

THE JOURNAL

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Add to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness, charity.—II Peter 1:7.

ONLY SELF SACRIFICE IS GREATNESS.

A GREAT many fine and true things were said of Lincoln during the past week, and out of them perhaps the most important lesson presented from his life was his self-consecration, his spontaneous, unconscious spirit of self sacrifice.

But Lincoln was thus great not only because he loved the people and yearned to serve them without thought of other reward, but because he believed in them, trusted them, was confident that what they would do was right.

In a Lincoln birthday article William Allen White wrote: "The lesson of Lincoln is the old, old lesson of life that nothing is worth doing that does not help others. This is as true of nation as of men."

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LAWBREAKING SALOONS AND DUTY-DEFYING COUNCILMEN.

THE LIQUOR license committee of the Portland council—and if its actions are sustained the council itself—is laying itself wide open to very severe criticism and loud complaint.

The committee and council seem determined at all hazards to protect certain saloon-keepers who are rank and constant violators of the law. The members of the committee and council who are taking this course are doing so, manifestly, in the interest and at the behest of law-breakers and special interests and in defiance of the public interest and their oaths of office.

From present indications not one of the notorious law-breaking "joints" will be put out of business by the public servants whose sworn duty it is to do so.

The revocation of the licenses of law-breaking saloon-keepers, whenever it is legal, is a proper and necessary penalty. It is suitable and just, as well as legal as a penalty, and it is necessary in order to prevent other saloon-keepers from also violating the law, and the establishment here of a reign of saloon anarchy.

A LIVE-WIRE PERIOD.

COMPLIMENTING The Journal on its editorials, a reader says that they "seem to be connected with live wires."

The Journal believes in some things that the present generation's parents and grandparents believed in, but not in all; and it believes and is interested in a great many things that they knew nothing about. It is a new world every day.

cular problems and issues to meet and solve; in each decade or quinquennate, even, new issues become paramount or important, and we cannot face and deal with them by turning and looking backward at the bones and tombstones of issues and episodes that have been settled and are dead.

President Roosevelt is constant in his reiteration of the necessity of moving right onward and being ready to grapple with whatever confronts us ahead, "forgetting"—not literally, but in a comparative sense—"the things that are behind."

Because something is new or strange to us it does not follow that it is incredible or impracticable. One does not always court destruction by getting out of a rut and taking a stroll or a run on the sward. There are many things to think of and to do more than our ancestors thought and did; and many things that they thought and did we can think and do better.

VALPARAISO.

THE GREAT American fleet has just passed Valparaiso, the main port and metropolis of Chile, one of the progressive and hopeful South American republics—though it is not richly endowed with agricultural territory like Brazil or Argentina.

The loss at Valparaiso was from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000—probably nearer the smaller than the larger figure. Of this at least a quarter was caused by fires in the six days after the earthquake. Instead of collecting \$180,000,000 of insurance as San Francisco did, the Chilean town had only \$10,612,500 of insurance outstanding, of which it was able to cash only a small fraction.

TRUTH ABOUT THE CURRENCY.

THE ALDRICH currency bill has been pretty well shown up and if congress dare to pass it it will be still more fully exposed. The currency question is one that the average citizen does not comprehend very thoroughly and in regard to which it might be easy to fool the multitude for a short time, but whatever legislation is enacted, or pending any considerable length of time for discussion, will be subjected to close scrutiny and analysis, and so described and explained by friends of the people that they will be able to understand it sufficiently.

TIME TO STOP THE SQUABBLE.

STILL THERE is haggling over the federal district attorneyship. Mr. Bristol has announced that there are many prisoners in the county jail awaiting trial. The court is ready to do business but there is no attorney. It is indeed an extraordinary condition that in all Oregon there is not a lawyer on whom all those who have a finger in the pie can agree.

duty of the Oregon delegation to find a man against whom charges cannot be brought, and unite on him for the place. The question of whom he has supported for senator, or whom he is going to favor for that office, or what man he will support for congress, should not enter into the selection. Let the test be the higher one of how he will conduct the office and how he will serve the state and its people.

