all their song and dance and levity was a blessing in the hardships of the laborious hunter's life. Sleeping night after night in damp and rain and cold, cordelling canoes along rocky paths, leaping cataracts and sweeping cascades—the jollier they were the less they realized the dangers of their lives. A venison steak, a cup of tea, an hour of sleep and all were ready again for another day as burdensome as the last.

When his voyageurs grew old McLoughlin did not ship them home to Canada. If they wished he let them settle with their Indian families at Champoeg, a garden spot of prairie up the Willamette, where, in their little cottages, they passed the peaceful evening of their lives. Sometimes McLoughlin visited old Champoeg, moving like a father among his children.

Chief Joseph, Greatest Red Man of Pacific Coast

In the death of Chief Joseph, of the Nez Perces, the greatest Indian character in the United States takes his place in history. He was the greatest red man the Pacific Coast ever produced, and he has been classed by many as among the greatest Generals in the world. The military tactics which he displayed in the celebrated Nez Perces War of '77 won for him the admiration of the officers and forces who were pursuing him. In diplomacy, strategy, cunning, persistence and courage he had no equal in the annals of Indian warfare. His ability to hold an entire division of the United States Army at bay for a whole Summer, with a force of only 300 bucks, and encumbered by the women, children and stock of his tribe, forced the admiration of every man in the service.

Prior to the war of 1877 Joseph lived in the Wallowa Valley, the home of his fathers. He was a hereditary as well as a war chief, and his father was Chief Joseph before him. When the old man died, he called his sons to his tepee and admonished them never to give up their home in the beautiful land of the broad Wallowa. With young Joseph this dying wish of his father became a life object, and he went to his grave striving to recover the old stamping grounds as a home for the remnants of his once powerful tribe.

Friction between the whites and Indians began in the early '50s, when settlers and miners began crowding the red men. There was killing on both sides, so the Government decided that a new treaty would have to be made with the Indians for the purpose of confining them upon several reservations.

At a conference held at Lapwai, Idaho, in 1873, between the various Indian chiefs and representatives of the Government, Joseph refused to go upon either the Nez Perces reservation in Northern Idaho or the Umatilla Reservation in Eastern Oregon. This being reported to the Secretary of the Interior, an order was issued that Joseph's band of Nez Perces should be permitted to remain in the Wallowa Valley during the Summer and Autumn, and later the President set aside the Wallowa and Imnaha Valleys for Joseph and his nontreaty Indians.

THE EARTH HIS MOTHER

Thus matters drifted until 1875, when, under pressure from settlers, the President rescinded his order and

another commission was appointed to negotiate with Joseph and his band. Joseph haughtily replied that he had not come to talk about land; the maker of the earth, he declared, had not partitioned it off, and man should not; the earth was his mother, sacred to his affections and too precious to be sold. He did not wish to learn farming, but to live upon such fruits as the earth produced for him without effort.

From these principles Joseph never departed. To the last he clung to the vain hope that the Government, in some way, would remove the whites from the now populous Wallowa Valley and assign that country to himself and followers. In the pursuit of this dream he made a number of journeys to Washington, where he was always a notable and striking figure, even among statesmen and diplomats. To this day his little band on the Colville reservation refuse to take up the arts of peace. They hunt and fish and dwell in tepees.

After the chief's refusal to discuss a division of lands, the Government notified him that unless in a reasonable time he consented to be removed he should be forcibly taken with his people and given lands on the reservation. He answered this ultimatum by taking to the warpath, and the famous Indian War of 1877 resulted. In the running battle which Joseph led General Howard for ten weeks, Howard's men marched 1500 miles. He was surrounded many times by General Howard's forces, but always eluded capture and effected a masterly retreat. Joseph used to refer to General Howard as the "Bible Warrior," but for General Miles, who captured him in the Bear Paw Mountains, he always had the greatest admiration and respect, and was his lifelong friend. This admiration was fully reciprocated by General Miles, who used to pay the old chief a great deal of attention on his numerous visits to Washington, where he made yearly pilgrimages to beseech the "Great Father" to permit his return to his boyhood home.

NEVER WRONGED A FRIEND

One who has known the old chief intimately for 20 years says of him:

Joseph was a man whose life's motto seemed to be, "Never wrong a friend, never forget the good that comes from true friendship." His loyalty to the few friends that he selected has proved that he was absolute master of his dogma.

In Indian life, and in the life of the heroic, no man would provide a better example than Joseph. His resolve made in early life never to be slave of another race was lived up to until death claimed him. While others of the Nez Percés succumbed and became residents of the reservation set aside for them, Joseph and perhaps 125 of his followers continued to live in the tents of their ancestors, hunted and fished and came and went. It was beside his tepee that he died. He had a nice home, but seldom slept in it. In the forests and in his camp the habit of Joseph was to wear the blankets of his ancestors. This rule he broke only when he went to see the White Father, and he did it much as a token of respect to the great men in the East whose guest he expected to become. As a rule, he could not sleep in a house.

Mrs. Zoe Perrine, 328 Salmon Street, has known Chief Joseph all her life and has always entertained the greatest respect and admiration for his honor, bravery and strong principle. Mrs. Perrine's father, Captain A. H. Robey, was one of whom he was always very fond, and he never forgot the daughter. Only six weeks ago she saw him, and he presented her with the earrings he was wearing. They are made of two flat abalone shells, entirely unlike in size and coloring. He had them threaded through his ears with a string of buckskin. Mrs. Perrine says of him:

HIS NOBLE CHARACTER

He was really one of the most noble characters I ever knew and his death is made doubly sad by the fact that the Government had practically decided to allot a quarter section of land to him and each of his followers in their beloved Wallowa Valley. To return to that spot with his people was the object of his life. It had grown to be a subject of such importance to him that I believe he would have eventually gone insane over it, had he not died.

He seemed to have a premonition that he would die shortly, for he said to the stagedriver who took him out to the reservation, "Halo see one more snow," which was the Indian's way of expressing that he would not live the year through. He looked miserable and told me he was sick when I saw him. There had been a great deal of dispute about the old man's age, from the fact that he never told anyone how old he was, and that he looked remarkably young. His fine physique gave him a robust appearance. My mother puts his age at 63, and she had known him all her life.

His admiration for General Miles was touching. He used to say 'Him fighter' when talking of him, and he delighted to tell of the attention paid him at Washington on his visits there. It was not always one dared bring up the subject of the Wallowa country with him, for once launched upon it, he would grow fairly frantic.

They say it was heart disease which killed him, but I guess a broken heart would be nearer the truth. He was haughty, proud and defiant, and crushed—but never conquered.

Mrs. Perrine recalls the fact that, while the old man objected strenuously to being photographed, he would pore over a newspaper which had his picture in it with delight and study it for hours at a time. The fact that he was an absolute teetotaler, denying himself even tea or coffee, is another trait which shows Joseph's character to have been a strong one. He always claimed that the immediate cause of the war of 1877 was whisky given to young bucks by white men, and he ever afterward set a good example before his people by abstaining himself and admonishing them to do the same thing.

A Race of Dwarfs

Rene Bache in Technical World Magazine

Dwarfs have furnished themes for countless romances. They divide with giants the interest of a thousand nursery tales. To no small extent the domain of superstition is invaded by them. All countries, more or less, are infested by gnomes and goblins. They appeal to the imagination, and connected with them there is always at least a suggestion of the supernatural.

Nevertheless, the accounts of the pigmies given by Herodotus and others had long been set down as purely fictional when they were rediscovered by Schweinfurth. He found that the men averaged about four feet six inches in height, while the women were three or four inches shorter. Their color was like that of "coffee slightly roasted;" their legs were short, their hands very small, and their stomachs huge. They had a habit of leaping about in the high herbage "like grasshoppers," and one of them, purchased by the explorer, was to such an extent subject to this inclination that he could never learn to carry a plate without spilling more or less of the contents.

Measurements made by Stanley showed that four feet six inches was about the maximum height of the dwarfs.

some of whom were not more than three feet in stature. A full grown man might weigh as much as 90 pounds. Scattered over a region about two-thirds the size of Scotland, they live in the uncleared forest, and maintain themselves by hunting. They are called Akka, or Batwa.

They are fierce little folk, and, though they have no weapons save bows and spears, their warlike disposition and poisoned arrows make them greatly dreaded as enemies. One of these arrows will kill an elephant with as much certainty as a bone smashing rifle bullet, and a mere prick will bring death to a man in a few minutes. The pigmy warrior always carries in a small leather bottle hanging to his belt a supply of the poison, which is said to be obtained by macerating the bodies of ants of a certain venomous species.

The first pigmy seen by Stanley in Africa was a young woman, only 33 inches tall, yet "perfectly formed, and of a glistening sleekness of body." She appeared to be about 17 years old, and her complexion was that of a quadroon, or the color of yellow ivory. Her eyes were magnificent, but "absurdly large for so small a creature—almost as big as those of a gazelle, and extremely lustrous." Though absolutely nude, she was entirely self possessed.

The little people wherever they now exist in the world, are passing away, and before very long the last of them will have disappeared. There are only a few thousand of them left in Africa. A few thousands more are still to be found in the Philippines and elsewhere. In the forests of the mountainous interior of India some tribes of them are said to linger, their small size and primitive mode of life obtaining for them the name of "monkey men." Their final departure is inevitable. A pity, too, it seems; for, although the pigmies cannot be regarded as important contributors to the welfare and progress of mankind, they furnish a most interesting and picturesque memorial of the ancient past of the human race.

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Unmarried Women

The New York clergyman who asserted that "the unmarried woman is only half a woman," was short on biography, past and present.

On the honor roll of humanity are the following famous women who never married.

Queen Elizabeth, in whose reign England reached her golden age.

Florence Nightingale, angel of mercy in the Crimean war and establisher of organized nursing in war times.

Dorothea Dix, pioneer of reform in prison and reformatory methods.

Frances E. Willard, founder of the temperance movement.

Rosa Bonheur, who opened new artistic fields in the representation of animal life.

Clara Barton, founder of the Red Cross society and savior of thousands from death and suffering.

Joan of Arc, one of the greatest factors in French history.

Susan B. Anthony, pioneer in efforts to produce more equal rights for women.

Jane Addams, first citizen of Chicago and head of Hull House.

If the New York clergyman will consider this list he must revise his statement.

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Why the Ape Can Never Become a Man

When you look at the picture of the skull of the ape and then at that of a man it is not difficult to comprehend that the ape never can rival man in intelligence, with all the education that might be given him. There is not space in the cranium of the ape for a very large brain, and without that how can it approach humanity? Here is an opportunity to fix in our minds for all time that Darwin and no other evolutionist ever taught that man was descended from the ape. What has been held is that many ages ago there was some animal, neither ape nor man, which gave rise to the ancestor of man on the one side and to the ancestor of the ape on the other.

The ape branch was along a descending line, or at least an arrested line, while the man branch was along an ascending or progressive line.

One of the most marked features of the comparative brain of ape and man is that while there is so little room in the ape cranium for the brain, the small brain, or cerebellum, is quite as large as in man. This is most important and suggestive, for though we still know comparatively little about the functions of the cerebellum we do know that mentality is chiefly connected with the cerebrum and that where the large brain is small the intellect is apt to be very limited.

Not long since the newspapers reported the very striking and unique case of a child who was born without any fore brain or cerebrum at all. She had a cerebellum, and was able to live for three years, though there were no marks of intelligence at all, and she could not be taught anything.

This child ate and drank, because these are reflex activities, and she moved legs and arms, but she could not be taught to walk, because that requires considerable brain activity. She died after living thirty-six months, the longest period that any near-brainless child has been known to survive, and was studied carefully by the physicians, who wished to see what our condition would be if we had no fore brain. They found that all reflex actions were performed, as was to be expected, for the cerebellum has been known to act as their centre. But it was a very poor existence after all—one very near a blank.

When experiments were first made to ascertain the localization in the brain of the centres of controlling various limbs and functions, Prof. Munk took some pigeons and removed the cerebellum almost entirely. When the pigeons recovered consciousness they staggered around like drunken men, showing that the cerebellum has everything to do with the power of balancing. Here lies the explanation of the action of too much alcohol on the system. It finds its way speedily to the cerebellum, and, paralyzing its activity, the drunken man cannot walk in a straight line, because his balancing power is gone; he staggers, and as the paralysis progresses he falls down because he has lost control of his knees, which have bent under him. He may be conscious all the time of the ridiculous figure that he cuts and make every effort with his powerful fore brain to control those wandering limbs, but it is vain, for the balance wheel is paralyzed and he cannot walk as he would like to. The poison of the alcohol is stronger than his will and it has reached the controlling power.

If, however, the will, acting through the fore brain, gets to work earlier and prevents him from drinking more than he should, he retains his self-control, and the cerebellum is still able to perform its functions.

