

THE JOURNAL

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ONWARD

VOTE against the interstate bridge would be a vote against civilization.

We cannot afford to turn our backs on progress. We dare not resist the ordinances of fate. If we perpetuate an ancient ferry on a great interstate thoroughfare, it will be defiance to every canon of advancement.

The Igorrote sits on his hills and with the discrimination of an epicure, smacks his lips over his dog soup. The Moro still go to war, armed with Bolos, and in their night-dresses rest in their mountain fastnesses and wonder at the deadly character of the white man's fighting.

Their ways are the ways of non-progress. The Igorrote religiously whips his dog to death before converting him into soup, because he has never sought the ways of civilization. The Moro's long battle knife is the price he pays for falling to catch the spirit of advancement.

We are different, because we are a nation of bridge builders. We are superior because we throw aside ox yokes, tallow dips and flint lock firearms for better devices.

We are a militant race because we constantly improve our means of going from one place to another, and for transporting things from one place to another.

A vote against the interstate bridge is a vote to stop the clock of progress and reverse the onward tramp of civilization. Vote 310 Yes.

A "JAIL DELIVERY" UNDER a law passed by the last legislature Pennsylvania is preparing to release 110 convicts serving sentences of from two to 40 years.

Of the 110 convicts recommended for parole 39 men and two women are serving sentences for second degree murder. Another is a man 40 years old serving a 40 year sentence for arson.

Pennsylvania's new parole law authorizes the board of pardons to release, on recommendations from the inspectors, prisoners sentenced prior to July 1, 1911, who have served one-third of their terms.

The Philadelphia Bulletin says the release on parole of these prisoners is a "jail delivery" even though sanctioned by law. This paper declares that neither the legislature nor the board of pardons is justified in establishing the general rule that a third of the decreed sentence shall be deemed sufficient, unless some extraordinary reason to the contrary shall offer.

Most states are now moving toward reformation rather than punishment of criminals. The old idea of punishment to suppress crime has been exploded. There is question whether it has even acted as a deterrent. The new idea is to suppress crime by instilling character in the criminal, to minimize the theory of punishment and to magnify the fact that in each human being there is some latent possibilities for good.

TRAINING BOYS FOR JOBS

VOCATIONAL education in Denver schools is to be given added value. It is proposed to establish a direct connection between the boy's schooling and the calling of a man.

A survey of the city as to what openings are offered boys who finish in the schools will be made. Then, according to this information,

the last year's course in the schools will be adjusted in preparation for these openings. An expert will make the survey and recommend such additions to the course of study as are deemed necessary.

Boys after leaving school usually flounder around a year or two before finding a vocation. During this uncertain period habits are frequently formed, which permanently injure the boys' efficiency, to say nothing of their morals.

There is a world wide movement to make education practical, to teach each boy and each girl how to do some one thing well. The future is brightening for youth, for it may not be long when the boy will step from school into the job he is especially fitted for.

The women of Oregon are on trial. The ballot was placed in their hands in the belief that they would use it to forward social justice and serve mankind.

An election is pending in which a great humanitarian measure is to be adopted or rejected, and the country is watching to see what the women are going to do about it.

It is held up by interests that have long been absorbing at least two thirds of the money that of right belonged to the maimed workers and their wives and little children.

Are Oregon women on the side of the mangled, bruised and bleeding workers, or on the side of the sleek gentlemen who are wont to prey upon the compensation money for the broken backs or shattered limbs of workers?

The workmen's compensation law is a law for the women and children. It is a law that gives all the compensation money direct to the wives and little ones. It is a law for civilization and mankind.

More than \$1,000,000 has been spent in work that began about four years ago. The sum went in carving a residence addition out of a hillside, all in harmony with a definite plan and constituting an engineering feat of unusual importance.

A feature is the distribution of heavy sums of money to labor in the perfecting of the project. The money went to workers and their families for real value rather than for water and imaginary values as is too often the case in city additions stuffed to the full with speculative valuations.

