THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON — PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. — JNO. F. CARROLL

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

AFTER THE LAWYERS.

THIS MAN JEROME, district attorney of New York, seems to be getting rather too gay. While he confined himself to the ordinary offenders, big and little, he was bearable, but now that he has turned his attention to the legal profession it is an entirely different affair. There has grown up a feeling in every community that the legal profession is sacred from interference. Its members know the law and knowing it are fully aware how to avoid its penalties. It is no unusual thing to find a client going to jail but it is a most extraordinary thing to find his attorney going with him.

And yet there has been growing up a suspicion in the not too astute public mind that the most dangerous of all elements in every community are the lawyers of a certain class, those who equip themselves with a knowledge of the law for the purpose of evading it. In this class are included not alone the pettifoggers whom everybody knows and despises but some very superior men who make princely incomes, who are highly esteemed in every community and who oftentimes have public honors thrust upon them. The era of frenzied finance in the country has developed hundreds if not thousands of them. It is these men who make it possible for the rapacious corporations to exploit the public and to segregate from it property of extreme value at little or no cost. It is they who find means to circumvent every law put on the statute books for the purpose of curbing these very practices. They are continually working against the public interests, against the interests of justice and equity for the sake of money and in the interest of the corporations by which they are employed. All this has been long known, yet strange to say it has had no effect upon the consideration with which these men were held in the various communities. Just because a man happened to be a lawyer he could do things that in any other man would call forth the sharpest rebuke. While serving in a public capacity he might accept fees to aid a private enterprise that was inimical to his public duties.

But the world is beginning to get a somewhat different point of view on these things and it does not so highly approve, if indeed it approves at all, conduct which however professional fails to square with what one citizen demands of another under different relations. Mr. Jerome is on the right track and in following it he will be doing his profession and constituents a genuine public service. The fact that Justice Hooker escaped the penalty of his crimes makes the need for Jerome's work all the more apparent. But is it altogether quite professional, or as the doctors would say, ethical, for him to ride rough shod over members of his own profession, much as they may deserve it, when there are so many other chances in so many other directions to occupy his attention? An evident coolness is springing up against Jerome in various directions. In professional quarters there seems to be a suspicion that he is beginning to carry things too far. Apparently he doesn't mind it a little bit and the general public which has hitherto had good reason to regard the legal profession as immune from the consequences of its own misdeeds will view the crusade with interest amounting almost to enthusiasm.

TIME TO WAKE UP.

THE Valencia and City of Topeka, the boats recently put on the Portland-San Francisco run, are about to be withdrawn on the ground that they are too small to pay. Meantime the promise is given that other and larger boats will be secured for the service. As the search for boats of this description has been industriously maintained for the past few months, according to Mr. Schwerin, and as that search has been unattended with fruitful results, the outlook for its success in the immediate future is not over bright.

Passengers from the east come here with the expectation of getting to California by sea, for that is one of the added attractions of the trip. But they find they cannot get accommodations and there are no prospects of getting any. This is neither fair nor decent and Portland protests for the reason that it hurts the city by giving the impression that some sort of a contract which brought the people to the fair city was not carried out. It has one further ground for protest and that is that these disappointed people go away from Portland, which is a seaport town where they are unable to get accommodations, and go to Seattle where they have no trouble in getting the accommodations they need to reach San Francisco by water. It is true, of course, that the demand for that sort of accommodation to San Francisco is not comparable with the demand from here, but the reflection is nevertheless on Portland and the people of this city should resent it. Indeed the policy of conducting the O. R. & N. shipping is much the same as that which used to actuate its railroad. There was little pretense made of constructing new lines, the only purpose in Oregon being to draw revenue to spend elsewhere. There are indications that this policy has passed for good and that a new and better one is now in vogue on the railroad. However true this may be it is certain that nothing of the sort has yet happened in the ship service. Indeed it looks as though Mr. Schwerin has scarcely yet discovered that there is a coast city on the map outside of San Francisco. The desire seems to be to belittle and cripple Portland and it is high time that the public bodies of the city spoke out in such terms as will not be misunderstood.

CROWDING THE CAR PLATFORMS.

