

THE JOURNAL

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Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other.—Benjamin Franklin.

OUR KING HAS SPOKEN.

THE UNCERTAINTY with reference to a railroad for central Oregon is removed. The expectation that it might be built gives place to the disappointment that it will not be built. This is the only logical conclusion from Mr. Harriman's utterances, and he gives the reason. The region is too thinly populated, there will be snow to shovel several months in the year and there are districts that would afford no traffic, says the Wall Street wizard, blandly. The policy is not to build a railroad to develop the country, but to let the country develop for the benefit of the railroad. A million bushels of wheat in the Haystack district this season is waiting for the railroad. It would be five million bushels as soon as the railroad is built, and the freight on it in a season or two would pay for the extension. The building of the railroad would, in effect, create the five million bushels. That, however, is not the Wall Street method. It has not the charm of the Alton deal or the \$40,000,000 gathered in by withholding notice of the Union and Southern Pacific dividend.

Meantime, as to transportation, Mr. Harriman holds Oregon in the hollow of his hand. Oregon has 1,720 miles of railroad, Washington has 3,260. Only three states in the union have a smaller percentage of railroad mileage per 100 square miles than has Oregon. A reason for it is Mr. Harriman. His policy is not to build railroads and not to permit other people to build them into territory he owns. That is why he bought the Corvallis & Eastern. Otherwise it might have been extended into central Oregon. Now it cannot be without Mr. Harriman's consent. Seasons will come and go and flowers bloom and fade. Ann will grow older year by year and the people of Mars will go on building canals without giving a tinker's whoop for the designs of the Harrimans here below will annually add to their population, and Mr. Harriman, transportation king in his kingdom of Oregon, emperor in his empire, will go on playing his game of high finance in Wall Street and when abundantly ready will build a railroad into central Oregon, but not before. What a striking illustration the spectacle affords to Oregonians to seek the opening of their waterways and become as far as possible independent of the railroad regime that has long been and still is the bane of the state.

GOOD NEWS FROM PANAMA.

THERE IS a pleasant ring to the news from Panama. Progress in the canal work is much accelerated. The aggregate excavation was 1,274,444 cubic yards in August against 1,048,776 in July, a gain of 225,668 cubic yards. The improvement in results is so marked that Mr. Roosevelt has wired congratulations to Colonel Goethal, the military engineer, whose genius has wrought a revolution in canal methods and affairs. The increase in the excavation aggregate is so great that the allowance of \$27,000,000 for dirt moved by the end of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, will, according to Colonel Goethal's estimate be \$3,000,000 short of requirements. The 63 steam shovels at work will shortly be increased by 80 more now en route to the isthmus, when it is expected that the excavation will reach 2,000,000 cubic yards per month. Preliminary work has already begun on the great dam and locks, which Colonel Goethal's estimates will be a greater undertaking than cutting the canal prism. It is already established that the canal will cost more than double the original estimates, and possibly a great deal more. Including the \$40,000,000 paid the French and the \$10,000,000 paid to the republic of Panama for the franchise, the

amount so far appropriated is \$130,000,000. The present estimate is that \$35,000,000 will be required annually for prosecution of the work, which will make the total cost up to June 30, 1912, \$275,000,000. After a recent visit to the isthmus, Secretary Taft in optimistic mood declared that the work would be finished within seven years from the beginning of the next fiscal year, which would mean completion in 1915, with an ultimate cost of more than \$345,000,000. But it is worth the price.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

DON'T DESPISE people because they do not act and believe as you do, nor because their actions, ideas and beliefs are unlike yours. Don't be cock sure that another's belief is foolish just because you don't believe the same way. Because you can't believe as another person does in the matter of religion is no good ground for saying that there is no truth in it. And whether his belief is altogether true or not, if it makes him a better person it is a good thing for him. The question Pilate asked, 'What is truth?' has never yet been answered except in very small part. You may say things that others believe are incredible, impossible, but remember your own narrow limitations of knowledge. And how can you say that there is anything impossible with God?

Then consider, before despising religious believers, that a Scriptural rule, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a pretty sure one. Do not most religious beliefs and practice make better men and women of a great many people? Pass a church on a prayer meeting evening and listen to the songs and the lower tones that you know are prayers or quiet "testimonials" or exhortations. You may sneer and say that this is folly on the part of this dozen or so people; but think a moment of this: They are doing no wrong, but are meaning and trying to do right and better, and you can think of a great many scenes wherein people are doing wrong and making themselves worse.

