EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

C. S. JACKSON.....Publisher

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

Entered at the postoffice at Portland, Or., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TELEPHONES—MAIN 7173. HOME, A-6051. All departments reached by these numbers. Tell the operator the department you want. East Side office, B-2444; East 839.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE. Vreeland-Benjamin Special Advertising Agency, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth avenue, New York; Tribune Building, Chicago.

Subscription Terms by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico.

DAILY.

One year.....$5.00 | One month.....$ .50

SUNDAY.

One year.....$2.50 | One month.....$ .25

DAILY AND SUNDAY.

One year.....$7.50 | One month.....$ .65

Be what you wish others to become. Let yourself and not your words preach.—Amiel.

FULTON AND STATEMENT NO. 1.

SENATOR FULTON says that while he is a believer in the principle that the people should elect United States senators, it would be an impertinence for him to advise any legislative candidate to subscribe to Statement No. 1. This is obviously a most illogical position.

When Mr. Fulton was a candidate for election to the United States senate in 1903, he did not hesitate to use all the influence at his command to induce legislators to pledge him their votes. Personal entreaty, political pressure and the intercession of friends were all employed without stint to win for him every possible vote and probably there was not a member of the legislature who was not importuned in Fulton's behalf. He did not at that time consider it an "impertinence" to use any and all legitimate means to gain as many votes as possible, although the end and object of his endeavor was merely the accomplishment of his own private and personal ambition. No great principle was at stake, no rights of the people were dependent upon his election as senator.

Not so in the present campaign. The people now are battling for the preservation of their right to decide for themselves who shall represent them in the United States senate, and Senator Fulton professes to believe that they should have that right. They cannot win the battle unless a majority of the legislative nominees are pledged unqualifiedly to Statement No. 1. It is a time when every man who is a friend of the people is in duty bound to lend his aid to their cause. And yet Senator Fulton, who made a Herculean fight to win his own election to the senate in 1903, stands back with folded hands and says that he cannot even advise legislative candidates to subscribe to Statement No. 1. It would be an "impertinence," says Senator Fulton, to suggest to such candidates what they should do.

In truth, Mr. Fulton's position is so illogical as to be absurd. If he had no conscientious scruples about advising legislators when his own personal interests were at stake, how can he hesitate when the interests of the whole people are involved? If he believes, as he professes, in the principle of Statement No. 1, why should he not exert himself at least as actively in defense of that principle as he exerted himself when seeking only his own personal aggrandizement and success? Does he put his private interests before the interests of the people? These are questions which we believe Senator Fulton must answer.

BREEDING ANARCHISTS.

IN HIS appeal to the cities of the country to join in the effort to stamp out anarchists and anarchy, Secretary Strauss does not go to the heart of the subject. The cities may do, and should do, their part in the work, but their sphere of achievement is small. Any movement directed against anarchy should have a large horizon. The center of its activity should be in the capitol at Washington. Its force should be summoned in the two great legislative bodies there. Both these great law-making halls are dallying and delaying while great measures are clamored for by the people. A do-nothing policy is insisted upon by the majority while the country needs and is hungering for important legislation. Predatory interests have a strangle hold on the economic system of the country, in tariff schedules and in domination of the committees through which legislation is framed, and on this threshold of a presidential election they insist that no part of the existing order be disturbed lest their hold be loosened, and their interests be jeopardized.

By reason of the advantages they enjoy, enormous wealth is annually collected from the masses and poured into the coffers of the idle rich. It is a system that is tearing the heart out of the republic. With 153 men actually pocketing 94 per cent of the gross earnings of the operated railroads, and with similar conditions prevailing in other great industries, predatory wealth has a system of iron hooks in the very vitals of the nation. Standard Oil is protected with a tariff of 150 per cent, and the dairyman's butter, not 150, but a beggarly 20 per cent. The rental for a postal car for transportation of the mails is so great that it pays for the car in one year. Privileges so aboundingly generous are enjoyed only by railroad or other forms of predatory wealth, and that is why there is a gap so wide between the struggling masses and the over-rich few.

In New York, beneath the very shadow of the palaces of the men who receive enormous gratuities from government, 185,000 men are today unemployed, and they and their families are on the verge of starvation. On the shoulders of these huddling, unemployed, walk the silk-hatted brigade, collecting their tribute through the medium of tariffs, trusts and monopolies, and from their aggregated tolls, plunge into dizzy stock gambling and make panics and more unemployed. As sure as the earth revolves on its axis, continuation of such conditions will have its eventuality in breeding anarchy and the creation of anarchists. The spawning place and brooding ground for the bomb and bomb thrower are in the secretary's home city, under his very eye, and his appeal should be less to the cities and more to the national law making assemblies, to take the beak of plutocracy out of the heart of the nation.