THE STREETCAR COMPANY has posted a notice to the effect that passengers must not stand on the platforms and that this rule must be enforced "when possible" by the conductor. The words "when possible" give a very wide latitude, with the result that the rule is very rarely enforced. In many instances noted there has been plenty of room inside the cars yet the platforms have been crowded and it was only with the extremest difficulty that passengers got on or off the cars. When in addition to the crowding most of those on both platforms are smoking the combination is exceedingly unpleasant for the women who are forced to ride on the cars. Indeed unless the car itself is actually crowded inside no one should be permitted for his own selfish reasons to obstruct the entrances. This is another case where the comfort of the majority should be considered even at the sacrifice of the comfort of the few.

On many of the open cars provisions are made for those who wish to smoke. On the closed cars they are forced to stand either on the front or rear platform. Smokers should be excluded from the rear platforms and others should be moved inside so as not to create obstructions. If there are not enough cars for the accommodation of travel they should be provided so that the rules would be enforcable and everyone would have a chance to enjoy in comfort the ride for which he pays.

NEED OF FIRE ESCAPES.

A PARTY of Swedish singers narrowly escaped death last night in a fire. They were lodged on the third floor of a building but had not yet retired when the fire broke out; nevertheless they made their escape with considerable difficulty down a narrow hall. The building was not provided with a fire escape, and therein lay all the danger. Had the fire broken out later in the night it is probable that not one of them would have escaped without serious injury.

There is again emphasized the need for the enforcement of the ordinance providing for fire escapes. Many property-owners have complied with the provisions of the ordinance, but many others have not. The aim of the ordinance meets with unqualified public approval. It was put on the statute book to be enforced and its enforcement means a greater measure of safety to innocent people. Its provisions should therefore be enforced no matter who stands in the way and no Portland building which comes within its scope should be permitted to go without these necessary appendages which are so necessary to the safety of those who occupy such buildings. They are even more necessary in cities like Portland where so much of the construction is wood and where the imminence of fire is thereby considerably increased.

SMALL CHANGE

One of Oregon's beautjes is its summer clouds.

* *

The hum of the harvesters is loud in the land.

* *

Every county can do better yet.

* *

Good fishing if you go after it.

* *

May be a wet August.

* *

Go after 'em, Bill; we are watching.

* *

Doing business on an Equitable basis doesn't mean what it used to.

* *

A Roseburg paper alludes to Senator Mitchell as a "scapegoat." This is adding insult to injury. Senator Mitchell did not "scape." He was convicted and must pay the penalty. Besides, he is no goat.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS

It wasn't hot, after all, to eastern people.

* *

More houses are needed in Pendleton.

* *

Linn county may be a little slow, but it will show up all right, all right, before the summer is over.

* *

Archie Metzgar of Albany, with a common coffeemill has just ground and separated into bran, middlings and flour of a splendid quality, some wheat which he picked from a field, doing the bolting by hand. It is such an excellent job it has been placed in exhibit bottles and will be part of the Linn county display, properly labeled. A pretty young but efficient miller, says the Albany Democrat.

* *

The Willamette is within one inch of low water mark. Rain!

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If you like to view a very prosperous country don't overlook southern Oregon.

* *

Hood River Glacier: A. C. Parrott, one of the jurors at the hanging of Norman Williams, is a former friend of Sheriff Sexton, the two of them having celebrated the Fourth of July at Abilene, Nebraska, in 1872. They had not met since then until a little over a year ago. Mr. Parrott says he is satisfied with this western country. "It may be hot here, sometimes, but in the east it gets red hot," says he.

* *

Sunday was a closed day in Athena, every one of the saloons remaining closed all during the day, much to the satisfaction of those who have been contending for the enforcement of the Sunday closing law. The unusual action on the part of the saloonmen was taken in compliance with a notice sent them by John McCourt, acting district attorney, to the effect that they would be prosecuted should they remain open on that day.

