

THE JOURNAL

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The latest gospel in this world is, know thy work and do it.—Carlyle.

THE TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS in the United States are frequent, and the annual death list from them appalling, yet so greatly has the traffic, both freight and passenger, increased over the facilities provided for handling it...

Railroad men plead that they were unprepared for such unprecedented and prolonged prosperity, such a vast increase of products for transportation. They say that never before have factories been turning out so much material, wholesale houses shipping so much goods, farmers producing so much, or people buying so lavishly.

The eastern agent of the Illinois Central says: From one end of our system to the other comes the cry "More coal!" We have every car available pressed into service, and are just about able to handle our business.

From these and other similar statements it seems that while eastern roads are crowded to the limit of their capacity they are coming a great deal nearer taking care of the business than is the case on this coast.

It is natural, perhaps inevitable, that additional cars and locomotives should first be used on eastern roads, rather than sent across a long stretch of comparatively non-productive country to this coast; there is then all the more reason for people of the Pacific states to demand enough cars and locomotives to take care of their rapidly growing business, independently of the needs of eastern roads.

But out of this tremendous rush and turmoil appears the urgent need of more roads, more tracks, more rolling stock, all over the country. As one railroad man expressed it, this road was doing a two track business on a one-track line.

PEOPLE AND SPEAKER.

SPEAKER CANNON warned the members of the rivers and harbors congress that they should not ask or expect "too much." They don't and won't ask "too much," though the speaker's warning indicates in advance that he thinks they will—that is, "too much" in his estimation.

Speaker Cannon has been in congress a long time, and has gotten into a groove. He thinks he knew it all long ago, and nothing new or different is needed. A shrewd politician rather than a broad statesman, the party's interests are his first consideration. He wants to keep expenditures down as much as possible, so as to make a showing of economy to the people for his party.

We have grown to be a billion-dollar country and \$50,000,000 a year for rivers and harbors is only one twentieth part of a billion dollars. The people are willing to pay for a big navy, but they object, or will do so, to spending four or five dollars, or even three or two, for a great navy (for which there is but about one chance in a hundred that we will have any use) to one dollar for the improvement of rivers and harbors, an investment that would return many fold its amount in a few years.

The time has about come, we think, when the bugbear of big expenditures, with a river and harbor appropriation as its most scary feature, cannot be successfully used by partisan campaigners or newspapers; when, rather, even men like Speaker Cannon will perceive that the people not only do not object to large and regular appropriations for rivers and harbors, but emphatically demand such appropriations.

And it is for them, and not for Mr. Cannon or other members of congress to say what is or is not "too much." It is the people, not the congressmen, who must pay the bill, and they are trying to show that they are ready and willing and anxious to pay a \$50,000,000 bill of this kind.

THE TRAIL OF THE SYSTEM.

REVELATIONS incident to the Standard Oil prosecutions are almost incredible. It seems impossible that such practices as Rockefeller and his associates are guilty of could have occurred in a civilized land, under a free flag, and beneath the very eye of an avenging law. Here is George Rice, an independent oil operator. He undertook to do business in Ohio against Standard. It was the attempt of a tiny child to throttle a Florida alligator. In his unchallenged power, Standard controlled the Cleveland and Marietta railroad, then in receivership. It controlled scores of railroads. By mere might, it forced them to do its bidding. It compelled the Cleveland and Marietta to carry Standard's oil at 10 cents a barrel. It compelled the same road to charge George Rice 35 cents a barrel. It compelled the road to pay over to Standard 25 cents of the 35 cents a barrel exacted from George Rice.

Of course Rice went to the wall. He became a hopeless bankrupt. The trail of Standard is strewn with the skeletons of wrecked businesses and ruined competitors. The ghosts of hundreds of destroyed enterprises shrink through the shadows of its moving caravan. Children of thousands of employes of competitive concerns go shoeless and hungry. The homes of a multitude are pinched and wretched, because with infinite cruelty Standard magnates crushed and ground the heart and life out of men and establishments that stood in their path or ran counter to their insatiable greed. The oil lords heard no cry for pity, heeded no appeal to be merciful. They turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of children, saw no tears of those whose destruction they set out to encompass. They demanded and compelled their own control of the oil business. Opposition to it meant a tragedy, persistence in it, annihilation. Their business career has been a reign of terror in finance as cruel and merciless as was Robespierre's in blood.