CHARLES TELLIER, inventor of the cold storage process which first enabled American packers to export fresh meat, is dead in Paris. He died in poverty, tardy assistance being too late in reaching him.

Mr. Tellier refused to accept a pension from the other half, saying he was still able to earn his living and preferred to leave the money to his son. But the company employing the father recently failed, and the \$10,000 relief fund was embezzled by a dishonest bookkeeper.

Paris dispatches say Mr. Tellier would have died of hunger some time ago only for a woman, the wife of a postman, who withdrew \$30 from the savings bank to help the aged inventor and his invalid son.

Is there any wonder that protest is being made against man's inhumanity to man? Charles Tellier, inventor of a process which has made other men rich, wearer of the cross of the Legion of Honor, destitute and dying in his old age. The dispatches do not say now others came to reap all of the rewards of right belonging to Mr. Tellier, but his case is illustrative of the fate too often awaiting men and women who place service above the dollar.

A member of the Legion of Honor starting in Paris. Purses proud packers, who became rich because of his invention, feasting at a \$125.00 breakfast in Chicago. The two pictures visualize too many men's indifference to the source of their wealth.

BEHOLD! AS REFEREE in bankruptcy, Chester Murphy is very diligent in securing publication of notices of bankruptcy in newspapers at rates below the price to others with an affidavit of publication thrown in as a premium.

Meanwhile, he is prompt to charge the very limit of the legal fee for his services with extras included, and is, at the same time, just as prompt in allowing fees to others who feed upon bankrupt estates.

Witness, for instance, the Gervits case wherein there was allowed the attorneys of record, Beach, Simon, et al, \$600 for a service consisting in the signing of the firm's name to an inventory and certifying to its correctness—knowledge of which they accepted by word of mouth from those who actually took the inventory.

Behold, the fee system still obtains in the federal courts!

INSTALLMENT FINES

MASSACHUSETTS has a new law which Governor Foss describes as an act doing away with imprisonment for debt. It requires judges when they impose small fines which the defendant cannot pay at once to suspend commitments and allow time for installment payments.

Investigation by a legislative committee disclosed the fact that there was no uniformity among judges in their probation policies. One police judge placed prisoners on probation in 80 per cent of the cases he heard; another 40 per cent; another 15 per cent, and another 10 per cent.

The committee concluded that the 10,000 offenders who failed to pay fines because they did not have the money were, in effect, imprisoned for debt, for it was only the lack of a few dollars that sent them to prison.

Now, I would like to say that my father, Thomas P. Stephens, was a veteran of the Indian wars of Oregon and Washington, of 1855-56, and furnished his own horse, saddle, blankets and gun and several hundred dollars of ammunition. He did not receive any pay until congress passed the pension act in 1903 I believe it was, and only \$3 per month then.

Now I would suggest that high salaries to our officials be paid in much better than to out off the small payments to our old soldiers, as they earned every cent they get. They put themselves up as targets, to make this country fit for us to live in.

A BROKEN COVENANT

NO MORE atrocious violation of newspaper ethics has occurred than was the premature publication by the Oregonian yesterday of the report of the school survey.

A copy of the survey was given all the Portland papers by Chairman Montague with the usual understanding that there should be no publication of it until release was authorized. This release was finally announced by Chairman Montague yesterday afternoon.

But yesterday morning, the Oregonian published the report. It made the statement that the release had been authorized by Mr. Sabin, a statement that was an outright falsehood.

The facts are that the Oregonian requested Chairman Montague to release the report for publication yesterday morning. That request clearly showed that the Oregonian perfectly understood that the release was held for yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Montague refused, and then the Oregonian, well knowing the terms, asked Mr. Sabin to make the release. Mr. Sabin said he had no objection personally to the publication yesterday morning, but added that he had no right and that Mr. Montague alone had the right to authorize publication.

plied to Mr. Sabin, showed that it knew that it was forbidden to publish the report yesterday morning, and was seeking by devious means to get a pretext on which to base a premature and unauthorized publication. The fact that it applied to Mr. Sabin showed that it sought by any kind of means to beat Mr. Montague who had relied upon its honor in entrusting it with the report.

