THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

C. S. JACKSON .....Publisher

Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Broadway and Yamhill sts., 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 what department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE: Benjamin & Kentnor Co., Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth avenue, New York; 1218 People's Gas Building, Chicago.

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

DAILY

One year .....$6.00 | One month .....$ .50

SUNDAY

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

DAILY AND SUNDAY

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

It is one of the worst effects of prosperity that it makes a man a vortex, instead of a fountain; so that, instead of throwing out, he learns only to draw in.—Beecher.

A MESSAGE PARAMOUNT

"I CANNOT over emphasize the importance of deep water to this port. The economical carriers by water are the great ships, and they are being made larger and larger, and demands for deep, safe channels are growing more insistent. Portland does well to take heed."

Such was the message to Portlanders through The Journal by W. G. Sickel, vice director and manager of freight and operation of the Hamburg-American line, now in Portland in the interest of his great company.

On this subject, the message of no man can carry more weight. Mr. Sickel speaks from the viewpoint of an expert. His corporation embodies the last word in ocean navigation in every problem of water transportation, it has the most modern and most authentic information. The enormous tonnage and the vast system of ports and routes used by its vessels are unalterable proof that Mr. Sickel's company speaks with the full weight of authority on every issue of maritime transportation.

Portlanders can accept Mr. Sickel's statement as to deep water to Portland as inexorable law. They can accept his statement as to big ships as unchangeable fact. Both statements intimately and deeply concern this city and this people.

On the point of deep water on the bar and up the river to Portland, there can be but one mind. With a total of only fifteen miles of shoal places between Portland and the sea, a channel of sufficient depth for all vessels is no serious undertaking. Montreal is providing a 35 foot channel to the sea and is dredging nearly 90 miles of shoals to obtain it. Hamburg, the headquarters of the great steamship line which Mr. Sickel represents, is 93 miles from the ocean, and its channel was deepened the entire distance in order to reach its present depth.

Portland must not overlook or underestimate the message to them from this international expert on maritime transportation. It is a friendly message. It is the wise counsel of a well wisher. It is the Godspeed of a man whose great corporation is trying to build up Portland.

The port of Portland must put every resource into action on the river channel.

The government and the people must apply every constructive asset to the Columbia entrance.

WINTER UNEMPLOYMENT

ONE of the large urban problems is winter unemployment. It confronts most cities, Portland among them. Jobs for all are non-existant in the winter time, with the result that men walk the streets, lounge in the saloons or idle at home, if they have a home, eating up summer wages or going hungry.

During the winter months, men thrown out of employment in the woods, on the railroad embankments and in various other activities flock to Portland. Many of them come seeking work; some of them come to dodge work.

Last winter unemployed men were rounded up and taken into municipal court on charges of vagrancy. Some of them went to the rockpile; most of them were ordered out of town under threat of sentence to the rockpile, and their reply was that they did not know where to find work. Boys claiming that they came from the country begged coins on the street. A number of boys served terms imposed by the municipal judge because they had no homes, no money and no work.

Many cities are attempting a solution of the problem. Duluth is among them, and the Survey says that city is squarely meeting the proposition that it is a public duty to secure employment for men involuntarily idle. Duluth has been perfecting her system since 1910, and some of the features are said to be superior to any system in operation in England, Germany or Switzerland.

Duluth is the central point for men who find summer employment on the lakes and docks and with construction gangs. Work with private concerns is not available in the winter time, and so the city has provided a measure of public employment. A rocky wall which would in time bar the city's further growth is being cut away. The work is done in winter, and the workmen are men who have no other occupation.

Thus Duluth is able to offer the so-called vagrant a job. He may take it or not, but if he does not, and has no adequate reason the fact may be construed against him. The men are paid wages, not the summer schedule, but enough to tide them over the winter months. They are not treated as the recipients of charity; they are told that the city wants the work done and is willing to give work to men who cannot find better employment.

Each laborer before he begins working is required to submit a scheme for returning to regular employment, and it is understood that his wages are simply to assist him in executing this scheme. Thus the casual laborer is eliminated for the benefit of the man who honestly wants a regular job.

