

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.

There is no short cut, no patent tram road to wisdom. After all the centuries of invention, the soul's wilderness which must still be trodden in solitude, with bleeding feet, with sobbs for help, as it was trodden by the men of old time.

WHAT NEXT?

Did the late Oregon legislature put over a job in the case of the suit of the United States for forfeiture of the Oregon and California land grants?

The department of justice was amazed by the arrival of Attorney General Brown bearing a joint resolution of the Oregon legislature which is practically a request to the supreme court for defeat of the government in the Oregon-California land case.

Investigation since the receipt of the news reveals that as originally introduced, a resolution in the Oregon state Senate put the state on record as against the federal government in the suit. Here is a section which was found buried in the intricacies of the resolution:

Whereas, it is of vital importance to the development of the entire state, and to the several counties in which said granted lands are located, that such lands should not be withdrawn from taxation, but that they should be disposed of for settlement and development under the terms of the original grant.

These words are a practical stand for the railroad company. They could not have been more to the liking of the railroad if written in the office of the company.

To dispose of these lands "under the terms of the original grant," would mean that they were to be disposed of to actual settlers at \$2.50 per acre in lots of not to exceed 160 acres, and be disposed of by the railroad company.

Yet this resolution, it is now discovered was presented in the Senate, that it passed that body, that it was presented to the House at 11 o'clock the last night of the session, that it was there defeated, but was subsequently resurrected and passed with amendments at 3 o'clock Sunday morning.

The amazing fact in the case is that the Oregon Senate should ever have attempted so monstrous a program. That it was not successfully carried through according to program is due to the House, although it is not yet certain that what extends the action finally taken does antagonize the government suit.

a position directly opposed to that of the government in its further prosecution of the suit is evidenced by the resolution as originally introduced. That effort was made to get the House to agree to unwarranted action is shown by the fact that the lower branch rejected the resolution until changes had been made.

Senator I. N. Day was the emissary who went on the floor of the House after Representative Houston had secured defeat of the Senate resolution and set the wheels in motion for a reconsideration. It will be interesting as the days go on to ascertain just what was the effect of the resolution which Senator Day finally engineered through the House at 3 o'clock on that last Sunday morning.

Meanwhile, how can the government win the suit without taking the land from under taxation? What can a decree allowing the lands to remain under taxation be, but a decree against the government?

A GIGANTIC MOVEMENT

NOW there is plan for the Dixie Highway. It is to be a north and south trunk line, extending from the southern coast through Kentucky and Tennessee, by way of Cincinnati to Chicago, where it will connect with the northern, western and eastern road systems.

The issue of road bonds in Multnomah county is more than an episode. It is the symbol of a vast movement. It is an expression of a superior civilization into which we are being rapidly translated by the development of the motor vehicle.

One of the most noteworthy features of the European war is the part the motor trucks are playing in the vast, convulsive drama. The clamorous demand of the armies is for motor trucks. Forests are cut down and laid into roads over which auto trucks may pass.

The armed forces of the world are now demonstrating what the forces of peace will utilize later on. Here, for instance, is a motor driven fence building machine. It weaves and puts up wire fencing at the rate of 250 feet an hour, and can construct a fence from nine inches to five feet in height.

The development of the power machine is one of the big events of the century. They who are looking upon the automobile as a mere pleasure vehicle get but a glimpse of what is beyond. The pleasure phase of the gasoline machine is a mere by-product, a trivial incident in a gigantic scheme of change of traffic, transportation and transit.

The Dixie Highway is an unconscious part of the gradually unfolding movement. The Multnomah county vote on road bonds is a little stone in the edifice. The agitation, more and more marked everywhere, for better roads is an unconscious psychological anticipation of what is to come.

Men's thoughts often anticipate the future without knowing it. A different kind of road to that which our part of the world has been accustomed to, has been ordained, not by us, but by evolution. Invention in the uses of gasoline is driving us ahead in spite of ourselves.

unit action inspired by that unique assembly. Some of the most distinguished members of the conference are signatories to the manifesto of evangelists justifying the action of Germany in the name of others no less prominent are appended to the British reply. Today there are hundreds of members of the student Christian movement in German uniform, some in British or French. Methodist local preachers are in arms against Bible society colporteurs.

This writer says it is little wonder that Dan Crawford is postponing his return to "the long grass" until he can explain to the African natives why the white men are killing one another when they do not intend to eat one another.

