THE OREGON STATE ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

Officers of the New Organization, Its Purposes and Its Field of Endeavor.

Top row reading from left to right: George E. Coghill, Edward A. Beals, I. L. Hawkins, James Withycombe.
Lower row reading from left to right: Martin W. Gorman, A. R. Sweetser, E. P. Sheldon James A. Lyman, A. B. Cordley.

Photograph by Kiser Bros.

OF MUCH significance is the hearty enthusiasm and public-spirited harmony of effort that characterize the newly organized Oregon State Academy of Sciences. Practically all those engaged in professional scientific work in this state are members of this society, or else have signified their sympathy with its aims. As laid down in the preamble of the constitution, adopted February 18, these aims are to encourage scientific research and learning, to promote the diffusion of scientific knowledge among its members, to aid in developing the resources of the state, and to work in harmony with other scientific institutions.

Leading university and college men, representing, as is eminently proper, many diverse branches of science, as well as the state's most important institutions of learning, have been elected officers of this association, and there is every indication that the newly-fledged academy is being built upon sound and broad foundations.

Probably in no other part of the world is there so much to fascinate and reward the scientific student and investigator as here in the Pacific Northwest, the scene in past ages of the greatest volcanic outburst and lava-flow known in geological history. Here is to be found what is possibly the latest example of mountain-building on the globe—Mount St. Helens—which in 1842 was actively at work uprearing its mighty dome, comparatively a new-born mountain, as indicated by its symmetrical outline, very little erosion having taken place as yet upon its surface.

And these isolated snowpeaks, rising to such great heights from a moist and fertile land, where Summer reigns the year around, afford to the botanist and biologist an almost unparalleled range of climate for the study of flora and fauna. Here in this mild clime where the rigors of Winter are practically unknown, a few miles' travel will show representative forms of plant life that properly extend all the way from the temperate to the arctic zone. The greatest forests known to man cover our hillsides.

That compartively new and most captivating branch of science, the study of glaciers and the glacial epoch, from which we have but recently emerged, may be pursued with exceptional advantage here, for one mountain alone in our Cascade Range—Mount Rainier—has no fewer than 30 great glaciers, its glacial surface rivaling in area the entire glacial surface of Switzerland—a little known fact, but one that has been proved by comparison of the United States Government surveys with data collected by the Alpine Club.

To the mineralogist a practically unknown and illimitable field is offered for study in the riches stored away by lavish Nature in our mountain treasure vaults. And how indispensable will be his service to the state in the development of its resources!

Our rivers, lakes and ocean currents teem with noble forms of fish life, some of them quite unknown to other parts of the world, of highest value to commerce, but presenting problems as baffling and obscure to the biologist and pisciculturist as to the simplest fisherman.

To the ethnologist falls the strange and fascinating task of observing in the environment of modern civilization the customs and mystic ceremonial rites of ancient savagery, and of deciding the vexed question of the ancestry of this puzzling people, the North American Indians, the riddle of four centuries. Are they related to the Asiatic races, and did they come hither by way of Bering Strait, or are they indigenous to American soil, roaming the plains to the eastward when the earth was young, and the site of Portland lay at the bottom of the sea?

In the rich fossil beds of the John Day Valley may be found relics of untold value to the scientific world, remains of mammoth and mastodon, rhinoceros and camel, and several species of the prehistoric horse, illustrating its evolution to the form we know today. In that valley we find records in the rocks covering nearly the whole period of ancient mammalian life upon the earth. As this life became extinct, many times owing to violent cataclysms of nature, new species springing up from these ancient graveyards, there is reason to believe, in the opinion of Thomas Condon, our veteran geologist, that Oregon is destined to become the great battleground of conflicting theories regarding the Origin of Species.

Surely no other region of the globe promises such rich returns to the activities and enthusiasm of the man of science. And yet these are only a few of the many fascinating problems that confront the new Academy of Sciences.

The Officers.

Edmund P. Sheldon, the forestry expert and botanist, who has been elected president of the academy, combines practical field knowledge with university training in science. He received his degree from the University of Minnesota, after which he remained associated with that institution for several years as a teacher, devoting himself to botany, ornithology and chemistry. Six years were spent in field work in forestry in connection with the Geological and Natural History Survey of the State of Minnesota. In 1897 he came to Oregon as a special field agent of the Division of Botany of the United States Department of Agriculture, and for three years he made a careful study of the trees and plants of Eastern Oregon. Then he turned Westward to the Coast, and for three years has been making botanical collections in California, Oregon and Washington during the Summer months. In the Winter season he was largely in the employ of the Eastern and Western Lumber Company, of Portland. Thus for a number of years he has had actual experience in lumbering.

