

THE OREGON DAILY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. JNO. J. GARROLL

NOW LET THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE ACT.

HERE is a simple little problem, or as children used to call it long ago, sum, in arithmetic. It may be stated thus: 446,735; 110,500; ? Or, as 446 is to 735, how much is 110,500 to the required answer? It doesn't take a boy or girl of a very high grade to ascertain quickly that the answer is 182,081.

That is, if all the census districts of Portland were as badly neglected by the assessor's enumerators as the one bounded by Seventh, Chapman, Main and Jefferson streets, they missed 71,581 people, and Portland's population is 182,081, instead of 110,500.

To put it another way, about 60.7 per cent of the actual residents of that district were counted, and 39.3 per cent were not counted. How is that for high—missing?

Of course the same proportion or percentage would not obtain throughout the city. Nobody claims that Portland has 182,000 population, any more than anybody supposes it has only 111,000. But what such a vast difference appears between the assessor's returns and the ascertained fact in one district, even though this be an extreme case, what is his census worth? Who can or will rely upon it at all—except strangers at a distance, to Portland's injury?

Facts given by Mrs. Clinton, manager for Polk's directory, especially the great increase in names beginning with any letter, since 1900, clearly indicate that her estimate of 135,000 for the city proper and 15,000 for the immediate suburbs, is conservative. And everything bearing on the subject supports this proposition.

The one fact that the assessor's census makes the west side population actually less than in 1900 is of itself sufficient to stamp the result as a travesty. Every man, woman and well-grown child in the city knows that while the east side has increased in population more in proportion than the west side, the population west of the river has increased in five years by many thousands.

If these figures are to be given to the public as official (God save the mark!) then the chamber of commerce should at once take the matter in hand and make provision for a recount that will do Portland justice.

A PARTY'S STRENGTH IS ITS SOURCE OF WEAKNESS.

THE Eugene Register says: "The future success of the Republican party in Oregon is a matter of great concern." To whom? To those who expect to get the offices, and the friends who the office-holders may help, but not to many others. Undoubtedly a large majority of the people of Oregon prefer the Republican party, as a national party, to any other, and would vote in a presidential contest, but as to whether the party becomes united and harmonious in Oregon, as the Register urges, so that all Republican nominees can be elected by large majorities, a great and constantly increasing number of Republican voters are indifferent. They care little, much less than formerly, whether state, county and city officers, who do not represent national policies at all or but slightly and indirectly, are Republicans or Democrats. Why should they? Supposing the nominees are equally competent and honest, it makes no difference whatever to them which are elected.

But it might be said further that it is rather an inopportune time to be urging voters to "rally" and "stand shoulder to shoulder," and "take off their coats and go to work," in support of the Republican party in Oregon. To encourage and induce the rank and file of Republican voters to do so the party organs should be able to "point with pride," as well as "view with alarm," and can much pointing around in Oregon be done that the average Republican voter will not snigger at? And it is to be remembered that the election next year is not a national election, nor within two years and five months of the next national election, so that the "stand by Roosevelt" cry will not have much force.

The fact is that from an independent and impartial viewpoint Oregon has been too overwhelmingly Republican not only for the good of the people but for the good of the Republican party itself. It had so great a majority that it broke in two, and the dominant faction, first one and then the other, held the offices largely for purposes of reprisal and revenge, unmindful of and unaccountable to the people at large and utterly disdainful of the minority party. Some results of such great majorities have appeared, and the Republican party itself is a sufferer from them.

The Sioux City Journal, a Republican paper, quotes from a local Republican paper of that state, the Charles City Intelligencer, as follows:

"The strength of the Republican party of Iowa today is actually an element of danger to the party. On account of its strength too many of its members seem to rest secure that it cannot be overcome; on account of its strength they do not deem it necessary to give those with whom they differ that due and reasonable consideration they would did they feel a weakness of the party and the need of all the help possible; on account of its strength they do not deem it necessary to be sure the party is right on the things on which it goes before the people asking for their support; on account of its strength they have arrogant bearing that is not pleasing or attractive to many. All these things are elements of destruction and many times prove ultimate destructive weakness."

