

THE JOURNAL

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We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.—Goethe.

THE CRIMES OF THE TARIFF.

SPEAKER CANNON insists that the enormous tariff on wood pulp and print paper does not raise the price of news paper. The publishers of some thousands of newspapers of the country declare to the contrary.

Charging the house ways and means committee with being a party to "a gigantic scheme of plunder," Congressman Hitchcock of Nebraska, the other day, insisted, on the floor of the house that the paper trust wrote into the Dingley bill the paper schedule, the lumber trust wrote the lumber schedule, the steel trust the steel schedule, and that other trusts had written their respective schedules by which their particular interests were affected.

SENATOR FULTON'S EVASION.

TOMORROW evening at Corvallis, Senator Charles W. Fulton is to deliver an address, which is advertised in the local papers there to be a reply to Mr. Heney. It was at Corvallis, and on the 30th day of last August, that Senator Fulton, standing before an audience of several hundred people, solemnly declared in a public address: "If it shall happen that some other candidate receives a larger vote for United States senator than I do at the election to be held next June, I promise you now that I will retire from the field and will not permit my name to be presented to the legislature for that or any other office."

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

IN THE minds of many people there is still a vast deal of confusion as to the manner of election of the next United States senator from Oregon, and as to the significance and effect of Statement No. 1. So many erroneous views have been expressed that we will attempt once more to present the matter clearly and intelligently. In the first place, Republican and Democratic primaries will be held all over the state on Friday, April 17. At these primaries each party will nominate its candidates to be voted for in the June election. The Republicans will put up a full ticket; the Democratic ticket will be incomplete, owing to the fact that for many offices on the ticket there are no Democratic candidates. Under the direct primary law each party is entitled to put forward a candidate for United States senator, to be voted for by the people in June. There is but one Democratic candidate for senator, George E. Chamberlain, and he will undoubtedly be that party's nominee. There are two Republican candidates for senator, Charles W. Fulton and H. M. Cake, and the one of them who receives the greater number of votes in the Republican primaries on April 17 will be the Republican nominee, and will be pitted against Chamberlain in the June election. The notion that Chamberlain will run in June against both Cake and Fulton is entirely wrong. He will compete only with that one of them who has received the Republican nomination in April. In other words, in the June election the one Democratic nominee for senator will be matched against the one Republican nominee for the same office. The idea entertained in some quarters that it will be a three-cornered race is utterly mistaken. The people's vote in June, however, will be simply an expression of their choice for senator. The actual election of senator will take place in the legislature when it convenes next January. Unless pledged in advance by some definite promise to observe the will of the people, as expressed in the June election, the legislators would be free to utterly disregard that will and to elect as United States senator any man whom they might select, or who might be selected for them by the machine or the bosses. It is to obviate and prevent such disregard of the people's will that Statement No. 1 was devised and inserted in the direct primary law. This statement is a pledge that the legislator who has subscribed to it will vote at all times only for the people's choice for senator. This pledge is vehemently opposed by the old-line politicians, by the adherents of the machine, and by the horde of political heekers who have found rich pickings at Salem in the past,

as for a messenger from heaven. The earliest daisy is a token of hope, and the first violet speaks sweetly and delicately to them of eternal youth. April is a gushing girl, rather rude, not yet very graceful; but overflowing with the life of nature, of God. The snow-rivulets rush or spring toward their sea-home; the springtime noiselessly to our dull ears "opens her myriad leaves"; the music of a million young and tuneful things is heard; the sap rises in all verdure; the orchestra of the spring begins its annual melody. No such a symphony was ever heard in any capital of the world. It speaks in ten thousand dulcet, thrilling chords of the beauty, the glory, the richness, the mercy, the youth and life of earth—of life that is, that was, that is to be. The symphonies of the seasons will be even more pronounced later—when May looks longingly for her prince; when June comes crimson-crowned in bridal beauty; when stately, bare-armed, motherful August sits effulgent with lap overflowing with golden treasure; when September pours her flood of garnered wealth into the granaries of mortals; when October dyes the quivering leaves with scarlet, crimson and ochre; when again, we feast at the Thanksgiving board, and when we join anew in the paeon of the Judean plains that sang of the birth of a child who died for men! This is the beginning of the active productive year. It is the time of a great annual lesson, taught by nature. The earth is awakening; there is new life; vivid, voiceful, melodious, harmonious. Everything is old, everything is new. There have always been Aprils. This April never came before.

