

THE JOURNAL

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I am glad to think that I am not bound to make the world go right, but only to discover and to do, with cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.—Jean Ingelow.

MR. DEVLIN'S RESPONSE.

MR. DEVLIN'S incomplete answers and partial explanations were well deferred till the close of the campaign. He is no doubt sincere in saying that he desired to discuss "the constructive policy of government," and "establish economic principles," because in this manner the people's minds could have been somewhat diverted from the "interests," the saloons, the "north end" and the auditor's passive if not active opposition to everything Mayor Lane has sought to do in the interest of the people.

The question as to his campaign fund Mr. Devlin evades by saying that this is none of his affair; Mr. Calkins has entire charge of this end of the business—and Mr. Calkins is careful not to tell Mr. Devlin, good man, is opposed to the improper use of money in campaigns, but if his machine manager should collect money from improper sources and use it in improper ways, how can Mr. Devlin, good man, prevent it, or know anything about it?

Mr. Devlin acknowledges that "national politics have no place in municipal affairs," but points out that some Democratic officeholders are supporting Lane. But they haven't in this connection urged Lane's election in order to support Bryan or Gray or anybody in particular for any federal office, or been spokesman of a machine, but have confined themselves to showing that the election of Lane would be best for the people of this city as a whole, aside from any party consideration, and a great many Republicans agree with them.

It has long been customary, and considered quite legitimate among mere politicians, for a candidate to fool as many people as possible, especially by diverting their attention from matters of real importance to the alleged virtues and glories and grandeur of their party; but fortunately this is becoming more difficult yearly.

TERRORS FOR TALESMEN.

THE TRIAL at Boise seems to have almost as much terror for the talesmen as for the prisoners. Nor is Boise the only place where jury service is coming to be regarded as an alternative to be as strenuously avoided as is the plague. The same hostility to jury duty was manifest in the Ruef case, where there were eight weeks of nightmare before 12 men of the sort desired by counsel to try the case were finally unearthed.

With eight weeks required at San Francisco, and with several weeks at Boise, for the first step in the trial, it is no wonder that we hear of citizens who balk like a balky horse as they approach the jury box. After that come long weeks of confinement, the isolation from home, business and the world, the interminable drag of the proceedings, the long-drawn-out nervous strain, the ceaseless badgering of witnesses, the nerve-racking wrangling of counsel, the oratorical fireworks at the finish, and last and worst of all, in capital cases, the terrible alternative of voting a possible death penalty on a fellow being. It is a gamut of self-immolation from which it is only human for men to flinch.

GOOD CITIZENS VOTE FOR LANE TOMORROW

FOR THE LAST TIME before the polls open tomorrow The Journal calls upon good citizens, regardless of party, to vote for the reelection of Mayor Lane.

Victory is absolutely assured provided the better elements of Portland's citizens do their duty and go to the polls. All the signs point to an overwhelming triumph for the forces of morality and good government. No party issue enters into the contest. The question is simply whether the people desire to retain in their service an official who has proved himself incorruptible, honest and fearlessly loyal to their interests; whether the one barrier which stands between a reckless, imprudent and machine-ridden council and the sacred rights of the people, is to be removed; whether the saloons, the gamblers and the slums, all of them lined up solidly behind Mayor Lane's opponent, are to triumph at the polls over the forces of decency; whether the choice of Portland's chief executive is to be given over to the corporations and the special interests, and whether our fair city

ADDRESSED TO "CATTLE."

MR. DEVLIN in the emergency of his losing campaign endeavors to turn the attention of voters from himself and what he represents locally to the president and his policies. He tells them on postcards that if they want to see Roosevelt policies carried out they must "vote the whole Republican ticket." Mr. Devlin knows this is not only an absurd plea to make, but one that if heeded in municipal elections tends to bad city government, for he has plainly told us so in his book. Such an appeal is an insult to the intelligence of voters. If they want Republican members of congress, as he suggests, can't they have them without any regard to who is elected mayor and councilmen? Although Lane is mayor, haven't they Republican councilmen now, elected a year later than he was, by great majorities? And speaking of United States senator, perhaps the masses of Republicans will prefer to choose the next senator rather than have one thrust upon them by a Calkins-Devlin machine. If Devlin's appeal be true, then if "Jilly" Smith or "Dollar Bill" were running for councilman, every Republican should vote for him, in order to "carry out Roosevelt's policies." A candidate who makes such an appeal only proves that he regards the rank and file of his party as men of very slight mental or moral development.