We must by no means despise that little brain, for it too is covered with a layer of gray matter, always closely associated with thought, and the reflex actions controlled by the cerebellum prevent untold strain being put upon the volitional centres of the cerebrum. If we had to think over every single muscular action we should walk very

slowly indeed and never run, but the cerebellum by guiding all of the reflexes of the muscles saves the wear and tear of the fore brain and makes life far easier to live.

The ape resembles man most in his reflexes, and he is able to do so because he resembles man most closely in the cerebellum. But the fore brain is so woefully lacking that it is a waste of time and energy to try to teach an ape very much, for it can never proceed any further than the youngest child and that only along the line of reflex activities. He learns to hold a spoon by imitating, not by real thinking, but he will never do anything that can be rightfully termed thinking—that is, form any ideas for himself. That is the reason, aside from many others, that the ape will never learn to speak.

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Who Are the Unfit

*Some of the World's Greatest Men Have Been
Weak in Body.*

From the New York American

"Educate only the fit," says Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia, and college presidents all over the country echo his sentiments. They reason from a standpoint of economics that it is a waste of time, effort and money to put the facilities of colleges at the disposal of the physically weak.

Yet some of the finest contributions to the world's well-being have come from the physically unfit.

Shelley, himself a very great sufferer, gave to the world these fine lines:

Most wretched men are cradeled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Shelley may not have meant physical suffering alone, but there is no mistaking Darwin, who gave the world's thinkers a stimulus such as they had not known. He said: "If I had not been so great an invalid, I should not have done so much work."

Dumas asked Reboul: "What made you a poet?" and the answer came in a single word, "Suffering."

Of the physically unfit, "immortals," think of Gibbon, the historian; Beethoven, Molliere, Calvin, Carlyle, Ruskin and Robert Louis Stevenson.

All physically unfit, and yet every one made the world richer. Physical "unfitness" or suffering is indeed often a stimulus to mental effort. Sacrifice of health is the price many noble men have paid for mental intensity and spiritual earnestness. Some souls consume their bodies.

Is President Butler right? Should not our colleges aim rather to strengthen the weak, to aid those of strong minds and poor bodies to bear the burdens of life. Nature often puts precious parcels in small packages and mighty brains in frail bodies.

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The Mystery of Life

Back of that phenomenon we know as life lies an inscrutable mystery, the mystery which would be a mystery no longer if an answer to the queries whence? and why? could be had.

Dealing with this phenomenon are science and philosophy, and science having to deal with the purely experimental and verifiable phases of this phenomenon must content itself with the well-known law of "life only from antecedent life," and then, to make a start, with the theory that "life is a potential quality of matter."

Philosophy seeks to go behind the phenomenon by examining its manifestations, but in doing so involves itself in a maze of theories, none of which leads the investigator out of the labyrinth into the clear light of open conclusion.

Prof. Loeb's experiments had to do with physico-chemical processes which left origin still a mystery. Herbert Spencer's famous generalization in his *First Principles* was only an attempt to account for the manifold and varied manifestations and forms of life. Prof. Benjamin Moore's theory of biotic energy is a mere dictum which, if true, discovers a new and unknown force in the universe. Arrhenius' light pressure theory and Prof. Branco's inoculation by meteorite theory, just advanced, both presuppose the universal existence of life and seek only to account for its transmission from some other to this planet of ours. Prof. Le Dantec calls life "a surface accident in the history of thermic evolution."

That neither science nor philosophy possesses the terminology to convey anything but hazy conceptions at the best is admitted by all. That life is a mystery within the keeping of matter itself is a reasonable conclusion, but it is as far from a solution of the mystery as any other.

From what depths did it arise and how? are questions still to be answered. Evolution accounts only for the various stages of progress. Science has done much to destroy anthropomorphic notions, and philosophy has opened inviting avenues to wide and wonderful fields of speculation.

Wherever we go and whatever concepts come to us from this most romantic of realms, the final mental attitude of the investigator is that which John Burroughs so beautifully expresses in his recent "Problem of Living Things" where he says: "We are paying homage to a higher power that is super-material."

Do what he will, man can't get away from God.

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Gives Advice At 100

"Read to Keep Mind Young," One of Centenarian's Secrets.

Boston, May 12.—Ralph Butler, of 478 Columbia road, Dorchester, was 100 years old recently. Here are five rules he gives for living a century.

- (1) Walk and take plenty of other exercise.
- (2) Read the newspapers to keep your mind young.
- (3) Eat anything you want, but eat to live, not live to eat, and eat regularly.
- (4) Don't take your office cares home with you.
- (5) Get to bed early and regularly, and 5 o'clock is not too early to rise.

Two months ago Butler walked to the city hall and surprised Bowdoin S. Parker, collector of taxes, by paying the amount due on the real estate he holds.

"I'm just as well able to walk today as I was twenty years ago," he said. "I feel as active as when forty."

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Abraham Lincoln

Feb. 12, 1809 — April 15, 1865

The birthday of Abraham Lincoln, though not widely celebrated is universally remembered and revered. The light of history as it shines through the mists of more than a century sheds a tender radiance over the lowly cabin wherein his birth cry arose; over the rude cradle in which he slumbered: over the privations of his childhood, the hardships of his youth, the struggles of his early manhood, the success of his later years and the dark tragedy of his death.

One hundred and two years ago today, we say, Abraham Lincoln was born. We may well leave the rest to history wherein the vicissitudes of his life are faithfully re-

corded and its achievements are enrolled. Let us content ourselves with the vindication of his purpose when he became President of the United States, as set forth in his first inaugural address; with the confidence inspired by his steady hand upon the helm of the ship of state when tempest tossed on raging seas; with the reverence inspired by his immortal speech at Gettysburg and with homage due the man and sympathy due the Nation recall the grief that his tragical death occasioned:

A type that Nature wills to plan,
But once in all a people's years.

Abraham Lincoln came forth from obscurity to meet the purposes of destiny. Happily but once can come the stress to the American Nation that he rose in his simple might to meet and conquer.

It was Edmund Clarence Stedman who, having looked upon the cast of Lincoln's right hand, sang:

Look on this cast and know the hand
That bore a Nation in its hold;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was—how large of mold.
The hand of Anak, sinewed strong,
The fingers that on greatness clutch;
Yet lo! the marks their lines along
Of one who strove and suffered much.

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The following is Lincoln's immortal address delivered on the battlefield of Gettysburg, November 29, 1863:

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it

can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.

Lincoln's Ironical Answer

Sharp Retort to an "Influential" New York Committee

Told by Dr. Woodbury, of Lynn, Mass.

When Schuyler Colfax was in Lynn, many years ago, I heard as a boy somewhat on the outskirts of the company, this story which illustrates the sharp irony that Lincoln could use on occasion.

A committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce immediately proceeded to Washington, and, through Senator David Davis, of Illinois, a lifelong friend of Lincoln, who was one of the few who had the entree to the White House, went to the Executive Mansion and were seated around the Cabinet table until Mr. Lincoln entered, when William E. Dodge, the chairman of the committee, said:

"We are a committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce, and individually represent twenty million dollars. Officially, we represent the hundreds of millions of dollars in the commerce of New York City, and as that is the metropolis of the United States, we may claim to represent the commerce of the country. Out of our affluence we have paid the excessive taxes of the war freely, but now we come, not to ask a favor, but to demand as a right, that in the light of events the Government should build a great iron man-o'-war which will overcome this Southern ironclad (the Merrimac) and defeat it, before it comes to the Northern seaport towns, and either destroys them or lays them under tribute, and also secures European intervention."

Mr. Lincoln replied: "Gentlemen, if I were as wise as you think you are, and as rich as you say you are, and as scared as I see you are, I would design such a vessel, build her, and present her to the Government." He abruptly terminated the interview by leaving the room.

Lincoln's Letter Best

Abraham Lincoln's letter to a Boston widow named Mrs. Bixby, who lost five sons in the Civil War, has been engrossed, framed and hung in one of the Oxford University halls as a specimen of the purest English and most elegant diction extant, according to the Philadelphia Ledger. This fact was commented upon by Dr. W. B. Hinson in a recent address at the White Temple, the clergyman saying that Lincoln made the greatest speech and wrote the finest letter of the last century. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, is of course, the one referred to.

The letter to Mrs. Bixby is:

"Executive Mansion, Washington,

"November 21, 1864.

"Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Massachusetts.

"Dear Madam:—I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

"Abraham Lincoln."

Barred Out

I have heard a tale of a cheerful skate who died and went to the pearly gate, and asked if he might go in. St. Peter said: "Well, I like your looks, but I'll have to hunt through my set of books, and see if you're charged with sin." He pulled his ledgers and day-books down, and looked them through with a growing frown, and muttered: "Your name is Pance; in some divisions you stack up high; you didn't swear and you didn't lie, and you didn't smoke or dance. You passed through life with a high renown, and you cut much grass in your native town."

as my books do plainly show; but you had one habit that makes me tired; to outer darkness you must be fired, and down with the goats you go. Your wife was ever a patient soul, and though you carried a big fat roll, she always was busted flat; she had to beg and she had to hint to pull a plunk from your fist of flint, whenever she wished a hat. You sent long green to the heathen guys because you thought it would advertise the piety of your soul; but your wife must get on her marrowbones, and always you filled the house with moans, whenever you drew your roll. So chase yourself to the dread abode where the brimstone's used by the wagonload, and the weather's always dry; and a man like you in our realm of grace would jar the saints till they'd jump the place, and start up another sky."

Oregon's Aid to Lincoln

The vividness with which E. L. Smith recollects in his eightieth year the incidents of the nomination for President of Abraham Lincoln, whose birth the American Nation commemorates today, bears witness to the loving and reverent memory in which the great President is held. It proves how enduring is the hold which the great life and character of Lincoln have taken on the people's minds and hearts; how perpetual is their inspiration to noble deeds.

Oregonians have especial cause for pride in the achievements of Lincoln for preservation of the Union, for their state, though small in population and remote from the center of National activity, performed a great part in bringing about his nomination. After many years of Democratic supremacy, during which all opposition had been ruthlessly crushed, the Republican party of Oregon had been organized in 1856. The circumstances leading up to its participation in the National convention of 1860 are related by Leslie M. Scott in the Oregon Historical Quarterly. The territory having been admitted to statehood on February 14, 1859, the first state convention met at Salem on April 21 and, not knowing how many delegates the state would be given, elected three—A. G. Hovey, Dr. W. Warren and Leander Holmes. They were instructed to support William H. Seward, who was then the leading candidate, "but in case they cannot secure his nomination, their further proceedings are left to their discretion."

During the next year Lincoln loomed big, but Oregon leaned to Edward Bates, of Missouri. The state was finally given six delegates and, as there would not be time between the state convention on April 19, 1860, and the National convention on May 16, for the additional three to reach Chicago, the state committee appointed Henry W. Corbett, Joel Burlingame and Franklin Johnson. The only delegates who attended in person were Burlingame and Johnson. Holmes sent his proxy to Horace Greeley, Corbett sent his to Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, and either Hovey or Warren gave his to Henry Buckingham, of Oregon, one seat remaining vacant. The New York delegation was solid for Seward, and Greeley, who opposed him, obtained a seat only through the Oregon proxy. Of his important influence on the action of the convention, Mr. Smith, who attended as a spectator when he was a college student, said in a deeply interesting interview with the Hood River Glacier:

Prior to the time of the nomination I saw the great editor marching up and down among the different delegations, and it was apparent that he was appealing to the members to vote against Seward. I overheard Greeley, addressing one delegation: He said: "If you nominate William H. Seward he cannot carry the state of New York. Without New York your cause is lost."

Possessed as he was of the Oregon delegate's proxy, Greeley was able to participate actively in his campaign against Seward and by his earnest personal appeals to turn the strong tide away from the choice of the Empire state delegation. The popularity of Lincoln manifested itself at the psychological moment, and thus through the dislike of Horace Greeley for William H. Seward we were given the noblest man the Nation has ever had for President.

Greeley, like the other Oregon delegates, at first supported Bates, but when the second ballot brought Lincoln within three and one-half votes of Seward four of the five Oregonians changed to Lincoln on the preliminary third ballot and before the result was announced the fifth joined them. On the preliminary third ballot Oregon started the movement to Lincoln, which swelled his total to 231½, only one and one-half short of a majority. Ohio insured his nomination by changing four votes to him and started a stampede which increased his total to 364. In a letter to the Oregon City Argus describing the proceedings Franklin Johnson, one of the delegates, wrote:

During the third ballot there was tolerable order

until Oregon declared for Lincoln, rendering his nomination certain.

