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AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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The extreme pleasure we take in listening to ourselves should make us fear that we may give very little to those who listen to us.—La Rochefoucauld.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MR. HILL

IT WAS the significance of the occasion rather than the distinguished group gathered there, that made the Hill banquet notable. The man of that hour came with no boast on his lips, but with a plea to Oregonians to maintain the productiveness of their soil.

And thus, the significance of the occasion was James J. Hill. The soil's productiveness, not the railroad, is king, according to this railroad master. In the moment of enthusiasm when the opening of a railroad, that is nearest of all to his heart, was being celebrated, he turned and reminded those who celebrated that it is the soil and the soil builders that must be recognized, and that it is their achievements that must go to the head of the corner.

Mr. Hill points the way. He spent \$45,000,000 before he assumed the right to point the way. He spent \$45,000,000 as a result of the confidence he has that the way he points is right. He set a costly example first and then gave out the precept. Does Portland comprehend the significance of Mr. Hill, and the Hill banquet? How can she avoid it?

According to a statement by Interstate Commerce Commissioner Franklin K. Lane, the railroads, as a whole, have been more prosperous during 1908 than ever before, except the preceding year.

than for the year of 1907, but it was more than for the preceding year, and was \$118 per mile per month more than in the year of the last presidential election. So it seems that the railroads have been doing pretty well even during the time of depression, and they will certainly do better in the immediate future, and so should be able to improve and extend their systems to meet the growing demands of the country.

THE LAW'S DELAYS

PRESENT-ELECT TAFT, in an address a few weeks ago, inadvertently on the law's delays, in the trials of cases, and in whatever else people may differ with him, all, except possibly some lawyers, can agree with him on the need of reform in this matter. It is one that can be brought about only by the cooperation of judges and leading and influential lawyers, and they owe it not only to the country but to their profession to undertake this greatly needed work.

This commission was appointed by Governor Odell in 1903, and it has apparently made a good beginning in New York and Kings counties, to which its work was restricted. Mr. Edward Lauterbach, an eminent New York lawyer, is a member of this commission, and in a recent article he said:

"There are few subjects of more importance to the commercial world in this country than the delays in the administration of justice. For several years past the calendars of all of the courts have been so congested that litigants have been compelled to wait several years before their cases could be reached upon the calendars for trial. In many cases, justice has been defeated, as important witnesses have disappeared or died before the trial of the actions could be had."

This is true in all large cities, and the situation is constantly becoming worse—unless it be in New York, in consequence of the efforts of this commission. The constant demand is for more judges, but the real remedy lies rather in limiting litigation and appeals, and expediting trials. It would perhaps be no exaggeration to say that three fourths of the time occupied in trials, taken altogether, is wasted, is used to no good purpose.

Mr. Lauterbach gives the following as the principal causes of the congestion of judicial business: "Increase of litigation; inadequacy of the judicial force; defective methods in procedure; sham defenses to secure delay; the costly referee system; defective calendar practice; multiplicity of appeals; failure to publish judicial statistics; politics."

This is not a complete list; to it should be added summarizing many details in a phrase, the dilatory methods of practice throughout the whole procedure.

New York the senator is reported to have gone over the situation to be in preparation to meet with the cash his end of the terms.

The transaction will be watched with interest in that there is promise that in this instance, the American dealer will get everything he bargains for, and that his daughter will become possessor not only of the coveted title, and its appurtenances, but along with it very fair promise of a worthy husband. From surface indications, all the titular financiers of Europe with all their successful experience, could not "do" our intensely practical Senator Elkins out of a penny, wherein, for once, we can applaud him.

A TIME FOR PEACE

THE LESSON of every election is that it comes too often. The fact is true whether it be federal, state or municipal. The interminable agitation incident to all struggles of the sort interferes with the peaceful and orderly concerns of life. There was a state election last June and a national election in November, both with their prolonged campaigns, their word combat, their uncertainty and their alignments. Following so closely, and contested so strenuously, they have made all hungry for peace and rest. The business man wants it, the farmer wants it, everybody wants it. The business world needs it, the social life needs it, the upbuilding of Oregon needs it. There is work to do in the home, in the counting house and in the commonwealth that calls for repose and good order. There are public projects to promote, and enterprises for the public welfare to initiate. It is a time for harmony and concord in the ranks and among the leaders, under the old shibboleth "to get together" for a "united and greater Oregon."