PORTLAND'S REPUTE ABROAD

THE National Municipal league, which is a strictly non-partisan body, declared in April, 1906, as follows: In Portland, Oregon, the reform forces are triumphant in every direction. The present mayor is thoroughlygoing in his endeavors to give a good administration. The most marked improvement noticeable has been in the granting of franchises for public utilities. This is now being done very cautiously and prudently, with rights of inspection, publicity, and reversion to the city that are decidedly a marked improvement upon the loose methods of old times. Reform seems to have come to stay, and is so popular that it needs only wise guidance to effect a very great improvement in public affairs.

This is the verdict, and it would be all the more emphatic today, of a clear-sighted, patriotic, impartial and unpurchasable tribunal, having in view and at heart only the civic improvement of cities and betterments of municipal government. If in this election "the desperate and combined opposition of malign forces," as the opposition to Mayor Lane has been characterized by a prominent citizen, should prevail, Portland would fall to a far lower plane in the estimation of the organized forces of good government throughout the nation. This city ought to see to it that it maintains the good name abroad that it has gained, and not return, as Philadelphia has done, to its "wallowing in the mire."

MERELY A DRESS PARADE.

THE TARIFF "revisionists" are all out on dress parade. Some demonstration of that sort is usually popular on the eve of a presidential election. It is the tariff this time, because knowledge that American-made goods are sold far cheaper to foreigners than to Americans is becoming widespread, with dissatisfaction to match. That, more than real change of heart, probably accounts for so many sudden conversions and the present revision matinee. It does not mean, however, that there will be a revision that will revise. It is more of a dust thrower than a real house cleaner. Thus, the National Manufacturers' association, so much quoted for "revision," declared that, while some duties

GOOD CITIZENS VOTE FOR LANE TOMORROW

is to be placed once more under the rule of a political machine. These are the issues. On every one of them Harry Lane represents just what every good citizen should demand in municipal government. We have no word of disparagement as to the personal character of his opponent, which has never been questioned, but Mr. Devlin has the misfortune to be backed by all that is unendurable in city affairs, all that is menacing to a proper administration of the people's business. It is a fact, undisputed and indisputable, that the north end is solidly supporting him. It is a fact, undisputed and indisputable, that the corporations and the "interests" desire Mr. Devlin's election and the oft repeated charge that they have contributed heavily to his huge campaign fund has never been adequately met. And it is a fact, equally undisputed and equally indisputable, that never before in the history of this city has any candidate had such a thoroughly organized political machine as that which is backing Mr. Devlin.

Good citizens, your duty is plain. Go to the polls tomorrow and cast your votes for Harry Lane for mayor. ficient moral courage and open straightforwardness to declare themselves fully and freely, and answer any and all proper questions without reservation or evasion.

NOW WILL UNCLE JOE BE GOOD?

NOW, IT IS reported, it is Uncle Joe Cannon who must step lively to get out of the way of the presidential band wagon and escape the swirling swipe of the executive big stick. And not only is administrative wrath to be visited upon old Uncle Joe, because he has intimated a preference for a presidential candidate different from the president's, but Chicago is threatened with the loss of the national convention, and being considered as hostile territory, merely because the big windy town is in Uncle Joe's state, whose delegates to the national convention he may to some extent control, he being in fact one of the favorite sons. Why Illinois should not have a favorite son as well as Ohio is fully explained by the simple fact that the president is for the Ohio favorite son and no other, and he is going to see to it that Ohio makes his choice its favorite son.

The president is very busy these times, pulling here, pounding there, yanking yonder, kicking elsewhere, here illuminating the scene with a de-lighted show of teeth, there frightening the wits out of Republicans with the shadow of the descending big stick; busy, strenuously busy, in New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, everywhere, forcing the party a year in advance to name his choice for president. There will be a good deal of bucking and kicking, but it probably will be of no avail, and perhaps it is best so. If the Republican party is to have a combination of Emperor William and President Diaz, it would better be Roosevelt than some other, even Uncle Joe. But that Chicago is to be denied the convention on Uncle Joe's account is really funny. It is like grabbing the old man's slice of cake and then kicking him because he tried to pick up a crumb.

MORAL COURAGE NEEDED.