Go down in the "north end" and listen to the songs and exhortations of the Salvation Army people—ignorant, deluded people, you say; and perhaps you think what folly their performances are. But look inside a big saloon and see men squandering their "money for that which is not bread," their "substance for that which is not meat"; some becoming besotted, oblivious to and reckless of opportunities, devoid of ambition to do or be better in any way; and ask yourself if the folly is not here, instead of over yonder in the army barracks, where a few have found a better and cleaner and happier way to live. Why argue about the truth or reason of the doctrines taught and believed? There is the sodden spendthrift; here the "saved" believer, clean, honest, industrious, ambitious for better things in this world and hereafter.

The comparison might be made along higher social levels with similar if not so striking resultant object lessons. For most people, some belief, some religion, is a very good thing. A philosopher said, "Man is a religious animal." That is, religion of some sort is a predisposition of the race. Mankind has ever been groping for a God, a way to heaven, and if haply some have found what they sought to their satisfaction or betterment, why should the means be criticised? Indeed, are not the results evidence of the truth of the belief to which they adhere?

A WOMAN'S ERRAND.

WE MAY SMILE at the young New York heiress who comes home from Europe with many of the usual habits of female attire missing. The smart set in which she moves may, and doubtless does, regard her as a fantastic joke. Indeed, the whole country, on first blush, is probably inspired to believe her headed ultimately for a madhouse. But her errand is not fleeting nonsense. Behind it there is many a tragedy, both of heart and life. She demands dress reform and a million husbands and fathers in this country utter a heartfelt "amen." With a limp pocketbook in one hand and an unpaid milliner's bill in the other, these husbands and fathers are ready to bid Godspeed to any reformer who essays to stop the uncontrollable and insurmountable madness of latter day dress faddists. In their dress our lovely women are unconsciously dragging many a father and husband into the maelstrom of bankruptcy. His wife's \$100 bonnet or \$500 gown and what they mean has made a defaulter of many a bank cashier. The gown and hat have come to signify social classes. The same thing signifies rank among the Hindoo women, but

that it costs eight times as much

PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE

THE JOURNAL has entered its sixth year under its present management and promises to be even better received in the future than in the past five years. The support of The Journal by the people of the Oregon country has been more than generous, and the success and prosperity of the paper is largely due to their good will and liberality. The people have understood The Journal and The Journal has done its level best to serve the people.

When the present management took charge of The Journal five years ago an editorial announcement appeared, as follows:

THE JOURNAL NEWSPAPER.

The Journal property has been purchased and has passed under the control of the undersigned and the paper will be conducted on lines of greatest benefit to Portland, to Oregon and to the great northwest, and in many ways conducted differently, as to men, measures and methods, to those of its contemporaries which follow narrow grooves of newspaper habit.

The Journal in head and heart will stand for the people, be truly democratic and free from political entanglements and machinations, believing in the principles that promise the greatest good to the greatest number—to ALL MEN, regardless of race, creed, or previous condition of servitude.

Exuberant assurances are cheap and empty. I wish to make none. Performance is better than promise; action more fruitful than words. The columns of The Journal from day to day will better reflect the spirit behind the paper. It shall be a FAIR newspaper, and not a dull and selfish sheet. In short, an honest, sincere attempt will be made to build up and maintain a newspaper property in Portland that will be a credit to "Where Rolls the Oregon" country and the multitude of people who are interested in its development and advancement.

Portland capital largely is behind The Journal, and the fund is ample for all purposes. Coupled with energy and enthusiasm, the work of making a paper devoted to Portland's varied interests is begun. The support of the freedom-loving, the intelligent, generous people of Oregon is invited and will be duly appreciated by still greater endeavor and achievement on the part of The Journal, which hopes ever to become stronger in equipment, stronger in purpose, stronger in news resources, and stronger in good deeds.

C. S. JACKSON.

Portland, Or., July 23, 1902.

In this announcement The Journal pointed out the path it proposed to follow and it earnestly went to work to "keep faith" and "make good," and it has succeeded. Its work of the past is an evidence of that of the future. It proposes to continue to hew to the line and let the chips fall where they may. The Journal stands for the many and their interests; stands for a "square deal" and all that implies and means to do its share of the work in bringing about better conditions for the masses, in making Portland a better and better place to live in and Oregon one of the really great and progressive states of the mighty union.

The Journal shall keep the faith!

(there the class comes from birth, while here it is a problem of money. To be in the smart set, wherever the locality, means gowns and hats that some are able to pay for and some not. It is among those who are not that the husband or father flees to Canada, hurries to China or shoots himself in a counting room.