party, false to the teachings of Lincoln, the father of that party, false to the best interests of the people of Oregon and false to that which is best for the republic. When he insisted, and now insists, that legislative election of senator shall be continued and that it shall be thrust down the throats of the people of Oregon after they had risen in a ballot revolution and overthrown it, the senator aroused the forces of good government into an opposition to his views that has brought him hurriedly from Washington to defend his attitude in Oregon. It is not the Heney charges that so much demand Senator Fulton's presence in Oregon as it is his evident intention to ignore his pledge to the Corvallis people and his inexcusable attitude toward Statement No. 1.

FAIR TIMES IN THE WEST.

THE Spokane Spokesman-Review says: "James J. Hill, for reasons best known to himself, is still giving out dolorous interviews, but they do not make a very deep impression on the public mind. Mr. Hill's railroads are earning more money than they ever earned before, business in St. Paul and Minneapolis, his eastern terminals, is as good or better than it was a year ago, and the prospects for large crops in 1908 and good prices for all products are bright and cheering. Nearly all of the calamity shouting is now heard east of the Allegheny mountains." There is no doubt somewhat of an industrial depression in the east. This is shown by the decrease of bank clearings last week, as compared with the corresponding week last year. New York dropped 35 per cent, Boston 29, Philadelphia 31, Pittsburgh 34, but in the west it was different; Chicago showed a decrease of only 1.4 per cent, and most cities farther west showed an increase. There is no point in all the west where conditions are better than in Portland. The crop prospect of the whole contributory country is excellent. The farmer, the stockgrower, the dairyman, the fruitgrower and the miner are all hopeful and confident. Success is sure to reward industry, and a fair amount of wealth awaits every industrious and honest toiler. Real estate is healthily and reasonably rising in value. There is no scarcity of capital. Many homeseekers are coming. Portland, and Oregon, were never so well off as now, but they will be more notable and attractive from year to year. This is the best region, and city, in the country. Keep that in mind.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

WINNIPEG, Manitoba, owns its waterworks, also stone quarries and an asphalt plant. Winnipeg is also preparing to take over an electric light and power plant at a cost of \$15,500,000. It proposes to use this power and light plant not only for its own needs but for selling power and light outside the city. This experiment will be watched with a good deal of interest by American cities. It might succeed in a Canadian city, and not in this country, because they have a rather higher idea of public service there—and abroad generally—than here. Cannot we have honest municipal management in the United States? That assured, public ownership of light and power plants, and telephone and electric lines, would no doubt be a good thing. We think that the people will work around to that after awhile. But the first thing to do—before taking over these public utilities—is to elevate and cleanse public service. Let us be sure to elect true, honest, conscientious men to our business; and then public ownership will be safe and acceptable. The San Francisco Chronicle makes this thoughtful remark along this line: The objection to municipal ownership in the United States is based on a disbelief that there would be either competence or honesty in the management. If those were assured there would probably be large majorities for municipal ownership everywhere. The number of persons interested in private ownership is insignificant. Public utilities are mostly built with borrowed money, and those who lend the money would as soon have municipal bonds as those of private corporations. There has been in times past, a great deal of franchises improperly granted, but there are not likely to be many more such opportunities. But until some city has maintained an honest and effective government for at least a decade it ought not to trust itself with the ownership of any public utility which it can avoid owning.

Editor Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, in a recent long editorial, thus breaks forth: "Audax, audax, and again audax, the word, from the lawless suspension of a postoffice in Mississippi to the hazardous peace congress in New Hampshire; ever the Giant with the Big Stick; an indefatigable giant; an industrious, sober, paternalistic giant; like Mrs. Malaprop's Mr. Cerebus, 'three gentlemen in one,' now the hero of natural history and now the master-singer of the spelling bee; Briareus, with one foot upon the corporations and the other upon the whole duty of man; today, forcing a negro official upon South Carolina, tomorrow claiming Jackson, and having his claim allowed; our first truly national president, half northern and half southern; a Yankee crossed on a rebel, compelling the Republican party of Grant and Garfield, of McKinley and Dingley, of bloody-shirftism and high protectionism, to change its coat of plutocracy and to put on the garments of socialism, and to fall in behind the van of populist righteousness and reform!" And then the colonel went out in his back yard and watched the mint grow green.