August 9, 1904, Mr. Sheldon was appointed Superintendent of Forestry by the Lewis and Clark Exposition Commission. At the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, at St. Louis, he had charge of the Oregon State Exhibit of Forestry. Under his administration the State of Oregon had the largest exhibit in forestry placed by any state at the Exposition, and on this display Oregon received more awards than any other state competing.

On January 9, 1905, Mr. Sheldon was elected Superintendent of Forestry, Fish and Game, for the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition. It is now his special endeavor to fill Oregon's space in the Palace of Forestry with products illustrative of the forest, fish and game resources of the state of Oregon.

Albert Raddin Sweetser, of the University of Oregon, the first vice-president, was born in Mendon, Massachusetts. He received his degree of B. S. from Wesleyan University, Middleton, Conn., later winning the degree of A. M. from the same. After graduation, he spent a year in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, in the department of chemistry.

He taught science for several years in preparatory schools, and in 1892 entered the graudate school of Harvard University, where he spent four years. During this time he devoted himself to zoology and botany, particularly the latter, assisting in the laboratory of Cryptogamic botany of Harvard University during the last two years of his stay, and giving a course in Cryptogamic botany at Radcliffe College.

In 1897 Professor Sweetser accepted a call to the chair of biology in Pacific University, Oregon, and remained there five years, until elected to the same department in the University of Oregon at Eugene. Three years ago Professor Sweetser was appointed State Biologist by Governor Geer, which office he has held up to the present time.

Arthur Burton Cordley, M. S., the second vice-president, well known as the biologist of the Oregon Agricultural College, received his early scientific training at the Michigan Agricultural College, from which he was graduated in 1898 with the degree of B. S. He remained at his alma mater two years as instructor in zoology, then accepted a position as instructor in zoology and assistant entomologist at the experiment station of the University of Vermont, resigning this at the end of the year to accept a position as assistant entomologist of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

Since 1905 Professor Cordley has been in charge of zoology and entomology at the Oregon Agricultural College, and is also entomologist and plant pathologist at the experiment station.

A graduate student of Cornell University (1899), Professor Cordley is also a member of the Association of Economic Entomologists, a corresponding member of the Washington Entomological Society and of the Ontario Entomological Society.

The Oregon Agriculturist, in a report of the recent meeting of the Oregon Horticultural Society, has the following: "Hon. E. L. Smith, as president of the State Board of Horticulture, said that on behalf of the board he wished to give public utterance to the appreciation of the board of the very valuable work done by Professor A. B. Cordley, of the Oregon Experiment Station, in ascertaining the true nature of the apple-tree anthracnose and supplying the information needed in fighting this serious foe of the apple orchardist."

Miss Christina MacConnell, the third vice-president, has for 25 years held the chair of chemistry and physiology in the Portland High School.

James A. Lyman, Ph. D., the recording secretary, was born at Lee Center, Ill., entering Beloit College at the age of 17, from which institution he received the degree of A. B. in 1888, and of A. M. in 1891. After acting for a year as principal of the public schools of Hillsboro, N. D., he turned his attention to the study of chemistry, and took post-graduate work in that subject at Beloit College and the Johns Hopkins University. From the latter institution he received the degree of Ph. D. in 1892. During the ensuing year the University of Chicago began its work, and he spent a year as a member of its chemical faculty. From that place he came to Portland in September, 1893, to take up the work of instructor in chemistry in Portland Academy, where he has since remained.

George E. Coghill, Ph. D., the corresponding secretary, was born in 1872, on an Illinois farm, where he spent the first 18 years of his life. He prepared for college at Shurtleff Academy, in the historic town of Alton, Ill. He later entered Brown University, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1896. His graduate study began in 1897, under the direction of the late Professor C. L. Herrick, editor and founder of the Journal of Comparative Neurology and Psychology, and one of the pioneers of that science in America. During 1899-1900 Mr. Coghill was assistant professor of biology in the University of New Mexico. The two years following this he pursued graduate study in Brown University and in Germany. At Brown he was awarded the Grand Army of the Republic fellowship, the best fellowship of the university. He was also made a member of the Society of Sigma Xi, which is to the sciences what Phi Beta Kappa is to the arts. During the Summer semester of 1902 he studied in the laboratories of Professors Boveri and Koelliker in Wurzburg, and the same year received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Brown University. The year following he came to Pacific University as Professor of Biology.

