

THE JOURNAL

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A shipping industry cannot be built on a foundation of mere bounty. If it cannot live except by bounty wrung from other industries, it ought to die.

A FOOLISH VICE.

AMONG all the sorts of people that it takes to make up a world are those with a mission, reformers of some kind. The world is disposed to treat them as cranks, yet many of them are worthy of approving attention.

SUGGESTION TO DEMOCRATS.

IN AN address made before a Democratic club last Tuesday evening George H. Thomas suggested that all Democrats who would prefer Mayor Lane as the head of the party ticket should indicate that preference by scratching their ballots in the coming primaries.

PRESIDENT AND PARTY.

PEOPLE, even Republicans, will disagree as to the propriety of the president's reported activity in New York, Ohio, the south and elsewhere in the matter of the control by himself of the next national Republican convention and its policy and candidate.

SUBSIDY DEFEATED, BUT—

FROM Seattle comes the report that three steamers are to be added to the fleet of merchant vessels plying between that port and oriental waters. What reasons the announcement with interest is that so large an addition to the merchant service of Seattle should come so soon after the defeat of the subsidy bill, and come at that to a city from whence the appeals for subsidy were so strenuous and so prolonged.

Criticising Presidents.

From the New York Commercial. But no well-balanced counsellor on the proprieties has recently advanced exactly that notion—that the president is "immune from criticism" absolutely. What has been pointed out of late is that it is impossible to separate the presidency from the holder of it—the man from the office and that both are entitled to a certain respect that should always operate to keep criticism within moderation and the bounds of decency, while over-stepping such bounds might be condoned in the criticism of other persons; that while a man may make of his tongue an unscrupulous instrument, he is not a "corked bottle of vitriol at his own sweet will, there is at least one instance in which he may not do it without a hideous violation of good taste.

No "Social Equality."

From the New States (Okla.) Tribune. A negro moved into the town of Slinger and rented a house. As soon as the white people found out the fact a committee visited the place, put a stick of dynamite under one corner and touched it off. The negro had not stopped running when he saw the sentiment in Slinger is against letting negroes settle there.

party's action throughout the country, and sending government officers hither and yon to dictate what shall be done or not done; that it should rely upon its record, its public acts and professions, and trust the party to support and sustain it. A president and his cabinet, and other government officers of responsibility, it will be urged, have enough to do in attending to the people's business without spending their time and efforts in this way, and if they do their duties well they can safely leave the results to the people, and to the rank and file of their party.

IS THIS THE SENATE?

IN DISCUSSING his vote on the La Follette valuation amendment to the railroad rate bill, Senator Fulton says the amendment was probably a good measure, but that it couldn't pass the senate.

Chinese Famine Sufferers.

Norton, Or., April 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I noticed in your paper a few days ago an account of the suffering in China, but which should read: "I have seen the National Red Cross society, Washington, D. C., will be forwarded promptly to the famine sufferers.—Ed.)"

Singular Verb Is Correct.

Portland, April 30.—To the Editor of The Journal: Will you please, through the columns of your paper, which is correct, the singular or plural verb, in this particular sentence: "A large crowd of enthusiastic sports (were or was) present. If both are correct, which is preferable?"—H. V. THOMAS.

The Jungle Congress.

Without the slightest bungle all the wild folk of the jungle came together in a clearing to promote the cause of peace. They elected Mr. Monkey and ought to see him shuffle (—). As chairman of the meeting that would make all warfare cease; Then the smiling alligator roared animals that cater.

From the Dallas Observer.

Folk county's goats again take the lead for producing the finest mohair, as the pool of 49,000 pounds sold at Dallas recently went for 30 cents a pound, or three fourths of a cent higher than any bid offered at any other place this season.—Salom Statesman.

Dr. Harry Lane.

The people are now demanding men in public office whom they can trust, and those that have been tried and not found wanting. Mayor Lane is such a man. The political leaders in the metropolis do not want him for mayor, but the honest, law-abiding people do. He has a clean record and has done more for the city of Portland in the past year than any mayor that city has elected for years. The bribe-giver and greater finds no quarters within the walls wherein Mayor Lane reigns. He should serve Portland as mayor another year.