The strongest testimony to Greeley's part, as an Oregon delegate, in the defeat of Seward is borne by his political enemies, chief among whom were Thurlow Weed and Henry J. Raymond. He worked cleverly on the various enemies of Seward, and Parton, his biographer, says he was "chiefly instrumental in frustrating the hopes of Mr. Seward's friends," Raymond himself awarded him "the full credit for the main result of the Chicago convention."

Oregon has cause to be proud of its part in this as in other critical periods of American history, for it followed up the valuable aid it gave to his nomination by giving him its electoral vote against a numerically superior but divided Democracy. As today it looks back to those times of stress, it joins its venerable citizen in the declaration that "Lincoln is not dead." His soul still lives in the American people, keeping alive fidelity to those principles for which they fought under his leadership. So long as his soul dwells in the National body the Nation cannot die.

Today

It will be a tender touch with which the flowers will be laid on the burial mounds today.

Flooding memories will fill the soul as the hand lays its wreaths gently down. Perhaps it is a mother to whom the offering is made, a mother whose love is the one thing constant, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that the inkiest darkness can never obscure. Perhaps it is a father whose life is briefly annaled in the near headstone, a father whose devotion and consecration to his loved ones was never known until he passed beyond our power to make him know how patient, how infinitely concerned he was with us and our welfare. Perhaps it is a sweet faced infant with its baby smile, perhaps a brother in the full promise of superb manhood, perhaps a sister whose trust and affection in the days of adolescence are twin stars that gem the firmament of life.

Perhaps all that is mortal of a son or daughter lies there under the sod while over the mound bends a mother whose moist eyes still give out from their depths the infinite love that lavished itself upon her children.

And so, the day through, the high and low, the rich and poor, the families of every degree will group around the burial lots and, in their flowers and wreaths, pour out their hearts and souls in tender tribute to those loved and lost. It will be a people's silent offering to its soldier dead, to its statesmen, to its mothers and fathers, to children and all others in the great caravan that moves perpetual toward the land of shadows and mystery.

And over every city of the dead and over every tiny mound where the little companies gather, there will rest the beautiful bow of promise—the promise that it is only the mortal that lies here and that just over the divide the immortal essence, the real life of the loved one which did not die, is waiting, only waiting.

It is the most glorious promise, the sweetest consolation in all the world. And since all yearn for it to be true, must it not be true?

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Letter Brings Fortune

Leipsic, Saxony, May 3.—At an autograph sale to-day, a letter written by Martin Luther to Emperor Charles V was bought by a Florence dealer for \$25,000. The purchase is said to have been made for J. P. Morgan.

The letter which is in Latin, was written in 1521 during the reformer's return journey from Worms, describing the proceedings and defending his attitude before the diet.

The epistle was entrusted to an imperial herald, who gave Luther safe conduct through the Thuringian forest until he was ostensibly taken prisoner for his own protection by the order of his friend, the elector of Saxony. The contents of the letter were such that none dared to deliver it to the Emperor and a note to this effect was written on the manuscript by the Emperor's archivist.

A letter written by Luther's wife, who was Katharina Von Bora, a nun, who renounced her vows, brought \$1500.

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Memorial Day

A copy of the original order which created Memorial day, forty-eight years ago, has been received by D. Webster, adjutant of Sedgwick post, and has been read before the post. The order was issued in Washington, D. C.

May 5, 1868, and is signed by John A. Logan, commander in chief of the first organization of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The order contains the hope that the day will be observed from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades."

The order in full follows:

Washington, D. C., May 5, 1868.

General Orders No. 11.

1. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers, or otherwise decorating the graves of the comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and those bodies now lie in almost every city, village and hamlet church yard in the land. In observance no form or ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes? Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains and their death a tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of their slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic.

If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remains to us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring time: let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us a sacred charge upon the nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

2. It is the purpose of the commander in chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance herewith.

3. Department commanders will use every effort to make this order effective.

By command of

—John A. Logan,
Commander-in-Chief.

—N. P. Chipman,
Adjutant General.

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Oregon White Pelican Is Popular Water Bird

By Dennis H. Stovall

Among the many interesting things the tourist sees while traveling through the Klamath country, or Southern Oregon, are the white pelicans. You see the first of these beautiful birds at Crater Lake, flying gracefully over the mountains and settling down on the blue lake surface like highland gulls. More of them are seen in the lower country around the Klamath lakes. So many of them, in truth, that they go about in flocks, like geese. So many of them, too, that they are regarded as the popular bird of that inland region.

Before you get within many miles of Klamath Falls, the road signs begin to inform you of the "White Pelican Hotel," the "White Pelican Garage," the "White Pelican

Stables," and the "White Pelican Shop," White pelican is a name to be played upon, and the people down there are making good use of it. Not a few ranches bear the name "White Pelican." One ranch has for its coat of arms a white pelican on a shield. This portrays the white pelican as if it was known in heraldry. Possibly this rancher is of old Scottish blood. Anyhow, his coat of arms is a mother pelican hovering over a brood of little ones.

PELICAN WONDERFUL BIRD

The white pelican is a wonderful bird, and Southern Oregon people can well be proud of it. The white swan has nothing on the white pelican when it comes to grace of movement, either on the wing or on the water. The pelican is a large bird and so attracts much attention. A big flock of them rising from the water at the same instant, make a roar that can be heard a long distance. Though they flock together just to be sociable, they scatter out when they go fishing. for fishing is real business with them, and must be followed on practical lines. And nothing can catch a fish any quicker and with more ease than a pelican. Nor does the pelican need a bate. The big bird merely swims round over the water, or hovers close over the surface on the wing, plunging upon its prey.

There are times, however, when white pelicans organize a fishing party, and all go fishing at once and at the same place. This is when a shoal of fish is discovered. In such a case an entire flock will hover over the water, and at a given signal, which cannot be detected, all swoop down at the same instant. It is a striking and beautiful sight for the onlooker, but a bad time for the fish, as every pelican in the flock will get one in the fatal swoop.

As the pelican makes his catch, he stores the fish in his fish-basket, a big red pouch just under the bill. When empty, this pouch wrinkles up and almost disappears. much like the insides of a football when the air escapes. But it is some size when a dozen or more fish are stowed in it. The fish are taken out, one or two at a time as the pelican's appetite demands.

NEST IS BUILT OVER WATER

The nest of the pelican is built in the tall marsh grass, reeds or tules out over the water. A little island, covered with rushes makes a favorite nesting place for the birds. Two or three eggs, as white as the old bird herself, are laid. When the little ones are hatched they are liberally fed of

little fish from mamma's fish-basket. Daddy pelican also does his part in bringing feed for the hungry babes. Folks who have observed the old birds feeding the young, declare that not only fish, but water as well is carried to the little ones in the handy pouch.

By watching the old birds for a time one can understand how the story originated about the mother bird feeding her young from her own blood. The pelican has a very long bill, which drops in the form of a hook at the end. This pointed hook is bright red. When the old bird is at rest, she droops her bill against her breast. When she hovers over her young she takes this same position. Thus it appears as if she were drawing blood from her breast, when it is nothing more than the point of her bill that the observer sees.

It's a pretty story, however, and well worthy of this noble bird. One thing is certain, the Klamath white pelicans can do anything that white pelicans have ever done, in addition to performing a number of stunts that white pelicans of other countries were never known to do.

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Effect of the Moon on Crops

A writer in the Scientific American makes an earnest effort to puncture the popular superstition about the influence that our satellite has on the various operations of farming. "Moon-farming," is the name which Prof. L. H. Bailey of Cornell has given to this sort of unscientific agriculture. Prof. Bailey thus outlines the beliefs in respect to the influence which are current in this country; readers who believe in this influence can therefore now have a reliable program to go by, as follows:

"The pork from pigs killed in the old of the moon will shrink when cooked, but will retain its size if killed in the new of the moon. Animals born when the moon is new or increasing will be much more likely to thrive than those unfortunately born at the opposite period. Fleeces will not be so heavy if sheared when the moon is on the wane. Meat decays with unnatural quickness if exposed to moonlight.

"In the new of the moon is the time to set hens, to plant corn and other things that grow above the ground. Planted in the old of the moon, seeds of such plants will probably rot. On the other hand, crops that grow under the ground, as potatoes and beets, should be planted in the

old of the moon, and plants that tend to run too much to vine and straw also should be planted at this period. Beans planted when the moon is on the wane will not cling to their poles.

"Grain purchased in the full of the moon will be of full weight. Rail fences sink in the ground and rot if built in the old of the moon. If shingles are laid in the new of the moon the nails will pull out. Timber lasts longer when cut in the waning moon. My fireplace wood is 'sappy' because it was cut in the waxing of the moon. The moon foreshadows changes in the weather. It chills and injures plants on clear nights. In the full, it causes wounds to heal. It governs mental qualities, and all persons who are unsound of mind are to this day lunatics."

Beliefs in the moon's influence date back to a very early period in the history of mankind. Virgil in his "Georgics" gives the advantages and disadvantages of doing things on certain days of the lunar month. Prof. Houdaille has made a special study of these superstitions as found among the French peasantry. With them the new moon symbolizes youth, vigor and luxuriant growth. Hence the belief that plants abound in sap during the increase of the moon, and that seeds planted at this time will produce abundant vegetation. On the other hand, the old moon is a symbol of maturity; plants grown for their fruit or seed should accordingly be sown at this time. The young moon is tender; the old moon tough. Hence when the moon is young, eggshells are easily broken through, and this is the favorable time to hatch chickens!

We know that the moon has a very marked influence in producing the tides on the water, and meteorologists find that it also produces atmospheric tides, but whether this really has any effect on the weather or crops is an open question. True scientists do not, or should not, say that a thing is not so unless there is conclusive evidence to that effect. While it cannot be said positively that the moon has no effect on plant growth, etc., all the investigations so far made point that way.

The Scientific American article goes on to say:

"Moonlight is nothing but the reflected light of the sun, with which it compares in intensity in the ratio of about 1 to 600,000; and it seems obvious that any effect of moonlight upon animals and plants must be nullified, for practical purposes, by the preponderating influence of daylight. As to the heat received from the moon, it is ab-

solutely insignificant, and can be detected only with the most delicate thermometric apparatus known to science.

"In industries of modern origin the moon does not figure. The locomotive engineer does not believe that the phases of the moon affect the running of his iron steed, nor does the telegraph operator consult the lunar tables in the almanacs before renewing his batteries. Moon-farming is not quite so old as agriculture, but it is exactly as old as astrology, and in the once universal belief in the mysterious influences of the heavenly bodies upon human affairs we must seek its beginning.

"Primitive humanity was naively egotistical. Man was the center around which revolved the whole of creation; and if the sun, moon and stars were not a part of the machinery by which a superior power regulated human lives, why (asked our ancestors) were they set in the heavens? The argument implied in this question was unanswerable, and it only remained to find out just what role was played by each of the celestial bodies in the human drama.

"Now it is evident that the moon must have impressed the imagination of primitive man more strongly than any of the other heavenly orbs, not even excepting the sun. As compared with the latter, she undergoes rapid and striking changes in form; her times of rising and setting vary conspicuously from night to night; and for a few days, every month, she disappears from the heavens. It was, therefore inevitable to regard the moon as the most active of the agencies controlling mundane affairs; and especially was it natural to link up the erratic behavior of the moon with the equally variable phenomena of the weather."

"The fact that the most patient investigations have failed to establish conclusively the existence of any lunar period in the weather shows that, if the moon does affect the weather, its influence must be infinitesimally small, and, therefore, of no practical importance. The latter circumstance, however, is overlooked by the public.

Lastly, sham science, which the public mistakes for the genuine article, is a most nefarious agency in perpetuating moon superstitions. A familiar example is the table for predicting the weather from the time of day at which the moon changes, known as 'Herschel's Weather Tablet,' so widely published in newspapers and almanacs. As a matter of fact, the great English astronomer was in no way responsible for this absurd production, which has borne his name for a hundred years."

Notwithstanding the pooh-poohs of the scientists, however, many just ordinary people will continue to take no chances by defying the moon. The moon's influence is like the devil, and though there may be no such thing a good many people prefer to be on the safe side and not bank too much on it. There are many true things that are not dreamed of in the philosophy of the scientists, and this may be one of them.

The scientists proved by mathematics that man could not construct a machine heavier than air that would fly—and so they wouldn't try, and they denounced as cranks and ignoramuses everyone who did try. But they stand belied now by the fact that men every day are actually flying, without asking any odds of them. So, though we should pay due deference to the opinions of our learned scientific authorities, we must not forget that even scientists are human and that their conclusions are always subject to revision.

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Joe Knowles, Nature Man

[How a man can survive in a struggle with primitive nature if he knows how is stated by Joe Knowles, the nature man, who is reported by Mr. Lockley today. It is all a matter of keeping one's nerve and knowing what any savage in any age has known about getting on in the world.]

