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THE GOVERNMENT STOOD IN

SENATOR BORAH is right in his condemnatory characterization of the timber, stone and desert land laws, and the government's long tacit approval of the almost uniform method and purpose of acquiring lands thereunder contrary to the letter of the law. These laws were used for the purpose of acquiring land fraudulently, in almost all cases, but for many years the government winked at these frauds, practically sanctioned them, and gave people to understand that the laws were devised and kept on the statute books for the very purpose to which they were put by land grabbers. In a word, the government, in most cases, if there has been criminality in this business, has been particeps criminis.

But President Roosevelt, though he could not get these evil laws repealed, could and did prosecute here and there a few land grabbers, to their astonishment. Like Mr. Harriman, they wondered where they were at. For what had they been whooping it up for the grand old party all these years, forsooth, if a president was going to carry out Quixotic notions of reform? Why, observance of the law had not been so much as dreamed of since the war. No wonder Senator Borah is hot and pitches into the government.

"The stone and timber law, as administered by the government," says the Idaho senator, "is an infamy." The government makes a man swear that he does not take the land for speculation, when every officer of the government, from president down, since the law was passed, has known that in most cases the land is taken for exactly that purpose. The laws have been framed and administered purposely to aid speculation, in the interest of land grabbing corporations, and everybody knows it. Men who are prosecuted as criminals today have for many years been pet beneficiaries of the government. As Senator Borah says, the government has all along "connived at the doing of what it afterward seeks to visit upon some one as a fraud." That Mr. Borah has been an attorney for some of the land grabbers does not change the truth of his statement.

PORTAGE ROAD EXTENSION.

AMONG THE matters to be considered at the meeting of the Open River association at The Dalles this week will be the extension of the portage railroad from the Big Eddy to The Dalles, to which point it should have been constructed originally. The bill appropriating money for this purpose was defeated in the last legislature, but not because of its lack of merit. People of The Dalles have made some effort to do the job, but it seemed rather too large for them. It is an important piece of work, and it is hoped that means of doing it will be devised by the Open River association. The next legislature will not meet until 1909, and it would be the middle of that year before the road could be built by a legislative appropriation, which is not certain to be made. It is hoped that congress next winter will put the Cello canal on a continuing contract basis, but even if this is done it cannot be expected that the canal will be finished before 1910 or 1911. In the meantime the lack of this little piece of portage road will seriously hamper the efforts being made to render the river, even before the completion of the canal, a freight-rate regulator.

OPEN RIVERS REGULATE.

IN HIS SPEECH at Cairo, President Roosevelt said: "Wherever a navigable river runs beside railroads the problem of regulating the rates on the railroads becomes far easier, because river regulation is rate regulation. When the water rate sinks, the land rate cannot be kept at an excessive height. Therefore it is of national importance to develop these streams as highways to the fullest extent which is genuinely profitable. Year by year transportation problems become more acute, and the time has come when the rivers really fit to

serve as arteries of trade should be provided with channels deep enough and wide enough to make the investment of the necessary money profitable to the public. The national government should undertake this work."

Thus spoke the president of the United States at Cairo. He only states what we all knew, yet we in this particular region need to be especially impressed with this very important fact. It is indeed the business of the federal government to improve the rivers, but in some cases it pays for the people of a state or city to do this. Hence Oregon built the portage road at Celilo, and appropriated conditionally \$300,000 to free the locks at Oregon City, and Portland has spent over a million and a quarter dollars on the lower Willamette-Columbia channel. The full opening and freeing of these rivers would be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to producers in actual cash. It would be worth as much more in the developing immigration it would draw. Open the rivers, and Harriman's power to overcharge and oppress will be largely destroyed. Spare no possible effort in pulling for open rivers.

ELECTRIC LINES IN THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY.

THE COMPLETION of the electric line between Portland and Salem is promised within the next two months, and this will be the large beginning of an extensive system of such roads throughout the Willamette valley, on both sides of the river. The Journal has been predicting this in the very near future ever since the paper has been published, as well as the rapid development of the valley in consequence, and we are rejoiced to see the predictions being fulfilled.

A line will be completed next from this city to Forest Grove, and then, we believe, extensions from that point through the adjacent dairying and fruit country. The road to Salem will be extended to Eugene, and this central road from Portland to the university town will be a trunk line with many branches or feeders of which Salem, Albany and other principal towns will be the local foci. These roads and the development of the country will be mutually both cause and effect; will work hand in hand. It needs no special knowledge of the plans and projects of the capitalists who are building this road to see this far. The time has come when the Willamette valley will not be altogether neglected, when its development will really begin.

