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FLYING INTO DANGER
A CHARGE of manslaughter is to be lodged, it is said, against the captain of the ill-fated steamer Dix...

THE CAR SHORTAGE
THE CUPIDITY of railroad companies, and the soullessness of corporations in general, is illustrated by some of the phases of the car shortage.

STATE SANATORIA FOR CONSUMPTIVES
SHOULD NOT Oregon provide refuge for her white plague sufferers?

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S OPTIMISM
WE ARE PLEASED again at our friend Emperor William of Germany, who seems to be improving with every public utterance he makes...

WATER SYSTEM REFORM.
THAT THE present system of paying for new water mains should and must be changed seems to be agreed on by nearly all varieties of citizens.

A Commendable Thing
From the Marshfield Times. The Journal is taking a broad liberal stand on Oregon's future by inviting the state for advertising which it proposes to publish free of charge.

would seem to need no argument in its favor. Finally, require consumers, beyond a 50-cents-a-month charge as a minimum base for all, to pay for water in proportion to the amount consumed...

Idaho is shipping potatoes to California, while Oregon cannot get cars to ship potatoes. California is shipping its immense orange crop with ease, and using all the cars necessary to do it, while Oregon cannot get cars to ship its hops.

The deadly railroad and steamship collisions are characteristic of the hour and of the time. Hurry, hurry, hurry, is the order that rings constantly in the ears of the steamboat captain, the streetcar operative and the railroad trainmen.

There is tremendous force in the appeal for a state-owned sanatorium, even though viewed only from the standpoint of humanitarianism. When there is added the fact that medical science today believes that proper sanitation and proper precaution against infection would quickly rid the world of the dread disease, there at once appears reason for Oregon people and their legislators to consider whether or not Oregon should provide asylum and care for her white-plague sufferers.

"I am an out-and-out optimist," he tells a German author-friend, "and will be till I die. I am a very busy man, and believe in myself; am determined to progress, and wish others understood better what I am at. People are better than most men think they are; we should not be suspicious but trustful of others, even if we are fooled sometimes; one makes himself bad by thinking everybody else is bad. One goes on farther and easier if not pessimistic. I love to travel, especially about my own country, and always find much that is new, interesting and inspiring. A ruler, especially, should familiarize himself with all parts of his country. People don't understand me very well, but I am working for the good of my country and its people, whose future will be brighter and better."

Aunt Hetty Green is very hostile to the trusts, and predicts that they will be the cause of a revolution, but she is careful not to spend any of her many millions in trust-busting enterprises. She might worry them a good deal more than Ida Tarbell can, if she would, but Aunt Hetty isn't risking any precious money.

Uncle Sam to Use Automobiles

The automobile is about to be introduced in the postal service. For many years congress has been appropriating millions of dollars a year for "horse hire." Now "horse hire," according to the experts in the postoffice department, has meant any old thing except motor vehicles that could be used in moving the mails from place to place in the large cities. Business men generally have been using the automobile for years, and with profit to themselves. The postal service has continued to handle its mail in the big cities in ponderous wagons in some instances and with old rambunctious in others.

We should constantly study economy of time. New methods may look more expensive at first, but we should try them just the same. It is the business of the postal service to deliver a letter as rapidly as possible. As far as we can, the business of the department should be conducted on a modern business basis. A few years ago an American was visiting in London. Running short of shirts, he called at the store of a well-known firm to leave his order. He asked for garments open back and front. The English clerk was aghast. "We never make them that way, sir," he said, with a formal bow. "That's the way I want them," said the American. "It can't be done," said the clerk. "Because we've never done it, sir, and can't begin at this late day. We've been in business 40 years."

THE TRUE THANKSGIVING

IT IS AN old and well-grounded principle that the truest and most desirable happiness ensues from unselfish efforts to make others happy or comfortable. The old philosophers taught this; so did Jesus; so did Shakespeare. The unconsciously wisest of people act on this principle spontaneously. Others need to learn and practice the lesson.