MILLIONS MORE FOR THE SUGAR TRUST.

THE sugar trust has raised the price again, immediately on the heels of a reconsolidation of the three big refineries, the Havemeyers, as Senator La Follette showed recently, being the central concern of the sugar "group," and being now more so than ever. In fact, the 80,000,000 people of the United States are completely and absolutely at the mercy of this firm, as to the price of sugar. This sugar king can extort millions from them any day, and apparently is disposed to do so now. He, they or it may need a few millions soon partly for campaign contributions, and for buying a few senators, or to influence congress to see that the tariff is revised, if at all, only by its friends.

Henry O. Havemeyer, the head of the concern till his death, which occurred lately, frankly said on one occasion that the tariff was the mother of trusts and monopolies in commodities, and being authorized by the tariff law to monopolize sugar and charge whatever price he chose, he improved the opportunity, as Carnegie did in the case of steel. As with these prime necessaries, so it is with a hundred others; the tariff enables a few groups of a few men each to extort hundreds of millions annually beyond a fair or even liberal profit, and the 80,000,000 people are helpless, cannot protect themselves or change the system, because all branches of the government, in the matter of the tariff, serve these groups instead of the people.

Tariff revision, or adjustments, is now promised by the Republican leaders, next year or some other year, but the people need expect no relief, no justice, through revision of the tariff by its friends. What is needed is revision by the friends of the people, but that we shall not get until the Cannons, Paynes, Dalzells, Aldriches, and all men of that type, are retired from congress.

If Senator Fulton is still of the same mind as at the time when he declared last summer to the people of Corvallis that he would not seek reelection at the hands of the legislature unless he received the vote of the people in June, why not say so? The great issue of this campaign is the principle embodied in Statement No. 1. It is idle for Senator Fulton to say that he believes in that principle unless he is ready to abide by it himself. If he really believes that the decision of the people as expressed in the June election should control the legislature in the election of senator, he has but one course open to him and that is to reaffirm his allegiance to the principle.

An apology is due to George H. Wixon of Myrtle Creek, who is a Republican candidate for the legislature in Douglas county. In a recent news article which appeared in The Journal he was classed among the opponents of Statement No. 1. This was a mistake. Mr. Wixon is one of the staunchest advocates of the principle of popular election of United States senators and has been an earnest champion of Statement No. 1 ever since the adoption of the direct primary law.

The increase in registration over two and four years ago is undoubtedly a good deal larger percentage than the increase in population, which indicates a gratifying increase of interest among the people in their affairs, and, it may fairly be inferred, is evidence of the educational benefit of the primary law. People like to govern themselves when they get a chance.

Some people delight in wasting time and money on impossible schemes. For instance, some Delaware and Philadelphia Democrats are going to boom Judge Gray for president. He is a good man, but doesn't expect or desire the nomination, and has no more chance than Gassaway Davis has of getting it.

According to the Indiana Republicans, Mr. Fairbanks deserves "thoughtful consideration." He is "wise in council"; his judgment is "deliberate and sound"; he possesses "a steadfast purpose and conservative courage," and "his dignity is modest, but real." How strange it will appear to the Hoosier Republicans next summer that so eminently fit a man cannot be nominated.

Secretary Taft says there are now practically no rebates or discriminations by the railroads, intimating that they have thoroughly reformed. This does not agree with Commissioner Lane's opinion, formed after official investigations. The genial secretary seems to think that the railroad question has been settled, and that nothing more is to be done. But to others it seems that the battle for railroad control has only fairly begun.

A Los Angeles newspapers, boasting of the healthfulness of that city, says that whereas in February the deaths in San Francisco were 162 more than the births, the number of deaths in Los Angeles exceeded the number of births by only three. If deaths exceeded births at all up here in Portland, we would not crow over it.

The Goulds have consented to the marriage of Anna to Prince Helie, which makes a difference of some $7,500,000 in her private fortune, and in his spending money, unless she holds the purse strings firmly. How Boni must groan.

By election time Portland's registration may beat Seattle's, and it is known that the number of voters in proportion to population is somewhat larger in Seattle than here. Portland is rather more of a home and family city.

In the matter of the light and power franchise Mayor Lane seems to have a good deal the best of the argument between him and the majority of the council. But this is usually the case.

The American made watch that is sold to the English retailer for $7.41 costs the American retailer $10.15. The watchmakers, of course, want the tariff revised only by its and their friends.

The Seattle Times has raised the population of that city, but only from 251,455 to 260,000. This is slow growth indeed in several months—for Seattle.

The registration is about 50 per cent larger than in 1906. That shows some growth in Portland's population.

Letters From the People

Disgraceful City Streets.

