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WEO. F. CARROLL

A JAPANESE LINE FOR PORTLAND.

IN THE trans-Pacific commerce problem a humble element seems to be knocking at Portland's door, in the form of a Japanese steamship line...

Japanese are willing to come here, if they can do so without stirring the animosity of the great railway systems. Neither of the latter has ever given Portland any fair or decent ocean line...

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THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PROFESSIONS.

POPULAR FAITH in the sincerity of Theodore Roosevelt is strong. His judgment has often been questioned, but the American people believe in his honesty...

But because the people rely upon Roosevelt's sincerity they are jealous of anything in his official acts which smacks of insincerity or favoritism. They demand that all that he does shall ring true...

Roosevelt's policy in the matter of federal appointments in this state has been peculiarly rigorous, but it has been accepted uncomplainingly because the people of Oregon have believed that he has been actuated by the desire to place in office only men of unquestioned integrity...

One gross mistake has been made by President Roosevelt in the exercise of his appointive power, and that was when he named T. Cader Powell for the office of United States marshal for the second district of Alaska...

There is every reason to believe that these facts were unknown to President Roosevelt when he appointed Powell to office. But it is equally certain that the president was afterward placed in the full possession of all the circumstances...

PORTLAND THE CENTER OF ACTIVITY.

OCTOBER left the heaviest real estate transfer record known to Portland, and this without including the deals for Northern Pacific terminal grounds, which were from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000...

Awake? Is Portland awake? The question already has a keen twang of irony. Portland is in line for development that will amaze the coast. Ills that once distracted react with augmented vigor just now...

THE PEOPLE AND THE RAILROADS.

GOVERNMENT REGULATION of railroads has got to come. The people, speaking through a man whom they put into the highest office in the world, says so...

The people don't want to own the railroads, nor operate them. That would be a dangerous thing. But the people are going to regulate and control the railroads, along the lines suggested by the president...

John Sharp Williams of Mississippi is not in our humble judgment a very great man, but he has a tremendously responsive approval among the American people when he says: "Mr. Roosevelt is doing a good and a brave thing in maintaining his uncompromising attitude upon this question..."

There is some flavor of partisan persiflage about this, but Williams being a southerner and a partisan speaks particularly for his section. He says: "The south will benefit more from the proposed legislation than any other part of our common country..."

This, if true, is interesting and important—and not only to the south. What is true there is, with reference to other products and traffic, true of other parts of the country, of the west, of Oregon in particular...

A MAN WHO HAS DONE HIS WORK.

IN POLK COUNTY across the river from Salem there lives a modest farmer who, without himself realizing it, is not only a model citizen of the state but an example and inspiration. He has a family of six boys and three girls...

This man has made his own way in the world. What he has accumulated he has won by hard knocks. There are many other men much better off in the Willamette valley and many more that had a much better start. But from the very beginning he set before himself the task of giving his children the very best educational advantages the country afforded...

It has probably never occurred to this man that he is a model citizen as well as husband and father. He did what he conceived to be his duty nor did he confine himself to helping his own family nor to the limit of his ability he helped others within his reach...

IN THE JUDICIAL SANCTUM.

TWO CASES were heard, argued, considered—and are yet undecided—in the local courts during the week. One case came up in the police court Friday. Five Japanese were before the court accused of "promoting and maintaining a lottery..."

The question at issue is not whether Cader Powell shall continue to draw pay from the United States government, but whether Theodore Roosevelt is sincere in his professed intention of placing only honest men in office...

In a higher court three judges sat for many hours listening to rapid arguments in a will case. A man and his wife lived here many years. They made quite a large fortune. He and she had their home here. They lived here for a third of a century...

sleep and ate therein, invited friends thereto; had a lawn, and a garden, and a stable, and the proper and usual accessories of well-to-do elderly people who want to get all the comfort they can out of the balance of the days allotted to them...

WAR BETWEEN RAILROAD MAGNATES.

OUR SALT LAKE CORRESPONDENT presents a very vivid picture of the transcontinental railroad activity of which the Mormon capital is now so largely the center. With the Western Pacific building toward San Francisco, the San Pedro road apparently once again in the complete control of Senator Clark and offering an outlet for competing lines to Los Angeles...

It is now evident to every observer that there is upon us a great contest between two of the biggest groups of railroad managers that the country boasts. Hill, Gould, Morgan and probably Senator Clark are on one side and Harriman and the Standard Oil crowd are on the other...

JOURNEY OF LEWIS AND CLARK.

On the Columbia, passing Sauvie's island and Kalama, November 5.—Our choice of a camp had been very unfortunate, for on a sand island opposite to us were immense numbers of geese, swan, ducks and other wild fowl...

