

A FORCE THAT IS HERE TO STAY.

AFTER EVERYTHING has been said and done, the most gratifying feature of the recent election was the opportunity afforded for each one to have his say.

Heretofore every one has been forced to think alike. If he didn't think like the other fellow, he was obliged to hold his peace or put his burning thoughts on a handbill and distribute it about the city.

But things have changed in Portland, and changed mightily for the better. Public opinion is no longer bullied and hectorated, and for the first time it now enjoys perfect freedom of expression.

Taken as a whole, the result of the last election in this county may be accepted as evidence that the people are coming back into their own.

WHY LA FOLLETTE WON.

AS THERE IS great interest in the split in the Republican party in Wisconsin and the causes leading thereto, we publish herewith a brief review of the situation as given in the Outlook of June 4:

"The split in the Republican party in Wisconsin is of more than local interest. If the difference between the two factions were simply as to which of them should control the organization and hold the offices, we should give to the controversy scant attention.

tion of the railroads, an inheritance tax, a constitutional amendment allowing the enactment of a graduated income tax, the abolition of all railroad passes to public officials, power to be conferred upon the state railroad commission

A CASE FOR THE MAYOR.

THE CHARGES made against the civil-service commission by B. L. Stowell, its late clerk, are positive, straightforward and circumstantial.

Succinctly stated, Mr. Stowell charges that he was removed because he would not violate the law; that the commissioners are not only constantly violating its spirit, but its very letter, where it is necessary to secure some partisan advantage.

No law, however good in itself, is of any consequence unless it is enforced. The best of good laws may fail of their purpose through lax administration or through set purpose to defeat their aims.

The Journal does not propose to prejudge this case, but at the same time it will not attempt to underrate its importance.

RUSSELL SAGE AND VACATIONS.

NEARLY ALL the papers of the country have commented—most of them facetiously, but some seriously—upon Mr. Russell Sage's recently expressed opinion adverse to vacations.

Mr. Sage is half right about vacations being often more tiresome and exhaustive than ordinary work at home, or so it seems. But this is only a surface view; it does not take into account the resultant benefits of the change, the break-away from the monotonous treadmill, the getting tired in another way; of the change, too, in scene and air, and the escape from the routine of home as well as of business life that a vacation affords.

That such changes, although often physically wearisome, are ultimately beneficial to the average mortal it needs no extended argument or long citation of instances to prove.

in the mountains; if the food is not as good as the home cooking, and the lodging is inferior to home beds; if there are disagreeable neighbors or co-guests, and if all town comforts cannot be had—yet the very change itself, these very inconveniences and disagreeabilities, are restful; because of the change they afford to mind and muscle.

People of Portland need a summer vacation or outing as little as those of any city of its size in the world, yet tens of thousands of them take longer or shorter vacations or trips in the summer, and while probably most of them come back tired and glad to get home, and with a lighter purse than if they had stayed at home, yet the very fact that they go again and again as long as they live is proof enough that these trips are on the whole beneficial.

The fact is that with the old New York miser the expenditure is the only real consideration. His motto, for himself and for everybody else, is "Never spend a cent that you can possibly avoid spending."

It is well, doubtless, that such men live. Verily, they must have their uses. But let us be thankful that they are few and far between.

Meanwhile, take a vacation, if you can, and enjoy yourselves. You won't leave as much money as this old miser, maybe; but you will have more fun, and a million chances to his one of getting into heaven.

SOME FACTS ABOUT DIRECT LEGISLATION.

THE "direct legislation" policy, now being tried in several directions in Oregon, under the "initiative and referendum" amendment to the constitution, adopted last year, is not altogether a new or untried thing.

For ownership by the city of Chicago of all street railroads within that city; for ownership by the city of gas and electric light plants; and, finally, for the nomination of all candidates for city offices by direct vote of the voters at primary elections to be held for that purpose.

The first two measures mentioned are not in point here now, though they may be before long. The third we in Oregon are about to try under the law passed by the people last Monday.