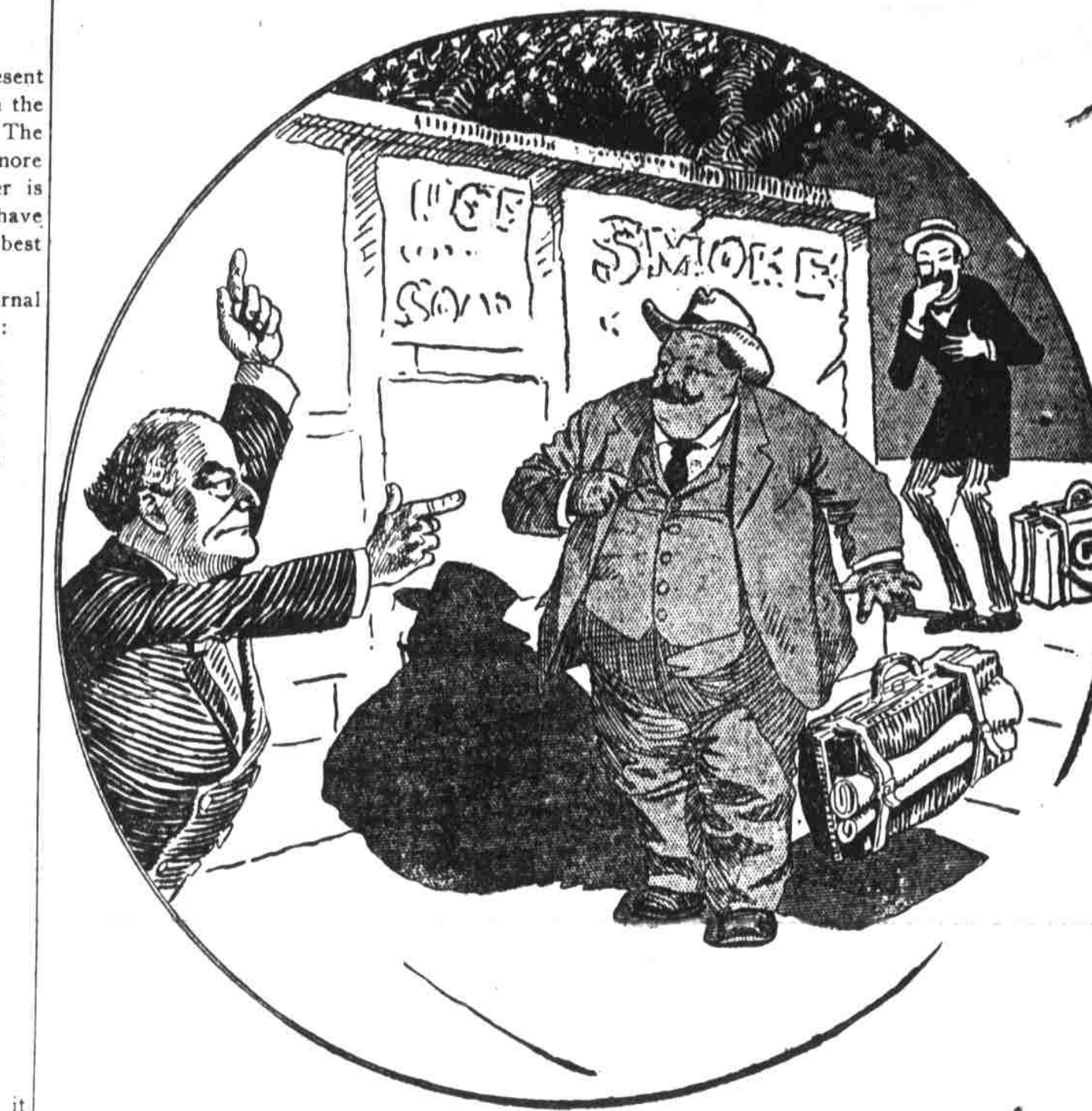
The New York young woman will probably fall in her errand. Reformers before her, in a cause scarcely more sacred, have been derided, stoned and burned at the stake. It is the habit of mankind to reject people with a message. But if, by a happy chance, she shall direct enough attention to our reckless and tremendously expensive dressophobia, with its train of attendant evils, great good will have been accomplished. And if her feeble efforts succeed in eliminating one poor tenth of the present unbridled nonsense in the matter of female attire, priceless benefit to struggling millions will have been achieved.

OREGON'S GREATEST ENTERPRISE.