Portland, April 7.—To the Editor of The Journal—What is the reason that people will everlastingly jump onto the city engineer, because we have poor streets? Let me tell you, that the people themselves are to blame for the existing condition of our streets; the people won't pay for first-class work, and naturally the work is done in accordance with their wishes. In the next place the city engineer has no authority in these matters. If he had more to say, things would be a whole lot different. When a street has so much travel on it, that the ordinary way of paving it won't stand the wear, then let the city council appoint a committee to investigate the matter, and if it is found advisable to improve the street, then let it be done. Give the city engineer orders to go ahead, never mind what the property owners say. Put the street in good shape, and let the old mossbacks do their howling afterward. Now while I am on this subject I would like to ask, what is the reason that the city engineer's department is the poorest paid of any of the city departments? The engineering department has to understand cement work (all kinds) iron structural work, street grading, bridge work of all kinds, sewer building and repairing, etc., etc. I think this department is doing unusually well, considering the wages it receives. One thing is certain and this is, that as long as the people have a say-so in regard to the manner a street should be paved, just so long will we have poor streets, and our streets are certainly a disgrace to the city. Where you find one property owner in favor of an up to date street, you will find 10 opposed to it, in the majority of cases. If the people will stop to think over things a little, they will see that no one is to blame but themselves, but it is a hard matter to make them understand, that a good street, not only is a benefit to the city, but that it also adds to the valuation of their property.

L. F. EBERHARDT.

Thomas F. Holgate's Birthday.

Thomas Franklin Holgate, dean of the College of Liberal Arts of Northwestern university, was born April 8, 1859, in Hastings county, Ontario, and was educated at Victoria college of the University of Toronto and at Clark university. During the six years between the dates of his graduation from Victoria college and his entrance into Clark college he taught school in Ontario. After his graduation from Clark college in 1893 he became instructor in mathematics in Northwestern university, and has since remained in the faculty of that institution. He became dean of the College of Liberal Arts in 1902, and was acting president of the university from 1904 to 1906. Dr. Holgate is a member of the American Mathematical society and of several other learned and scientific societies both in America and Europe.

This Date in History.

1605—King Philip IV of Spain born. Died September 17, 1665.

1663—Drury Lane theatre, London, first opened.

1732—David Rittenhouse, noted astronomer, born. Died June 26, 1896.

1795—Marriage of George IV of England and Caroline of Brunswick.

1808—Roman Catholic archdiocese of Baltimore established.

1854—English vessel Furious, with a flag of truce, fired on at Odessa, one of the first hostile acts of the Crimean war.

1861—Outbreak of the last great insurrection in Poland.

1898—Battle of the Atbara.

1907—United States supreme court decided the Isle of Pines was not American territory.

From the Scio Press.

Hon. M. A. Miller of Lebanon is favorably mentioned as a delegate to the Democratic national convention, to meet in Denver, Colorado. Of course a Democratic national convention would be incomplete without Milt Miller, especially when William J. Bryan is to be the nominee. A better selection than Mr. Miller could not be made.

PORTLAND, THE QUEEN CITY OF THE NORTHWEST

WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE

By Rev. John Roach Straton, D. D., in Baltimore American.

My introduction to Portland was the bad beginning which makes the good ending. We arrived just after midnight on a belated train. This is not the editorial "We," but the collective pronoun, and in this instance it represents Dr. C. L. Laws, the genial and honored pastor of the First Baptist church of Baltimore; Dr. George T. Webb, the general secretary of the International Baptist Young People's union; Rev. Mr. McElmore, the B. Y. P. U. secretary for Georgia, and the present scribe.

We had all left Spokane together early Monday morning, following the annual international convention of the B. Y. P. U. For purposes of jollification on the long journey, we had organized ourselves into a sort of troupe, of which the writer was elected "leader." This "troupe" stepped firmly forth from the train in Portland, grips in hand, went at once to the city and marched up confidently to the counter of the "Portland hotel." "Rooms for four, please," said the "leader," with decision and some condescension. But he was met by that stereotyped smile of the genus hotel clerk, who blandly replied: "Sorry, but no rooms!" "What?" "Yes, sir, no rooms. We haven't had a room in this house after 11 o'clock p. m. for two months!"

Then "the troupe" took up its heavy grips and its line of march over to the "Hotel Eaton." Same story! No rooms! Then out into the cool night air we passed again, the leader balancing wearily between two enormous satchels, Webb demurely following, McElmore growling behind Webb, and the rotund Laws perspiringly bringing up the rear, as he made facetious and sarcastic remarks about the leader's ability in managing hotel clerks. Down to the Hotel "Perkins" we went, and then over to the "Imperial." And here at last, by agreeing to double up, with one sleeping in the bath tub, if necessary, we found refuge and shelter for the night.