Duluth's public work stops during the summer; it begins again with the hardships of winter. Portland and many other cities maintain free employment bureaus, but none go as far with the problem as does Duluth.

OCTOBER DAYS

OCTOBER days. Tardily they come unheralded by the dawn. Quickly, they blend into the shadows of the evening and fade into the darkness of the night.

October days. How gentle, how beautiful, how harmonious, how fruitful they are, how colorful in their dress of orange, red, brown, yellow, green and gold of gathered harvest at the wedding of soft sunshine and lengthening shadow.

October days. How pensive of spirit, how fugitive of mood they are in the death-like lack of sound over the field of stubble, in the hush that preludes the song of winter.

October days. The chorus has stopped. The soloist is carrying the air on and upward until it is lost in spirit. The mute tongue answers the questioning of the soul. The silence of healing and restoration falls.

October days. The singing, the loosing, the winning, the mating, the care are over. The tilling and the harvesting is done. The running of the sap has ceased. Life is at a poise. The tide has reached its flood. The grip of the twig is loosening. The leaf is floating in the air. The seed is falling into its tomb to rest until its resurrection morn. The mother of all sleeps and dreams.

October days. From forest, wood and stream sweet incense is wafted. It is the essence of life, ripened perfected life.

Spring is birth, summer is growth, October days are maturity, the intermezzo in the endless musical drama of birth, life and death.

RELIGION AND ROADS

AT FIRST thought there seems no relation between religion and good roads, disregarding the suggestion in lighter vein that bad roads are conducive to irreligion.

Reflection, however, leads to the realization that there is a strong connection between religion and good roads.

The decline of the country church is a subject of serious thought in the religious world and many are they who are endeavoring to find ways and means to restore it to health.

In a measure the weakness of the country church is due to overchurching and to weak preachers, the strong ones being attracted to the cities where better salaries are to be obtained and larger congregations to be ministered to.

With better roads the farmer could go a long distance to church in the same length of time that it now takes him to go a short distance. This would have the effect of reducing the number of churches in a county and strengthening the surviving ones.

With better roads the farmer would get more for his products and consequently would be better able to give financial support towards the maintenance of better preachers.

With better roads rural communities would be in more charitable mood and more inclined to church union still further solving the problem of overchurching in country as well as city.

When you come to think about it there appears a strong relation between religion and good roads.

MILITARY PRISONS

PRISON reform and more humane treatment of prisoners is a movement founded on intelligence, rather than on sentiment. Intelligence is saying that men are put in prison for their own and society's good, that the prison should become, as nearly as possible, a man factory instead of a crime factory.

Many people these days advocate prison reform, because they realize that prisons have been breeding crime instead of curing it. The new idea has found lodgment in the war department, resulting in an order affecting military prisoners.

Heretofore if a soldier did not obey all of the many rules of military discipline he was liable to imprisonment with other soldiers who had done criminal acts. If a private overstayed his furlough and another private broke into an officer's house, there was one prison for both. Now the army regulations will put the breakers of purely military rules into separate sections of the prisons and allow them to continue their military training.

The minor offenders will be organized in companies with regular officers, and instead of wearing prison garb they will have uniforms without facings or stripes. They will be equipped as infantry, but the tiring pins of their rifles will be removed. Half the day will be spent in drilling and tactical work and the other half in labor such as prisoners are usually required to perform.

The effort will be to give the men a chance to remove their discredits, remain a useful part of the army and not be placed in degradation where they never belonged. The new army rule is an adaptation of the parole and honor system. It is evidence that prison reform ideas are available even in a military organization, where everything is supposed to run by rule and caste.

THE WHITE SLAVE LAW

LEE BAKER, on trial at Wichita, Kansas, on a charge of violating the Mann white slave law, was acquitted by a jury. United States Judge Pollock, who sat in the case, ruled that the law was intended to apply only where women were taken from one state to another for commercial purposes; that it would be necessary to prove Baker profited financially.

