

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. G. S. Jackson, Publisher. Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Or.

Telephone—Main 7173. All departments reached by this number. Will the operator the department you want.

FOREIGN ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVE. Vreeland-Benjamin Special Advertising Agency, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, Tribune Building, Chicago.

Subscription Terms by mail to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico. DAILY. One year, \$5.00. One month, \$1.50.

One year, \$2.50. One month, \$1.25. DAILY AND SUNDAY. One year, \$7.50. One month, \$2.25.

Nor love the life, nor hate; but whilst thou livest, live well.—Milton.

DEFEAT AWAITS THE DISLOYAL CANDIDATE.

WHAT IS wanted in Oregon is a candidate for senator with penetration enough to see the handwriting on the wall. Defeat, swift and sure, stalks in the face of the candidate who proposes to ignore or abridge any part of the Oregon primary law.

The lesson of Mr. Bourne is too recent and too remarkable to have been forgotten. But one asset, and one alone, is responsible for his spectacular and wholly unexpected elevation to the senatorship.

But he won. He won, and has since in many ways, redeemed the reputation that was so charred and tarlished when he appeared on the horizon as a senatorial candidate.

WOOLEN MILLS NEEDED.

WALLOWA COUNTY'S wool clip this year amounted, according to one of the local papers, to 1,600,000 pounds; as stated by another, to 2,000,000 pounds.

This is an old story, and applies to other places as well as to Wallowa county, but it is in order to reiterate on frequent occasions the question: Why doesn't local capital, of which there is now plenty in all parts of Oregon for this purpose, build more woolen mills?

Wallowa county produces excellent grades of wool; water power is abundant; though the farming industry is increasing there, the wool-growing industry will always be a large and important one.

there should be more such mills in other counties also. Oregon ought to manufacture a large proportion of the woolen goods its people consume.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

Governor Chamberlain having made a remark to the effect that President Roosevelt was a good deal of a Democrat, and that on most propositions he and Bryan were in agreement, there has been a good deal of effort put forth in certain quarters to refute the statement.

In nearly all he has done in the case of the People versus the Interests, Roosevelt has gone against the policy, practices, purposes and principal leaders of his party.

The arguments adduced to show that the two parties are inherently and necessarily as different and antagonistic as black and white are mouldy with bourbonism.

There is no great national issue today upon which the people are sharply divided into two opposing and hostile hosts, the white and the black, the sheep and the goats, as has been represented.

State Rights: Admit that the trend of Republican party sentiment, following Hamiltonian theories, is toward a strongly centralized government, while the historic Democratic idea, following Jefferson's, is that the federal government should confine itself strictly to the exercise of delegated powers.

Except in misty, sophistical, abstract, academical theory, where, then, is the party issue here? There is none, until a specific case arises, and then perhaps Bryan would out-Roosevelt Roosevelt, and perhaps Roosevelt's Republican successor would win applause from Judge Parker.

THE MORNING paper of Portland scarcely makes any disguise lately of its opposition to the primary law, though it does not attack the law straightforwardly and candidly, but by sinister and cynical remarks as to what it will do to the Republican party.

What is meant by this is clear enough, though the Oregonian isn't candid and honest enough to say it out directly, to-wit: "You Republican leaders and would-be bosses and slate-makers and grafters of high and low degree need to take a tumble and repeal the primary law, or else you will be left out in the cold hereafter.

Because they are not pacified by trades and given offices that they are not fit for or opportunities somehow to graft.

But however that may be, the people are not going to give up the direct primary law very easily at the behest of the politicians and the organs. The Republican party is likely to be beaten sure enough if its leaders persist in the apparent purpose of some of them to get rid of this law and substitute the old system.

BIRTHRIGHT.

NATURE CANNOT do all. She placed Portland at the gateway of the Pacific northwest, and gave her prodigally of opportunity. With mountain ranges, she fenced in 250,000 square miles of magnificent territory, and made Portland the true route of egress to the sea and the world.

Few fields of endeavor offer greater opportunity for reform. The thousands who have paid their savings into mushroom insurance concerns only to see them vanish like the mists in the morning, are in evidence.

But it is not the end. Eau lost his birthright. Opportunity is an asset only when joined to effort. Portland has a part to play in this original plan of destiny.

The whole subject is so important and the business so intimately and widely associated with human affairs that it is strange a greater public inspection and control has not been applied.

"UNEARNED INCREMENT."

THE RENTAL for the Pittock block, bought 50 years ago for \$300, now leased for 99 years, will begin at \$30,000 a year, and will increase every five years until during the last semi-decade of this period it will amount to about \$104,000 a year.

ATTACKING THE PRIMARY LAW.

THE MORNING paper of Portland scarcely makes any disguise lately of its opposition to the primary law, though it does not attack the law straightforwardly and candidly, but by sinister and cynical remarks as to what it will do to the Republican party.

