

THE JOURNAL

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Will District Attorney Hedges Act? Nor knowest thou what argument thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.—Emerson.

WILL DISTRICT ATTORNEY HEDGES ACT? WHEN THE LAW is openly flouted and defied, as is done daily by the gamblers of the notorious Milwaukee club, decent citizens rise in indignant protest and demand that the law shall be enforced.

What do you mean to do, Mr. Hedges? CONSPIRATORS AGAINST THE PEOPLE'S LAW. THE JOURNAL has charged that there is a conspiracy in Oregon to destroy the primary law.

It charges further that one reason for this conspiracy is that there will be and are candidates who hope to get into position to sneak into the United States senate from Oregon by legislative instead of by the people's choice.

In proof, The Journal has cited the late utterances of the Oregonian, showing covert, but unequivocal opposition to the law as a whole.

It means that unless the plans of the gang are broken up, next year's political battle in Oregon will not be one of politics, but of politicians and organized ringsters against the people, a battle in which the overthrow of the primary law will be

sought by the gangsters, and its defense, regardless of party and regardless of cost, be the abhorrence of the people.

Meantime, ex-Senator Mulkey has announced his candidacy for senator, with a defense of the primary law including statement No. 1 as his paramount issue. It shows him to be outside the conspiracy, in which respect he can go before the voters with clean hands.

ELECTION OF SENATORS.

IN THE COURSE of a recent editorial attack on the direct primary law the Oregonian said: Since the legislature is to elect to the senate the man who may get the plurality of the popular vote, even though he may be a Democrat and the legislature Republican, or vice versa, why shouldn't the electoral colleges of the several states cast their votes for and elect to the presidency the man who may get a plurality of the vote of the people of the United States, whether the candidate may be a member of one party or another?

There is no good reason why this should not be the case, except that a different system was devised and it would be difficult if not impossible to change it. But because this is so as to president is no reason why the system of elective senators should not be changed so that they will be elected by popular vote.

Up until recently the Oregonian has advocated the election of senators by the direct vote of the people, and has often in years past published editorials in favor of this plan. Why has it flopped over now? Was all it formerly said on the subject insincere, published merely because it was popular and under the supposition that the change could never be made? Or if not, what has influenced the morning paper to favor taking the election of senators out of the hands of the people, at least to the extent of making party paramount to the people? For unless the people can decide not only as to the party candidates who are to run against each other but as to which one of these is to be chosen senator, it is no election by the people, which is the thing so long urged and sought to be accomplished.

GREAT DEMAND FOR LABOR.

ACCORDING to a dispatch, Kerkov, a Hungarian village, is inhabited wholly by women and children and old men, all the males able to work having emigrated to America. In many other villages and towns in Europe young and middle-aged men are scarce. The rulers of several countries are taking measures, some of them very harsh measures, to prevent emigration. As never before, laboring men are going forth from places where there is little demand for their labor to places where there is a greater demand. And this demand for manual labor exists in other parts of the world as well as in America, although a million and a quarter immigrants last year did not appreciably lessen it in this country.

RAILROAD COMMISSIONS.

THE RAILROAD GAZETTE, a very fair periodical for one devoted to railroad interests, has in its current issue an interesting article on "The Evolution of State Railroad Commissions." In which, while deprecating moderately "the railroad legislation mania—most of it anti-railroad," and, while assuming that railroads are private corporations, it argues hopefully that the outcome of regulative commissions will be beneficial, both to the railroads—its first consideration, of course—and to the public. The tendency of the season's lawmaking—in some states not over yet—has been to make the advisory into the regulating commission, says the Gazette, "and the word 'regulating' must here be used in a very strong sense." Regulation has extended not only to freight and passenger rates, but "to other matters too numerous to cite." In some states where, in the Gazette's opinion, powers of the commissions were already "so extensive as to be almost farcical, they have been still further overlooked with functions." In some states express business, warehousing, telephones and taxation have been added to the regulation of railroads, so that the Gazette thinks the commissions will be inadequate to the performance of their functions. Yet in "the present radicalism," this "radical evolution," involving "a kind of compulsory demagogism," the railroad organ finds "an ultimate residuum of good," affording "solid ground for hopefulness." This lies, in a word, in commissioners becoming specialists, and conservative; that is, that they will come to look at the railroad business from the

too. The Siberian railroad is being double-tracked from Moscow to Vladivostok, thousands of miles—showing what government ownership can do. The Cape-to-Cairo road in Africa is employing many thousands of men. South America is doing a good deal of railroad building. And everywhere industries of all kinds are demanding a full complement of laborers. Never before was there so loud and world-wide a call for men who work with their hands.