A TRAGEDY AND ITS LESSON.

GOLDA ROWLAND is dead. Her life was the forfeit of her error. She squared her account with the world by leaving her fate as a terrible warning to others of her sex. In stronger colors than words can picture or artist paint, her story is the dreadful word, "eware."

The terror of her mind in the last weeks of her life was awful. It was a living hell. There was no moment of relief, no surcease from the horrible secret. The shame ahead, and the guilty knowledge behind were overwhelming. It was the torture of the damned. It was a torture that others of her sex should comprehend. It would be life and hope if all of them could be made to comprehend. Comprehending it, many an one of them would be saved illis and woes that they know not of.

It is not surprising that hands were stretched out to save the name of Golda Rowland. It was wrong, but it was charitable. It was a crime in those who tried to give her relief but it brought success. It was murder, a murder of two, but it spared the world a nameless child and the mother a life of odium. It was an unpardonable and unatoneable act and should be driven from society.

The coroner should not have lent his office to cover up the crime, but it was humanitarianism. It was official perjury, but there was in it the charity that tried to save a family name. A mother and a hearthstone are the most precious of all things in life. If there was effort to shield these, it may not be condemned on high.

The city of it all is that Golda Rowland carried her secret into her grave. There was a man in the case and he has gone unscourged. Who is he? What is he? Where is he? These horrors are all his handwork. These perversions of officials, these two murders, this sorrow-stricken home, he wrought. Cravenly and cowardly he skulks while the sufferers suffer and his victim moulders in her grave. Possibly society holds him in its arms, hugs him to its bosom. Millions of times before it has caressed and fondled such cheats and will probably do it millions of times again. It is almost characteristic of society to damn the girl and forgive her betrayer. If our physicians, our clergymen and other worthy organizations would purge Portland of those who killed and covered up the killing of Golda Rowland, let them begin at the beginning. Let them seek out this skulker from his crimes, and drive him and others of his kind, whipped to an outraged justice.

marks on the Philippines are, however, of comparatively slight interest. The subject is of importance, but not so just now relatively to other matters nearer home. Everybody knows to what we allude. On these pressingly important subjects Mr. Taft was silent, or at most spoke in generalities. The people need a man to succeed Roosevelt as to whose specific convictions and policy there is no doubt.

BAKER CITY PREFERS DECENCY.

GAMBLING there has gone glimmering, a dispatch says, and Baker City is tranquil. Of course, it is tranquil. And its citizenship will never have regret. Neither city, nor man, ever regrets correct action. No city desires to confess itself in favor of open nullification of law, state or municipal. It is inherent in every community of Americans to prefer decency to indecency. All that is needed is for the issue to be raised, and almost invariably a majority will array themselves on the right side. If it were not so our experiment in self-government could hardly have a successful issue.

It could not have been true of Baker City that a majority of her people desired a wide open town. If her officials had done before what they have done now there never would have been any question as to the attitude of her citizens towards the law and its enforcement.

There will not be any question about it in the future. District Attorney Lomax will later wonder why he did not apply the law before. Mayor Johns will doubtless do the same, and so will Sheriff Rand. If all three of them do not try to do better, they are constituted guardians of the law. If it is not their business to apply the law, whose is it? It is not the business of the merchant in his counting-room, nor of the mechanic in his shop. The tradesman cannot leave his business to hunt up evidence of infraction of the law. Our system contemplates no such nonsense. District attorneys and sheriffs are paid by the public, and if it is not to promote the sovereignty of the law, what is it for? If that is not their duty, laws should be passed to make it their duty. If citizens must see that the law is applied what is the need of officers?

SOME SIGNIFICANT FIGURES.

AN EXAMINATION of the railway statistics compiled by the Interstate Commerce Commission throws light on an interesting and important fact which has probably not been presented before in the same aspect.