Gliding the whistle will not raise the steam. It is hard to be in the swim without getting soaked. An empty head is no evidence of a holy heart...

SENTENCE SERMONS.

By Henry F. Cope. Cant is the devil's creed. Tribulations spell triumph. The trickster is always proud of his tact. Warm hearts do not grow in hot-houses...

THE BALL THAT SET THINGS TO ROLLING.

From the Boston Transcript. That little ball given by Mr. James Hyde last winter, the ball that set things in life insurance companies to rolling, seems, as we now look back at the accounts of it, as harmless as a chaffing-dish party in a suburban whist club...

DEWEY'S TRIBUTE TO NELSON.

London Correspondence New York Sun. Admiral Dewey has sent to the Standard the following in reply to an invitation to give an expression of feeling with reference to Admiral Nelson, the one hundredth anniversary of whose victory at Trafalgar was celebrated recently...

It will mean an awakening for the Pacific northwest compared with which the greatest activity heretofore known in all its history will be tame. The Pacific northwest's day has been long delayed, but as no part of the country concerned is so ripe for it the development will be correspondingly great and gratifying.

WRITE THE CONGRESSMEN.

OREGON NEEDS HELP in its fight for a river appropriation. It needs all the help it can get and from every source it can reach. Our lone senator will do everything he can and the delegation sent from here will supplement his work with enthusiasm and intelligence...

THE OPPORTUNITY OF WITTE.

POLITICAL FREEDOM IN RUSSIA will not come without a tremendous struggle, the beginnings of which are on. It has long been in portions of Russia: An infant crying in the night. An infant crying for the light. And with no language but a cry...

THERE IS NO UNBELIEF.

TO be the author of a poem which ever since its birth has been periodically ascribed to three of the greatest literary lights of England is an experience which, while flattering, has its unhappy feature, said Mrs. Lizette York Case of Detroit, Michigan. Mrs. Case, who has achieved a reputation as a writer of short stories, essays and poems, was discussing the varied fortunes of her poem, "There is No Unbelief..."

HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

Awake, My Soul. By Bishop Thomas Ken. [According to the "Anglican Hymnology," which is a semi-official estimate of the popularity of church hymns, Bishop Ken has two titles to his credit amongst the ten greatest songs of worship. His evening composition, "All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night," ranks first of all, and "Awake, My Soul," is given the sixth place. He wrote both these hymns while in his charge at Winchester, the scene of his early education. At his own request, the good bishop was buried under the east window of the chancel at Frome St. Andrew, being interred, just at sunrise, while those gathered about the grave sang, "Awake, My Soul, with the Sun." "Awake, My Soul" with the sun. Thy daily state of duty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise To pay thy morning sacrifice. Awake, lift up thyself, my heart, And with the angels bear thy part. Who all night long unwearied sing High praises to th' eternal King. Glory to thee, who safe hast kept; And hast refresh'd me while I slept; Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of endless life partake. Lord, I my vows to thee renew; Scatter my sins as morning dew; Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with thyself my spirit fill. Direct, control, suggest, this day, All I design, or do, or say; That all my powers, with all my might, In thy sole glory may unite.]

A Sermon for Today

A WORKING CREED.

By Henry F. Cope. It is not this fact that I have chosen to loose the bands of wickedness, to break every yoke; it is not to deal the bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out into thy house?—Isaiah lviii, 6-7.

A WORKING creed is a creed that works. The demand for a practical religion is not a modern discovery. It would be hard for the most sensational denunciations of mere sentimentality to suggest to us stronger language than did those old prophets of Israel. Religion always has been either practice or pretense. It has its deep ideas of feeling, but it never exists in these the deeper the emotion the more definite will be its expression. The danger is not that religion shall become emotional, as that the emotions shall not be so intense and deep striking as to issue in action.

Even the demand for a practical religion may be purely theoretical. It is not always the man who is denouncing a doctrinaire church who is doing most for the down-trodden. The preaching of ethics is often a refuge from their practical, and the writing of books and the delivery of lectures on sociology becomes often an excuse from service of one's neighbors. Most men think that heaven is given us as a warehouse of unrealized ideals; the truth is earth is given us as a workshop for their actualization. The vital crisis in the soul is not in the force of conviction and its sway of heaven's aspiration, compels one to attempt to make real now all the good we hope heaven may hold.

