

EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.
C. S. JACKSON, JR., F. GARROLL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Sunday, June 19, 1904.

THE CASE OF PORTLAND TEACHERS.

THE TEACHER who began to practice her profession in Portland twelve years ago was then better paid, at the outset of her career, than she is today after work, study and experience have combined to make her services very much more valuable. If she then began in the lowest or in the poorest paid grade she would still have earned more money even though in the meantime she had become what is now the highest paid teacher. If she had been a first grade teacher in 1892 she would have drawn \$850 a year; if she continued a first grade teacher until the present time she would now be drawing \$750 a year. If she had been an eighth grade teacher then she would have been paid \$1,200; if she still maintains the same position, with all her added experience, she will now draw \$750 a year. In the intervening years she would have experienced three, and in some grades four, reductions.

She would have found with the added years and the lessening hopes that too often come with them, that her income had steadily decreased and that while her salary went on for nine months in the year her expenses still persisted for the entire twelve months. In contemplating this she would have found little in the exacting duties of the teachers' business to attract and retain the talent which the public demands and discouragingly little to provide against that future which all must take into consideration. She would have found, too, that many things were expected of her. That some, far too many parents indeed, left to her chiefly the task of bringing up their children in the way they should go; that she was expected to keep up appearances; that she must maintain her studies; that to fit herself genuinely for her work she had to travel during vacations and learn at first hand some of the things which she was expected to teach the children from the books, and, finally, that if she was conscientious the hours of duty were never limited to those called school hours, but began long before the school bell rang in the morning and extended well toward evening.

To all people to whom the business of teaching appeals as a serious undertaking, to all of those who fully realize its importance, constant work and study are essential. Indeed, in all our governmental scheme none play a more honorable or more important part, and very few, indeed, exert a farther reaching influence, than do the teachers. This is one case in which everybody should consider the laborer worthy of his hire. Next to the parents themselves, and oftentimes before even them, the teacher exerts the profoundest influence on the rising generation, not alone in the matter of book education but in the broader line of character building. The importance of the profession cannot well be overestimated, and it is no more than right, just and honest that it should be decently paid by the public which so largely profits from its work. It should be so well paid that people should be attracted to it, not as a temporary make-shift, but to adopt it as a lifelong work in the full consciousness that while it would never bring the material rewards which come to so many other lines of human endeavor, it would at least, by extreme care and frugality, leave enough over and above the mere living to keep the wolf from the door when the inevitable time comes that the every-day tasks of life must be laid aside.

"THE CALL OF THE WILD."

SOME ONE recently openly remarked that it was not what was said, but who said it. Give a dog a bad name, and hang him. Give a man a lit'ry reputation, and he can get big money and an immense hearing, for the veriest rot.

Of course he must have some merit in the first place, but when once that queer, conglomerate volatile, slightly thinking mass—somewhat like a big gob of animalculat' jelly—has made a favorite of a man who writes or says anything, his "career" is made, assured. He can write, say, anything whatever, and the animalculat' jelly shakes itself with applause and either real or pretended pleasure. Nobody would have paid the slightest attention to what

Russell Sage said about vacations if it had been said by John Smith or Bob Thompson. But Russell Sage's utterances are important, and discussed all over the country and the world—the jellyfish is in a state of, peculiar perturbation—merely and solely because Russell Sage is a multimillionaire. He has been wise in getting and using money. He has but one god—Money; and while worshipping this god he has made his god serve him—as he thinks, though it may be a sort of Faustian service—and therefore, and for no other reason whatever, Mr. Sage's opinion has been widely, elaborately and in some cases analytically discussed.