But local capital and energy and enterprise will in some if not all cases be necessary. People of this great valley have too long depended entirely on outside capital. They will get the kind of help they need only by helping themselves. And it will be well for them to have a large voice in the control of these local roads.

Shortly, according to promise, we can travel to Salem, comfortably, too, we hope, in an hour and a half, instead of the trip requiring nearly twice that time. It has been nearly 40 years since a railroad was built from Portland to Salem, and yet trains still crawl along at the rate of 15 or 20 miles an hour through this level country. This electric line, and those that are sure to follow, are surely fully due. As they materialize, watch the Willamette valley grow.

Yet, and notwithstanding, don't overlook the river. The roads are needed, and the open, free river, too. Mr. Harriman might buy up the electric roads, but he can't buy the river. Pull, therefore, for free locks at Oregon City.

HELP REORGANIZATION.

SO FAR AS The Journal knows, everybody who is acquainted with the situation of the Oregon Trust & Savings bank, and who is also competent to give a valuable opinion on the reorganization proposition, is unqualifiedly in favor of the reorganization plan, and is helping it along. Many such men are depositors, and have themselves set the example of subscribing the amounts of their deposits for Home telephone bonds or bank stock. All men capable of giving advice agree that only in this way can the depositors probably get all their money, and that the failure of the reorganization plan, leaving the bank's affairs to be tediously and expensively wound up by the receiver, will result in a loss to depositors of at least half their money.

This is the situation. The Journal is deeply interested in it, in this way: it wishes the best possible results for these depositors, one and all, especially the poorer ones. It is part of The Journal's business to

aid, advise and protect them to whatever extent it can. But besides and beyond this, the reputation of the city abroad is to be considered. Every depositor, not only as such, but as a citizen of Portland, should be anxious to have this bank pay out in full instead of making a bad failure. Civic pride as well as self-interest should spur every depositor to help the reorganization plan, for while it will no doubt be to his personal interest to do this, it will also be very materially and significantly to the city's interest also. Half payment years hence will be a black bruise on Portland's face for a decade or more; payment in full a few months hence will be an advertisement in her favor.

"ASK THE MAN INSIDE."

IT IS A time of "slogans," of mottoes, of catchy phrases, one of which heads this brief essay. Why "ask the man inside?" Because he can tell you something you need or want to know that will make you wiser, or can serve you somehow, and make you better contented. Come to think of it, we are all continually asking "the man inside," the man who has something that we want and that he will part with for a consideration, to his and our mutual benefit—or so it should be.

Do you want some merchandise, or to get your shoes half soled, or to get a tasteful bouquet, or to buy a book whose name you have forgotten, or to collect a bad debt, or to get a marriage license or a divorce decree, or a thousand other things—you "ask the man inside." Here we all live off one another, are interdependent on one another. To the mass each of us is for certain purposes "the man inside."

But "the man inside" often has some very valuable knowledge or requirements, valuable to himself because his dispensing or use of them is valuable to and sought by others. An exceptionally able architect, or mining engineer, or electrical expert, for instance, is a "man inside" whom many are seeking to "ask"; he doesn't need to hang out a sign. "Ask the man inside." Here, ambitious young man, is one of the thousand and one "secrets of success"; become superior along some one line, in some particular way, and you can sit "inside" and the world will come, with hands full of gold, asking.

Emerson said something to this effect: Let a man do something better than anybody else, if it be only to construct a bootjack, and though he bury himself in the midst of a forest, the world will make a highway to his door. The world will come to "ask the man inside."

WAS IT LESE MAJESTE?

IT CERTAINLY WAS impolite and impolitic for the master of the Mississippi river steamer Hartweg to run past the steamer Mississippi carrying the president and other distinguished officials, but by what right did the president peremptorily order the suspension of the master's license?

The president is commander-in-chief of the navy, but that he is also in absolute and autocratic command of every private river steamer was not known. The president in his order says the superior pace of the Hartweg "might have caused an accident," and if so the master should no doubt be disciplined, but why should not this be done in the regular, orderly, lawful way? If the president can arbitrarily and instantly suspend or revoke one steamer captain's license, he could do it in the case of anybody, anywhere in the country. He is a stickler for observance of law, but in this instance he gave an order which the law gives him no authority to issue. The facts certainly suggest that the president became hot because he thought the Hartweg's captain was not showing him due respect, or because, as a sporting man, he could not bear to be passed. If the Mississippi could have safely steamed up and kept ahead of the Hartweg, would not the president have been out on the stern deck fairly dancing and hurrahing with delight? He is a very human, warm-blooded man, the president. And there are times when he quite forgets his own inconsistent advocacy of the "square deal."