This is as true here as there, and its truth here is even more apparent. Some Republican papers of this state, notably the Salem Journal, have said substantially the same thing, but we scarcely expect to read so honest and sensible a statement in the Eugene Register.

When fair traffic gets straightened out a bit the O. R. & N. officials should seriously take up the question of bringing train No. 1 in here at say 2 o'clock in the afternoon instead of 5:25 as now. One purpose of this would be to give the merchants a chance to get out of the same-day their special delivery mail orders instead of losing 24 hours as is now the case.

Portland's population is between 130,000 and 135,000. Why should its people rest content with a so-called official census which gives it at 110,500?

Not Entirely Hopeless.

From the Cedar Rapids Gazette. La Follette thinks that posterity will damn the men of the present generation who allow six men, who own gold, oil and iron, to dominate the country, elect congressmen and corrupt legislators. So far as these six are concerned, they interfere but six human lives between the people and proper conditions. They would not buy if men were not for sale. They could not corrupt if men did not wish position to be corrupted. Posterity

better damn the average state of political morals. The Rockefeller and others will die in the course of events, and unless there is to be a change in history of such things their fortunes will be dissipated.

Honor Among Them.

From the Chicago News. Tom Platt sticks by Dewey, feeling that there must be honor among United States senators.

The Pious Pair.

From the Washington Star. Chicago and New York continue to talk about how big they are, while the rest of the country is talking about how bad they are.

Don't Jump to Conclusions.

From the Chicago News. Never judge the wall of a young widow by her signs.

SMALL CHANGE

You can hit the Trail tomorrow, if your taste so suggests.

The other departments have been infected with graft, but the navy department seems to be guilty of wholesale manslaughter.

Perhaps it took most of Komura's 50 trunks to carry Japan's itemized bill.

If we should all quit drinking tea China might think better about that boycott.

Miss Tarbell is a money-crazy machine. Well oiled, though.

Now a vineless potato. We know of some potatoless vines.

What is really needed as the manager of the Panama canal is a man who can make mosquitoes dig in it.

How can anybody want to be a member of the Georgia legislature? It has been in session all summer, necessarily in Georgia.

The Kaiser waits for no invitation when he wants to go visiting.

Togo having successfully operated on Rojevstevsky's fleet, Japanese surgeons have now successfully operated on his head.

M. Witte talks very bravely about Russia's resources for war, but the last year and a half's events tell a different story.

Give work to needy and deserving boys, or help find work for them.

Perhaps that "tonst" by the chamber of commerce transportation committee was felt.

Baer doesn't look as black as he has been painted.

A Pittsburg woman left \$200,000 to a former lover, on condition that he get an absolute divorce from his wife. Her refusal would not be exactly a statutory ground, but almost any lawyer could have it out an extreme case of cruel and inhuman treatment.

The big railroads ought to be liberal with an important employee as telegraph operators. If a railroad president can earn \$100,000 or even \$50,000, he doesn't a competent, faithful operator earn over \$20 a month or so?

The Oregonian represents that Portland is growing but slowly, and apparently is glad of it. It is quite sour at Portland lately, anyway.

Emperor William is busy himself to prevent Norway from becoming a republic. He may have urgent business of the same nature at home some day, if he lives long and keeps up his antics.

Write being talking while yet out at sea, and kept it up after landing, which makes him interesting, because an unusual specimen of the genus diplomat.

That Seattle jailer, who allowed a desperate prisoner to get possession of a lot of dynamite and hose, two revolvers and a supply of cartridges, two saws, a file, a knife, some carbolic acid and a piece of rope, is manifestly a misfit in his present position. Perhaps he might do for a detective, though.

A good many of Portland's light-colored female population have invaded Astoria, and Astorians should hide their money.

Two new telephone lines out from Roseburg.

For the first time Grants Pass is importing instead of exporting watermelons. Crop ruined by strange fungus growth.

Some dastardly miscreant started a dozen or more forest fires in Crook county last week.