* *

Pendleton East Oregonian: A suit over a suit that did not suit was tried out in the justice's court here yesterday and Justice Fitzgerald decided in favor of the defendant. It was a case brought by J. A. McLaughlin & Co. against Cecil R. Wade to recover the sum of $40 which was the price of a suit of clothes made by that firm for the defendant. When the suit was finished by the tailor it was not accepted by Mr. Wade because of the fact that it did not fit. Some very amusing incidents occurred at the trial. Several of the prominent tailors of the city were put on the stand by the defendant and explained to the court wherein the suit was lacking. Also, the coat was tried on by the defendant for the benefit of the court, and evidently it did not come up to hizzoner's conception of a good fit.

* *

Albany Democrat: If a boy is a liar at 7 what will he be when a man? Yesterday a small boy who was sitting on the bank of the canal stopped a man and told him another boy had fallen into the ditch and was under the water. The man was interested enough to make inquiry and found that the youngster had made up the story.

* *

Lebanon paper mills are getting a big reputation.

* *

The Hood River Glacier this week presents a six-page write-up and general review of the White Salmon valley. The aim was to try to show the great possibilities in fruit, dairying and stock raising on the Washington side. The great progress being made in the fruit line is amazing.

* *

Wasco may well feel pride in its development, its water system and sewerage, says the Moro Observer. A flowing well, drilled to the depth of 120 feet, discharges into a dug well 16x34, from which the water is elevated by a duplex pump, driven by a 15 horsepower gasoline engine into a reservoir 215 feet above the city, with a capacity for 150,000 gallons, distributed through 15,000 feet of machine banded stave pipe, makes the water system. The reservoir is of concrete walls, covered with brick arches, which insures cool water in hot weather. Twenty first class hydrants have been placed throughout the system and five streams can be placed on a fire at one time, thus assuring good fire service.

* *

While assisting in blasting stumps Tuesday at Underwood, Bert Jewett stuck his head from behind a nearby tree in time to receive a charge of wood and gravel on the side of his face. The sight of one of his eyes was totally destroyed, and his face badly bruised. The young man was brought to a hospital in Hood River, where physicians removed particles of gravel and wood fiber from the eye socket. It is possible that some of the gravel went beyond the eye ball. While resting easy, the situation is serious.

* *

Hood River Glacier: In W. F. Laraway's show case is an interesting relic of bygone days in the shape of a handmade "brass-kivered" watch, the construction of which dates back some 200 years. In those days horn was used instead of glass for the crystal, the latter commodity not having as yet been invented. The watch has an old chain and fusel style of works, just the kind Mr. Laraway learned the trade on nearly half a century ago, and of course it was to him like meeting an old friend. The watch belongs to C. R. Griesen of Hood River, who brought it in for repairs. The horn crystal gives the face of the watch a sallow complexion as if it might be troubled with some disease of the lives.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for TOMORROW

By H. B. Jenkins, D. D.

July 30, 1905—Topic: Manasseh's Sin and Repentance—II. Chron. xxxii:1-13.

Golden Text—Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people.—Prov. xiv:34.

Responsive reading: Psalm cvi:1-10.

Introduction.

Manasseh was the bad son of a good man, and yet we have all known it to be true that the good man may fail to be a good father. No boy becomes a saint because his father has erected a hospital or built a church or given $100,000 to foreign missions. The father must cultivate his son as well as look after the general interests of religion. No man deserves to have a boy who is too busy to bring him up as his companion.

The mother of Manasseh was named Hephsibah—"she in whom is my delights" is the full translation of her name. It may signify nothing more than when we call a child "Daisy" or "Pearl" with little understanding of the future. His mother is believed by the Jews to have been a daughter of Isaiah, but of this there is no evidence. It is so easy to invent such ties and links that it is not worth while to try to disprove them.

Hezekiah had been miraculously restored to health before the birth of Manasseh. Manasseh was but 12 years of age when he came to the throne (v. 1) and his father's illness occurred 15 years before his decease. It was an early age at which to come into the possession of royal wealth and kingly power; and as the event proved, the boy was not very well fitted for his responsibilities. It takes longer to correct a trend toward indulgence in a race than to teach them the gratification of their senses. The people under his grandfather, Ahaz, had corrupted themselves with the vices of the heathen. The comparatively short reign of Hezekiah, the father, had sufficed to set right certain state ceremonials, but it had not sufficed to raise up a people strong to serve God. Despite the stern rule of Oliver Cromwell the court of Charles II was more depraved than that of Charles I, his father.