But here, look you, was an amazing experience for a group of "distinguished easterners," as the reporter styled us the next day. To come to a town of 200,000 inhabitants in midsummer, the "dull season," with no convention in session, no exposition under way and no circus on hand, and to find that for two months every hotel in the place had been filled before midnight, was a little disconcerting to eastern self-assurance. So much so, that it whetted the "leader's" appetite to learn more about this city, which had treated our "troupe" with such matter of fact indifference, not to say cool disdain. It was like the rebuff of the coquette, whose hauteur sharpens appetite and enkindles the desire for conquest.

A residence of six weeks, supplying the pulpit of the famous "White Temple," gave the writer the opportunity he desired to learn something of Portland. So down to the public library he went, soon after arrival, to get the historic perspective for the city of today. And a noble library he found it. I have worked in some of the great libraries of the east—in Boston, Washington, Chicago and elsewhere, but though somewhat smaller than the others, I have never found a better equipped workshop, nor a more capable and pleasant corps of assistants than there in Portland.

"In the Beginning."

The early history of Portland has around it that glamor of romance and adventure characteristic of all that western land. Scott's comprehensive "History of Portland" and other works gave me the fascinating story in attractive form. Probably the first clearly authenticated visit to the north Pacific coast was made by a Spanish navy explorer in 1535. Then, in 1792, Captain Robert Gray, in the American ship Columbia, discovered and entered the mouth of the mighty river, which was so long vaguely known in the east as the "River of the West." He ascended the stream some 25 miles and bestowed upon it the name of his ship—Columbia. At the time of the Louisiana Purchase President Jefferson was deeply interested in this mysterious northwest, and in 1804 Lewis and Clark were sent out from St. Louis to explore the region. They went to the mouth of the Columbia, passing by the present site of Portland. Fort Astoria was later built by the Americans near the mouth of the Columbia, where the little city of Astoria now stands. The Hudson Bay company, however, finally became the dominant power, and the historic contest between Great Britain and America for the ownership of "the Oregon country" progressed rapidly until the ultimate victory of the American interests.

The Birth of Portland.

Thus it is seen that Portland is not the oldest city in the state. Years before its first cabin arose Astoria, 100 miles below at the mouth of the Columbia; Vancouver, on the north shore of that noble river, 12 miles below Portland, and Oregon City, 12 miles up the Willamette river, had all begun their growth.

In November, 1843, Hon. A. L. Lovejoy and a gentleman named Overton stopped at the present site of Portland en route from Vancouver to Oregon City. They concluded that here was a fine site for a city, and the next year they hired men to clear the forest and build the first loghouse. The city at that time was only a dream, a nameless foundling, but destiny soon decreed a name. Lovejoy and his wife, R. M. Pettygrove (who had taken Overton's interests) and his wife and a Mr. Wilson were gathered at a dinner party in Oregon City. A little banter began to flow back and forth about the prospects of the city of one log cabin a dozen miles down the Willamette, and the question of a name arose. Lovejoy, being from Massachusetts, wished it named Boston, but Pettygrove, who was from Maine, favored Portland. They jestingly agreed to decide the issue by tossing a penny. Mrs. Lovejoy was umpire and Pettygrove gave the coin the skilful flip that secured his pet name for the future city. But, to please his antagonist, he threw the penny twice more, and each time it said Portland.

The early settlers, to use Judge Tourgee's expression, "squatted hard," and struggled mightily against the environment of tough fir trees, unbroken soil and wild hills. Pettybone built a store; James Terwilliger started a blacksmith shop; John Waymire put up a double log cabin and kept oxen for hauling goods from any chance ship; Bennett established a shingle camp, using whip saws that had been brought across the plains out of Missouri, to cut the tough fir; D. H. Lownsdale built a tannery, and thus step by step the little city began its growth. Just how rapid the growth has been may be gathered from the following census of population:

1850	821
1860	2,874
1870	8,293
1880	17,577
1890	72,357
1900	90,426
1906	181,000
1907	200,000

At the present time, Portland's population is increasing steadily at the rate of 18,000 a year.

Commercial Expansion.

The commercial development of the city has been even more rapid than her growth in population. The first stores, tanneries, shingle camps and other enterprises have given place to a clean, beautiful and up-to-date city of modern office buildings and lovely homes.

Portland's commercial importance is partially represented, in round numbers, by the following figures:

Annual lumber cut, 600,000,000 feet, valued at $5,500,000. Annual bank clearings (cash basis), $230,000,000. Annual real estate transfers $25,000,000. Valuation of taxable property $200,000,000. Bank deposits $45,000,000. Water system (one of the finest in the world) cost $4,250,000. Street railway mileage 200. Telephones in use, 20,000. These figures I compiled from the statistics of 1906, and the record of 1907 for the first six months.