The need in order of a church are outside its walls. The inspiration and direction may be given within, but the work must be done without where the need is greatest. When a man's religion never goes beyond singing and sighing, he is stilling himself with unexpressed emotions. It is not strange that churches die when they are content to discuss definitions of the infinite, while those who are made in his likeness are stunted, dwarfed, and snuffed out by greed and shame. Some Christians know more about the anatomy of an angel than they do about the pathology of the poor. Yet no living being ever saw an angel, while the poor we always have with us. The noblest divinity is simple humanity. The most glorious religious service is simply doing the will of one's neighbor. We believe the all loving God would do if he were one of us.

Church work may be as far from Christ's work as the east from the west. It is easy to mistake fuss and feathers for faith. The matter never settled over congregations, or choirs, or canonicals. He left those things to the people who opposed him and brought him to death. He simply did the good he could, he was counting the cost to himself; he simply spoke the truth he knew, never calculating the consequences. The working creed wastes no energy on definitions while men are doing it walks in the Teacher's way; it does his work. The need of religion is not some comprehensive scheme of saving the world by machinery; it is not some automatic social propaganda which will wipe out the slum, clean up crime and make this world a highly desirable place of residence for the respectable people. The preparation of an ever-not-failing way for the unfortunate who lack the heart or the energy to engage in definite work. Neither does it need alone a mighty wave of indignation against modern pharmacy and hypochondria, nor feeding over our own faults, nor feeding the hungry with the tears of our sympathy, copiously, generously poured out in the comfort of our reading chairs. The need is order, practical religion is the easiest of all. It is to do the good that lies nearest you; neither to lecture on it, nor to weep over it, nor even to pray over it until you have done it. The need is order, practical religion, love and life and joy. There is no unbelief.

That night I slept fruitfully. The young zealot's words haunted and worried me. In hot refutation of his arrogant summary of a belief that did not coincide with his, the verses were born. That is the only way I can explain their being.

THE BALL THAT SET THINGS TO ROLLING.

From the Boston Transcript. That little ball given by Mr. James Hyde last winter, the ball that set things in life insurance companies to rolling, seems, as we now look back at the accounts of it, as harmless as a chaffing-dish party in a suburban whist club, compared with the revelations that Lawyer-Hughes, the inquisitor of his day, has brought out. Accusations of public perjury, forgery and violations of the penal code are in the air now, and these are such grave offenses against common, every-day codes of honor and honest business that all the interest one takes in the work of the investigating committee centers about them. From them one turns to that ball last winter with a sense of relief, finding it something really pleasant to contemplate by way of contrast.

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London Correspondence New York Sun. Admiral Dewey has sent to the Standard the following in reply to an invitation to give an expression of feeling with reference to Admiral Nelson, the one hundredth anniversary of whose victory at Trafalgar was celebrated recently: "I am gratified for the opportunity of saying that I always think of Nelson as that matchless sailor whose genius saved and glorified England, whose career is an example to the sailors of the world and whose tenderness of heart endears him to all mankind. A hundred years have only made his glory the greater."

THERE IS NO UNBELIEF.

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod And waits to see it push away the clod, Trusts he in God. There is no unbelief. Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky, Be patient, heart, light breaketh by and by, Trusts the Most High. There is no unbelief. Whoever sees 'neath winter's fields of snow The silent harvests of the future grow, God's power must know. There is no unbelief. Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep, Content to lock each sense in sleep, Knows God will keep. There is no unbelief. Whoever says tomorrow, the unknown, The future, trusts that power alone, None dare disown. There is no unbelief. The heart that looks on where 'dear eyes'ide close And dares to live, when life has only woe, God's comfort knows. There is no unbelief. For thus by day and night unconsciously The heart lives by the faith the lips deny, God knoweth why. Fighting Shows Nationality. From the Indianapolis Journal. "By the way they fight I can tell men's nationality," said a policeman. "An Englishman when he is going to fight throws his hat and coat in a blustering way on the ground. A Scot pulls his hat down tight on his head and buttons his coat carefully. The canny Scot is not going to endanger any of his property. An Irishman appeals to the crowd to hold his coat. The Celtic nature desires sympathy and tries to build it up. A German—methodical, precise—folds his coat in a neat bundle and lays his hat on top of it to hold it down. An American is so anxious to pitch in and have the thing over that he starts fighting without giving a thought to hat or coat."

THE SUPPLY OF PLATINUM.

From the Wall Street Journal. A report of the United States geological survey just made public states that the world's supply of platinum in 1904 consisted of 300 kilograms from South America and 4,000 kilograms from Russia. The disturbances in Russia brought about a 10 per cent increase in price during the year. An effort is now being made to increase the output of platinum in the United States, where it can probably be obtained as one of the by-products of the hydraulic gold mining of the west.