

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon.

Subscription Terms by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico. DAILY. One year, \$5.00 (One month, \$1.00). SUNDAY. One year, \$2.00 (One month, \$0.35). DAILY AND SUNDAY. One year, \$7.00 (One month, \$1.00).

There are two sciences which every man ought to learn—first, the science of speech; and second, the more difficult one of silence.—Socrates.

FOURTH STREET FRANCHISE.

IF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC is to continue to use Fourth street, it should pay for the privilege, just as any other corporation pays for a similar user. The proposition does not admit of discussion or dispute. The pretense that the company holds a perpetual and indefeasible right to the occupancy of the street is unreasonable, untenable and contrary to the spirit and the letter of our laws.

THE SLABWOOD QUESTION.

THE MAYOR'S suggestion that the city should prohibit the dumping of slabwood in canyons and on low ground is a good one, irrespective of any effect it may have on the slabwood monopoly. Ordinarily, and within certain limitations, a man or company may do what he pleases with his own property, but there are many exceptions to this rule. In the first place, the slabwood is not a proper substance with which to fill depressed grounds, for obvious reasons; and in the next place it is against public policy to allow fuel thus to be wasted in order to diminish the supply so that the price of the rest shall be enhanced.

NEED OF JUST JUDGES.

WHEN the people are manifestly and outrageously betrayed by judges they have elected, especially those of higher courts, it is time for them to think seriously of something more important and necessary than party support or general campaign issues. Fortunately, and gratifyingly, cases of rank judicial treason to the people, and trampling upon right and justice, are rare. The American people have boasted, not without reason, that however much crookedness and corruption might be found in congress, legislatures, councils, and executive departments of national state and municipal governments, the courts, however mistaken at times, were honest, incorruptible and beyond suspicion.

THE PLAY

By Johnston McCulley. Last night at the Helbig, when the Stewart opera company presented "Dorothy," a gentleman named Bowman Ralston stopped in the lobby and informed the audience that he had a wonderful voice. Ralston didn't have much of a show to make good in "The Two Roses," but he made good last night at the Helbig. He repeated "Contentment I Give You" revealed his rich, deep basso.

LETTERS

On the Steel Bridge. St. Johns, Sept. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—I want to say just a word about the steel bridge question. It seems so serious a matter that something should be done to protect the public from danger from those terrible iron beams. We who ride on the St. Johns cars all the time know the danger and are therefore safe, but strangers who do not know the facts from the windows get a better view of the ships as they pass over the bridge.

UNSUCCESSFUL SUCCESS.

A Kansas woman, Mrs. A. J. Stanley, of Lincoln, has been awarded a prize of \$250 by a Boston firm for the best answer to the question, "What constitutes success?" She wrote: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved path, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."

HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN.

From the Eugene Register. In that day, when the book of judgment is made up and the case of each Oregonian passes before the Great Arbitrator, the deeds of Oregon politicians will be weighed and taken into account without consideration of the lesser judgments passed upon them by the Oregonian. Likewise, shall Editor Scott face destiny and also be held to account in that day that he will have called to mind a few of the scriptural quotations he learned and relearned in youth, but cast aside in later years to be supplanted by spite, venom, spleen and rancor. "Those appearing most vivid to his recollection will be 'Judge not that ye be not judged' and 'He that is without sin let him cast the first stone.'"

A Little Out of the Common

THINGS PRINTED TO READ WHILE YOU WAIT.

The Famished.

Mine was a nature that needed an appetite. The flowers need it. Could have wrought good things had there been but one. To smile and to bid me try. But they kept their words—they were busy all. With their own affairs—until my blood seemed touched with a tint of gall. And my heart with an icy chill. I died one night, and they came, next day. The ones who had seemed so cold. And wept as they weathed my lifeless clay. And my many ways extolled. And I thought, as I lay on my silent bier. "They are fools to waste on me the words that a dead man can not hear. And the wreaths he can not see!" —Nixon Waterman.

Never Saw a Cow.

She was an agent for one of those admirable societies that give each woman a small child—a week or two in the country. "Before societies such as ours sprang up in the big cities," she said, "alum children were pathetically ignorant of country life. It is a fact, proved by an actual census, that 75 per cent of 8-year-olds had never seen a robin; 22 per cent had never seen a cow; 74 per cent had never seen a growing corn, or a potato; 75 per cent did not know how strawberries or beans grew."

