

THE JOURNAL

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For the mediocre it is a happiness to be mediocre.—Friedrich Nietzsche.

GIFFORD PINCHOT

IT IS EASY to understand why there is a propaganda that strives to discredit Gifford Pinchot. His philippic against privilege delivered before the Roosevelt club at St. Paul Saturday evening is full explanation. No clearer or more forcible presentation of the case against "the partisans of government by money for profit," as Mr. Pinchot calls it, has been made in this country. No clearer or more forcible appeal for a "government by men for the welfare of mankind" has been heard in these United States. He said that the country has come to believe that the "senate and house do not represent the voters by whom they are elected, but the special interests by whom they are controlled," and that is true. He said that the tariff was formerly a means for raising the wage of labor, but that it has become the tool for advancing the cost of living, and that is true. He said that the sugar trust has been stealing from the government, but that congress still protects its business with high duties, and that is true. He said that congress raised the duty on manufactured cottons when there was public testimony by the manufacturers themselves that the duty should not be advanced, and that is true. He declared that at the very moment congress was increasing the duty on rubber the leader of the senate in combination with the Guggenheims was organizing an international rubber trust, whose charter was so framed as to permit it to become a holding company for the coal and copper of the whole world.

This is a scathing indictment. It is a courageous denunciation of men who believe in a "government by money for profit" instead of a "government by men for the welfare of mankind." It is the word of a man whose years of official life at Washington enabled him to see the rascality going on beneath the surface of legislation, and one whom office, fear or distavor cannot dissuade from describing the facts as he finds them. It is his courage and his devotion to his country and its people that makes Gifford Pinchot hated and calumniated. Because of his fighting powers, his fearlessness and his uncompromising virtue, he is a scourge to the special interests that prey upon their countrymen through "bought" senators and "procured" laws. It is these special beneficiaries of legislation that call him a "theorist," that declare he is a "demagogue," and that are moving heaven and earth to drive him into obscurity. But because these forces calumniate Mr. Pinchot, does it mean that he is wrong? Is he not to be loved for the enemies he has made?

SMALL TAXES FROM CORPORATIONS

THE Salem Journal says that the state treasurer's books show that certain corporations have paid taxes as follows: Postal and Western Union Telegraph companies, \$1000; Pullman Car company, \$2500; Northern Express company, \$1070; Farmers and Mutual Telephone companies, \$1897; total, \$5867. Among the corporations that have not paid any tax are the Bell Telephone company, assessed at \$25,988; the Pacific Express company, \$4400; Wells-Fargo company, \$9900; Standard Oil company, Refrigerator Car company and Tank Line companies have made no report. The Salem paper figures out that while the total tax paid is \$5867, the tax assessed and not paid is \$38,988. Some of these companies are delinquent for four years. And there are others not mentioned that pay no tax. The Salem Journal says that at least \$100,000 of taxes due the state are held up and direct taxes must be increased to make it up.

AT CHICAGO

THE LIMIT of "government by money for profit" is reached in the desperate attempts now making in Chicago to save Lee O'Neil Browne from punishment for bribing legislators to vote for Lorimer. Browne is the man whom White, Link and Beckmeyer confessed bought their votes. As a preliminary to his trial, it was pleaded in his behalf that the payment of \$2000 to each of the bribed senators after their votes had been cast was not bribery, a proposition so amazing as to almost startle a graven image. This unheard of defense was

overruled by the trial judge, and was followed by a habeas corpus proceeding sued out of another department of the same court. It failed, and Browne is forced to go to trial today. Six hundred dollars a day is being spent by some secret syndicate in the attempt to save Browne from conviction. Private detectives in the pay of this syndicate are swarming over the state shadowing legislators, witnesses and venemen. An array of lawyers of the highest reputation and costliest compensation is defending Browne, and resorting to every technicality, subterfuge and quibble known to the practice in the effort to prevent a trial of the case on its merits. The struggle is not unlike that in the Calhoun case in San Francisco, except that in Chicago the backers of Browne are behind the curtain and nobody knows their identity. What does it mean when these great sums of money are spent to prevent the Browne case from coming to trial? If Browne is innocent, why do not his mysterious backers let his case be tried on its merits and the defendant get the benefit of that vindication that an acquittal would give? What amazing spectacles we do have, when senatorial elections are not by the people but by purchase. Is Chairman George's weather eye on Chicago?