Well, the subject happens, after all, to be an interesting one; and the more intelligent atoms of the jelly-imbedded animalculae have made some interesting and even instructive remarks upon it. For example, the Lincoln Star says—and The Journal agrees with it:

Certainly a prodigious part of the vacation industry is foolish, wasteful, vicious. As a mere dissipation—and that's what a world of it amounts to—no good and only harm comes of it. Multitudes hie to the sea shore, travel or go anywhere to be away from home who don't need to go, who can't afford it, and who would be in every way better off at home. It all depends. There is no hard and fast rule. Rest of course every one needs—even the loafer. What is rest? Well, it comes pretty near to simmering down to change. The average man who is busy earning a livelihood as a rule needs to break the monotony of excessive uniformity—the active man intervals of quietude, the sedentary man exercise, and everybody, young and old, all the pure air, sunshine and contrasting adjustment that can be had.

This is pretty near what The Journal said about vacations last Sunday, but the Star adds:

It is only the wise who know how to get any good out of a "vacation." It is of no earthly use to the foolish. And the wise take great pains to get a salutary vacation as they go along, to distribute it through the year so that each month, each week and each day they may secure as far as possible that change, that relaxation and that refreshment which is requisite to physical and mental efficiency.

What seems a more flippant but what is really a deeper treatment of the subject is that by Barry Eastman in the Chicago Journal, from whose article a brief summary is herewith presented:

Do you feel that tired feeling creeping over you? Do you find yourself looking out of the window when you should be looking at the ledger—gazing wistfully through sunshine into vacancy at the land of the lotus-eaters? Are you afflicted with a disinclination to become a millionaire; have you a longing to become a pirate? Do you see yourself a South Sea Islander with a mysterious lagoon in the distance; and on its banks palm trees with dusky maidens disporting beneath them? If so, you may need a course of brimstone and treacle, or somebody's sarsaparilla. But the chances are that within your soul, which is a compound of the souls of all your ancestors since some unusually intelligent anthropoid ape developed the first soul, the primeval instincts are reviving with the new birth of nature and you hear again, though faintly, the call of the wild.

Darwin said that man retains some characteristics of every form of animal existence. The vacation impulse comes from perhaps even farther back than our alleged ape forefather. The shell fish preserved in us wants to lave itself in the cool waters; that the lizard in us wants to press itself close to the warm, pleasant bosom of the kindly mother earth; that all the other animals within us want to go back, for awhile, at least, to the good old times before reason came to teach us to live as contrary as possible to nature's commands.

And then, too, how strong must be the desires of the thousands upon thousands of men within us who used to be savages and cave-dwellers and hunters and vikings and knights-errant! Why, when you stop to

think how new our civilization is, it is amazing that we are so tame and well-behaved. Counting three lives to a century, the direct line of our ancestry from the first century, when Caesar was conquering our Druid forefathers in the British woods, numbers only fifty-seven men. Only eleven of our grandfathers have lived and died since that grandfather of ours heard and scouted the rumor that an Indian adventurer had found a new world to the westward beyond the Spanish Main. Is it any wonder that the tastes of the men who had not been divorced from nature by the civilization of the machine and the crowded city are still so strong in us, particularly in the spring, when nature is most seducing?

The sum of it is that nature is our mistress yet, at least for a season. She calls us back, and we strive, though with slight success, to answer "the Call of the Wild." A little below the surface we are savages yet; but who shall say surely, that civilization is at all points superior to savagery?

WHY SHOULD HE HESITATE?

WHY should Mayor Williams refuse to investigate the charges that the civil service commissioners have been using their office to do machine politics? How can the city's interests suffer by a full, fair investigation, so that the public may know whether the commissioners are innocent or guilty of the grave offense laid at their door? The charges are made by a young man of excellent character who is respected by his associates and acquaintances. They were not made anonymously nor in any underhanded manner, but boldly and publicly, and their author has declared over his own signature that he stands ready at any time to verify his assertions under oath. He cites the records of the civil service commission in support of his statements, and this evidence is not to be lightly ignored.