In Chicago it took 104,000 petitioners to get these propositions before the people. This took seven months' earnest work, but in January, 1902, the petition contained 109,428 Chicago names.

It will be observed that a great many voters did not vote either way, but it may be assumed that if all had voted the proportion would have been about the same.

Now, Chicago, with all its faults, is a typical American city. More, perhaps, than any other large American city, it is seeking for the best methods of self-government, of right government by the people.

machines. Senators are not gods. Bosses ought to go out in the harvest fields. The People rule. But first they must think. And they are thinking.

After this success the referendum league of Illinois went to the legislature in 1902 and secured the passage of a law submitting to the people the question as to whether they would command the next legislature to pass three certain measures, namely: First, an initiative and referendum amendment to the constitution; second, for strictly local legislation; third, for a direct vote by the people for United States senator.

Thus direct legislation has really come to pass in Illinois in a measure, and old Uncle Shelby Cullom doesn't know it, doesn't understand it.

As to the celebrated Mueller law, that for the ownership of street railroads in the city of Chicago, the second vote on it last February was as follows: Yes, 152,434; no, 30,104. On the question, "Shall the Chicago board of education be elected by the people?" the vote was: Yes, 115,558; no, 58,482.

This is only a brief and imperfect summary of the progress toward the People's instead of the Politicians' rule in Illinois. The movement is spreading. It has already strong roots, and even branches above ground, in Oregon.

We are going to have what is called Direct Legislation, and more of it. The Initiative and Referendum amendment to the constitution of Oregon is not an ephemeral fad. Neither is the direct primary nomination law. They will stick and grow.

The People are going to govern themselves more and more.

PRIVATE WORK FOR CLEAN STREETS.

DESPAIRING of clean streets under municipal supervision, all such work being in the hands of politicians, first of one party, then of the other, commercial clubs and civic societies in various cities are taking the work in hand, in one way or another, and are making more or less effectual efforts to accomplish what the political bosses through their army of henchmen, high and low, fail or neglect to do.

In Chicago the commercial and merchants' clubs have set about the task of making and keeping the streets clean by means of private contributions, and while this shows a high degree of civic enterprise, it is to be suspected that these public spirited citizens will soon tire of paying out of their private purses for what they pay taxes to have done.

The street cleaning problem is one not peculiar to Chicago; it presents itself constantly in many large cities, and has not been very successfully solved as yet in Portland. Whatever efforts of citizens, men and women, can reasonably be made to improve the present system, or to aid and add to the work of the department, will be put forth in a good cause.

Everything possible for a clean city in 1905 should be done. This is a movement that all good citizens should help along.

The boycott is not only un-American, but experience has shown that it is loaded with boomerangish tendencies.

THE CHURCH BELL WRITTEN FROM A VILLAGE IN KENT By LADY HENRY SOMERSET

(Copyright, 1904, by W. R. Hearst.) FEW YEARS ago the curfew still rang in our village, till some modern person who liked new ways and despised the old convinced the village that the practice was absurd.

Every morning the old ringer comes from his little red-roofed cottage among the fields, to see if the bell must be rung; every evening he comes on the same errand.

I know nothing more solemn than the

sound of that bell, nothing more beautiful than the idea that calls for its ringing. The modern man who laughed at our curfew told us that the passing bell was rung originally to scare devils away, perhaps like the Chinese custom to scare the devil's soul from the village.

But even if the modern man were right, we, too, here in the village, are right in loving the bell, for if it was once a symbol of our selfish horror of death, by and by it became a symbol of our reverence and pity for the dead.

The village is so old, so unspoil by modern notions, that still, as in bygone days, the sound of the passing bell brings the folk to their doors.

tion is asked in awestruck tones and answered quietly. Generally it is some old body that has died, some one who has seen his three-score years and ten, and, tired now, is glad to rest.

