

The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Oregon, as second-class matter. REVISED SUBSCRIPTION RATES. By Mail (postage prepaid, in Advance)...

do one of two things. He can turn over the Treasury to the pension attorney, or else he can administer the laws honestly. It is inconceivable that he should do anything else.

A CRISIS IN THE DRAMA.

Many persons have gone to see the clean and healthful pictures of "Way Down East," which left us yesterday, and many will go to see the noble play of "Arizona," which comes tomorrow...

EVOLUTION OF ROMANTIC LOVE.

The publication of a new edition of Finck's "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty" recalls the fact that its author holds that romantic love and courtship not only belongs to modern life...

CULTURE BORN OF APPETITE AND DIGESTION.

John Burroughs, in the current number of the Century, has a timely word instinct with strong sense concerning the worthlessness of the so-called "culture" obtained by young men and young women who go to college to take a course in Shakespeare, or Chaucer, or Dante, or the Arthurian legends.

AN UNRECONCILABLE CONFLICT.

When President Roosevelt consented to the retirement of Commissioner Evans he set out upon a perilous path. The integrity of the pension list is a moral question, and is therefore one of those which are most dangerous to trifling with.

but you will get no culture out of your literary quackery. There will be no increase of ruddy vigor of thought or simplicity of style.

It was not because either Franklin or Lincoln were men of literary genius; it was because they were born with a thirst for knowledge and a taste for reading. So far as they were men of genius they were men of political genius.

AN OLD STORY.

The trial before the Police Court of David O'Dell, "a well-known boy of Center addition," for assault upon Postmaster Channing, of that place, presents an all too familiar phase of unruly boy life in this city.

RESISTANCE TO AMERICAN AUTHORITY IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

The Vancouver correspondent who spoke lately through the Oregonian of the milk supply of Portland was right in the assertion that milk at present prices charged by those who deliver it is "high enough."

PLEASANTRIES OF PARAGRAPHERS.

Definition.—Teacher—Willie, what is greediness? Willie—Wanting something that other people want themselves. Chicago Daily News. One of them—"Riviera pretends to have high ideals."

are won by our modern methods of romantic courtship to accept honorable marriage. Where did Shakespeare get his thought of romantic love—for, while it may have been a theory, it was not the practice of his day.

The published correspondence of Shakespeare's day shows no such noble philosophy of love and courtship and marriage. The only solution of Shakespeare's noble women is that, like Dante, his poetic vision made him paint women not as he found them, but as they ought to be, and surely would be when popular ideals of womanhood were higher and had a genial atmosphere for growth.

GOOD YARNS ABOUT STATESMEN.

The Governor's Memory. Governor Van Sant is remembered for people and the circumstances under which he has met them. Horace Bennett, of Duluth, relates the following: "During the campaign a year ago, the friends of Captain Van Sant's friends brought him to my store and introduced him."

McClary is Cautious.

Congressman McClary, of Minnesota, seems to have profited by Speaker Henderson's experience. Some of the Minnesota statesmen, who constitute the majority of the House, are writing to him urging a reduction in the tariff on lumber.

One of Kittredge's Best.

Senator Kittredge, of South Dakota, tells a story about a reception which he attended, which is especially appreciated because it is a matter of considerable surprise to those who have their offices in the subterranean part of the Capitol are called.

Why Dewey Refrained.

"Mr. Dewey," said a gentleman, speaking recently of the late John Phonic, "pays a compliment as gracefully as any man, and one would never expect to see him fall to rise to the occasion. It was therefore a matter of considerable surprise to me when, at a dinner where the Senator was a guest, I observed that he allowed to pass several excellent opportunities to compliment a certain young lady of the company."

Mr. Bryan's Prosperity.

It is impossible to consider Mr. Bryan's prosperity, however, without considering his theories with his present condition. Under an Administration which he denounced as meaning anything but prosperity to an average American, Mr. Bryan has gained a comfortable fortune so that a \$30,000 residence, with an ornate brick barn, is not an impossibility.

THE VANCOUVER CORRESPONDENT WHO SPOKE LATELY THROUGH THE OREGONIAN OF THE MILK SUPPLY OF PORTLAND WAS RIGHT IN THE ASSERTION THAT MILK AT PRESENT PRICES CHARGED BY THOSE WHO DELIVER IT IS "HIGH ENOUGH."

An observant man who recently made a tour of the South says: "Everywhere from Asheville to New Orleans you find the people reading, and the books they read are to a great extent the historical romances we have known since childhood. If this observation is supported by fact, it is to be regretted; if carelessly made, it is a slander."

THE BOSTON HERALD "RECORDS WITH REGRET THAT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FIRST CURRENCY," ADDING: "NOR DOES THE PROPOSED PROMOTION OF PENSION COMMISSIONER EVANS TO THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE MAKE THE SURRENDER ANY LESS ABJECT."

EVIDENCE OF THE FACT THAT BAKER CITY IS A WIDE-AWAKE, UP-TO-DATE, GROWING MUNICIPALITY ACCUMULATES. ITS COUNCIL, BACKED PRESUMABLY BY THE STRONG SENTIMENT OF ITS PROGRESSIVE, SELF-RESPECTING CITIZENS, HAS ENACTED A LAW AGAINST EXPECTORATING ON THE SIDEWALKS.