A few years ago the man who suggested the growing of alfalfa on the sagebrush lands of Lake county was considered as lacking something in the upper story. Today the fact is demonstrated that Lake county arid lands, with water, will grow alfalfa that cannot be excelled, and that without irrigation they will grow alfalfa that would be a credit to many counties that are considered rich agricultural belts.

Every business house in Athena except drugstores were closed Sunday.

Machine shop badly needed at Cottage Grove.

Planting second potato crop around Irrigon.

Only one farmer could be found in Corvallis during one whole day this week; too busy at home.

Travel on the C. & E. railroad now heavy.

At Yaquina bay a craft is doing a good business carrying seafarers out to sea for deep sea fishing, "and partly," says the Corvallis Times, "for sea-sickness," though it is news that people want to become seasick.

The Corvallis Times says a young man of that town "is taking a pleasant vacation outing in the harvest field." Other young men might follow this example with profit to themselves.

Mules in big demand in the wheat belt of eastern Oregon and Washington.

Visitors at Yaquina bay are comparatively few, owing, it is supposed, to the Lewis and Clark exposition.

A little 7-year-old girl up the Hood River valley has captured a pet that any child and many "big folks" would envy her. The dogs frightened a young doe into the garden and the little girl gave chase, the frightened animal running down into the field with the child following. Finally the doe gave up and the child returned home with her pet, and now, like Mary's "little lamb," it follows her wherever she goes.

The boys about town say that swimming is fine in the Pudding river. They go out to the river in wagon loads of evenings—Gervais Star. A Pudding river surely should be a favorite place for boys to swim in.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON for TOMORROW

By E. D. Franklin, D. D. August 8, 1908—Topic: Josiah's Good Reason for Not Worshipping Idols.

Golden Text.—Remember also thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Eccl. xiii.

Responsive reading: Psalm 141.

Introduction.

The king whose character and career come before us for study today was the grandson of that Josiah with whom the last lesson dealt. But between the reign of Manasseh and the accession of Josiah only two years intervened, so that the reign of Josiah had been but a short time. Josiah was the son of Manasseh and father of Jehoahaz. But a few verses are devoted to him in either the second book of Kings or the second book of Chronicles, although a fuller account of his reign is given in the Kings of Judah (II Kings, xxi:1-25). His life was at best inglorious and wicked, and his end was to be assassinated by the mercenaries of the palace. These murderers were probably court attendants or guards who had been brought from the east to add to his state, or possibly sent from Assyria to watch over Josiah. The king who claimed his allegiance as a vassal. They were evidently not Jews, who are here called "the people of the land." These made Josiah king (ch. xxiii:34). A daughter of Judah (II Kings xxi:1), and he was the fruit of a union which may have been intended to strengthen his father Amon at home. Josiah seems to have been born with music as the religion of his father, who came to his death when the boy was but 8 years of age.

Many a boy is made or unmade before he arrives at that period. His whole character and life seem to be indicated that his mother was deeply religious and that her piety had mirrored itself in his youthful spirit. It was probably as much out of confidence in the mother as any other reason that the popular movement in favor of Josiah was irresistible. However deeply tintured any people may be with vice, they cannot long endure its fruits in the court without repentance.

It is a tremendous undertaking to reform a religion that becomes corrupt. The revenues of many rich and powerful nobles were doubtless dependent upon the superstition and continuance of things as they were. Doubtless not a few of the nobles had married wives from the east to assure their standing in the Assyrian court. A thousand things alone when such men as Manasseh and Amon have ruled. "Vested interests" must not be threatened. "Old families" must not be embittered. Old ways must be retained. Josiah would have been well for the land had the people shared the aims and assisted the purposes of the boy.

Verse 1. In some things a child of 8 is wiser than a man at 21. His moral judgment is at least not deflected by his passions. He is not likely to be so arbitrary, headstrong and selfish as in later years, when he has learned the value of his own power or something of a guardian's weakness. The gravest mistake of sovereigns arise from defects of character. A well meaning child is less dangerous than a well meaning man.

Verse 2. Josiah was a son of Amon, a grandson of Manasseh, a great-grandson of Hezekiah; so one might find in his ancestry any character, good, bad or indifferent, for which he would search. It would be difficult for any man to be free from the influence of his ancestors. A father realizes that were he to submit certain of his business transactions to his boy he would not consummate them. If he were to ask the judgment of his boy upon a personal habit, he would correct them. All of wisdom is by no means dependent upon the number of our years.