If the charges are untrue, the commissioners themselves should be foremost in demanding an investigation, and in refusing it Mayor Williams is doing them a serious wrong. If they are true, it is the mayor's unmistakable duty to go to the bottom of the matter at once and to summarily remove the men who are secretly undermining the very bulwarks of good government in Portland. By what tangled course of reasoning has His Honor reached the conclusion that the matter should be dropped without an effort to establish the truth or falsity of the accusations?

AN EXAMPLE FOR IMITATION.

OF ALL the states in the union the most persistent, industrious and irrepressible advertiser is California. After all has been said and done, after every allowance has been made, California really has less to brag about than some of the other states, but no other state has made as much of its opportunities or created so many opportunities for itself. Its people have talked so long and eloquently about it that an impression exists in some parts of the country that there is no "climate" anywhere but in California.

In the matter of advertising its fruits and products it has set an example which very few states can even hope to equal. It does not do things by fits and spurts; it does not do a great deal one year and then forget about it the next, but it is at it all the time, and usually in the most effective way. Any fruit that comes its way, no matter where raised, goes out as the California product, and if one were to believe all he heard in California, nothing really worth while is ever raised anywhere outside the productive confines of the Golden state.

The Journal frankly confesses an admiration for these California methods. It admires the ability, the consistency and the tireless industry of the work, and it admires the intense pride, while it can only envy the exotic imagination of its exuberant population. This year it is doing even more advertising than usual. It seems to be endeavoring to prove to the world that there is no fruit raised in any

other part of the country but California. The Oregonian way is a very different way. In the first place, with natural advantages which make us the envy of every visitor—we ourselves are too often the first to decry them. We do not pretend to do any advertising of our products. We send out fruit that in some lines stand unchallenged in the world's markets, fruits which are as eagerly sought in the markets of London as they are in the markets of the inter-mountain country. These fruits we allow to go absolutely on their own merits. Very often the name of the particular section of the state which they bear is better known than the name of the state itself. Those who raise them and send them forth are well satisfied with the prices which they bring, and on this score have nothing of which to complain. But neither they nor the state get the fullest benefits they should get out of them. Oregon has now reached a period in its development where a steady growth will follow as a matter of course. With scarcely any adventitious aid it will grow in population and wealth for the state, so to speak, has at last been "discovered" by the outsider and he is doing the best he can to make it known to his friends in whatever part of the country they may live. But it should move a good deal faster than this, and the work of making it known should not be left to such comparatively insignificant influences. There should be organization and alliances of the fruit and other industries, and they should set to work systematically, intelligently and persistently to do for Oregon what the Californian organizations are doing for California. Nature has done such marvels for us here that all that is needed is for the actual facts to be made known to the world and our business and population will so increase in the next ten years that Oregon will be a surprising object lesson to the whole country. This work should begin at once, and once it is begun there should be no let up in it from this time forward.

ROCKEFELLER'S "PILE."

THE NEWS that John D. Rockefeller has undertaken to form a combination of the mining interests of the country, with a capitalization of two and a half billions of dollars, must be regarded from a Republican standpoint as decidedly inopportune, coming as it does just at the opening of the national campaign. The average citizen does not look with favor upon the trusts, and it is but once in four years that he has an opportunity to express his dissatisfaction with the policy of protecting and fostering them. Mr. Rockefeller's latest effort in the direction of crushing out competition and gathering into his possession another huge slice of the country's wealth has naturally aroused renewed discussion of the enormous extent to which his operations are carried and the menacing proportions of his fortune.

Well informed men assert that he is worth not less than \$1,000,000,000. The figures seem incredible, but the Chicago Tribune gives credence to the estimate and publishes a statement compiled by some financiers of that city which suggests that even this huge figure may not be an adequate measure of his fortune. According to this authority Mr. Rockefeller has controlling interests in these corporations:

Standard Oil	\$ 780,000,000
Amalgamated Copper	127,500,000
Calumet and Hecla	11,260,000
American Linseed	1,172,500
Corn Products company	4,936,000
St. Paul Railway	145,260,000

Total

\$1,070,138,500
In addition he has heavy minority interests in United States Steel, Colorado Fuel and Iron, United States Leather, Consolidated Gas, International Harvester, New York Central, Pennsylvania, Missouri Pacific, Wisconsin Central and others.