We cannot afford to be always in strife and struggle. Oregon the parent, is already far behind Washington, the child, in importance as a commonwealth. It is not due to any superior resources of Washington that Oregon is a laggard, but to causes that Oregon people by progressive, peaceful, and united effort might easily remove. They cannot remove them by a never-ending Killenny cat struggle among themselves, nor by acts of revolution and conspiracy. The legislature of the state is to convene within a few weeks. It should be a session of constructive legislation with no untoward influences thrown about it to demoralize and obstruct. It should be a business session, devoted to the material interests of the state, and to the peaceful promotion of the general welfare. For any person or persons to refuse to allow it to be such a session will be a crime against Oregon and against the people of Oregon. The way is now clear for a session that can be of immense service in building for the commonwealth, and it is believed that the various members of the legislature are men deeply sensible to the importance of holding such a session. Any or all who throw obstacles in their way, and by introduction of false issues block progress toward good, conservative legislation, are enemies of the state and its welfare.

EDWIN BOOTH AND LINCOLN

THE MARTYRDOM of Lincoln and its remarkable effect upon the sensitive nature of Edwin Booth, brother of the assassin, is recalled by a graphically told story in the American Magazine. It is remembered generally, that the great actor never visited Washington after the assassination. The article recounts how, several years afterward, Booth, in unutterable sadness, destroyed the stage costumes of his assassin brother. The trunk of John Wilkes Booth had been across the border-line in Canada under some arrangement with his intimate, John McCullough. The destruction of its contents took place in the basement of a New York theatre, and the details are recounted by a property man who aided in the work.

At the performance that evening, Edwin Booth had played his part as never before. At its end, he requested his assistant to come to his room in the theatre and awaken him at 3 o'clock. It was a bleak, stormy night and the blasts of wind and pelting rain upon the window shutters fitted the occasion, as the actor and his aid descended to the basement. Booth called for an axe, and with it cut the ropes and beat off the lid of the trunk. Handsome swords and other trappings of the actor's stage life were disclosed to view. One by one the costumes were lifted from their places, surveyed with infinite sadness, and one by one thrust into the flames of the great theatre furnace. The play of emotion was on the splendid face and in the great black eyes of the actor as the thoughts of a brother's crime and a brother's tenderness mingled in his mind. At length a costume was reached over which Booth gazed with un-

usual tenderness. The tears streamed from his eyes as he sat down on the edge of the trunk and gave way to emotion. He was lost with his heart struggle until, looking up, he recognized the presence of his assistant, and sadly said, "It was my father's." "Keep it," urged the assistant, but with a stern conviction that nothing with which his recreant brother had been connected should be permitted a place on the earth, he walked to the furnace and himself committed the rich and prized habiliments to the flames. With the rest went the polished daggers, and the trunk itself was hurried on to the pyre. A bunch of letters with John Wilkes Booth's name on the superscription was among the contents. One after another was gazed at until a sight of a last one brought a blaze of indignation over the face and into the eyes of the actor, when all were thrust into the furnace. One lone memento, a wreath, was saved from the sacrificial altar, an altar eloquent of the emotions of one who has been without a peer in the histrionic art and whose sufferings as a result of a president's martyrdom the world will never fully know.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS

IN THE railway mail service of the country there are about 15,000 clerks and officers, of whom 14,000 are employed in railway mail cars and 1,000 as transfer clerks, office clerks and in supervisory capacities. These employees are in the civil service, and must undergo a thorough examination before being accepted. On appointment, a clerk must learn the names and location of thousands of postoffices, many railroad time tables and many other details requiring mental application and memory. It takes about four years of continuous study and application for a railway mail clerk to complete his education and fit himself fully for the best and most responsible positions. The work in many cases is quite onerous and requires many hours at a stretch. There is also some hazard in the service, and during the last fiscal year one clerk out of 18 was killed or injured. If a clerk is killed in the service his family is paid \$1,000, and if injured without his fault his salary goes on to the maximum time of a year. A railroad company receives about \$4,000 a year rental from the government for a mail car while the mail clerks receive from \$800 to \$1,600, the average being \$1,152. Out of this they must pay all their expenses on the road and at points away from home where obliged to stop. These clerks are organized into an association, and through this they are modestly asking for an allowance for their regular salaries. This association says: "In all other departments of the government and elsewhere in our own department, expenses while away from domicile or headquarters are paid clerks and officers, and the principle is universally recognized in the business world. We seem to be the only exception and we ask to have it remedied. We ask for actual expenses rather than raise in salary, because there is so much difference in expenses of clerks on different lines and in different parts of the country, that such an allowance will equalize salaries and give every one a 'square deal.'"

