

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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Fame comes only when it is deserved, and then is inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.—Longfellow.

THE LIMIT OF FORBEARANCE.

VISITING Englishman, commenting on the American temperament, said: "Your people are peculiarly forbearing in abuses against which the Briton would openly revolt. You go along year after year submitting to a burdensome condition, and we who are looking on think you haven't noticed it, when suddenly, in a single day, a complete change is made, the slate is wiped clean, and you begin a new era."

His observations apply with forcible directness to the railroad situation in Oregon. There is no reason why the people of this state should have put up with existing conditions these many years, but they did it, and were reasonably complacent about it. They went on paying high freight rates, submitting to poor train service and car shortages that were practically a continuous shortage, suffering isolation of communities because the Harriman management in Wall street saw fit to do nothing further than make surveys, and closing their eyes to the fact that the Harriman land department policy was sequestering 5,000,000 acres of the best grant lands in the state. Whenever a community broke over the traces and howled for a railroad extension to enable it to market the products of its prolific areas a Harriman traffic agent went into the dissatisfied territory and gathered data from which to make a report minimizing the productive capacity of the region and pronouncing it inadequate to support a railroad. If an independent railroad promoter bobbed up and by aid of a bonus from the people got his project in a fair way of being consummated, the Harriman management's program was to claim the territory, trot out its ancient survey, appeal to the courts, and fence in the right of way, which usually meant an end to the hoped-for railroad extension and development.

Oregon people, with the largest areas untouched by railroad transportation in the United States, bore with these conditions a long time. A quiet change of sentiment that had its inception about a year ago has rapidly grown, until it has spread all over the state. With comparative suddenness, the people have realized that they have the remedy in their own hands. The resolve to use it was a natural conclusion, which will, at the next session of the state legislature, probably find expression in an attempt at regulation through a commission.

RESERVOIR AND PARK.

THE SUGGESTION that the city, either by agreement with the owner or by condemnation proceedings, acquire a reservoir site on Mount Tabor as soon as possible is a good one. The rapid growth of Portland at present and for years to come, notwithstanding the belittling and slanderous representations of the morning paper, will render an additional water main from Bull Run a necessity, and there is no place for a reservoir so appropriate as on Mount Tabor. Proximity, elevation, adjacency to the main pipe line and the exceptionally rapid growth of surrounding districts, all recommend that as the peculiarly suitable site, and with the very expensive lessons of experiences in reservoir construction, grievous mistakes formerly made ought now to be avoided. It is none too early to plan and prepare for the very rapidly increasing demand for water.

As to the purchase of a large park site on Mount Tabor, there will be conflicting opinions, and opposing views entitled to due consideration. It will be urged, contra: We already have more park grounds than we can use for parks properly improved; Portland has no such need of extensive parks as eastern cities; the city's bonded indebtedness and yearly tax burden should not be increased ex-

cept for actual and urgent necessities. But proponents will urge: Eventually Portland, grown to be a great city, will need more parks; already more than half the city's population live on the east side; this proportion will increase, and the east side people are entitled to one big, fine park, the best site for which is on Mount Tabor; the ground can be obtained much cheaper now than later, and neglect to secure it will be greatly regretted later; as the city will double in population and wealth long before the bonds become due, the burden will scarcely be felt.

Providing a suitable site can be obtained at a reasonable price, we think the affirmative has the better side of the argument. In the matter of park grounds it is necessary to look far ahead. What will this city be in 25 years, and thereafter? Will not the children of today as they grow old say rightly that we acted wisely and with judicious foresight if we secure a large, fine east side park site now?

A TRULY "LIVE TOWN."

SEATTLE IS nothing if not spectacular. She "does things," but she is careful to let the world know that she does them. She shines, and she spares no pains to attract the world's attention to the light as something more marvelous than anything it ever beheld before, the new, great wonder of the western world.

And except when it comes to padding bank clearances and commercial statistics all this is not only legitimate, but laudable. It is an exhibition of a commendable, admirable twentieth century spirit. It is strong, confident, virile, progressive young American manhood in vigorous action, accomplishing, expanding, rising, developing. In many respects Seattle sets an example to slower cities.

Seattle conceived the idea of holding an exposition in 1909. No sooner talked over a little than decided on; no sooner decided on than the first big step in providing the means was taken. No hesitation, no doubt, no fainical calculation of chances, no long-drawn-out siege of solicitation; a word and a blow; pop, she goes; this is over, now for the next move. This, oh Portland, is the "Seattle spirit" in worthy action. Take a tumble.