Gerónimo's Feast.

In a single day Gerónimo, when in his prime, ran 40 miles on foot, rode 500 miles on one stretch, as fast as he could change horses, and so completely wore out the column which finally captured him that three sets of officers were needed to finish the chase, and not more than one third of the troopers who started were in at the finish.

Kinds of Confidence.

From the Philadelphia Record. In the same proportion in which Governor Hughes of New York has lost the confidence of the public, the public has gained the confidence of the public.

Letters From the People

Their Silence Significant.

Portland, April 30.—To the Editor of The Journal—I see that Gompers and Mitchell "have nothing to say" as to the Roosevelt episode. I should think the A. F. of L. would begin to put on its thinking cap and put two and two together. Gompers and Mitchell are both vice-presidents of the Citizen's Alliance. How can they say anything? They are simply using the labor organizations to suit their capitalist companions, with whom they hold office. In fact they don't seem to dare express any opinion on the subject. "No man can serve two masters." If these men had been true to labor they would never have joined the Citizen's Alliance, which has for its sole purpose the downing of organized labor. Now they are content for these men to declare themselves, and they are silent as the grave. There is no hesitancy in Eugene V. Debs, and many other labor leaders. They stand out boldly and denounce in unmistakable tones the insult tendered to every man who toils for a living. If I were affiliated with the A. F. of L. I would soon do something to Mr. Gompers. He would either be on my side or step down from his pedestal as national president of the A. F. of L. The Appeal to Reason sounded the alarm when it came out that these two men had taken that position—about the time of the great strike commission—wherein Mark Hanna and other members of the Citizens' Alliance, just then formed, were capitalists. The Appeal said that the time would come when these members of organized labor would have to choose between the two organizations. It seems that that time has now arrived. The Appeal is totally silent on the subject. Alas for the so-called labor (?) leaders. They are falling by the wayside fast. Let labor stand by labor in all things; when they step aside and join forces with either the old party or the new party, they are in the neck to a familiar phrase. Remember always, that the Republican party is solely responsible for all the legislation which has brought these strenuous times upon the American laboring class. Beware, SOCIALIST.

Mrs. Duniway Appreciates The Journal.

Portland, May 1.—To the Editor of The Journal—If there remains a club woman in all Oregon who is not a subscriber to The Sunday Journal she ought, in justice to all womanhood, to order it right now. The leader on Mrs. Evans' side in the issue of April 25, contains, in my judgment, the best, most logical and in every way irrefragable reply to the "anti" sophistry against equal rights for the mothers of men that I have ever read anywhere. It is placed in the hands of every liberty-loving, self-respecting woman the selfish animus that prompts a few purse-proud sisters of plenty and protection to oppose the progress of liberty and justice for all women. But club women are not the only women who should read The Sunday Journal. Let every voter in the land acquaint himself with the logic he cannot fail to find within its columns; and, by all means, let every woman worthy of the name acquaint herself with the wisdom and sagacity of such club women as Sarah A. Evans. ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

Four Handkerchiefs a Year.

From the New York American. Madame Creel, wife of the Mexican ambassador, in an interview yesterday said: "My income is probably \$5,000,000 a year. You ask me what I think a woman with unlimited money should spend on herself. She should spend anything she likes; but she should not be extravagant. I will give you the list." Madame Creel enumerated the following: Three dresses at \$14 each. Two hats at \$2.75 each. Shoes or boots, 14 pairs at \$18 a pair. Two embroidered bags for confectionery. Silk stockings, 556 pairs at \$5 a pair. Two handkerchiefs. Two alternate handkerchiefs. Four opera cloaks. Three purses, leather and silk.

What Did It?

From the Dallas Observer. Folk county's goats again take the lead for producing the finest mohair, as the pool of 49,000 pounds sold at Dallas recently went for 30 cents a pound, or three fourths of a cent higher than any bid offered at any other place this season.—Salom Statesman.

The Light That Hasn't Failed.