It was proved that Baker took a girl to Texas for immoral purposes, but the commercial feature was lacking. Diggs and Caminetti committed a similar offense, and Judge Van Vleet's interpretation of the law was exactly opposite. A short time ago Judge Foster of the eastern district of Louisiana interpreted the law as did Judge Van Vleet, with the result that a man is now serving a term in the Atlanta penitentiary.

These two rulings as to the scope of the law cannot both be right. If Diggs and Caminetti had been tried before Judge Pollock they would have been acquitted under his instructions to the juries. If tried before Judge Van Vleet, Baker would have been convicted on the statement of facts that acquitted him in Wichita.

The necessity for a ruling by the United States supreme court is apparent. Such a decision should be obtained as soon as possible, or congress should amend the law so that different judges will not give it different interpretations. It is manifest absurdity to acquit a man in one state and convict in another state for the same act under the same law.

OUR HIGH SCHOOL WORKERS

WASHINGTON HIGH school boys earned $36,552 during the last summer vacation. Of the 467 boys in school, 465 reported that they worked during vacation. Of these 50 worked at home and received no monetary consideration. Hence the 415 who were paid earned an average of $88.07. These figures do not include the earnings of the 54 boys who graduated in February and June, whose earning ability would be the largest, and do include the 125 first term boys, whose earning capacity is the smallest.

The girls' earnings aggregate a considerable total. Two hundred and seven earned $7539.98, making a total for the school of $44,091.98. This sum does not include that earned by the 109 girls in the February and June graduating classes.

Of the boys now in school 235 are working. Ninety-six are doing more than light chores at home for which they receive no pay. The remaining 139 receive a total of $4983 per month, an average of $35.84.

Fifty-two girls receive a total of $468.30 for work they are now doing outside of school, an average of $9 per month. This does not include the numerous girls who are earning their way through school by doing housework for which they receive only room and board.

The occupations which the boys followed during vacation disprove any suggestion that they are afraid of manual labor. Seventy-six carried papers, 48 clerked in stores, 11 were janitors, 42 worked in the harvest fields, 22 worked in garages and ran auto liveries and trucks, 4 kept time for construction gangs, 7 packed fruit, 17 delivered packages, 5 worked in logging camps, 5 ran donkey engines, 3 worked in nurseries, 7 in surveying crews, 2 in bakeries, 1 at plumbing, 6 cleared land, 10 worked in factories, 3 in orchards, 4 in dairies, 13 in lumber mills, 14 in theatres, 2 in warehouses, 6 at electrical construction, 1 played in a band, 13 worked at carpentry, 23 in offices, 14 at hop picking, 12 at sawing and putting in wood, 6 collecting, 3 raising poultry, 6 in machine shops, 5 in printing houses, 2 in baggage rooms, 2 mining, 4 paging in library, 4 in brick yards, 4 salmon fishing, 7 in press rooms of newspapers, 4 blacksmithing, 2 with telephone company, 1 in ministry, 2 architectural drafting, 2 iron moulding, 1 stone grinding. Others did various other work, mostly manual.

The two classes that were graduated last year earned during the last year of their course, including the previous summer vacation, a total of $14,269. There were 54 boys in the classes and 109 girls. The boys earned an average of $212 and the girls of $36.70. Considerably more than half of each class intended to enter college.

Principal H. H. Herdman says that instead of disinclination to engage in manual labor, the reverse was true. The manual training course is one of the most popular offered, and is closely pressed by the cooking and dressmaking courses. Mr. Herdman has for some time conducted an employment bureau, which has been of great value in securing places for the boys and girls who want work. Applications now on hand show that instead of avoiding work the students are anxious to get it, before school, after school, and during the evening.

Of the 465 boys who did work out of school, 264 intend to go to college. Many girls also are saving their money for that purpose. Others, who are not going to college and whose earnings were high, are entirely self-supporting; others have to contribute to the family exchequer. Two boys are the sole support of their families, one earning $60 and the other $65 a month.

Looked at from almost any angle, the statistics show an inclination on the part of the students to assume early in life the responsibility for their own support and education. Some do this by assisting at home, others by going abroad and turning their ability into dollars and cents, still others by doing both. Instead of considering self-support an irksome task, they seem to regard it as a welcome opportunity.

