

# EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

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## ACHIEVING A GREATER OREGON.

**T**HE FIRST STEP toward the upbuilding of Oregon is to gain a thorough comprehension of both the needs and the resources of the state. When this knowledge has been gained the campaign for the development of Oregon can be carried forward intelligently and effectively. The Oregon Development league offers to the people of the state the medium both for acquainting themselves with the needs of the varied industries within our borders and for exploiting the unutilized advantages which Oregon offers to the homeseeker and the investor.

The initial convention of the league was fruitful of results which give great promise of its usefulness in the future. Every man who attended that convention or who followed the newspaper reports of its proceedings added to his knowledge of the state. Many of the papers that were read and the discussions that arose were pregnant with valuable information and the ideas advanced were those of sensible, practical men, thoroughly conversant with their themes. Any one who desired information as to the products and the capabilities of any section of the state had opportunity to get it at first hand. The wheat grower from eastern Oregon learned to appreciate, perhaps for the first time, the immensity of the forests in the western part of the state; the value of the fisheries and the mines; the delegate from the coast counties heard with a new and vivid comprehension of the unparalleled productivity of the great Inland Empire. It was a mutual education, invaluable in teaching the people of Oregon the possibilities of the state in which they live.

One of the interesting features of the convention was the statement by delegates from various parts of the state of the particular needs of their respective localities. To the intending settler there could be no better guide. The idea expressed most frequently was that the great need is an immigration of thrifty, intelligent farmers from the middle west, men with a thorough practical knowledge of farming and with means sufficient to acquire and improve the land. To this class of immigrants Oregon offers very unusual attractions. But among the farmers of the east and middle west Oregon is a land almost unknown and a campaign of publicity must be undertaken if they are to be induced to come here. Oregon is destined to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, agricultural states in the union. It is the natural source of supply for the oriental trade in breadstuffs and its possibilities in production are unlimited. The growth of the farming population will be of incalculable value, therefore, in promoting the prosperity of the state.

But the opportunities offered to the settler are by no means confined to agriculture. The convention of the development league afforded innumerable reminders of the varied industries of the state which give tempting openings to men of intelligence and enterprise. No man need fail who comes to Oregon. Whatever the occupation that he chooses he can be sure that thrift and industry will be richly rewarded.

The people of Oregon are not yet fully alive to the riches of their own state and the education which the development league is affording them is the first great benefit which will result from that organization. The next step is to spread abroad this knowledge in other states. The essential idea of the league is that this must be largely accomplished by individual effort. Every citizen must constitute himself a bureau of publicity, doing his best to advertise Oregon among his friends and acquaintances in the east. The results that will follow can scarcely be exaggerated and they are already foreshadowed by the interest which has been aroused throughout the state, an interest rendered intelligent by the convention which inaugurated the work.

## JAPAN AND RUSSIA NEED MONEY.

**N**O NATION, however rich, can spend a million dollars day after day and not sooner or later feel the pinch of it. The United States felt it keenly enough during the civil war and England felt it even more acutely during the Boer war. There are rumors that Japan is feeling the terrific drain upon its resources incident to the life and death struggle now in progress in Korea and Manchuria; there are other rumors that Russia is beginning to seriously feel the financial cramp. It is hinted, and it can well be believed, that Japan must speedily bring the war to a decisive close or it will find itself struggling under a burden of debt that will paralyze if not crush it. This is

given in explanation of the marvelous tenacity and almost superhuman persistency with which it is struggling toward the goal. While, doubtless, there is some degree of truth in this view of the matter and while it will apply with considerable force to Russia, as well as Japan, ordinary prudence and a proper apprehension of the war game would dictate to Japan the policy of extreme celerity even though the question of finance entered only incidentally into a consideration of the issue. If it were possible for Russia to concentrate all of its military resources where it now most needs them the outcome of the war might even now be predicted with much confidence. But the supreme advantage which Japan possesses, after making every allowance for its superb fighting qualities, is found in the fact that Russia can bring only a proportion of its forces into the field, thus giving Japan the opportunity which it must have of meeting it upon an even basis. The more quickly it disposes of the forces now confronting it the more certain it is to speedily end the war. While the money question undoubtedly is already a very grave one we do not believe it has yet become the supreme question in Japan's struggle.

## COUNTRY BRED CITY MEN.

**O**F ALL THE big New York City men of the first class, in business—the multimillionaires, the great lawyers, merchants and others who are read throughout the country—not one, it was recently stated in a reliable New York paper, was born in that city. And all but one were born on farms or in small country villages. This is scarcely credible, yet if not altogether it is no doubt largely true. And so it would be found on inquiry to be in other cities—that most of the men who have pushed themselves to the very forefront in business, in the professions and in politics, in the great cities, were country boys; the majority of them farm boys.