Foreign Brevities.

Switzerland has already 296 stations for obtaining electric power from falls and streams. An English syndicate is to erect a modern five-story earthquake-proof hotel in Manila, to cost \$300,000. A single bank in Naples receives \$100,000 a year sent out of the United States by temporary Italian residents.

In a Word.

The world uses a million matches a minute. Postal cards were first used in Austria. Earth creatures have not half the strength of fish. George R. Sims, the London Journalist, makes \$100,000 a year. He is a mediocre writer.

Perfectly Easy.

"What is the peek-a-boo waist, anyhow?" asks the editor of the Portsmouth, Ohio, Star. "The peek-a-boo, you angelo innocent. It is a garment a considerable portion of which isn't"—San Antonio Express.

The Real Cause.

An enterprising reporter sends particulars of a matrimonial dispute between King Alfonso and his bride. It appears that their majesties were on their way to Drummond castle when an awful sound smote the air. "It's a walling banasher!" cried King Alfonso.

Not Complimentary.

A stock dealer, buying horses in Colorado, had been directed to the ranch of Old Bill Sands. Wishing to learn something of Old Bill's business methods, before entering into negotiations, he made some inquiries at a nearby ranch. "What sort of a business man is Bill Sands?" he asked.

Up to Date.

One day a colleague asked Uncle Joe Cannon what, in his opinion, was the main difference between the days of his youth and the present time. "Well," answered Uncle Joe, reflectively, "when I was a youngster, a young man was satisfied to paddle his own canoe, but nowadays every one that he has call to steer the ship of state."

Mayor Who Does Things.

From the Los Angeles Record. Dr. Harry Lane is a physician. He is also mayor of Portland, Oregon, but finds time to take care of his practice in making and in the same time conducting the affairs of the city vigorously and conscientiously. Since coming into office Dr. Lane has made his presence in politics felt more widely than any other mayor in the position at the hands of the people on the theory that he was expected to conduct the affairs of the city to the best of his ability and in such a manner as to be of the greatest benefit to the greatest number. The professional politicians did not entirely agree with him in this. But the people did.

A Little Nonsense

Hard on the Faculty.

From the London Tribuna. In the rural districts in Ireland the people place implicit faith in a doctor's prescription. In a village in County Limerick a sorrowful young man went along to the local undertaker's to order coffin for his father, who had died until morning, and he knew what he gave him. "No, he's not dead yet," replied the mourning relative, "but he'll die tonight for he does say he can't live until morning, and he's now what he gave him."

The Auto in the Bible.

Some one has found a hint, as some one always does when there is a new invention or discovery, of the automobile in the Bible. It is in the vision of Nahum, concerning Nineveh. In the account given by this seer of the military muster and array of the Medes and Babylonians against Nineveh, is this remarkable verse: "The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall advance against one another in the broad ways, they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

Improbable.

Parisians are telling a somewhat improbable story of John D. Rockefeller. One day he was asked by a Jeweler, who recognized him, brought out the best pearls he possessed and Mr. Rockefeller, after looking at them pearl by pearl, inquired the price. With some hesitation the Jeweler asked the price of each pearl, and Mr. Rockefeller said that they were exceptionally fine pearls. "I know," said the millionaire, "give me four yards of them."

The Real Cause.

An enterprising reporter sends particulars of a matrimonial dispute between King Alfonso and his bride. It appears that their majesties were on their way to Drummond castle when an awful sound smote the air. "It's a walling banasher!" cried King Alfonso.

Railroad Policy in Oregon

FROM THE PENDLETON EAST OREGONIAN.