The outcome of this regime of cruelty is a billion dollars of profits amassed in the oil business by a handful of oil lords. Twenty-six years ago, Standard's capital, stated by itself, was \$69,020,798. In but 14 years thereafter, the profits from this capital aggregated the stupendous sum of \$512,940,084, a sum nearly eight times the original investment. Ten years later, or today, the earn-

Policy of Harriman and Hill

When the river steamers first began to make inroads on O. R. & N. freight, the railway officials began buying the steamers and building new ones to keep out further competition, but new boats kept appearing until the railway company decided to buy no more. To meet the lower river rates, the rail rates were slashed. Besides this, it leased competing steamers. And all this resulted in special good to the river ports, and this special good will continue as long as the Columbia river runs.

An effort was made last week to have the portage road cease business, and report is in circulation that O. R. & N. agents were at the bottom of the move. The commercial clubs of Portland, Walla Walla and other points interested fought the move and saved the day for the portage road.

Every new move on the map of this part of the country shows the river interests to be forcing the O. R. & N. into the corner. Every inch of the way is being stubbornly fought for, but the river people are winning. While it is not expected that the new North Bank line through Hovey valley will make much of a cut in rates, it is a foregone conclusion that another check will be placed on the grasping, selfish Harriman line.

BOTH PROJECTS MUST "GO."

THE POSITION taken by the Oregon delegates to the River and Harbor Congress, that appropriations should be made for the Celilo canal as well as the jetty at the mouth of the Columbia, is manifestly, aside from the comparative intrinsic merits of the two projects, and the relative emergency existing with regard to them, the only practical and politic attitude to take. These appropriations must depend to a considerable extent on Representative Jones of Washington, a member of the rivers and harbors committee, and he has emphatically declared that the canal must go forward simultaneously with the jetty. Senator Ankeny will very likely take the same position. The great "upper country" must be taken into consideration and its demands acceded to; and though it is true that the jetty at the mouth of the river is really the immediately and pressingly important project, even for the region east of the Cascades, the people and representatives of that section must have a voice in recommending the use of appropriations to be made.

Chairman Burton and Speaker Cannon utter warnings against trying to get too much, and the latter suggests that appropriations should be confined chiefly to the more important projects, which is well enough; but the necessity and economy of carrying on these large projects continuously, and with ample funds to push them to completion, so as to prevent the waste and loss of piecemeal and intermittent construction, should be recognized. To say, "We can afford or spare only about so much"; or "because we appropriated so much last year we can afford little or nothing this year," is sheer folly, from a business point of view. The only reasonable, right thing to do, the improvement of the Columbia river at its mouth and between The Dalles and Celilo having both been decided upon, is to appropriate money enough to carry on those improvements continuously and simultaneously. Any other policy involves a needless and inexcusable waste of money, besides delaying important improvements that it is conceded on all hands should be made.

The president's vehement attack on a private citizen in his annual message—for every body knows he was belaboring W. R. Hearst—is something new in this kind of a state paper, and not calculated to enhance the president's not invulnerable reputation for the exercise of good judgment and well-balanced consideration

Letters From the People

Portland, Dec. 7.—To the Editor of The Journal.—Regarding the Whitney-Murray case, I have some considerations including the expression of some of our ministers, and the ideas they have of the enforcement of the unwritten law, I have been hoping to see some one take up, perhaps more than any other, the question of the unwritten law. I have heard at every railway station on the Harriman system—except where there is competition.

Oregon would be a far better state today if any other railroad builder had control of the lines in the clutches of Harriman. Oregon's growth is seriously retarded by the policy of inaction of Harriman railroads. Its commercial growth is stunted, its agricultural development stunted, and its people discouraged. This is the principal reason that Oregon shows less activity than other northwestern states. Harriman is holding it back. The brakes are set, and they are set good and tight.

In marked contrast to the Harriman policy is the Hill policy. Hill is a builder, a developer, a doer of things worth while. No Hill territory remains undeveloped if the "old man" can help it. He has a motive, of course—a business motive, but he opens the country and does his best to make it prosperous. In the end he is well repaid for his efforts, and so is the public. If there is inactivity at any point on the entire Hill system it is not because of lack of encouragement on the part of the railway company. Where Harriman holds back, Hill pushes ahead; where Harriman is inactive, Hill is intensely active. The difference in these two rival railway men is illustrated in the development of Washington and Oregon. Hill is working to build up Washington; Harriman is insolently indifferent to the interests of Oregon.