The Lesson.

Verse 1. Manasseh was 12 years old when he came to the throne, but at that age an oriental assumes the prerogatives of a man's estate. Jesus at 12 went up with Joseph and Mary to be enrolled as a "son" of Israel (Luke 1:42). It was not customary to assume the duties of the kingship at so early an age, but whether a minor shall do so or not depends sometimes upon the exigencies of the party in power and sometimes upon the willfulness of the prince. The length of his reign was astonishing, even though it be subject to some correction from other accounts, as certain scholars believe. Even if the copyist has made an error of a few years, there is no doubt that Manasseh ruled longer than any other sovereign of Israel or Judah after the division.

Verse 2. One of the surprising things which the historian and traveler note is the persistence of certain forms of vice. There are those to whom the extermination of the Canaanites seems impossible morally to defend, but when we see how deeply the small remnant that survived infected the people of Israel with their peculiar corruptions, we can easily believe these wars of extermination were as merciful as the physician's deep cutting for the removal of a malignant cancer. The Bible speaks very guardedly of these "abominations," but the religions of the east were as lustful as they were cruel and as savage as they were impure. Before admitting western visitors to inspect their museums, archaeologists convey out of sight parts of their collections which they would not expose to the common gaze. And these vile objects were exhumed from oriental temples as connected with the rites of oriental religions.

Verse 3. This was not a philosophical contest between monotheism and polytheism, not simply a war about ideals and conceptions of gods, but it was a fight between chastity and sensuality. Those who have been called into the political arena in our country and in our own day soon learn that the great struggle which lies down below all party names and all theories of government is a struggle between the church and the saloon, the Sunday school and the gambling hell, the clean conscience and the world of "graft." There was no attempt at disguise in Manasseh's day. The heathen party was the party of self-indulgence—and that "to the limit." The very figures of Baal and the Asheroth, rendered "groves" by our first translators, became the signs to allure the young to their ruin. These figures in many, if not in all, cases took on obscene forms which it would not be permitted to name, just as frequenters of certain "gilded resorts" in our modern cities find "works of art" which, they would hesitate to describe to those who have never seen them.

Verse 4. Nothing is sacred from a libertine's touch. The very house of Jehovah, venerable by association with all the great names of past history and sacred through the worship of many generations, must be defiled, as during the French Revolution it did not content the leaders of that "deluge" to pollute the streets and the homes; they must set upon the very altar of Notre Dame, the great cathedral church, a woman whose presence was itself pollution. The man who is thoroughly rotten at heart finds a fiendish delight in contaminating a house of worship.

Verse 5. The worship of the stars was the thin veil of decency given to this orgy of lust, just as today readers who revel in the literature of the panderer and in statues of drunken bacchantes try to disguise a little of their nastiness by talking about "art."

Verse 6. Some of the sure concomitants of apostasy are cruelty and superstition. We have not yet got rid of the multitudes of wizards and clairvoyants and mediums and materialized spirits who humbug the world as soon as it turns aside from the simplicity of the gospel. And as a single illustration of the tortures to which the non-Christian world subjects its little children, think of what has been endured for ages by the girl children of China in the matter of their twisted and deformed feet.

Verse 7. The crowning abomination of which Manasseh was guilty was the setting up, in the very sanctuary which had so glorious a history, of an image (II Kings xxi:7) euphemistically called "a grove," but which was in fact too obscene to be named. It hurt the writer of these records even to put down as guardedly as he did the indescribable pollutions to which the house of the pure Jehovah had been subjected.

Verse 8. The chronicler repeats the gracious promises that had been made to David (II Sam. vii:10) as to the continuance of the divine presence in Jerusalem. What could be hoped now for a people who had suffered the holiest spot on earth to be most defiled? What might not have been the glory of the state had its rulers and its priests and its masses been true to these great ideals?