We are all familiar with the fact that proportionately to her area, Oregon's railway mileage is nearly the smallest of any of the states in the union. Only three, Idaho, Nevada and Wyoming, have a smaller proportionate mileage per 100 square miles. California on the south has double our proportionate mileage, and Washington on the north two and a half times the mileage per 100 square miles that this state has. Here is the statement:

Table with 2 columns: State, Per 100 sq. miles. California 4.17, Idaho 1.74, Nevada 1.08, Oregon 1.92, Washington 5.07, Wyoming 1.23, Average, whole United States 7.34.

Contrast our 1.92 miles of railroad per 100 square miles with Iowa's 17.83 miles and Minnesota's 10.18 miles—and these states are by no means the highest in the list.

Of course the answer always made is that we "haven't" the population to support more roads." But let us see. Iowa and Minnesota have had as much railroad mileage as Oregon for forty years, hence by this time should be pretty well settled. The following shows the number of people who have come into these states, per mile of road:

Table with 2 columns: State, Population, per mile. California 248, Iowa 245, Minnesota 235, Oregon 247, Washington 166.

In other words, Oregon is better settled, per mile of road, than either Iowa or Minnesota, and 60 per cent better settled than the adjoining state of Washington.

PEANUT POLITICS IN CONGRESS.

REPRESENTATIVE TAWNEY, a leader in congress, is trying to prevent the payment of the members of the inland waterway commission, appointed by the president, on the ground that he had no legal authority to appoint such a commission. This is a petty, puerile excuse for doing the railroads and trusts a service. If they were to benefit illegally or underhandedly by millions where only thousands are required to pay this very useful commission, we would hear no word of objection from Mr. Tawney, or his congressional boss Cannon.

ceived or accepted the idea of such a commission and appointed the right kind of men. Their pay amounts to only a few thousand dollars but up rears this petty politician and objects to their payment; he seeks to kill the commission, in the interest of the monopoly railroads and the allied trusts.

And it should be observed that a number of Democrats are standing in with him, merely, it is supposed, to try to embarrass or rebuke Roosevelt. They should try to broaden themselves enough to understand that the country is with the president in any such movement, and that the people regardless of party, are tired of congressmen playing peanut politics, to the country's injury.

THE USUAL FARCE.

IT IS AN instructive if not a gratifying spectacle to see a lawyer arguing for hours over trivial technicalities in the case of a bank wrecker, one who squandered hundreds of people's money, in the aggregate hundreds of thousands of dollars. What wonder if the plain people look upon much of our judicial proceedings as a hypocritical farce. If a man had stolen \$2 from a citizen and had no means to employ a high-priced lawyer, he would quickly be in the penitentiary; but if a man, putting himself in a position of sacred trust, squanders \$200,000 of other people's money, it takes months of arguing to discover whether there is not some legal loophole through which he can escape. The aggregate of maximum penalties is too severe, argues the lawyer for the defense—as if the court were obliged to give him the maximum penalty on every count; he is charged with no crime and with too many crimes; he has not had the proper chance to plead, and the whole farcical rigmarole of technical balderdash that is always on tap for the rascal who has the price.

IS IT A "FORLORN HOPE?"

THE OREGONIAN characterizes the effort being made to elect senators by direct vote of the people, through adherence to Statement No. 1 of the primary law, as a "forlorn hope." Is it so, indeed? This is to be doubted. What do the people, the "rank and file" of voters, even Republican voters, think of this? Don't they want to elect the senators, instead of turning that business over to the legislatures to wrangle and bargain and boodle over? And if they do want to, why should it be a "forlorn hope"? Why cannot they do so? The way is plain; vote only for Statement No. 1 candidates for the legislature, and the thing is done. Do this now, and the ringsters and grafters will find it more difficult to organize against the people next time, and thereafter. A victory won by the people this spring will render future victories easy. No, we cannot believe that it is a "forlorn hope." The masses of people are not fooled by insincere politicians as easily as they were a few years ago.

The council is in duty bound to put saloonkeepers who are persistent violators of the law out of business. When the councilmen will not do this, straining awkwardly to refrain from doing their duty, the people will form their own opinion as to the reasons for such misfeasance.

