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If you will be true to the best of yourself, living up to your nature, standing boldly by the truth of your word and satisfied therewith, then you will be a happy man.—Marcus Aurelius.

WHY WE DRIFT TOWARD ABSTINENCE.

THE SITUATION with respect to the liquor traffic in this country presents a rapidly changing aspect. There never were so many evidences of a widespread inclination for bettered conditions.

An even more striking sign of the trend of the time is the action of big corporation, railroad and otherwise, that have issued orders that men who use intoxicants shall not be retained in their employ.

That this phase of the current movement will not only be permanent, but that it will grow, is made certain by the character of the age. We are rushing headlong through life on the wings of electricity, and, at best, the way is full of peril.

We must have trains that travel a mile a minute, and autos that move as swiftly. Every moment of our time is mortgaged, and our street-cars must speed ahead like the rushing winds.

NATIONAL DEBTS.

FINANCIALLY, Uncle Sam is doing very well, even if a lot of gold is just now going over to Europe, mostly to Paris. There is a surplus in the treasury of some \$20,000,000, and another installment of the national debt is soon to be redeemed.

not take after Daniel Webster, who on one occasion proposed to pay the national debt out of his pocket. Nine hundred millions is quite a good deal of money, but not much for this country.

SOME RAILROAD FIGURES.

THE 1907 edition of Moody's Manual, regarded as by far the most accurate and complete handbook of the corporation statistics of the country, recently issued, shows that the total capitalization of steam railroads, public utilities, industrial and mining enterprises is \$36,000,000,000, of which \$33,600,000,000 belong to the United States.

The railroad mileage in the United States—93 per cent of that on this continent—is over 222,000, the number of companies 1,419, the capital stock \$5,280,000,000, the bonded debt \$8,625,500,000—total railroad securities about \$14,000,000,000.

These figures are so stupendous that they cannot be readily comprehended, but they show one thing clearly—that the railroad business—to say nothing now of the other corporate business—of the country has reached enormous proportions, and it is not strange that it occupies so much of public attention.

A TREELESS OREGON.

A TREELESS Oregon is a specter that it has become the habit to see on the horizon. It is a disturbing apparition, for the loss of the waving forests on the mountain sides and the green groves in the valleys would be a calamity, not only in the material way, but in the removal of the most notable factor of primeval beauty that is at once a relief and a delight to the human eye.

But the forests of Oregon are not likely to go, never to return. Man is fast learning, and must learn more, about conserving and husbanding those essentials of human life that nature laid with such prodigal hand at his door. Science is proposing, and civilization disposing. Governments are planning to save what mammon would destroy, and will plan more. A wise intelligence and thoughtful discretion will intervene in the defense of the forest lands.

What has come to pass in Michigan and Wisconsin cannot be permitted and is not likely to transpire in Oregon. Here the hope of the great inland empire of eastern Oregon is the forests of the Blue mountains and the eastern slopes of the Cascades, that conserve the moisture of the eastern watersheds and promote the undiminished flow of the mountain streams that give verdure

and vegetation to the lowlands. The forests of the western slopes, the Cascades, and the Coast range are a primal factor in that splendid humidity that is the lifeblood of western Oregon and the best asset in its enormous possibilities.

Fortunately, in Oregon nature has wonderfully provided for reproduction of the disappearing forests. The Douglas fir, if given the slightest opportunity, is quick to start the young growth as the veteran tree is felled. Unlike some of the eastern and middle west states, this spirit of reproduction is a characteristic throughout the forests of Oregon, and it places the problem of forest conservation within the easy purview of man—a task of minimized effort. The growth is swift, and the ultimate result sure. On the areas of the Coast range that were fire-swept 50 or 60 years ago, in spite of the difficulties that fire denudation always imposes, new forests are fast appearing, some of them already in the stage of merchantable timber.

To conserve these Oregon forests a duty of weighty responsibility rests upon the people and their government. Fire is the greatest menace, and danger of fire is heightened by the reckless carelessness of logging enterprise. The practice of leaving fireweed quantities of debris after the logs have been removed from the tree is a peril to the forests that will have to be eliminated. The destructive wastefulness and unrestrained prodigality of commercial operations will have to be directed with a view of reproduction. Salutary measures, covering these and other costly practices, together with a wide education of the people as to the enormous importance of our forests as conservators of moisture, and through that conservation the mainstay of our boundless crop possibilities, will ultimately save us the horrid spectacle of a treeless Oregon.

PULLMAN AND GEORGE.

