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RAILROADS AND THE PEOPLE.

ONE of the biggest and liveliest contests this country ever saw is just beginning. The president has helped to bring it on, has in fact precipitated it, and henceforth it will not be suppressed until some radical reforms are effected.

This is the fight of the people against railroad discriminations. But this statement of it must not be construed to mean any vindictive animosity of the people toward the railroads, or any intention to be unjust to them, or any depreciation of their vast services in helping to develop the country.

The change demanded, required, and that is inevitable, is fundamental. It involves the basic idea or principle of a railroad's status, nature, business, duty as between itself as a business concern and its patrons, who are the public, the whole people.

The railroad men act on the principle that a railroad is a purely private concern, that so long as it performs its general business of a common carrier, what else it does, or how, is nobody's business but its owners' and operators' business; that it can charge what rates it pleases, make what combinations or mergers it pleases, keep its books and stock transactions from the public, and in brief act in all respects as any small local corporation carrying on a limited, specific business may do.

This idea must be thrown aside among the things that once were but will do no more. The new or at least the revived conception of a railroad, especially a great trunk line extending through many states, is that it is in all its main essentials a public concern, and accountable in all its acts and operations to the public, whose legal creature it is. It is the public, not the railroad managers, that must if a question arises determine rates and prevent or permit combinations and competitors.

The railroads' interests are great, and are to be duly protected, but the people's interests are far greater, and must not be perpetually or indefinitely sacrificed.

Having thoroughly grasped this basic, fundamental idea, the rest of the people's campaign, or contest through several campaigns, will be one of details, and the best methods of making this principle triumph in practical operation will disclose themselves as the question is studied and the need arises.

The ultimate result may be actual ownership of the railroads by the people, though that is undesirable. It will almost surely come to that unless the railroads yield to reasonable terms of regulation and control, and lie squarely up to those terms. If they persist in fighting against their control by the people, in ways to be determined by those best able to solve the problem, they may win a few campaigns; they may control a few servile congresses; but they will be all the more thoroughly brought under subjection in the end.

Changes are taking place under the sun. Because certain things have long been done is no assurance that they will always continue to be done. The people of this country are going to have more and more to say about the conduct of their affairs, and they are going to be more and more capable of taking care of themselves.

ABOLISH THE FEE SYSTEM.

THE ABSURD INJUSTICE to taxpayers of the fee system is well illustrated in Chicago in the case of the late state's attorney for Cook county, Illinois, Charles S. Deneen, now governor. During the year 1904 Mr. Deneen drew as compensation for his services, in legitimate fees, the sum of \$46,554.52.

Mr. Deneen is credited with being a very capable and worthy officer, as state's attorney, and it is believed he will make a good governor. He is not to blame for taking so much money, for presumably he took only what the law allowed. The people to blame for this extravagance are the members of former legislatures who did not prevent it, and back of them the people who did not sufficiently demand an earlier change.

In Oregon certain state officers are receiving fees amounting, it is estimated, to four or five times reasonable and even liberal salaries for the services they perform. The people are not to blame for this waste of

THE JAPS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

James Dinwiddie's Tokio Letter in New York World.

However, there are two sides to the war-correspondent situation. For 10 years this eastern nation had been preparing for war. With painstaking accuracy it provided for every detail of the campaign except one—the war correspondents.

An officer of high rank in the Japanese staff office said to the writer, during a discussion of the liberties to be granted war correspondents: "You represent entirely diametrically opposing those of our army. You are expected to make public to the world the movements of our troops in full detail. We desire to keep as secret as possible every maneuver." To the suggestion that we did not expect information regarding projected plans, but that we did desire to describe engagements after they were over, he replied: "A war is not finished until the treaty of peace is signed. We do not wish the enemy to have information as to the disposition of troops or the tactics employed in defeating them. The longer we can keep the enemy in ignorance of everything pertaining to our army, the more it is to our advantage. What he can learn through spies is of little importance compared with the definite knowledge he may gain through a single letter from a trained observer."

The military commander was right. The general staff officers in Tokio have been severely criticized for not saying frankly at the start that they did not want correspondents with the army in the field, instead of permitting them to remain in Tokio month after month, at great expense to their papers, under the impression that patience would win them permission to accompany the army.

