

THE JOURNAL

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Truth is the property of no individual, but is the treasure of all men.—Emerson.

A STRONG CANDIDATE.

THE nomination of Dr. Lane for mayor by a very decisive majority, he not being a candidate and his name not being on the ballot, shows clearly that the Democrats of Portland not only endorse his administration, as a whole, but consider him a good enough Democrat for them.

Mr. Thomas places party service first and foremost, not neglecting, of course, faithful service of the whole people; but long experience has shown that here as elsewhere a man cannot serve two masters.

CIVIC CENTERS IN CITIES.

THE CLOSE observer of national events and movements for Collier's, Mr. Samuel E. Moffett, some months ago looked over several things and men in Cleveland, and concluded that it was the birthplace of the American "civic center."

This is a fine idea, if it could have come into play in the early history of any large city—if people had looked far ahead; later it is difficult to carry out, and can only be done gradually if at all.

CURIOUS APPOINTMENTS.

SOME publications that fully appreciate President Roosevelt's good qualities and great usefulness are yet cool-headed and sincere enough not to worship him with blind adulation as a god, but rather are free and honest to point out his notorious faults, mistakes and defects.

be systematically made toward that end. Portland has reached a size now that justifies it in moving out and up on broader and higher lines, the end in view being the most generally attractive city in the United States.

AT LAST.

THE Oregonian exultantly claims the credit of having made Harry Lane the Democratic nominee for mayor. It points with pardonable pride to the first known instance in its history when it has been an influence in politics.

We hope no one will be so unkind as to dispute the Oregonian's claim. By all means let it think for once that it "cuts some ice." Let it forget its strenuous and unavailing efforts to name the Republican as well as the Democratic nominee for mayor, and the nightly foregatherings in the Oregonian sanatorium of John B. Coffey and his chief manipulator, W. E. Burke.

THE CURSE OF CIVILIZATION

WHAT a missionary says the white man's civilization is bringing to the Esquimaux, disease and death, is no new story except as to locality and race. It is a sad story that has been repeated in many countries and islands of the sea.

We of the so-called Anglo-Saxon race have much to be justly proud of; we have accomplished wonders and made great progress, and can really "point with pride" to our achievements; yet as we boast let us occasionally in due humility remember by what wrongs we have come by what we call our own.

Now the blight falls on the skin-clad and bearded Esquimaux, as it long ago fell upon the naked innocents of the tropics. North or South, east or west, up or down, our Christianity goes out linked with a curse, our civilization bears within it the germs of physical and moral disease and death.

ANNIVERSARY EDITION TO BE ISSUED BY THE JOURNAL

THE JOURNAL will emphasize the end of its fifth year under its present management by issuing an anniversary edition of 150 to 175 pages, superbly illustrated and printed in color.

As a sample of the appreciation of the anniversary issue, created by the exhibition of proofs of pages already completed, The Journal has received an order for 500 copies from the Commercial club of Portland, these copies to be bound in leather and sent to the leading hotels and commercial bodies of the United States as a permanent standing advertisement of Oregon.

The magnitude of the edition can be best understood from the fact that each copy of the paper will weigh at least three pounds, the weight of the paper consumed in the edition being more than five carloads, a total weight of 75 to 80 tons in the one issue. The cost of Senator Warner recommended him; the president, ever ready to make political chessmen of the judiciary, took one more step to increase the number of unworthy judges in America.

With even less excuse, so far as the public can see, the president appointed a proved defaulter, dishonest machine politician and ballot corrupter to Oregon to the post of United States marshal of Alaska, and being fully advised of his character and record has even added to his honors and emoluments. It is such acts as these that render the president an object of constant wonderment on the part of admirers who are not servile worshippers.

The Play

The Baker company yesterday gave a delightful production of "The Cowboy and the Lady." At both performances the play was a success, the gratification not only to her friends but to the management as well. The appearance of Miss Kent as leading woman is the result of the departure of Miss Lillian Lawrence, who is said to have suffered a serious illness.