There must be more exceptions in most cities than in New York, assuming the statement quoted to be correct; we can think of several, though not many, exceptions in this comparatively small city, but doubtless the rule would generally hold good almost everywhere. It is the country boy, rather than the city boy, who greatly succeeds in the city, as the world views success.

The reasons for this will suggest themselves to readers; they are interesting and worthy of scrutiny, but it is not the purpose of this article to go into them—only beside the statement of the fact to add these comments:

Let not this fact serve to entice many country boys or young men to the city—for two reasons, aye, three:

First, where one country boy succeeds greatly in the city and is so heard of widely many miserably fail, or succeed but slightly and slowly.

Second, the country has many advantages that it did not formerly possess—better roads, better houses, better schools, better churches, more and cheaper books, better society; telephones, perhaps trolley lines, daily newspapers, town luxuries easily obtained. The country, in large part, has been almost brought in touch with the town.

Then, too, the country has charms that the city man, country born and bred and aging, looks back to lovingly and longingly, if not regretfully; and though he may be surrounded with all the city's luxuries, he dreams of nights of the sough of wind among the leaves, the eternal music of the brook, the fragrance of plowed field and hay field, the eloquent stillness of the early night and many other country charms; and is fain to repeat: "It might have been."

Third, what seems great success is not always so. The successful farmer, dairyman or orchardist is as great a success in this world as the successful merchant, lawyer or doctor—in our humble judgment a greater success. Sometimes, too, great success, as the world estimates it, is not always really so. The pleasure is in pursuit, not possession; and the possession of too much palls—especially if great riches and high position are not quite rightly obtained, and the possessor still has a live conscience.

Then great success—for this these days spells great wealth, or the currently passing counterfeit of it—is accompanied with cares and burdens and responsibilities and the necessity of saying no almost like a parrot; and worse, it is likely—in New York—to be the cause of moral and spiritual atrophy—the gradual and irresistible withering of the possessor's soul.

And what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

## A NEW EARTH IS APPEARING.

**E**LECTRICITY! An unknown, unanalyzed, indefinable, incalculable power, bred so far as is known yet in the fertile fructuous earth.

Lord Kelvin, supposed to be the greatest living authority on the subject of electrical force, simply gives the problem up—says he does not know—any more than the greatest of the world's philosophers know about the human soul.

A little, unseen, unfelt, mysterious "current"—we have no language to define it—"runs"—in our jargon—along a little slim wire, and whole trains of loaded cars move. This is so common a sight that we become used to it, think it only "natural," and dwell no more upon it. But if we stop to think a little, what a wonder, an increasingly wonderful wonder it is.

Edison, the wizard, has played and worked with this mysterious force until he and his pupils have in a third of a century revolutionized the whole business of the world. What his and their discoveries have been worth to humankind could not be measured or stated in terms of dollars, even if the figure ran ever so far into the billions.

Notice, now, the connection between electricity and water—one secret, elusive, intangible, mysterious, awesome; the other common, purring, roaring, swirling, rising, falling—always, except in a desert country—visible, tangible, touchable, "limpid, volatile and free"—an absolute common necessity every day—all around us.

Put in gravity, the force—as the story goes—that closed Newton's physical eye while opening his philosophical eye—and you have the great trinity of earth.

Through gravity, water falls. A man—one who observes and studies—comes along and says: "There is force, power, going to waste; and the industrial world needs force, power and is willing to pay for it." He can not carry the water to the mills and wheels directly, 20, 40 or 60 miles away; if he could, he could not keep the power intact; so he courts that secret, elusive, shadowy, flickering, tremendous "She" of the earth; gets a wire in touch with one of her myriad atoms; stretches it abroad, around; puts a little machine to be turned by the waterfall, and lo! without wood or coal or fires or steam or smoke, your cars run, up hill and down dale; your mill wheels turn night and day, with no strikes; your factories hum, your wheat is ground, your logs are sawed, your clothes are made, your fires are lit—the world moves, with such an impulse, all created or rather applied, within a third of a century, as had not been applied to it for a million years before.

It staggers the imagination to consider what harnessed and directed electricity will yet do.