The truest and highest form of thanksgiving is to help others, especially those in distressing or uncomfortable circumstances, to have cause for thankfulness. Those who feast knowing that unfortunate and worthy people close by are scarcely able to satisfy hunger are thankful and happy only after a brute fashion. There is no true thankfulness in the loud laugh in the presence or vicinity of faces that cannot smile but that could easily be made to smile.

Most well-to-do or comfortably-off people are really kindly disposed, are not niggardly or "heartless"; under a thin crust there bubbles a warm fountain of "love for their fellowmen"; but too many of them are careless, thoughtless. They are apt to say or to act on the sub-conscious thought: "What I could do to relieve the vast sum of human misery would amount to nothing; would be but a drop where an ocean is required; so what's the use? I and mine will eat, drink and be merry; for tomorrow we all die, and are forgotten."

Next Thursday is the annual day for giving thanks, for feeling thankful, for remembering how well off we are or how much worse off we might be; for thinking and looking upon and appreciating and especially enjoying the products of the fruitful earth, the bounties of the land, the blessings of heaven. But let us think in advance of those who enjoy but meagerly the gifts or treasures of earth and providence, who have but comparatively little to be thankful for; and see to it that none of them are neglected.

Having helped others less fortunate—and few there be who can not find some such—to feel thankful, as means and opportunity allow, you may truly enjoy your Thanksgiving celebration; mingled with coarser music will softly sound a divine melody, and your life will be lighted by the sunshine of the soul.

Jewelled Grotto in New York. The Museum of Natural History in New York has recently obtained possession of a part of the most remarkable curiosity ever seen in the world. It is (or was) a gigantic "grotto" lined with beautiful crystals or amethysts, and inasmuch as it measured 38 feet in length by 16 feet in width and 10 feet in height, it might be suitably described as a grotto.

It was characteristic of John P. Irish, always a zealous spokesman for plutocratic combines, corporations and trusts, to oppose Mr. Bryan's anti-trust resolution in the Trans-Mississippi congress. But the congress properly sat down on Irish.

Up in Carlsbad, N. M., people are burning bacon for fuel. And perhaps swallowing the smoke for food. But the railroads must economize, if the people freeze and starve to death.

The steel trust and some railroads have at last done an act of partial justice to employees by raising wages. Better late than never, and better half a loaf than no bread.

If several things had not happened, Peary might have reached the pole, or gone farther north than he did. But something to prevent always happens up north.

Senator Elkins' defense of the south is calculated to give people a rather worse idea of it than they would have otherwise entertained.

The grange goes on record in favor of tariff revision. D'ye hear, ye standpatters? The farmers are getting onto you.

Mr. Harriman, Oregon people are losing tens of thousands of dollars a day through you.

Caruso secured a lot of advertising cheaply, unless his attorney's fee was very large.

"Ask, and it shall be given," doesn't apply to railroads and freight cars.

A Commendable Thing. From the Marshfield Times. The Journal is taking a broad liberal stand on Oregon's future by inviting the state for advertising which it proposes to publish free of charge. This is a very commendable thing for a paper in Oregon's metropolis to do.

A Sermon for Today

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING.

But rather give alms of such things as ye have.—Luke XII:1.

It is good to show your giving of thanks by the giving of things. He has no real gratitude who, receiving the property that passes days have brought, feels no impulse to share that property with those whose needs are greater than their resources. There are too many who think to propitiate the Deity by a perfunctory acknowledgment of indebtedness while forgetting that if any man has a debt to heaven he is bound to repay it to his fellows.

But good and necessary as this spirit of true and sacrificial charity is, something deeper and better is needed. Your prosperity cannot be measured in things alone; neither can gratitude find full expression in gifts of food, clothing or money. You are most grateful, as the year is reviewed, for increase of strength, of sympathy, of heart wealth; and your gratitude can satisfy itself only as you will give some of these things within the heart hunger without.