Professor Coghill's original work relates especially to the nervous system of amphibia and has been published in the Journal of Comparative Neurology and Physchology. This journal has formally recognized his work by giving him a place upon its list of collaborators. He is a member also of the Society of American Naturalists, the Society of American Zoologists, the Association of American Anatomists, and is Fellow in the American Society of Advancement of Science.

M. W. Gorman, treasurer, is well known as a leading authority on the flora not only of Oregon, but of the Pacific Northwest. Born in Canada, he came to Portland, April, 1886, and was so won by his first glimpse of the forests of Oregon, then clothed in a wealth of Spring beauty, that he decided to make this state his permanent home. During the seasons of 1890-92-93-94 and 95, he made collections of plants in Southeastern Alaska. In the season of 1897 he was employed by the United States Government to make a report on the vegetation of the Lake Chelan District, Washington, and in company with W. G. Steel, he was appointed to make the soundings that proved that lake to be the deepest as well as the most interesting body of water in the State of Washington.

In 1899 he spent a year on the Yukon and White Rivers, discovering in that season alone seven species of plants entirely new to science. The season of 1902 again found him with canoe and collecting-press, north of Cook Inlet, making a collection and report for the United States Department of Agriculture on the flora of the Lake Iliamna region.

I. L. Hawkins, director of the museum and librarian, was born at Cleveland, O., March 17, St. Patrick's day, 1848. He crossed the plains by ox team in 1851-56, and at the age of 12 was thrown upon his own resources for a livelihood. He was in Nevada for ten years, up to 1868, during the days of the pony express, Piute war and Virginia City excitement. He prepared for college at Oakland, Cal., and spent ten years at the University of California, the last as an instructor in mathematics and civil engineering. He made field work a specialty, and incidentally, it may be said, he took the first post-graduate degree ever issued by that university. He organized among the students the first outing parties into the high Sierras and elsewhere, Joseph Le Conte accompanying them. Mr. Hawkins was United States Deputy Mineral Surveyor and made many important underground surveys in the mines. In the Fall of 1879 he was "knocking the bottom out of Snake River," under Government contract, at Monumental Rapids. He had charge of the portages at the Cascades and Celilo for two years and performed the feat of changing the 14 miles of narrow-gauge from The Dalles to Celilo to a standard gauge in five hours and 20 minutes, this being the champion record on the Pacific Coast for trackwork.

Mr. Hawkins has spent the last 25 years of his life in Portland in active business life, devoting a generous share of his time to the good of the public, as Park Commissioner, as an active member of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, as a Mazama, as furthering the bicycle path movement, etc.

He has devoted seven years to the creation of the City Free Museum, which he hopes will not only be the finest on the Pacific Coast but the permanent home of the Academy of Sciences.

Three trustees will have the management of any property that may chance to come into the possession of the Academy. These trustees are I. L. Hawkins, Dr. James Withycombe and E. A. Beals.

Dr. Withycombe, by his high-minded character and honorable life, has won the admiration, respect and confidence of all who know his work as director of the Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis. His management of the affairs of that institution has been pre-eminently successful, and he has been a vital and powerful influence for good in the life of the state to such an extent that many are now advocating him for Governor. He has always been an ardent admirer of rural life, a lover of Nature, and an enthusiastic agriculturist. Preceding his present work he was for nine years State Veterinarian. Animal husbandry is his specialty, and he has been engaged in the breeding of high-class horses, cattle, swine and sheep for the past 25 years.

Edward Alden Beals, who is in charge of the United States Weather Bureau office in Portland, joined the United States meteorological service in 1890, and has been connected with the Weather Bureau for 24 years. During that time he has been in charge of the following offices: Atlanta, Ga., Mount Washington, N. H., Chattanooga, Tenn., La Crosse, Wis., Minneapolis, Minn., and Cleveland, O. He is the author of numerous articles on meteorological subjects, among which might be mentioned the following: "The Aurora," published in the American Meteorological Journal; "Psychic Effects of the Weather," published in the supplement of the Scientific American, and "Rainfall and Irrigation," published in the Year Book of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The academy meets on the evening of the third Saturday of each month, its present home being the club rooms of the John Burroughs Bird Society, top floor of the City Hall. All who are interested in science are cordially invited to become members of the academy, be present at the meetings and take part in the discussions that follow the reading of papers on scientific topics of practical value to the community and the development of the resources of the state. The proceedings of these meetings will be regularly published by the academy, a publication committee having charge of this branch of the work.