Yet, let us not underestimate Portland's energy or minimize her civic activity. Portland is not so slow herself, though conservative and on occasions too much disposed to inertia. Seattle beats us for snap, and still more in the art of advertising, but Portland is not idle or listless, and can do some "pointing with pride" herself. In fact, Seattle in this exposition matter is imitating Portland and trying to better the instruction given here. Though it appears on the surface that Seattle raised some \$600,000 in one day, while it took several days to secure nearly as much in Portland two years ago, yet the scheme has been worked up for weeks in the Sound City and brought to a climax for dramatic effect, for advertising purposes, which was entirely proper and creditable. And Seattle has also the great success of the Lewis and Clark fair and its excellent management for an example and an inspiration.

In 1909 Seattle will be four years older than Portland was in 1905, and will have the advantage of four years' growth. It has no such historical or sentimental basis for an exposition as Portland had, but this will not greatly matter; it will draw the crowds all the same, and we doubt not will make a splendid showing.

Oregon will of course be there, and Portland in particular, and should plan and prepare to excel if possible. Washington and Seattle in their appearance here last year.

The letters in the interesting series "From Portland to Palestine," written for The Sunday Journal by J. B. Horner, professor of History and Latin at the Oregon Agricultural college, have attracted wide attention, not only from the fact that they reveal the high lights in the delightful trip of an entertaining man, but because of their photographic fidelity to the places described. Many inquiries have been received regarding their date of publication. The first appeared on July 22; the others followed on July 29; August 5, 12, 19; September 9, 16, 23, and October 1.

State Senator-elect Hedges has returned all his passes to the railroads. The action calls for commendation and we shall wait with interest to see how many of Mr. Hedges' colleagues follow his example.

George S. Shepherd announces that he will resign from the council, and The Journal, which would rather see pasted in the scrapbooks than carved on tombs the good things it says of men, again remarks that in its criticisms of the councilman from the

A Little Out of the Common

THINGS PRINTED TO READ WHILE YOU WAIT.

Saxon Rhyme on Paring Nails.

Cut them on Monday, cut them for health.

Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth.

Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for a letter.

Cut them on Thursday, for something better.

Cut them on Friday, you cut for your wife.

Cut them on Saturday, cut for long life.

Cut them on Sunday, you cut them for evil.

For all that week you'll be ruled by the devil.

Success.

"What constitutes success?" A Boston firm has awarded a prize for the best answer to this question. Mrs. A. J. Stanley of Lincoln, Kansas, wrote: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poem, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked the appreciation of earth's duty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and in the worst of himself; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction."

Waterless Canal.

There is in Connaught, Ireland, a remarkable curiosity which gives an example of official oversight. When the great famine of 1847 was upon the land the government of the day conceived the idea of opening a line of navigation from Galway to Ballina, by way of Lough Corrib and Lough Mask, so as to avoid the dangers of the western coast. The work gave a great deal of employment, and so far the canal served its purpose. But when it was completed it was found the canal would not hold water. The fact that the rock of the district is of a very porous character had been overlooked.

Creation of Man.

Indian mythology is quite as beautiful as biblical lore. Bury your prejudices and read what the aborigines of America say of the creation. The angels Gabriel, Michael and Israel were sent by God on after the other to bring for the purpose of creating Adam, seven handfuls of earth from different depths and of different colors (which may account for the various

Fourth ward no impugment of his honesty was expressed or intended.

Mr. Shepherd has been a useful and conscientious official and it is to be regretted that his business relations with the Harriman railroad render it improper for him to continue to retain his office.

Seattle continues to go ahead, and The Journal is glad of it.

She is forming her fair plans on the style that made Portland's exposition such a success, and shows a courage and resolution in the undertaking highly creditable to a city of her size. Seattle certainly is the bantam hen of the north.

A Los Angeles judge says that the accidental or careless killing of a person by a drunken automobilist should be made a capital offense.

A great many people will agree with him. A reckless automobile scorching is bad enough when sober; a drunken one is beyond tolerance.

Thaw is insane, say certain alienists.

Plenty of specialists can be found who would pronounce anybody insane if they had a client as rich as Mamma Thaw, from whom they could alienate a lot of money. What a nice thing it is for a murderer to have a rich, doting mamma.

Of course, the longer the delay in repealing that Fourth street alleged franchise, the later will come the contest in the courts and the longer the railroad will have the use of the street. But councilmen can have passes all these years.

From a careful reading of the letters of acceptance of the gubernatorial nominations in New York one will inevitably form the opinion that the only thing that is not an issue in the Empire state is government ownership of railroads.

