

THE OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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THIEVES OF HIGH AND LOW DEGREE.

WE PRINT ELSEWHERE in this issue an editorial article snatched from the palpating bosom of the Twice-a-Week (not to mention the Hit-or-Miss) Roseburg, Oregon, Plaindealer, of which we are informed in good stout capital letters that W. C. Conner is editor, F. H. Rogers manager and W. D. Strange foreman. The paper likewise has the overpowering honor of being printed in the home town of that distinguished apostle of political purity, the Hon. Binger Hermann, by grace of the voters of the first district one of Oregon's representatives in congress. It furthermore enjoys the profitable distinction and pleasing privilege of standing up for every evil smelling land transaction that has disgraced the district in which it is published and thrown discredit upon the whole state.

The Journal has at no time sought and will not now attempt to disguise its unrelenting opposition to public grafters no matter whence they hail or in what position they may be placed. To the best of its ability it made a campaign last June against the re-election of Binger Hermann. It made plain and specific its reasons. With the information at its command it felt justified in going to such lengths that the friends of Hermann publicly announced, with undisguised delight, that when Binger came to town nothing short of a libel suit would satiate his cravings for vengeance. But the great day came and with it Binger. The Journal minced no words in reiterating its charges, but with an exhibition of prudent self restraint that cannot be too warmly commended he sought no such ready vindication. On the contrary he contented himself with a thin burst of sarcasm, followed by a public speech or two in which he was profligate in his abuse of The Journal but extremely economical in advancing proof of the falsity of the charges which had been so freely made. It so happened that these charges were presented to the public in the midst of a political campaign and therefore were naturally enough open to a suspicion of partisan bias. But there was no other time to present them. Hermann was up before the voters of his district for a vindication. He first got into the office through the shabbiest trick which a man with any pretense to decency had ever played upon a president of the United States. He was too wise to claim that he was seeking a vindication. Rather was it claimed that Roosevelt in reality was the man at issue and that a great Republican vote in June in Oregon would give fresh heart to the Republican movement throughout the country. And Hermann, notwithstanding The Journal's fight, was re-elected under Roosevelt's wing by the biggest majority he had ever received.

With the people of the first district The Journal has had no fight. If, with the facts before them and their eyes wide open, they elected the odoriferous Hermann, it through that act they reflected upon the whole state, and it because of it Hermann's lack of standing at Washington his election practically meant a delegation of three rather than four at the national capital. The Journal could stand it quite as well as they. But whether it could or could not they were the court of last resort and when their verdict was received there was no further appeal.

But we have felt that time would bring its vindication, that it was not possible for a man to have been put out of office under such disgraceful circumstances by the president himself, a man of the same political faith, and with all that that act stood for without ultimately uncovering to a greater or lesser degree some of the accumulated and evil smelling mess that led to that drastic climax.

Those who listened to the unctuous Hermann on the witness stand in this city a few days ago and who subsequently heard his successor in office, Mr. Richards, testify, had no difficulty in discovering two men of very different kidney or in justly rating the vermicular effusiveness of the one and the plain, direct and simple testimony of the other. As a matter of fact until the present case of Puter, et al., was tried, while very much has been vaguely suspected, there has been no general appreciation of the flagrancy and coarseness of the methods employed. But that case, so simple in its evolution, logical throughout as a mathematical demonstration, overwhelming in its wealth of detail yet withal so cohesive, has been a revelation to most people, even those who thought they knew something of such methods. They have discovered, too, that while the case has been rigidly kept within bounds, it inevitably, if suggestively, brought into shadowy view other and bigger figures, presaging larger game and loftier heads than those now caught in the dragnet. They begin, too, to dimly apprehend that the other cases now coming on, while sticking steadfastly to their actual purpose, will edge closer and closer to the same high quarters. They can not fail to understand that once the huge edifice of fraud, chicanery and perjury begins to totter to its fall, once the little fellows who gave modest aid in its building begin to feel the clammy hand of the law securely tightening about their throats and are brought face to face with the realization that it is a case of devil take the hindmost, with the penitentiary for the small fry and safety and luxurious ease for the big fellows, there will be a rush to cover that will astound the watching multitude. In the crash that must come, which now indeed seems inevitable, there cannot fail to be some surprising revelations.