Verse 3. At the age of 16 Josiah seems to have passed a crisis in his life. He had inherited a power that had corrupted him. He was as pure as when he assumed the crown. But he began now to realize that as king he could not be content with a negative disposition. He was publicly to throw his influence upon the side of all that was holy. But there was not much to help him. The law of God had been so long ignored that it could hardly be recalled. He had inherited a people who had been created which Josiah could find was in the temple psalms. He was eager to know from what sources David, his great ancestor, had such conceptions of God as he had embodied in his sacred songs. But by the time he was 20 he was well persuaded that the defiling and obscene objects of an alien religion did much to perpetuate contaminating influences. His reforms must, therefore, consist of the removal of such incentives to sin.

Verse 4. Doubtless the opposition which he encountered made his work the more radical. If his will was unopposed, he would by his presence encourage those executing the royal commands. He took a personal part as well as a personal interest in the work. He had objects to be destroyed and to be consecrated the graves of their worshipers, he would, by returning them in ashes to the graves, defile the objects of a superstitious worship by coming into the dead.

Verse 5. Undoubtedly we have here the brief story of a civil conflict whose record is greatly condensed. The heathen priests would not hesitate to stir up the people to revolt. When Josiah's army of England was reorganized with for the destruction of the monuments of Great Britain, he replied that "the only way to get rid of rooks is to pull down their nests." So Josiah, finding these idolatrous cities the center of rebellion and idolatry, wiped out their polluted shrines. Many of these places were then resorts of indescribable licentiousness as Mecca is today.

Verse 6. He could not hold his own in Jerusalem, with all the surrounding cities in revolt. We discovered a generation ago that our republic could not forever exist "half slave and half free"; so Josiah realized that his little kingdom must have one fundamental principle of life or it would soon go to pieces.

Verse 7. The cause of religion is bound up with the condition of its temple. It is not enough that a nation has lost its heathen resorts; it needs places where the truth will be taught and virtue inculcated and worship centered on. In one town in Minnesota years ago the first settlers, who were all infidels, drew up deeds by which it was forbidden to pass any part of the land to religious uses. Within a few years the trustees of the town published an offer of land and money to any religious body which would erect a house of prayer in it. Life without some form of religion is intolerable.

It is not enough for us to make to be healthy. We must ask ourselves, "Am I a child of God?"

Verse 10. What joy must have been felt among the few religious families, long repressed, at this return of the king to the piety of his great ancestor. These were men who had never ceased to look after the house of Jehovah, but they had little or no money with which to repair the damages wrought to that house by time and man. Now funds were supplied and the restorers of the beautiful temple, once the glory of the east, to something like its former condition.

Verse 11. Timber is very scarce in the east, and so when the apostles of Josiah wished to build for themselves a new villa or to add another chamber to some royal abode, they resorted to the temple and dug out of its neglected chambers the precious cedars which Hiram had given to Solomon. "A shameful sacrifice," everybody says. But many professed Christians do not scruple to cut down God's portion in order to add a new indulgence to their pampered lives. Men are all the while digging beams out of the house of God.

Verse 12. A faithful leader in the reform of religion always is followed by faithful soldiers. Nothing begets religion in others as religion in ourselves. The obscure but loyal worshipers of Jehovah came now to the front. Men of name, of position, began to array themselves on the side of the monarch. Religion, it may be feared, became the fashion again. Josiah did not forget the musical instruments which always had a place in the worship of the temple. No other religion has been so bound up with music as the religion of the Bible.

Verse 13. There was not only something for the man to do who was skilled in arts and crafts, not only something for the musician trained in the use of his instrument, but there was work for which "the bearers of burdens" had a part, and for which they have honorable mention. Even the sons of the priestly caste did not disdain some of the homeliest tasks. Josiah did not allow his soul to be divided when his soul is on fire with the love of God.

Verse 14. In the eastern section of the Rocky mountains.