Railroads have always been a branch of government, but it is only lately that they have begun to realize it. If a roadmaster who houses the highways of his township is an officer of government, and though he has large discretion as to the details of the services he renders and the rewards he shall exact for rendering them, when it comes to the final snow-down it is not he that owns the public but the public that commands him. Mr. Hartman seems to have been slow in getting this inexorable truth through his head, and has, doubtless, in some particular, found proof in his tardiness. Mr. Rockefeller and his friends were also slow in apprehending it, and also found in ignoring it. Such men do not realize such facts until they have to.

A Burning Nose.

From the Detroit News. A man with an inflammable nose recently created excitement on the Boulevard St. Michel, Paris. He was lighting a cigarette when his nose became suddenly inflamed, and it and his beard were soon on fire. The man jumped about in a horrible pain, and was carried through a horrid crowd to a druggist's shop, where the blaze was extinguished. It was then found that he had a celluloid nose.

The Heartlessness of Commercialism

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

In civilization a blessing or a curse? To take the bull squarely by the horns, is the present condition of the world an advance upon its condition 1,000 or 2,000 years ago? Let us pause before answering in the affirmative. Those early ages look pretty grim in the perspective of history. The annals have told some pretty tough yarns of the ancient folk; but how do the stories that come down to us of the Babylon builders and the rearsers of the Babylon walls compare in coldblooded inhumanity with the facts of our modern civilization? "Most favorably, indeed," must be our answer. Herodotus and the rest of them never tire of reciting the brutalities of the Egyptian taskmasters and the Mesopotamian bosses, how they made the people make "bricks without straw," with lashes and curses for refreshment. We are told how the men who reared the Hanging Gardens of Babylon and the other wonders of the world were driven to their work by goads and whips, by clubs until, tired nature being able to endure it no longer, the poor creatures fell dead at their tasks and were borne away to make room for other victims of man's cruelty and heartlessness. All of which is probably true. But how much less true is the barbarism of modern conditions! If the Pyramid builders and Hanging Garden bosses were cruel and unfeeling, what shall we say of the modern bosses, who, bent upon the almighty dollar, are crushing their human victims as remorselessly as so many Juggernauts? If human life was cheap in the days of the Pharaohs and Pharaohs, what is it in these days? Modern commercialism knows nothing about any such thing as the sacredness of human life. It crushes out self-respect and the spirit of independence, and even hope in the heart and soul of man, as remorselessly as the wheels of the locomotive pound the steel track over which it speeds. In the mad game of money-making the finest human sentiments are crushed by the falling iron, the crushing wheels that lie in its way. Truth, justice, kindness, courtesy, are fit only to be shoveled among the rubbish. No regard is had for human feelings. A man is valuable, and is respected, only to the extent that he can be used as an instrument of "profit" to his employer; and when, in the employer's opinion, he is no longer "profitable" he is kicked aside without ceremony and without explanation. Great fortunes are being piled up—fortunes in the terms of the day, in houses and land—and in the meantime the only thing that makes life worth having—human love and kindness, the spirit of sympathy and helpfulness—is rapidly diminishing. Its place being taken by the spirit of "profit" that is in the employ of the employer; and when, in the employer's opinion, he is no longer "profitable" he is kicked aside without ceremony and without explanation. Steamships, its billiardiers and captains of hand. Better, a thousand times better, the uncivilization—the barbarism, if you please—of the older time, which, with all its crudeness and roughness, had yet some little poetry and love, some of the spirit of the noble and the noble man's feelings, than the heartless greed, which in its haste to "make its pile," mocks the holiest sentiments of the soul and rough-rides it over all the graces and refinements, all the charities and courtesies that make man man.

Today in History.

1486—Lambert Simnel, pretender to the English throne, crowned at Dublin. 1494—Columbus discovered Jamaica. 1519—Leonardo da Vinci died. 1536—Pedro IV of Portugal abdicated. 1847—More than 100 lives lost by collapse of suspension bridge at Yarmouth, England. 1859—Jerome K. Jerome, English author, born. 1864—G. Meyerbeer, composer of "Les Huguenots," died. Born September 8, 1794. 1887—Remains of Rossini reinterred in Santa Croce, Florence. 1892—Deeming, the wholesale murderer, executed at Melbourne, Australia. 1897—Congress of the United Postal Union opened at Washington, D. C. 1901—Glasgow international exhibition opened. 1906—E. M. Witte resigned the Russian premiership.