WHY BY PROXY?

WHAT DOES the good Chairman George mean anyway, when he says his assembly will give us "better officials"? What variety of Igorrotes does he think the Oregon voters are? Is his conception of the Oregon electorate a vision of long bearded and long haired men, hatless, shoeless, living in huts and subsisting on dried fish and huckleberries? Is it his idea that the average workingman only knows enough to draw his wages Saturday night and find the way to and from his work? Is it his idea that the average farmer is too illiterate to do anything more than to work in the fields all day and to know when and how to go to and from his meals? Does he think that an average farm hand doesn't know enough to ride a mule down to water and that when he is put to ploughing he merely stays put until somebody comes and leads him to his dinner? What else does the good Chairman George mean when he insinuates that the average voter doesn't know the difference between a good candidate and a spotted cayuse? Who pays the taxes in this state? Who feeds Oregon? Who grows the foodstuffs; who fashions the raw material into finished products; whose hands take it from the soil and make it into food, clothing and wealth; what men build the houses, operate the mills and move the trains, steamboats and electric cars? What would Chairman George do without these men that he says can't select a good official? What would Oregon be without these men that Chairman George's assembly insists haven't sense enough to govern and must be governed by proxy?

RETARDING DEVELOPMENT

THOSE WHOSE welfare depends in any measure upon the development and prosperity of Oregon will do well to mark a new form of "knocking" which tends to the gravest consequences. Whether due to mere blundering blindness in an attempt to support Ballinger and his backers, or to actual desire to retard settlement until the interests have carried out their program, the Oregonian's daily untruths that Oregon's resources are all "locked up" by conservation, and that prospective settlers had better go to Canada, can have no effect but injury to the state. As a political expedient this snarling over imaginary evils excites only amusement and contempt, but to the extent it circulates where the truth is not known nothing could be better calculated to turn away people who have been looking to Oregon as a future home.

A GORY DEATH TOLL

RAILROAD employes are killed every two hours during each day, week and month in the year. One of them is maimed every six minutes. This declaration is made in an article by John M. Gitterman in McClure's. It is an appalling death and casualty roll, especially in view of the many safety appliances the roads have employed in the effort to save life. It is in strong contrast with the railroad record as to passengers. For the year ending June 30, 1907, the number of passengers killed by the roads was 870 and the number injured 13,041. The outbursts of indignation at the butchery resulted in more safety precautions by the roads and the total killed for the year ending June 30, 1908, was 200 less and the number injured 1500 fewer. But this improved showing in saving the lives of passengers is far surpassed for the year ending June 30, 1909. Of the 368 companies reported, no less than 347, operating 159,857 miles of line and carrying 750,617,563 passengers, went through the year without a single fatality to

JUST AN INSTANCE

IN A RESIDENCE district in the northwestern part of the city is a quarter block of valuable vacant ground—an excellent property except for weeds. All around it are well kept homes. Along its edge next the sidewalk, on two streets, great burdocks are growing, as they are too, only not quite so luxuriantly, on the space between the sidewalk and the curb. Their leaves stretch out across about one third of the sidewalk, and in a month or two more, with timely showers, may almost cover it in places. Women, passing along to take a car have to lift their dresses to avoid contact with these monster lappa officialisms, and may later have to go out into the oiled street to pass along. On the next lot lives a family that takes care of their grounds; not a weed is to be seen; about 100 rosebushes are blooming on the small plot of ground; and frequently the man or his wife can be seen with a sharp trowel or knife cutting out young burdocks that have drifted onto their ground from their

neighbor's. Right across the street an old, respected resident lives, in his cozy home, and he keeps his lot clean the year round; it, too, is ornamented with beautiful shrubbery and flowering plants. This is only one case of many. It is not right for a property owner to let the burdocks grow up and out over the sidewalk in this way, and it should not be allowed. People who do this are not treating the city right, and in particular are not treating their neighbors right. There ought to be a wholesale weed slaughter in this city, and the big weeds should nowhere be allowed to go to seed this summer. A few drastic jobs on the part of the police would work a needed reform in this respect.