It is safe to say that these figures will find no place in the campaign literature sent out by the Republican national committee. They are none the less significant, and to every thoughtful American citizen they are pregnant with warning.

THE ROAD TO DEFEAT

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

(Copyright, 1904, by W. R. Hearst.)
THE ROAD to Defeat is a curious road,
Nobody thinks he walks there—
Yet all day long a motley throng
Pushes and crowds and stalks there.
Some are people of brain and long
Who have wearied of Truth's long highway—
In the breathless race after riches and place
They sought for a short-cut byway.

And others have stumbled and missed the road
And wandered off into Sinning—
When they counted the cost the way seemed lost
Back into the Right beginning—
Some lither through meadows of "Time-enough,"
Some rush through the gates of Hurry—
Some seek the defile of "Wait-awhile,"
And others the fields of Flurry.

There are many old women and many old men
Who think they are wise as sages—
And in paths of Defeat tread, too, the feet
Of children of tender ages.
They follow the motto of "Do as you please,"
They scorn to be led or guided,
And all kinds of work they hate and shirk
And they cannot endure to be chided.

Down from the valley of "Pretty-Soon"
They straggle along at leisure,
They tumble and drop from the mountain top
Of selfish and idle Pleasure—
Oh, a very queer road is the road to Defeat,
Where the people are all so knowing—
Yet never a soul knows the name of his goal
Nor understands where he is going.

If you are the victim of failure, and are wondering why you have not succeeded as well as many other less deserving people of your acquaintance, it might be well for you

to cast a retrospective eye over your past. It is, of course, more agreeable to lay the blame of all your misfortune upon Fate; but your future will stand a better chance of being brighter if you discover what part of it lies in yourself, and learn how to overcome circumstances and change environment.

Perhaps you started out on the quick-rich method of financing. You made up your mind that old-fashioned ideas of industry and patient labor were all nonsense in this rapid age.

You had examples of multi-millionaires to offer as arguments when any one doubted your wisdom.

But not every man can be a successful villain, thief or liar. And the man who undertakes to follow the methods of great robbers, on a small scale, usually finds himself in prison or out of a position, instead of rich and popular.

In the present stage of our evolution the

world temporarily admires a big swindler, but it eternally despises a little one.

Better right about face and reconstruct your life on a wholly old-fashioned basis of integrity and worth.

Perhaps you were meaning to walk the right path, but went astray and fell into the quagmires of error and sin.

And now you know the way back, and feel that it is too late to try and find the path.

But there is never a soul so lost that it can not get back into Truth's roadway if it cries persistently enough to the sentinels from the Invisible Realms, who stand near to help those who appeal to them.

Keep calling; they will lift you from the quagmire, but you must help yourself at the same time. God's angels help those who help themselves.

Perhaps you have begun ten things and never finished one, and have formed ship-shod methods of thought and action, which

are the real cause of all your failures.

You can do twenty things after a fashion, and nothing well. Yet you wonder why you have never found your place in the world, and why your many capabilities have met with such poor reward.

You may be one of the people who no sooner begin a piece of work than they are seized with a feverish desire to do something else, and so rush through what they have started to accomplish at breakneck speed, slighting the work in hand for the work in mind.

Or, still worse, you may be a victim of the "By-and-by" and "Time-enough" mottoes.

Alas for the people who are always "going to do things!" The Valley of Pretty Soon is white with the bleaching bones of men and women who died while telling how they were going to do this and that.

Thought is power, and when thought is spent on the By-and-by instead of being

used on the Now, it is as wasteful as to

throw gold into the sea, instead of sending it into circulation to benefit humanity.

If you have an ambition or purpose in your mind, act upon it at once. There is not an hour to waste.