At present the members of the academy are discussing with much enthusiasm the feasibility of having a scientific congress during the celebration of the Lewis and Clark Centennial in Portland.

The New Statue of Frances E. Willard

This statue of the late Frances E. Willard, which was authorized for the Hall of Statues in the Capitol at Washington was unveiled in the Capitol February 17. The sculptor is Miss Helen F. Mears.

THE JOTTINGS OF OLD LIM JUCKLIN

Opie Read's Philosopher Discourses on the "Rebel" and the "Yankee."

ABOUT the old stove in the cross-roads store they sat, the wise men of the neighborhood. What they knew they rejoiced in, and what they did not know was not worth knowing. They possessed the wisdom of satisfaction with self. Among them was old Henry Balch, neighborhood's shrewdest guesser at the weather. When he guessed rightly, he reminded them of his forecast. When he missed it, he said nothing. In many of life's departments great reputations have been made in this way.

The conversation had turned into its accustomed bypaths, and it appeared that there was nothing more to be said on any conceivable subject, when old Lim Jucklin remarked, addressing Henry Balch: "You used to be a Yankee, didn't you, Henry?"

"Who, me? Yes, think I was, about the time you were a rebel. Seems funny now, don't it?"

"Yes, like a dream that gradually fades away. And did you ever think of the fact that notwithstandin' all the bloodshed and the bitterness that necessarily followed, our family trouble taught the world the greatest lesson of modern times? Ever think of that?"

"Well, I don't know as I have," old Henry replied, reaching over and pulling out the damper of the stove. "But what's your p'int of view?"

"It's just this: Almost from the very beginnin' of the world, the wisest of men have said that a democracy couldn't exist for any great length of time. Nearly every republic had begun with blood and all of them had ended with failure. And when the American Government was established they said that it was not established. They knew that it was an experiment, and they pointed to history to prove it, and history nodded and said, 'Ah, hah, that's a fact.' When our war came they cried out, 'Here you are.' And it seemed that we were to fly off into jagged fragments, thus proving for the hundredth time that republics were merely dreams of idle men. It seemed to be the world's final test. But we came through it all, more cemented than ever before, and the nations of the earth looked at us and said: 'Well, we'll be blowed.' So our war, the test and its outcome, the proof, finally proved to man that after all it is man that governs the world. Ignorance in the furtherest parts of the universe has been inspired with hope. The result of the success of democracy in America has given to man a broader idea of God. It has shown that a few men only wan't anointed by the Almighty. It has proved that the throne is a man-made seat, and not any more divine than the work bench. The Lord may have been represented a-settin' on his throne, but the one that redeemed the world stood at the work bench. The time is comin' when the whole earth will be Americanised. Every great book that a man reads helps along this idea. Yes, sir, there's comin' a time when a man will be ashamed to live in a country where he's called a subject instead of a citizen. I wish I had a chance to talk to every schoolboy in the world. I'd impress these facts on his mind."

"Yes," replied old Henry, "but it seems to me that those fellers in the East are a-tryin' to make a monarchy of this country as fast as they can."