We were told over and over again that if we would be patient we would be taken to the front when the proper time arrived. Our ideas and those of the authorities differed widely on four points: 1. What constituted being patient. 2. When the proper time had arrived. 3. The way to witness a battle. 4. What constituted news.

The Japanese military idea of what constitutes cable news which may be safely given to the world could be put

LETTERS FROM THE PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

Hongkong rates fifth in the commercial reports of the world.

Cubans are buying cattle in Venezuela at the rate of 160,000 head a year.

Mexico stands at the head of the Spanish-American countries in the matter of letters.

The United States has 139,817 Sunday schools, or more than half the number of the world.

Russia has per capita of \$4, while the United States has \$126.

A man won a smoking contest in Paris by keeping a cigar alight for two hours and 23 minutes.

Nineteen pianos, every one of which was a wedding present, are in the possession of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Nineteen competitors took part in a race in Paris for men with wooden legs. The winner did a mile and a half in 13 minutes.

Outside the polar regions there remains unexplored, it is claimed, about one-fifth of the land surface of the globe. Fifteen years ago the unknown portions were about one-eighth of the earth's total.

Brazilian states make little gardens in the tree-tops and sow them with pineapple and other seeds. The gardens are found of all sizes, some containing a single apricot and others a densely grown bang as large as a man's head.

PORTLAND AS A SWELL TOWN.

N. E. Curtis in Philadelphia Press.

The silk hat and dress suit of civilization has reached the Pacific coast at both Pogliand and Los Angeles and you see them in the windows of the shops on the main street in Seattle, but nobody ever wears top hats on week days.

On Sundays many gentlemen appear in them and at funerals they are quite common at Seattle and Tacoma and other coast towns. The habit has not yet reached Spokane, Helena or Salt Lake City. Sometimes strangers unfamiliar with the customs of the country, appear in public with "stovepipe" hats, but always professing remarks and ridiculing only clergymen and elderly gentlemen can wear them on week days at Seattle or Tacoma.

The example of Portland will soon be felt all along the coast, for that city is recognized as a "swell" town.

Conventional evening dress is now commonly worn at balls and receptions, evening weddings and banquets in Seattle, Tacoma and even in Spokane and Helena; dress suits and tuxedos are advertised as ready-to-wear clothes in all of these places; but it is not customary for public men to dress for ordinary social occasions, and they never think of doing so in their own homes.

In Portland, however, this is quite common. At the Portland hotel dinner served at the fashionable eastern hours, from 7 to 9 o'clock—when most of the ladies appear in light gowns and more than half the gentlemen in tuxedos or evening clothes. The Washington hotel, at Seattle, is beginning to show the same signs of "culture," and scarcely an evening passes without the appearance of several gentlemen, either strangers or townsmen, with low-cut vests, white ties and swallow-tail coats.

There has been a good deal of political and other wrangling in Tillamook for several years, which led the new mayor, Mr. Cohn, in his inaugural address to say: "If at this time ask that during this year of 1905 every member of this council, every citizen of this community, erase from the tablets of memory all hardness, bitterness and anger, and that united we stand for a good, economical administration, for bringing into our city new and healthful enterprises, and for a prosperous and happy ending of the year." That sounds much better than criticizing one's opponents

Fair Showing of Good Order. From the St. Paul Pioneer-Press. With a total attendance at the St. Louis exposition of nearly 19,000,000 persons, the number of arrests for offenses of all sorts was only 1,439 in the whole period of seven months. That is only one to 13,500 of the fair's transient "population." It is doubtful if any great assemblage of people ever left so clean a record.

Small Change

So neat, and yet so far.

A deadlock on payroll stuffing would not be bad.

Will the final question be: Who owns those timber lands?

The very number, 1905, inspires development in Oregon.

Fortunately for the legislators, Salem did not go dry last fall.

Uncle Chauncey says he is an optimist. He can afford to be.

Will the president be de-lighted if Addicks gets into the senate?

If Mrs. Chadwick was insane, what about old banker Beckwith?

That predicted hard winter is taking a long time to get good and ready.

Couldn't Colorado be annexed to Utah—and both kicked out of the union?

Men from dry towns may be excused for having urgent business at Salem.