In that supreme moment the Hon. Binger Hermann of the Rogue may contemplate the outcome with assurance and looking unblinkingly into the very eye of fate, defy it to do its worst; the Twice-a-Week Plaindealer (which will be quite often enough) may grow delirious with joy and sing odes of praise for another patron saint advanced to the pinnacle of canonization, but it will need something more than the fluent affidavit of a land shark to make The Journal believe it.

A NICE LITTLE TEXT.

ONE TIME, many years ago, a boy now a gray-haired man, read a long sermon, published in a big book—all sermons. The boy was not very much in love with this book, but this was a stormy winter night, and he had nothing else new to read. And probably the main reason why he read and remembered something of this sermon of that old-school Presbyterian preacher, Bishop Beveridge, was because his attention was attracted to the text. It was a very short and simple text, yet it meant a great deal—everything—"And do good."

gestion, the instruction, the command, of this text: "Do good."

And what an immense amount of good you can do, if you think about it, and try! Every week, every day, every hour. You don't have to be a scholar, a professor, a preacher—just an ordinary working man or woman—grown to adult age, with muscles, some brains, some intelligence, some sense of responsibility—to your wife, to your child, to your neighbor, to your fellow citizen—put this little text in the pocket of your brain—"And do good."

THE TEN-CENT SHOW IN A NEW LIGHT.

IN A CERTAIN WAY there is no more interesting evolution or outcropping than that manifested by the ten-cent vaudeville show. In current literature we have had an evolution along similar lines. The first manifestation of it was the 15-cent magazine. Everybody wondered if it could be kept afloat and in the midst of their wonder one enterprising publisher appeared with a magazine at the still handier price of 10 cents. He was the first of many until now we have weekly magazines at the price of five cents. Popular in tone yet their standards are high compared with the standards of the weekly story-papers of the last generation. They are rapidly raising the popular taste and they are supplying a mass of genuine information not to be despised.

THE WONDERFUL LITTLE BROWN MEN.

ONE REASON why the Japanese go to death so bravely, cheerfully and as it seems inconceivably, in some measure explained in Lafcadio Hearn's last book. He represents the Japanese as not fatalists, as we have been wont to consider them, like the Tartars, nor devoid of nerves, like the Chinese or American Indians. According to Hearn—and nobody knew the Japanese better—their indifference to life comes neither from indifference to life nor from lack of sensibility, but from a zeal, living, and glowing faith, that has not been exhibited the world around since the days of the martyrs, whose blood was the seed of the church.

THE LITTLE JAP.

From the Baltimore American. The Little Jap he pegg away day. Night after night, day after day. He doesn't stop to rest or sleep. But though the roads are rough and steep, and foot-begirt, still day by day The little Jap he pegg away.

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EARLY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

QUITE A FEW PEOPLE are adopting the suggestion of early Christmas shopping. They are moved to do so not only because it helps the clerks, but because they themselves can be better served, get better goods and more nearly what they want than though they waited until the crushing rush of the last few days.

The Charitable Man

NCE upon a time a man owned a head of cattle, which were lean even to starvation, and their bones stuck out of their skins. He owned also a luxuriant pasture, from which his cattle were excluded by a strong high fence. But this owner, whatever might be said of his wife, was a kind-hearted fellow, who occupied himself daily in pulling handfuls of grass from the pasture and shoving them through the fence to the hungry animals outside. Nevertheless, the weaker cattle starved and died. One day a passerby said to him:

FAMOUS OLD SONG.

This is the song, "The Blackbird," played at the execution of Major Andre: Upon a fair morning for soft recreation, I heard a sweet lady, while making My blackbird I'll seek out, wherever he be.

The birds of the forest did all meet together. The turtle was chosen to dwell with the dove. And I resolved in fair or foul weather Once more in the springtime to seek out my love. He's all my heart's treasure, My joy and my pleasure, And justly, my love, my heart follows thee.

PORTLAND'S YELLOW JOURNAL.

From the Twice-a-Week Roseburg Plain Dealer. Imagine, if you can, the sore disappointment, the humiliation, the chagrin of the Portland Journal, which has, ever since the land fraud cases were filed in the United States court at Portland, falsely and maliciously alleged that Hon. Binger Hermann was closely identified in these frauds, and when placed upon the witness stand would, without doubt, be proven an accomplice to these irregularities by his own evidence, but who, on the other hand, in a brief straightforward statement, completely cleared himself of any guilt of fraudulent transactions, or even a suspicion of guilt of any fraud during his administration in the general land office.