"Looks that way," Jucklin admitted; "but you might just as well say that a tricklin' spring branch is about to make the ocean fresh. All the power on the face of the earth couldn't make a monarchy of this country. But speakin' about bein' a Yankee, do you remember old Sam Nesbitt? Of course you do. Well, just about the time the war got well under way, old Sam took it into his head that he ought to come over to my house and kill me to help things along. He had raised a squad of fellers and they wanted to make a name for themselves. So one night when the moon was a-shinin' here they came. I had got wind of it, and was on the lookout. I'd been mustered into the service and was stayin' home a few days to straighten things out a little. And I wasn't sleepin' down in the parlor. I was in the garrett, I tell you, and I looked out and saw the gang a-comin'. There wasn't any chance to get away, and I laid low and waited. Pretty soon they came a-thunderin' at the door. My wife let 'em in. They asked where I was and she said she didn't know. She didn't, exactly—didn't know which corner of the garret I was hidin' in. Old Sam 'lowed that he was glad I wasn't in the house, for he was goin' to set fire to it and that it would be a shame for a man to be burnt up in his own house. When I heard this I sorter caught my breath, and so cold a chill ran up my back that it was all I could do to keep from sneezin'. My wife told him that the house was old and would burn easily. It had been our intention to build a new one, and that if he set it afire it would save the trouble of tearin' it down. There was a pot of coffee on the fire. Now coffee was a scarce article, and when the perfume of it began to rise, old Sam he began to sniff. He asked her if it was Lincoln coffee, all other sort bein' made of rye or potatoes and such like. She told him it was, and he told her to pour it out. So she got some cups and poured out enough for all five of them and they drank it and smacked their mouths. When they had put down their cups she went to the door, stepped out, and with the door about a third of the way open, she said: 'If you are goin' to burn this house down you'd better be about it. The fact is, I was expectin' you, and that coffee was fixed. Didn't you notice how bitter it was? It was dosed with strychnine. And as Dr. Seymour lives at least ten miles from here you will all be dead before you can get to his house. Good-night and good-by.' With that she shut the door and ran away. Well, I never heard such scufflin' in my life. Some of them didn't wait to get out at the door. They broke through the windows, and one of them carried a window sash for upward of a mile. I heard 'em going over the hill, and I laughed and took this opportunity to sneeze. Well, they galloped all the way to the doctor's house, threw themselves off of their horses and knocked down the door in their haste to get in; and the doctor he treated them, pumped them out and charged them a horse for his services. Years afterward I met old Sam in town, and I asked him if he liked coffee, and he looked at me and said: 'Lim, you blamed fool, I'll give you the finest game rooster in the country if you won't say anything about that affair.' I told him to send over the bird, and he did, and I never mentioned it again as long as he lived; but about a year afterward I heard that he had a chicken from the Spanish cock-pits of New Orleans, and I wanted it. But, knowin' how much he must be attached to it I couldn't think of insultin' him by offerin' him money. But I went over to see him one day. He was out at the barn talkin' to his chicken. And it was a beauty. I says to him, says I: 'Sam, that's the finest bird I ever saw.' 'Yes,' he says, with an air of pride, 'he's the finest.' 'I reckon that's so,' says I. 'And he reminds me of one I used to own. But misfortune overtook him. He came into the kitchen one day and jumped on the table and drank some coffee and it killed him.' 'You don't say so?' says old Sam, with a dry grin on his face. I told him I did say so, and then remarked that I was in something of a hurry and must be goin'. 'Don't be pulled,' says he. 'Oh, by the way, don't you want this chicken?' 'Well, as the other one you gave me has about run out, I believe I do.' So I took the chicken and went home. We lost a good man when old Sam died. His judgment of a rooster was above reproach, and was of great benefit to me. By the way, Henry, didn't you shoot at me one night along in sixty-four, down here at the turn of the county road?"

"Well, now, really, Lim, I don't recollect. But I was putty sociable in them days, and it might have been me."

"Ah, ha. I've intended a number of times to ask you about it. It was a sort of long fire, as if it hated to give up—and as you always hated to give up anything, Henry, I 'lowed it must be you."—(Copyrighted, 1905, by Opie Read.)

Mrs. Burden's Silk Sheets.

New York Press.

Silken sheets that cost $500 a pair lull Mrs. Townsend Burden to sleep in her Madison-avenue home, and it is likely similar fabrics will be used exclusively in her Newport cottage the coming Summer, although hitherto, when at the seashore she has been loyal to Irish linen. For her town house, at any rate, silk is the only material Mrs. Burden will countenance. Her sheets cost so much, not only because they are made of the finest silk the looms of this or any other country can produce, but on account of the elaborate embroidery with which their hems are ornamented. In addition, the fastidious matron's monogram blooms in a corner of every sheet in needlework that shows it was done under the eye of an artistic patron. Gold thread is used for the hem, and the effect certainly is gorgeous. Mrs. Burden adopted silk for sleeping purposes on the advice of her physician, who told her it combined lightness with warmth to a degree that would be highly salutary. The esthetic side of the innovation soon appealed to her, though, and whereas the first silk sheets she had made were white, she now has them woven to order to harmonize with the dominant hue of her room.

Degrees of Crime in Alabama.

Thomasville Times-Enterprise.

An Alabama man was sent to jail for kissing a girl after she said: "Please, don't." If he hadn't kissed her after that he would probably have been lynched.