Joe Knowles, the nature man, lives near Seaview, on North Beach. I presume he is called the nature man because he regards nature as his friend and protector, in place of being afraid of nature, as are most men. When a man nowadays who is out in the woods discovers that he doesn't know where his camp is he is apt to become panic-stricken. If he happens to stay away from his camp overnight his companions organize a search party to find the "lost" man. The papers each summer give advice on what to do if you are lost while on a camping trip. We have become artificial by living within walls and depending on steam heat. When we find ourselves "lost" in the woods, so accustomed are we to gas or electric stoves, to electric lights and street cars, and to signs on street corners that we are well-nigh helpless. Our woodcraft instincts have atrophied through lack of use. Men lost in the mountains in winter, finding their matches wet, will lie down and freeze, when a savage would skirmish around and discover some dry wood under the snow and by friction soon have

a camp fire. The white man will starve in the woods, while the savage will live on the fat of the land, trapping rabbits and squirrels, catching fish and finding edible roots and nuts.

Joe Knowles was born white, but he is a throwback to the old cave days. He loves nature and nature responds to his nature worship by caring for and sustaining him when he forsakes the haunts of man. As we sat talking in Joe Knowles' cabin overlooking the sea. I said, "When you leave civilization behind and strike out into the primeval wilderness without a stitch of clothing on you, without a weapon or any man-made thing, how do you live? What do you do, first of all?" "People have made a lot of mystery about it when there is no mystery at all," he answered. "Living the simple life, living next to nature, is the natural life. You don't have to hurry or worry about rent or the cost of fuel. The high cost of living problem has vanished with the last signs of what we term civilization but what in reality is a refined cruelty and a competitive cut-throat game. What do I do first? Get something to eat. I size up the country to see where there is a mountain stream. Here in the Northwest there are so many mountain-born streams that it is always easy to find one. I watch the riffles to see if there are trout in the stream, and it is a rare stream in the West that is not a trout stream. I find willows, or if I cannot find willows I strip bark from any small growth and weave a net. I twist off a small willow or small fir bough and make a hoop of it to which I fasten my net. I find a shallow hole at the foot of a riffle, and there I sink my net with a stone in the center to hold the net down and a bit of bark or wood attached to the hoop to make the top float. I fix up a gateway out of stones—a sort of rock inlet—leading to my fish-trap. Then I walk up stream on the bank for a few hundred yards and wade down the middle of the stream, splashing the water vigorously. The trout are frightened and swim down stream, and of the score or so of trout that swim through my rock inlet several will get into my trap. I take them out and replace the trap, and during the night I am apt to get several more. If I haven't time to rig up a fish trap I go upstream till I find an overhanging bank, and I wait there till a fish comes under the bank. The fish will lie there headed upstream. I put my arm into the water back of him, and as quietly as a shadow I advance my hand till I can stroke the sides of the trout. If you are gentle and do not get in a hurry the trout will let you stroke

its sides and belly. Gradually you work forward till you insert your finger and thumb in his gills; then a quick clutch, and you can throw it out upon the bank. Poachers in England and Scotland call this the art of tickling a trout, and this way of catching trout and landlocked salmon has been in vogue for untold centuries in the old country.

* * *

"How do I make a fire? That's dead easy. There are three ways. I will show you the quickest and the simplest. This is the plan used by the Indians of the Northwest." Taking a crooked stick about two feet long, Joe fastened a heavy bit of cord loosely to both ends so that it looked like a bow with a loose string. Picking up a stick as thick as his finger he looped the string once around it. Then he pressed a rock on the upper end of the small stick and pressed the lower end against a bit of dry driftwood he picked up on the beach. He began sawing the bow back and forth vigorously, making the small stick revolve rapidly. In a few seconds I smelled scorched wood. A moment later a tiny wisp of yellow smoke came from the pile of fragments beside the hole the revolving stick had made in the top of the bit of driftwood. Gently blowing on the glowing embers caused by the friction of the revolving stick, a tiny blaze appeared. "That's all there is to it," said he. "With plenty of fish, with mushrooms, berries and roots and bear meat, you may stay out indefinitely.

* * *

"Yes, I said bear meat. That robe you are sitting on is from a bear I killed while out on my last trip. I found a windfall, and having no tools but fire I burned a lot of 8-inch and 10-inch trees through to the length I needed and rigged up a bear trap. I weighted it with heavy rocks and rigged up a figure four trap on which I fastened a dead salmon that I found in a riffle. It was a small bear, not over 175 pound that sprung the trap. I killed it with a club. The biggest job was skinning it. When I came out of the woods I had a pair of sandals and a serviceable cloak from its skin. If you have eyes to see and ears to hear and an understanding mind nature will supply all your needs and be your mother. She will furnish you food and clothing, with roots and herbs to cure your ills. You are free and independent and far happier than when trying to conform with the requirements of the fear-driven, flabby-muscled, sad-eyed throng in the cities."

The Original Water Wagon

The water wagon started on its journey through this country longer ago than most persons realize. I offer you, says "Girard" in the Philadelphia Ledger, a proof of this assertion which was 236 years old last April. It is in the form of a petition to a royal governor, signed by 12 men who were determined that the brewers' big horses shouldn't run over them:

"Whereas, wee ye inhabitants of ye neu Seated Towne near ye falls of Dellaware (called Crewcorne) finding ourselves aggrieved by ye Indians when drunk, informeth that wee be and have been in great danger of our lives, our houses burning, of our goods stealing and of our Wives and Children affrighting, Insomuch that wee are afear'd to go about our Lawful affairs, least when we come home we finde you and our concerns damnified.

"These things considered, wee doe humbly & jointly desire that the selling of brandy and strong liquors to ye Indians may be wholly suppressed, when if done wee hope wee shall live peaceably."

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The Demon Rum

From the New York Sun.

With congress supporting the dries in their strongholds and the president, the vice president and the secretary of state frowning darkly on him, the rum devil is in for a gloomy time.

It was the amiable Mrs. Hayes who closed the White House doors to King Alcohol and gave Mr. Evarts an opportunity to say that "the water flowed like champagne." The enthusiastic white ribboners celebrated this victory on Pennsylvania avenue by giving to the mistress of the White House an ornate and expensive sideboard. In the course of time this monument to virtuous abstinence ceased to command respect and it was quietly disposed of. The chance was too good to be missed; the keeper of a "gilded den" bought it, and today it furnishes hot and rebellious liquors for the unregenerate in a Washington saloon.

Pocahontas Buried at Gravesend

London Chronicle

Gravesend should prove of more than common interest to any of our American sailor visitors who happen to possess the historic sense. For its parish church is believed to contain the remains of the beautiful and ill-fated American Princess Pocahontas. On her visit to England in 1616 she was accorded a most hospitable reception. Unfortunately, however, she contracted smallpox and died on her way back to Virginia. She was brought ashore at Gravesend, where she was buried. The precise place of sepulchre is a matter of dispute among antiquarians, but St. George's Church claims the honor and its parish registry contains the following entry: "Rebecca Wrothe, Wyff of Thomas Wrothe, gent, a Virginia lady borne, here was buried in ye Chauncell."

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Seven Ways of Curing Warts

Any of the following-named remedies, says the *Boston Globe*, will effectually cure warts and permanently remove them:

1. Moisten the warts and rub sal-ammoniac well on them night and morning. A fortnight's application will invariably suffice.

2. Rub the warts with bullock's gall two or three times a day.

3. Expose a piece of potash to the air until it slacks: make a paste by adding powdered gum arabic, and apply to the warts.

4. Pare the warts and apply a small drop of acetic acid, using great care. Repeat once or twice daily, occasionally paring the wart, which will soon be cured.

5. Touch the wart with vinegar and cover with cooking soda or saleratus; let it remain ten minutes, and repeat several times during the day.

6. Wrap in a cloth wet with a diluted tincture of thuja. Forty-eight hours later pull out by the roots—a painless operation.

7. Rub till they are green with bean leaves and they will disappear after a few applications.

Salem Visitor Tells of Girlhood Reminiscences of James Whitcomb Riley

Mrs. Rozella Bates, School Companion of the Noted Hoosier Poet Acquaints Us With Many of His Peculiar Characteristics and Incidents in His Life Hitherto Unknown—Contrary to General Belief Riley Did Not Marry the Girl Who Inspired Either of His Much-Loved Poems, "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," "Elizabeth" and "Judith."

Contrary to a popular belief James Whitcomb Riley did not marry the girl who inspired his best-liked poem, "An Old Sweetheart of Mine."

Mrs. Rozella Bates, wife of Ralph Bates, the late well-known lecturer, who has been passing several weeks in Salem, gave out this information in an interesting interview a few days ago, and Mrs. Bates ought to know, because she was born in Riley's birthplace, Greenfield, Indiana, and grew up along with the famous poet, attending the same school and like a large number who enjoyed the same privilege, little realized that the boy who talked to himself and all the ugly little earth creatures, and wrote little bits of verse to "Mr. Hop-Toad," was someday to be recognized and honored by a world of lovers of simple heart-songs.

"Riley's name when I knew him," said Mrs. Bates, "was O'Riley, his father being an Irish Catholic, and his mother the most delightful Hick sac Quaker who pleased we children with her 'thee' and 'thou.'"

"James as he was called by all Greenfield was ten or twelve years older than I, and of course advanced in his studies. His first poems were not written until his last years in school and many of these are to be found in his books. He was always considered eccentric, perhaps largely so, because of his habit of conversing with flowers, insects and tiny denizens of the woods. His philosophy of life was acquired in this way, and some have attributed his breadth of opinion to this and also to the vast difference in his parents' religion.

"Every character mentioned in Riley's poems is or was a real living being and most of the more striking characters of Greenfield have been immortalized in his verses. Places too have been remembered by Riley, a nation having a personal acquaintance with 'the banks of old Brandywine,' 'Crown Hill,' where the famous old fashioned revivals were held: 'The Old Swimmin' Hole,' and numerous other

places mentioned in his poems." The famous old log ice house that stored the ice cut from the "old swimmin' hole," in winter, burned during Mrs. Bates' last visit to her birthplace.

"Every one mentioned in Riley's poem of the Greenfield Band, was an acquaintance of mine," said Mrs. Bates, "and at the present time, Greenfield's band is composed of descendants of these very men."

Mrs. Bates was asked to tell something more about Riley's "old sweetheart."

"Well," she said, "her name was Julia Cunningham. She was a very pretty girl, and there was always much rivalry between her and a Snow girl, as to who was to be the belle of Greenfield. I do not remember that the issue was ever definitely settled but any way Riley apparently was never attracted by any one else. It was generally understood that they were to marry, and no one seems to be able to tell why they did not. It may have been this shattered romance that inspired his exquisite love poems. 'Let Us Forget,' 'Their Sweet Sorrow' and numerous others; at any rate Riley never married. Miss Cunningham did, however, and I understand lives in Illinois, and has several children.

"When Riley's birthday was commemorated all over Indiana last year many throughout the land supposed that he had been dead some time. This is not so, however, the celebrated Hoosier poet at present occupying one of the handsomest residences in Indianapolis, the celebration of his birthday being a tribute by the people of the Hoosier state to their beloved poet, who has helped to make famous their beautiful state."

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Keep Sweet

If things go wrong, and you would curse
And kick the cat and poodle,
Just say: "Oh, pshaw! Things could be worse."
Then whistle Yankee Doodle.

Don't think to jaw the wife you must
Because she's late with supper;
And rant around until you bust
Your back-band and your crupper.

Just say: "Katrine, your bread is fine!"
Though it be tough as leather;
Then add, "Dear wife, your heart and mine
Are plumb dove-tailed together."

—Harry J. Williams.

Selkirk's Soliloquy

(Alexander Selkirk was a Scottish sailor, supposed to be the original of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." In 1704 he was, at his own request, put ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez, and remained there alone four years. This poem, by Cowper, is intended to express Selkirk's feelings during his exile.)

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the center all down to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech—
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasures untold
Reside in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sighed at the sound of a knell
Or smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport.
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
Oh, tell me I still have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see!

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light,
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy—encouraging thought!—
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

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The Bible, and Other Sacred Books

The Bible stands alone as a great literary classic. Many years ago, the late Charles A. Dana, called by some "the Nestor of American Journalism," laid down the rule in a lecture that a reading of the Bible was necessary to fit a man for work with the pen. Dr. Eliot has included in the Five-Foot Shelf, many of the most beautiful passages of the Bible. Limitations of space, and the fact that few are without complete copies, explain the absence of the entire Bible, but the passages quoted go a great ways toward convincing the reader that the Bible is not only a book of inspiration, but that purely on literary grounds, its beauty of language is not excelled. What the Bible, as a spiritual guide, is to the Christians, just so are the Koran, the Vedas, the Analects of Confucius and the doctrines of Buddha to millions of people who outnumber the combined Christian and Jewish world.