ARTS AND CRAFTS SOCIETY.

BY NO means one of the least of Portland's young beneficial organizations is the Arts and Crafts society, which is about to form its framework of government and elect officers. A general publicity meeting will be held next Wednesday at the Art Museum, and it is to be hoped that large and liberal support will be given to this society, whose object is entirely and importantly worthy, and which if strongly active cannot fail to be



PERHAPS THIS IS THE REAL REASON WHY THE TELEGRAPH WIRES ARE ALWAYS GROUNDED.

greatly beneficial to the city. The Journal will cheerfully publish from time to time full reports of the purposes and proceedings of the society, and hopes the public will take a lively interest in them. Education is a very broad term; it means to the average citizen more than it used to; it has many features and phases; and the work contemplated and proposed by this society is a very important part of modern education.

WILL WALL STREET HEED THE WARNING?

OF 16 LUMBER MILLS in the vicinity of Lebanon, Linn county, 15 are standing idle. Increased lumber rates and the car shortage caused the shut down. Throughout the northwest similar tie ups have either occurred or are impending. Eastern lumber dealers, when they heard of the increased rates on lumber, cancelled contracts with Oregon and Washington mills, and this, with the car shortage, leaves the lumbermen without a market.

It is a condition without precedent or parallel. Even in the old days of stage coaches and freight wagons there was a way to get to market such products as the labor of the time could fashion or produce. Not so now. The hands of the clock are turned back and the brakes set against development.

If the gentlemen of Wall street who direct the destinies of American transportation seek explanation of why there is widespread agitation against them and their methods, if they would know why there is a demand for stricter railroad regulation, and in some quarters government ownership of railroads, their answer is found in such facts as the idle Lebanon sawmills. The agitation of which they so much complain is not an accident.

When some one remarked to Mr. Gladstone that the people are not always right he replied, "No; but they are rarely wrong." The agitation by the people always springs from living causes. In the present instance it is due to the woeful failure of the railroads to do their honest duty as transportation agencies. It is the consequence of policies that if continued might easily awaken an agitation that would jar Wall street to its foundations and make itself mightily understood by the gentlemen there.

The Big Stick was much more in evidence than the Square Deal when Roosevelt ordered the immediate suspension of that Mississippi river captain's license. The president not only usurped an authority to which he has no possible claim, but he grossly violated one of the fundamental principles of American citizenship—the principle that no man shall be condemned unheard.

Whew! but how mad Teddy must have been when that steamer passed the one he was riding on. He lost no time in whacking the audacious master with the big stick.

Editor Bennett of The Dalles Optimist and the Irrigator Irrigator takes a column and a half to tell why he forsook the Oregon Press association—because, in brief, he was not given the recognition he deserved. Brother Bennett takes the

matter too seriously; he should remember that he is a real, busy newspaper man.

The Journal joins cordially in the welcome to Oregon and Portland of the Hawaiian girls, remembering how kindly The Journal's Oregon girls were received and treated in Hawaii. We hope the fair islanders will thoroughly enjoy themselves while here.

All that Mrs. Waymire can say, or look, or act, doesn't offer any satisfactory explanation of her association with the scoundrel Radding, and his presence when the scene was "pulled off."

Fairbanks away. Taft away. Root away. Roosevelt away. But the government at Washington runs along just the same. Cortelyou is there, and so is John Barrett.

The president is entitled to a hunt. He made a lot of right good speeches.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hoor-raw-will! the Beavers won a game.

Should Be Self-Supporting.

From the Forest Grove Times.
The editor of the Times has advocated the abolition of all the normal schools in the state and the creating of a department of pedagogy in the State University as the best means to settle the ever recurring troubles over state appropriations for the normals. Some have derided this plan as working a hardship on the schools that have been established for that purpose. In proof of what we have said we would respectfully cite the action of the school at Mouthout which is going ahead and will run without a cent of state money this season and we predict that next year it will have a still larger support. School of this class with a reputation do not need state aid and would be better in an educational sense without the building up of religious institutions at the expense of the state, no matter whether Protestant or Catholic and for that reason by shall oppose any further appropriation of state funds for Mouthout, or any other school which is under the domination of any church. School of this class with a reputation do not need state aid and would be better in an educational sense without the building up of religious institutions at the expense of the state, no matter whether Protestant or Catholic and for that reason by shall oppose any further appropriation of state funds for Mouthout, or any other school which is under the domination of any church.