PORTLAND, SEATTLE AND ALASKA.

THE JOURNAL has no desire to say unkind things about the far-famed city of Seattle, preferring always to praise it when occasion to do so presents itself, as often happens; but when its own papers and prominent men accuse and warn Seattle business men against their methods, an outside paper cannot be blamed for noticing the complaints made. These are principally in regard to the Seattle methods of handling the Alaska trade. Representative Humphrey frankly told the Seattle business men recently that Alaskans quite generally were convinced that they were being robbed by the Seattle merchants and transportation companies, and a portion of the Seattle press acknowledges that this is true, and warns these greedy people that Alaska business men will not indefinitely stand for such practices.

The San Juan Islander is quoted as representing the Alaska sentiment when it reports what it calls a number of cases of rank robbery on the part of the "commission pirates of Seattle." It says there may be honest men in the commission business in Seattle, but if so they are "handcapped by the felonious practices of the dishonest ones," whom it further characterizes as "commission cormorants," and says that "there are so many authenticated instances of robbery that it is no wonder the producers of perishable products are endeavoring to perfect some plan of organization to protect themselves."

Under such a state of affairs it would seem to be a highly opportune time for Portland commission and other merchants to seek trade in Alaska. Evidently the field is ripe for them up there, if they will give the Alaska merchants a square deal. There is plenty of evidence that the Alaskans are disgusted and indignant with their treatment by the Seattle "cormorants," and would eagerly turn to Portland if they could procure supplies here and have assurance of fair treatment. Seattle has been so sure of a continued monopoly of the Alaska trade that its excessive and downright dishonest greed has made enemies of nearly all Alaska business men, who look to Portland for relief, and wonder why Portland merchants do not respond more actively to their call. They even begin to suspect that Seattle and Portland people are banded together, though this seems absurd.

As we have said a thousand times, more or less, Portland can get a large share of the enormous Alaska trade if it will put forth the necessary effort to do so.

ONE KIND OF HERO.

IT IS Mr. James Britt, hero. He is worth several columns in the newspapers, and is in the full glare of the public eye. He has licked his man. As explained in the dispatches, his achievement was the administering to his opponent of "a closed right eye, a gash in the left cheek, a cut mouth, and a badly battered nose." He "drove Nelson to the ropes with several hard swings, and Nelson tottered about helplessly." "Britt crossed his left to the ear, and then shot his right to the nose, a left hook to the mouth. He uppercot and smashed with both hands while the blood spurted from Nelson's face, and the crowd sent up a roar of delight that shook the incandescents." The narrative ends with the inspiring statement that "Nelson went to his corner vomiting, and Britt was given the decision."

Such is the conspicuous service to his country that gives Mr. Britt an 'old' place in the public eye, columns in the newspapers, and a long train of admiring followers. How inspiring a scene it must have been when with uppercut and smash with both hands he made the blood spurt till "the crowd yelled with a roar of delight that shook the incandescents."

There were big necks and thick lips in a crowd that found delight in such a scene. There were bulldog jaws, low brows and bullet heads. They were beefy faces and stuffed jowls that were in preponderance when the yell of delight went up. Self-indulgence and coarse living were stamped on many a face there, or the sight of spurring blood would not have given such exquisite pleasure. It is not so much the fault of Mr. Britt, but of these butterflys, bouquets and missing links of the tenderloin that there is delight in such, and a reason for the Britts and Nelsons.

Portland permits no such spectacles. Oregon does not tolerate the humiliation of a prize fight. There are few spots in this union of sovereign states where such things are permitted. With limited exceptions, the civilization of our people is attained to the twentieth century. Mayor Taylor says it must be so

hereafter in San Francisco. What a happy circumstance.