## WHY THE PORTAGE ROAD WILL BE BUILT.

**T**HERE ARE so-called public movements which it is easy to sidetrack. Counter movements may be started to distract public interest, the matter at issue may be belittled or confused or a distinct new issue may be interjected to the end that the original is completely lost to view. But there are some public movements which cannot be sidetracked. They are usually of slow growth and the result of profound and general conviction. One of these which is now stirring Oregon is the "open river" question. What may be said in its favor now was just as true 20 years ago. Many people were just as profoundly convinced of its importance then as they are now. Even those who give the matter merely superficial study see the overshadowing importance of the "open river" as the supreme element in the growth and development of the Inland Empire, for that conclusion is self-evident to any one who casually glances at a map of Oregon.

But while all of this is true it has taken some time for this sentiment to crystallize into action. Relief has been looked for in other directions and in other ways. Perhaps we have been too optimistic, too confiding, too much inclined to expect others to do for us that which we should have done for ourselves. However this may have been the years have rapidly drifted by without anything having been accomplished, and where we were a score of years ago is practically where we are now.

A general realization of the vital need, combined with a general appreciation of the practical old proverb that God helps those who help themselves, has suddenly awakened the people along the whole line. They now know what they want, indeed what they must have for their own salvation, and nothing short of that will satisfy them.

And they are determined to have results, and that quite speedily. On this particular question neither political parties nor politicians of any degree can afford to play fast and loose. The question is in no sense now a political one, but if it comes to an issue there will be no party lines to divide on it and the man who stands in the way is likely to get hurt.

On no public question in recent years have the people been so determined and at no time have they been less disposed to stand quibbling excuses for inactivity. They realize that in self-defense the portage road must be built. The fear that this may not accomplish all that is expected of it appeals not at all to them. They are willing to spend the money on the experiment and take the chance of the road doing all or nearly all that is hoped for it. But whether it does all or any part of it they nevertheless want it and want it badly. They do not want it three or five years hence, but they want it next fall, at the earliest possible moment that it can do them good. This is the sentiment and this is the determination, and if results are not brought about in one way they will be another.

## A MOVEMENT TO RAISE COUNTY SALARIES.

**A**N EFFORT is being made to commit the Multnomah county members of the next legislature to the plan of increasing the salaries of a number of the county offices. It is argued that the compensation now allowed is, in several instances, very inadequate, and that an increase should be made, to take effect during the term of the officials now in office.

Undoubtedly public servants should receive at least as much as they could command for similar services in private life, and perhaps, in view of their limited tenure of office, they should be paid somewhat more. But there are two important considerations which should be borne in mind by those who are advocating an increase in present salaries:

In the first place, Multnomah county is still heavily in debt and even with the most careful economy probably at least two years must elapse before outstanding claims can be wholly wiped out. It is therefore an inopportune time to increase the county's obligations except where this is absolutely unavoidable.

In the second place, all of the present county officials were elected upon the assumption that the salaries would continue unchanged and they were content to take office upon that understanding. No additional duties or responsibilities have been cast upon them. If any one of them had declared, before his election, an intention to ask the legislature to increase his salary, it would probably have resulted in his defeat at the polls.

It is true that there is a decided disproportion in the salaries paid to the incumbents of the principal offices in Multnomah county. They bear little relation to the importance or the responsibilities of the office. There is a manifest inequality in paying the sheriff \$4,500 a year, to say nothing of the perquisites which have attached to the office in the past, while the county clerk receives but \$2,400, and the county judge, whose office is the most important in the county, receives but \$3,000. Nor is there any apparent reason why the circuit judges should be paid \$1,000 more than the county judge, as they are since the act passed at the special session of the legislature went into effect.

But in spite of all these inequalities there is no sound argument for increasing county salaries at this time. The practice of increasing the compensation of public officials during their incumbency of office is wrong in principle and in some states is unconstitutional. Public office is not thrust upon any man, and if he cannot afford to take it at the salary already established he is at perfect liberty to remain in private life. Moreover, Multnomah county cannot afford to increase its financial burdens until it is again doing business on a cash basis. The increase in the salaries of the circuit judges saddled upon the county an annual burden of \$4,000 and if the next legislature supplements this by increasing county salaries the taxpayer will have just ground for complaint. Taxes are quite high enough now. In the campaign that preceded the primaries last spring the dominant faction of the Republican party appealed to the voters for support on the ground of the economies effected in the county government by the present administration. It was in the expectation that this policy of economy would be continued that the people of Multnomah county elected the men who are to represent them at Salem next winter.