THE NAME of a public school in Chicago has been changed from Henry George to George H. Pullman, one of the board remarking that the latter name was desired because it would be a perpetual incentive and inspiration to the pupils.

Henry George and George H. Pullman were both noted and in their ways eminently successful men, though those ways lay as far apart as the earth's poles, and their goals were as different as an art gallery is from a stable. Both were useful men, also in far different ways, and the majority might decide that Pullman was the more useful. Possessed of a new practical idea, he built not an immense and important industry, gave employment to a multitude of men, accommodated millions by making traveling more comfortable, and by gaining and maintaining a monopoly and overcharging the public became a multi-millionaire. His disposition became tyrannical, he had no friends, his children were in his estimation so bad that he disinherited them, and he died in the bed of gold that he had made, a disappointed and miserable man, leaving his works behind to make millions of others. In part, his name furnishes a good, healthful incentive and inspiration to the young; in part, it is warningly reprobative.

Henry George was also a poor boy with an idea, or many ideas, that if not entirely new were undeveloped and had not been well said and made plain to the common people. Pullman's main object and lifework was to furnish the people something so manifestly to their advantage that by retaining control of it he could become immensely wealthy through their tribute. George's object and lifework was to benefit and enrich the people by causing them to see and think of great truths and principles that they had thought little or not at all about before, not expecting or desiring to gain wealth for himself. Pullman made millions off the world. George taught the world and caused people to see their relations to one another and to great economic principles in a clearer, truer light. It may be denied that he succeeded, for some of the principles for which he contended have not been adopted, but the world and especially this country is working around toward their adoption, and his writings have undoubtedly exerted a powerful influence upon the economic and industrial thought of this generation.

Here is, then, the difference: Pullman worked primarily for self, and verily he had his reward; George worked, and through many years in the utmost obscurity and in almost dire poverty, but with sublime faith, for his countrymen, for humanity, to enrich the race. Pullman's name will live long in connection with accommodations for traveling, but under the circumstances is revered by nobody; George's name will live as long as English literature endures,

a beacon light upon the heights overlooking the path of progress, that leads to the highest degree of human liberty.

Which name, then, would better serve as an incentive and an inspiration to the youth of Chicago?

THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT.

THE WOMAN suffrage movement, or as it is called in England, the "feminist" movement, is attracting as much or more attention in that country than in this. Elizabeth Robins, a former actress of note, who was "until recently an ignorant opponent of woman suffrage," is inclined on examination not only to think better of it, but to admit that it will have to come. She formerly thought, she says in Collier's, that what women needed was more education and discipline, rather than more liberty, but she has discovered that "the higher discipline can only come through liberty." To the common objection that women would lose in one way more than they would gain in another, she says: "If I am to judge by the women I see working to win the suffrage in England, there is something civilizing, ennobling, in giving up your life to a great impersonal object. When women such as these stand up in public to talk reform, their high earnestness, their forgetfulness of themselves, lends them a dignity that made my answer to the London editor's question as easy as it was honorable to the disfranchised sex."

Miss Robins says that in England it is not a question of argument any more, that it is only a question of combating prejudices, and that though these will not pass away by the people by whom the prejudices are possessed will, and another generation will yield willingly to the movement, for, she says, "everything ministers to it." Quoting the saying that self-control is the highest expression of civilization, she says that "only a sense of duty and a resolute self-mastery could bring women of the character of those who have done most for this cause to face the misunderstandings and the hideous discomforts that they have been called upon to bear."

She acknowledges that the average woman, or a large proportion of women, would find little pleasure in the new power or liberty at first, "but we may believe that the women of the future, brought up in the exercise of public duty, may find it, not duty alone, but pleasure as well. For this generation, the fighting and the sacrifice. But Richard Cobden's great-granddaughter will be able in the coming days to say with the poet: 'Lo! how deep the corn along the battlefield.'"

We perceive in all this the zeal and exuberant faith of a new convert, and that this writer minimizes real and weighty obstacles, and finds prediction on desire; yet it certainly must be true that the labor of so large a number of able and unselfish women cannot be in vain. What prevents woman suffrage in this country, and probably in England also, is that men, the voters, have not been convinced that women generally really want it.

OREGON'S TWO GREATEST MEN.

UNDER A LAW of congress each state is permitted and requested to place within a "Hall of Fame" in the national capitol the statues of its two most distinguished deceased men, to be decided upon as the several states shall decide. Some of the states have already selected the men to be thus honored, and others are discussing the matter. Among the latter is Washington, and the two men principally favored by the papers that have taken the matter up are Rev. Marcus Whitman, who was massacred by Indians at Waiilatpu, now Wallula, in 1843, and General Isaac Ingalls Stevens, who played a prominent and important part in the earliest development of the then Oregon, particularly that portion of it now the state of Washington.