And between the railways flows the mighty Columbia river, nature's own highway of commerce. In this berating Mr. Hearst, Roosevelt attacks nearly half the voters of the great state of New York, who have as good a right to their opinion as he has to his.

There is little doubt that the merger of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific systems and their control by Mr. Harriman are quite as unlawful as the attempted merger of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern. The courts held the merger of the northern roads to be illegal, and dissolved it, as a matter of judicial record, but what did the decision and dissolution amount to in a practical way? Nothing, so far as the people have ever discovered. And, finding the Harriman merger unlawful would have the same results.

The Republican party refuses to revise the tariff shortly after a general election in which that party has won, saying that this result shows that tariff revision is not demanded by the people. Later the Republicans refuse to revise the tariff because another general election is too near at hand, and—well, the trusts object. So there is to be no tariff revision as long as they are in power. Under these circumstances the people are likely to elect a majority of Democrats before long, and try them once more.

There being no state election for over three years, and Governor Chamberlain not being in the attitude of a probable candidate in an ensuing election, it may be reasonably hoped that the legislature will spend less time and effort than its predecessor did in trying to "put the governor in a hole," but rather will cooperate with the governor, whose administration the people so emphatically approved last June, to do what is best for the people, regardless of politics.

It is a little strange that since the president thought of so many things to mention in his message he had not a word to say in favor of improving the rivers of the country. He is strong on a great navy and coast defense, as if he expected the country to be attacked by some foreign power any day, but doesn't regard the opening of waterways as worthy of notice. But perhaps he forgot it.

If there is to be a railroad commission, keep it out of politics as much as possible—or politics out of it. And on this ground the commissioners should not be elected along with county and other state officers.

Certainly Americans will have no objection to a treaty prohibiting the emigration of laborers to Japan if theirs won't come to this country. We have never heard of any great influx of American laborers in Japan.

It may be well enough to prepare expensively against any and every possibility of war, but while doing so the nation should make at least equally large investments in winning victories of peace.

A Sermon for Today

INDIVIDUALITY IN RELIGION.

Work out your own salvation.—Phil. 1:12. By Henry F. Cope. RELIGION is intensely individualistic. It is a tree that never duplicates the same form, nor does it even bear precisely the same fruit. It is as varied as humanity, for it depends on each separate human factor of its peculiar expression. The search for uniformity in religion is a search for that which does not exist, and the wish, sometimes expressed by individuals, to have another person's faith is a wish that can never be gratified.

There never yet were two faces precisely alike, for faces are not made by the hand in a single mold; they grow out of life; they are shaped and seared and illumined by sensitivities, by emotions, by aspirations, and experiences. The face is the story of the human factor of its peculiar expression. Yet, with all the variations, there are types of faces, some that you would trust, some that repel, the face of the upward life and the face of the downward life.

So it is with religion. It is not machine made. It is not a mask laid on the man; it is not applied from without; it grows from within. True religion springs up in the heart; it is shaped and determined by the experiences, the aspirations, the sources of the life's inspirations. Ideally, it is the summing up of all the good that the life has known; practically, it is the expression in deed and word of that good.

Growing out of the ever varying inherited qualities, experience and achievement of each life, it is not only never the same in two individuals, it can never be precisely the same on successive days in the same person. It works out into larger being, grows, and is known as the life of the man, not the man as in the boy, nor the man in the boy as in the girl. Some days see mighty changes, but, in the living soul, every day sees some change.

My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies. O, watch and fight, and pray! The battle never give'st o'er! Renew it boldly every day, And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won, Nor lay thine armor down; The work of faith will not be done Till thou obtain thy crown. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God! He'll take thee at thy parting breath, Up to his bliss abode.

Correcting a Misapprehension. "I do not control one mile of railroad."—E. H. Harriman. Oh, that so? Well, now, do you know Some people think that you Have corralled a few And laid them away Known as "railroad" men? Not many, of course, but enough For a bluff. When the game Calls for the same, If it ever does. Ain't it funny? How a chap with money Acquires a reputation Among the common herd Of really and truly being A Julius Cæsar bird, When he ain't anything but a dove Chuck-full of brotherly love For everything that has a worm He needs in his business? Oh, say, Ain't it rotten to think that way? It's a sham game To queer the fair game Of a saint. Who is what he is and ain't what he is? Don't it? What do you suppose inspires People to be such liars? Huh! —W. J. Lampton.