Today, according to the Bankers' Magazine, there are 2,000 manufacturing plants in Portland, with $30,000,000 invested. The postoffice receipts for 1906 were $540,805, an increase of 14 per cent over 1905. In 1906, the exports were $12,000,000, and the imports $2,852,000. The jobbing trade aggregated $203,000,000, and the insurance and other interests were in proportion.

Portland Real Estate.

The development in real estate values has been especially noticeable. The real estate transfers in 1906 were $34,306,832, and for the first six months of 1907 they were $15,961,263. The number of building permits in 1906 was 3,307, representing a valuation of $6,937,971. For the first six months of 1907 the number was far greater proportionately, representing up to that time a valuation of $5,826,916.

Indeed, Portland leads the entire country in the increase in the values of buildings for the first six months of 1907 over the average for 1906. Her increase for these first six months was 78 per cent over 1906, as against a slight general average loss in the 40 leading cities of our country, taken together, for the same time. One cannot possibly appreciate what this means unless one has been over the ground and seen it all. I rode over the new "east side" and "ridge" residence sections, and saw literally square miles of splendid brand-new residences. The opportunities for profitable trading in real estate, which this unprecedented development has made possible, are indeed remarkable. In the east side there is a tract of 80 acres, used formerly as a racecourse. Fifteen years ago this tract was offered for sale at $20 an acre. While I was in Portland this summer this 80 acres sold for $150,000, and it is to be subdivided, I understand, and put upon the market now at a total valuation of $450,000.

Nor do such opportunities belong only to the past. I know personally of one young man who had saved $3,000 by years of hard labor as a clerk in a grocery store. This young man bought a tract of land in the edge of the east side, paying $2,000 cash on it, and retaining his other $1,000 to keep up his interest. Four months after his purchase he sold the porperty at a profit of $70,000. With a part of this money he bought another tract, this time on the west side of the river. A little later he sold that tract for enough profit to purchase 40 acres at a point toward which the fashionable "Ridge" residence section is rapidly approaching, in addition to a cash bonus of $5,000. In other words, this young man secured 40 acres without cost to himself and $5,000 simply by keeping his eyes open to his opportunities. Happy to relate, he is soon to be married, and the foundations for a fine home are already laid on the highest hill of his 40 acres. Until the building boom reaches him his overseer will farm the place. But in five years his 40 acres on "The Ridge" will probably be worth 40 times what he paid for it.

A Portland business man asked a group of easterners, after showing us the advantages of Portland, where, in all the country, we would advise a young business man to settle if he were looking for the field of greatest opportunities. We had to admit that we would advise the northwest, with Portland as first choice.

Favorable Location.

As my weeks of study gave me the marvelous facts about Portland's past achievements and present greatness, I became increasingly curious to know the reasons which stand behind her progress. Though her development has been phenomenal, it has been a solid growth and not a "boom," such as has expanded and then exploded some other western cities. Here is a staid, substantial and very wealthy metropolis. Most of her great enterprises are financed by local capital, thus making the city singularly independent of the fluctuations of the eastern money market. As I studied the city in its relations to the great northwest the reasons for her solid progress and future promise became apparent.

The first of these reasons is her geographical and topographical location. Portland is the natural gateway to a country of vast extent and almost incredible richness, and her situation, both as regards land and water, is favorable in the extreme. Portland has been called the "New York of the Pacific," and it is an apt designation. She is remarkably like the eastern metropolis in several particulars. Portland lies on the shores of the Willamette river, just above its confluence with the Columbia. The great tongue of land between the Willamette and Columbia, running down to a point at their intersection, is strikingly like Manhattan island. On the west bank of the Willamette representing Brooklyn, now stands the business center of Portland. Across the river, on this second Manhattan, is "East Portland," spreading every day outward and downward until it will finally reach the Columbia and face the city of Vancouver, now resting on the northern side of that river in the same relative position which Jersey City sustains to New York.

Portland is already a notable port. She is the only fresh water port on the Pacific, and fresh water is a strong advantage to a port, as the water of itself cleans the vessels from barnacles and other foulness, thereby saving much time, labor and expense. The government is now building jetties down the Columbia and making other improvements, which will give Portland a clean waterway of 40 feet out to the Pacific. The Columbia and Willamette are both navigable already far above Portland, and thus she has one of the natural advantages which have made New York supreme—namely, a fine waterway both in and out.

But Portland has also the other great advantage which New York has enjoyed—a most favorable topographical situation. Sixty-five years ago New York began its great change into a big city. At that time Albany was flourishing. A railroad was planned to go down the Hudson from Albany, but the papers there, thinking that New York was to always be simply a gangplank to Albany, ridiculed the undertaking as foolish. The railroad was built, however, and its terminus has now become the greatest city in the United States. Why? Simply because it had a fine port and was a natural gateway that was down grade from everywhere.