THE MOST momentous enterprise in all the Oregon country is the plan to put the Cello canal on a continuing contract basis. It is freighted with weighty interest to every section of the entire northwest. It touches the immediate welfare of a million people and a vast aggregate of industrial activity. The key to industrial development and commercial life is transportation. It has been said that the man who controls its transportation, controls a country. The statement teems with truth and vividly denotes the vital importance of transportation. The problem in the northwest is not the control of transportation, but the lack of transportation. The appliances and facilities for moving products to market are totally inadequate. The railroads cannot do it and their officials frankly confess it. They cannot provide cars enough, locomotives enough, terminals enough, sidings enough or tracks enough. It is a physical impossibility because labor cannot be secured to do it. These officials freely advise that waterways be opened and utilized as supplemental to the railroads in handling the traffic. Testimony of that sort ought to be final in convincing men that the problem of the hour, when products are piled mountain high at railroad sidings and industries are paralyzed for lack of transportation facilities, is to hurry waterways into use.

Nor is the question of adequacy of transportation the only consideration involved in the subject. Investigations in the east have established that it costs eight times as much

to move freight by rail as it costs by water. Even through the Erie canal with its lift of 200 feet and artificial appliances, wheat is moved by water at one sixth the cost that it takes to carry it by the best paralleling railroads from Buffalo to the Atlantic seaboard. To move a ton of iron by barge from Pittsburg through the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to the gulf, a distance of 1,800 miles, cost but 80 cents. The figures are of momentous import to the Columbia basin with its congested traffic, handicapped industries and retarded development. The added freight he must pay the railroads because the Columbia river is not utilized for transportation costs every farmer in the section more every year than do his state and county taxes. It costs every business man who is a considerable shipper in every city, in every town and every hamlet, a proportionate amount. It is a condition so vitally affecting every interest in the region that the wonder is that it has not become understood and a remedy applied long ago.



states pass 2-cent rate laws or other regulative measures, do not the railroads turn to the federal courts for protection? Did they not do it in North Carolina? Did they not do it in Virginia? Did they not do it in Missouri? Did they not do it in Minnesota? Do they not do it everywhere? Has not the federal government always been the haven of the trust, the railroads and tariff robbers?

A MASTERLY INACTIVITY.

ALL THIS WHILE Secretary Garfield "earnestly desired" the vigorous prosecution of the Oregon land fraud cases, so it is said. So did Commissioner Ballinger. So did Attorney-General Bonaparte. So did the president. So did the whole blooming push, it is said. May 30, 1907, in his speech at Indianapolis, Mr. Roosevelt said: "As a matter of course we shall punish any criminal whom we can convict under the law; but we have no intention of confounding the innocent many and the guilty few by any ill-judged and sweeping scheme of vengeance. Our aim is primarily to prevent these abuses in the future. Wherever evil-doers can be found they shall be brought to justice; and no criminal, high or low, whom we can reach will receive immunity."

But here is the cold calloused record: With two score indictments pending and more than 100 defendants involved, not a wheel has been turned in the Oregon land fraud prosecutions in more than a year. What a masterly inactivity with all Washington so keen to prosecute.

Hymns to Know

A Stranger at the Door.

By Joseph Gribb. [The Rev. Joseph Gribb has a number of the most beautiful and best known hymns to his credit. He was a precocious child, writing such hymns as "Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be" when he was but 10 years of age. He began preaching when he was 15. He lived about the middle of the eighteenth century. Although his ministry at Silver Street Presbyterian church, London, is forgotten, his fugitive hymns are better known every day.] Behold, a stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked before; Has waited long, is waiting still; You treat no other friend so ill. O! Hevily attituded! he stands; With melting heart and laden hands; O! matchless kindness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes. But will he prove a friend indeed? He'll not be called on to need; The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Calvary. Rise, touched with gratitude divine; Turn out his enemy and thine. That soul destroying monster, sin, And let the heavenly stranger in.

With the Gloucester Fishermen.

From the Travel Magazine. The routine life on a mackerel schooner is not strenuous. The crew consists of 14 men, a skipper and cook. Two men constitute a watch, one aloft as a lookout, the other at the wheel, so that each man has two hours on duty, and then 12 hours off, before his turn comes around again. During this period he may be called on to shorten sail, wash the deck or to perform other work. Half of the crew have their hooks forward with the cook, who is king of the forecastle, and the rest sleep aft with the captain. We were assigned to a double bunk aft, where we were not troubled by gale smells, but had to be on our good behavior. All the rolls and reels were forward. The crew ate in two shifts, the older men with the skipper.