What is meant by this is clear enough, though the Oregonian isn't candid and honest enough to say it out directly, to-wit: "You Republican leaders and would-be bosses and slate-makers and grafters of high and low degree need to take a tumble and repeal the primary law, or else you will be left out in the cold hereafter.

Because they are not pacified by trades and given offices that they are not fit for or opportunities somehow to graft. It is at least doubtful if the owners of real estate should be allowed thus to tie it up for a century, and from generation to generation.

NEW DEPARTURE IN LIFE INSURANCE.

THE OUTCOME of a current experiment in life insurance will be watched with interest. The scene is in Massachusetts, where the savings banks are hereafter to do the life insurance, under strict supervision by the state.

And still another member of the cabinet visits the Pacific northwest—the only one who has retained his position since the beginning of McKinley's administration.

"All you know at McMinnville, and all you know at Eugene, about the streets of Portland you learn from the statements of the Oregonian," says that paper of the McMinnville News-Reporter.

The railroads are going to advance the rate on Pacific northwest lumber shipped east, so that possibly a large market may be closed to the coast mills, but whether in that case they would raise the price to Oregon and Washington consumers, in order to make up for loss of profits lost by this raise of rates, we do not know.

Mother's Punishment.

From the Detroit Free Press. All mothers have a tender way. With naughty little boys, Who seem inclined to disobey, And make an awful noise, Full many a whipping, mother swears, She'll give for that and this; But when she gets her boy upstairs, She settles with a kiss.

This Date in History.

1402—Tamerlane defeated the sultan Bajazet near Ankara. 1540—Thomas Cromwell, who promoted the marriage of Henry VIII with Anne of Cleves, beheaded. 1584—Asoff taken by Czar Peter of Russia.

Small Farmers Needed.

From the Woodburn Independent. A cannery is needed in Woodburn. It is not only a shame, but a crime that so much fruit is allowed to go to waste, and that so much acreage is not made more profitable.

Echoes From the Past.

From the Chicago Tribune. Ben of Brummel had asked Sheridan the question, "Who is your fat friend?" "Sh!" whispered Sheridan. "It's Taft."

A Practical View.

From the Washington Post. Dr. Felix Adler, who says "you cannot serve your fellow man unless you touch them," must be another of those practical men who have been hearing

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope. Sympathy is the cement of society. The home is the heart of the nation.

Your best self will be found only by self-sacrifice. The soul needs deep plowing to turn under its weeds.

The only good things we keep are those we pass along. The fundamental dignity of humanity is in its divinity.

Folks who sing off the key always sing above the choir. The really careful man knows what cares he can afford to lose.

There can be recreation in the indulgence that leads to regret. A man often finds himself when he looks misfortune in the face.

Our own lives are robbed of sweetness by bitter thoughts of others. You never will develop good in any so long as you see no good in them.

The most important part of our environment we really carry within us. You never will burn a hole in sin by concentrating your piety on Sunday.

No man is worth much to society until he learns to make the most of himself. The religion that does not work for sanitation has little hope of realizing salvation.

It's no use praying to the Father in heaven when you are breaking up families on earth. The safety of a little religion lies in the fact that if it is real it will take root and grow.

The best evidence of any superiority is recognition of the obligations which it involves. There is something wrong when approval to the after brings only the realization of our miserable weakness.

When the church puts as much energy into raising her ideals as she now does into picturing them the world will be saved. Without doubt the man whose whole character lies in the clothes he buys for himself for Sundays succeeds in clothing a mighty poor soul.

Letters From the People

Not His First Narrow Escape. Portland, July 25.—To the Editor of The Journal.—In noting the many incidents connected with the sinking of the Columbia, I will mention one whose name appeared day before yesterday among the survivors—Arthur St. Clair.

The Fresh Air Kid. By James J. Montague. Bill, he's been a fresh-air kid, an' gee! he gets me sore. A'tellin' me 'bout the things he's did out somewhere by some shore.

He says he's found out how ter swim, an' an row, an' ride a horse. Just 'bout the things he's did, him! I know he lies, of course.

If kids would frame it up to play, wherever I've been at, Some of 'em would come along an' say to beat it out o' that!

He says the birds build nests out there, an' that the feller sees 'em. The rabbits runnin' everywhere among the great big trees.

I'm sure he just thinks up them things to tell us, an' he's a liar. If rabbits wasn't tied ter strings, they'd chase themselves away!

He stands here swearin' up and down that all this ain't no bluff. But he can't get us kids in town to b'lieve that sort of stuff!

He claims they used to fish for fish, an' caught a lot on one day. Right off a dock, I sure do wish that I could lie that way!

For when the sun's a-shinin' down, along about July, An' everything there is in town is sweeter'n hot an' dry; When just to sit around an' fish is all a kid can do, 'Twould make you kind of cool, I'll bet, to think them things was true.