Immortality

By Joseph Jefferson.

Two caterpillars crawling on a leaf,
By some strange accident in contact came,
Their conversation, passing all belief,
Was that same argument, the very same,
That has been "proed and conned" from man to man,
Yea, ever since this wondrous world began.

The ugly creatures,
Deaf and dumb and blind,
Devoid of features
That adorn mankind.

Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife,
To speculate upon a future life.
The first was optimistic, full of hope;
The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope.
Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation."
Said number two, "I'm sure of our damnation;
Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates
And bar our entrance through the golden gates.
Suppose that death should take us unawares,
How could we climb the golden stairs?
If maidens shun us as they pass us by,
Would angels bid us welcome in the sky?
I wonder what great crimes we have committed,
That leave us so forlorn and so unpitied.
Perhaps we've been ungrateful, unforgiving;
'Tis plain to me that life's not worth the living."
"Come, come, cheer up," the jovial worm replied,
"Let's take a look upon the other side;
Suppose we cannot fly like moths or millers,
Are we to blame for being caterpillars?
Will that same God that doomed us to crawl the earth,
A prey to every bird that's given birth,
Forgive our captor as he eats and sings,
And damn poor us because we have no wings?
If we can't skim the air like owl or bat.
A worm will turn 'for a' that. "
They argued through the Summer, Autumn and nigh,
The ugly things composed themselves to die;
And so to make their funeral quite complete,
Each wrapped him in his little winding-sheet.
The tangled web encompassed them full soon,
Each for his coffin made him a cocoon.

All through the Winter's chilling blast they lay
 Dead to the world, aye, dead as human clay.
 Lo, Spring comes forth with all her warmth and love;
 She brings sweet justice from the realms above;
 She breaks the chrysalis, she resurrects the dead;
 Two butterflies ascend, encircling her head.
 And so this emblem shall forever be,
 A sign of immortality.

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How to Use the Bible

- When in sorrow read John 14.
- When men fail you read Psalm 27.
- When you worry read Matthew vi:19-24.
- Before church service read Psalm 51.
- When you have sinned read Psalm 84.
- When you are in danger read Psalm 91.
- When you have the blues read Psalm 139.
- When you are discouraged read Isaiah 40.
- When doubts come to you try John vii:17.
- For Jesus' idea of a Christian read Matthew 5.
- When you are lonely or fearful read Psalm 23.
- When your faith needs stirring read Hebrew 11.
- For James' idea of religion read James i:19-27.
- When you feel down and out read Corinthians iii:12-17.
- When you grow bitter or critical read I. Corinthians 13.
- When you want rest and peace read Matthew xi:22-30.
- When you forget your blessings read Psalm 103.
- When you want courage for your task read Joshua I.
- When you want Christian assurances read Romans vii:1-30.
- When your prayers grow narrow or selfish read Psalm 67.
- When the world seems bigger than God read Psalm 90.
- When you leave home for labor or travel read Psalm 121.
- Why not follow Psalm cxix:11 and bide some of these in your memory?

Rising of the Dead Sea

*Recent Observations Show That the Water is
Spreading Every Year*

From the Sunday School Times

Reference was made in these notes about a year ago to the rising level of the Dead Sea. The wonder of travelers is that the sea does not fill up altogether—that is, to those travelers who do not know the phenomenal power of evaporation which the sun has in this deep valley of the Jordan, a valley whose depth gives it almost a tropical climate. As there is no outlet from the sea, the level of its surface is always at the point of equilibrium between the inflow of water and the evaporation. Dr. Masterman, of Jerusalem, who has for many years made meteorological observations and records concerning the Dead Sea, and given them to the public through the Palestine Exploration Society, has recently given a summary of most of the changes of level since the year 1900, and with this also a resume of the evidences of the rising of the sea during the last century. Briefly, the evidences are these:

1. The persistent tradition of the Arabs, confirmed by the record of travelers (Seitzen, 1906, and Irby and Mangles, 1818), that there was a ford across near the lower end of the sea about 100 years ago.

2. Reliable account (de Sauley, -1850) that there was at that time a peninsula near the upper end of the sea, which according to travelers became an island. I myself saw this island twenty-one years ago, and a Jerusalem friend of mine assured me in 1912 that he had been one of a picnic party on it fifteen years before. Now it is under some four or five feet of water.

3. The abundant testimony of those now living, of the time when there was a beach and a passageway along the foot of Jebel Usdum on the east side of the sea, though the foot of the mountain is now constantly washed by the waves; and also, that the stumps and other remains of large trees may now be seen under the water around the shores of the sea.

All these things, now well established, point to the fact that there was once a time when the water extended but little, if at all, beyond the Lisan or tongue of land which projects from the eastern shore partly across the sea near the southern end, and that there was once a considerable plain ("the Plain"?) to the south of the Lisan.

There, probably, under the waters of the sea today, is the site of the ruined cities of "the Plain," Sodom and Gomorrah.

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How the Months Got Their Names

The months of the year obtained their names from widely varying sources. January was named from the Roman god Janus, the deity with two faces, one looking to the east and the other toward the west. February comes from the Latin word februo, to purify. It was the ancient Roman custom to hold festivals of purification during that month. March owes its name to an old god of war. Among the Saxons this month was known as lenst, meaning spring, which was the origin of our word Lent. It is claimed by some that April was named from the Latin word aperire, open, in signification of the opening buds. In Saxon days it was called eastre, in honor of Eastræ, the goddess of spring, from which comes our word Easter. May was named after Maia, the Roman goddess of growth or increase, and June was from the Latin juvenis (young). Julius Caesar himself named July in his own honor, and August was likewise named by Augustus Caesar. September is from the Latin word septem, meaning seven, it being the seventh month of the year according to the old Roman calendar, and October, November and December likewise retain the names they were known by in the old Roman calendar.

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Washington's Thanksgiving Proclamation

*First Call to Offer Up Thanks for Blessings Received
When Our Nation Was Very Young.*

That the last Thursday in November will be set aside by the President for a day of thanksgiving and a general holiday is always taken for granted because of the yearly repetition of this act since 1863.

The most of us who read the newspaper announcement of the day chosen have little idea of the complicated processes involved in the issuance of the annual proclamation.

When Governor Bradford issued the first Thanksgiving proclamation, he simply announced on November 19, 1621, that December 13, 1621, would be observed

throughout the Plymouth Colony as a day of Thanksgiving. He also appointed four men to "go fowling that they might, after a more special manner, rejoice together."

This was a most simple ceremony when contrasted with the weight of detail and labor which accompany the issuance of the proclamation of today. Formality has been added to formality through the many years of the observance of the custom with the result that the present method of giving this document to the public is a very serious and high ceremony.

The President's task is no easy one—to say in new words, or in another manner what has been said so well and fittingly so many times before. But once the exact form has been decided upon and dictated to a stenographer a copy is made and sent to the State Department. Here one of the clerks who makes a specialty of artistic penmanship engrosses it upon parchment and it then returns to the White House to receive the President's signature. Then it travels back to the State Department, where the signature of the Secretary of State attests that of the President, and the Great Seal of the State Department is then affixed.

Afterward copies of the document are written out—not typewritten—by clerks of the State Department, on the long sheets of blue paper used for official correspondence and sent to each Governor of the states and territories, who in turn makes a proclamation of his own.

But in the meantime the proclamation of the President has been made public and the people all over the country know what day has been chosen for Thanksgiving.

The first Thanksgiving day proclamation ever issued by a President was signed by George Washington in 1789, and was made by request of both Houses of Congress through their joint committee. The text of this elaborate proclamation following the preamble is:

"Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these states to the service of that great and glorious Being, who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be. That we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies and the favorable inter-

positions of His providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the National one now lately instituted; for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge, and in general for all the great favors which He hath been pleased to confer upon us.

"And also that we may then unite in most humble offering our prayers and supplications to the Great Lord and Ruler of nations, and beseech Him to pardon our National and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually; to render our National Government a blessing to the people by constantly being a government of wise, just and constitutional laws, directly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness to us), and to bless them with good government, peace and concord; to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us; and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

"Given under my hand at the City of New York, the third day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

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Spanish Origin of Name "Oregon"

Joaquin Miller Says It Comes From "Oye-Agua,"

Meaning "Hear the Water."

The following article, written by the Poet of the Sierras, appears in the current issue of Bulletin of the California Physical Geography Club:

"Here are the continuous woods; here rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save its own dashing."

If there is a statelier name in all our constellation of stars, I have not heard it. Alabama—Here we rest—is sweet, attractive, restful, but the name has not the rush of waters, the misty tang of mold and somber wood, of cloud-tossing trees, the strength, the stir, the color of Oregon: Oye-agua.

It is high time that some one more in touch with books should make clear the root of this great name; the written story of its origin. For it appealed to the poet Bryant most effectively, as well as many others, John Hay especially.

For more than 30 years I made eager inquiry for evidence as to when and by whom in the earliest expeditions the stately names *Sierra Grande del Nord* and *Oye-agua* were bequeathed us on the North Pacific sea bank, but I am today empty-handed. The letters I had received from the poet Bryant and John Hay were destroyed in the San Francisco fire. I had placed them for greater safety in the library of the Bohemian Club, along with autograph copies of books from other eminent authors all over the world. I have not had heart to take up the subject since. But I think the noble name speaks plainly for itself and needs no written evidence of its etymology.

Oye-el-agua: Hear the Water! Oye-agua: OREGON: Or-e-gon!

In 1858, while teaching a sort of primer school, below Fort Vancouver, during vacation at Columbia College, the forerunner of the Oregon University, I met Father Broulette, the head of the Catholic School at Vancouver. This learned and kindly priest helped me in my Latin, when I went to him on Saturdays, and twice took me rowing in an Indian's canoe far up the great Oregon River to hear the waters; to hear the waters dashing down out of the clouds from the melting snows of Mount Hood. And he quoted Bryant's poem and laid great stress on the words: "Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save its own dashing."

We could hear—you can today—hear something more than the dashing waters of the Oregon, that forget the precipitous steepes and sweep away out like a younger Yosemite, a broader-blowing Bridal Veil, till it trails in a lustrous white mist over the mighty river's tranquil breast! You hear something more than the dashing waters. You hear an aeolian harp in the heavens. Now low, now high, as the winds sweep the snow-white bridal veil of broken mist to and fro, till you are ready to say, with the good old priest, "You hear away up yonder in the clouds, an orchestra of angels. Oye-agua, Or-e-gon!" And when called to address the students of the State University about Oregon, a land I have known and loved longer than most

of you have lived, I wanted to give the root and definition of this beautiful word, for so many foolish and unfair things have been said about its etymology.

But, alas! What evidence have I at hand, further than this written on the face of the waters and heard in the clouds from the stupendous steep? I appealed to Lummis, librarian at Los Angeles, editor of "Out West" and our most learned man in Spanish here, but he has given me no light, save to deride the accepted idea that the name came from the Spanish word "Orejonas," big ears, and to prefer the name "Oregonos," or sage; or artemisia, beyond the mountains, and these great navigators who discovered us gave their beautiful names only from what they saw and heard. Here is what the learned Mr. Lummis says:

Los Angeles, Cal., May 6, 1907.—Dear Old Joaquin:
 * * * The Spanish derivation won't work for a minute on "aure el agua." It is not *aure*, but *oye*. Gannett's definition for Oregonos is also fly-blown, since that is not the Spanish word for big ears, which is Orejonas (sounded h). There is a possibility, of course, that the region may have been named the Oregon tribe. * * * So far as I know, its etymology has never been satisfactorily settled; but I am making inquiries at once to see if there is any more recent knowledge, and, if so, will let you know at the first possible date. The general conception is that the name comes from the Oregonos, or sage; but that is also doubtful. With all good wishes, always your friend,

Chas. F. Lummis.

As for the offensive name, "Big Ears," that is simply out of nature and therefore impossible. We have the Nez Perce: Pierced nose, the Pend d'aureille, ears with pendants or earrings, but all our Indians have ever had notably small ears, small hands, small feet.

The learned Spanish professor at the University of California is also in doubt as to the definition of our name, but will not dispute Oye-agua: hear the water.

When John Hay was Secretary of our Spanish Legation at Madrid, and writing his "Castilian Days," I laid the case before him, when on a final visit, and proposed that we make some research, but he protested that it would be wasteful time to glean where Washington Irving had harvested, and at once quoted Bryant when I spoke of the waters dashing down out of the clouds. And John Hay, the great poet by nature, and the enforced great diplomat, said: "Let the waters dashing down out of heaven speak

for themselves. I think it no stretch of imagination to submit that they are forever crying out from the clouds, like prophets in the wilderness, "Oye-agua, Oye-agua! Oregon'!"