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Growth of True Freedom Cannot Be Hastened by Violence

There is no man more hopelessly dead than he who will not listen. The Revolutionists say that the object of their efforts is by violence to destroy the existing order of society, which oppresses the majority in favor of the minority. But to destroy the present system one must first possess the necessary means, there must be a probability that this destruction will bring about the result hoped for. This probability does not exist. The existing governments have long ago recognized this, and the danger which they threaten them, and they have made their preparations accordingly, and they have indeed the strongest motives and means—self-preservation and a well-disciplined army.

Man will only be perfectly free when everybody abstains from committing acts of injustice, not because he is afraid of punishment, but because of his own sense of justice. I know that people will say to this there is no society of this kind, and that therefore fresh acts of this kind are inevitable. It is indeed true that there is no now any society which does not recognize the necessity of force, but in different countries there are different opinions as to when force should be used. The whole evolution of humanity consists in the substitution more and more of force by reason, and the more the force of the nearer that society is to freedom. It is characteristic of man as a reasoning being that he tries to convert his fellow men into thinking as he does by logical arguments, by reasoning. Everybody voluntarily submits to the laws of reason. In every human being there is, after all, a tendency to what is logical. The golden rule is or should be the foundation of all human laws, and is the realization of justice in its highest sense. This is recognized and taught by all religions and toward this goal humanity is always striving. For this reason it is evident that the growth of true freedom cannot be furthered by the introduction and use of forms of violence, as those which the revolutionists employ, in the hope of destroying old injustice by injustice equally to be condemned, but only disseminating among men the conviction that forms of violence are criminal. Let every man say to himself that violence is no more justifiable in those who oppress them, and we shall get nearer to true freedom every day.

Intelligence is by far the mightiest of all powers. It raises the working class to the height of the ruling power. It is necessary that we learn to believe in this power and not weaken our cause by using violence; it is necessary that we realize government injustice cannot be done away with by secret conspiracies or quarrels in parliaments or in newspapers, or far less by revolution or murders, but will only disappear when every one of us has the will and the courage to live his life and to fulfill his duties toward his fellow men and fearlessly and uncompromisingly lives up to his ideas.

Premium on American Coins

VERY few of the coins issued during the last 50 years now command a premium. "There are many people who have a 10 to 100 of these coins, patiently waiting for a rise, but I'm afraid they'll be disappointed." The people who bought up all the trade dollars they could get at 85 cents. There is one man out west who now has 3,000 of these dollars, and is still buying.

"It's a hard thing to make a fictitious value for a coin, and this is clearly shown by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition's issue of Jefferson and McKinley gold dollars. "These were the first gold coins to be issued by the United States citizens, and their issue was limited. The original price was \$3, but the prospects are quite rosy for the exposition to have a large number of the coins left on its hands, as the general public is not at all enthusiastic over paying \$3 for a gold dollar, and the coin collectors pay no attention to them whatever.

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Departed Glory of Hair Jewelry

On the walls are more ghosts. That stone, and weeping willow that Mrs. Deacon Smith used to have in her front room at all entwined female figures and baskets of flowers of all the colors that come in hair, that one can remember hanging on the walls of cold, inhospitable spare bedrooms in one's childhood. The south mourned thus copiously up to very recent times. It was only a few years ago that orders stopped coming in from Dixie for these devices, as they are called in the trade. And residents in the Spanish-American countries still order the funeral things at from \$5 to \$35 apiece.

COLLECTOR OF LITERARY TRIFLES

From the New York Herald. A man who certainly has a grim sense of humor has collected an assortment of the most grotesque and primitive samples of hangman's ropes, skulls or human bones. He is a literary man and his collection is a formidable array of the printed slips which invariably accompany rejected manuscripts. These he has pasted as a sort of wall paper on his study, two sides of which are already covered, while he hopes to have the ceiling obscured by the end of the year. He claims that this is the most complete assortment of the kind ever gathered together, for almost every publishing concern, large or small, is represented by its own particular "We are unable," "The editor regrets," etc. The effect is quite pretty and there is quite a dash of color about it, too. This collector is much better pleased when his contributions are refused than when they are accepted, for obvious reasons.