Any old day, or rather any new day, will do very well for a good resolution.

Russia's "honor" requires some further looking before it can propose peace.

Speaker Mills hopes to adjourn in 30 days. But he has never been there before.

Democrats comprise one ninth of the Oregon legislature—"a very vulgar fraction."

The Journal also made some remarks about Messrs. Booth and J. T. Bridges last spring.

The mayor says, "Fiddlesticks." All right, if he wants 'em, but what will the extras cost?

Now it is ex-Governor Peabody's turn to roar, and he isn't like a man who can't do it.

Tom Platt's grin is translated to mean that instead of being the easy boss he is the boss, easy.

Not made good on his predicted winter quarters all right, but they are sadly out of repair.

Perhaps the reason so few women proposed last year was their doubt of their ability to support a husband.

Abuse and torture of prisoners delights the Oregonian, of course. It is its nature to enjoy that sort of thing.

General Miles having refused to accept two salaries, Republican politicians will be surer than ever that he is crazy.

The New York Times' new building is 31 stories high, and perhaps it will try to get news from Mars or the dominion of St. Peter.

Representative Hermann went back to his seat as if nothing had happened. A little incident like an indictment doesn't faze him.

Now our friend the Roseburg Plaindealer, Booth and Bridges having been removed, will probably have some more compliments for The Journal.

An Alabama man has been sent to jail for 30 days because he kissed a girl after she said: "Please don't!" That judge must be either ignorant or malicious, or else he would know that when a girl says "please don't," a young man has a right to suppose she means "please do."

Oregon Sidelights

Plowing for spring crops up the valley.

Corvallis is still dreaming of mountain water.

Sheridan's population has grown to about 1,600.

Woodburn-Silverton telephone line being put up.

Another irrigation company organized at Echo.

Coyotes destroying many sheep around Bellfountain.

Result of good work on roads is seen around Amity.

For three months Heppner stores will close at 7 p. m.

Dallas sawmill running to full capacity of 500,000 feet a day.

Union county exports a train load of products every other day.

Union is prosperous notwithstanding the loss of the county seat.

The new Roseburg broom factory is being well patronized locally.

Gold nugget found in outskirts of Dallas. Curious—not in a few.

Big stove camp near Bridgeport, Polk county; timber enough for two years' work.

A woman with five small children arrived in Prineville recently and obtained quarters in a shanty, but were without food or sufficient clothing until supplied somewhat by charitable women. Her husband had paid their stage fare from Lakeview, and then disappeared, and she does not expect any further support from him, but says she can earn a living for herself and children by washing. What scoundrels some men be.

Wallows News. John Pace made a business call at this office this week. He has recently received another valuable thoroughbred hog from importers at Spokane. Mr. Pace's efforts in producing thoroughbred hogs is being appreciated here. Purchasers of hogs derived from his stock say they can tell the difference at once in the amount of fat they carry and in their improved appearance over the common run.

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Good Stories From Washington

Washington, Jan. 1.—After the New Year's reception at the White House today one of the younger members of the diplomatic corps called on Secretary Hay to say that he was called to Chicago for a few days. Laughingly he wanted to know of the secretary if he might draw for money, in the event that he should go broke while seeing the stockyards out west.

At the time the two were standing close to a window that was open to let in the delicious afternoon air, which was refreshing, though a trifle warm. The man was just coming out from a bank account. "This weather was as spring-like as it has been for some days."

"Ah, if this weather keeps up," replied Mr. Hay, "blackberries soon will be ripe, and you then can pick your way back home."

Assistant Secretary of State Loomis, today honored by the French president with the Legion of Honor cross, is now in a few days again a newspaper reporter. An assignment at Canton, Ohio, in 1886 brought him in direct contact with President McKinley, and soon after the president's inauguration the reporter was rewarded with the ministryship to Venezuela. His services there were marked by such signal ability that he was soon called to his present post. It has been said that if there should ever arise an occasion for the retirement of Mr. Hay Loomis would succeed him.

He is a solemn-looking, tall, straight and clear-eyed, middle-aged man. Once he spent an evening at the home of former Secretary of the Treasury Charles J. Foster. They had never met. Mr. Foster was in a communitarian lot of political secrets which Mr. Loomis promptly wrote for his paper.