Do something toward beginning. Rouse yourself from the lethargy of dreams, and make a start on facts.

It is wonderful what power comes to us after we really begin any undertaking.

And with every postponement of that beginning, just so much power is dissipated. The road to success lies along the path Decisive, and up the hill of Endeavor, and across the bridge of Patience.

The road to Defeat lies through the Valley of Pretty Soon, and the winding paths of Wait-a-while.

Whatever you intend to do By-and-by begin Now.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA

From the New York Herald.
HILANDER C. KNOX, who has just been appointed United States senator to succeed the late Matthew Stanley Quay, is one of the most striking figures in American public life and one of the most engaging personalities. He stands but a trifle more than six feet, and he is every ounce a fighter and every inch a man. With the exception of the late Senator Hanna, no man has borne in silence more abuse of the stouthead hitting type than Mr. Knox, and few men could have waited as patiently as he for events to bring him his vindication. Mr. Knox is just beginning his fifty-second year. He is a wealthy man, and he made his fortune out of the practice of law. When he entered President McKinley's cabinet three years ago his earnings as a lawyer were about \$200,000 a year. As attorney general Mr. Knox drew a salary of \$8,000 a year, and it probably cost him \$50,000 a year to live. As a United

States senator he will draw \$5,000 a year, but he will have an easier time, though his living expenses will not be any less.

Mr. Knox was the son of a banker in western Pennsylvania. His father was a boyhood friend of James G. Blaine. He was educated in the public schools and in Mount Union college, Alliance, O. He selected his own career, refusing to become a banker, his father's wish, and studied law in the office of H. B. Sproule, who was United States district attorney for western Pennsylvania.

The legal career of Mr. Knox really began when the law firm of Reed & Knox was formed in 1877. His partner was James H. Reed. A volume might be written about the romance of this law firm of Reed & Knox. These two young men were unknown, comparatively, but they soon began to make themselves heard from. In a very few years they were the attorneys for Andrew Carnegie and the Carnegie Steel company. Business flowed in on

them very rapidly. Soon they were the legal representatives of other corporations. Capitalists began to want the same kind of law that Andrew Carnegie got. They got it, and they were well satisfied.

Many stories of Mr. Knox's legal successes are told. One of the best has to do with the Indianapolis Traction company and General Benjamin Harrison. In 1900 a great question came up which involved the constitutionality of the Indianapolis company. Technical points of constitutionality were involved.

The company sought to engage the services of Mr. Knox. The health of the future attorney general had broken down and he had been advised by his physicians to go to Europe for a long rest.

Mr. Knox named a fee so large that he felt they would decline to pay it and so permit him to go to Europe. Instead, the company accepted the offer and Mr. Knox had to cancel his passage. General Harrison was associated with

Mr. Knox in the case. Being a younger man than General Harrison, Mr. Knox appeared before the former president of the United States and suggested modestly that they should divide their fees and share alike. Mr. Knox thought at the time that General Harrison must be aware of the large fee he was receiving being the resident counsel.

General Harrison refused. The court decided on the exact lines of the argument of Mr. Knox. General Harrison met Mr. Knox on the boardwalk in Atlantic City soon after this.

"By the way, Knox," inquired General Harrison, "how did you come out in the settlement of your accounts with the Indianapolis Street Railway company? I got \$25,000 for my services. Is not 'I am very glad to hear it general'?"

replied Mr. Knox; "they were kind enough to give me \$125,000."

General Harrison turned away in amazement.

When President McKinley appointed Mr. Knox attorney-general there was much criticism on the ground that Mr. Knox, one of the leading trust lawyers of the country, was chosen to protect the trusts. President McKinley's reply was that he was willing to trust Mr. Knox; to see that the laws were enforced and had selected him for the reason that the best way to curb the trusts was for the government to employ a man who knew about them.