In watching them, my mind has slipped back a few hundred years, and in imagination, I have seen the forebears of these kindly neighbors, just the same sort of people, with the same interests and occupations, called to their doors by the passing bell, making the sign of the cross, and whisper piously, "May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace."

This was surely the Christian use of the bell. It sounded through the village and across the fields, and up the slopes of the neighboring hills, to tell us that a soul had gone home to God.

harvest fields or by the winter fire, but now he had gone out alone.

Perhaps in those years he had done many things to be ashamed of, many a thing to make him dread his journey. How could he help but fear? So the bell rang, to tell us all to stop our work for a moment, stop our laughter and play and pray for the old neighbor, gone with all his faults and failures to stand before God's great white throne.

The other day, as I was going over the hill, I met the little servant from a farm on the outskirts of the parish, running down to the village with a white, scared face. Before I got to the top of the hill I heard what had been her message.

that over there in the farm, behind me, a woman was sitting desolate by the little white body of her dead child.

The bell had a new tone that day. It did not call us to pray. The little child soul that had gone could have no fear. The bell was entreating us to pray for the mother, left behind, who now, at this moment, while the sky was blue and the sun shone on green fields, was alone in that dark agony, when God's face is hid for a season.

Often, as I have watched a little funeral procession going soberly through the quiet street, "I have been half in love with careful death," there is none of that ugly horror of sable trappings which we still see in cities. Here all is simple and quiet. The bell rings slowly, and slowly the little handful of people carry their dead through the quiet street to the old gray church.

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THE SOUTH? By GARRETT P. SERVISS

(Copyright, 1904, by W. R. Hearst. Great Britain Rights Reserved.) IN one of Edgar Allan Poe's extraordinary tales, whose qualities of pure imagination have never been approached by any of his imitators, the reader is thrilled with a series of dramatic incidents and vivid pictures relating to the Antarctic continent.

But the return of the German Antarctic expedition, following that of the British expedition, which visited the frozen coast of the mysterious continent of the south, serves to fix attention upon that quarter of the world as it has not been fixed since the days of Captain Wilkes and his exciting discoveries.

These new explorations may be said to have re-established the Antarctic continent in the consciousness of mankind, from which it had, to a great degree, faded in the past half century like a seldom-told tale of olden times. But now we are made to see it looming before the mind's eye, more impressive than before.

The Antarctic continent is a living picture of the great age of ice, which once reigned over what are now the richest and most populous lands of the United States.

went existing on the earth. Greenland would form only a peninsula for the vast ice-covered continent which surrounds the southern pole of our planet. Given a genial climate and a productive soil, such as it may once have had—for the same indications of former tropical conditions that the far north presents are found there, too—and it would support hundreds of millions of inhabitants and furnish room for the growth of a great empire.

The ideas at present prevalent concerning the polar regions give no conception of the state of affairs which paleontological evidence indicates once existed in those parts of the earth. It was an Arctic continent, it has sunk beneath the waves, for the North Polar ocean, as Nansen proved, occupies

did not always exist. There was a time when broad tongues of land connected it with the equatorial belt of the world. With the advance of the influences which turned it into a glacial waste we may imagine some, at least, of the former inhabitants making their escape to what are now South America, Africa and Australia.

There are indications that the present isolation of the Antarctic continent

Human memory is a mirror quickly tarnished, even when backed with the apparently imperishable amalgam of rock-cut inscriptions, labored parchments and printed pages.

Whose imagination is not stirred with the thought of what secrets of the ancient life history of our globe may lie

hidden beneath that glittering crystal mask, whose broken edges flash back the sunbeams of the long Antarctic day, or glimmer shortly across the frozen sea when, during the equally long Arctic night, the full moon rides high over the teeming pampas of South America, and attracts superstitious eyes from the hut-dotted plateaus of Central Africa?

Understands Now. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat. One morning I heard a wife lay a score or more of injunctions upon her husband as he left for town—the purchase of thread, dress goods, groceries, etc. And then I understood what was meant by the abuse of the power of injunction as I had never understood before.