To understand the importance of Mr. Hay's words, we must know that he not only knew Spanish, but the Spanish Christian in these explorations of conquest. These men were mightily in earnest, and when they could not follow their calendar of saints, which they did as a rule, they named things from sound or color, or conspicuous features, as they found them. They rarely named anything after their revered men and women, as did the French and notably the English; they never jested with the names of places and things. They gave thousands and thousands of names, from the Straits of Magellan to the Straits of Vitus Behring, but you search in vain for one single such name as California's "Calamity Jane," "Yuba Dam River" or "Give a Damn Gulch."

As Bryant, the poet, wrote; as Hay, the poet, said: "They heard, they saw the dashing of the waters down out of heaven, and they said, 'Hear the waters! Oye-agua! Oregon. And Oregon it is, and Oregon it must and will remain!'"

It would seem that Washington Irving, so long our Minister at Madrid, should have found some record there, while mousing among the archives for material, but you search in vain for light in all his happy pages. But where did the boy poet, Bryant, come upon the pretty, poetic word, "Oregon"? And where did he find warrant to say, nearly a century ago, "Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save its own dashing"? The poetry here is so perfect, the description, both sound and sense, so exact—and true poetry is the purest form of truth—that I know Oye-agua means Oregon as surely as I know Cape Blanco, because it looks it, lives it, is Cape Blanco.

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Two Prayers

When congress convened in extraordinary session on April 2 to consider the serious war crisis confronting our country, the chaplain of the Senate, Rev. J. L. Kibler, offered the following earnest prayer:

"In the simplicity of our hearts, O God, and in the very depths of humility we come into Thy presence. At the opening of this extraordinary session of the Congress

we come first to seek Thy guiding hand. Amid the confusion and violence of the world today we can not know the things that may shortly come to pass. Lead us, O God, through the darkness until the day dawns and the shadows flee away. Enlighten our minds, control our thoughts, direct our speech, and give us wisdom and grace to defend the truth and to advocate the cause of righteousness.

"At this critical time in our country's history we pray Thee lead Thy servants in the plain path, teach them Thy ways, and inspire them with those lofty aims and principles that emanate from Thy throne and which have been the heritage of our people from the beginning. In all their deliberations may they seek the accomplishment of Thy purposes and the enlargement of Thy kingdom in the earth. We ask it all in the name of Christ the Lord. Amen."

The same morning the Chaplain of the House of Representatives of the Sixty-fourth Congress, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D.D., offered the following prayer.

"God of ages, our fathers' God, and our God, whose holy influence has shaped and guided the destiny of our republic from its inception, we wait upon that influence to guide us in the present crisis which has been thrust upon us. Diplomacy has failed; moral suasion has failed; every appeal to reason and justice has been swept aside. We abhor war and love peace. But if war has been or shall be forced upon us, we pray that the heart of every American citizen shall throb with patriotic zeal; that a united people may rally around our President to hold up his hands in every measure that shall be deemed necessary to protect American lives and safeguard our inherent rights. Let Thy blessing, we beseech Thee, attend the Congress now convened in extraordinary session under extraordinary conditions which call for extraordinary thought, wise counsels, calm and deliberate legislation; that its resolves and all its enactments may spring spontaneously from loyal and patriotic hearts; that our defenders on land and sea may be amply supplied with the things which make for strength and efficiency.

"And, O God, our Heavenly Father, let Thy strong right arm uphold, sustain, and guide us in a just and righteous cause; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

When Oregon Was a National Issue

(From the Portland Journal)

When, in June, 1823, John Quincy Adams, secretary of state, informed Baron de Tuiyll, the Russian minister at Washington, that the American continents "are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers," and "that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety," the Eastern states were notified that there was a Pacific coast over which we must stand guard, and what was vaguely called the "Oregon country" began to be an issue in American politics.

The warning carried by Secretary Adams' words in the summer of 1823 was directed primarily against Russia, as that country had taken possession of what was then known as Russian America, the Alaska of a later day, which we purchased from her in 1867, and she was extending her settlements southward along the Pacific coast. This was the germ of the Monroe doctrine, as enunciated at greater length and more circumstantiality in that president's message to congress half a year later, but Secretary Adams was its real author, so far as any one man deserved that name, for the principle was proclaimed by Washington in his farewell address of 1796, and found expression in some of Jefferson's later state papers also.

Thus, almost before it was a local habitation or a name, "Oregon" let the country know that it was a locality to be reckoned with. Spain renounced all pretensions to it in the treaty of 1819 by which it gave up Florida to us, and we promised that we would not attempt to assail any claims which Spain might assert to the region west of the Sabine, the Texas of a later time. After Secretary Adams' prompting to Tuiyll Russia in 1824 surrendered her shadowy title to "Oregon," leaving England and the United States as the only contestants for ascendancy there. Between those two countries the dispute was left open for twenty years longer, by which time colonization had gone to the rescue of the United States, and in 1846 England withdrew from all the territory south of the forty-ninth parallel. Perhaps the United States ought to have retained the whole "Oregon country" up to 54-40, or Alaska, but as we were about to engage in war with Mexico, in which

we gained territory which was more immediately valuable, many persons at the time thought we made a fairly good bargain.

Here, we see that Oregon provoked the Monroe doctrine of December 3, 1823, the nineteenth anniversary of which comes a few weeks hence. Part of the declaration was incited by the purpose of the holy alliance, the leading spirit in which was Czar Alexander I, of Baron de Tuyl's country, which had for its object the overthrow of the independent governments set up by Mexico, Peru, Chile, Bolivia and the other Latin-American nations which had broken away from Spain in the two or three previous years. These reactionary countries were Russia, Prussia, Austria and the France of the restored Bourbons. Under the direction of the allies, France had already invaded Spain in the summer of 1823, for the purpose of upsetting the constitutional government which the Spanish people had created, and some of the allies, France among them, were to send armies over to the Western side of the Atlantic, and assail Mexico and her partners south of the Rio Grande.

This was an audacious scheme, and might have succeeded had not the United States called a halt in the conspiracy. The Latin-American countries were poor and feeble, and were wrangling among themselves. But the government at Washington had the sympathy of England in this matter, which wanted to retain the profitable trade which it had gained with the new nations. The United States promptly sent out its notes of warning, the plot was defeated, on December 3, 1823, and hands-off the American continent became henceforth a cardinal principle in United States diplomacy. And in that work Oregon played a star role.

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Historical

By Albert Tozier

Oregon was first divided into four judicial districts, by the constitution. Each district elected one judge and the four judges constituted the supreme court. The four first chosen allotted the terms among themselves, the term of one expiring in two years, one in four years, and two in six years, and thereafter the term to be six years, the judge having the shortest term to serve, or the oldest of several

having such shortest term, and not holding the appointment, to be chief justice. In 1878 the supreme court as now constituted was created.

LIST OF CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE OREGON
SUPREME COURT

Provisional Government—

- 1841—J. L. Babcock. (By a full meeting of the inhabitants of Willamette valley held at the American mission house, February 18, 1841, J. L. Babcock was unanimously chosen supreme judge of Oregon with probate powers . . ." Oregon Archives. Judge Babcock is supposed to be the first man upon whom the duties of supreme judge were imposed.)
- 1843—W. E. Wilson. (At a public meeting held at "Champooick" May 2, 1843, "for the purpose of taking steps to organize a civil community and provide laws, Mr. W. E. Wilson was chosen supreme judge with probate powers." Oregon Archives. This appears to be the next mention of the supreme court in the official archives.
- 1845—Nathaniel Ford chosen. He declined to serve, so P. H. Burnett was elected.
- 1847 (Feb.)—J. Quinn Thornton.
- 1847 (Nov.)—Columbia Lancaster.
- 1849—A. L. Lovejoy.

Records for this period incomplete undoubtedly others served in this capacity.

Territory and State—

- 1849-50—William P. Bryant.
- 1850-53—Thomas Nelson.
- 1853-59—George H. Williams.
- 1859-62—Aaron E. Wait.
- 1862-64—Reuben P. Boise.
- 1864-66—Paine Paige Prim.
- 1866-68—Erasmus D. Shattuck.
- 1868-70—Reuben P. Boise.
- 1870-72—Paine Paige Prim.
- 1872-74—William P. Upton.
- 1874-76—B. F. Bonham.
- 1876-78—Paine Paige Prim.
- 1878-80—James K. Kelly.
- 1880-82—William P. Lord.
- 1882-84—Edward B. Watson.
- 1884-86—John Breckenridge Waldo.

- 1894-96—Robert S. Bean.
 1886-88—William P. Lord.
 1888-90—W. W. Thoyer.
 1890-92—Reuben S. Strahan.
 1892-94—William P. Lord.
 1896-98—Frank A. Moore.
 1898-1900—Charles E. Wolverton.
 1900-1902—Robert S. Bean.
 1902-04—Frank A. Moore.
 Jan.-4 Dec. 1905—Charles E. Wolverton.
 Dec. 1905-1906—Robert S. Bean.
 1906-08—Robert S. Bean.
 1908-10—Frank A. Moore.
 1910-12—Robert Eakin.
 1912-14—Thomas A. McBride.
 1914-16—Frank A. Moore.
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English Pronunciations

Bulwer is pronounced Buller.
 Talbot is pronounced Tolbut.
 Thames is pronounced Tems.
 Cowper is pronounced Cooper.
 Holborn is pronounced Hobun.
 Wemyss is pronounced Weems.
 Knollys is pronounced Knowles.
 Cockburn is pronounced Coburn.
 Brougham is pronounced Broom.
 Cirencester is pronounced Sissister.
 Norwich is pronounced Norridge.
 St. Leger is pronounced Sillinger.
 Colquhoun is pronounced Cohoon.
 Grosvenor is pronounced Grovenor.
 Salisbury is pronounced Sawlsbury.
 Beauchamp is pronounced Beecham.
 Marylebone is pronounced Marrabun.
 Abergavenny is pronounced Abergenny.
 Marjoribanks is pronounced Marchbanks.
 Bolingbroke is pronounced Bullingbrooke.
 Hawarden is pronounced Harden.

Hard Words to Spell

*How Many of These Could You Write
Correctly From Memory?*

(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean)

The freshmen in the state university did not cover themselves with glory in a recent test—probably because they were too far away from the spelling books of their younger days. Fifty words in every-day use—no trick words—were given out to forty-six freshmen in the English composition classes, and the average grade of the papers turned in was only 55 per cent.

About half of these freshmen were just beginning their English work in the university; the others had had one semester of it. The latter group made slightly better grades than the beginners. Three students tied for the highest work with seven misspelled words each; the worst record of the lot was thirty-six mistakes.

Of the fifty words in the list, "consensus" proved the greatest stumbling block. Thirty-eight students—all except eight—got it wrong, most of them beginning the second syllable with "c" instead of "s."

Next in order was "renaissance," misspelled by thirty-six, followed by "diphtheria," on which thirty-five tripped. "Rhythm," the most misspelled word in a test at the University of Virginia, got thirty-four victims, being tied with "judgment," "supersede," "indispensable" and "hypocrisy."

The easiest word proved to be "receive," which only one student got twisted. "Separate," the bugbear of the average grade school student, brought down only seven.

Here are the other words in the list, with the number of times that each was misspelled:

Innocuous, 32; kimono, 31; luscious, 30; chauffeur, 29; villain, 29; dirigible, 27; occurrence, 27; inoculate, 25; prerogative, 25; adviser, 25; embarrass, 24; accommodate, 23; aeronautics, 21; battalion, 21; kerosene, 21; privilege, 21; benefited, 20; twelfth, 18; nickel, 17; procedure, 16; occasionally, 15; development, 15; weird, 15; vacuum, 15; harass, 15; initiate, 15; indictment, 14; prophecy, 14; its (possessive of it), 13; lose, 12; vaccine, 11; precede, 11; opportunity, 10; laundered, 10; mirth, 9; discipline, 9; laboratory, 7; biplane, 8; apparatus, 6; advisory, 2.

The Longest Word

"What is the longest word in the world? I am not rash enough to attempt to answer that question" said a well known author to a Boston Journal man. "There is a certain Welsh name of a place which reaches me every now and then, and which I have printed more than once, which is sufficiently formidable. I believe that the patient and serious Germans have turned out some verbal monsters, and it may be that the Chinese, the Russians and other races with whose literature I am acquainted have produced series of linked letters long drawn out which are called words. So I carefully abstain from saying what is the longest word in the world.