WILLIAM P. ZUBER

WILLIAM P. ZUBER, last survivor of the Texans who fought with Sam Houston at San Jacinto, is dead. The Houston Chronicle says of him:

He was ready for the final roll call, as he was always ready to respond to his country's call. In every relation of life he did well a man's part. He met faithfully every obligation of citizenship. He belonged to that ancient order of manhood which loved its country, feared God and kept his commandments. As modest as he was brave and as faithful as he was modest, the old man won the respect he richly deserved.

We who depend on books for understanding of the impulse which drove William Zuber against the Mexicans April 21, 1836, have small conception of the event. He was one of the 743 Texans who achieved the independence of a vast territory. He was the last of those Texans to repeat the words of their commander, "I was a member of the army of San Jacinto."

San Jacinto, to Texans, has even greater significance than Yorktown; they say it was more momentous than Waterloo. It followed the fall of the Alamo and the massacre of Goliad. Santa Anna, the Mexican butcher, was made a prisoner; 620 of his men were killed, 208 wounded, and 730 were captured. An entire army was wiped out, and only six Texans were killed and 25 wounded.

But Texas was made free, Mexico was driven back of the Rio Grande. There were many points of similarity between that short campaign 77 years ago and the present campaign in Mexico. The chief point of difference is that Huerta is opposed by men of his own kind, while Santa Anna was opposed by rugged Americans, smaller in number but each American counting for several Mexicans in courage, resource and indomitable will.

Texans call the Alamo their cradle of liberty. It is, in that the Alamo typifies the early Texan's defiance of death. The handful of men who defended that stone church against Santa Anna's army had opportunities to escape, but they scorned the idea of retreating before Mexicans. There they died, overwhelmed by numbers, fighting to the last. There died Colonel Travis, David Crockett, James Bowie, but for every dead Texan there were many dead Mexicans.

Confident of his strength, Santa Anna made the mistake of matching wits with Sam Houston. The Mexican divided his forces and his main command was caught at San Jacinto. Hemmed in by a morass on one side, denied retreat across a river because Texans had destroyed the bridge, 1600 Mexicans were set upon by less than half that number of Texans.

"Remember Alamo" was the battle cry. The Texans took awful revenge while the fight lasted, but the prisoners' lives were spared, and Santa Anna was returned to Mexico after he had signed the treaty which made Texas free.

The Mexican character has improved little since that time. Santa Anna was no more cruel than is Huerta. The massacre of Goliad was the forerunner of the assassination of Madero. But in 1836 Santa Anna was opposed by Americans commanded by Sam Houston. That fact accounts for Texas today.

WHY THE DISCREPANCY

IT IS said that its owners demand $1000 an acre for Swan Island, for public dock uses.

It was assessed in 1913 at $219 an acre, or less than one fourth the asking price; in 1908 at $151 per acre, or less than one ninth the present asking price; in 1903 at $23 an acre or 1-44th the present asking price.

It was the growth of Portland that made the increased value, and if so, why should there be so great a discrepancy between the asking price and tax price, especially when the law ordains that property shall be assessed at its "true cash value?"

Not more than double the assessed valuation should ever be paid for property for public uses.

Unless accompanied by an adult person other than a hired chauffeur, minors of opposite sex, brothers and sisters excepted, cannot go automobile riding in Kansas City between 9 p. m. and 6 a. m. If there is doubt, police will have the machine driven to the girl's home for confirmation. The maximum fine is $500.

The observation of an exchange is that the automobile driver who depends on luck to bring him through sooner or later gets the steering wheel jammed through his wishbone.

After eight days' imprisonment, Thomas Toshesky was rescued from a Pennsylvania coal mine Saturday. A man with a name like that is liable to become entangled any time he ventures into a mine.

LIFE'S MAXIMUM

By Dr. Frank Crane.

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How can I get the most out of life?

How can I keep from having that sense of dissatisfaction from coming to bed with me of nights?

How can I have, for my visitor at the close of day, that feeling of content, that the gone twenty-four hours were worth while?