In publishing the report, the Oregonian broke every ordinance of good faith and added to its guilt, the crime of falsehood. It sank into depths that even the cheapest and lowest publications would hold as dishonest and immoral.

In April, 1911, the same paper violated all the canons of honorable journalism by publishing several days in advance of the release date, the census report giving the population of Oregon cities. But even that was not as conspicuous a case of moral turpitude as was yesterday's publication of the school survey to which it added the dishonor of deliberate falsehood.

Under the conditions of the release as imposed by the survey committee, the Oregonian, in its evening edition, would have had an even break with all afternoon papers in printing the report. That was not enough. In its awfulness, it stole from its own afternoon edition, the Telegram, it violated its implied pledge to Mr. Montague and deliberately lied about Mr. Sabin.

Letters from the People

"Discussion is the greatest of all reforms. It rationalizes everything it touches. It rouses principles of all false sanctity and throws them back to their real position. It rationally crushes them out of existence and sets up its own conscious in their stead."—Woodrow Wilson.

"Let's hope no insectologist will discover that the fly somehow does more good to man than the mosquito. It is something to swat without any apologies or compensations of conscience."

GLYNN'S FIRST HOUR AS GOVERNOR

Albany Special to New York Evening Post. Into the temporary office which was fitted up when one William Sulzer returned to attend to the executive chamber six weeks ago came yesterday the new governor. Not a very large man is Martin H. Glynn; straight backed, though, and full chested. Not much of a stage man, like his predecessor; but with clean-cut, incisive, human and jovial.

The smile on his face told that he was happy over his elevation to the governorship, this man who has been so quietly acting as governor since the assembly impeached Sulzer. Yet there was no exultation in his look or tone. Assuming a governorship under such conditions as attend an impeachment is a sobering affair.

As though somebody had asked the question which is on every lip, "Are you going to be controlled by Charles F. Murphy?" the governor began talking about his connection with politics and public life.

"As a matter of fact," said he, "I'm not much of a politician. I don't know much about politics. I don't feel sure that I should know all the district leaders by sight if I meet them."

"My getting into public life was rather odd. When I was younger, I used to be called on a good deal for speeches at banquets, and I used to make a practice of studying up a little for them. So, as I had a little youthful enthusiasm and a little fire and a little gray matter, I managed to get away with it pretty well."

"For some reason or other my opponent for congress turned his after dinner speech into a bitter attack on Sulzer and told me a magnificent man should know all the district leaders over things, and everybody felt pretty blue."

"I thought it over a while, and decided to do it. Before my speech was over, we both, with the understanding that she must be home to cook a hot lunch every day. Now please tell me how she is doing. Her room is in the second floor and that is as cheap as she can get rooms anywhere fit to live in. They demand that children must be fed and clothed properly. How is she going to do it?"

"My opinion is, if they would cut out some of the offices and red tape and extra people employed to carry this law out—for that is where the money goes—there would be money for these widows. I suppose they are getting on."

"Then, why do we have bad boys and girls? Here is a good sample, and thousands of others to follow. M. W. W."

PERTINENT COMMENT AND NEWS IN BRIEF IN EARLIER DAYS

SMALL CHANGE The cloudier the day, the more need to look and be pleasant.

"A skyline boulevard" isn't necessarily a highway to heaven.

The Andes will probably remain an cold and solid as ever at Roosevelt's approach.

But Castro was accused of cold blooded murder, and yet he was acquitted.

More important than how much money is spent for public purposes is how it is spent.

The crowd is officially declared to be a rather good fellow, after all. And he is a cunning one, too.

Possibly the right "ever comes" appears most often to take a very long time in doing so, in some cases.

Many of the babies who get no prizes and whose pictures are never printed may do pretty well in later years.

Too much knowledge, especially if mostly imaginary, is also a troublesome if not a dangerous thing.