Christian nations—but not Christianity—will have a multiplied task in the mission field. The United States is feeling the burden now, for this country has almost sole responsibility for maintaining foreign mission work. The expense is heavy to bear, but that is not the serious difficulty. It is in trying to explain to the heathen the difference between Christian doctrine and Christian practice.

THE DIVER'S PERILS

IT was announced in the news columns the other day that Frank Crilley, expert diver of the United States navy, stood on the sunken submarine F-4 outside Honolulu harbor. He went down 288 feet into the waters of the Pacific and established a new record.

Crilley was under the sea two hours. It took five minutes for him to make the descent; he was on the bottom twelve minutes, and it took an hour and 45 minutes for him to come to the top. His descent to the new depth was made without difficulty, and he wore the customary inflated diver's suit.

Even before Crilley's feat, divers of the American navy held world records. They held them because the United States navy dealt with the deep-sea diving problem thoroughly. Under able supervision naval divers have long been perfecting themselves in compressed-air work under water in tanks, at pressures so great that the actual going down to the sea's bottom is a treat.

The two big dangers in deep-sea diving are the compression of great depths and the decompression coming up. It had to be learned that the diver must be charged like a syphon bottle as he sank. Every 33 feet he must get another atmosphere of oxygen, a duplicate of what we breathe. At 66 feet he needs two extra atmospheres to keep his lungs and blood fed. When Crilley stood on the F-4 he was fed with air under nine atmospheric pressures.

That pressure of about 170 pounds to the square inch was necessary to fortify Crilley's body with inward pressure to withstand the push of the water. Not only above him, but all around and below him, it was squeezing, attempting to crush, to annihilate. The air he breathed got into his system through his lungs, and it was this air that prevented Crilley from being squeezed to death.

Why was Crilley an hour and three-quarters coming to the surface? The air he breathed under water saturated his system with nitrogen, which forms 79 per cent of atmosphere. He assimilated the oxygen without difficulty, but the nitrogen filled his blood and tissues with millions of gas bubbles. It was necessary that these escape gradually. This charged human syphon must not be exposed to a sudden change of outside pressure. And so Crilley was hauled up slowly, very slowly, the nitrogen meanwhile making its gradual exit from his body.

The English diver, Alexander Lambert, who dived 33 times in recovering gold from a wreck 162 feet down, was paralyzed for life because he came up in five minutes after he had been at the bottom three-quarters of an hour. He was so saturated with nitrogen bubbles that he "blew up."

neither is a comfortable bed. Human beings must have human companionship if they remain human and happy. We are all growing old. Some of us may never find refuge in a Home presided over by a matron, but even in a real home there is none who would not wither if set in a corner, there to remain without participation in the joys and disappointments, the successes and failures of each day.

THE ETERNAL PROBLEM.

COURTS of justice have staged many tragedies, but none where the eternal problem of the sexes was more complex than at the trial of Captain Jean Herral, the French cavalry officer who killed his wife.

A court-martial acquitted Captain Herral after hearing his testimony. His wife, loving and true, and in turn beloved and honored, persisted in following him against military orders. She was a gifted Parisian belonging to a distinguished family. One of her brothers was the winner of a Nobel prize for physics; another is a prominent lawyer. Captain Herral is the son of one of the leading magistrates of the French republic.

Who was to blame? Is a wife's love that will permit separation from her husband justifiable? Undoubtedly this unfortunate woman was the victim of a dominating passion, but it was pure. Is a man justified in placing his duties above his wife's claims as his mate? Does love of one's country constitute a higher call to man than the sanctity and honor of his family?

What a contrast between the scene of today and that of April 18, 1906! Then terror was everywhere. Today all is festival. Then flames were raging throughout the city, whose inhabitants were seeking refuge and salvation of property. Destruction was on every hand. The city was practically under martial law.

Today civil law prevails and all is peace. The streets are filled with people in orderly parade on pleasure bent. Where the elements of nature destroyed, the hand of man has restored. Not only has the city been rebuilt, but there has been constructed one of the world's greatest exposition.

In ancient times people regarded earthquakes as visitations of an angry deity and governments tried to insure themselves against the future by repealing stringent laws and taxes. Poseidon, of the trident, god of the sea and water, disputed with other gods the possession of the land. One of his numerous appellations was Enosichthon, the "Earthshaker."