Tell me that. Tell me a cure for my disgust of self, for that ash-taste of self-consciousness, for that irritation in reflection, for that perpetual turning to tomorrow in order to drown the bitterness of today, as a fool turns to his cups to forget his life-weariness.

Well, this hint may help: The secret of permanent pleasure lies in cultivating ever higher forms of pleasure.

The savage eats raw flesh, the civilized man wants it cooked, the more civilized man likes it well cooked.

The value of culture is the refinement of wants.

In a dumb, silly way the world perceives this, and tries to show superiority in forms of pleasupre that are unusual, expensive, and exclusive. It dines in tawdry hotels, wears costly jewels, preens itself in fine clothes and wraps itself in rich furs.

This is the twisted, perverted notion of what is a great truth.

All luxury and extravagance soon become coarse and degrading to real souls. The Upper Ten get around to the crassness of life of the Submerged Tenth.

They are victims of the great delusion.

The great delusion is that it is complexity that indicates higher life; whereas it is simplicity, developing into ever greater fineness (refinement).

The roads to more permanent pleasures are these: Religion, philosophy, love, art, craftmanship and nature.

By religion I mean a reverent habit of mind, a sense of wonder and mystery a realization that we live in a world of spiritual meanings. Unless you can attain to this your life must always be mean and hard. Of course, I refer to no religious institution, but to that religious feeling that has always marked great lives.

By philosophy I mean that you must have some sort of program for your life. So long as events to you are but a disordered mess of "happenings" you will be miserable; the football of fate. You must have certain foundation principles, some settled theory of life that will bring order out of chaos.

By love I mean that you must have the power to idealize your crude instincts. Lust sates, sickens, wearies. Love, which is the idealization of passion, is eternal, ever fresh.

By art I mean the expression of the highest powers of the mind in creating beautiful things. When you learn to love a Greek temple more than the gingerbread house of a New York millionaire, a painting by Israels of Millet more than a chromo, the wit of Charles Lamb more than that of Joe Miller, the charm of Michael Angelo's "Moses," more than the huge parlor-clock monuments in some of our parks, a Beethoven quartet more than cabaret music, a story by Hawthorne more than one of the modern sex-soaked or adventure-choked romances, such a play as Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton" more than a cheap and loud melodrama and, in general, all things that have the quietness of power, the self-restraint of genius and the subtlety of intellectual vision, then you have come considerably toward the point where your pleasures are more permanent and have less nauseating dregs.

By craftsmanship I mean that skill that transforms work from drudgery to enchantment.

And by the love of nature I mean that patient study of, and eventual delight in, the marvelous design, perfection and handicraft exhibited by everything that grows, by everything the Creator has made.

The secret of permanent pleasure will be found by anyone who will make it his life business to seek his satisfaction in these six sources.

Thus you may come to that rational delight in your own thoughts, such as Robert Bridges, the new laureate of England expresses:

"My thoughts swim like a ship, that with the weight
Of her rich burden sleeps on the infinite seas
Becalm'd and cannot stir her golden freight."

The World We Live In.

Harry Emerson Fosdick, in the Atlantic.

Men become obsessed by the practical method of the sciences. They regard the abstracted aspect of existence, the physical and psychical facts and laws as the entire world of reality, and even postulate explanations, which fit the isolated material of some special science, as an adequate philosophy of life. But neither is the material of the sciences the whole of reality, nor is science's explanation of that material all of truth. After science has measured and weighed any group of facts, ascertained their quantitative aspects and determined the law of their sequence, we insist on discerning qualitative aspects everywhere. Appreciations, and preferences, woven into the factural warp, make the real texture of our experience. By as much as a living man, lured by ideals, mastered by purposes, pleased by hopes, exalted by love, differs from the manikin in the medical school, with his painted nerves and wooden muscles, by so much does the real world of life differ from the definitions of science. All that produces civilization and art springs from this over-world of value-judgments and worth-estimates. All cathedrals and paintings, all poetry, romance, music and religion are their children. This world of insight and purpose, of value and ideal, is the only world in which man actually lives. The attitude of science, drawing off the sense of worth from life and isolating the remainder, is an artifice convenient, but not comprehensive. No scientist lives up to it when he leaves his laboratory and goes home.