Prince de Sagan is reported as saying that he is doing no talking. This is at least prima facie evidence that the fellow has common sense. But the remark also remotely suggests that Anna can do enough talking for two.

An Illinois man claims that he can restore youth by sleeping only two hours out of the 24. Some people have nearly solved the same problem just the other way—by sleeping 22 hours out of 24.

Madame Paderewski, a paragraph says, paid \$7,500 for four chickens. So that, we suppose, Paddy-Rewsky could have soul-stimulating eggs between agonies.

If he had a chance, perhaps La Follette would carry Oregon. Possibly, some day, that excellent friend of the people will have a chance.

An eastern poet sings: "I have seen the first robin of spring, mother."—Chicago Record-Herald. Out

here "the first robin of spring" is thinking about becoming a grand-father.

Mr. C. W. Hodson, one of the anti-Statement No. 1 candidates for the legislature, makes objection, in a paid advertisement published in a Portland paper, to the Journal's "methods" of conducting its campaign in defense of the principle that the people should elect United States senators. We are quite content to leave to the judgment of the public the question whether or not the Journal is open to criticism in this respect. While the subject is under discussion, it may be pertinent to inquire whether Mr. Hodson prefers such methods as those adopted by anti-Statement No. 1 leaders a few weeks ago, when they issued and circulated an anonymous attack upon the Journal, so scurrilous in its tenor that none of them had sufficient effrontery to attach his name to it. The Journal republished the screed in full so that the public might understand fully the methods of those responsible for it. Was Mr. Hodson one of them?

A New York preacher says St. Patrick was a Scotch Baptist. This can be disproved by thousands of other churchmen—besides Catholics and Baptists.

And still nobody answers the questions, Is Roosevelt a Republican? If so, why? And, What is a Republican?

A number of senators have died recently—but not the right ones.

This is exactly the week to clean up—and to register.

The Hughes boom seems to have collapsed.

This Date in History.

1689—Catherine I, empress of Russia, born.

1794—Danton and other leaders of the French revolution died on the guillotine.

1834—Frank R. Stockton, American writer and poet, born in Philadelphia. Died in Washington, April 10, 1902.

1836—John T. Raymond, American actor, born in Buffalo. Died at Evansville, Indiana, April 16, 1887.

1842—British force under General George Pollock forced its way through the Khyber pass on its way to Cabul.

1847—Henry Dupin, author of 200 plays, died. Born 1781.

1907—Andrew Carnegie gave \$6,000,000 to the Carnegie institute at Pittsburgh.

A. C. Swinburne's Birthday.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, the poet, was born in London, April 5, 1837, being the eldest child of Admiral Charles M. Swinburne and a grandson of the third Earl of Ashburnham. The poet was educated at Eton and Balliol college. In 1862—British force under General George Pollock forced its way through the Khyber pass on its way to Cabul.

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Lifting the Lid



Hymns to Know

Brotherhood Hymn.

By Nolan R. Best. (There is a ring and a note of virtue about this hymn which will doubtless give it a place in the permanent hymns of the church. It was written in 1907 by Nolan R. Best, editor of a religious paper in Chicago, for a convention of the Presbyterian Brotherhood. The tune to which it is sung was written by the Rev. William R. Merrill, D. D., pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian church, Chicago.) Made of one blood with all on earth who dwell, Born brothers of the near and far as well, The children of one sacred fatherhood, And common heirs of universal good, Grant us who bow, O Lord, beneath thy sovereign grace, To learn with thee to love our world encircling race.

Our elder brother to a mortal frame

His godlike glory humbled and became The fellow of the poor, the sick man's aid, Defense of weaklings, finder of the strayed, Grant us to be, O Lord, disciples of his death, And breathe his love to men thro' every living breath.

Amidst the troubled, grieving, over-borne,

Among the helpless, hopeless and forlorn, Engirt with ill and poverty and pain, And bitter strife of greed for empty gain, Give us, O Lord, the sight with Christly eyes to see The hidden, soul-deep need of men for us and thee.

With mourners mourning, with the joyful glad;

Partaking of the hope the prophets had; Confiding in salvation's wide increase; Foreseeing God's good kingdom come in peace, Give us, O Lord, the heart, made free from selfish flow, To keep toward thee the first, toward man the second law.