Man's first need is man. Folks need folks most of all. Our greatest hunger is not for the bread that perishes, but for the sympathy, love and esteem of our fellow-beings. He gives no alms who withholds himself. There is no such thing as an impersonal charity. The empty hand of genuine love is better far than the fullest, largest hand-out.

When the thought of Thanksgiving leads to the thought of giving, as it ought, we may well stop to learn whether we are really giving the things worth while, things corresponding to our grounds for gratitude, things for which men are longing. It is the self we put into our gifts that creates their value. Our benefactions are measured not in figures but in the joy they give, in the light that comes through them to dreary and lonely lives.

The greatest gift known to all time

was the gift of a life. It was a life that left no legacy of money or lands, no things nor honors, no books nor implements; but it was the gift of a blessed world as no other, because unalteredly it gave to men thought, compassion, time, love, joy and confidence it gave out itself; and no man received a larger life.

This kind of giving alone meets our needs and solves many of our problems. Some men scatter dollars and wonder why discontent still assaunts them. You may give your last cent and leave industrial and social peace as far as to you. Money cannot bridge these chasms; but sympathy, thoughtfulness, personal interest in others, the things within, will. Life must meet with life and flow together in mutual self-giving.

Here the poor may give as much as the rich; the weak often as much as the strong. Here there can be neither condescension nor ostentation in the giving. Here the giver is enriched as well as the receiver. Whoever opens his heart to another expands its possibilities for himself. He who first learns to give his time and thoughts to others will know when and how to give his possessions.

It may be those who most need your time, your heart, who are most hungry for these things within, are poor, after all, the poor and the outcast; they may be within your very walls. How good is Thanksgiving if but the father will sit by the hearthside long enough, carefree enough, to satisfy the weeping eyes of the children, to whom, in life's process, he may have become as a locked door. Open that door for at least a while this day.

In such true giving man becomes like God. If all life be but the emanation of the great source of life, all creation and every benefit we have is but the self-giving of the Most High, while the best knowledge we have of him comes through that of our fellow-men in England and the colonies. The translation was made in 1861 by Miss Jane M. Campbell.

Sentence Sermons.

There is little love in long distance charity.

There are a million ways of spelling love and none of them confined to letters.

He who is not rich having nothing will not be rich having all.

The most empty life is the one that thinks only of itself.

The ecclesiastical boss is the enemy's best servant.

It is not the sign of the cross, but the spirit of the cross that makes true religion.

People who sow no joy are first to complain when they reap none.

You determine the blessings you will receive by the size of the door at which your benefits go out.

Faith in God is nothing without fellowship with man.

A little warm cheer does more than a lot of cold cash.

The greatest good is that which leads us to know the greatness of true goodness.

Many a man has found the real riches of life by looking into the faces of the poor.

To open your heart to your brother is the best way to lift your heart to your Father.

The creed of a church must be a step to the divine and not a substitute for it.

Large ideas of spirituality cannot take the place of definite ideas of right.

Many a good deed has died in intention for lack of a little appreciation.

It is better to put warm clothes on a few folks than to talk about celestial garments for many.

You are sure to be disappointed in the inventory of your blessings if you count only your gains.

The plan of saving the world by new laws is like leading a lame man home by fencing in the road there.

Ambrose Bierce Wrote It. From the Brooklyn Eagle. Ambrose Bierce, the author, today explained that he was the writer of the lines:

The bullet that pierced Goebel's breast cannot be found in any of the west. Good reason: It is speeding here. To stretch McKinley on his bier."

Major Bierce explains he was writing for the Hearst papers when Governor Goebel was killed. The bullet could not be found. Major Bierce was a friend of President McKinley, and he says wrote the lines, not for the purpose of instigating assassination, but to show that if such crimes as that against Goebel went unpunished, then the assassin's bullet would strike higher.

It was then, Major Bierce says, the enemies of Hearst dug up the lines, wrested them from their context and used them, just as Secretary Root did in his Utica speech, to make it appear Hearst papers incited McKinley's removal.

Hymns to Know.