Oregon is one of the states that have so far taken no action on this subject, and it would be in order for the Pioneer association or the Oregon Historical society to take it up for discussion and recommendation. We suppose there would be practical unanimity as to one of these men—Dr. John McLoughlin. No other name would arise to dispute with his for first place. For the second, the Pendleton Tribune urges the claims of Colonel James W. Nesmith, and we recall no pioneer state-builder more deserving, after McLoughlin, of the honor.

Nesmith was one of the early pioneers, and served conspicuously and with much valor and usefulness in the early Indian wars. He was prominent from his arrival in the councils of the territory, and in 1860 was elected one of Oregon's first

United States senators, as a Union Democrat, and was one of Lincoln's trusted advisers. Later he served one term in the lower house of congress. He was a man of great talent, and a natural leader of men. Though he might have won fame and fortune as a lawyer, he preferred to remain a farmer. He died in 1885, his last days having been clouded by mental aberration, but his fame and the services he rendered his state and country will always shine clearly bright on the pages of Oregon's history.

It is in order, however, for any one to suggest other names. But let the matter be taken up, and Oregon's niche in the national Temple of Fame be duly filled.

It was a matter of regret to The Journal that it proved impossible to publish reports by Eugene V. Debs of the Haywood trial. Arrangements for such reports were made with Mr. Debs before the trial began and a contract was duly signed, but at the last moment he decided not to go to Boise and sent a substitute. For three weeks The Journal published daily reports by this substitute in the hope that Debs would finally go to Boise as advertised; but this he did not do and the substitute reports fell so far short of expectations that the service was finally discontinued. The failure to secure the Debs reports, though unavoidable, was naturally a disappointment to many of our readers, for his impressions of the case would have been of great interest. Whatever may be thought of his views and of the policies which he advocates, it cannot be denied that he is a man of great native ability and a leader who wields a powerful influence.

At last the big Pacific ocean is going to be duly recognized by the navy department. As an English paper suggests, this naval movement may be one not so much to impress Japan as to furnish foundation for an argument for doubling our naval strength. However, Pacific Coast ports will welcome the visit of the battleships. They are nice things to have in a harbor where they are safe.

There seems to have been no sufficient reason for the arrest of Barney Oldfield, who as he says was subject to orders from others and to the weather gods and was not responsible for the people's disappointment on the occasion complained of. His prosecution appears to have been a piece of petty sensationalism.

Good coal in large quantities will soon be mined, according to reports, near Scott's Mills, only a few miles from Portland. This if true will be a very important piece of development. It won't be very long now till several large Oregon coal fields will be producing—we hope and believe.

With a railroad to Siuslaw and another to the Blue river mining district, Eugene will begin to appear on the map as quite an important railroad center. Her people have fine opportunities to boost that fine town along now.

Anybody who argues that candidates for the legislature should not subscribe to Statement Number One argues that the interests and will of a political party, that is, a few politicians and office-holders, are paramount to those of the whole people.

Harriman says he did not know he was violating any rules of the Yale-Harvard boat race. It is strange how much that most people know some exceedingly smart people don't know.

Cannon Balls of Stone.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger. On either side of the entrance to the naval arsenal on Gray's Ferry road, is an immense stone sphere, measuring about 25 inches in diameter. There is a legend that these were used or intended for use in a Turkish mortar "the largest piece of ordnance in the world." These balls were given to the institution soon after its founding by Commodore J. D. Elliott, who obtained them during a cruise on the frigate Constitution in European waters. An inscription on one of the balls relates that they were obtained on the Asiatic steamer the Bardsley, and it is within the realms of possibility that the Turks may have intended them to serve as a mortar in a Turkish mortar, than probable that with sufficient powder they would have been used to bombard the Commodore's headquarters. Commodore Elliott presented them in 1828, and ever since then they have ornamented the entrance and mystified curious visitors.

More Hotels Needed.

From the Pendleton Tribune. And yet Portland is right now at that point where it is necessary to invest some of the money, or some of that belonging to other people, in a few more hotels. The occasion last week was not one out of the ordinary in the number of outside people attracted to the city, and yet the hotels were filled to overflowing and visitors were compelled to scramble for accommodations wherever they might be found. Early in the week people were being turned away from the Parkins, the Imperial and the Oregon, and though they had been invited to Portland as the guests of the city, men and their wives, laden with baggage, and in some cases wandering about in search of some place to stay over night. This is a common experience in Portland during recent years and presents a situation that its enterprising people should not longer permit to endure.