"But I think I may venture to suggest that there are not many words longer than one which may be found in Liddell and Scott's Greek lexicon. Here is the modest trifle:

"Lepadotemachoselachogaleokraniroleipsanodrimupotrimmatsilphioparaomelitokatakechumenokichlepikeossuphophatafopetisteralektruonoptegkphalokigoklopleiolagoosiraiobaletraganopterugon.

"I hope I have copied it correctly, but there may be a slip here and there, and life is not long enough to write it out twice and the good printer, in whom I have the utmost confidence, may be excused if he stumbles now and then. In English it ought to have 177 letters—there or thereabouts.

"In its original Greek form the letters would be not quite so numerous, as 'ch,' 'ps' and 'ph' are represented by one letter. The word is used by Aristophanes, who was a comedian, and who therefore, must have his little joke, and some of his little jokes, by the way, are not quite nice. As to its meaning, the learned lexicographers state that it is "the name of a dish compounded of all kinds of dainties, fish, flesh, fowl and sauces'."

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How Japanese Woo

Japan is a long way off, and this charming story of how courtships are carried on among the elite of their society comes to us from this far-away land.

In certain districts, in houses wherein resides a daughter of marriageable age, an empty flower pot is encircled by a string and suspended from a window or the veranda. Instead of serenades by moonlight and other delicate ways of making an impression it is etiquette for the Japanese lover to approach the dwelling of his sweetheart bearing

some choice plant in his hand, which he reverently proceeds to plant in the empty vase. This takes place when he is fully aware that mother and daughter are at home.

This act of placing a plant in the flower-pot is equivalent to a formal proposal to the lady of his choice. The lover having settled the plant of his mind, retires, and the lady is free to act as she pleases. If he is the right man she takes every care of his gift, waters it and tends it carefully with her own hands, that all may see that the donor is accepted as a suitor. But if he is not the favorite, or if the stern parents object, the poor plant is torn from the vase, and the next morning lies limp and withered on the veranda or in the path below.

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Top Spinning As Old As the World Perhaps

Children played with whiptops as far back as the late Hittite epoch (1100 to 600 B. C.), the excavations of the British Museum expedition to Carchemish, on the Euphrates, discloses.

Along one section of the palace buildings in this royal city has been found the most lengthy hieroglyphic inscription yet discovered, separating a carving of an incoming army from a procession coming out to cheer the conquerors.

At the head of this procession, on three slabs of dolerite, are the king and his family. The elders walk slowly forward, while the children are seen playing with whiptops or knuckle-bones. The youngest child, an infant in arms, is carried by its mother or nurse, and followed by a pet animal on a string.

Part of the Hittite ruins are injured by the building of a roman temple on top of them in the second century A. D. There are also Byzantine and Arab remains of still later date above.

But the most astonishing revelations have to do with peoples who made this city a gathering place before the Hittites appeared. Below the traces of the Hittites palace, brick buildings of the early bronze age are still standing to a considerable height, and below these again are Neolithic houses. One section cut through a hill shows a continuous series of strata from the Stone age to the periods of the late Byzantine and Arab occupation.

Graves of various areas are found. In children's graves are numerous clay figures. With the boys were buried clay horses or mounted soldiers, and with the girls dolls.

An Old Bone of Contention

The Christian Church in a town in Southern Indiana is composed of two warring factions. The bone of contention is a small reed organ, which was installed in the church some time ago at the request of a traveling evangelist. A number of the good old-fashioned brethren and sisters object strenuously to "praising the Lord by note," and, failing to convince the modern element that this is sacrilege, have withdrawn from the church and set up the gospel business for themselves. Before this upstart came along and installed the organ, music in the church had consisted solely of congregational singing, following, no doubt, the "ining" of hymns by the preacher. Recompense for their shattered idols and traditions will be sought by the "non-organists" in the Circuit Court of Martin County.

The question, once a burning one, of instrumental music in churches, had, it was supposed, flickered and died out. Its revival in this town of Southern Indiana recalls the recital in verse by Will Carleton some years ago of a similar controversy, beginning:

They've got a brand-new organ, Sue,
With all their fuss and search;
They've done just what they said they'd do
And fetched it into church.

The tribulations of this good sister were mirrored in a dozen or twenty stanzas and concluded with the emphatic statement:

I've been a sister good and true
For five and thirty year;
I've done just what I ought to do
And prayed my duty clear;
But Death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track.
And some day I to church will go
And never more come back.
And now, whene'er my time shall come,
Whenever that shall be,
I want no blamed new-fangled thing
A squeakin' over me.

The humorous phase of a controversy of this kind is lost in sympathy for the sincerity that is so apparent in this rude protest against "new-fangled things in religion."

Some Oddities of the Cyclone

From Pearson's Weekly

Cyclones of the sort that recently devastated the colliery valleys of South Wales are very rare in this country. This particular storm, the fiercest ever known in Britain, carried a man nearly a quarter of a mile through the air before dashing him down to death. It threw tombstones about, hurled shop goods into the street and took the roofs off hundreds of houses.

Cyclones as a rule occur only in hot countries. Their fierceness is due to a sort of a hole in the atmosphere. The air all around rushes in with tremendous force to fill up this hole. So a cyclone is really a sort of cartwheel of winds, fierce gales blowing along each spoke toward the hub, which is called the "eye" of the cyclone.

In a cyclone the "cartwheel" is much smaller than in an ordinary storm, and the winds are correspondingly fiercer. There is quite authentic instances of cyclones driving flying nails into trees and planks right up to the head. Straws, too, have been driven half through stout doors.

A very curious thing about cyclones is that a house caught in the eye of one has its doors and windows burst outwards, not in. This was noticed in Wales, and accounts for the contents of shops being hurled into the street.

The reason is that the eye of a tornado being empty of air, the pressure of air within a closed house against the empty space outside makes the house burst outward as if it contains a charge of dynamite. Air everywhere has a pressure of fourteen pounds to the square inch.

It is this suction that makes a cyclone draw corks from an empty bottle it finds in its path.

Anyone caught in a cyclone often finds that dust or mud is driven into his clothes under such pressure that repeated washings refuse to remove it.

The tremendous lifting power at the eye of a cyclone is shown not only by its hurling men and even sheds into the air, but by the curious fact that it usually leaves every well in its path quite dry. It is this upward suction that accounts for waterspouts at sea.

In countries where cyclones are common every house has a "cyclone cellar" close at hand for use when a cyclone is on its way.

The only good point about a cyclone as compared with an ordinary storm is that the track along which it travels is always a very narrow one. Its path is seldom more than two or three hundred yards broad. On each side of the track where a cyclone is spreading death and destruction the weather is often quite average.

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Brides of the White House

Mrs. Lucy Payne Washington, Dolly Madison's youngest sister and widow of George Steptoe Washington, a nephew of the first president, was married March 11, 1811, in the White House to Judge Todd, of Kentucky.

Miss Anna Todd, also in 1811, another relative of Mrs. Madison, married Representative Edward H. Jackson of Virginia, great uncle of Stonewall Jackson.

Miss Maria Hester Monroe, first daughter of the White House to marry there. She was only 16 years old and chose March 11 also for her wedding day, in 1820. The bridegroom was her maternal first cousin, Samuel Lawrence Gouverneur, of New York.

Miss Mary Hellen of Washington, niece of Mrs. John Quincy Adams, married her young cousin, John Adams, in 1826 in the Blue room.

Miss Mary Lewis, daughter of President Jackson's friend, Maj. Lewis, of Nashville, married M. Alphonse Joseph Yoer Pageot, of Martinique, later French minister at the capitol.

Miss Mary Easten, of Tennessee, another niece of President Jackson, married Mr. Polk, from her home state, in 1832, at the White House.

Emily Martin, a cousin of the president, was the third bride under Jackson's administration. She married Lewis Randolph.

Elizabeth Tyler, youngest daughter of President Tyler, a Virginia belle, married in the East room in 1842 William Waller, of Virginia, a grand-nephew of the Scottish Earl of Traquaire.

The only unofficial wedding at the White House took place in 1862. James H. Chandler, a Union soldier, near Mount Sidney, Va., carried off a country sweetheart, bribed a colored attendant and was married in one of the state parlors.

The most famous wedding of the period was that of Nellie Grant and Capt. Algernon Sartoris in 1874.

The eleventh bride was Miss Emily Platt, niece of President Hayes, married to Gen. Russell Hastings in the Blue room in 1878.

Eight years later came Frances Folsom, one of the fairest White House brides. In 1886 she was married to President Grover Cleveland in the Blue room.

The thirteenth bride was Alice Lee Roosevelt. At high noon in the East room February 17, 1906, she was married to Congressman Nicholas Longworth in the presence of 1,000 guests.

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Decisive Battles of the World

The Battle of Marathon, B. C. 490.—Fought between the Greeks and the Medes and Persians. Miltiades led the Greeks to victory; Datis commanded the Medes and Persians. Probable strength of Greeks, 10,000, forces of enemy estimated at 100,000. Persians' loss amounted to 6400. Athenians lost 190. Victory checked Persian Empire and saved for the world the intellectual treasures of Athens.

Defeat of Athenians at Syracuse, B. C. 413.—Athenians sent an expedition to conquer Sicily. The City of Syracuse was besieged, but the Athenians were eventually defeated by Sicilian Greeks. The Athenians had a fleet of 134 war galleys and a multitude of storeships, as well as a powerful force of well-equipped infantry. Athens' maritime power was lost, her schemes of empire defeated, and Western Europe left for Rome and Carthage to dispute two centuries later.

Battle of Arbela, B. C. 331.—Alexander led Macedonian troops to victory against Persian and opened his way to Asia. King Darius, leader of Persians, had a force of 40,000 horse, 200 scythe-bearing chariots and 15 armed elephants, besides myriads of infantry. Alexander's forces consisted of 40,000 foot and 7000 horse. Ancient Persian Empire, which menaced all nations of earth with subjection, was crushed.

The Battle of the Metharus, B. C. 207.—Nero, at the head of Roman troops, defeated the Carthaginians under Hasdrubal, insuring the ultimate defeat of Hannibal and the overthrow of the Carthaginian Republic.

Victory of Arminius over the Roman legions under Varus, A. D. 9.—Arminius united the forces of Germany and freed that young nation from Roman invasion by one decisive victory.

Battle of Chalons, A. D. 451.—The Huns, led by Attila, attempted to found a new anti-Christian dynasty upon the wreck of the temporal power of Rome. Attila was repulsed and Hungarian invasion of Western Roman Empire was checked.

Battle of Tours, A. D. 732.—Charles Martel led the Germans against the Saracens, his victory giving a check to Arab conquests in Western Europe. Christendom was rescued from the spread of the Mohammedan religion.

Battle of Hastings, A. D. 1066.—Between the Normans, led by William the Conqueror and Saxons led by King Harold of England. Battle resulted in a victory for William and the Norman conquest of England.

Battle of Orleans, A. D. 1429.—Joan of Arc led the French to victory against the English, the battle ultimately resulting in the deliverance of France from English invasion.

Defeat of Spanish Armada, A. D. 1588.—Naval engagement between Spanish and English fleets. The invasion of England planned by King Phillip of Spain was prevented, Spain's sea power destroyed, and England saved to Protestantism. Spanish fleet numbered 90 vessels; English only 23.

Battle of Blenheim, A. D. 1704.—Between the French army of Louis XIV and the united armies of England, Holland, Austria, Portugal, Prussia, Savoy and Denmark. The allied troops, led by the Duke of Marlborough, were victorious. The allies fought to prevent consolidation of Spanish and French Empires and check the plans of Louis XIV for universal conquest.

Battle of Pultowa, A. D. 1700.—Between Sweden and Russia. Charles XII invaded Russia and was defeated, thus establishing the supremacy of Russia in Northern Europe. Russian forces numbered 50,000; Sweden's 24,000, of which they lost 10,000.

Battle of Saratoga, A. D. 1777.—Victory of Americans, led by Generals Gates and Arnold, over the British under command of General Burgoyne. Plan of English to divide colonies was defeated and negotiations in Paris for recognition of American independence were brought to a successful issue.

Battle of Valmy, A. D. 1792.—France fought against the allied armies of Europe, which had been mustered to crush the revolutionists of Paris. The French were victorious. This battle marks the birth of the French Republic.

Battle of Waterloo, A. D. 1815.—Between allied armies of Europe and the French under Napoleon. This battle resulted in the defeat of Napoleon, his banishment to St. Helena, and ended the 23 years' war of the French Revolution.

Battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 3, 4, 1863.—Union forces check northern invasion of Confederate army under General Lee.

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Mark Twain's War Prayer

From the New York Evening Sun.