August 5.—This morning Chabonsau complained of being unable to march far today and Sergeant Gass to pass the rapid river and proceed through the level low ground to a point of high timber on the middle fork, seven miles distant, and await his return. He then went along the north side of the Rapid and found it so rapid and shallow that it would be impossible to navigate it. He continued along the left side for a mile and a half, when the mountains come close on the river and the rapid falls about 200 feet with a partial covering of snow.

From this place the course of the river was to the east of north. After ascending with some difficulty a high point of the mountain, he had a pleasing view of the valley. The river here, which continued for about 30 miles farther on each side of the middle fork, which then seemed to enter the mountains and was lost to the view. In that direction, however, the hills which terminated the range were low. The horse along either of the other forks, particularly the rapid one, where they continue rising in ranges above each other as far as the eye could reach.

The general course, too, of the middle fork, as well as that of the lower fork, as on entering the mountains, is considerably to the south of west—circumstances which gave a decided preference to this branch as our future route. Captain Lewis now descended the mountain and crossed the divide to the east, five miles distant and found it still perfectly navigable. There is a very large and plain Indian road leading up it, but it has at present no tracks except those of horses, which seem to have used it last spring. The river here made a great bend to the southeast, and he therefore directed his course, as well as he could, to the spot where he had directed Chabonsau and Gass to repair and strike the river about three miles above the camp. It was now dark and he therefore was obliged to make his way through the thick brush of the pulpy-leaved thorn and the prickly pear before he reached the camp. Here he was fortunate enough to find the river ford during the march of 25 miles. He had seen no game of any sort, except a few antelopes, which were very shy. The soil of the plains is a manganiferous clay, of a light yellow color, intermixed with a large proportion of gravel and producing nothing but twisted or bearded grass, sedge and prickly pears. The drier parts of the low grounds are also more indifferent in point of soil than those that have but little grass, are covered with southern wood, pulpy-leaved thorn and prickly pears, while the moist parts are fertile and supplied with fine grass and sand rushes.

We passed within the first four and a quarter miles three small islands and the same number of bad rapids. At the distance of three quarters of a mile is another rapid, of difficult passage; three miles and three quarters beyond this are the forks of the river, in reaching which we had two rapids, one above and one below, on different sides to pass. Here we had come 8 1/2 miles.

The river was straighter and more rapid than yesterday, the labor of the navigation proportionately increased, and we therefore proceeded very slowly, and the feet of several of the men were swollen and all were languid with fatigue. We arrived at the forks about a o'clock, but unluckily Captain Lewis' note had been left on a green pole which the waves had carried down the river, and off with the note, an accident which deprived us of all information as to the character of the two branches of the river. Observing, therefore, that the northwest fork was most in our direction, we continued on that side, and, as the other, we ascended it. We found it extremely rapid and its waters were scattered in such a manner that for a quarter of a mile we were forced to cut a passage through the willow brush which leaned over the little channels and united at the top. After going up it for a mile we encamped on an island which had been overflowed and was still so wet that we were compelled to make beds of brush to keep ourselves out of the mud. Our provisions consisted of two deer which had been killed in the morning.

A Lucky Discovery.

It's lucky we discovered how to raise babies with a bottle just when we did. Otherwise our civilization would have had an extinguisher by this time.

SPIRIT OF THE JAPANESE NAVY

From the London Times.

A Japanese gentleman sends us the following translation of a letter received by him a week ago from a friend in command of a first-class torpedo-boat in Admiral Togo's fleet:

"Dear O.: A thousand apologies for my lengthy silence. We have been and are still busy, busy preparing a royal reception for the guests from Baltic.

"When we of Suraidau (torpedo corps) meet ashore, we discuss and often wonder if after all the Russians will come or will they fall us. Do they know that we are ready? To northwest lies the harbor of Sasebo, to south that of Sasebo, while Moji is on our east, and here we are waiting, waiting, and waiting for the enemy. Will he never come?"

If you do not hear from me when a meeting has taken place, take this as my farewell. I do not expect to see you again in this life, except perhaps in your dreams. When my boat goes down, I shall go too and a Russian ship will sink a torpedo-boat—it's marvelous how they, the shells, do not hit.