Verse 9. There is a fierce madness about the downward career of such a man. There must have been many an hour when nothing but new vices could overpower the cry of his conscience. Nothing would satisfy him but to drag others down to his own level. Religion may be timid about seeking converts, but sin is not. It is said that there are in Chicago itself, not less than 50,000 persons who live wholly by sin, promoting sin and leading other men and women into sin. That was the one thing to which Manasseh devoted himself.

Verse 10. There were hours when conscience was not readily drowned. There is no time when a drinking man hears the voice of God so plainly as when he is half drunk. There are more sleepless nights among the wicked than among the weary. God does not let men go on in sin without speaking to them. They cannot get away from His presence even by such a plunge as Manasseh took.

Verse 11. When his troubles came, there seems to have been no one to fight for his defense. Everybody knows "the good fellowship of wine"—except the man who has fallen into the pit. He finds it means to be kicked out of the saloon where he has spent his all. Manasseh has been "a good fellow" for perhaps 40 years. And it ended in his being dragged away to Babylon with apparently no one to protest and assuredly no one to mourn his fate. Here Manasseh had a fine opportunity to see what the religion he had sought to imitate could do for its own people. Probably, like many who in our country praise the innocence of heathenism, he preferred to live where he could be free from seeing it at too close a range.

Verse 12. Such a man ought to be thankful for any fate which brings him to realise his folly and his wickedness. The man who cannot be taught to pray in his home sometimes learns to pray in the penitentiary.

Verse 13. It was as a humbled, aged man that Manasseh came back to his capital. He had suffered undoubtedly horrible tortures, for if there was one thing in which a Babylonian king took delight it was in the agony of his conquered vassals. It takes a divine mercy to forgive such a career as that of Manasseh's. He was a fool and an ingrate. He richly deserved hell. But God spared him; and out of his poor, miserable remnant of a life brought forth some of the fruits of grace.

WHERE A RAILROAD IS NEEDED

From the Grants Pass Courier.

One of the richest, yet least developed sections of the Pacific coast, is the country between Grants Pass and Crescent City. Its vast wealth of copper, gold and other minerals, and of timber and agriculture, is lying practically undisturbed, and all because of the lack of transportation facilities. For fully 20 years has this transportation problem been under consideration by parties interested in the opening of this, the richest section of southern Oregon, yet no railroad has been built, and the prospect is none too encouraging even now. The trouble has been that no concerted local effort has been made toward having this railroad built, and dependence only has been on outside capitalists. Railroads are sometimes secured through this means, but it is seldom that local lines are built by capitalists depending on the road alone for an investment. And where a community sits down and waits for a railroad to come to them they usually have to wait a long time.

The quickest and surest way to get a railroad that is strictly local in its field of operation is for the local interests to take it up and secure its construction. Medford wanted a railroad to develop the upper Rogue river country and to bring trade to that town, so its citizens secured the right of way and put in $25,000 cash into the stock of the company, and through the efforts largely of local capitalists at least 25 miles of this road will be completed this year. A start will be given that will cause this railroad to be extended on to Crater lake and to eastern Oregon, to bring to Medford the tourist travel to the famous lake, and the trade of the rich country lying to the east of the Cascade mountains. Klamath Falls wanted railroad communication with the outside world, so the citizens of that progressive little town of but 1,800 inhabitants, together with the land owners of that part of Klamath county adjacent to Klamath Falls, completed last week the raising of a subsidy of $100,000 to induce Mr. Weed to extend his railroad now in operation from Thrall, on the Southern Pacific, to Pokegama, on to Klamath Falls. Other towns have had to help themselves to get a railroad, and the probabilities are that if there is ever a railroad built from Grants Pass out through southern Josephine county it will have to be accomplished largely through local effort.

A recent number of World's Work tells how the farmers of Ramsey county, North Dakota, built a railroad without the aid of outside capital or of borrowed money. Their manner of procedure and their success contains some helpful pointers to those interested in having a railroad built to open up southern Josephine county:

These farmers hauled their grain, often a distance of 25 miles to Devil's Lake, the county seat, through which the Great Northern railway passed. It kept the farmers hauling grain all winter. They asked James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern railway, to build a branch line from Devil's Lake up through their section. Mr. Hill said he could not build. Six of the largest farmers met at a schoolhouse. One of them was Joseph Kelley, who owned 900 acres of land and who hauled his wheat 15 miles to Devil's Lake. Mr. Kelley said, "If the Great Northern won't build, we will build." And the farmers built a railroad 25 miles long.