Letters From the People

(Communications sent to The Journal for publication in this department should be written on only one side of the paper, should not exceed 300 words in length and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender. If the writer does not desire to have the name published, he should so state.)

"Discussion is the greatest of all reformers. It rationalizes everything it touches. It robs principles of all false sanctity and throws them back on their reasonableness. If they have no reasonableness it ruthlessly crushes them out of existence and sets up its own conclusions in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

Water Supply From the Clackamas.

Milwaukie, Or., Oct. 4.—To the Editor of The Journal—In view of the interest being taken in the future water supply of Oregon City, I would like to make a few suggestions. First, is the upper Clackamas river available for a water supply in this county and if it is available, is there any reason why Oregon City with its surrounding territory, all of the north side of the Clackamas river and all the west side of the Willamette river in Clackamas county, could not be bonded to build a pipe line? It seems to me that an independent water supply would be much better than depending on the Bull Run system.

The upper Clackamas river water is just as good as that of Bull Run and a pipe line from that source would supply all the intervening country, including Estacada, Sunnyside, Milwaukie, Clackamas station and several other small towns that have to depend on city wells at present. Oswego and Willamette City could be supplied by such a system, and the ultimate cost of such a system would not cost any more than the Bull Run water would in the end, when the rents and water meter rates would have to be paid for by the people receiving it.

F. C. HARLOW.

Better Than Weeds.

Portland, Oct. 4.—To the Editor of The Journal—In a number of Willamette valley towns the hard surface streets have left wide boulevard plots in front of the resident lots and blocks. Some of these plots are 18 feet wide, others six or eight feet. The thrifty householder has in many instances planted the democratic tuber known as the "spud" in these boulevard plots; and in others the cabbage and the kale have flourished and provided man and beast with succulent meals. The planting of these and other useful garden vegetation strikes the visitor as peculiar, but the value of the products seem to be satisfactory. Said a Dallas pioneer when asked as to the garden in front of his humble home: "Spuds grow well and are better'n weeds, and that kale helps out our cow feed, too. We ought to raise roses, but the potatoes fill the pot better."

A. D. C.

A Comprehensive Shot.

Old Sambo's young hopeful, Rastus, was all swelled up about his school work in arithmetic.

His dad said: "Rastus! If seben crows set on de fence, an' I shoot one, how many left?"

Rastus painfully manipulated his fingers, then replied confidently: "Six."

"Wrong," said Sambo. "When I shoot one, dey all left."

ARE WE LOSING OUR SUNDAY?

From the Detroit News Tribune.

Commissioner Gillespie's announced inclination to close the theatres on Sunday is a straw upon the stream, a sign of the times. It touches a problem bigger than theatres, the problem of the Sunday itself. And the problem of the Sunday is knit up with the problem of community decency and efficiency.

But the discussion of it is almost hopeless of results. People can see only what they can see; all the argument in the world will not supply a vision of Sunday as the day of rest and higher refreshment, as a day devoted to man's real business in this world. The law itself has not been sufficient to retain the quiet Sunday of our fathers. If the laws of Detroit and Michigan were enforced we should be a model community on Sundays, but all our saloons, public gambling at "pleasure piers," shrieking sideshows, trashy film shows and the biggest and lesser theatres running full blast. Sunday is the hardest, busiest day of our civic week. As a Japanese remarked of us, we were never less Christian than on our Christian day. We are never more restless than on our day of rest.

Sunday as a day of rest has all but vanished amongst the populace. In great sections of this city Sunday is often a day of drunkenness and fighting, rough sports and murders. The plea that people must have some recreation fails utterly here, for it is not recreation but increased destruction that takes place amongst many of our citizens. If you don't believe it, ask any contractor; he will tell you that he never expects a full force on Monday morning—Sunday has been too "hard" a day. Ask any factory superintendent, and he will tell you they always look for vacancies Monday morning—Sunday has been too "hard" a day. If you don't believe it, look at the street cars Sunday night; look at the police court Monday morning. As a day of rest, Sunday has all but vanished.

