

THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. PUBLISHED BY C. S. JACKSON. Published every evening (except Sunday) and every Sunday morning at The Journal Building, Fifth and Yamhill streets, Portland, Or.

Subscription Terms by mail or to any address in the United States, Canada or Mexico: DAILY, \$5.00 One month, \$1.50 Three months, \$4.50 Six months, \$8.00 One year, \$15.00

Circulation Guarantee. This certifies that the circulation of the Oregon Journal has been audited and is guaranteed by the Advertiser's Certified Circulation Blue Book.

Men by associating in large masses, as in camps and in cities, improve their talents, but impair their virtues, and strengthen their minds, but weaken their morals; thus a retrogression in the one is too often the price they pay for a refinement in the other.

SENATOR FULTON'S PROPHECY

SENATOR FULTON ought not to have assured anybody in Washington that the Oregon legislature will defy the instructions of the electorate and defeat Mr. Chamberlain for senator. It is a character of tidings that its senator ought not to publish on Oregon. It is a statement whose effect is damaging to the reputation of the Oregon legislature, to the state and to the citizenship.

JUDGE CAREY AND DIRECT LEGISLATION

OF NUMEROUS criticisms that have been made of the use of the initiative and referendum in Oregon that by Mr. Charles Carey in his address before the state bar association was perhaps the fairest. It embodied observations that are well worthy of consideration by the electorate.

THEIR OPPORTUNITY

OPPORTUNITY LIES before the next legislature. It is opportunity to end the censorship that always follows a session. It is opportunity to demonstrate that a legislature is worthy of the great trust conferred upon it by the electorate. It is opportunity to lessen the need and decrease the resort to the initiative. It is opportunity to demonstrate that the initiative is too freely used. Probably the criticism is true. Yet it is shortcomings of past legislative sessions that caused the initiative to be inaugurated.

There is need in Oregon for constructive legislation. There is need of a comprehensive law that will make for a better system of highways. It is a field in which great benefit can be brought through legislative channels to every citizen of the state. For the passage of such a law every legislator should conscientiously address himself. There is imminent need for legislation with respect to water rights. There is confusion worse than confounded with respect to these rights, as a result of which the state is suffering.

A FACULTY'S DUTY

THERE WAS general approval some months ago of a concerted movement by the six big colleges of the northwest for clean athletics. A conference was held and a code of by-laws adopted, the delegates from all the institutions being parties to the plan. The various practices that tend to bring athletics into disrepute were prohibited by the rules with the result that athletics conducted on the highest plane and under the best conditions was in prospect. Already, however, there is a claim that one of the institutions is pursuing a policy violative of the terms of the conference agreement.

WHAT IS OUR STATUS?

A STATE is well ordered when its floes are free from disease. Complete freedom is announced by the inspectors, federal and state, at Pendleton, in charge of the Oregon work. The contaminated condition of Oregon flocks two years ago was notorious. It was a source of detriment to the sheep industry. It interfered with shipments and tended to bear down prices. If the reports from Pendleton are accurate it is well. It indicates what is always within the possibilities when there is effort at reform in any line.

THE HAPPINESS OF TOM JOHNSON

TOM JOHNSON, whose former large fortune has disappeared, and who is poor again as to money and other property, is yet rich. He did not become poor of deliberate choice, yet he did not try to remain rich. He had other, higher and better objects, to fight for. To these he so completely devoted his energies that care for his personal wealth was not husbanded and he finds himself financially where he was a quarter of a century ago. This would worry some men. It would cause them to become discouraged, pessimistic or cynical. Not so Tom Johnson.

The pursuit of mere dollars does not interest me. I could go down to Wall street, now and make money, but I'm not going to do it. When I gave up active business affairs I did it because the requirements of my work did not square with my principles. I suppose I could have taken up a life of ease when I retired, had I wished. I was welcome at the clubs. Past horses, yachts and other amusements were open to me. For me though happiness lay in another direction. I don't feel discouraged. I am a free man, and that means a great deal. I entered the mayor's office rich and will leave it poor, but I am going to keep on just as I have started. And my enemies will find a thousand flights in me yet.

Here speaks a splendid type of American manhood. In this plain personal talk are texts for many sermons. For neither money, nor popular approval, nor as a philanthropist or reformer, does this man work and fight, but to be happy, and he can be happy only by exercising his great strength to benefit and better his city and his people. How fortunate if more strong men would grasp this idea of true happiness.

MANY NOT YET PROSPEROUS

THE JOURNAL will not be pessimistic, desires to look on the bright side, to give prominence to good rather than to bad news, and believes industrial conditions are improving and will improve; yet we cannot if we would, and should not if we could, shut our eyes to such facts as these, related by the Chicago Inter-Ocean, a radical Republican newspaper: The cold weather of the past few days has caused hundreds of families in Chicago to apply to the county agent for fuel and food. Four thousand families are now under the care of the agent, and judging from the increased number of requests for help, this figure will be swollen to nearly 5,000 before the end of the month. In the county agent's office it is declared that the panic which started during the financial depression last year is not over, in spite of the many assertions to the contrary.

