

THE JOURNAL

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PORTLAND'S SUPREMACY INEVITABLE.

THERE ARE Portland wholesalers who buy in very large quantities from eastern factories and bring the larger part of staple lines of commodities in sailing vessels or tramp steamers around Cape Horn.

It is facts like these that make Portland a great distributing center for the interior country tributary to its rail lines.

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can no longer be hidden. Dead men tell no lies. They have had the benefits of the state's protection and encouragement and liberality through life; when they die make their estates, before distribution, pay. And the more they have made the more the estates ought to yield up for the benefit of the whole living people.

NOT QUITE SPOILED YET.

WHO SHALL say we are hard-crusted thickly with commercialism, and so eagerly busy to get rich that we care nothing for the simple pleasures of life and are unappreciative of innocent natural beauty?

Money and time spent on a rose fiesta are not wasted. Nothing that makes the individual life and the communal life happier, that diverts the attention entertainingly for a little space, is valueless.

Let us then have this holiday annually, along with the yearly visit of the pioneers, in the early summer interim between the spring work and the harvest—the fiesta of the roses, when form and color and atmosphere and odors conspire to make earth seem as we would have heaven to be, and as if in spite of all we are forgoing a prelude hint of the realm of eternal youth where duty is delight and love is law.

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petuate great wrongs of which the people were the victims. Suppose the new system does overthrow the Republican party, and there; who are harmed? Only a few politicians, not the people.

We doubt the entire accuracy of the Independent's observation, yet there are several good reasons to suppose that a relatively increasing number of people will go to or remain in the country.

But we wish to think that the influence of the agricultural colleges and other schools, and of current literature, has begun to be effectual to bring the younger and rising generations into a closer relationship with and a greater appreciation of nature, of the things that are natural rather than the things that are artificial.

So a new era is coming, has begun. City life and country life are not in future to be so sharply contrasted as they have been. There will be no wide difference between them.

There is a phase, however, in which Japan might think of war with some show of confidence. It is not impossible that, in case of hostilities, the mikado's fleet might wrest from us, at least temporarily, our insular possessions in the Pacific.

So don't despise the country, children and youth, and don't yearn for the city. Each has its attractions, but a great many people who leave the country for the city would be better off and happier where they were.

It takes no moral courage to do the right thing when a large majority demand that it be done.

This is another day when Milwaukee, Oregon City and Vancouver will present attractions to many.

Of course the Sunday lld best suits those who have no need of it.

It was the King Pin. From Young's Magazine. William Collier, who has been "Caught in the Rain" on Broadway for the past several months, is responsible for this hilarious one:

"Johnny Jones," said the teacher, "What are you fumbling with there?" "Johnny hung his head and was silent. But the tall-tale of the class spoke up: "It's a pin he's got, ma'am."

"This was done, and then in a mollified voice the teacher said: "Now, Johnny Jones, get up and recite your history lesson."

"But Johnny did not obey. He blushed, hung his head and sat still. "Johnny," said the teacher, "rise, I tell you."

"Then the little fellow blurted out distressfully: "I can't, ma'am. That there pin you took is what holds my trousers up."

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relative growth of cities in excess of the country ceased 25 years ago, and that at present not more than one-fourth of the total increase of population is to be credited to cities.

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As to allowing the state an appeal, a change urged strongly by the president and many lesser lights, we doubt if it would not do more harm than good.

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Hymns to Know. At Even. By Henry Twiss. The Rev. Henry Twiss, born in England in 1822 and died in 1900, was successively curate of several parishes, rector, master in schools and honorary canon of Peterborough cathedral.

At even, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, around thee lay, O, in what divers pains they met! O, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we, Oppressed with various ills draw near, We seek thy form we cannot see, We know and feel that thou art here.

O, Savior Christ, our woes dispel, For some are sick and some are sad, And some have never loved thee well, And some have lost the love they had.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest, For none are wholly free from sin; And they who faint would serve thee best: Are conscious most of wrong within.

O, Savior Christ, thou, too, art man; Thou hast been troubled, tempted, Thy kind but searching glance can scan The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power: No word from thee can fruitless fall; Hear in this solemn evening hour, And in thy mercy heal us all.

There always is something of the boy in the man who can lead men. The man who is so wise that he never laughs is the greatest fool of all.

It's hard stirring the conscience that is under the narcotic of money. Many a cloud that we call sorrow is but the shadow of our own selfishness.

Nothing makes wrong seem innocent more quickly than to acquire an interest in it. No matter how eloquent the lips heaven is deaf to prayer when the heart is dumb.

The only way to have happiness as a permanent guest is to keep your door open to the helpless. To live wholly for possession is to pervert the life to the possibility of permanently possessing anything.

It often happens that the man who is most particular about his own corns is least careful when he treads. The man who always thinks of his rights is the first to forget that they always involve an equal number of responsibilities.

When a man blows a trumpet to call attention to the main screen at his front door you can be pretty sure of finding the back door wide open all the time.

A quite prevalent opinion still is that when the time comes the president cannot resist the pressure. No doubt Vice-President Fairbanks will loom up as a figure of full presidential size at Seaside.

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RELIGION ought to be the most natural, desirable and attractive thing to man, for it simply stands for the development of the best in us, the coming into the full and rich heritage that is ours as spiritual beings, and the realization of our highest possibilities of character and service.

Some have talked of the necessity of making religion attractive. It does not have to be made attractive; there is nothing more desirable than the peace, the power and the prosperity of the real life which it confers. It is the imitation, the false and prejudiced presentation of religion that men endeavor to dress up attractively.

From the caricature of religion we turn with loathing. Mummies and mockeries, fads and forms leave us empty and impatient. The heart of man is not in things fair, lovely, joyous and uplifting, and they who find no God in the elaborate sermon or the service in the church somehow are troubled with the feeling of the divine and inspiring in the woods and field and mountains.

All things good, all things attractive and lovely, are things that are not one source. They touch our hearts because they come from the heart of all being; they reach our spirits because they are of the spirit of the real life when the divine in man answers to the divine in the world without, in human affections, in noble aspirations and in glorious deeds.

Too long have we believed that only the unpleasant, the gloomy and repellent could be right or religious. There is a type of consistency in the action by the rule that if a thing is pleasant or beautiful it must be sinful and wrong. To such souls it is a sin to be sunny in disposition, to delight in the Father's fair world, with its glowing riches and bounty dropping daily from his hand.

It is a good thing to see the divine in all things fair and lovely; to take them as evidences that the love that is pronounced in the world good in its primeval glory still is working, still is seeking to enrich our lives and lead them out of the darkness of sin. Why should not we, as the prophets and preachers of ancient Israel, taste again of the goodness of living?

Character may need for its full development a certain amount of discipline of life, but it needs just as truly and just as much the sunshine, the days when the heart goes out and joins in the gladness of the world, when the leaps within us at the gladness of being alive, and we drink in of the infinite love that is ever all about us.

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