Apparently Arizona and New Mexico will have to wait awhile yet, notwithstanding the Republican party's repeated and positive promises. The people of those territories might take a notion to elect some senators who would serve them instead of the big corporations, men like Gore and Owen of Oklahoma, so Aldrich and Cannon will probably keep those territories out.

Taft and Muckrakers

From the New York World. The chaplain of the house of representatives invoked the power of heaven the other day against "the gloating tongue of the muckraker." The president of the United States, at Ada, Ohio, Friday, warned his audience against "a class of newspapers and of magazines that are properly criticized as 'muckrakers,' that rely for their circulation on the vilification and unfounded attacks upon the honesty and upright character and patriotic motives of men in public life, and upon those conspicuous and prominent generally." When the chaplain of the house of representatives talks about muckrakers he refers presumably to certain some of Bellah who speak disrespectfully of that grand old political ruin, Uncle Joe Cannon. When the president muckrakes the muckrakers he is probably expressing his confidential opinion of various writers who have dimmed the halo of that fearless patriot, Richard Achilles Ballinger. It would have been better, however, if both the chaplain and the president had been more definite in their utterances. What do they mean by muckraking? Are they the particular muckrakers that have stirred their bile? Much depends upon the point of view, as certain specific instances will prove. A lot of eminent gentlemen out in Denver protested bitterly against Ben Lindsey's muckraking articles in Evergreen's Magazine, and made them an issue in the recent campaign. When the votes were counted it was found that the citizens of Denver had sustained Judge Lindsay by large majorities to the very great damage of both political and personal reputations of numerous benevolent corporations. Mr. Taft himself is waiting impatiently for the United States supreme court to sustain the government's case against the Standard Oil company. That the government has a strong case against the Standard Oil company is due largely to the writings of Miss Ida Tarbell, who aroused the public sentiment that finally compelled action. It was not so many years ago that Mr. Taft himself repudiated the Republican boss, Cleveland, and Mr. Taft in this instance was influenced largely by the public feeling which Lincoln Steffens had aroused by his articles on boss rule and machine government in American cities. All this is part of the literature of muckraking, so-called. Possibly the president thinks the country has grown so virtuous that there is no longer anything to criticize in government or business, but it will take him some time to get that idea.

A FINE SUCCESS

THE BIG festival week is now fully over; there has been a Sunday in which to rest up; and now the city will settle down to its ordinary, everyday business again. The festival was a complete success, and everybody who helped make it so, and there were many such persons, is entitled to the thanks and praise of the community. While the rain Friday was something of a "damper," the fine weather Saturday and Sunday evening more than compensated for the little dampness, and all sorts and conditions of people were out for a good time, and they had it. It was not only Portland people who were pleased with the occasion throughout, but thousands of people from all over the state and elsewhere. The testimony that the festival was a complete success and very enjoyable is unanimous, and Portland has received unqualified praise on all hands. As a single sample of the comments made by the state papers, the Eugene Register says: "The 1910 Rose Carnival will go into history as the greatest Oregon event to date and if, in future years, a greater one is held, there will have to be still greater skill developed in the growing of roses and a whacking of Portland brain to devise a better show or finer entertainment of the people."