Dr. Henry Neumann, in an address at the Brooklyn Society for Ethical Culture, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, quoted from an unpublished article by Mark Twain on the subject of war. He said:

"A few years before his death, Mark Twain wrote an article entitled 'The War Prayer.' It describes how a regiment gathers in a church before it departs for the war and prays for victory. As the prayer concludes, a white-robed stranger enters the church and says: 'I have been sent by the Almighty to tell you that he will grant your petition if you still desire it after I have explained to you its full import. You are asking for more than you seem to be aware of. You have prayed aloud for victory over your foes, but listen now to the unspoken portion of your prayer and ask yourselves if this is what you desire.'

"Then the stranger speaks aloud these implications of their words: 'O, Lord, help us to tear the soldiers of the foe to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief. Blast their hopes, blight their lives, water their way with their tears.'

Mark Twain never published this article. His friends told him it would be regarded as a sacrilege. Is it really sacrilege to say that men cannot pray for victory in war without asking for these inevitable implications of their petition? What would it mean if we remembered this when the war-spirit is abroad?"

War Declarations of World War

1914.

- July 28.—Austria declared war on Serbia.
August 1.—Germany declared war on Russia.
August 2.—Germany invaded Luxemburg and violated Belgian neutrality.
August 3.—Germany declared war on France.
August 4.—Germany declared war on Belgium.
August 4.—Great Britain declared war on Germany.
Germany retaliated with a similar declaration.
August 6.—Austria declared war on Russia; Russia declared war on Austria.
August 7.—Montenegro declared war on Austria.
August 9.—Austria declared war on Montenegro.
August 10.—France declared war on Austria.
August 12.—Montenegro declared war on Germany.
August 12.—(Midnight).—England declared war on Austria.
August 23.—Japan declared war on Germany.
August 25.—Austria declared war on Japan.
November 5.—England declared war on Turkey.

1915.

- May 23.—Italy declared war against Austria.
June 3.—San Marino declared war against Austria.
August 21.—Italy declared war on Turkey.
October 15.—Serbia declared war on Bulgaria.
October 15.—Great Britain declared war on Bulgaria.
October 16.—France declared war on Bulgaria.
October 19.—Italy declared war on Bulgaria.
October 19.—Russia declared war on Bulgaria.

1916.

- March 9.—Germany declared war on Portugal.
March 15.—Austria declared war on Portugal.
August 27.—Italy declared war on Germany.
August 27.—Rumania declared war on Austria.
August 28.—Germany declared war on Rumania.
August 31.—Turkey declared war on Rumania.
September 1.—Bulgaria declared war on Rumania.
November 25.—Greek Provisional Government (Venizelists) declared war on Bulgaria and Germany.

1917.

- March 14.—China severed relations with Germany.
April 6.—America declared a state of war against Germany.

- April 7.—Cuba declared a state of war against Germany.
 April 9.—Austria severed relations with United States.
 April 10.—Panama declared a state of war against Germany.
 April 11.—Brazil severed relations with Germany.
 April 13.—Austria severed relations with Brazil.
 April 13.—Bolivia severed relations with Germany.
 April 23.—Turkey severed relations with the United States.
 April 28.—Guatamala severed relations with Germany.
 May 9.—Liberia severed relations with Germany.
 May 18.—Honduras severed relations with Germany.
 May 19.—Nicaragua severed relations with Germany.
 June 9.—Germany severed relations with Hayti.
 June 11.—San Domingo severed relations with Germany.
 July 22.—Siam severed relations with Germany.

HOW THE BELLIGERENTS LINED UP.

- Central Powers Allies—Germany, Austro-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria. Four nations.
 Entente Powers and Their Allies—America, England, France, Russia, Italy, Serbia, Montenegro, Japan, San Marino, Portugal, Rumania, Cuba and Panama. Fourteen nations.
 Have Severed Relations With Germany—China, Brazil, Bolivia, Guatamala, Liberia, Honduras, Nicaragua, San Domingo, Siam. Nine nations.

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Century's Assassination of Rulers and Statesmen

- 1801—Paul, Czar of Russia.
 1812—Mr. Percival, Premier of England.
 1848—Count Ressi, Papal Premier.
 1854—Duke of Palma.
 1860—Prince Daniel, of Montenegro.
 1865—Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.
 1868—Prince Michael, of Servia.
 1870—Marshal Prim, of Spain.
 1871—Archbishop Darboy, of Paris.
 1872—Governor-General Maya, of India.
 1876—Sultan Abdul Aziz, of Turkey.
 1881—James A. Garfield, President of the United States.

1882—Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, of England.

1893—Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago.

1894—Sadi Carnot, President of France.

1896—Nasr Ed-Din, Shah of Persia.

1897—President Barta Idiarre, of Uruguay.

1898—Premier Canovas, of Spain.

1898—Empress Elizabeth, of Austria.

1899—President Herux, of Haiti.

1900—King Humbert, of Italy.

1901—William McKinley, President of the United States.

1903—King Alexander and Queen Draga of Servia.

1904—M. von Plehve, Russian Minister of Interior.

1904—Count Babrikoff, Governor of Finland.

1905—Grand Duke Sergius, of Russia.

1906—General Count Alexis Ignatieff, of Russia.

1907—Hamid Pacha, of Turkey.

1907—General Alikhanoff, once Governor of Tiflis.

1907—Atabeg Azam, Premier of Persia.

1908—King Carlos of Portugal and his son, Luis Filippe.

1909—Yi Yung Ik, Premier of Corea.

1909—Prince Ito, Japanese statesman.

1910—Boutros Pacha Ghali, Premier of Egypt.

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Humour

An Alibi

"And you say you are innocent of the charge of stealing a rooster from Mr. Jones?" asked an Arkansas judge of a meek looking prisoner.

"Yes, sir; and I can prove it."

"How can you prove it?"

"I can prove that I didn't steal Mr. Jones' rooster, judge, because I stole two hens from Mr. Graston the same night, and Jones lives five miles from Graston's."

"The proof is conclusive," said the judge. "Discharge the prisoner."—National Food Magazine.

* * * *

An old colored preacher in the South was discoursing one evening on the subject of the flight of the children of Israel across the Red Sea, and he addressed his hearers as follows:

"Bruthers and sisters, when de chillun ob Israel rushed down to the Red Sea, pursued by Pharaoh's army, der was a thick coat ob ice friz ober de sea, an' de chillun was able to rush 'cross de ice and save theirselves. But jes as Pharaoh's army reached de middle ob de stream de sun come out an' melted de ice, an' all de army was drowned." At this moment a long, raw-boned negro slowly arose in the congregation and addressed the minister, saying: "Look heah, Mister Pahson, ain't yo' sorter mixed in yo' discou'se? Now, 'cordin' ter de geofry, de Red Sea is somewhar neah de equator, an' dey nebber was no ice friz down neah de equator."

The old minister smiled a knowing smile, and leaning forward, replied: "Now, look heah, brudder, I 'spected some of you Booker T. Washington smart Elick niggers to 'spute my discou'se, but I wants ter tell you all one thing. At de time er de flight ob de chillun ob Israel ober de Red Sea, dar warn't no geofry and der warn't no equator, neidder."

* * *

Why She Blushed Judge.

A very pretty but extremely slender girl entered a street-car and managed to seat herself in a very narrow space between two men. Presently a portly colored mammy entered the car, and the pretty miss, thinking to humiliate the men for their lack of gallantry, arose.

"Aunty," she said, with a wave of her hand toward the place she had just vacated, "take my seat."

"Thank you, missy," replied the colored woman, smiling broadly, "but which gen'man's lap was you sittin' on?"

* * * *

What's in a Name; Neatly Answered

A certain rather well-known American writer, while riding in a Pullman car near Winnipeg, fell into a discussion with an Englishman from London and a Canadian from Montreal, and was somewhat worsted because he failed to have the statistics of the American navy at his tongue's end. Apropos of which the Londoner remarked:

"You Americans are very odd. You seem to know so little of your own history, you know."

A little later a discussion arose as to who was the best known man in England. Dinner hour was approaching, and the writer said:

"I'll wager dinners for the party, that the best known man in England is George Wettin, and I can prove it to your satisfaction."

The Englishman and the Canadian stared. "George Wettin?" one of them gasped, "I've never even heard of him!"

"Do you know," drawled the American, "you Englishmen are very odd; you seem to know so little of your own history. George Wettin, gentlemen, is the present king of England."

* * * *

Franklin's Famous Toast

Franklin was dining with a small party of distinguished gentlemen, when one of them said, "Here are three nationalities represented; I am French, and my friend here is English, and Mr. Franklin is an American. Let each one propose a toast."

It was agreed to, and the Englishman's turn came first. He arose, and in a tone of a Briton bold said, "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to all nations of the earth."

The Frenchman was rather taken back at this, but he proposed, "Here's to France, the moon whose magic rays move the tides of the world."

Franklin then rose, and with quaint modesty said, "Here's to our beloved George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they obeyed."—Philadelphia Evening Post.

* * * *

A Learned Verdict

The railroad train was rather dimly lit and one of the passengers, after having tried in vain to inspect his face in the washroom mirror, turned to Rastus, the presiding genius of the Pullman car.

"See here, Rastus," he said, "I want your opinion in a matter of importance. Just come with me over to the window, and, after having carefully inspected my face, tell me whether or not you think I need a shave."

The old darky complied with his request and immediately rendered judgment.

"Waal, suh," he said, with his head cocked to one side "in respect to de shave, sah, ah should say that it all depends on what you intend doin' with yo' chin, sah. Ef yo're just gwine off this yere train to use yo' chin fo' talkin' yo' don't need no shavin' at all, sah, but ef you're gwine a-courtin' yo' best gal, sah, ah sorter think ah'd remove some o' dem splintahs from yo' chin an' yo' cheek befo' dey done scratch somebody, sah."—Harper's Weekly.

Proving Her Faith by Her Works

A clever little girl, distressed over a brother's bird-trapping, once provided a very telling example of the faith that is allied to works. Her mother, whose assistance she had implored in behalf of the birds, declined to interfere, but suggested that the child pray for her feathered friends. Presently noting that a serenity had succeeded to sadness, she asked for late details of the affair.

"Oh, it's all right, mamma," came the prompt and smiling response. "I've fixed it—three ways. First, I asked God to make Johnny a better boy, so he wouldn't want to be trapping the poor little birdies; then I prayed that no poor little birdies would get into that trap, and then," with perfect seriousness but a distinct eye winkle, "I went out and kicked the darned old trap to pieces."

* * * *

A country editor wrote: "Brother, don't stop your paper just because you don't agree with the editor. The last cabbage you sent us didn't agree with us, either, but we didn't drop you from our subscription list on that account."—Boston Transcript.

* * * *

Setting Him Right

John was home from college for the winter vacation, and before long was infatuated with the beauty of a neighbor.

His father noted his evident admiration.

"Did ye notice how ole Mason's daughter have shot up, Jack?" he asked his son one day. "Seems to me she is gettin' quite a handsome young critter."

"Father," said Jack, enthusiastically, "she is as beautiful as Hebe!"

"As he be?" ejaculated the old man. "Blame it all, where's your eyes, boy? Joe's got a face like a pig in a fit. It's her mother she gets her looks from. She's as beautiful as she be!"—Grit.

* * * *

When William Dean Howells was travelling in Ireland he was accompanied by Justin McCarthy the younger. The conversation ran to the wit of the Irish people. Howells wondered if it were acquired or indigenous. McCarthy said—"It is born in them. Even the children have it."

The horse jogged along the highway, and soon they saw a ragged urchin approaching. He was barefoot, bare-headed, dirty, and his clothing, such as he had, was long past mending.

"Let us try it on this boy," said one.

They stopped and talked to the little chap. Finally one said to him:

"Sonny, if the devil should come along which one of us do you think he would take?"

Like a flash the boy replied, as with one eye closed he raised his freckled face to the questioner:

"Me, sorr."

"Why you?"

"Faith, sorr, he'd know he could get ayther of you gentlemen any time he wanted you."

Howell was satisfied and the horse jogged along."

—Geo. Bertrang, Mt. Pulaski, Ill.

* * *

We were talking on various subjects at the breakfast table of our boarding-house one morning. The topic of juvenile profanity came up. One of the ladies threw up her hands, and exclaimed: "I was horrified yesterday to hear a little four-year-old boy give vent to a wicked oath—just think! Only four years old and swearing!"

And old bachelor across the table said:

"I know one that beats your observation. The Good Book tells us that Job cursed the day he was born."

—W. T. Marrs, Jewett, Ill.

* * *

Foiled

(Success)

He was very bashful and she tried to make it easy for him. They were driving along the seashore and she became silent for a time. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Oh I feel blue," she replied. "Nobody loves me and my hands are cold."

"You should not say that," was his word of consolation, "for God loves you, and your mother loves you, and you can sit on your hands."