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope.

You can be faithful without being frosty.

Kindly living makes any creed convincing.

Sitting down on a boy is a poor way to raise a man.

The best way to work for a raise is to raise your work.

Preparation is the best prayer for success in any undertaking.

He has no principal in heaven who has no interest in humanity.

When a man knows he is a martyr you may know that he is not.

The man who always is figuring for himself cuts a poor figure at last.

Some men think they must be good because life tastes so bad to them.

The best kind of a memory is the one that remembers the best things.

You never will lighten the world by burning the candle at both ends.

It's the religion you put out, not that you put on, that you really have.

Idle moments are opportunities for investment or avenues for infection.

Providence always seems unkind to those who insist on chewing their pills.

Nothing dries up the heart quicker than bathing it in the mists of melancholy.

Too many churches are saying: "Take our creed on faith and we will go to bind as to your character."

The sins you hide in the subcellar always are the ones that make themselves evident clear up to the attic.

A Sermon for Today

Enlarging the Life.

By Henry F. Cope. "And if thou draw out thy soul to the hunger, and satisfy the afflicted soul, thou shalt thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noon day."—Isaiah, lxxviii, 10.

It is the things that draw us out that lift us up. The measure of our life is in the extent to which it goes out to the interest of other lives, the extent to which sympathy is cultivated and intelligent service is rendered where it is most needed.

The difference between the wise and the ignorant is in the range of the knowledge, the experience and life interests which each is able to use. The difference between the great life and the little one is similar; the former finds nothing foreign to him; the latter limits his horizon, usually by living wholly for himself.

Selfishness is a fatal barrier to any enlargement of the life. If you desire greatness only for your own sake, indeed, if you are thinking of either greatness or of yourself, you never will find the lives that have been flung away in sublime abandon, those that have poured themselves out in answer to some imperious call that has found the full life.

Selfishness is the saddest sin, the one that seems to underlie almost all others. It blights the life, it robs it of all its fair flowering and rich fruitage of any life that yields to it. It compels us to lose our legitimate prizes by snatching greedily at all the prizes; it insures pain by leading us to seek only our own pleasure.

Under how many guises comes this form of soul suicide! One calls it culture, another ambition, another self-respect, yet often each does but mean that the life has only one end, its own personal advantage, and consciousness makes but one question, What do I make for this?

If in every act, in every hour, you are thinking first of only yourself; if you have adopted the policy of caring for "number one" as the guiding principle in life, you may make money, you may make a reputation, but there are some other things you will not make, some other things your money cannot buy, nor your reputation secure. You will not make friends, you will not make joy or life or an enduring name. Somehow in the press of life we too often forget that it is wholly a matter of business shrewdness; we look to find success and satisfaction by following closely the rules of business, by playing the game of life with an eye single to our own glory and personal profit. But in what way is such a life, no matter what its profit may be, better than that of any galley slave chained to the oar? It is not the life that seeks only to gather and rake in, it is the life that radiates and reaches its interests, thoughts and helpfulness to ever widening circles, that grows, that finds life, that knows its joys, that really is cultured, developed, educated.

This is the vital principle of the Christian religion, but we too often have obscured it with our self-seeking. How often has religion meant simply the passion to insure the individual's soul against some dreaded punishment, or to secure to the individual some peculiar peace or joy. The surest way to miss any such blessings is to seek them for ourselves and for ourselves alone.

He who lets others into his life enlarges thus his own. He who opens the doors of his heart to the needy, the lonely, the sad, the mourner, finds that as they bring in their sorrows and their tears fair flowers of joy spring up about him, the cheer he gives them becomes in great measure his own and the love he gives away becomes his choicest possession.

The man who went about doing good, who had no thought save for the needs and cares of others, is the one who, above all others, found the full and satisfying life. He who knew so well the way of life called on no man to save his own soul, uttered no shrewd precepts of self-preservation, but taught by a life of self-giving the secret of full living.

There is only one way to discover whether this philosophy is best or not; try it for a while. Try thinking of the helpless, planning pleasures for the dreary lives, bearing some loads for weak and weary backs, being willing to lose your own life, and see whether he was not right who said, "He that loath his life shall find it."

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LIFTING THE LID