An interesting political utterance is that of Senator Beveridge, who says the tariff must be revised; the statement proves the reiterated aphorism that when a man talks all the time he must say something of interest once in awhile.

It is costing the people of this country nearly \$100,000 a day to intervene in Cuba, and almost as much to prevent other nations from meddling in our family affairs in the Philippines.

There is a frequent recurrence of the rumor that the czar may give up the struggle and abdicate, at least temporarily. Very likely he is in the notion to do so at times, and then changes his mind. He is an unstable fellow.

It is lucky that Mr. Platt is a member of the United States senate.

He has ceased entirely to be a useful member of society.

Reflections.

The social climber prefers a family tree—New York Times.

Plasterers and decorators make a lot of money by having the head of the family try to fix the plumbing and flood the house.—New York Press.

"It's a wild, wild time to make rules for other people to live by.—Chicago News.

The fellow who courts trouble generally ends by marrying it.—New York Times.

According to the way their mothers feel 99 per cent of the boys who go back to school in the fall are starting straight for the White House.—New York Press.

It's impossible to convince a woman that a good reason is better than her intuition.—Chicago News.

Scented Ink.

The latest fad of society is that ink must be scented. Count Boni, the husband of Anna Gould, is credited with introducing this novelty into the land of the free. He shocked the proprietors of that famous store, the Bonon's, in New York, by sending for ink perfumed with violets. Common ink, with its plebeian odor, Count Boni asserted, was impossible. So perfumed ink is going the rounds, and the beauties of Napoleon's court are said to have used it.

British Railways.

Cars and other equipment on British railways have always been remarkably light as compared with the rolling stock in America. This in the largest parlor cars between 2 1/2 and 3 1/2 tons of dead weight must be hauled for each passenger carried, whereas the heaviest English parlor cars weigh only 1 1/2 tons.

Strong-Arm Woman.

A woman who might have been Mrs. Sandow answered the bell. The census enumerators look the name, and then asked for the occupation, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"I'm a strong-arm woman," said Mrs. Sandow.

"What's that?"

"It's like this," she said. "I used to be in a show. One day a smart-looking lady slipped me an ox."

"What do you get?" I say: "Ten an' four."

"Well, I left the show an' went with her. I found she was the president of a women's club, and I got my orders before the whole bunch."

"Mary," said the president, "ev'ry Monday mornin' we hev bargain sales at the ladies' club, but the ladies of the club don't stand no show. They are lightweights. They can't get in."

"Now, Mary," she said, "you're a strong woman, you could fall an' get with a blow of your fist. What we want you to do is to take a list once a week of the things we want to buy. Go downtown with it on Monday mornin' and see what you can get."

"So that's what I do."

Woke Up Napoleon.

A number of British tourists had an exciting experience while inspecting the rooms of Napoleon I at Versailles lately.

The party was in the emperor's bedroom, and the guide was pointing out the trappings of Napoleon, and when one of the ladies exclaimed: "There's somebody in it now!"

At this moment a man, looking wonderfully like Napoleon, and dressed in the gray coat and cocked hat of the familiar shape, sat bolt upright in the bed.

"I am Napoleon the Fourth," he said. "The direct descendant of Napoleon the Great, I fought at the battle of Sedan, and after the battle I retreated to Paris, came here and fell asleep. You woke me up. Go away."

The guide understood that the man must be mad, and had the good sense not to contradict him. He replied: "If it please your majesty to follow us, we will conduct you to your palace."

The man followed with dignity, and was evidently taken to the hospital at Versailles, where he is to be looked after.

He is an Italian named Benvenuto Buononora. It is thought that it may be his extraordinary resemblance to Napoleon the Great which has turned his head.

Kaiser and the Divining Rod.

The other day the German kaiser invited Prince Hans von Carolsath to demonstrate the mysteries of the divining rod at Wilhelmshofe.

The prince successfully found several pieces of jewelry, including a diamond ring belonging to Princess Victoria Louise, hidden for the occasion.

Later on the prince discovered a spring and revealed to his majesty the presence of several mineral water deposits which the kaiser said should be immediately bored for. After luncheon the party proceeded to a different part of the park and the kaiser himself did his utmost to discover the presence of water with the divining rod, but in spite of all his efforts was utterly unsuccessful. The emperor and other members of the imperial family also obtained no results.

Prince Carolsath, however, discovered the presence of water, and ordered the kaiser had experimented. In thanking his guest, the kaiser said he trusted the mysterious powers of the divining rod might be generally known, because much public benefit might thereby accrue.