Smarting under Mr. Knox's proceedings in behalf of his clients at the time of the Homestead riots, when he sought to have the rioters indicted for treason, labor leaders and others filed charges against Mr. Knox before the senate committee on judiciary. A full hearing on these charges was given, the committee reported in favor of confirmation and Mr. Knox was confirmed without a dissenting vote.

As attorney-general Mr. Knox's three great legal achievements were the enforcement of the beef trust, the dissolution of the Northern Securities merger and the negotiations for the acquisition of

the title of the Panama Canal company. When the supreme court of the United States sustained the government in the Northern Securities case Mr. Knox issued his statement to allay public anxiety, ending with the famous words: "The government does not propose to turn amuck."

What Mr. Knox regards as the most important work he ever did, viewed from a strictly legal standpoint, was that in connection with the Panama canal. This is viewed as really the very largest piece of law business ever done.

Mr. Knox visited Paris personally to investigate the rights and titles of the Panama Canal company. Mixed up in the matter were the technicalities of French legal procedure and a receiver-ship on the isthmus of Panama, which had been acting separately from the liquidator of the old company in France.

Mr. Knox gave it as his opinion, unhesitatingly that the French company could give a good title, and on his

Judgment \$40,000,000 was paid to the canal company, \$10,000,000 was paid to Panama and the United States embarked on an enterprise that is likely to cost it \$200,000,000 more.

Mr. Knox is a fine type of the all-round sportsman. He owns the fastest pair of horses that ever trotted double in West and B. C., which cost him \$10,000 and with which he has lowered the world's pole record for a gentleman's team.

He is a hunting and fishing and is a crack shot and an expert fly-caster. He is devoted also to golf and other out of door sports. He purchased the Washington home of Mrs. George W. Childs for \$110,000 and recently bought a fine farm near Valley Forge, Pa.

Mr. Knox is a vestryman of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension of Pittsburgh. Recently when asked about his religious belief Mr. Knox said:

"My creed is to live for those I love and do all the good I can."

Americans," said the reporter to the interpreter who was helping him interview the distinguished Japanese.

The interpreter asked the question and the distinguished visitor made a reply.

"He says," the interpreter translated "that the Americans are the greatest people he has seen in his travels. Indeed he declares they might well be called the Japanese of the west."

How They Regard Us.
From the Baltimore World.
"Ask him what he thinks of the

NOT FOR THE PRESENT DAY.

From the Washington Post.
Perhaps under some halcyon dispensation—say, the millennium, of which we have heard so much—there may be an arrangement whereby universal health, happiness and prosperity will follow on the heels of universal education, sanity and indolence. But taking humanity as it is, and measuring prospects by the actual material at our

present disposal, is it wise to depopulate the fields, the factories and the mines by preaching the multitude into a state of scorn for simple toil? What are these millions to do when they shall have been exalted above the spade, the pitchfork and the axe? A world composed of millionaires, barbers, school teachers, orators and pawnbrokers would not be able to defend itself for any great length of time from the savage and the anarchist.

MUCH TRUTH IN THIS.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.
"What's the use, claiming that one man has as much of a show as another in this world? If you'd written Shakespeare's plays probably nobody would ever have paid any attention to them. Look at me, for instance."

"What is the matter?"
"I've said more than 40 times that I didn't believe in vacations and nobody ever paid any attention. Then along

comes Russell Sage, saying what I'd said before him, and everybody gets excited over it. It's not what you say in this world. It's who says it."

Difficult to Discover.
From the Oregon City Courier.
There is much food for thought in the action of the late Mrs. S. G. Reed who left a considerable portion of her estate for the founding and endowment of a school in Portland. Such action is not rare, but it is not so common occur-

rence that it should go by unnoticed. The real greatness of the donor is shown by her unselfishness in contrast with those whose fortunes are entirely left to shiftless heirs and for the building of the magnificent tomb which only advertises to the thoughtfulness of future generations the narrowness and vanity of the builders.

Now Hold Your Breath.
From the Gold Hill News.
The News is in possession of a new