There is no reason why these ordinances, as well as any others that pertain to the cleanliness and well-being of the city, cannot be enforced. Let Baker City set the example and perhaps Portland will be encouraged or ashamed into following it.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

Song of the Messenger Boy. I bring dismay to the aging "bray" Who is seeking the slights of town; And I chuckle with glee when his wrath I see As I suddenly knock him down.

The timid young maid who is out on parade, With a push-cart and baby in tow, Turns pallid with fright as in my mad flight, Careering up to her eye, And if ever I strike the cart with my bike And land on the youngster for fair, There's a mis-up-take and an immediate need Of an active young surgon right there.

With a whistle that's shrill I scorch down a hill, Nor worry about my speed, And the man whom I meet further on down the street, With the necktie that's red and white, And the collar that's blue and white, And the cuffs that are white and blue, I cheerfully tell him to go plumb to—well, To the far distant rear and sit down.

When the curtains of dawn by the sun have been drawn, And the mist of the morning aries, My jubilation about the sidewalk without, Steals sleep from the heaviest eyes, And when falls the night without sign of a light, I streek through the darkness alone, And the man in my way who lives through till the day, Needs a vigor unusually strong.

The story of old that no oft have been told, Of the tragically messenger boy, Are legends that I with much energy try, To completely disprove and destroy. For though I may spend the day to its end, Giving telephone girls the glad smile, And when I am mounted my speed is accounted Ahead of the whirring's best style.

I am the kid with the gray and gold lid, To destruction and accident born, I journey through space with a look on my face Like the Cyclops of old might have worn, And if any man has a hunch that he can Put a stop to my mad career, Let him try, and he'll find time for changing his mind In a hospital ward all next year.

A Few Spring Poems.

In order to arouse the interest of the youth of the city in the weather—a topic that has been rapidly falling into neglect of late, we some time ago offered a prize for the best poem on or appropriate to Spring written by a pupil in the kindergarten or under kindergarten age. We have received 68 manuscripts, all of which are highly interesting, but owing to limitations of space we are able to print only a few. Here is the first:

My Ma is in the kitchen, My pa is at the store; The sun is shining on the grass, And I can't wait to go out. The birds sing at the door, Like it ain't stone before.

P. S. You can take any of the last three lines that you think is the best. My name is Henry Alexander McKinley. Here is one from Muriel Marsh, aged 3, which seems to be about the correct thing:

In the Spring a brighter crimson comes upon the robin's breast, In the Spring the wanton lawping gets himself another nest, In the Spring a livelier iris mantles on the turnip's head, In the Spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

There is something in these lines that is reminiscent of the late John Phonic, but possibly it is merely the sentiment. Another contribution comes from Helian Moore aged 4. Here it is: The amethyst clouds that float above, Are tinged with a golden glow, The mist that arise at even hour, 'Ere over the hills and dale, A spirit of peace and calm content, Thrills the wakening atmosphere, And the birds proclaim that gentleness is at its best here.

The only criticism we have to make of the foregoing is the rather surprising division of the syllables, which occurs in the third and seventh lines. Otherwise the poem seems to be perfect. Frances Williston, aged 2, gives us the following: Again the moribund aspect that Nature assumes in the Autumn, Has vanished as fades the gray mist when the sun bursts over the hills, The tender green leaves have put forth, and the birds sing a rather pretty, Reviving, refreshing, the Spring peep in through the wide open casement, And out on the wings of the wind, that is to the realms of the fairies of old, my soul, newly kindled, goes soaring.

These verses are rather immature and awkward for one of Miss Williston's years, but still they are rather pretty, and are well justified in printing them. Herbert Atterbury, 4 years old, offers this effusion: When the rooster crows on the back-yard fence, And the cows begin to neigh, And the still-corned calf, in innocence, Starts up to the pasture, When the top of eggs soars toward the sky, And the hens fret to lay, When milk is high and the cow runs dry, Look out for the first of May. This is interesting, but rather too suggestive of the rural drama. Here is the last of the series. The author is Cecil Berrington, aged 6 months: I lie here in my trundle bed, The whole enduring day, And sleep and eat, and eat and sleep, The weary hours away. Big, blue-eyed things come looking down, And grab my hands and feet, And say, "You little mite, You doo-doo-doo, ain't you sweet?"

I don't know what they want with me, Or why they stare at me, If they would never come around, I'm sure I wouldn't care. I only want to eat and sleep, And laugh and cry, and grow, If I'll help from things like that I'll help, and let them know.

But sometimes, when it's blue above, And warm and soft around, They put me in a wicker box, And take me out to ride, And then upon wide my eyes, And soo like everything, Because, like all the world, I feel The happiness of Spring.

A Receipt. A canvas barn, with a drive below, A slow New England draw; A large square room, with two or three Worked mottos on the wall; A man, as he looks on, waiting for the words of wisdom which should fall from his lips. With every eye upon him, Mr. Critchfield became silent, waiting for the words of wisdom which should fall from his lips. With every eye upon him, Mr. Critchfield became silent, waiting for the words of wisdom which should fall from his lips.

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