The plain, common people are not likely to give up the primary law, but this spring especially they should demand adherence to that very important feature of that law, Statement No. 1.

Every Sunday ought to leave a person somewhat and somehow better than it found him.

Hymns to Know

In Heavenly Love. By Anna L. Waring. [Miss Anna Letitia Waring has written a number of beautiful poems and from these two hymns have been taken and have found favor all round the world; yet their author has succeeded in remaining almost unknown in her quiet home in Glamorgan, South Wales. This hymn appeared in her little book entitled "Hymns and Meditations," in 1851.]

This Date in History. 1279—Death of Alphonso III of Portugal. 1588—Spain declared war against England. 1789—Edward Shippen, distinguished jurist and father-in-law of Benedict Arnold, born in Philadelphia. Died there April 16, 1805. 1804—United States frigate Philadelphia burned in the harbor of Tripoli. 1814—Charles Marie Weber, the founder of Stockton, California, born in Bavaria. Died in Stockton, May 4, 1881. 1857—Steamer Independence wrecked off Lower California, with loss of 139 lives. 1862—William Pennington, governor of New Jersey in the "Broad Seal" war, died in Newark. Born there May 4, 1797. 1878—United States senate passed the Bland silver bill. 1905—Jay Cooke, American financier, died. Born August 19, 1821.

A Sermon for Today

The Great Change. By Henry F. Cope. "If a man die, shall he live again? All the days of our appointed time we wait till my change come."—Job xiv. 14.

When we are told that a present life is but a preparation for another, a life without end in this world, without thinking how weary and empty such a life would be, how barren existence would seem if it held no mystery, if it were all spread out before us and a thousand years hence known as well as today.

Supporting we knew absolutely no existence held nothing higher for us and that from this life of our present limitations there was no escape, how dark would be our despair, how hopeless our lot. The world would be a prison, and freedom from death of a falling burden.

When we curse death, when we cry out against the pain and parting we feel, which none of us has left behind, which none of us can ever see, we are not really crying out against death, but against the possibility of a life beyond. We are not really crying out against the possibility of a life beyond, but against the possibility of a life beyond.

How wonderfully the grave binds to living together. How many a family has been broken by some sudden removal to the beyond, seemed to run out from it and bring severed ones to the grave. How wonderfully the grave binds to living together. How many a family has been broken by some sudden removal to the beyond, seemed to run out from it and bring severed ones to the grave.

Sentence Sermons

Manliness is the best kind of godness. Reedy-made opinions are always unfit. Smartness is never a match for sincerity. It's not the misery but the motto makes the martyr. The worn out religion is the one that is never used.

There can be no right manners without right motives. We are seldom sorry for the string words we have left unsaid. You can never wholly satisfy hunger through the ears alone. A man misses the blessing in a difficulty when he crawls around it. Nothing pleases one kind of sin better than pounding the other kind.

The people who are not afraid to are the ones the world wants to live. Advertising the sins of our friends is not the same thing as confessing our own. The church is sure to be left in darkness in the preacher is only a fixture. Light-hearted people are almost sure to be found carrying somebody else's burden. Everyday exhortations are winds through which we see the real life within. To shut your heart to the needs and griefs of others is to shut out the world's tide of joy. You cannot quicken the appetite men for righteousness by preaching rottenness. The only symptom that some folks cultivate is a keen feeling of being so for themselves. It's a waste of breath to point way to heaven with your lips while your life is headed the other way. George Harvey's Birthday. Colonel George Harvey, who, though a comparatively young man, is one of the most notable figures among American publishers, was born in the town of Peacham, Vermont, February 16, 1818. He received his education in the academy and decided upon a career as a journalist. His first work was that of a reporter on a newspaper at Springfield, Massachusetts. A few years later he went west and continued his newspaper work in Chicago. His next move was to New York, where in 1845 he became managing editor of the "New York World." Profitable investments in real estate enabled him to effect a reorganization of the "World" in 1850. He has controlled the destinies of various periodicals bearing the name of "World" since that time. This year Colonel Harvey was honored with the appointment to the Bronx lecturership at Yale university.