It seems to The Journal that this request is reasonable and ought to be granted. These men must become experts in their line of work, which is a very responsible class of work. They must be prompt, quick, accurate and trustworthy. They are an exceptionally capable and faithful class of public servants and deserve to be well paid for their work.

SOCIALISM

THE VOTE for Mr. Debs was surprisingly small, but he is probably correct in his explanation that the reason why it is less than four years ago is that many Democrats voted for him then who voted for Bryan in 1900 and 1908. It is impossible to make any estimate of the number of such voters, but they were not few.

So it may be true that there has been an increase in the ranks of real Socialists, yet there is no indication that they will ever be more than a small side party in this country. Their political and economic principles are utterly impracticable as long as mankind is what it is, or anything like what it is. Socialism involves the elimination of selfishness from the human organism, and this can only be done by mankind being "born again," being re-created into entirely different creatures from what they are, always have been, and so far as we can foresee, always will be. As we remarked recently, Socialism is not a political or economic cult so much as a religion; it is idealism that requires mankind to be angels.

may have 30 years of vigorous fight for the right in him yet. Even then he would not be as old as his friend Tolstoy is now.

WHILE MR. TAFT PLAYS GOLF

SENATOR BOURNE has gone to Hot Springs, Va., there to play golf with Mr. Taft in fulfillment of a pact made before the election. While the game goes merrily on there are resolves the president-elect might enter upon with infinite benefit to his future and the American people. Joseph Cannon is an active candidate for the speakership of the next house, and by the past, his ascendancy would be a triumph for trustism. Mr. Taft should seek, by the means known to presidents, both for his own sake and for the country's sake, to prevent Mr. Cannon's election.

Cannon's defeat for the speakership, though not desired by the people of his district and not desired by the interests of which Rockefeller is the exponent, is heartily desired by the American people. The suggestion merits Mr. Taft's attention.

The president-elect's promise is out that the tariff shall be revised, and nine tenths of those who voted for him are expecting him to see that it is reduced. They supported him in the belief that the congress would be of his political complexion, and that he, better than Mr. Bryan, could secure such a reduction. On the other hand, the trusts insist on no reduction of the tariff and voted for Mr. Taft in the belief that schedules would not be reduced. They are claiming that Mr. Taft's election was a triumph for them and all the secret and powerful influences that they know so well how to exert upon members of congress and upon presidents will be brought to bear to thwart the popular demand for a revision that will reduce. It will take transcendent moral courage and splendid executive finesse to successfully resist the trust demands, but the price would be pledges redeemed, a people benefited and the presidency popularized. It is a policy well worthy of the president-elect's most determined resolve, and it will be infinitely to his credit if he adopts it.

Many who voted for Mr. Taft were workmen who were persuaded by Mr. Taft and by Mr. Roosevelt during the campaign that Mr. Taft was the friend of labor. A president can, in the ways known to presidents, be wonderfully effective in securing legislation that will prove his friendship for labor. Claiming the defeat of Mr. Bryan was a triumph for their policies, the trusts will insist that they have been authorized by the American people to fix the laws governing injunctions and the relations of trusts and labor. Pursuant to ante-election protestations of friendship and for the sake of the men whose toil creates the wealth of this country, the president-elect is in position to hurl back Gompers' charges that he is not a friend of labor. A resolve to stand for justice between the workingman and those who exploit him will be difficult to carry out, because all the potentialities of commercialized interests will stand in the way. It is a resolve that Mr. Taft should make and that he should fix so firmly in his purpose that all the marshalled forces of Rockefellerism cannot alter his plans.

Unless the present trend be arrested the American people will discover, some day, that the hand of Mammon is tearing at the republic's vitals. Then the great pendulum will swing. Its sweep will be swift and terrible. There will be a revolt against Standard Oil ownership of senators, of congressmen, of governors, of attorney-generals and of courts. It will be a ballot revolution against Rockefellerism and Morganocracy, and in that hour the country will need to be thankful if what it gets is not socialism. Fate and the American electorate have thrust a mighty responsibility upon the president-elect, and he alone can meet it.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