THE PERENNIAL BERNHARDT

Paris letter to London Telegraph. The amazing Mrs. Sarah Bernhardt, having given at her theatre here a performance of the "Dance aux Camélias," the representations of which play we have long since ceased counting, left at 10:30 the next morning in her motor car for Rouen to begin a tour of several weeks in the French provinces. She will motor from town to town every day and act every evening. The diving lady sets the most remarkable example of human energy in modern times. When she motored away from her house in the Boulevard Poire she was given a charming send off by troops of girls who brought her flowers. Some who made them by trade had even fashioned flowers especially for her, and one girl threw her a blue rose of her own handiwork which she must have spent hours in making. The Indiana, professing to have no thought of war, promised peace and friendship by their accustomed tokens. But as usual only a part of the tribe had been brought into the alliance, and some lawless provocations by a party of English marauders, soon divided the Indians into their old French alliance, and war was declared on June 13, 1792.

STANDING ROOM ONLY

Kirks La Shelle met an actor and noticed that he was wearing a mourning band on his arm. "It's for my father," the actor explained. "I've just come from his funeral." La Shelle expressed his sympathy. The actor's grief was obviously very real and great. "I attended to all the funeral arrangements," he said. "We had everything just as father would have wanted it." "Were there many there?" asked La Shelle. "Many there," cried the actor with pride. "Why, my boy, we turned 'em away!"

Back in Boston June brides need to wear sealisks, or something about as warm. Chancery Day says automobiles are a curse. They are so made by some people. Portland will no doubt maintain its reputation this year as a fine summer resort. Nearly all Oregon's postmaster's salaries were raised lately, proof that the towns are growing. Perhaps Roosevelt will be both a "regular" and an "insurgent." Scarcely anything is impossible for him. And still the killing and wounding of the joyriders continues. But some of them can be spared better than most folks. The Rose Festival week was a record-breaker for weddings in Portland, but there are a good many June brides to come yet. Roosevelt is at the Atlantic, home-ward bound and he will get a tremendous greeting when he lands next Saturday. It is expected that the census will give Spokane about 110,000 inhabitants, but the Spokesman-Review thinks the town will grow 15,000 during the year.

COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF

Small change. Oregon farmer is happy. Well, it is registering time again. Some more cleaning up is in order. And there are millions of roves left. Finchat is not afraid of plain speech. The great public question: What will Roosevelt say? The "See America First" slogan should be revived. It was about as perfect a Sunday as nature can turn out. It was a great festival, but once a year is often enough. Back in Boston June brides need to wear sealisks, or something about as warm. Chancery Day says automobiles are a curse. They are so made by some people. Portland will no doubt maintain its reputation this year as a fine summer resort. Nearly all Oregon's postmaster's salaries were raised lately, proof that the towns are growing. Perhaps Roosevelt will be both a "regular" and an "insurgent." Scarcely anything is impossible for him. And still the killing and wounding of the joyriders continues. But some of them can be spared better than most folks. The Rose Festival week was a record-breaker for weddings in Portland, but there are a good many June brides to come yet. Roosevelt is at the Atlantic, home-ward bound and he will get a tremendous greeting when he lands next Saturday. It is expected that the census will give Spokane about 110,000 inhabitants, but the Spokesman-Review thinks the town will grow 15,000 during the year.