The Journal of September 9 reviews in thrilling and unparading manner the policy of Harriman and his railroads in Oregon. The history of the O. R. & N. is reviewed from the beginning and the failure of the road to build branches and extensions into new districts which need roads is bitterly condemned. "The us places the blame where it belongs. One stroke of a pencil in Harriman's New York office makes the railroad policy of Oregon. The local officials must obey the master of the system or step down and out. [The East Oregonian, which is so rarely wrong that an editorial misprint attracts general attention, has misread the New York office where the finances of the Harriman system are directed is where the injustice to Oregon has been hatched and propagated. Had the officials of the system in Oregon been empowered to do so, they would have built branches and extensions of the system long ago, for they have been over the ground and know the needs of the country and the need of better facilities. But Oregon to Harriman is one little room in the vast playhouse of his activities. His attention is riveted upon larger

Letters

On the Steel Bridge. St. Johns, Sept. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—I want to say just a word about the steel bridge question. It seems so serious a matter that something should be done to protect the public from danger from those terrible iron beams. We who ride on the St. Johns cars all the time know the danger and are therefore safe, but strangers who do not know the facts from the windows get a better view of the ships as they pass over the bridge.

Unsuccessful Success.

A Kansas woman, Mrs. A. J. Stanley, of Lincoln, has been awarded a prize of \$250 by a Boston firm for the best answer to the question, "What constitutes success?" She wrote: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved path, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."

He That Is Without Sin.

From the Eugene Register. In that day, when the book of judgment is made up and the case of each Oregonian passes before the Great Arbitrator, the deeds of Oregon politicians will be weighed and taken into account without consideration of the lesser judgments passed upon them by the Oregonian. Likewise, shall Editor Scott face destiny and also be held to account in that day that he will have called to mind a few of the scriptural quotations he learned and relearned in youth, but cast aside in later years to be supplanted by spite, venom, spleen and rancor. "Those appearing most vivid to his recollection will be 'Judge not that ye be not judged' and 'He that is without sin let him cast the first stone.'"

Early Preparations.

From the Detroit Free Press. "I'm awfully busy getting ready to go away," declared Grace, over the phone. "What are you doing this morning?" asked her chum. "I'm addressing souvenirs post cards," she said. "So they'll be all ready to mail at the different cities I'm going to visit."

BIRDSEYE VIEWS

TIMELY TOPICS

SMALL CHANGE.

Even the Cubans yield deference to a big man. The peashooter season is on its last legs—of arms. Lots of second-crop strawberries now. No place like Oregon. You can help develop Oregon by buying only Oregon-made goods. How would Hens do for attorney general of the United States? "He-haw," says the Albany Democrat. But the editor's name isn't Madd.

OREGON SIDELIGHTS.

Stenographers are needed in Klamath Falls. Bricklayers are paid \$7 a day at Klamath Falls. The Klamath Republican is now printed all at home—eight pages. A number of people have bought tracts of land near Mosier recently. The demand for residence buildings in Heppner greatly exceeds the supply. Some tomatoes raised near Hood River weighed 1 1/2 pounds and measured 18 inches around. The Heppner postoffice business for August was about 50 per cent more than in August, 1905. Had Hill correspondence of Oakland Ore. The wedding bells are still ringing and the sons-in-law are coming in thick and fast. It has been only about six months since the wedding bells were still ringing and the sons-in-law are coming in thick and fast. The sagebrush and oaks are doomed to give way to the bay and grain, says the Vale Oriano. A few years more and we will not see large fields of sagebrush on a valuable land. Two Indian hoppers at a Folk county hopyard claim to be over 100 years of age—one 105 and the other 112. But an Indian generally doesn't know his age and wouldn't tell the truth about it if he did. There is a big crop of cranberries this year, double that of the last year, says the Tillamook Herald, but it is reported that pickers are scarce, who prefer going to the hopfields, where they earn much less money picking hops than picking cranberries at home. Grants Pass Courier: Every little while we hear strong young men remark that the show for young men is very poor. Never was there a better show for young men than at the present time in this vicinity. Here is good, cheap land that can be converted into good homes that will raise anything. A Hell's threshing crew was out 32 days and during that time cut and threshed 1,900 acres of grain, which yielded 25,000 sacks. This makes an average yield of about 32 bushels to the acre, taking the fields over, giving the separator nearly 1,900 bushels of straw, and the headers better than 50 acres to the machine per day for cutting.

Keep Your Eyes to the Front

BY JOHN ANDERSON JAYNE.