## MYSTIC MORALITY

## By MAURICE MAETERLINCK

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**I**T IS only too evident that the invisible agitation of the kingdoms within us are arbitrarily set on foot by the thoughts we shelter. Our myriad intuitions are the veiled queens who steer our course through life, though we have no words in which to speak to them.  
How strangely do we diminish a thing as soon as we try to express it in words! We believe we have divided down to the most unfathomable depths, and when we reappear on the surface, the drop of water that glistens on our trembling finger-tips no longer resembles the sea from which it came. We believe we have discovered a grotto that is stored with bewildering treasure; we come back to the light of day, and the gems we have brought are false—mere pieces of glass—and yet does the treasure shine on, unceasingly, in the darkness!  
There is something between ourselves and our souls that nothing can penetrate, and there are moments, says Emerson, "in which we court suffering in the hope that here at least we shall find reality, sharp peaks and edges of truth."  
Surely there are moments when we seem to feel more deeply than did our fathers before us, that we are not in the presence of ourselves alone.

Neither those who believe in a God, nor those who disbelieve are found to act in themselves, as though they were sure of being alone.  
We are watched, we are under the strictest supervision, and it comes from elsewhere than the indulgent darkness of each man's conscience. Perhaps the spiritual vases are less closely sealed now than in bygone days, perhaps more power has come to the waves of the sea within us? I know not—all that we can state with certainty is that we no longer attach the same importance to a certain number of traditional faults, but this is in itself a spiritual victory.  
It would seem as if our code of morality were changing—advancing with timid steps toward loftier regions that cannot yet be seen. And the moment has perhaps come when certain new questions should be asked.  
What would happen, let us say, if our soul were suddenly to take visible shape and were compelled to advance into the midst of her assembled sisters, stripped of all her veils, but laden with her most secret thoughts and dragging behind her the most mysterious, inexplicable acts of her life?  
Of what would she be ashamed? Which are the things she would fain hide? Would

she, like a bashful maiden, cloak beneath her long hair the numberless sins of the flesh?  
She knows not of them, and those sins have never come near her. They were committed a thousand miles from her throne, and the soul even of the prostitute would pass unsuspectingly through the crowd with the transparent smile of the child in her eye. She has not interfered, she has lived her life where the light fell on her, and it is this life only which she can recall.  
Are there any sins or crimes of which she could be guilty? Has she betrayed, deceived, lied? Has she inflicted suffering or been the cause of tears? Where was she while this man delivered over his brother to the enemy? Perhaps far away from him she was sobbing, and from that moment she will have become more beautiful and more profound. She will feel no shame for that which she has not done; she can remain pure in the midst of terrible murder. Often she will transform into inner radiance all of the evil wrought before her. These things are governed by an invisible principle, and hence, doubtless, has arisen the inexplicable indulgence of the gods.  
An our indulgence, too. Strive as we may we are bound to pardon, and when death, the great conciliator, has passed by, is there one of us who does not fall on his

knees and silently, with every token of forgiveness, bend over the departing soul.  
When I stand before the rigid body of my bitterest enemy, when I look upon the pale lips that slandered me, the sightless eyes that so often brought the tears to mine, the cold hands that may have wrought me so much wrong—do you imagine that I can still think of revenge?  
Death has come and atoned for all. I have no grievance against the soul of the man before me. Instinctively do I recognize that it soars high above the gravest faults and the cruellest wrongs. If there linger still a regret within me it is not that I am unable to inflict suffering in my turn, but it is perhaps that my love was not great enough and that my forgiveness has come too late.  
One might almost believe that these things were already understood by us, deep down in our soul. We do not judge our fellows by their acts—nay, not even by their most secret thoughts, for these are not always undiscernible, and we go far beyond the undiscernible.  
A man shall have committed crimes reputed to be the vilest of all, and yet it may be that even the blackest of these shall not have tarnished for one single moment the breath of fragrance and ethereal purity that surrounds his presence, while at the

approach of a philosopher our soul may be steeped in unendurable gloom.  
What tidings do these things bring us? Are there laws deeper than those by which deeds and thoughts are governed? What are the things we have learned and why do we always act in accordance with rules that none ever mention, but which are the only rules that cannot err?  
When we venture to move the mysterious stone that covers these mysteries and heavily charged air surges up from the gulf and words and thoughts all fall around us like poisoned flies. Even our inner life seems trivial by the side of these unchanging deepnesses. When the angels stand before you, will you glory in never having sinned, and is there not an inferior innocence?  
When Jesus read the wretched thoughts of the Pharisees who surrounded the paralytic of Capernaum are you sure that as He looked at them He condemned their souls without beholding far away behind their thoughts a brightness that was perhaps everlasting?  
And would He be a God if his condemnation were irrevocable? But why does He speak as though he lingered on the threshold? Will the basest thought or the noblest inspiration leave a mark on the diamond's surface?  
What god that is indeed on the heights