Commerce in our country breaks away from the great dividing wall—the Rocky mountains—and flows east and west along the lines of least resistance. Apart from the Mississippi valley. In the east, it moves prevailingly along the line of the great lakes, through the Mohawk valley to the valley of the Hudson, and down that river to New York. Hence the New York of today. The traffic could not go to Boston without crossing the Catskills, nor could it go to Philadelphia without expensive grades, so it went to New York along the lines of least resistance. Now, Portland has precisely this same advantage—it is down hill from everywhere.

Take a topographical map of North America and draw a line from lower California to Mount St. Elias in Alaska, and you will find that your line follows a natural depression between mountain ranges, about 100 miles back from the coast in Oregon. Now draw another line at right angles east and west, following the course of the Columbia river—the only navigable stream that breaks through the inland mountain walls. This line will also follow a natural depression, with a gradual descent, from near Lewiston, Idaho, to the mouth of the Columbia. Now Portland is situated just at the point where your north and south and east and west lines cross each other! She has, therefore, down-grade relationship to her immense supporting territory.

This situation unquestionably gives her an advantage which will finally make her supreme in the northwest. Seattle and Tacoma, to the north on Puget sound, have been more favored by the railroads heretofore than Portland, and have had a remarkable growth. Two great transcontinental lines have made these Puget sound points their main terminals; but the mistake of doing this is already being seen by the railroad management. The extra cost to them of lifting heavy passenger and freight trains over four mountain ranges, with altitudes running from 1,800 to 4,500 feet within a distance of about 300 miles and that, too, through a country half of which yields no revenue to the companies, is already demonstrated to be enormous. Now, in contrast to this is the down-grade haul through the mountains along the shores of the Columbia and on to Portland, through a country of marvelous richness almost the entire way; it requires two engines to haul a train of 10 cars over the mountains to the northern ports. One engine can pull 60 down to Portland. Therefore, as Chauncey Thomas, of the Success magazine, says in a recent interview, "There is an embargo of $1,000 on every trainload crossing those mountains as against a water grade haul down the Columbia river. It is not a matter of so many years when there will be from four to six railroad tracks running up each side of the Columbia, and the traffic of the nation through the one gateway on all the coast will be terrific."

That Mr. Thomas' prophecies are well founded is proved by the fact that the railroad magnates are beginning already to recognize and seize the tremendous opportunities which Portland offers. A great steel bridge is now being thrown across the Columbia, and the Harriman companies are spending $24,000,000 in betterments and new construction. The Hill companies are spending an equal amount. The C. & N. W., already completed nearly to Lander, Wyoming, is arranging for a Pacific coast extension, with Portland as its terminus. The C., M. & St. P. is building through from Everts to the Pacific, with Portland as one of its prospective terminals, and so the story goes.

Supporting Territory.

The construction of these new lines, the perfecting of her present excellent railroad service, and the completion of first-class methods of water transportation on the Columbia and Willamette and out to the Pacific will give to Portland a far more rapid progress in the future even than she has enjoyed in the past. The natural advantages are hers, and commerce, like water, sooner or later, takes the line of least resistance.

The country contributary to Portland is the final consideration which guarantees her future supremacy. She is supported by "an inland empire," enormous in extent and incomparably rich.

This territory embraces all of Oregon, Idaho, a part of northern California, eastern Washington and western Montana. Its size may be better understood when we say that it equals in area the combined states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, Iowa, Indiana and South Carolina. Even the arid portions of this vast region are being rapidly developed by irrigation, and its future riches and greatness can scarcely be imagined. Within this territory there is fabulous mineral wealth, great stretches of primeval forest, with trees so gigantic that beside them the largest trees of the east are pigmies, fisheries already worth millions annually (we have all eaten the Columbia river salmon), and farm lands of unmatched fertility. Right up to the doors of Portland, in her smiling valleys and along her sunny slopes grow annual crops of hops, wheat, fruits and other products, which make one almost smile at the memories of eastern farms. I saw in Portland apples five and a quarter inches in diameter; potatoes, some of which weighed five pounds, and cherries that measured three and one-half inches in circumference.

The proverb about "two bites of a cherry" loses its force in Oregon, for two bites of her cherries make two fairly good mouthfuls.

Cherries by the Ton.

A pleasant memory here comes to mind. I was driven out one afternoon by a party of ladies and gentlemen in an automobile to the Webb Cherry farm, 12 miles from Portland. I saw there 10 acres of Lambert cherry trees, from which, the owner told me later, 37 tons of cherries were shipped this summer. The Lamberts are the big three and a half inch fellows, and the trees, when we were there, were literally bowing down to the earth beneath their burden of luscious, red-black fruit. The dark red meat of these matchless cherries is so juicy and rich that one fairly lays back the head and allows the delicious nectar to ravish the palate and trickle slowly down the throat.