Politics or partisanship should have no place or part in the service to their state of Oregon's members of congress.

There seems to be more wickedness and folly than formerly because there is more light; people see and know more.

It is regrettable to many other than those most directly interested that the method of selecting an executive chamber clerk cannot "dwell together in unity."

Perhaps the man who cannot afford to be elected to the executive chamber automobile should be banished to the country, where, probably, he more properly belongs.

Let's hope no insectologist will discover that the fly somehow does more good to man than the mosquito. It is something to swat without any apologies or compensations of conscience.

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OREGON SIDELIGHTS

By Fred Lockley.

Long-range donation party reported in the Cottara Grove Leader: "I was in the shipped 300 pounds of dried fruit, corn and beans to his son, Elder Mark Gomer, who is in the S. D. A. Missionary Society at Calcutta. The supplies were donated by members of the local Adventist church."

The new Carver building, the county library, when completed, will, the Glacier says, be one of the handsomest structures in the city. It will be necessary to remove but one of the oaks on the lot, a portion of the E. L. Smith house, and the two story red brick structure will rise with beautiful trees surrounding it.

The Athena Press gives a new newspaper enterprise this rotherly sendoff: "Walter V. Griswold has joined hands with R. C. Julian in the publication of the 'Athena' newspaper. We have not the pleasure of Walter's acquaintance but here we hope that he casts as long a shadow as the sun in the journalistic light as does his partner, R. C."

Canyon City Eagle: Every old-timer remembers when every ranch had a bob sled for ranch work and some nice harnesses for the folks to go to town with, and there was sleighing for six weeks. Now you can hardly find a sled or harness in the valley. Either the climate has changed or everything else has. At any rate there has been some kind of change, and we hope it is for the better. My father secured an outfit and joined what proved to be the first large train to go to Oregon. There had been many smaller companies but in this company there were 90 wagons. Uncle Billy Vaughn was among the party. He was a Virginian. He passed the word along among his old time friends and neighbors, many of whom joined the company. The company was composed largely of southerners, the larger part coming from Virginia and Kentucky. When they came to Oregon most of them settled in southern Oregon.