"The Assassination of Lincoln"—By Lord Beaconsfield

(On the address to the crown on a motion of Sir George Grey, which expressed the sorrow of the British nation at the violent death of President Lincoln, in the house of commons, May 1, 1865.) There are rare instances, when the sympathy of a nation approaches those tender feelings which are generally supposed to be peculiar to the individual and to be the happy privilege of private life; and this is one. Under any circumstances we should have bewailed the catastrophe at Washington; under any circumstances we should have shuddered at the means by which it was accomplished. But in the character of the victim, and even in the accessories of his last moments, there is something so homely and innocent that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy—it touches the heart of nations and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind. Whatever the various and varying opinions in this house, and in the country generally, on the policy of the late president of the United States, all must agree that in one of the severest trials which ever tested the moral qualities of man he fulfilled his duty with simplicity and strength. Nor is it possible for the people of England at such a moment to forget that he sprang from the same fatherland and spoke the same mother tongue. When such crimes are perpetrated the public mind is apt to fall into gloom and perplexity; for it is ignorant alike of the causes and the consequences of such deeds. But it is

"Wealth accumulated on a giant scale by all forms of iniquity, ranging from the oppression of wage earners to unfair and unwholesome methods of crushing out competition and defrauding the public by stock jobbing and manipulation of securities." No, it was not Bryan, or Debs, or Watson, or Higgen, who said this, but Theodore Roosevelt, president of the United States, and not so very long ago, either.

Evidently Senator Bourne means to stick pretty closely, if permitted, to Mr. Taft. The senator is doubtless willing now to admit that he was mistaken when he thought that Bryan would be elected if Roosevelt were not renominated.

Mr. Taft says that he does not own an acre of land. He has not even a house and lot of his own. This is not necessarily discreditable, for he has doubtless had to spend all his salary to live, but it is rather a curious circumstance.

Mr. J. J. Hill is evidently pleased to have got into Portland with his North Bank railroad, although it did cost a big pile of money, and it need not doubt that Portland is quite as well pleased that he built the road.

A Poem for Today

Without Haste, Without Rest.

[Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832) has often been regarded as far from a religious poet; yet he has left us a number of passages of fine religious thought and fervor. The one below is selected, not because it is the poet's most devotional composition but because it best expresses the spirit that seemed to govern all his life.] Without haste! without rest! Bind the motto to thy breast; Bear it with thee as a spell; Heed not flowers that round thee bloom, Bear it onward to the tomb. Hasten not! Let no thoughtless deed Mar for aye the spirit's speed; For we are and have the right; Onward, then, with all thy might Hasten not! Years can ne'er atone For one reckless action done. Rest not! Life is sweeping by; Go and dare before you part; To find a nobler way to strive, Leave behind to conquer time! Glorious 'tis to live for aye, When these forms have passed away. Hasten not! Rest not! Calmly wait; Meet the storm of fate! Duty be thy polar guide— Do the right, whatever be the tide! Hasten not! Rest not! Conflicts past, God shall crown thy work at last.

The Old Bank's Broke.

There's a feeble old couple Having trouble, it appears; To find themselves benefitted by their declining years; But they "woke one autumn morning" And they "went to the bank" For a ticket to the porchouse. Was all that they had left. Misfortune hit them hard, Like a terrific stroke, For the old bank's busted— And they're broke. The children, who were thrifty, To find themselves benefitted by their parents' old age, By the saving of a penny Or a nickel every day. They labored hard to save wisely, To teach them how to save, For money's always useful. That's the credit and the glory, But Santa Claus has played them A naughty little joke. For the old bank's busted— And they're broke. The old girl's married, And the old girl's dead, Our beer's been "near" enough To middle up our head, The driving horse is limpy, And the buggy's broken down, And we have got a great worth Of credit left in town. The working clothes are ragged, And the trousers are a shank, Now the old bank's busted— And we're broke. —M. L. Carter of Sandridge, Union County, in La Grande Star.

Sir Edwin Henry Egerton's Birthday

Sir Edwin Henry Egerton, British ambassador to Italy, who is a conspicuous figure in the negotiations for a settlement of the Balkan troubles, was born November 8, 1841. He received his education in the best schools of England and continental Europe and in 1859 he entered the diplomatic service of his country. In 1878 he became secretary of the British legation in Moscow, and in 1881 he was transferred to Athens in 1881 and remained there three years. Then in turn he served as a non-general to Egypt and secretary of embassy at Constantinople and at Paris. In 1892 he was promoted to the position he held until four years ago when he became the British ambassador to the court of Italy. Sir Edwin is the father of the late Prince Nicholas Lobanow Rostowski.

A Sermon for Today

What Is It For? By Henry F. Cope.

"For the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed." —Romans, viii, 18.