THEIR HOPE

THERE DIED at Rainier during the past week Mrs. Eliza Dobebeber, a pioneer of 1852. At 18 she married William Dobebeber, who survives her. She was a vigorous, outspoken woman, an indomitable and tireless worker, but with an inexhaustible fountain of kindness and hospitality. This couple had walked life's up-and-down path together, in love, faith and charity and honor for 54 years; now the husband, at more than 80 years old, is left alone. His is not so pathetic a case as that of many, for he has daughters to make his last days pleasant, yet they cannot fill her place, and one may well imagine that the relief looks longingly forward to the hour of release. There is a continual procession of these old pioneers to the silent city, and the mates of many years that are left alone should be the recipients of all possible consideration and kindness from all.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

"The Old Grudge Against England"—By Rufus Choate. From a speech on the occupation of Oregon in the United States senate, March 21, 1844. There exists in this country an intense sentiment of nationality; a cherished, energetic feeling and consciousness of our independent and separate national existence; a feeling that we have a transcendent destiny to fulfill, which we mean to fulfill; a great work to do, which we know how to do; a career to run, up which we hope to ascend till we stand on the steadfast and glittering summits of the world; a feeling that we are surrounded and attended by a noble, historical group of competitors and rivals, the other nations of the earth, all of whom we hope to overtake and even to distance—such a sentiment as this exists perhaps in the character of this people. And this I do not discourage. I do not condemn. It is easy to ridicule it. But "grand swelling sentiments" of patriotism no wise man will despise. They have their uses. They help to give a great heart to a man; to animate him for the various conflicts of his lot; to assist him to work out for himself a more exalted weight and to fill a larger measure of glory. But, sir, that among these useful and beautiful sentiments, predominant among them, there exists a temper of hostility towards this one particular nation, to such a degree as to amount to a habit, a trait, a national passion, to amount to a state of feeling which "is to be regretted," and which really threatens the safety of our country.

WHY THE CONCEALMENT?

R. ROCKEFELLER testified quite glibly and jauntily while his own attorney was questioning him about the organization, rise and progress of the Standard Oil company. But no sooner did the government attorney begin asking questions than the philanthropist and saintly witness declined to answer. He would not respond to a single question unless required to do so. To say the least of it this is not a spectacle creditable to the oily billionaire. If, as he claims, he has done no wrong; if, as he boasts, he has done great good; if, as he professes, he has always been not only a scrupulously honest man but a true Christian, why should he wish to conceal anything? What can there be so concealed? If the company's vast amount of money was all made honestly and lawfully, why should Mr. Rockefeller decline to tell just how much was made and how? He is proud of his success; if he has done no wrong to win such

success he should be not only willing but pleased to give all the particulars by which it was achieved. The law has no penalty for an individual or corporation on account of either's prosperity. It prosecutes no one because of possession of a hundred or five hundred millions; it regards not at all the amount of the possessions, but only asks if the acquisition was lawful. If Mr. Rockefeller has not been a law-breaker he has nothing to fear from the law. That he refuses to answer must be interpreted as confession of guilt.

AN ANNUAL SUGGESTION

THANKSGIVING comes this week. The most enjoyment can be obtained only by some ante-celebration thought and due preparation of mind for the event. As to the dinner and amusements, there is no danger of their being overlooked; but there may be forgetfulness of the infinitely higher observance of making others thankful. Mankind, for the purpose of this ante-Thanksgiving thought, might be ranged in several ranks—as to health, wealth, opportunities, etc.—and the units in each of these ranks ranged in line, each one just a hair's breadth below the other; from the man or woman in perfect health down to the one most diseased and decrepit; from the hopeful, blooming youth to the very aged; from the richest millionaire to the most abject pauper—and so on. One can best be thankful for his blessings, to "the giver of all good," by sending something down the line, the farther down the better, and causing thankfulness to beam on the faces and glow in the hearts of those who have, or think they have, but little to be thankful for.

Sentence Sermons

No man ever overshoots his own moral aim. All worthy education is training of the will. The dogmatic are always strong on barking. Counting your blessings discounts your burdens. No one was ever left sad by giving happiness away. The ability to learn marks the limits of actual living. Too many men lay to a gentle heart the faults of a soft head. You cannot improve the breed by polishing the brass on the harness. It's no use paying for plush in the pew if you've got putty in the pulpit. No man is master of himself who cannot control the guests in his heart. The worst failures are those successes that have come at the cost of the soul. You do not secure a clean bill for yourself by indicting the rest of humanity. There never can be sufficient public virtues in a life to balance private vices. Whether earth shall be like heaven depends on whether heaven is in our hearts. There are many things we cannot afford to get for less than their full price. Some men think the only way to preserve the landmarks is to sit on the fence. When a man gets to arguing with his conscience you may be sure his appetites are busy. The minister who is thinking all the time of the limelight cannot do much for the lives of men.