The nation used to comfort itself with this state of affairs by saying that we had imported "the continental Sunday"—a wide-open day of pleasure-seeking supposed to reign in Europe. We used to read editorials, and books, and sermons on "the continental Sunday," and practice resignation to its presence here.

But to use that explanation today is to be behind the times. "The continental Sunday" is tired of its Sunday. The workingmen of the continent are trying to kick out a Sunday that is no Sunday for them. Paris is fighting desperately hard to recover the Sunday her long years of folly took from her. Germany is reaching into the old motives for a quiet day in seven—the Sunday. All over Europe the old-time Sunday is being sought as a blessing for man's physical and spiritual nature.

Why is Europe so tired of her wide-open Sunday? Because it was the hardest day of the week. As in Detroit, too many men appeared for work after their "rest," in worse condition than they left their work Saturday noon or night.

But that isn't the only reason. When you make Sunday the day of entertainment, of wild pleasure-seeking, do you know what you do? You rob thousands of their Sunday. The carmen, waiters, bartenders, actors, engineers, ticket sellers, film showmen, makers of sweets and creams, drivers of delivery wagons, storekeepers, who shall classify the thousands whose own rest must be sacrificed to make this day of rest a riotous holiday?

Well, all this happened in Europe. But it was only the prelude to something still more oppressive. Simply destroy the idea of Sunday, any way you like, and you are on the straight road to a seven-day week. That had already come in Europe—and it came down the road of pleasure. At one end of that road were the theatres and the pleasure parks and all gayety, but at the farther end were the foundries and the factories. Labor saw its Sunday going, and now it is reaching out to recover it.

Is that the way we are taking in America? Some of us may live to see the day when American labor will have to strike for its old-fashioned Sunday, which so many now sneer at. Then they will realize the significance of Sabbath bells and the value of the religion that has always stood for one day of rest. Then they will agree with Emerson, who was under no religious obsession, that "the Sunday is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence. It invites to the noblest solitude and the noblest society, to whatever means and aids of spiritual refreshment."

If Sunday is worth keeping, we shall have to keep it by keeping it. If it is to be lost, we shall need only to continue as we are doing.

If there is anyone who ought to "keep the Sunday" in the wholesome, old-fashioned sense, it is the workingman, for on his head will fall the whole brunt of losing it. And we are swinging thoughtlessly down the way of losing it.

It's time to stop, and to think, and to be quiet.

IN EARLIER DAYS

By Fred Lockley.

Jasper V. Crawford lives at Hoppner. "I am 74 years old," said Mr. Crawford. "Sixty-two of my 74 years I have spent in Oregon.

"P. V. Crawford, my father, with my mother and their five children, of whom I was one, started from Madison, Ind., in the early spring of '51 for Oregon. We came down the Ohio river by boat to the Mississippi, thence on the Mississippi to the mouth of the Missouri, and up the Missouri to St. Joe, where we secured teams, wagons and supplies for the trip across the plains.

"I was 12 years old and I remember the trip as one of the brightest spots in my life. We had plenty of grass and killed all of the buffaloes, deer and antelope we needed. We all had good health and I look back with the fondest memories to that half year of my life.

"As a matter of fact, I cannot agree with the pioneers who talk of the hardships of the early days. It is true we had ox teams instead of automobiles but we didn't have to worry about the price of gasoline nor figure what to mortgage to secure a new model. The old prairie schooner, the old sunbonnet and the gingham dress were permanent models in those days. We didn't miss the luxuries of today because we didn't know we needed them or wanted them.

"If we needed a meal the streams were full of fish, the lakes and rivers were covered with wild geese and ducks, and you could get a deer within a few minutes' walk of your cabin. We had more time in those days to be friendly. We knew each other better. Hospitality was universal. Today we are so busy we have no friends. The people of today do not know what hospitality means.

"When we got to North Yamhill in the fall of '51 everybody made us welcome. There were no sets nor cliques. We were all one big family and we were more like kinfolk than newcomers and strangers. We used to boil wheat for mush or take it to Harrison's mill near where Hillsboro now is to have it ground into flour. We didn't know it but we were strictly modern, for nowadays the health faddists have you eat whole wheat bread, only you pay 25 cents for a little dab of it put up in a fancy paper box. If we had hardships we didn't recognize them as such and enjoyed them.