Not long afterward Mr. Loomis was passing through the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, when he ran squarely into the three F's—Foster, Fairbanks and Foraker. Foster promptly invited him to his room. When the door had shut he turned on Loomis and exclaimed: "What the Sam Hill did you mean by letting me print what I supposed was being told you in confidence? Answer me, sir!"

Loomis faltered for a moment and finally started to speak, when Foster interrupted: "It was fine. I wouldn't take \$1,000 for that interview. It went straight home where I wanted it to go. Of course I have had to deny some things you made me say—to the press, mostly. Most concerned—but, my boy, you won't find me denying that story in public print. What'll you drink?"

While the Christmas dinners have been going on in Washington—nearly every family has kept open house—a number of the representatives and senators in town have accumulated good cases of indigestion. Druggists and physicians are busy relieving their ailments. Representative Achenson of Pennsylvania, while suffering, told of a Quaker over in his state who was a great "feeder."

"One day he was dining with a friend and was so intent upon exhibiting practically the doctrine that 'all good things are from God, and it is a poor compliment to the giver to turn away from any of His gifts,' that when he passed his plate for the fifth time the friend said: 'Friend, does not think thee has eaten as much as is meet for thee?'"

"It is good meat, indeed, friend, and I bless God and thee for it. I will try another piece."

"Too much may be had for thee, friend, though thou art welcome."

"If thee only knew how I live at home, friend, thee would not object to my filling up a little when I go abroad."

Mr. Justice White and Mrs. White are to give several entertainments during the season. Their home on Rhode Island, where they have retired, and are furnished. No one loves social life more than this southerner. He is in his prime—the picture of contented life.

Mr. Justice White is from Louisiana. He became famous as a jurist while on the state bench. He was in the senate when President Cleveland named him as associate justice of the supreme court of the United States. While a law student at Louisville he was in love with one of the beauties of the Kentucky valley. They became engaged. But Mr. White was poor, and before the wedding day another suitor appeared, rich in blood, in standing, in wealth. She rejected the student for the man from the banks.

On the day Justice White was sworn in, a pale, careworn face sat in the supreme court chamber. She was in widow's weeds. The furrows of care were about her mouth and eyes. Once upon a time she had been the beauty of the Pewee valley. The tears that fell from her as she looked upon the impressive scene in the supreme court room were in the eyes of a young girl, still in a new dress, filled with joy. She is still in Washington, so it is said. But she does not attend Justice White's receptions.

Representative Hitt had a caller, a young man from Illinois, who had been of some assistance to him in rolling up the majority that was counted out there in November, of which the country has been so long talking.

The young man was strange to the ways of seeking federal jobs. He had read little guns to school but a day, and his associates back home are young men and women who love their singing school and bible lessons.

"Now go over this list," Mr. Hitt said to him, "and see if you can find anything there you will like."

"For an hour the Illinoisan labored. He twisted his tongue around in his mouth and looked deep into the pages of the little book. Presently he got up, and, going over to the congressman, said:

"Why, I want to be a sinecure—the jobs they tell me it is the best, but I don't find none of 'em put down here."

INTEREST IN THE QUAIL BILL. Walter Welmar's Washington Dispatch in Chicago Times-Herald.

"This beats anything I have known during my 29 years and more of service in the United States senate," said Senator Cullom this afternoon as his secretary pushed into his room a bundle of letters that had arrived in the morning mail. Every one of these letters was from some western business man who wants Senator Cullom to make pure congress pass the Cooper-Quail bill or some other railway rate legislation. Many other senators and representatives are having the same experience. The torrent of letters flowing in on this subject has grown to such proportions that some of the people's ser-

England's Postal Savings Banks

J. Henniker Heaton, M. P., in the Arena.

One thousand million pounds, or \$5,000,000,000, is the estimated amount of money to the credit of the thirty poor and the working classes in Europe, which invested fund is backed up by the security of the government of each country. Of this sum no less than \$100,000,000, or \$1,000,000,000, represents the amount invested in the postal savings bank of Great Britain and Ireland, and savings banks with almost equally good security.