They asked every farmer who hauled grain to Devil's Lake to subscribe. Some subscribed $25; others $500. They raised $50,000. They sent a farmer to Duluth to buy ties, another to St. Paul to buy rails.

A land promoter was building a small branch line out of Devil's Lake to the south, and they got him to survey the road. They hired section hands to lay the track. But they needed more money. They bought land along the line and laid out three towns, sold the lots and used the money to buy an old engine, a day coach, and four boxcars from the Great Northern.

Then the road was started. It will stop for any farmer at any place. Last year the road made its expenses; it hauled 60,000 bushels of wheat. This year, with the railroad at hand, the farmers planted more wheat and the road will haul 2,000,000 bushels.

Mr. Ryan's Clippings.

From the Boston Herald.

When Thomas F. Ryan took hold of the Equitable he began to patronize a newspaper-clipping bureau. They had to cut so many clippings for him that an increase of readers was necessary, and Ryan was flooded with them. So he sought relief by having only favorable notices sent to him, and now they say he didn't get a single clipping for 10 days. "Good cure for conceit," quoth Mr. Ryan.

THE CHURCH PROBLEM OF TAINTED MONEY

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

The pastor of the First Baptist church of Sycamore, Illinois, writes as follows:

"Dear Sir and Brother: I should be very glad to learn your opinion concerning the inclosed questions. As you are well aware, some considerable interest and discussion have been aroused of late by the protest of Dr. Washington Gladden against the acceptance of the $100,000 offered by John D. Rockefeller to the mission board of the Congregational church. The money was accepted by the board, but the discussion of the matter has not ceased, and some believe the question was not rightly decided. I am preparing two sermons upon the problem of 'Tainted Money.' The sermons will not deal in invection, nor dilate upon what a poor Baptist preacher thinks of a rich Baptist layman, but will constitute a fair discussion of the subject from a scriptural point of view, and in the light of the growing moral consciousness of the times.

Now what shall we say? Is it right for the church of Christ to accept money for its work regardless of the character of the giver, and irrespective of the methods by which it has been made?

Would it not be a compromise with evil to receive money earned in a positively illegal manner, if conscious of this fact?

Is money taken from the people by political graft or commercial dishonesty any less "tainted" than plunder secured by a pirate on the high seas?

Trusting that I may have the pleasure of reading your reply at an early date, I remain, very gratefully yours in the Christian ministry,

HARLAN J. BALLENTINE.

I am glad that my brother Ballentine has been moved to put these questions to me, since it gives me the opportunity to say what I have been wanting to say for a long time.

In my opinion, Dr. Washington Gladden is right — absolutely, eternally right!

In my opinion the mission board of the Congregational church is wrong—thoroughly and everlastingly wrong!

In my opinion the Christian church has no business accepting the money it knows, or has reason to believe, has been wrongfully made.

The church stands for principle, or it stands for nothing. If the church is no better than the world, if it has no principle to champion, no ideal to hold up before men's eyes, no high and holy inspiration to breathe into mean's souls, then, in the name of common sense and reason, what is it here for?

If the Christian church is simply one of the many other worldly institutions, governed by a worldly spirit, accomplishing worldly ends through worldly methods, then it should take the Master's name off its banner and stop calling itself "Christian."

The founder of the Christian religion was, first, last and all the time, consistent. His yea was yea, and his nay was nay. He was no hedger, no straddler, no compromiser.

He was always the same—and to come to the pith of the matter, he was always pure, loving, just, a lover of the right, a hater of the wrong, the unchanging foe of all that smacked of meanness or dishonor.

The very heart of his doctrine was the idea of human brotherhood, and therefore of the equality of human rights, and therefore, finally, of the wickedness and wrong of attempting to interfere with those rights.

Now, it should be no secret to any intelligent person that the so-called "captains of industry," or many of them, at any rate, have built up their great fortunes in total disregard of Christ's spirit and teachings.