but must smile at our gravest faults as we smile at the puppets on the hearth rug? And what god would he be who would not smile?  
If you become truly pure do you think you will try to conceal the petty motives of your great actions from the eyes of the angels? And yet are there not in us many things that will look pitiful indeed before the gods assembled on the mountain? Surely that must be, and our soul knows full well that it will have to render its account. It lives in silence, and the band of a great Judge is ever upon it, though His sentences are beyond our ken. What account will it have to render? Where shall we find the code of morality that can enlighten us?  
Is there a mysterious morality that holds sway in regions far beyond our thoughts? Are our most secret desires only the helpless satellites of a central star, that is hidden from our eyes? Does a transparent tree exist within us and are all our actions and all our virtues only its ephemeral flowers and leaves?  
Indeed we know not what are the wrongs that our soul can commit, nor what there can be that should make us blush before a higher intelligence or before another soul, and yet which of us feels that he is pure and does not dread the coming of the Judge? And where is there a soul that is not afraid of another soul?

**MARY "TOUGHER" MAYOR JONES.**  
More Than \$2,000 Worth of Bad Notes Were Found in His Desk.  
Toledo Telegram in New York Herald.  
Here are \$2,000 worth of note in amounts running from \$10 to several hundred that I will sell to you for 25 cents," said Percy Jones, son of the late mayor to a newspaper man in the mayor's office one recent afternoon.  
Mr. Jones was clearing out the great big roll-topped desk used by his father for so many years. In almost every pigeonhole, in every drawer, these slips of paper, mate evidence of the kindly heart of the man, came to light.  
Two thousand dollars in bad notes,

however, is only a drop in the bucket, and only what was scraped together in cleaning out the desk. These notes were almost invariably made out with the words written in print—"No interest." And of course, none of them, interest or principal, has been paid.  
There are many thousands of dollars lying around—in nooks in the late mayor's office in this same form. The death of the mayor canceled for good what in fact were cancelled the minute the cash was turned over to the debtors of the late mayor. And the mayor knew it. Of late years he refused to have a note made out for this kind of loans. He simply turned over the cash.

The writer has heard him say to some applicant for monetary relief. "Now don't make any promises that you will pay me back—for I don't want you to break any. I have had promises year after year and I never get anything back. Some time, if you feel like it, come in and give me what you want, but don't make any promises."  
The names on some of these note-makers and promise-breakers are well known in business and official circles. They are considered very well up and "honorable men." Yet they were not above tapping this font for all they could when he was alive, and they were not above neglecting to pay back.  
In the mayor's last campaign one man who had always fought tooth and nail

for the mayor, fought against him. Some of the men remarked the change and asked why he had gone back on the city's executive.  
"I'll tell you why he has gone back on me," said the mayor. And he went to his desk and picked out seven notes, each for \$100, signed by this man. "It was because I would not let him have any more of these," he said. The man was a political leech, whose friendship the mayor had learned was only a commodity, to be bought for a price.  
Mayor Jones was not a methodical man, and the money he gave away and the notes he took were not recorded in any way. For this reason no exact nor nearly exact account of his charities could be made. It has been ascertained

that during the last year of his life charities and friendship for men with bad business propositions cost him \$22,000.  
**GOT WEE, ANYWAY.**  
From the Newberg Graphic.  
The Newberg citizen who started for Portland Tuesday morning and who chanced across the street at Sherwood in order to embrace the first opportunity to wet his whistle, tarried too long at the wine and all the passengers could do for him was to say farewell brother and left him on the track. He made a good sport from the door of the grog shop when he heard the train start, and

clouds of dust arose about his corpulent form as he made for the train with a full head of steam and a wide open throttle, but the iron horse was too much for him and he was left behind. The last seen of him he was headed for the saloon again, where he no doubt resumed the wetting process.  
**HOW RIVER ROCKS BEHAVE.**  
From the Pendleton East Oregonian.  
As things are going now it is an endless chain of hauling of pebble rock from the river at an average cost of 50 and 75 cents per load, only to see them either sink out of sight or work to the surface. There is not the slightest consistency in the way river rock behaves. Hundreds of tons have disappeared entirely, while hundreds of tons after settling and giving apparent promise of making a permanent roadbed, have come to the surface where they slip and roll about, changing position with every stroke of a wheel or hoof until it is necessary to haul them away to get rid of them. They will not pack and make a roadway themselves, or make a foundation for anything else.  
These same pebbles run through a crusher, or what is better, quarry rock after going through a crusher, will make a roadbed that cannot be excelled. It will pack in fine shape if put down in sufficient quantity, and the more travel goes over it the firmer and smoother it becomes.