"In the winter of 1851 I attended school near where North Yamhill now is. Among my schoolmates were Levi Rowland, afterwards known as Dr. L. L. Rowland, superintendent of public instruction and also superintendent of the Oregon insane asylum; George Woods, who later became governor of Oregon; John R. McBride, who later served two terms in congress and became chief justice of Utah. His younger brother, George W. McBride, was secretary of state for Oregon and became United States senator from Oregon. The McBride family is one of the most interesting of our pioneer families. Dr. James McBride, whose sons have taken so prominent a part in Oregon's political history, was a minister of the Christian church. He and William L. Adams traveled all over the Willamette valley preaching and organizing churches. In those days the preachers did not preach for money. They preached for the love of it. They were farmers, carpenters, teachers and blacksmiths. Adams was a teacher and started an academy which turned out some of Oregon's most distinguished men.

Dr. James McBride came by his preaching honestly, as his father, Thomas W., or "Grandpa" McBride, as he was always called, was one of the oldest of Oregon's early Christian ministers. He was from Kentucky, but had gone to Missouri in 1816. When he was 76 years old, he bought a mule and rode it across the plains to Oregon.

"We lived, first, at North Yamhill, then father took up 320 acres on the Tualatin, at Scholls Ferry. He sold this and took up his trade as a millwright. We boys, under my mother's direction, ran the farm. When father sold his place on the Tualatin, we moved to Linn county, settling where Halsey now is. From there we moved, in 1854, 13 miles east of Brownsville, where father, in partnership with Mr. Johns, built a sawmill on the Calapooia. Father soon sold his interest in the mill and went to where Shedds is now located and built a grist mill, called the 'Boston Mills,' which is still in operation. In '66 he sold the Boston mills and founded the town of Crawfordsville. I was the first postmaster, and received a salary of $12 a year. I became a minister in the Christian church, and during week days worked at carpentry and house-painting to keep my family in groceries and shoe leather. Among the pioneer Christian ministers that I remember best were Grandpa McBride and his son, Dr. James McBride, A. R. Elder, Glenn O. Burnett, whose son, Elder Peter R. Burnett, now lives at McMinnville; John and Alfred Powell who preached in Linn county; Dr. John N. Perkins, who preached in Linn and Benton counties; Elder John Rigdon, who had preached with Thomas and Alexander Campbell, the founders of the Christian church.

"We didn't conduct the elaborate revivals then they do now-a-days, but we preached Christ, and converted men to live better on this earth, in preparation for the life to come."

NEWS FORECAST FOR THE COMING WEEK

Washington, D. C., Oct. 4.—Foremost in importance among the events of the week will be the dynamiting of the Gamboa dike at Panama. The destruction of this dike will permit Gatun lake to flood Culebra cut, thereby practically connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans and marking the completion of the real work of digging the great canal across the isthmus.

A new turn may be given to the impeachment proceedings against Governor Sulzer when the Albany county grand jury assembles on Monday. It is reported that plans have been made to submit evidence looking to the indictment of the governor by the grand jury.

Former President William H. Taft will visit Boston Thursday to officiate at the laying of the cornerstone of the new home of the Boston City club.

The week will be particularly notable for its large number of important religious gatherings. Foremost on the list the great triennial general convention of the Protestant Episcopal church of the United States, which will be formally opened in New York City on Wednesday. The general conference of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian churches will meet in Buffalo and the general board of missions of the Methodist churches in Canada will hold its annual sessions in Amherst, N. S.

The American Bankers' association will hold its annual convention in Boston, the American Prison association in Indianapolis, the Fire Marshals' association of North America in Philadelphia, and the National Guard association of the United States in Chicago.

Other events of the week will include the New York-Philadelphia series of games for the world's baseball championship, the annual Veiled Prophet festival in St. Louis, the Canadian Land and Apple show in Winnipeg, and the inauguration of George L. Omwake as president of Ursinus College, at Collegeville, Pa.