FINED THE LIMIT.

LOOK OUT for a big advance in the price of kerosene, and of all other necessities that Standard Oil to any considerable extent controls. Judge Kennes Mountain Landis has fined Standard Oil the limit, \$29,240,000, for many proved violations of law. But the government hasn't the money yet. Higher courts are to be heard from and the government has a long road to travel yet to get it, even if Judge Landis' judgment be affirmed, which is to say the least doubtful. And even if the corporation finally has to pay this amount, it will do so out of money wrung from the people on account of its legalized power as a monopoly. It may refrain from rebates, but it is not restrained from raising prices to any figures it sees fit to set.

Bryan says that checking and controlling a corporation having a monopoly of a great necessity is not sufficient; the monopoly of trust must be absolutely crushed, destroyed. Whether he is right about this or not, it is apparent that fines only add to the oppression of the people, as long as the monopoly obtains. Grandpa Rockefeller was especially merry yesterday while playing golf. He joked with glib jocundity, and was as happy as a boy turned loose from school. Philosophizing on his play he said he made a mistake in only trying to tie his opponent; he should have played his best to beat him; and this, he remarked, is what men should do in business—beat the other fellow as much as possible; get all you can and leave everybody else as little as possible. He may enlarge on this beautiful thought in his Sunday school today.

We believe Judge Landis did right. It is not his fault if the corporation can recoup this enormous fine, providing it has to pay it, from the people. Standard Oil has been criminally plundering the people for many years. It has defied laws; it has corrupted congress, legislatures, executives and courts; it has sought to debauch and fester every avenue of public service; its corrupt and criminal practices have for years "smelled to heaven." No fine is too much to impose on this criminal, blood-sucking octopus.

A Hungarian was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for willfully killing his 18-year-old daughter because she was unhandsome in his eyes. Court and jury seem to have agreed that this was a great and an almost sufficient provocation on her part. What a slaughter there would be if everybody was permitted to kill off all his relatives that did not look good to him. It seems rather a pity that some other member of this family did not take the notion that this man was too ugly to live.

What a pretty, appropriate plaything for a 7-year-old boy a loaded revolver is, to be sure, especially if he is playing with his 4-year-old sister. Up in Malheur county the little boy shot and killed the little girl, which is the usual result under such circumstances. This is only one more tragedy added to thousands due to the death-dealing revolver. As a rule it is an unfit thing for grown men, yet it is frequently left lying around loose, and loaded, for little children to kill one another with.

It is reported that the Southern Pacific is to put on another train between Portland and San Francisco to accommodate the increasing traffic, especially the express business. For this, if it prove true, The Journal hastens to congratulate the people and commend the company. The latter is an especial pleasure, since the occasion to do so occurs so seldom. It would be too much to expect an increased ocean service for some years to come—while Scherwin lives and holds his job.

This long-continued heated term has been the cause of great suffering, says the Indianapolis Star. There is one way for those poor people to avoid suffering so again—to come to Oregon. Mr. Bross, managing editor of the Star, knows this.

It was high time that Thaw secured the services of another leading lawyer for his next trial, as it was announced yesterday he had done. A week or more had passed without his hiring a new lawyer.

Those petrified clams found in the Nehalem mountains were rather too far underground to have been any departed Oregon mossbacks.

Portland's "heated term" has so far comprised one day.

Hymns to Know

By William Cullen Bryant. (William Cullen Bryant, Cummingtown, Massachusetts, 1794, New York city, 1878, journalist, newspaper editor, author and poet of nature, wrote several hymns which are found in our hymnals. Bryant was a member of the Unitarian church, and he made the force of his religious faith and high moral living felt everywhere. This hymn, especially appropriate to times of sorrow, is usually sung to the tune Bradbury.)

Deem not that they are blest alone, Whose days a peaceful tenor keep; Thee, God, who loves our race has shown A blessing for the eyes that weep. The light of smiles shall fill again The face that with sorrow's flow with tears, And weary hours of woe and pain Are promises of happier years.