There are about a half dozen names associated in English history with the foundation of savings banks. Daniel Defoe is said to have proposed them in 1695, and exactly 100 years afterward, on May 7, 1795, a clergyman in Wandsworth, Buckinghamshire, started the first savings bank in England.

Charles William Sikes, a cashier in the Huddersfield Banking company, was said to be the originator of the idea of a system of savings banks under the control of the government. Fortunately for Mr. Sikes, the scheme found a champion in Mr. George Chetwynd, one of the ablest officials in the monetary office of the general post-office, London, and this gentleman's plan for carrying it out was backed up by the postmaster-general, Lord Stanley of Alderly, and by Mr. Scudamore, one of the most brilliant official heads at St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

The Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone introduced the postal savings bank bill in the house of commons on February 3, 1861.

The postal savings bank bill passed the house of commons in March and the house of lords on the 17th of May following.

Mr. Charles William Sikes afterward received a knighthood, and was the man for his efforts in the promotion of the great and benevolent scheme.

On September 16, 1861, four months exactly after the subject gave an assent to the measure, the postal savings bank set came into operation in Great Britain.

Three hundred postoffice savings banks were opened at as many postoffice money order offices, and the sum of nearly \$1,000 was lodged by 485 poor people on the first day.

Taking the population of Great Britain and Ireland at slightly over 40,000,000, we find that one person in every four and one half has deposits in the postal savings banks.

Of the half a million of depositors in 1865 it was found that 285,000 were females, children under fifteen years of age, and small amounts; that 140,000 were mechanics, artisans, porters, domestic and farm servants, policemen, laborers, boatmen, fishermen and seamen, and that 55,000 were tradesmen, their assistants, farmers and clerks.

THE POSTAL SAVINGS BANK. From the London Standard.

In winter quarters near Mandan, North Dakota.

"We dispatched three hunters to join the same number who we had sent below about seven miles to hunt elk. Like that of yesterday the weather was cold and clear, the thermometer standing at 33 below zero. Foxes and shot-hawners visited us and passed the night at the fort."

SEVERAL HUSBANDS MARRIED. From the Oregon Times.

Somehow the idea of "graft" comes easy to everybody in Portland. The latest and most unexpected manifestation of it was in a meeting of the Taxpayers' association, where the members voted to ask the legislature to increase the cost of marriage licenses in the state to \$5. They figured it out that such an increase would add about \$1,000 to the income of the state. At a young man marries he gives bond to the state for his good behavior; and the old law was right in that at least. We want to encourage our young people to do good as early as possible, and more difficult for them to marry. We believe in placing a premium on marriage, not a tax.

TURN OF THE HEAD. From a Delevan, Ill. Paper.

Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight; give me July again just for tonight; soften the ground where the frost king has lain; O let me chase just one June bug again. I am so weary of staying indoors, weary of walking on frosty, cold floors; weary of gaining through frost covered pines, weary of hearing of frozen matins. Backward, turn backward, O frost king; send us the summer so far, far away. I am so weary of snow drifts and ice, weary of paying the coal trust its price, weary of being so miserably late for the boat on a day like the Fourth of July. Backward, turn backward, O season of snow; I am so tired of no place to go. Turn on the heat of the tropical sun, send me once more till I'm warm to the bone. I am so tired of freezing my nose, weary of chilblains and corns on my toes, weary with trying to sleep with cold feet. Turn on the heat, O please turn on the heat!

Andrew Carnegie found himself on a street car in New York the other day without a cent in his pocket. A fellow passenger offered him the necessary money, which was gratefully accepted. "Are you coming back again?" asked the stranger, who, on receiving the affirmative reply, said: "Then you'd better take another nickel." The multi-millionaire again accepted an offer for the benefit of changing detail plans, and this represents one little item of clear loss to taxpayers due to incompetency on the part of the city engineer for neglecting to provide for something which even the ordinary observer would appear necessary to secure all the advantages of a steel bridge of this size.

Fifth.—Was a competent and trustworthy inspection made, in the interests of the city? This is an important matter, for every one knows that incompetent inspection usually results in much hidden inferior work, which, though it may in some cases be so placed as not to affect the usefulness of the structure, may necessitate repairs in a comparatively short time.

McQUINN & RAE, Civil Engineers.