Yes, Why Shouldn't It?

From the Marshallfield Times.

The Journal has offered a full-page write-up to the Oregon community that will make the best showing in a 3,000 word letter as to what it has to offer prospective settlers and what it being done to attract the settlers. Why shouldn't Coos Bay go after that advertising? It is worth having, and our claims are not the poorest in the state.

A Little Nonsense

Something Else to Say.

Mr. Bryan, when chided for not talking government ownership in all his speeches, said he was like the farmer on the road to Atlantic City. The line was being surveyed and the man was driving stakes through the premises of an old farmer. He said: "I'm the leader of the gang as follows: 'Layin' out another railroad.' 'Surveying for us,' was the reply. 'God' threw my barn.' 'Don't you see how we can avoid it.' 'Well, now, mister,' said the worthy farmer, 'I calculate I've got sumthin' to say 'bout that. I want you to understand that I've got sumthin' else new dew' 'bout runnin' out law open and that them doors every time a train wants to go through.'"

A Judgment.

An elderly man in Shrewsbury, England, was showing a couple of friends about the town. They tarried before the place where the statue of Shrewsbury's great son, Darwin, sits and broods.

"That," said the Shrewsbury man, pointing with a bulging umbrella, "is Darwin."

"Yes," answered one of the visitors, "I'm a naturalist myself, and that was him as said we all come from monkeys."

"He did," went on the Shrewsbury man, "and I'll tell you another thing. Not long ago the steeple of one of our churches fell down. There are many as says it is a judgment upon the town for putting up a statue to 'im.'"

Bright Young Man.

It was on a Superior-street car, says the Cleveland Leader, and the handsome young man had arisen from his seat as the pretty girl entered.

"Oh, please," she twittered, "don't get up. Keep your seat, pray do!"

The young man looked at her admiringly.

"Well, that's mighty sweet of you, little girl," he said, "and I hate to turn down a big like that. But, honest, I've got an important date, and here's where I got to get. Call me up by phone some day when I've made first."

"When we left the car she was blushing yet."

The Pope's Joke.

Pope Pius does not often make a joke, but he made one the other day to put Bishop Schneider of Passerborn at ease. The bishop had been presented to the pope, and was disconcerted.

"Monsignor," said the pope with a laugh, "we are brothers. Don't you understand?"

The bishop evidently did not, so the pope went on: "We both belong to the same family, Schneider as well as Sartor! One name is the German and the other the Italian for tailor."

The Flower.

The wit of Mrs. Duse is well illustrated by the following anecdote. The famous tragedienne was one of a supper party, and the talk ran on woman suffrage. A gentleman slyly suggested that, of course, women could not expect equal rights with men made first.

"Quite so," replied the great actress, quietly. "It is natural for the flower to come first, the stem, but surely you do not call that an indication of inferiority?"

Fay of European Statesmen.

The Norwegian member of parliament gets little more than \$1 a day for his public services, and even then when he takes a day off he loses his pay. The same is the case with the members of the Swiss diet. The "Oregians" would agree with him, but a great many will agree that the church bells are a needless annoyance.

It is rumored that Mrs. Marshall Field will soon marry her late husband's physician. Not, we hope, in gratitude for any assistance the doctor gave the multimillionaire in his recent departure to the undiscovered country.

"There is no fool like an old fool," and there is no bigger old fool than a man who marries a young woman with strength and disposition to pick him up and throw him downstairs if he objects to her kissing the coachman.

THE OREGON TRAIL.

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

History tells us of many celebrated highways. There is the renowned Appalachian way, along which the legions marched out of the Eternal city to the numerous victories; and the famous road leading from Syria through Palestine down into Egypt, along which monarch after monarch of the olden days led his tramping hosts, and the great highway that stretches its serpentine length across the desolate steppes of Siberia; and the celebrated roads along which Hannibal and Napoleon and other illustrious conquerors led their soldiers across the Alps.

But, despite the glamour of their historic renown, none of these celebrated roads is to be compared in thrilling human interest and sublimity of natural environment with the Oregon trail.

This wonderful highway, over 3,000 miles in length, stretched from the Missouri river at the mouth of the Kansas to the Pacific ocean at the mouth of the Columbia.

The wonderful road is in many respects the most remarkable known to history, remarks the author of the "History of the American Fur Trade in the Far West." Considering the fact that it originated with the spontaneous wanderings of the nomadic hunters and trappers; that no transit ever looted a foot of it; that no level established its grades; that no engineer sought out the fords or built bridges or surveyed the mountain passes; that there was no attempt to speak of, nor any attempt at metalling the roadbed, the general good quality of the 2,000 miles of highway will seem most extraordinary.