Have you ever watched a squad of soldiers engaged in play while off duty? Having lots of fun, aren't they? Enjoying themselves and finding rest from their work in recreation! Looks fine, doesn't it? But now comes the command, "Company, attention! Fall in!" Then everybody jumps to his place. Presently the line is formed; then the command, "Eyes to the front!" And "eyes to the front" it is for every one in the line. No looking this way, that way or the other way to see if his comrades is in line. Every man has his eyes on the drill officer, watching him, waiting his command, forgetful of what he has been doing, giving strict heed to the work in hand. Remember for any command, that's what makes a good soldier. Think about that command, "Eyes to the front," a little while. You've been drilling in the army of life for 20, 30, 40, 50, yes, perhaps 70 years. You've had your hard battles to fight. Many a time you've gone down in defeat. Many a time you've lost hope and courage, and everything had a dark-blue look, and fatal disappointment had been your portion. Especially hard was that last battle. And you went down and out. What are you going to do about it? Brood, brood, brood. Remember, remember! Dear boy, if you continually brood, think and remember concerning your failure, you never will retrieve your shattered fortunes. Think of your failures. A new command is coming. Though your eyes may be full of tears and your heart full of regrets, when the command comes, "fall in!" then "fall in." Eyes to the front! "Eyes to the front!" and keep your eyes to the front! Tears are useless now, regrets are worthless now. Screw up your courage to the sticking point and "keep eyes to the front!" Nothing is gained through backward

Oaks of Many Centuries.

From the Independent. Many of the most interesting British relics of ancient days are the oaks, the annals of which take us back to Saxon times. Some that are still living were centuries old in the days of Harold and his Norman conqueror, and may have been growing and gazed upon by Roman Caesar. Herons oak, which the writer saw in Windsor park before its fall in 1853; the Newland oak, mentioned in Domesday Book, and the still more gigantic oak at Louthorpe, with a circumference of 55 feet. Then there is the Major oak, in Sherwood forest, said to be 1,500 years old, under whose broad canopy Robin Hood and his merry band held their revels, and the Wintering oak, which the writer saw in the forest of Dean, near Exeter, which was believed to be equally ancient.

Letter Delivered in Theatre.

Fritzi Schett tells in the Sunday magazine of a very peculiar thing that happened at the Knickerbocker theatre, New York, when a messenger walked down the aisle and delivered a special delivery letter to a man occupying one of the chairs. The man, as much surprised as the audience, signed the receipt and settled back to read his communication, watched by the entire lower floor of the auditorium, which, in its aroused curiosity, had no eyes for the man. The postman had a hard time convincing the theatre attaches that he was entitled to enter without paying his price of admission; but his threats to call an officer to his aid proved the open-sesame. And now, with "eyes to the front" and swinging step, go forward.

Miss Ethel a Collector.

Miss Ethel Roosevelt has finished her sixteenth book of post cards and she is about to begin on a collection which has been begun by her mother, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, who sent souvenirs almost daily while she was on the other side. The president's second daughter is quite a collector of odd trifles, but her love for the illustrated post card is from foreign lands amounts to enthusiasm. Hundreds and hundreds come to Mrs. Roosevelt from friends abroad and even from the consuls and diplomatic officers. From these treasures the little friends of the successful must get out and paddle their own canoes. Portland doesn't propose to pension a man for personal acquaintance among officeholders. Bully for Dr. Lane! It will be a great day when Los Angeles has a mayor like him.

Unsuccessful Success.

A Kansas woman, Mrs. A. J. Stanley, of Lincoln, has been awarded a prize of \$250 by a Boston firm for the best answer to the question, "What constitutes success?" She wrote: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved path, a perfect poem or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction."

He That Is Without Sin.

From the Eugene Register. In that day, when the book of judgment is made up and the case of each Oregonian passes before the Great Arbitrator, the deeds of Oregon politicians will be weighed and taken into account without consideration of the lesser judgments passed upon them by the Oregonian. Likewise, shall Editor Scott face destiny and also be held to account in that day that he will have called to mind a few of the scriptural quotations he learned and relearned in youth, but cast aside in later years to be supplanted by spite, venom, spleen and rancor. "Those appearing most vivid to his recollection will be 'Judge not that ye be not judged' and 'He that is without sin let him cast the first stone.'"

Early Preparations.

From the Detroit Free Press. "I'm awfully busy getting ready to go away," declared Grace, over the phone. "What are you doing this morning?" asked her chum. "I'm addressing souvenirs post cards," she said. "So they'll be all ready to mail at the different cities I'm going to visit."