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TANGLEFOOT

NOTHING WOULD HURT. In old Japan, as I've been told, they let their hair grow "Dial." Well, right now, try our own hair bunch. With new and different kinds of lynch, it wouldn't hurt to try it. ALSO AN EASY PATH. The teacher was telling the class about the path of least resistance. "Now tell me," said she, "what is the easiest thing in life?" "Get signatures to a county division petition," said Bill, whose father is a politician. A climber once climbed up the face of a wall. He swore, and the popl wall shed. You ask, did the wall hear those terrible swears? It did, for you see walls have ears. High Interest Rates. From the American Banker. The recent failure of such a large number of 4 per cent municipal bond offerings to find satisfactory purchasers and the rather indifferent success of many offerings at 4 1/2 and even 4 3/4 per cent lead to the belief that money rates are finding a tendency to seek higher levels. Added to these facts, the announcement that savings banks will decrease or have decreased the interest allowance on deposits from 4 to 3 1/2 per cent is a further indication that financial institutions are compelled to exact a larger margin of profits on transactions. By far the greatest factor, however, in the demand for higher interest rates, is the attitude of the private investor, who is no longer willing to accept the ordinary scale of returns on money invested, but who is constantly seeking an enhanced revenue, commensurate with the increased cost of living expenses. It would appear, almost as if the security which offered 4 1/2 per cent or more were the only ones in which any considerable interest could be aroused. Then, when it is remembered that many bankers have customers who are clamoring for investments at higher rates, 4 per cent or more for accommodation, it is not to be wondered that securities of whatever nature offering a lower rate are declined, and remain without purchasers. This condition has been the reason for the failure of such cities as "Chicago," "St. Louis," "Cincinnati," and Milwaukee to dispose of first class securities on a 4 per cent basis, rather than any reflection on the nature of the desirability of the issues. A solution of the opinion of a large number of investors in the country leads to the conviction that though the country at present is on a high interest level, this condition is not one of permanency, but will be subject to a radical readjustment that will in large measure its attention. Says one student of the situation: "The present difficulty in placing new security issues is due to two causes. The first is the diminished supply of available capital for productive enterprise in the United States, individual and public extravagance, municipal as well as national, has absorbed the ordinary savings of the country to a great extent that heretofore. An increasing percentage of public and private expenditures for several years past has been for account of non-productive purposes. The second cause is the necessity on the part of the individual if not of the institutional investor for a higher return in the form of interest rates. The national and municipal expenditures are constantly calling for higher taxes, and the increasing withdrawal of men and money from productive labor into non-productive pursuits enhances the cost of service and commodities, which enhanced costs falls upon the individual whose income is derived from stocks and bonds with the same force as upon individuals whose income is derived from wages. "We do not believe that the country is on a permanently higher interest level, although we would not venture to predict when the change will occur. It may be five years or it may be ten, but within that period there will be a radical readjustment, and it will likely come as all other such changes have come in the past, namely, through drastic liquidation in commercial, industrial and real estate circles. However, pending this change, the investor who invests under necessitous conditions which compel the payment of higher rates of interest will naturally have an adverse effect upon long term and old securities which were put out under more favorable conditions."

THE TRUTH AND JOHN BILLINGTON

John Billington was a leader of thought in a city proud and great, and Billington's busy goose-quill was a pillar in the state, and Billington's fame had borne his name to the country's furthest ends. A powerful man was Billington, with powerful men for friends. A spirit stood by Billington's bed, one howling wretched night, and Billington lifted a startled head and stared at the thing in white. "Away with you, devil, with you! Get out of my room!" "You have sent me thither a thousand times; I am tired of the trip," it said; "A thousand times you have heard me pray for half a chance and the light. A thousand times you have turned me away, and now you call me out tonight. Though you waded me away with you pen today, you shall listen now, forsooth: You shall hearken well to the tale I tell. I am the Spirit of Truth." A phantom picture flashed in air at the foot of Billington's bed, and Billington gazed in mild amazement, and his eyes grew big in his head. He looked at a home of poverty. He saw a dying child. He saw a young girl, sunk in shame, and in her eyes he never smiled; a son bowed down and sullen, bearing the brand of a thief. And a father hopeless and helpless, too sodden with rum for grief. "The Spirit of Truth," he murmured, "I have seen letters of will, and Billington scowled to the spirit. "What business of mine?" he said. He looked and saw where, overtime, women and children toiled till their young hands grew weak, and their backs were spotted. He saw a boss with ugly eyes threaten a woman there. Whose hollow cheek foretold too well the end of her struggle and care. Again he looked, and he saw the death in a driven workman's face. "A hungry man, empty in shame, and in his eyes he never smiled; a son bowed down and sullen, bearing the brand of a thief. And a father hopeless and helpless, too sodden with rum for grief. "The Spirit of Truth," he murmured, "I have seen letters of will, and Billington scowled to the spirit. "What business of mine?" he said. 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