Before the prairies became too dry the natural turf formed the best roadway for horses to travel on that has probably ever existed. It was amply hard to sustain traffic, yet soft enough to be easier to the feet than even the most perfect asphalt pavement. Over the way, winding ribbon-like through the verdant

prairies, amid the profusion of spring flowers, with grass so plentiful that the animals reared in it abundance and game everywhere greeted the hunter's rifle, and, finally, with pure water in the streams, the traveler sped his way with a feeling of joy and exhilaration, which he never again will experience.

But not when the prairie became dry and parched, the road filled with stifling dust, the streambed mired dry ravines or carrying only alkaline water which could not be used, the same all gone to more hospitable prairies, the summer sun pouring down its heat with torrid intensity.

It was then that the trail became a highway of death and desolation, strewn with a banderole of national antiquity, with freshly made mounds and headstones that told the pitiful tale of suffering too great to be endured.

Every 100 miles of this old trail is marked by human misery, tragedy and death.

But there is another side to the story of the Oregon trail. It was the way along which passed some of the grandest and bravest spirits that were ever incarnated in the flesh—men and women who were to found beyond the great river an empire that was destined to put to blush the proudest of national greatness.

There was along every mile of the great roadway toward the sunset a glamour such as history can never repeat—the glamour of a virgin continent, rich in all the elements of national greatness. Waiting for the weary traveler to make it his own!

The course of the old trail may still be traced from the Missouri to the point by the great western ocean where it came to an end, and it is said that there is some serious talk at Washington of building along the line of the ancient highway a magnificent national road, which will stand as an everlasting memorial of the heroic men who built up the great northwest.

A Two Thousand Year-Old Bath.

Signor de Martini, the well-known Italian deputy, has taken a leaf out of the book of his illustrious confreres, Marcus Tullius Cicero, bathing in the mud of Lake Aguan, as Cicero did 2,000 years ago, in order to get rid of the gout!

The mud of the standing waters in the district west of Naples was famous from early times for the relief of arthritis; the luxurious high lives of the imperial days knew its efficacy, and no doubt did their "rurs" there in much the same rough and ready fashion as their modern representative does.

The district in which the beneficent mud of Lake Aguan is deposited was known in the old days as Campi Phlegreai, the Phlegrean Fields, and it lies between Naples and Cumae, with Puteoli (Pozzuoli) on the seaboard. It is one of the most interesting parts of Campania, and of course, highly volcanic, as is the whole shore of the Bay of Naples. It is no doubt due to the sulphur and other deposits that the mud of the little lakes on the promontory of Cumae owes its health-giving properties, and as nature works such the same way now in that region as she did in the time of the Caesars, the effect upon Signor Martini's gout will be much the same as when the great Tully soaked his inflamed joints in the ooze of the Phlegrean Fields—a salutary effect, we hope.

BIRDSEYE VIEWS OF TIMELY TOPICS

SMALL CHANGE.

Candidate Hughes, being a lawyer, of course he is called "Judge."

The law requiring children to go to school should be better enforced.

Hops turned out better than was expected, as might have been expected.

As the winter approaches the climate promises to grow more tropical in Texas—for Senator Bailey.

Now the "automobile heart" has been developed, a merciful palliative of the automobile head.

A man is lecturing on sour grapes. All but youthful people know about them from experience.

In the case of young people a certain sort of heart trouble that is very painful for a while is seldom fatal.

And how is Valparaiso making it? That lately stricken city seems to have been forgotten in this country already.

A Spokane man is going to build a fine monument to a jailbird. He should be buried in the same spot when he dies.

Now is when several big subscriptions and a multitude of smaller ones to the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. fund are needed.

If travel, as is said, broadens a man, Bryan must be about the widest man living, and Taft doesn't resemble a hop pole.

Possibly by the twenty-first century prison bars will be made of some stuff that can't be sawed in two with an old case knife or piece of barrel hoop.

A pretended newspaper whose reading matter where local news and editorials should be is mostly patent medicine advertisements deserves to starve to death.

Now, if General Funston gets into a scrap with the Cubans and Heka them, maybe he will be the logical candidate for the Republican nomination for president in 1908.

An east side resident says a church in his vicinity is a greater nuisance than its abolition would be. Not many would agree with him, but a great many will agree that the church bells are a needless annoyance.

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Nooks and Corners of History

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