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope. Our lives are the lips of the Most High. Only a coward will hide behind his conscience. Your superiority does not depend on your pedestal. Self is the only thing that really can break love ties. Religion is the touch of the infinite on all our affairs. An honest message never has trouble finding hearers. It takes more than soft solder to cement souls together. It takes more than headache cure to set the heart right. The only worthy high living is that which puts the soul on top. A cross disposition is no evidence of bearing the divine cross. No great deeds are done without the doing of many little details. No man increases his own good reputation by stealing another's.

When a man boasts of his courage he is giving it absent treatment. Society has its temptations, but they are as nothing to those of solitude. Preach the pleasures of piety and people willingly will bear its pains. The heart that feeds on pride must have many an ache in its stomach. As conscience becomes atrophied the critical faculties become inactive. There's no advantage in making men weary with a sermon inviting them to rest. Many think they can overcome sin by shouting glittering generalities at the devil. You might be a walking theological seminary and still be traveling the wrong road.

Ten Thousand Seeds for Experiment

Burbank's achievements with the daisy are more fascinating than a fairy tale. From England, Japan, Germany, Australia—everywhere where daisies grow—he got seeds of the best varieties. These were carefully planted and watched with closest care. They were going to be slain, but out of their death was to come a new daisy, larger, more beautiful, more hardy, and that would flower in every climate perennially. The result was his "magenta daisy," one of the most beautiful flowers ever seen—of clear brilliant white, great size, the center of pure yellow resting upon a solid, yet streaked, magenta. Ten thousand seeds required for this one experiment? Yes, and often the ten thousand become fifty or a hundred or five hundred, and so on. He wanted what he wants. It is this large dealing that has differentiated Mr. Burbank's plans from those of other men. He speedily learned that great results are not to be obtained from inadequate methods. The ten thousand daisy-seeds were only a starter. Millions and millions of daisies were grown from these seeds, and it was only after the experiments were completed, and the habits of the "Shasta" permanently fixed, that the experimental plants were destroyed.—George Wharton James, in the August Circle.

How Burbank Grasped Opportunity.

Luther Burbank's early life in California was attended by many hard experiences. He was very poor, and was obliged to take any work that came to hand. He cleaned out chicken-coops, helped in market-gardens, got an odd job here and another there, passed through very severe times, and was "on the tramp" for work until finally he was able to start a little nursery on his own ground with a fair start. To outsiders he seemed an honest, hard-working young fellow, who might make his living, but to much more than that. Then, all at once, he did something that made those who knew about it look at him. An order came for 20,000 young pruned trees, and he filled it. He had a plan. He hadn't a prune tree on his place, and how was he going to supply 20,000 in nine months? He got together all the pruned trees he could find, and he planted them for him. They grew rapidly. When they were ready, he had 20,000 pruned trees ready to ship. He had a short time the prunes were budded into the growing almonds, and before the time was up the trees were delivered to the delighted ranchman. He had seen these 20,000 prune trees. They are growing today, and it is really one of the great orchards in the world. George Wharton James, in the August Circle.

Wagtail and Baby.

Thomas Hardy in the Albany Review. A baby watched a ford, whereto A wagtail came for drinking. A blaring bull went wading through, The wagtail showed no shrinking. A stallion eplashed his way across, The birdle nearly sinking; He gave his plumes a twitch and toss, And held his own unblinking. Next saw the baby round the spot A mongrel slowly sinking; The wagtail gazed, but flinched not In dip and sip and prinking. A perfect gentleman then neared; The wagtail in a winking Rose terrified and disappeared. The baby fell a-thinking.

Statistics show that suicide has increased in Japan at an alarming rate, and that within recent years self-murder among women has become more common than formerly. In the four years from 1908 to 1912, 42,801 men and 26,847 women killed themselves.

Sigurd Mosses, the Swedish archaeologist, has discovered that the women of 4,000 years ago in Mycenae had many fashions that prevail at the present time. They knew how to crape, trim, wash, had tartans before the Scotch, understood the mysteries of corset lacing in front, and I have seen sleeves, metal belts, and a style of dress which an imitative nineteenth century dressmaker considered itself original, dubbed "Empire."