Song of the Winds.

The winds—they come like hounds of day.
And they will not let me be;
Whirling the leaves in their wayward flight,
Sweeping the hill and lea.
What of their song when the branches sway,
Ere the night shades lift to the dusk of day?
A ship is lost and a heart in vain
Waits and hopes at the window pane,
There by a cold, gray sea.

The winds—those trailing dogs of the night.
Hark, hark to their whispering!
They moan of a soul that has taken flight,
And never a hope they bring.
The life of the night gleam cold, as cold,
Over the hills and the upland world,
And yonder a night bird, lonely,
For you out there 'neath the sod and leaves—
And thus do the night winds sing!
—Will F. Griffin in Milwaukee Sentinel.

Will Have a Potent Influence.

From the Klamath Republican.
Of the many factors that are now engaged in the upbuilding of Oregon none will have a more potent influence than the anniversary edition of the Portland Journal. From a typographical standpoint it will long remain as the greatest achievement in the Pacific northwest, but this is a small atom in the results that will be accomplished by the production of such a volume. The state has in this edition met with greater favor than it has in Portland, especially among recent arrivals, who have sent thousands of copies to their friends back home. We are diametrically opposed to the building up of religious institutions at the expense of the state, no matter whether Protestant or Catholic and for that reason by shall oppose any further appropriation of state funds for Mouthout, or any other school which is under the domination of any church.

Hymns to Know

Follow Me.

By Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.
(Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, author of "Once in Royal David's City" and "There is a Green Hill Far Away," has written in this hymn one that has become especially popular with young people's societies. Mrs. Alexander wrote this for "Church Hymns," a collection published in 1882.)

Jesus calls us o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild, restless sea;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, Christian, follow me!

As of old apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

Jesus calls us—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us
Saying, Christian, love me more!

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures—
Christian, love me more than these!

Jesus calls us! by thy mercies
Savior, may we hear thy call;
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all!

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope.

The penitent are powerless.
It takes more than sentiment to make a saint.

A good hoe is a first-class prayer against weeds.
The religion you can live by will do to die by.

The man who stops for praises misses perfection.
The double mind never comes from an excess of brain.

The biggest gifts to God cannot cover the least robbery of man.
It's the little everyday helpfulness that make every day heavenly.

The song in your own heart will sustain you longer if you share it.
It's a poor plan to advertise the sweets of religion with a sour face.

The handsomest people are those who let happiness get into their faces.
The devil can beat any of us at the business of making fine sentiments.

The dead is the only indorsement of a good sentiment recognized by heaven.
Some folks never appear to enjoy life's roses until they sit down among its thorns.

Many a church is trying to make up for the putty in the pulpit by the starch in the pews.
You are wasting affection if you are pining for angels before you have learned to love folks.

Get heaven into people and you will not need to worry about getting people into heaven.
Many a man who is writing guide books to glory hasn't enough religion to secure a ticket on the "Seeing Heaven" car.

A Palsley Poem.
A Palsley person, name or sex not given, sent the following nature poem to the Silver Lake Leader:

Out from the hills the kine are coming
So fat and sleek and healthy.
Horsemen are gathering in their wild herds,
Stockmen are happy, wealthy.
Sheepmen are smiling beatific.
They are by their visage told.
Joy have they in their possessions,
Wool and mutton are as gold.

Hay in plenty in the stack yard
Pastures green on every hand.
Grain abundance in the granaries,
Products of our country's land.
Apples rosy cheeked and luscious,
Peaches sweet and juicy too.
Fruit and plums in rich abundance,
Greets you now where'er you go.

Our store rooms soon will be crowded,
With these products of the soil.
Winter for us has no terrors,
Rest we then from the summer toils.
Yes, we all love these grand harvests,
Pledge of the Creator's care.
Let us then return him praises,
Let thanks give place to prayer.

Sing one song at least ye groaning
Misanthropic sons of men.
Sing a song of splendid harvests,
Let the hills send back again,
To us all your notes of gladness,
As you praise earth's mighty King.
Heaven joins us in the beam,
Grandly will the chorus ring.

The Last Resort.
From the Philadelphia Press.
If Judge Parker feels that he cannot save the constitution any other way he should call out the police.

A Sermon for Today

Saved or Lost?