By Matthias Claudius. The name of Matthias Claudius (Holslein, Aug. 16, 1740—Hamburg, Jan. 21, 1815) is a familiar one to the German people, for he is the author of some of the best and most popular of their folk songs. He was a student at Jena, and afterwards at Wandsbeck, the publisher of a weekly paper. A number of his songs are familiar as hymns to the Lutheran people, but this is the only one that has come into general acceptance in English. It is always sung at harvest home festivals, corresponding to our Thanksgiving in England and the colonies. The translation was made in 1861 by Miss Jane M. Campbell.

We plow the fields and scatter the good seed on the land. But it is fed and watered. By God's almighty hand: He sends the snow in winter. The warmth to melt the grain. The breezes and the sunshine. And soft refreshing rain.

He only is the maker. Of all things that we see and far; He paints the way-side flower. He lights the evening star: The winds and waves obey him. Warm Him the birds are fed; Much brighter than the children, He gives our daily bread.

We thank thee, then, O Father, For all thine gifts, bright and good. Thee we praise, O Father, our life, our health, our food; Accept the gifts we offer. For all thy love imparted. And for thy most dearest. Our humble, thankful hearts.

Welcome, Mr. Hill. From the St. Paul Dispatch. James J. Hill talked to the business men of Chicago Saturday evening on the subject of reciprocal trade with Canada. He brought to the topic all that had to do with the gathering and marshaling of which he is an expert. For these many years the Dispatch has protested against the cold shoulder that was turned to Canada's reciprocal trade arrangements. It would go farther and see that line of white posts that stretches along the border and marks the line where trade must stop. It says it is a heavy burden on the price of crossing, wholly removed. And it believes that some day, not far distant, they will come down. The Dispatch therefore welcomes this address by Mr. Hill, with his prominence and great influence, to bring to the movement, whether it be for the partial lowering of the bars or their entire taking down. The moment especially timely because this month the dominion parliament will take up the question of revising the tariff. We have made note of the investigations made in all the provinces by members of the Laurier cabinet, and the free or freer trade sentiment it encountered in Ontario and the provinces of the north-west, and, also, the protectionist sentiment of Quebec and of certain manufacturing centers in the United States. Will meet Canada but half way, we are confident that the obstructions to the commerce of the Twin Cities with the people of that great area across the northern boundary line will be, at least, lowered.

November 25 in History. 1783—British evacuated New York. 1817—John B. Bigelow, American diplomat, born. 1863—Confederate army under General Bragg defeated near Chattanooga. 1870—Princess Victoria of Hesse born. 1880—Parnell re-elected leader of the Irish National party. 1892—Sir John Thompson succeeded John Abbott as Canada's new minister. 1893—Statue of Nathan Hale unveiled in New York City. 1901—United States landed marines at Panama. 1903—Jeffrey Chamberlain called for South Africa to investigate Transvaal affairs. 1908—Street railway strike in Chicago settled.

Fulton and Chamberlain. From the Weston Leader. Senator La Follette, who spoke at Portland Wednesday night, declares that Fulton is training with Aldrich and Allison in the "senate merger." If this be true, it will be "33" for Fulton when he seeks to retain the log. By the way, Chamberlain might be with him, and is the logical Democratic candidate in the next senatorial campaign for the people's endorsement.

Beckham Will Be Youngest Senator. From the New York Tribune. John Crepps Beckham, governor of Kentucky, whose nomination to the United States Senate by McCreary is equivalent to an election, enjoys the distinction of being the youngest governor in the United States, and when he takes the seat in the senate will be the youngest member of that body. He comes of a distinguished Kentucky family and is 26 years old. He was Speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives in 1899. In 1899 he was nominated for lieutenant governor on the ticket with William Goebel. On the face of the returns he was defeated by John Marshall of Louisville. He contested the election, and before the contest was decided Mr. Goebel was assassinated. Mr. Beckham was thereupon inaugurated as governor. In 1899 he defeated John W. Yerkes for governor, and in 1902 he defeated Col. M. B. Bellnap for Louisville.