Hymns to Know

The German Te Deum. [Martin Rinkart (Ellenburg, Germany, April 23, 1826-December 3, 1849) was pastor of his native town almost all his life. He did not live the simple life of the country parson; the Thirty Years' war saw him often with the army, and his service in times of stress and famine, made him beloved through all the land. This hymn probably was written about the time of the thanksgiving services for the declaration of peace in 1648. It was translated into the English by Catherine Winkworth. In Germany it ranks next to 'Ein' Feste Burg.'] Now thank we all our God With heart, and hands, and voice, Who wondrous things has done, In whom his world rejoices; Who from our mothers' arms Hath blessed us in our way With countless gifts of love, And still is ours today. O, may this bounteous God, Through all our life be near us, With ever joyful hearts, And blessed peace to cheer us; And keep us in his grace, And guide us when perplexed, And free us from all ill In this world and the next.

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope. Vigor depends on virtue. Flowers are poor builders. Killing hope is moral suicide. Sow happiness and reap heaven. Every man is made up of many men. You can never find rest by retreating from duty. Men are not uplifted without the lever of love. Every time you serve a superstitious you enslave your soul. The child of heaven always sees something of heaven in the child. Too many of us are blaming fate for the fruitage of our fears. Many people who pray for barrels of blessing set out only teacups. The door of opportunity is not much use to the man who is asleep. It's hard for the pulpit to see truth when it fixes its eye on the treasury. It takes more than ability to knock the church to open the doors of paradise. Some folk think they are pious because the sight of pain gives them pleasure. There never yet was a sermon that could have any force on a head full of fashion. Some folks feel sure they are building on rock because their hearts are hard as flint. The burdens of earth demand that our hearts be nourished with the bread of heaven. The spirit of brotherhood never needs to hire billboards to have its good deeds made known. There are too many people hungry for love for any one ever to talk of suffering from loneliness. Some men think that the ladder to heaven has but three rungs, called wages, salary and income. It now is perfectly safe to prove your charity by giving away your wintertime's clothes. There always is a tendency to judge such things as love by the divorce records rather than by the many happy homes. You cannot reach men helpfully so long as you have a sense of having to reach to them instead of standing right by them. Caught in Their Own Trap. From Cassell's Magazine. Two men, who had an intense desire to make Mr. Gladstone look foolish, were once caught in their own trap. They had determined to try to put a "poser" to Mr. Gladstone by raising a discussion on a subject which they, greatly daring, imagined he knew nothing about. Accordingly they looked up an article in an encyclopedia on some such theme as "Chinese Funeral Customs." They arranged to discuss the matter at a dinner party where Mr. Gladstone was to be the chief guest. As usual, he sparkled with information, but when the unusual theme was introduced by the two men Mr. Gladstone was silent. They thought that at last they had fathomed the depth of his extraordinary knowledge, and one of them challenged him recklessly by saying: "I suppose Mr. Gladstone, you cannot throw any light on this matter?" Mr. Gladstone replied in the mildest way possible, "No, I don't think anything new on the subject has appeared since the article dealing with it was published in such an encyclopedia," naming the very volume from which the men had extracted their "proof." The laugh was turned against them, and they never tried again to make a clever man look foolish.

June.

By Helen Hunt Jackson. A month whose promise and fulfillment blend, And burst in one it seems the earth can store In all her roomy house no treasure Of all her wealth no farthing have to spend On fruit, when once this stintless flowering end, And yet no finest flower shall fall before Its hilt is ready at its hidden core. Its tithes of seed, which we may count and tend Till harvest. Joy of blossomed love, for Seems it no farther than can yet have birth? No room is left for deeper ecstasy? Watch well if seeds grow strong, to scatter free Germs for thy future summers on the earth. A joy which is but joy soon comes to earth.

An Inspiring Telegram.

From the Ladies' Home Journal. On the first day that a young man began his duties as reporter on a paper, a report came from a neighborly town that there was a terrible fire raging. The editor of the paper immediately sent the new reporter to the place, and, upon arriving there, he found that the firemen were unable to get control of the fire, so he sent the telegram to the editor: "Fire still raging. What shall I do?" The editor thought a minute, and then sent back this message: "Find out where the fire is the hottest and jump in."

Tit for Tat.