It is not unreasonable to suppose, as has been suggested, that a president's candidate for his successor would be handicapped thereby as well as helped. That is, while many voters would be influenced in favor of a man specifically indorsed by the president, many others would protest by their ballots against such a candidate. The people don't want a Roosevelt's man, even if they want Roosevelt; they want a man like Roosevelt in some respects, yet one who is his own man, one big enough to be president on his own account.

Annand, Blair and Cellars—A. B. and C.—are the Republican nominees for councilman-at-large. Very likely Mr. Merrill's suspicion that the initials, causing their names to be placed first on the ballot, had something to do with nominating them over some of their competitors, is correct. In a large list a man whose name began with W or Z would have no chance at all.

Mr. Thomas is as good as his word and will do all he can to elect Mayor Lane, if Lane will consent to run. And most other Democrats who have been against the mayor will doubtless do likewise.

If the mayor would follow the example of Republican protection-prosperity orators and organs he might point to the city's great growth, and claim credit for most of it.

The fight is over with Mr. Coffey, Mr. Kellaher and Mr. Zimmerman; but with Mr. Devlin it may be different.

If the mayor should run he will also have something to say about the platform he runs on. Who said the Indian race was decadent? See how they can still run.

The Poet Whittier's A School For the Lost Love

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory. John Greenleaf Whittier was one of the sweetest poets that this country or any other has ever produced; and this in spite of the fact that he was doomed to live and die a bachelor.

In the spring of 1838, when the poet was about 20 years old, he did his first and last courting. In the quaint old town of Marblehead, in the home of a well-to-do shipmaster, sweet Evelyn Gray, the shipmaster's daughter, Evelyn was "sweet sixteen," as pretty as a peach and as pure as the wood violets with which she loved to decorate her hair, and with the winsome, modest maiden Whittier fell desperately in love.

Between these opposites, antagonistic and uncompromising views of things there was no concord possible. Whittier knew it; Evelyn Gray knew it; and, like the philosophers that they were, they concluded to say no more to each other upon the tender subject—and they never did.

Five years later—in 1833—the couple met again, but no word was spoken of the affection that each knew was in the other's heart. It was the meeting of friends, that was all, and the meeting was at the Haverhill academy, that the poet and his sweetheart again stood face to face. Since he had last beheld her 52 years had rolled away; the two were now old—the rose had faded from Evelyn's cheek, and into her lover's face wrinkles had stolen, and upon his head Old Time had left his rime.

But the heart never grows old; love is immortal—immortally young and fresh—and parting from his old love forever, the poet went home to write the touching lines: Look forth once more through space and time And let thy sweet shade fall in tenderest grace of soul and form On Memory's fragrant wall— A shadow, and yet all.

Her Smile.

By Wm. Jones. I wish you knew Nancy, so lively and dancy, She'd capture your fancy the way she has mine. The life of her! skippin' and runnin' and tippin'— You bet she's a pipkin, in Nancy, aged nine. But Nancy's so bashful, no use if I'm dershful, No matter how cashful, she'll never be mine. The witch of all witches cares nothing for riches, And my wooing she ditches, does Nancy, aged nine.

Today in History.

1385—First issue of the New York Herald. 1840—Adhesive postage stamps, invented by James Chalmers of Dundee, first used. 1853—Philander C. Knox, United States senator from Pennsylvania, born. 1856—Robert E. Peary, Arctic explorer, born. 1852—Frederick C. Cavendish, chief secretary of the lord lieutenant of Ireland, and T. H. Burke, under secretary, assassinated in Phoenix Park, Dublin. 1858—French universal exhibition opened in Paris. 1890—Insane asylum at Longue Pointe, Quebec, burned with loss of 100 lives. 1897—Trinity church New York, celebrated its bi-centennial jubilee. 1902—Rear Admiral William T. Sampson died. Born February 9, 1840. 1904—British under Colonel Young, husband defeated Thibetans near Karo Pass.