We have seen, not one, but many torpedoes, and we have seen with six compartments in the boat we ought to be able to close in within 20 yards of the target before she is sunk. If we hit, we shall go down with the Russians; if we are hit, the Russians shall come with us, for the last man alive will steer the spare torpedo in the water. What is life but a dream of summer's night? Can one choose more glorious an exit than to die fighting for one's own country and for the emperor who is a ruler and leader to the nation's heart? Does not many a worthy man end his life's chapter obscure for want of opportunity? There let us uphold the honor and the duty of being Japanese. By going down with them we shall, in a measure, pay the debt we owe for the slaughter of these poor innocent peasants. They too are fighting for their country, so shall Bushi honor Bushi. There are more torpedo-boats and torpedo-boat destroyers than the number of ships in the whole fleet of Admiral Rojevstevsky, and we must sink the destroyers or disable one of the enemy's vessels, it ought to do.

Father Togo, now grey-haired, walks quietly to and fro on the bridge of the Mikasa and keeps silence, so all will go well. Do you remember the story when he went up to Tokio for the first time since the commencement of this war? Some public school boys were detained by Togo for their country, so his carriage, at the instigation of the asahi, I believe, and themselves draw it up to the gate of the imperial palace. Well, Father Togo got wind of this, and he sent his chief-of-staff in the carriage, while he was seen, but not recognized, to be quietly walking towards Nijubashi, with his little daughter's hand in his. Will he play another trick upon the people, unsuspecting Russians who they come?"

"I bid you again farewell. Work, work, and work for the coming Japan depends on you young fellows. I remain your ever humble brother. T. N."

Philosophy of a Lover and Gentleman

A flower, a kiss, a star—and there's our life. Long flowers of doubt; short taste of fruit; the knife. Of parting; then the mourning-cloths of Death. That lasts for ever.

This handkerchief I wear against my heart. One faded a tear of yours. Now it bids thee. And shall till I am summoned to depart. How odd the things that we find comfort in!

When all my life—in that dreary year I have lived—was in doubt—picked them because I had the longing for you in my mind. So powerful, so painful and so sweet, it was that I could not be parted from you. Some savor of your presence must pervade. The buds my eyes dwell on—and so these flowers. Fading to dust within my pocket-book.

Now you have kissed me and I have withheld. For a long day my lips from speech and my heart from thought. To leave them yours alone till set of sun. A foolish whim. . . . But you did kiss me. Ah!

What shall enshrine remembrance of a kiss? Or let his ghost from dawn to set of sun. For me, who have so many hours to live. Or let my heart recall the mighty throb that came when you said "Dear!" from your deep chest. With wavering falsetto? Since all was done. Then came the handkerchief.

Why, that's the shroud that wraps the Past. That's all. Remains for me to take some comfort in. This is the catalogue: Some dust of flowers. A linen eorcloth, and a vanished kiss. And all's summed up.—Save that I live to hold.

But that's another mood. Here we talk gently, being gentlefolk. Without much show of passion, rise of breath. Quaver of voice, hard eyes, or touch of fever.

A flower, a kiss, a star—and there's our life. Long flowers of doubt; short taste of fruit; the knife. Of parting; then the mourning-cloths of Death. That lasts for ever. —Ford M. Hueffer, in London Academy.

President's Gift to Folk.

Jefferson City Dispatch in New York Sun. Governor Folk has received by express from President Roosevelt a copy of "The Strenuous Life." On the first page, in the president's own handwriting, were the words:

To Governor Joseph W. Folk, with the regards of Theodore Roosevelt, July 25, 1908.—Dear Governor: Many of the problems with which you and have to deal are in their essentials much the same, after all. Perhaps you may be momentarily interested in two of these essays, "Latitude vs. Longitude" and "Promise and Performance." Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Unlimited Jurisdiction.

From Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune. The supreme court of Pennsylvania has held, unanimously, that it is the privilege of the wife to rule in matters domestic, the duty of the husband to limit his interference. The singular part of it is that the learned court limited the jurisdiction of the wife to matters domestic. In other states her jurisdiction is unlimited.