They have realised their wealth by rough riding it over the dearest interests of their fellow men and by ignoring the purest and holiest rights of the universal humanity — by falsehood and fraud, by organized oppression and by the heartless greed which recked not of the hearts it crushed so long as it was raking in the cash!

And now can the church—the Christian church — the organization which claims to represent the Great Brother of us all—afford to soil its hands with that cash?

It cannot! In thunder tones let it be said again, and again—"It cannot!"

By the purity of the Christ, it cannot!

By the fairest ideals of the noble and the good of all the ages, it cannot!

By the groans and heartaches of the millions who have been exploited and oppressed, it cannot!

By the simplest principle of our ordinary human decency, it cannot!

LEWIS AND CLARK

In the Rocky mountains.

July 29—This morning the hunters brought in some fat deer of the long-tailed kind, which are quite as large as those of the United States, and are, indeed, the only kind we have found at this place. There are numbers of the sandhill cranes feeding in the meadows; we caught a young one of the same color as the red deer, which, though it had nearly attained its full growth, could not fly; it is very fierce and strikes a severe blow with its beak. The kingfisher has become quite common on this side of the falls, but we have seen none of the summer ducks since leaving that place. The mallard duck, which we saw for the first time on the 20th instant, with their young, are now abundant, though they do not breed on the Missouri, below the mountains. The small birds already described are also abundant in the plains; here, too, are great quantities of grasshoppers or crickets; and, among other animals, a large ant, with a reddish-brown body and legs and a black head and abdomen, who build little cones of gravel 10 or 12 inches high, without a mixture of sticks and but little earth. In the river we see a great abundance of fish, but we cannot tempt them to bite by anything on our hooks. The whole party have been engaged in dressing skins and making them into moccasins and leggings. Captain Clark's fever has almost left him, but he still remains very languid and has a general soreness in his limbs. The latitude of our camp, as the mean of two observations of the meridian altitude of the sun's lower limb with octant by back observation, is N. 45 degrees 24 minutes 8 seconds.

The Blue Scarecrow.

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

The farmer's scarecrows were all garbed in blue.

"A blue scarecrow," said the man, "does more good than 10 ordinary ones, for birds hate and fear blue as you and I hate and fear typhoid and consumption. A professor pointed out to me that blue was the thing for birds. At first I was unbelieving, but I experimented, and found that professor to be right."

IT IS A GREAT EXPOSITION

From the Weiser World.

"I live in the state of New York and on the banks of the Hudson, too, but I must admit that the ride up that beautiful river cannot be compared with a journey along the banks of the Columbia. I expected to be surprised on my trip, but never did I dream that there could be anything grander than the Palisades of the Hudson. But there is something in American scenery that is grander—infinitely more inspiring; it is the ride I have just enjoyed down the glorious Oregon of the poet's song—the sublime, the serene Columbia on its way to the western ocean."

The editor made a hurried busines trip to Portland during the week and on the way made the acquaintance of the New Yorker who gave expression to the above sentiment. He was writing impressions to his home paper—the Yonkers Statesman, if memory serves correctly.

It was taking me back to the hours of childhood's sweet abandon—that ride down to the Cascades and along the shaded banks of the Columbia, where I was happier in the days long gone than I ever can hope to be again. "What do you think of it?" I asked, as we drew near to the exposition city. "Isn't it wonderful? Is there a more delightful ride anywhere?"

"This is what I think of it," he answered, and handed me the page of his manuscript from which I have quoted. He gave me permission to copy it—and I know there is one great big New Yorker who is not provincial, and knows poetry when he sees it.

To none of the recent expositions, Chicago, Omaha, Buffalo, Charleston or St. Louis, has nature been so kind as she has been to the Lewis and Clark centennial. All of the others have been good, and some have been grand, but none save this one of ours has deserved to be called beautiful. Out there is the harmony of emerald mountains and the sapphire sky; there the perfect blending of the handiwork of God and man.

How essential a part of the great exposition is Idaho's building and its exhibit, was a thought that came to me—that was forced upon me—as I compared Idaho with California and Washington, and even grand old Oregon herself. It was a true delight to hear the disinterested comment of eastern visitors so uniformly to Idaho's advantage. But it was richly deserved, every word of it.