"They started from St. Joseph as soon as the grass had well started in the spring of the '50s. When a party started there was no chance of turning back. They had to stay with the party and go on. Many of the party lost their outfit from alkali water or from eating poisonous weeds. My father started with three oxen and a saddle horse. They lost all three of their oxen, so had to abandon their wagon. They left all of their heavy stuff with the wagon, intending to return for it some day. Which, of course, they never did. Father, who was a Virginian, packed and they packed their bedding and provisions on the pony and the cow. They walked. They had plenty of company, though, as many of the others were also on foot. "The wagon was a good one. Father put on a temporary cabin of poles near Marquam to winter in, intending to go on to southern Oregon early next spring. In this chinked-pole cabin I was born. "Next spring Thomas Cady and my father started out to look over the country, and select a location for a town. They found places for their liking at Willamette Falls now called Coburg, and took up their claims. "In 1852 a postoffice was established at Willamette Falls, and my father was appointed postmaster, a position he held until some time after the Civil war. "The town of Coburg was named in a peculiar way. The name of the postoffice and of the settlement was Willamette Falls. A man brought in a very handsome stallion named Coburg, the blacksmith at Willamette Falls took a great liking to Coburg and always referred to Willamette Falls as Coburg's town. The name took and people continued to refer to the settlement as Coburg's town long after the horse was gone. At last the town was officially designated as Coburg. "When I was two months old my parents moved to their claim at Willamette Falls, 10 miles north of Eugene. Many people have commented on the fact that with all the country to choose from the old pioneers usually took the poorest claims. The explanation is simple, however. The old Indian trails led along the creek and up the valley and the settlers followed the Indian trails. The valley was one vast level plain grown up to grass as high as your head with deer and elk and wild Spanish cholla roaming over the prairie. The roads did not go through the valley, as the streams had made the way soft. There were numerous lakes and ponds where wild ducks and geese were to be seen by the thousands. When the foot hills claim were mostly taken the new settlers dug their claims and the valley and their claims in time were more valuable than the foot hill claims. "Another reason the foot hill claims were settled first, was that like the Indians, they had made the trails so they could find grass and water and wood, the pioneers also wanted grass and water and wood. In the valley there was little or no wood. The valley was burned over each year. The trees you see now have come since the pioneers. They were the Willamette Valley came by Silverton, crossed the Santiam at Brownsville, crossed the Calappa and came by Spores Ferry on the Willamette river. "Captain Blakely settled on this old north and south Indian trail near what is now Brownsville, then came Luther White's ranch, then Keeney's and Wager's and Clover's and Wm. Vaughn's. The captain and the train my people came in. Then came John D. and Willaby's, Cady's and Nelson's, then our ranch, and below us was John Diamond's, George H. Murch's and Jacob Spores, who ran one of the first ferries across the river. "In 1853 father decided to build a larger and better house and from the logs of our first house he built a school house, the first one to be built in that district. There were 18 of us pupils the first term, then my brother, Nelson, David Jared, Tom Cady, Octavia Peplet, a pretty black haired, black-eyed little girl, the daughter of one of the early French settlers; Jim Miller, and Franklin Carter, now a physician living at Newport, Or., and my sister, Angeline, my brother, Jasper, and my self. Mary Tompkins was our first teacher; Etta Ladshaw, our second teacher, now lives at Brownsville. They school started at the school at Uncle Billy Vaughn's, three miles away. They were in the school during the summer and the winter, so we had a three months' summer term at our place and in the winter term we went to school at Brownsville. They were in the school during the summer and the winter, so we had a three months' summer term at our place and in the winter term we went to school at Brownsville. "Father became a stockman. At the first state fair, which was held in '58 or '59, at Oregon City, father led a Dur. I have never seen in their printed literature any plain, human story of the enterprises which sought to raise money by selling bonds through them. As the average man would understand the character of the work which the new money was expected to do. One reason that bond houses (and practically every other high class firm in the country) do not use real money-making in disposing of their bonds is that the get-rich-quick promoters have beaten them to it. A generation ago the honorable merchant ventured to cry his wares in interesting phrases, because the Cheap John was talking big. Apparently we must respect tradition for a certain length of time, lest we be served as Justice in the case of the bond houses that put up so nearly past that I could get a job in one—a good one."

YOUR MONEY

By John M. Oskison.

Once I tried to get a job in a bond house. I had a lot of enthusiasm over the business as it is conducted by the highest type of bond merchant. I believed that I had ideas about writing advertising literature which would bring a lot of people whom that house had not dealt with before. I talked the matter over with a man who had made me believe that he was ready to be a progressive in the bond selling business. He heard me very patiently, encouraged me with questions to reveal all the facts in my mind, and in the end, said respectfully that I wouldn't do. "You see," he said to me, "there are certain traditions of dignity which hedge us out."

"Yes, I know—I wanted another sentence—but somebody has got to break through and use modern selling methods—why not you?" "I've never taken more risk (of reputation) in my main asset) perhaps than you think."

I have been watching that firm's advertising and reading its pamphlets carefully. They have struck up a new note of salesmanship, though the type and paper used have been improved. They have continued to address their appeal almost wholly to the sophisticated bond buyer. I have not seen in their printed literature any plain, human story of the enterprises which sought to raise money by selling bonds through them. As the average man would understand the character of the work which the new money was expected to do. One reason that bond houses (and practically every other high class firm in the country) do not use real money-making in disposing of their bonds is that the get-rich-quick promoters have beaten them to it. A generation ago the honorable merchant ventured to cry his wares in interesting phrases, because the Cheap John was talking big. Apparently we must respect tradition for a certain length of time, lest we be served as Justice in the case of the bond houses that put up so nearly past that I could get a job in one—a good one."

What a delightful old world this would be if we could only buy experience on credit.