A Sermon for Today

The Immortality of Friendship. By Henry F. Cope. "That where I am there ye may be also."—John xv.2. FRIENDS go on before, but friendships abide. The grave cuts no charm through love and through the dark door of death runs warm and holds firm the cable of affection. No voice may come to us; no eyes look into ours; no feet may dim the memory of features, but still within us is this cherished treasure of their love and friendship, the faith that they love us still. We plant the flowers on the mounds in the burying-grounds, but because we think they are lying there, we ever love for them; not because we ever see them, but because we know they are there. Blended by tears, watering those flowers, we weep not with sorrow that they are gone, but with surfeit of emotion, more than we can bear, for the thought, more than the bliss and justness of the world we yet are in. We need not worry whether we will know our friends, those friends whose faces lightened our days and whose for whom they are changed to a seraph's beauty, we shall see not their faces, but their affection. He lives yet in the dust who worries as to physical preservation and identification. This we do not know, who hold deep within us the friendships of those who are gone, in larger life, that love can never die, that affection enlarges despite the decay of the body, that there is something of the self which is the basis of friendship is immortal. This sense of the persistence of friendship is more than a mere feeling; it is the first flower of immortality; it is the eternal and divine in us answering to the eternal and divine in lives that have been lost from our limitations. It has nothing to do with alleged communications from the other world, but it is the deep abiding and strengthening sense that the web of love cannot be cut by the keen edge of death, that friendships abide through all, that love is immortal and loving the measure of our immortality. No wonder the immortal hope burns low when undimmed by his hope; no wonder men doubt the future, when their hearts find no vital contact with its life, when they must depend on what is dead, when the reason from analysis and probabilities. I am not worried as to life beyond, because I know that I have no friend. The only going out from life I need to fear would be going out into a world, where love was not. Precise plans of eternal life will find no way beyond reasoning, but on the fact of infinite friendship I rest and know that the eternal life will find no way beyond me the larger life of the world where love shall have its liberty and shall be the law of all. In the land where I shall meet those friends, where father and mother and child will wait, but a love light, that burns as clear as the sun, will lead me to them, and I shall know them by that light. Love will come into its own; friendship into its fullness. The barriers of the grave do not divide us; we shall know even as we are known, for we shall love even as we love. So what can I do to get these days than cherish this hope, magnify this life of loving, make more friends that I may have greater fullness of living than I have now, for the love that I have is this free fullness of friendship, bring into this dear world as much of that life as I may by being good friend to as many as I may?

A Poem for Today

Sometime. By Mary Riley Smith. (May Louise Riley, Smith (born near Rochester, N. Y., May 29, 1842) first came into public notice in 1867 with a poem "Sometime," which has since been the writer of a number of religious poems.) Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned, And sun and stars forevermore have set, The things which our weak judgments here have spurned— The things we've grieved with wishes, and Will flash before us, out of life's dark night. As stars shine most in deeper tints And we shall see how all God's plans were right, And how each seemed reproof was love most true. And if, sometimes, commingled with their fire the wormwood and rebel and abink. Be such a wiser hand than yours or mine, Pours out this portion for our lips to drink. And if some friend we love is lying low, Where human kisses cannot reach his face, O, do we blame the loving father so, But wear your sorrow with obedient grace! And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath Is not the sweetest gift God sends his children, And that, sometimes, the sabbal part of death Conveys the fairest boon his love can send. If we could push ajar the gates of life, And stand within, and all God's work we could interpret all this doubt and strife, And if each mystery could find a key, But not today. Then be content, poor God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold. We may not tear the close shut leaves apart, Time will reveal the calyx of gold, And if, through patient toil, we reach the land, Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest, When we shall clearly know and understand, I think that we will say, "God knew the best!" Silver Dollar Doomed. From the Savannah (Ga.) News. Treasury officials note that silver dollars are gradually going out of use in the west and the south, and that their place is being taken by dollar bills. A few years ago a dollar bill went to the Mississippi river, while in the south silver dollars were far more plentiful than the soft money. It seems that the doom of the silver dollar was sounded when the government decided that it would no longer pay the freight between subtreasuries and banks on the coins. Hereafter table salt has been made from rock salt by the tedious process of dissolving the latter and evaporating the brine. An Englishman has invented a pie, the crust of which is made of barley, then aerated by compressed air, which leaves the salt pure and white and free from impurities, which the city drives out.