By Henry F. Cope.

"He shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on his left."—Matt xxv, 33.

WHAT is to be saved? Once there was no difficulty in securing a gift answer to that question. He was saved who professed to believe certain things; he was damned who doubted them. The saved were ticketed to heaven; the rest were as plainly ticketed elsewhere.

The comfort of being billed clear through to everlasting bliss without much as a change of cars doubtless was enhanced by the opportunity to gaze with complacency on those wretches who were consigned to everlasting torment.

This simple division of the race into the "ins" and the "outs," the elect and the doomed, remained satisfactory, however, only as long as there was no other standard raised by which men should be measured than that of the formal acceptance of a creed. As soon as moral standards were introduced a new alignment began to take place. If you begin to classify into the good and the bad the results will be different from that reached by the standards of the saved and the lost. Besides this you have a new problem, that of the man who neither is good nor bad, who neither belongs with the sheep nor with the goats. If you insist on clear cut divisions, what are you going to do with him? There are many of him.

The truth is that every man belongs to this class as far as his character is concerned; there are none who are evil nor any unadmittedly bad. There usually is more good than we expect in others and more base than we recognize in ourselves. What then has come of the old sharp line between the saved and the lost?

There is a distinction; there is a difference. Men either are finding life or losing it. But that is a different thing from classifying humanity on the tests of their intellectual and moral nobility in credal gymnastics. The differences between men are fundamental and moral, rather than intellectual and external.

Salvation is not legal fiction, a right conferred by virtue of a fact believed. It is a new life, a new life of man. Salvation is living up; damnation is dying down. Heaven is growing up into the life and light of the spirit; the higher self, the life that is decaying in the death of the flesh.

The great gulf fixed between the saved and the lost is vital; it is determined by the direction of the life it grows wider between individuals as each persists in his chosen course, the one reaching upward, the other sinking deeper. It requires no decree issuing in the future to separate a man; he determines his place and his direction in which he sets his face.

No man can look down and live up. No matter to what creed you may give unreserved assent, no matter in what measure you may trust to the virtues or the mercy of the most high, if your life goes down, if cherished character, if the soul shrieks, if the heart develops, you banish yourself to perdition.

Progress is the proof of piety. Any man may know of his faith by whether he is going forward. And here none stand still; all are moving. Some live, either you move with the waves who seek the green pastures and the still waters of the river of life, or with the go with who whirl in the whirlpool.

A man needs no credal test of himself, no ecclesiastical test; here is the answer to the question, "Am I saved?" In the further question, "Am I better?" Am I turning my face to the light? Am I learning the life of love? Is my life worth anything above the level of the world? Is it richer, fuller, sweeter, more like the ideal life of the son of man?

Life is either building up or breaking down for each of us, either we are losing life or we are finding it. Happy they who live up, who set their affections on things above, who have learned the great teacher's lesson of enlarging the life by living for others, by serving and self-giving. They have no fear of being forever lost who fear no loss but that of the soul.

Foray Jonathan.

From the Dalles Optimist.
Mulkey is counting upon the support of Bourne in his coming senatorial campaign. Senator Fulton has told the editor of The Optimist that Bourne will support him "in a quiet way." Cakes says Bourne will rather assist than hurt him. And Dr. Cope is sure that Bourne is a staunch friend of his and will do everything possible to place the doctor in Fulton's shoes. U'ren! U'ren! Why Bourne is tooth and nail for U'ren! (and we guess he is). So the foray Bourne is making them all believe that he is going to assist in their canvass. And to the end that he may get the good will of all we are to have a great Republican party money fest. We suppose at that time we will learn what a great Republican state this is, and what a large Republican majority we have. But not a word will we learn about the Democrats holding all of the best offices in the state, and not a whisper will be given about the fact that the Republican is no more a Republican than U'ren is, and neither one of them any closer to being a Republican than General Kilfeather. And every sane Republican knows it.

Finest Ever Issued.

Lue F. Vernon, in Olympia Standard.
I am in receipt of a copy of the fifth anniversary number of The Oregon Journal of Portland, Oregon. It is the finest work in this line ever gotten out on the Pacific coast. Neither time nor expense were spared in its production and the edition will go far in advertising the great state of Oregon, also the entire northwest, to that reader, the world. The great publication is both a credit to the publishers and the state from which it halts.

No Escape.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.
J. P. Morgan has been fined \$115 for catching 13 brook trout out of season, which shows that if a rich man does anything really reprehensible he is punished.

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