I was an orthordox believer in the Garden of Eden story before I went to Portland, but I now no longer hold my childhood faith that Eve was tempted with an apple. Satan was doubtless shrewd enough to use the most delicious thing on earth, and therefore I believe Eve was tempted with a Lambert cherry. I would have fallen myself. Indeed, we ate so many cherries that afternoon that our entire party all but fell beneath the fragrant trees.

Characteristic of the freedom and enterprise of the west, is the fact that this farm is owned and operated by two young ladies, the Misses Webb. When we got there that afternoon we found one of the young ladies out in the orchard looking bewitching in her knickerbockers as she managed the small army of Japanese boys who were picking and packing the fruit. With true western hospitality, she turned us all into the orchard to help ourselves, and then when we were ready to go we found the automobile loaded up with the delightful fruit, a 20 pound crate for each one of us. Do you wonder that the visitor surrenders to Oregon and Portland, and stands ready to champion their claims against the earth?

The Climate.

Another advantage which Portland has is a rare climate. Although in the same latitude as South Dakota, Wisconsin and New York, that portion of Oregon lying between the Cascade range and the ocean has a balmy and delightful climate. The great mountains to the east guard it from the fierce winds of the plains, while the coast is lapped by the warm Japan current, giving this favored spot a uniformly mild climate. The thermometer never goes as low as zero, and rarely over 85 degrees upward. And when it does get hot, it is a dry, crisp heat that does not oppress. I spent part of July and all of August there the past summer, and though I lived down in the valley I had to sleep under double blankets every night. The days are balmy and full of sparkling sunshine, and the nights are refreshingly cool. There are practically no flies or mosquitoes and the air has a tonic quality which is exhilarating, blending as it does the salt of the sea and the coolness of the snow clad mountains.

I am informed that the winters are even more delightful than the summers. There is but little freezing weather, and roses bloom out of doors the year round. Occasionally the storm king climbs the eastern slopes of the protecting Cascades and pauses on their summit to blow a hoary, snow-laden breath or two over the favored valleys, but he soon retires to spend his fury elsewhere.

Some have thought that the winter rains would make Portland disagreeable at that season, but such, I am told, is not the case. The rains are formed by the mists and vapors that roll in warm from the sea until they strike the snowy mountain ranges. Contact with this cold almosphere causes condensation, and they fall back on the land in warm, gentle showers. This rain fall is not excessive. It averages annually less than 47 inches, which is lighter than the precipitation at New Haven, Baltimore, Chattanooga, Charleston, South Carolina; New Orleans, Galveston, Atlanta and many other places famed for their good climate.

Visitors are informed by the enthusiastic citizens of Portland that the rainy days are just as welcome as those filled with sunshine. These gentle rains are said to possess a subtle, poetic charm. So light are they, for the most part, that laborers continue their work out of doors unhindered and the business of the city goes forward about as usual.

The exceptional climate gives to Portland a wealth of vegetation and flowers. She has been called the "Rose City," and this royal flower grows there in its perfection. The yards are full of them, and many of the houses have rose bushes climbing up to the very tops of the roofs, covering the entire structures in billows of fragrant bloom.

Educational and Religious Interests.

It must not be thought that because of her rapid material expansion, Portland has neglected the intellectual and spiritual side of her life. Such is not the case, as it is a city of grand churches and fine schools.

Beginning back in "the thirties," with the missionary work of the Lees and Cyrus Shepherd for the Methodists, Dr. Marcus Whitman for the Presbyterians, Rev. James Cooke for the Catholics, Rev. William Richmond for the Episcopalians, Rev. W. F. Boyakin for the Baptists and Rev. George H. Atkinson for the Congregationalists, the religious interests of Oregon and Portland have been well cared for. Today it is a city of beautiful church buildings with efficient organizations. Notable among these is the noble "White Temple," famous over the entire country and presided over by that unique genius, Dr. J. Whitcomb Brougher.

Portland, while not a college center, is nevertheless a city of schools. Her free public schools employ nearly 500 teachers and her institutions of learning include 36 public schools, 8 kindergartens, a school of law, a medical and dental college, 11 sectarian schools, 4 business colleges, 2 military academies, 3 preparatory schools, 3 academies of music and elocution, a correspondence school and a manual training and cooking school.

The Beauty of Portland.