A GREAT need these days is men of not only inflexible honesty but of moral courage in office, men who in advance dare openly to declare themselves fully on all matters in which the people are interested. Observe in this connection that while Mayor Lane can point to his promises of two years ago and to a record showing that these promises have been fully kept, Mr. Devlin's promises consist mostly in generalities. About the only specific promise he makes is with reference to gambling, by which we suppose he means licensed or winked-at and fined gambling, but this promise is easy to make, for such gambling would not be tolerated by the public now, whoever was elected mayor. The day of public gambling is over, as everybody knows, and nobody fears or counts on its return. But with respect to other evils that have been suppressed, Mr. Devlin is silent. He has not promised that the slot machines would be kept out of commission, or that the saloon boxes would not be restored.

In regard to campaign expenses Mr. Devlin is lamentably lame and unsatisfactory. A great deal of money is being expended in his behalf, and when asked where it comes from he says that only his own money was used in the primaries, and that the Democrats have not published their campaign expenses. These are poor evasions. Nobody is asking now about the primary expenses, but about the campaign expenses. And why should the Democrats, whom nobody has accused or suspected of spending any money beyond the barest legitimate campaign expenses, make a public statement first, when Mr. Montague has repeatedly proposed and stands ready to do so if Mr. Calkins will do the same simultaneously?

JUNE.

EVERY SEASON, every month, has its charm, its peculiar attractions. A lover of all of nature's moods and displays can find something pleasing even in the damp, dripping days of an Oregon winter. But June, now for this year begun, is perhaps the favorite month with the majority of people in northern latitudes. Though in this region there may be chill, rainy days in June, we are usually not disappointed in expecting for the most part days of exquisite climatic delightfulness, days of such moderate warmth, and delicious fragrance, and brightsome beauty of all nature, and youthful but comprehending happiness, and musical exuberance of animate things, that dreams of paradise seem in large part realized. If June acts up to her role, plays her proper part, the breezes will be neither chill nor stifling, the sun's rays will suggest light clothing, but will not scorch, the flowers will unfold their myriad beauties, the warblers will carol most joyously, the grass and grain and all planted things will grow luxuriantly, verdure will assume its richest hue of emerald, sky and ocean will compete for depth and strength of azure expanse, and life will be a delight.

Hymns to Know. A Sermon for Today

The Love of God. By Gerald Tersteegen. "It is said that Emerson called this 'the supreme hymn' and that Holmes agreed with him in this estimate. It doubtless owes much of its beauty to the fact that it was translated by John Wesley. Tersteegen was a German mystic, who wrote over 100 hymns. He was born at Mora, Westphalia, on November 25, 1807, and died on April 8, 1869."

Thou hidden love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows, I see from far thy boundless light, Inly I sigh for thy repose; My heart is pained, nor can it rest, At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

Is there a thing beneath the sun, That strives with thee my heart to win? Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone, The Lord of every motion there! Then shall my heart from earth be free, When it hath found repose in thee.

O love, thy sovereign aid impart, To save me from low thoughted care; Chase this self-will through all my heart, Through all its latent mazes there; Make me thy dutious child, that I Ceaseless may, 'Abba, Father,' cry.

Each moment draw from earth away My heart, that lowly waits thy call; Speak to my inmost soul, and say: "I am thy love, thy God, thy All!" To feel thy power, to hear thy voice, To taste thy love, be all my choice.

It is evidently time for the auditor to retire if he cannot remember so important a part of his duties as to give notice of an election, and one in which he is himself the leading candidate. The auditor has been in office a very long time, and it is manifest that he needs a vacation, a chance to rest up, rather than to be elevated to the mayor's seat.

Every man who is for Lane for mayor owes it to himself as a citizen and to the city in which he lives and to the cause of good government to go to the polls and vote tomorrow. Every vote counts and every vote may be needed.

One great railroad president now insists that more can be accomplished by conferences between the railroad managers and shippers than by legislation, whereby the public discerns that legislation itself is not without its virtue.

If Uncle Joe Cannon's residence in the White House depends on his getting there as the candidate of the reactionaries, he needn't bother himself about laying in a supply of firewood for the place just yet.

If, as appears, tariff revision is a germ disease, the problem with scientists is, how did the little microbe ever become tough enough to make its way into Uncle Joe Cannon.

If an engineer or train dispatcher, after wrecking a train, excuses himself by saying he forgot, he does not in the same breath ask to be made president of the road.

It looks as if number 13 on the ballot would be an unlucky number this time, sure enough.

As between the home and the saloon, which are you going to vote for tomorrow?