He was worshipped not only by people of the sea coast, but by the inland dwellers, who had suffered from his manifestations. But the day of the angry god has gone by. No longer do we seek to appease the wrath of Poseidon. Instead, we dedicate the altar of brotherhood and with an unconquerable spirit go on to greater achievements, having an unbounded faith in the future.

Baseball is a serious business in the neighborhood of Los Angeles. An enthusiastic fan did not like the decision of an umpire the other day and took a shot at him. The fan only did what a lot of others would like to do some times when the decision is against the home team. It may be necessary in the near future to search every attendant at a ball game for concealed weapons.

GREAT PEACEWAY THROUGH DIXIE

From the New York Times. The conference in Chattanooga, Tenn., attended by the governors of Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Georgia, Ohio and Tennessee, or their specially chosen representatives, has for its object the building of a highway from Chicago to Miami, Fla.

The road is the first necessity of industrial civilization and its latest reliance. This highway, which is to extend from the extreme north of the national domain to the far south, appeals powerfully to the imagination. Its length will exceed a thousand miles, and where else in the whole world could road builders survey a thousand miles so fertile, so rich, and varied in natural resources, so famous for scenic charm and historic associations?

As these children married and had children the group enlarged, and his consciousness enlarged with it. He now fought for and cared for not only his family, but his tribe. He was a champion not only of his own rights, but of the rights of all the Smiths.

Each larger consciousness swallowed up the preceding. At first his own life, then the life of his family, then the life of his tribe, and finally the life of his nation. As a member of a nation he came into the world calling patriotism. The larger the group the more intense and ideal and "noble" was his passion.

As a memorial this project of a national highway running north and south must be first regarded. It has other claims, of course. It has a sound, practical significance apart from its sentimental and patriotic aspect. The self-moving vehicle has enlarged the public comprehension of the value of good roads. People travel now who never traveled under the old conditions. The popular motor car of the hour is cheaper than the horse and carriage of the last generation, and it will carry its owner with railroad speed wherever he wants to go.

David is dead, not the immortal child who lives in the pages of Barrie's "Little White Bird," but this child grown to be a man and a soldier. He died in the field of Flanders, and was killed in action in Flanders. His real name was Georg Llewellyn Davis, and he was the adopted son of the novelist. The parents of the man, as Barrie wrote, that it made him think his mother so good that "She will be able to get him into heaven, however naughty he is, and so his father, a young Christian, who challenged him to jump, and then prayed for victory, which David thought was taking an unfair advantage of the enemy."

He went back to his mother in the morning, but there is no awaking from the sleep that has now overtaken him, and the man must lie forever in Flanders, his spirit roaming the skies with Achilles, while his immortal childhood makes glad the hearts of all who meet it.

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AN APRIL DAY

By Caroline Anne Southey. All day the low-hung clouds have drooped. Their garnered fullness down; All day that soft gray mist hath wrapped Hill, valley, grove and town.

There has not been a sound today To break the calm of Nature; Nor noisier, I might almost say, Of life or living creature; Of waving bough, or warbling bird, Or cattle faintly lowing; I could have half believed I heard The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—The rain's continuous sound; Small drops, but thick and fast they fell, Down straight into the ground. The very earth, the steamy air, Is all with fragrance rife; And all about me, everywhere Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores, Those earth-rejoicing drops! A momentary deluge pours, Then thins, decreases, stops. And ere the dimples on the stream Have circled out of sight, Lo! from the west a parting gleam Breaks forth, of amber light.

But yet behold! Abrupt and loud Comes down the glittering rain; The westward parting cloud, The fringes of her train.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

By Dr. Frank Crane. Copyright, 1915, by Frank Crane. At the beginning men had only the consciousness of self. Their sole recognized duty was to defend self, as is indicated in the saying, "Self-defense is the first law of nature."

Then the man married and began a family. He thus became conscious of a larger unit, a group, consisting of himself, his wife and his offspring. As these children married and had children the group enlarged, and his consciousness enlarged with it.

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THE OREGON COUNTRY

By Fred Lockley, Special Staff Writer of The Journal. E. N. Morgan, of Portland, came to Oregon in 1862. "I was born four miles west of Springfield, Illinois, on August 25, 1837," said Mr. Morgan.

"Fifty-two" was a fatal year to the emigrants of preceding years had dug wells and built the shanty. My brother's wife took sick in the afternoon of the same day. Her husband, my brother, took that night and died about dawn of the following day. My mother, Elizabeth Morgan, took that night and died about dawn of the following day. My mother, Elizabeth Morgan, took that night and died about dawn of the following day.

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