From the San Francisco Argonaut. A man who reports on a paper and playing jokes, met his friend Stone and said: "Hello, Stone! How is Mrs. Stone and the little pebbles?" "Fine, thank you," Stone added: "And how is Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

A Sermon for Today

The Social Conscience. By Henry F. Cope. "And a Lord cut out of grain, who is Abel thy brother?"—Gen. iv. SOCIAL selfishness is the most serious charge against the church of our day. If the charge be sustained it simply indicates that the church has become subdued to the spirit and subservient to the method of the world, for the grave danger of this age is that it shall be dominated by social selfishness. Yet the correctness with which this accusation is made against the church for failure to enter upon her work of generating and reconstructing society, the force invective freely poured on the individual or the corporation which for gain sells out the lives of men and women and disregards all human rights, the popular indignation against social wrong is the most promising sign of the time. There is an awakening social conscience; as never before men are realizing that the old question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" must be answered in a clear and active affirmative. There never was a time when there was more serious search for the right way of discharge of our responsibilities which the individual has come to feel for humanity as a whole. It would be a happy thing if we could sit down at our ease and say, all well with this world, there is no good cause for popular discontent; but it is a horrible thing when we thus sit at ease and speak of the world as if things are far from right, when justice is thwarted by greed and the lives of children are devoured by the moths of mammon, when the power of the world to do wrong is coupled with the inability of poverty to do right. It is a stunted intellect that says conditions are no worse than they are; they used to be. These things cannot be measured by former conditions; they must be measured by the present day conditions. They are not better than they were, but they are utterly wrong and bad until they come to that standard we know to be right. If you will be satisfied with the backward look, but every age must have new standards of humanity never can stand still. Standards of living are not in life continually must rise higher. The desire for betterment which you satisfy is not by the practice of the old, but by the practice of the new, of constant improvement in the lot of others. Every man has a duty to society; he is debtor to all humanity; he is the inheritor of the high privilege of making the world better, fairer, happier. Most of all, do not let the power of mammon rest upon those who profess to follow the man of Nazareth, who came into the world to redeem society. The church will be measured not by the profaneness of her creeds but by the production of ideal conditions for its perfection. Is there any greater mockery today than to hear a body of men, the name of him who came to save the world standing with hand outstretched begging the world to save it from poverty, to let the world be better, to let it be able to enjoy soothing sermons and rich furnishings? The deadly heresy is this: living for ourselves, this selfishness that puts its own interests first. Neither the church nor the individual can live in "a little garden walled around." We steadily are tempted to shield ourselves from the world, the sights of poverty and the heavy drafts on our sympathies made by suffering. Walled in by respectability we hope to escape responsibility. The world shall not hear the words, like a wilding whirlwind, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these who are with me, ye have done it unto me." Nor do the all; we refuse to give ourselves some of our thought and energy, our sympathy and love to the world, to the suffering, to the poor of our own lives. The narrow, dwarfed soul is the one that is ever turned in on itself and never reaching out to others who have needs, who are suffering, who are dead already; only he who lives to serve humanity is alive and lives more and more forever.

Marse Henry to Billy.

Louisville Courier-Journal: Mr. Bryan is good enough occasionally to observe in this week's Commoner: Henry Watterson says his candidate wears a mustache. Hiss! Have you noticed Marse Henry's facial adornment? Billy boy, dear, your "Marse Henry" is not the man with the mustache, but, alas! it is gray. So was his coat—though that was a long, very long time ago—and, meanwhile, he falls to fill in the running shoes, and is not a regulation Democrat in 1896; still glories in his shame; lives on the south, not on the north, side of the Ohio, etc., etc. But all the same, dear Billy boy, he nurses a sneaking kindness toward you, as the saying hath it, and admires your sense, your intellect, and satisfaction, if he ever wrote a cross word about you, he takes it back and apologizes. In case you insist on making the race next year, he will give you the name of your very short name. But why should either of us take any risks, dear Billy boy, Billy?

The Apple Trade.

From the New York Evening Post. "In this entire country," said a fruit man today, "there are just two carloads of apples left in the hands of the jobbers. They will be disposed of by the end of this week, and then the crop of apples in the United States will be in the retail stores. Since the last apple crop was harvested the working men of this country have had three successive increases in salary, following the wage advance for mill hands in Connecticut. As a rule, for many hands, railroad workmen and men have had an increase of 30 per cent more than in the previous 12 months. These are the people who make the market for the country's staple products. They earn more money, if they earn more they eat more. In the present year they have simply eaten the apples that were left over the country. The apple is the most wholesome and most popular of fruits. In hard times it is a luxury, in good times the workers will have it."

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