It remains, in closing, to say a few words about the scenic beauty of Portland. I have drawn what may appear to some as an exaggerated picture, but it is justified by the facts. The northwest is a singularly favored land, and Portland is its brightest jewel. The physical setting of this jewel is in full harmony with it. The people of Portland have constantly within their range of vision a combination of field, forest, stream and snow-capped mountains to delight an artist's eye and charm a poet's soul. The blue waters of the Willamette, dotted with tree-decked islands, sweep majestically through the center of the city, and beyond their sparkling waves lie fields of green grasses and golden grain, stretching over the Columbia and up to the rugged foothills, beyond whose purple heights Mount St. Helens, Hood, Rainier and Adams stand gleaming, white with their diadems of eternal snow. Few cities in the whole world can boast such a combination of attractive features.

One afternoon during my stay in Portland I went up to "Council Crest," a peak 1,200 feet above and directly behind the city. I stood there in rapt wonder and delight and watched the sun set. Just below me, with her towering buildings and lovely homes, lay Portland, gleaming like a jewel in the sunset light. Here was the broad Willamette, dotted with her wooded isles, and with great steamers and white-winged sailboats gliding by on her ample bosom. Beyond the fields of emerald and gold across the Willamette rolled the floods of the mighty Columbia, the second largest river in America, and I could trace its winding course for nearly 75 miles. Beyond it lay the foothills and back behind them, forming a majestic framework for the beautiful picture and standing like grim guardians of that lovely realm, were St. Helens and Hood, and Adams and Rainier and Jefferson, gleaming in white splendor against the purple horizon.

As I watched them, all but breathless, the setting sun kissed them into rosy pink, and the effect of this delicate pink against the deep, royal purple of the sky was heavenly in its beauty. Then the sun sank out of sight behind the western hills, the pink faded from the mountains' brows, the more distant peaks were swallowed by the darkness, and only Hood and St. Helens were left standing out in ghostly whiteness. Their broad bases were enveloped in smoke and shadows, which blended so perfectly with the lower hills, that the white cones of gleaming snow above seemed floating in the evening air, like dream mountains, too ethereal and lovely to be real. Then as I watched, the darkness deepened, the electric lights were flashed on down in the city and here was a new wonder and delight, for there were two heavens now, one above with its myriad stars, and the other below, where 10,000 gleaming lights were twinkling through the dusk.

As I sat lost in admiration and wonder that afternoon, I saw clearly beyond St. Helens the lordly summit of Mount Rainier, "The King of Mountains," whose snowy crest rises to the height of 14,528 feet above the sea. As I looked I was possessed with the desire to scale its heights and get a wider view of that wonderful land. This desire was to be gratified, for an invitation to lecture at Seattle gave me the opportunity to stop by Mount Rainier. This I did, and with an experienced guide and after almost incredible hardships (for it was then considered too late to climb the mountain) I reached its top. We climbed, climbed, climbed for 16 miles from its base at Longmires Springs to its frowning summit. Over beds of volcanic ashes, up the faces of rocky precipices, sometimes climbing hand over hand on a rope, across mighty glaciers and through miles of snowfields we made our way until finally, after nearly two days of climbing, we reached the crater, still slowly steaming, at the top. And what a vision there rewarded our eyes! We seemed to be standing on the very summit of the world, even Hood, Adams and St. Helens, though covered with eternal snow, being now far beneath us. From that great height I counted 20 separate mountain ranges, one beyond the other, many of them covered with snow. Fifteen glaciers sloped away from us down the rugged gashes in the mighty mountain's breast. The clouds were sailing in grand squadrons far below us in the valleys, and going to shipwreck upon the jagged peaks. Over toward the west, with its shore line bordered with dark firs, lay Puget sound, "The Mediterranean of America," and beyond that rolled and thundered the mighty waters of the Pacific ocean.

And standing there that afternoon, dreaming of the future of that great northwest, I thought to myself: The market of the world is in the east. The teeming millions of India, China and Japan must be clothed, fed and given the appliances of the civilization already dawning on their shores. The Pacific ocean, therefore, is the sea of the future, and this western land is destined to undisputed supremacy. Still "westward does the star of empire take its way."

Yonder lies Seattle. She will be a great city, because she is the gateway to Alaska. There to the south is Tacoma, destined to a good development, though her lumber is her chief reliance. But yonder, farther still to the south, beyond the gleaming glory of Mount Hood, lies Portland, with her combined advantages of location, climate and soil, and she is destined to be the leader of them all—the crowned queen of the great northwest! Within a few generations she will have a population of 1,000,000 souls. She will be, indeed, "The New York of the Pacific." Her great trunk lines will pour into her lap the boundless treasures of her matchless territory; white-winged ships and throbbing steamers will bear her bounties out to every part of the earth; intellectual growth and spiritual progress will go hand in hand with her material development, and through it all her happy children will laugh and labor and love—and die among their roses.

REV. JOHN ROACH STRATON, D. D.

Forty acres of land near Lostine was sold for $112.50 an acre. It has produced 200 tons of hay a year.