December 9 in History. 1608—John Milton, English poet, born. Died November 8, 1674. 1668—Samuel Vetch, first governor of Nova Scotia, born. Died April 26, 1732. 1797—The Congress of Rastatt opened. 1848—Joel Chandler Harris, southern writer, born. 1861—The Confederate congress passed a bill admitting Kentucky into the Confederacy. 1868—Gladstone ministry assumed office. 1889—Chicago Auditorium opened. President Harrison and Mme. Pattil assisting. 1892—An anarchist exploded a bomb in the French chamber of deputies. 1894—New treaty between United States and Japan proclaimed.

Why the Scamps. From New York Times. Our genial weekly contemporary Judge is disseminating political opinions, that from a Republican point of view, must be set down as flagrantly heretical. Its most recent issue has a cartoon representing President Roosevelt in his familiar garb of a mighty hunter. At his feet lies the carcass of a dead wolf—it is probably a wolf—labeled "Bryanism." Held aloft in his left hand is the limp and lifeless form of a coyote—it is unquestionable a coyote—labeled "Harrism." Does the political engineer who drafted this composition intend the public to understand that Mr. Roosevelt has killed Harrism, as he killed Bryanism? Mr. Bryan and his friends rufyanly complain that Mr. Roosevelt has stolen pretty much the whole carcass of Bryanism. That was what killed the wolf. Are we to assume that the coyote Harrism has been slain, or is to be slain, by a similar process of conveying to the White House for president use and application the radical doctrines of the Hearst political faith?

Age of Oak Trees. In Germany oak trees only live to be about 200 years old, while in Norway and Sweden the pines will survive for 870 years.

Hymns to Know.

The Soul's Warfare. By George Heath. [This hymn attained a remarkable popularity long before its author was known. George Heath was a Unitarian minister, born and educated in England, who was deprived of his charge on the ground of unfitness. His hymn still is one of the most popular in the meetings of the churches today. In the smaller meetings, such as the prayer meeting, it is seldom that the session passes without the singing of this hymn.]

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Sentence Sermons.

Many a man means his desires when he talks of his duty. The worst of all faults is never to see any of your own. No man finds salvation until he finds himself. You do not obtain sanctity by subtracting sense from spirituality. A little ancient faith may be worth a lot of modern fog. It's no use fussing about keeping the faith if you cannot keep your friends.

The man who figures on everything never makes much of a figure at anything. You can tell a good deal about a man by the things that appeal to his sense of humor. The man with a headlight growing on his face is pretty sure to be on the wrong track. The gates of heaven come a little nearer every time a man stoops to sympathize with a child.

Winds of passion do not blow to harbors of high purpose. A sanctified look does not make up for a lack of sand. The world does not want to hear of a golden heaven; it waits for the golden heart. Do your duty and your delights will take care of themselves. It is worth while to sow kindness even as a seed; it should be the memory of the sower. Breaking your mirror does not remove the spots on your face. Piety often seems like pretense to those who have not felt the impulse of principle. A great many who think they are building forts for the faith will find they are but barricading the pathway of progress. Set this day's work first and you shall not be ashamed if it should prove to be your last.

Religion is a seed which planted in daily living makes life glorious with its beauty, but if neglected becomes a stench in the nostrils of men. (As seen by his brother.) By James J. Montague. Just guess what that doctor did When I was gone one day. He went and brought a raggy kid, An' left it here to stay. An' now my mudder's got to tend To him all day, an' she Don't never have no time to spend A-doin' things for me.

She thinks he's just a reg'lar saint, An' never seemed to care When I says, scornful: "Humph! He ain't!" Got any teeth nor hair? An' when I showed her how he'd cry At just a little slap, She says: "It's bad of you to try To hurt the little chap!" I have to go to bed alone, An' lay awake an' hear The awful ghosts and goblins groan— "They're thick this side of year. An' no one tells me stories now. But every one says: "Keep As still as any boy knows how— "Dear baby is asleep!" I know that doctor was bound To play us some mean trick. For every time he's come around Somebody has been sick. An' when he's here, he made me take A lot of awful truck That's sava me such a stomach ache; He always brung bad luck!

I'm goin' to get the kid some day, An' when the doctor's here I'll give him to him, an' I'll say: "Just take the 'little dear. You brought him, now you just go on Back home with him!" An' when The raggy little thing is gone My ma'll love me again.