From the Detroit Free Press. All mothers have a tender way. With naughty little boys, Who seem inclined to disobey, And make an awful noise, Full many a whipping, mother swears, She'll give for that and this; But when she gets her boy upstairs, She settles with a kiss.

How often to his room she's led, The boy who disobeyed, And sent him supperless to bed. When temper he displayed, How often when she's heard him cry, She's called: "No more of this! I'll come to whip you by and by." Then settled with a kiss.

Full many a time I've seen her go To use the hair brush well; And have waited down below, To hear the youngster yell. 'Ev'ry time, it seems to me, His troubled cries I miss; Her whippings always seem to be A loving, good night kiss.

And that is ever mother's way, So tender and so kind, With naughty boys who disobey, And will not learn to mind. How often when she's asked Sheridan She scolds for that and this; But everywhere throughout the land She settles with a kiss.

From the Chicago Tribune. Ben of Brummel had asked Sheridan the question, "Who is your fat friend?" "Sh!" whispered Sheridan. "It's Taft."

The portly Prince of Wales heard him, but he merely smiled, pulled his lid down on his head a little tighter, and walked on.

From the Washington Post. Dr. Felix Adler, who says "you cannot serve your fellow man unless you touch them," must be another of those practical men who have been hearing

A Sermon for Today

Life's Profit. By Henry F. Cope. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?—Matt. xvi:26

W HEN a man wished to evade the consequences of a practical application of religion to conduct he called it an affair of the soul.

The object of religion was supposed to be the saving of this soul in order that it might pass from the present chrysalis shell in which it is hidden and blossom into the beauty and clear identity of another life.

How little the great teacher means when, having pictured the folly of living for possessions alone, he asks this striking question on the profits and value of life! He means that whether his words when we lay aside our traditional significance and make this word soul read, as it should—simple life—what will a man give in exchange for his life?

The business of life is profit, at the least but the largest. The great life is the more the living teacher is on hand to make the most of life.

We compare the returns of our own lives with the profits that others are making. Each man gets the things for which he lives. What are the worth while things and, in the infinite account, what are the things that are going on every day which are the assets and reserves upon which we may depend?

How little the great teacher means when, having pictured the folly of living for possessions alone, he asks this striking question on the profits and value of life! He means that whether his words when we lay aside our traditional significance and make this word soul read, as it should—simple life—what will a man give in exchange for his life?

Measured by this standard a new order and new values are established among men; the rich man still may be rich in the essential things of life, indeed, while the poor may be rich, but neither the poverty of the one nor the wealth of the other is determined by aught outside himself.

Let a man appraise himself in this manner and new content will take the place of old complaints while new aspirations will take the place of old ambitions. We see that it is life and not the lot that is determinative; that capacities of love, enjoyment, service and social life are permanently enriched by more than many another that seems to be buried beneath the wealth outside it.

We have been wont to boast in this country that every man had an equal opportunity to rise to affairs and to find riches. Whether this still be true or not it is true eternally that in the riches that permanently enrich the soul of life every man has equal opportunity to find and possess that which cannot be stolen or lost of the wealth of life.

But does not this throw us back again on the unreal? Not if we remember that such wealth as this comes, as no other, not by dreaming, but by doing, like the riches of health and strength that come not from thinking of the stomach, but from toil and nourishment, so come the riches that permanently enrich the personality, that constitute true profit because they are life, by doing well our work, by seeking worthy and ideal things.

Hymns to Know

Song of the Seraphs. By Matthew Bridges. Matthew Bridges, born in England July 14, 1800, was educated in the Episcopal church and afterward became a Roman Catholic. He wrote many beautiful religious poems and in 1852 he published a book containing this hymn.

Sung to the tune "Diademata," it is one of the most stirring as well as one of the most beautiful hymns. It is used today by churches of every creed and in every land:

Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb upon his throne; Hark! how the heavenly anthem draws All music but its own. Awake, my soul, and sing, Of him who died for thee, And hark! how the matchless King Through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of love; Behold his hands and feet, Rich wounds, yet visible above, In beauty glorified; No angel in the sky, Can fully bear that sight, But downward bends his burning eyes At mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Lord of peace, Whose power a scepter sways From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise; His reign shall know no end, And round his pierced feet Fair flowers of paradise extend Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of years, The Potentate of time, Creating the heavenly spheres, Ineffably sublime! All hail! Redeemer hail! For thou hast died for me; Thy price is never, never fail Throughout eternity.

"An East Side Bank for East Side People."

"Gang Warily"

The canny Scot wot this admonished his sons had in mind

A Savings Bank Account

The safe road to the future leading to PROSPERITY, CREDIT, ESTEEM and PEACEFUL OLD AGE.

WHY DELAY OPENING YOUR ACCOUNT WITH

THE COMMERCIAL SAVINGS BANK?

Interest 4% Compounded Semi-Annually.

KNOTT AND WILLIAMS AVENUE.

George W. Bates, President. J. S. Birrell, Cashier.