Illuminated.

From the Hartford Post. "What is a Democracy?" asks the New York World. To which a Salt Lake City paper replies, "A memory." Now, if we carry the analysis further and apply to the term memory the definition given by the school child—"the thing we forget with"—what degree of illumination is shed upon the original problem?

Small Change

Room now for independent candidates. Only two months till the Fourth. Well! In many cases the first "drop" is a drop too much.

Have the antics of King Pongy scared the stork away? The next thing for the lucky ones is to "get elected." Here it is May; high time to get a street improving move on. May is a nice month, but the bill collector comes just the same. And yet it is not a dead sure thing who will be the next mayor.

The president has never made any motion to tackle weather reform. Spain needs a guardian; it is going to waste a lot of money on a navy. Whether sane or not, young Chet Thompson belongs in the insane prison.

That opening baseball game looms up very large now in the mind's eye of de kids. Several eminent citizens who would rather be president than right will never be either. It is supposed the Jamestown expedition will be ready to be opened by the time it closes.

Perhaps the president will write enough letters to show clearly that he doesn't want another term. A great many men who tried to get a nomination for office have recovered from their disappointment. Some of our exchanges publish quite readable paragraphs—at least we thought so when writing them.

If the Tammany tiger and Mayor McClellan have really lain down together in amity, look for the mayor inside. There is no good reason why a railroad company's contract with the government, the people, should not be kept. Some men might well imitate the moon—keep full only a short time once a month, and then taper off and disappear.

Senator Fulton seems to be about as much mistaken about Senator La Follette as he was about the forest reserve law regarding pasturage. An Ohio man has been a weather prophet for 50 years, and occasionally has prophesied right. Of course the weather bureau has no use for him.

Los Angeles Times: La Follette's idea seems to be that senatorial courtesy should not be allowed to interfere with the promulgation of the truth. Editor Stead does not like the way American women are treated. Though a peace advocate, he appears to be hating more kinds of rows than anybody on earth.

Oregon Sidelights

Farmers are wanting rain; ground too dry. Independence will oil its principal streets. Central Point people are jubilant over railroad prospects. Many walnut trees are being planted in Yamhill county. A Forest Grove man says he raises hops to make salt rising bread. An electric railroad from Forest Grove to Banks is being seriously discussed. Every indication points to unprecedented prosperity for 800, says the News. Central Point has purchased a steam grader and roller and will improve its streets. The farmers around Needy are all very busy getting ready for the Fourth, says a correspondent. All the railroad land in Polk county has been filed on, with a view to compelling its sale at \$2.50 per acre. An Airline man was fined \$25 for not spraying his orchard, though his excuse was that he could not hire the necessary help. A gentleman representing some eastern colony in the vicinity of Highland, Clackamas county, trying to buy about 800 acres of land. Jesse Hamrick of Central Point became totally blind suddenly, and neighbors quickly raised \$200 to send him to Portland for treatment. A Linn county man, on April 19, sheared 10 pounds of wool from one sheep and 17 1/2 pounds from another, and heavy fleeces from others. Falls City News: According to the unofficial census count, Monday, there were 257 inhabitants in this city, the 250 people who went by train and private conveyance to the circus and the 7 who remained home. Woodburn Independent: If onion growers can as fully expected contract their crops for from five to ten years at \$1 per hundred weight and have seed and sacks furnished they will have no cause to envy John D. Rockefeller. A Morrow county farmer butchered a hog that dressed 717 pounds. The hams after being cured weighed 93 1/2 pounds and were sold for 17 cents per pound. At the present prices for pork this hog would bring in the neighborhood of \$70. Many farmers are buying their bacon at from 18 to 20 cents per pound. Let's organize a 5,000 club with the first plank in its constitution being "5,000 population for Forest Grove in 1910," says the Times. It is not impossible nor impracticable. With several electric lines branching out from here and two coming into this town from Portland there ought to be a great change in this place by that time.