A Sermon for Today

By Henry F. Cope. "Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before."—Phil., III, 13. THE regret is vain that looks not to reconstruction. The best expression of sorrow for yesterday's doing is service for today's right. It is a good thing to look back, but only that we may push forward. There is no consolation for the individual, no betterment for society, in the gospel that goes not beyond repentance. There are many who are eating out their own hearts with bitter repentings of past follies. The cheer is driven from every day by the memory of old wrongdoings; they fairly are haunted by a fearsome past. Perhaps, as a plain matter of fact, their sins are not as gross as they seem; imagination has magnified them. But dwelling on them, poring over them, they have paralyzed their own possibilities of present improvement. It is true that no man can undo his past. It is true, as many knew in bitterness of fact, that their own conscience and memory constantly pierce the hearts with the thorns that have grown from past sins. But there is a way to make new beginnings. All else is lost when hope is lost; the light fades from the eyes and the soul seeks to perish with it. There is a way to believe that he can make yet one more beginning. Heaven rejoices when we are hearing them, and we are set our faces toward home again. In the race of life many things may bring us down, but we are responsible for it if he is both down and out. We, the competitors, may be ever ready to give up, but somehow we know that eternal justice will pronounce no verdict till the course be done, and eternal love ever yearning to see each fallen sinner on his feet and pressing forward in the race. In the school of life we may learn to forget the difficulties of the tasks once set before us, and even the disgrace when we failed at them in the joy of the strength that all the struggle of meeting and mastering these tasks has given. How foolish were we when we refused to tackle the larger problems of life because the little old slate on which we worked had become so blurred with wear and tear. And so with our sorrows. Too many are living in the shadow of clouds long passed, carrying with them the gloom of days gone by, they rob today of its courage and tomorrow of its glad confidence. Their backs are soon broken when they do not know how to drop some burdens. There is a great difference between the fragrant memory of days that in their passing seemed more bitter, between those mists through which loved faces smile out of death's shadows and the wayward winds of a stormy life in the carefully preserved pails and trapping of our woe. So, too, do we impute our present wrongs to the sins of our fathers and mothers, malice and enmity, thought or done to us in days past. Memory and history easily become a chamber of horror, and we are ever in the grip of noisome things, and today's pleasure and tomorrow's promise alike are lost in the contemplation of our sins of yesterday. God is made as well as behind. The universe is not heartless, a pitiless machine whose past faults forever preclude the possibility of our ever being forgiven. God ever upspringing hope in the human breast is but the echo of the infinite, wooing us to new endeavors, calling men to a new and better life. They go forward who look forward. The best lives are the lives that seek not the past, but the future. We are only ourselves that we lie not prone to the dust; we owe it to all others to begin again. What right have we to block the way of others? We are ever pushing forward. Failures must be as finger posts to future successes. Regretting the past, and carrying their burden with them, they redeem yesterday by right doing today and right determination for tomorrow, and you shall find every force of good facing you, and your own strengthening heart and hand for better things.

Don't Shoot.

(Copyright, 1907, by American Journal-Examiner) By Elsie Wheeler Wilcox. Don't shoot! Consider this one fact, The lack of manhood in the act; How could a creature of your kind, that flies? We are so helpless and so small! The very tiniest bird is tall Compared with us, Put down your gun, And seek some manlier kind of fun. Don't shoot! Out there in tree and glade, In prettiness and beauty have we made, Our hungry little birdlings wait. Ah, think of their unhappy fate. If we come not at set of sun, Put down your gun, put down your gun.

This Date in History.

- 1701—A general treaty of peace made with the Indians at Montreal. 1769—The fort at Crown Point, New York, captured by the French. 1814—The Americans defeated at Fort Mackinac. 1863—Advertisement duty abolished in the United Kingdom. 1865—President Lincoln called for 100,000 more soldiers. 1889—Special delivery letters distributed for the first time in the United States. 1892—Andrew J. Borden and wife murdered, Fall River, Massachusetts. 1901—Invasion of Venezuela by Colombians successfully repelled.

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