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Small Change

Portland certainly has enough to celebrate over.

Every spring is the most beautiful one that ever was. A nomination is not quite "equivalent to an election." That man Goethals is a stayer; his resignation is overdue. The most prominent presidential timber appears to be the Big Stick. Fairbanks' popularity ought to increase during the hot weather. Why should the poor complain? They can buy platinum at only \$4 an ounce.

Three Republicans will find out that the people haven't called them to run for mayor.

Perhaps Secretary Taft finally decided to run for president as an anti-fair exercise. There seems to be some occasion now for resurrecting the saying, "Keep your eyes on Pasco." That Honore Jackson spells his name that way does not necessarily make him an undesirable citizen. Well, if Portland is going to have that big Fourth of July celebration it is time to be on the rustle. A Milwaukee man sued for a divorce because his wife refused to talk. It is impossible to please some men. Perhaps after he is elected mayor Mr. Thomas will be mentioned as a Democratic candidate for vice-president. Besides being otherwise quite conservative in his Jamestown speech, the president characterized nobody as a J—r. No wonder the Cubans are dissatisfied with Uncle Sam's guardianship; his weather bureau men have not given Cuba any rain for six months. Detroit News: A kettle singing on the stove and the sound of the wind in the chimney—these are two of the sweetest sounds of civilization. Back seat people seem to think Mr. Bryan's advocacy of the initiative and referendum is very radical, even commercial. They should take a look at Oregon. Mr. Watterson is quoted a good deal just now. Any editor who can afford to spend several months in Europe every year or two could think of something to say in that time. A New York woman is defending a divorce suit brought against her on the ground that whenever she heard her husband snore she blew a tin whistle. She denies that the whistle was tin, but justifies the blowing of it, and the question is: When she took her husband "for worse" did she agree to put up with snoring without blowing a whistle? We think she ought to win if a married man must snore let him go down in the basement to sleep.

Oregon Sidelights

North Powder will build considerably this year. The Coos Bay region is abloom with rhododendrons. Klamath Falls will have a new \$4,000 Methodist church. Larkspur killed over 100 of a Lake county man's sheep. The Toledo postoffice shows a gain of 25 per cent in a year. Two Riddle boys caught 100 fine trout one day in Judd creek. Cove expects the railroad to be completed to that burg this month. Many rattlesnakes are making an early appearance around Madras. Empire City marshal is 85 years old and is paid a salary of \$5 a month. Many people have been passing through Shaniko hunting timber claims. Prominent Corvallis people are affected with rollerism—not "holy" but skating. His friends made the marshal of Drain a present of a fine new official uniform. A Malheur county sagebrush is 19 inches in diameter at the stump and 25 feet high. All the fruit trees around Aurora except plum promise to bear large yields this year. An Aurora man claims to have caught one day over 100 crabs, as long as a pickhandle or a piece of string. A deer wandered into Bend and went deliberately strolling around the streets, but curiously was not molested. A lot of sagerats will be shipped from Madras to Pullman for inoculation, and turned loose to spread disease among their pestiferous fellows. Aurora, says the Borealis, was pretty well deserted last Sunday. Those who did not go to the funerals at Butteville went to the ball game at Woodburn. The Aurora Borealis office, says that paper, does job work for all parts of the state—as far south as Astoria, as far as Burns, and Portland and Oregon City are good customers. Harry Stevenson and Della Lady went from Myrtle Creek to Roseburg to the circus, and on the way, Della was displeased. Harry skipped out, Della tried to kill herself but was saved, and it is supposed all will be happy soon. Rainer Review: A cruise of the timber lands of Columbia county would cost not more than \$10,000, and the assessor informs us that it would result in an increased payment equal to that amount from two firms. In less than two years it would pay all expenses incurred and an increase sufficient to more than equal the cost of the new courthouse. The highest valuation yet placed upon timber land has been \$14 an acre and some of it is worth over \$1,000 per acre.