WHAT is it all for? There come days when at the heart, sinking in weariness at the steady and often dull round of tasks, asks this question: Our life grows steadily more complex, we work harder than our fathers did; we accomplish 10 times as much, but do we have any more life than they had? All life is toil; what is its fruitage? The smoke of our cities rises to the heavens. The din of our industry sounds 'through the land. Life is all a story of mills and factories, offices and stores, labor and wages, tools and toil on one side and on the other care, anxiety, sorrow and fleeting joys. It costs much to live; what does one purchase at this price?

Have we simply acquired a habit of hustling, of hard work, which has so possessed us all that now, willing or unwilling, we must keep up with the rest, we must maintain the pace or be left behind? The feet of the onrushing train, the wheels of the great wheels, take life so seriously and find it so stern an affair? Even when we get the profits of the modern pace, seem to be making money; they may sit in more luxurious offices, but they are even more completely enslaved to their own toilers. We learned how to make things, but we learned why we live, are we sure of securing the real product of life? Man must be here in time for something other than building cities, something better than simply making his life of those who may follow him more complex and anxious. If suddenly the great wheels were all to stop, in a moment we must take stock, what would the universe have to show as the product of this life of humanity? In a few years our cities would crumble to dust, our gold and silver would be valueless, indeed, all that we have made, all that our hands have so painfully fashioned through all the centuries, is valuable only as furnishing tools for further work. The end can not be in the things that we can see, for none of them has any intrinsic worth apart from the service they can render. If all our work and making, what is to be made with the tools? What is the product of eternity? The measure of any age will be the extent to which it has produced and saved as a product. The righteousness of every social form and order may be measured by this: this is the final test of every life. There is the final story in the travails of modern business in the sweat and agony of modern living, as we read looking back through the times before our hands began to write his history, in sandstone and in granite is the story cut, in the marks of reptile and quadruped; the final story in the making. Geology has written the first chapter, the story of humanity comes into ever larger living.

Through toil and trouble, happiness and love, weariness and woe, in the mills of earth, the tools of eternity are working. It is the story we hear in the city's dull roar; their keen edge we feel when we smart with some strange pain. Here is made that which is finer than anything that can be cut in marble, the glory of character. It is hard to see farther than our own dusty corner in this struggle, we cannot think that the reptiles look forward to the coming man. It takes faith for man to look forward to the coming being. He is making that which is finer than anything that can be cut in marble, the glory of character. It is hard to see farther than our own dusty corner in this struggle, we cannot think that the reptiles look forward to the coming man. It takes faith for man to look forward to the coming being. He is making that which is finer than anything that can be cut in marble, the glory of character.

The struggle goes on, but because he has a capacity for the divine, because he has learned that at the heart of all beats a finer nature than such a story to live for the goal that such a story before him. The glory of the higher life is that it gives glimpses of the life yet to be and ever clearer and clearer before the eyes so that men press on for the fuller life set before them.

Sentence Sermons

- By Henry F. Cope. Hatred always hinders. Giving grudgingly is sowing sparingly. It will not make you godlike to call others goddesses. It takes more than a flow of words to wash the world. The cynic is one who has found stolen fruits not so sweet. To praise a good action is to participate in its repetition. He cannot defend the truth who is afraid of any truth. It takes adversity to show whether we have any real prosperity. He who has nothing to do always does worse than nothing. Getting sore at the world is a ready way of laming yourself in the race. He does not know what forgiveness is who is too lazy to resent a wrong. Trying to get even with an enemy is a sure way of sinking below him. The worst of all failures are those who never fail because they never try. The man who has nothing but reflection puts his headlight on the caboose. It's a waste of time to fix up your statistics for the benefit of the recording angel. Many a man thinks he is a saint because he has dreams of heaven every Sunday. The man who talks to please himself soon has an audience well pleased with itself. One resolution to do the right thing is worth a bushel of resolutions not to do wrong things. If your faith does not justify itself by its fruits, it's little use worrying over its roots. It's no use preaching against the sins of people in a way that provokes them to profanity. There never was a church that went down except it had first failed to get down and serve men. More aches than help come from the honey the preacher puts into his sermon on Saturday night. He who thinks that the job makes the man will never have a job big enough to make a man of him. When the adversary puts gold in your hands he gets the weight on your heart and his pocketbook in your mouth.

This Date in History. 1777—Americans repulsed British attack on Mud Fort, which later became Fort Mifflin. 1798—Alexander Vottemare, founder of the system of international exchanges, born in Paris. Died There, April 7, 1864. 1812—General Jackson defeated the Indians in battle of Talladega. 1823—British government opened the West India trade to the United States. 1833—Justice Rufus W. Peckham of the United States supreme court born in Albany, N. Y. 1864—Abraham Lincoln selected president of the United States.