It will be no desecration of the Sabbath to resolve to vote right tomorrow.

All Lane men make sure to go and vote.

The Lamb-Like Investor. What can be done to protect innocent investors against the mining sharks and against themselves? We have repeatedly pointed out several desirable things that can be done, says the Engineering and Mining Journal, but the most important of all, namely, the education of the public, is not easy to accomplish. The average investor does not know how to protect himself against his own stupidity. The communication received are the gropings for information by the more intelligent, although the latter class in most cases apparently parted with their money precipitately.

Hymns to Know. A Sermon for Today

The Unseen Hand. By Henry F. Cope. "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."—Judges vii:20.

THE mightiest and the eternal forces fight ever on the side of the right. True, things do not always look that way. Sometimes Napoleon's sneer about God always being on the side of the largest battalions seems to have truth in it. But ere long we see the large battalions swept away before the strange, unaccountable and irresistible power of an insignificant body having truth and God on its side.

The man who takes up the struggle for truth, who puts his hand to the sword for the oppressed, for the right, finds himself holding a two-handed weapon, and if he grasps firmly the one he will find the other. He is an omnipotent hand grasping the other. He who fights worthily, in fitting battle, never fights alone. Often he may seem to stand with none to aid, but one mightier than he is with him.

It is not that some omnipotent person steps down from a throne in the heavens and plunges into the battle; it is that every time a man steps out for right and truth he places himself in accord with eternal spiritual forces that give themselves to him and his work. It is not that God comes to fight for a man as much as that a man finds himself fighting beside God; entering the battle, he sees that where he goes, none had been serving the heavens had long been waging the contest.

It is so easy, like old Elijah, to think that you alone are left to witness for truth, to feel the loneliness of standing for things noble and worthy, to become oppressed with the hopelessness of the minority in which you find yourself. When real and concrete things press upon us and their uproar is in our ears we become deaf and blind to the greater forces that from the beginning of time have been working for the best.

Every great reform has looked like a losing movement; it has begun with most insignificant minorities; it has met with violent and well-organized opposition; its supporters have often been faint hearted, and yet ultimately it has overcome always. As men have fought on they have found an unseen hand grasping the sword beside theirs.

We all need this sense of God with us, helping us in our lives. This gives courage and confidence. It does not mean reliance upon heaven to do things for us; it means entering on the things that look impossible because we know that, if they are right, every great force that is in the world will cooperate with us. This is the fine sense in which the human enters into partnership with the divine. This determines whether we may call our work divine or not. It is to be judged, not by whether it is pleasant or looks respectable, but by whether it is the work in which we know the Lord of all can lay his hand to the tool or weapon alongside of our hands.

With a consciousness like this, one can attempt anything; nothing is longer impossible. The practical question is not, "Can this be done?" but "Ought this to be done?" If it such a task as will enlist the cooperation of the eternal spirit of truth and right? With the cry of Gideon on their lips, men have fared forth facing fearful odds; their hands have fallen from their swords, but the unseen hand has carried them on until the cause is won.

The Almighty, who would have love and peace and righteousness to prevail, needs your hand for his sword; the sword of the Lord is vain without Gideon's hand; and spiritual forces may exist, but men must be their realizations, their visible hands. God's work waits for you to put your hand to the sword; you will find his already there.

This helping hand is always unseen; spiritual things are strange, indefinite, and often apparently unreal. God cannot be reduced to figures nor to material elements. This hand that works with ours may mean one thing to one and another to another. What we all need is to simply grasp the great fact of the spiritual forces that strengthen every good resolve, that give vigor in every good work, and give victory at last to the right.

Each and All.

These things I saw upon a summer's day: A brook that loved and lingered by a flower; A bird on a bough, that gave song thanks for shelter; Of sun; slow sailing its cerulean way, And brightly twinned upon the nether bay.

A single cloud craft; and, with day's flowers, an hour; A lonely beach where rugged rocks gave dour Resistance to the waves, with smoke of spray.

Such fellowship there is in nature—each Bound up in all, and all in each—the high Creation epic woven rye by rye In brook and flower, yearning waves and beach, Quotidian thumbrature of the sky, And restless tides that follow on the moor.

Worth \$1,000 a Word.

The sign that Judge Paxton wrote is well known among us as "Father, I cannot tell a lie," or "England expects every man to do his duty." It cost \$1,000 a word, or \$4,000 in all, and was the famous "Railroad Crossing—Stop, Look and Listen."

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