Had it not been that business took me there I would have remained away from the exposition. Three weeks of St. Louis last summer had cured me of the exposition habit, so I thought.

But the Portland fair is different, so happily different that I'm going back later on—going to stay a week even if I have to pay my fare, as I did this time, and as a newspaper man thinks he shouldn't have to do at all. But it is worth while—worth the railroad fare and everything else, for there is but one exposition; but one Portland with its wealth of shade and its perfume of roses; and but one beautiful Columbia to see on the journey home.

Building a Great Railroad Station.

Karl Decker in Success Magazine for August.

Within the next five years the Pennsylvania railroad station in New York City and its connecting tunnels will be completed and the new Grand Central station will be ready for use a year sooner.

Four city blocks have been razed by the contractors in charge of the work on the Pennsylvania station, and the great traveling steam shovels are at work, each tearing away 1,000 cubic feet of yards of earth daily, while 100 drills bore into the exposed rock and heavy charges of dynamite rack it into fragments.

A great excavation 60 feet deep in parts must be dug, and in all 2,000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock will be carted away before the work of building the new station can be begun.

The cost of this work will be $60,000,000, to which must be added the $10,000,000 spent in acquiring real estate. Over in New Jersey the work of boring the tunnel that is to carry the tracks of the Pennsylvania into New York has been begun, and a shaft 75 feet deep and 35 fet in diameter has been sunk. From this point two separate tunnels, a mile in length, will be bored to the waterfront, and thence under the river bottom 6,000 feet to the shaft on the western shore of Manhattan island, where the underland tunnels will strike through to the station. On Long Island the shaft work has also been begun, and before long the work of tunneling the East river to meet the bores from the west will begin. The station itself will occupy a site 500 feet by 1,000 feet and will be 800 feet in length by 400 feet in width. Placed 50 feet back from the building line on all sides it will give the effect of being located in the center of a great plaza.

Satsuma Pottery Decoration.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Satsuma, adored of all pottery-loving women, has been manufactured for many hundreds of years in Japan. In the old feudal days the Japanese princes delighted in private potteries, in which art craftsmen made all the pottery used in their lord's establishment. The ware made on the estate of the Prince of Satsuma acquired a world-wide fame. During the internal wars of the nineteenth century, however, which resulted in the new Japan, the secret of the ware would have been lost had it not been preserved by a potter. Mr. Meisan of Osaisa is said to be the greatest living decorator of Satsuma. He employs 15 artists, all his own pupils. The extreme minuteness of some of Meisan's decorations is almost incredible. On the interior of a bowl 15 inches in circumference and three in depth he has painted 10,000 butterflies, indistinguishable to the naked eye, but through the glass seen to be perfect in form and coloring.

Work.

Warwick James Price in Success Magazine.

The work which presents no difficulties to be overcome soon grows uninteresting.

There are some workers so anxious to catch time by the forelock that they almost tear the forelock off.

If it is true that good work implies that the workman knows himself; it is equally true that the best work shows that he has forgotten himself.

There is only one right way to work—and it is neither in doing things before they are started, nor in doing them all over again after they are finished.

Go to some successful workman and ask him which of his days were happiest, and it's long odds that he'll say to you, "Those in which I began my career."

It is only when at work that man fulfills his proper place in God's creature scheme. They are indeed rare exceptions who "also serve, who only stand and wait."

The world is altogether too restricted in its use of the word "art." Work of any kind, done superlatively well, is art—dusting pictures as well as painting them.

A good worker is pretty much like a horse, after all. When it's up-hill going, don't worry him; when it's down-hill going, don't hurry him; and be sure and take good care of him once he's in the barn.

Fair All Right.

From the Condon Times.

The editor of this paper was on the fair grounds at Portland this week and found a big exposition greater and grander by far than was ever hinted at or promised. It is a credit to the state and many people of the east consider it the best located and best arranged fair ever held in this or any other country. Hotel, restaurant and rooming house rates are as reasonable as found in any large city. There is no dearth of lodging and eating places and any one can be accommodated both in style and price. The great show is all right and well worth the time and money spent on a visit to the same.