Said William Jennings Bryan To William Howard Taft, "You straddle in your attitude Toward financial graft." Said William Howard Taft To Colonel William J., "I really couldn't straddle, built not that I'm way."

A Sermon for Today

The Everyday Heaven. By Henry F. Cope. "The earth is full of the loving kindness of the Lord." Ps. xxxiii:5.

LEP'S poverty is due, not to what we have had and lost, not to what has been withheld or taken from us, but to the good which we might have had which we carelessly have passed by. No others despise us as we despise ourselves by our blindness and indifference to the wealth of our own lives and the beauty ever close at hand. We who scurry over land and sea, who dig, and toil, and fret to find happiness, come back at last to learn that the sweet faced guest has been waiting close by our door all the time. He perishes in the pitiless snows who, blind to the good and the glory in every valley and hillside, heeds only the impulse to climb and find the good in some remote height. Ambition and pride lift ever penks ahead, only to mock him when at last, worn, spent and empty in heart, he falls by the way. The old theology talked much of a heaven far away, to be attained in the remote future; the new theology often seems inclined to ignore any heaven, but what the hearts of men need is the sense of the heaven that is all about them, the God who ever is near, and the blessedness even now attainable.

Some live in the past, complacently contemplating the glories that once were theirs or their ancestors'; some live in the future, dreaming of felicities yet to be; but they miss the better way, the full in the present, who catch the richness and beauty, all the wealth that the passing hour or the present opportunity may have. He is truly godly who sees God in all things, in the affairs of this day, in the fields of living men in the flowers and fields, who sees all the divine wonder and beauty of life, and not he who sees the Most High only in some legendary time past. The better way comes not by dreams, but by each man doing the best he can and securing all the good he can for his own day. We need to give up the plan of saving the world by the plety of postponed pleasures and to find the fullness of life in the present, to get below the surface of things and discover life's real riches, to interpret this daily toil and struggle, and all this world of ours, in terms of the divine and infinite. How much it would mean to our lives if we might learn, instead of sighing for the impossible, to get all the sweetness and joy that is in the things we have, how rich we would find the common lot to be, how many things that we see every day, and that empty crowd bloom into new beauty. In a child's smile, a wild flower's fragrance, a glint of sunlight, things possible to all, we would find joys unspeakable and full of glory. This does not mean dull content with things as they are; it does mean the development of the faculties of appreciation, the growth of the life in power to see, the development of vision. It means the transformation of the dull earth with the glory of the ideal. Some day, when we look back over our lives, how keen will be our regret as we realize what we have missed, how we have spurned the substance of life's lasting treasures, human loves, friendships, everyday beauties, and happiness, while chasing the shadows of imaginary joys.

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope. Killing time is soul suicide. Prosperity is a stiff test of piety. You cannot be a leader and lose sight

of those who are to be led. No man finds fame by hunting it. There is no obedience under compulsion. Picked piety is bound to give somebody pain. Ideals of character are the conscience of society. He never finds himself who never denies himself. You never will find faith by running away from facts. The highest religion is to do the lowliest things well. They who pour out their hearts never empty them. A man may deceive himself, but he never fools destiny. Truth cannot be found while squinting at popular opinion. Revenge is never so sweet as when we refuse to entertain it. Our roughest experiences often arise from our smoothest tricks. You cannot travel toward heaven if you turn your back on truth. Some talk so hard about duty they have no strength left for deeds. The shortness of the day excouses no man from greatness of endeavor. The mournful saint works a good deal more harm than the cheerful sinner. The man who is getting rich by inquiry is sure to be keen on heresy hunting. The faith that shows up strong on the fence may fall altogether when it gets on the field. If we never do the things we do not like we never will be able to do the things we desire. It's not the man who says the loudest amen who makes the most impression on heaven. There are too many folks trying to meet the world's hunger for love with essays on affection. Lots of people let their daily manna spoil while they pray for butter and sugar to spread on it. People who lay their sins on the old Adam are not anxious to have their successes attributed to him. Many a man thinks his life is clouded over when the truth is he is burying his head in the steam of his own sighings. Texas Complacent. From the Houston Post. With 48,874,300 long, dark-green watermelons with thin rind, red meat and black seeds remaining, grand old Texas is viewing the situation with the utmost composure.

"An East Side Bank for East Side People."

4 Per Cent OPEN AN ACCOUNT FOR YOUR Son or Daughter WITH The Commercial Savings Bank KNOTT AND WILLIAMS AV. A fund started now and steadily added to will give the child a good start when he or she reaches maturity. Only \$1.00 is required to open an account. George W. Bates.....President J. S. Birrel.....Cashier

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